

European Magazine,

A N D

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

CONTAINING THE

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

By the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

For NOVEMBER, 1784.

[Embellished with, 1. A striking Likeness of Mr. HOLMAN, engraved by ANGUS from an Original Drawing by DODD. And, 2. A perspective View of KINGSTON in DORSET-SHIRE, a Seat of Lord RIVERS.]

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L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR SCATCHERD AND WHITAKER, AVE-MARIA-LANE;
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[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The subject of *Cristo's Letter* the slightest recollection will convince him to be very improper for a Magazine. On any other occasion we shall be ready to oblige him.

Puff's on Actors and Actresses are inadmissible: *Dramaticus*, therefore, cannot be inserted. The curious narrative from *T. W.* is received, and shall be inserted next month.

Our Correspondent *D.* will see, in a former month, our reason for not inserting the Poem of which he has sent a second copy. The same reason continues.

The Hints of *G. W.* and *Leonora* shall be attended to.

Communications from other Correspondents are under consideration, and shall be noticed next month.

A LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Eclogues of Virgil, translated by the rev. Mr. Graham.

Shaw's Index of Registered Entails in Scotland. 7s. 6d.

Cadwallarian Elegies. 3s. 6d.

Lewin's Thanksgiving Sermon, at Liverpool. 6d.

Scott's ditto, at Olney. 6d.

Cappe's ditto. 6d.

A Country Clergyman's ditto. 1s.

Aikin's Calendar of Nature. 1s.

Vindication of Governor Parr, Governor of Nova Scotia. 1s.

Remarks on the foregoing Vindication. 1s.

Viator's Reply to the Remarks. 1s.

Imison's School of Arts. 8s.

Poetical Epistle to a Friend in the Country. 1s.

Purver's Attempt to illustrate the Scripture Doctrine concerning the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. 3s.

Introduction to reading the Bible. 1s.

Warner's Cases in Surgery, 4th edition, with new Cases. 6s.

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Ingram's Exposition of Isaiah's Vision, chap. vi. 1s.

Edmonstone's Essay on preventing the Venereal Disease. 2s.

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Lunardi's Account of his Aerial Voyage. 5s. with the plates.

History of Lord Belford and Miss Woodley, a novel. 3 vols. 7s.

Commentaries and Essays, by the Society for promoting Scripture Knowledge, No. II. 1s.

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Trial of the rev. William Davies Shipley, for a Libel, at Shrewsbury Assizes. Folio. 2s.

Another edition of the above Trial. 8vo. 1s.

Mr. Keate's Thanksgiving Sermon. 1s.

Confutation of Sir Will. Jones's Dialogue on the Principles of Government. 6d.

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PRICE of STOCKS, November 29.

Bank Stock, —	India Stock, —
New 4 per Cent. 1777, 70 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 71	3 per Ct. Ind. Ann. —
5 per Cent. Ann. 1734, 89 $\frac{1}{2}$	India Bonds, 2s. 1s d.
3 per Cent. red. 55 $\frac{3}{8}$	10 years Short Ann. 1777, shut
3 per Ct. Conf. 55 $\frac{1}{4}$ a 56	30 years Ann. 1778, 12 5-16hs yrs. pur.
3 per Cent. 1726, —	3 per Cent. Scrip. —
3 per Cent. 1751, —	Omnium, —
South Sea Stock, —	Exchequer Bills —
Old S. S. Ann. 54 $\frac{1}{2}$	Lottery Tickets, 19l. 10s.
New S. S. Ann. —	4 per Ct. Scrip —
New Navy and Vict. Bills, 17 dif.	Light Long Ann. —
Long Ann. 17 3-16ths years pur.	Prizes —

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

A N D

LONDON REVIEW;

FOR NOVEMBER, 1784.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

ESSAY on the THEATRICAL ABILITIES and GENERAL CHARACTER of Mr. HOLMAN.

[Embellished with an ELEGANT ENGRAVING.]

EVERY thing which relates to the Stage is now become of public concern. No topic seems more to engross conversation than theatrical exhibition; nor do we think we should lament that the roughness of politicks is smoothed by introducing the milder criticism on plays and the representers of dramatic characters: party prejudice and factious rancour yield to discussions less liable to irritation, and more innocently amusing.

The subject of this short Essay, Mr. J. G. Holman, was born in August, 1764, in Denmark-street. He was educated near the place of his birth, at the Academy in Soho-square, by the instruction of Mr. Barwis, a gentleman well qualified to cultivate the minds of youth. Under his care young Holman made so rapid a progress in the Belles Lettres, that his friends had him entered very early a Member of Queen's College, in the University of Oxford, with a view to his future engagement in the sacred function.

It has been long a favourite practice in our great public schools and academies, to select young gentlemen of promising talents to act Latin and English plays.

So long ago as the reign of Charles the First, the famous Dr. Busby, Head-Master of Westminster School, and his scholars acted the Royal Slave of Cartwright, at Court, before the King and Queen, with such applause, that the established Comedians were said to be their inferiors in the profession of representation.

To the same gentleman we are said to owe the celebrated actor Barton Booth; the approbation bestowed on him by the spectators, and more especially by his master, for his excellent action and pleasing utterance, in one of Terence's comedies, made so powerful an impression upon his young mind, that as

soon as he could escape from the guardianship of his relations, he commenced actor.

Mr. Barwis was of opinion, that the exercising his pupils in the representation of our best English tragedies and comedies, would be a ready method to teach them grace in action, and propriety in speaking. Amongst his young candidates for theatrical fame, Mr. Holman, in the opinion of the judges, excelled all competitors.

His principal characters, we are informed, were Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, Richard III. the Prince of Wales in the First Part of Henry IV. and Benedick, in Much Ado About Nothing.

We cannot be surpris'd that the uncommon applause given to our academic Rofcius should inspire him with a strong and unconquerable passion for the Stage.

Notwithstanding this we must not forget that he applied with ardour to his books. The classics he read with great attention, particularly Homer, Xenophon, and Lucian. During his residence at Oxford, he constantly attended the lectures on Greek authors, and distinguished himself in his College by close application to his studies. A certain genuine openness and frankness of temper rendered his conversation amiable to the Members of the learned Society to which he belonged. The University of Oxford, with a liberality of conduct which confers honour on that illustrious body, notwithstanding Mr. Holman's stepping unexpectedly on the Stage, are determined, we are informed, not to withhold from him his degree of Bachelor of Arts.

His predilection for Macbeth and Richard III. was so great, that he most ardently wished to try his theatrical fortune for his first essay in one of these characters. Mr. Harris, with great judgement, persuaded him not to lose the

advantage of his figure, which he told him was more fit to personate the youth and innocence of a Romeo, or a Douglas, than to assume the terrible graces of a royal villain and a crafty assassin.

He commenced his theatrical noviciate in the character of Romeo. His figure is elegant, his features expressive, his eye piercing, and his whole demeanour animated.

The tragedy of Romeo and Juliet is one of Shakspeare's most affecting dramas. The passion of love, in the scenes of this admirable author, often makes its impression at first sight. The language of passionate young lovers is in no author so strongly the dictate of nature as in this tragedy.

Mr. Holman was introduced to the public by the Address inserted in our last Magazine, page 329, written by Mr. Barwis, nephew to the Master of the Academy, and spoken by Mr. Thomas Hull, who had commenced a very early acquaintance with our young adventurer, and whose theatrical abilities he had always esteemed and cherished.

To grace our young actor's first appearance, the *costume* of the play was by Mr. Harris rendered more correspondent to the fable, by the dresses peculiar to the inhabitants of Verona, besides many additional decorations and ornaments.

One principal ingredient was much wanted, a Juliet suited to the age and figure of our Romeo. Miss Young had long outlived the form, as well as age, of eighteen. To represent this young Lady, was not indeed with her a matter of choice; she complied with the desire of the Manager. If we could possibly forget the great requisite of person, she made ample compensation by her extreme attention to character.

Mr. Holman's Romeo was, notwithstanding some apparent deficiencies, generally and deservedly applauded. The tones of his voice were not as yet modulated to the sweet accents of love: this, we believe, in a great measure proceeded from his predilection for the characters of Macbeth and Richard III. The frequent repetition of their turbulent and violent scenes seem to have given at first a harshness to his manner, and sometimes a too forcible exertion to his voice.

Through the whole character he was, it must be owned, spirited, ardent, and expressive. In the scene with the Friar, in the third Act, he felt all the tormenting agonies of a despairing and distracted lover; nor do we think he was ever excelled in this trying situation, except by our great Roscius, who here triumphed over all competitors. Holman's taking leave of Juliet, at the close of the same Act, was truly tender and pathetic.

In the fifth Act he received from Balthasar

the news of Juliet's death with a mixture of astonishment, grief, despair, and horror.

The greatest and most interesting situation in the play Shakspeare reserved for the tomb of Juliet. The astonishment and fadden joy at the revival of Juliet, with the consummate expression of various and conflicting passions which Barry manifested in a manner not to be conceived but by those who saw him, threw the audience perpetually into the deepest and most heart-felt anguish.

To Mr. Holman's great commendation, in his manner of representing this difficult scene, he made, every night of his acting it, considerable improvements: he has gained upon the affection of his auditors by unwearied efforts to deserve their approbation.

Mr. Harris, tho' he had prevailed on Mr. Holman not to hazard his first trial of public favour in the part of Macbeth, was so pleased with hearing him rehearse particular scenes of it, that he complied with the young actor's ardent wish to shew his abilities in this favourite character.

New scenes and dresses were immediately prepared—the old excellent music of Lock received additional force from the great number of voices and instruments in the several choruses. Mr. Harris wished to improve upon the alteration of dress introduced by Mr. Macklin.

The Highland habit is by all persons of taste esteemed to be the best suited to, and most becoming a warlike people. It is at this day the same as when the emperor Severus sent his son Caracalla to extirpate the brave Caledonians. It differs not very greatly from the old Roman military habit. They had, indeed, the addition of *femoralia*, which the Highlanders disdain to wear. How far the play-house habits are conformable to the genuine ancient Caledonian garments must be left to the critics.

The scenes were generally very judiciously delineated, and some of them very picturesque. We cannot approve of Macbeth and his wife conferring on the murder of Duncan in an ante-chamber before an entry or gallery for domestics.

To say that Mr. Holman, in this arduous character, fully satisfied the expectations of the public, would be passing the bounds of truth. His person has not yet in bulk gained adequate importance, and scarce any excellence will entirely make up for the want of this mechanical requisite.

His action was not always adapted to the profound meditation and solemn pauses in the sublime soliloquies of Macbeth. His step was often precipitated, and sometimes he fell into the common but unpardonable fault, the want of due articulation. The last word

of a sentence dropt is an absolute mutilation of the whole.

These errors in his first exhibition were much amended in the second, and greatly removed in the third. There is in Holman a noble and unextinguishable spirit, that bears him triumphantly through all difficulties.

His conception of visionary agony, on the supposed appearance of Banquo in the 3d act, was rendered terrible to the audience, and the effect was felt by reiterated applauses.

Mr. Lloyd has in his excellent poem of the Actor, ridiculed the appearance of the blood-bolter'd Banquo, with his ghastly countenance, and his red worsted on his shirt to mark the loss of blood: but this elegant writer did not reflect that the London audiences are by no means select. The mixed company in our pit, boxes, and galleries, must be roused to feeling by something more than the terrified imagination of the player. The murdered object itself affords wonderful assistance to the spectator. We must confess we did not think it safe to withdraw the ghosts of Pierre and Jaffier, in Venice Preserved, from the affrighted Belvidera, though we grant that their absence, from the great powers of the actresses, has not lately been felt.

The most partial praiser of Holman must confess, that the moral reflections on the progress of time, which Macbeth applies to his own decline in years, lost their effect in the mouth of the young exhibitor. But his heroic and desperate courage in the conflict with Macduff, was almost beyond a parallel. "However this gentleman, said a candid spectator, has lived, we must all grant that he died nobly."

Our theatrical Nestor, Mr. Macklin, was present at our young actor's performance, and expressed his approbation of him in terms unequivocal: he called him the Child of Nature. An observation, however, of this gentleman deserves some little discussion.

Amongst other praises he liberally gave Mr. Holman, he said, that, to his great commendation, he introduced in his part *no new readings*.

But every actor of genius will, of necessity, have new modes of action and elocution.—A Booth and a Garrick, as Mr. Davies, in his Dramatick Miscellanies, informs us, were much celebrated for searching after beauties which had escaped the diligence of their predecessors.—Mr. Macklin himself, in his Iago and Shylock, was apparently unlike to those who had exhibited these parts before him.

Mr. Macklin, we must suppose, meant by this criticism, that Mr. Holman did not wantonly differ in emphasis or action from

the accustomed manner; that he did not indulge himself in fancied glosses of a plain text, nor in hazarded interpretation by novel expression.

Felix, in the Wonder, or a Woman Keeps a Secret! is, we are told, to be Mr. Holman's first essay in comedy. The wretched language of this play is safe from the critick; but the fable is built on probability, and the outline of the characters just. Mrs. Centlivre was a kind of comic Bankes, whose tragedies, from the admirable disposition of the scene and apposite situation of character, have, without the assistance of a single good line, never failed to affect the most enlightened as well as the least knowing part of an audience.

Let us advise our young friend to be a compleat master not only of the words, in his part of Felix, but of its great and varied business, which changes with every entrance and exit of the character.

Macklin will tell us that Wilks and Oldfield, in Felix and Violante, kept the minds of the audience in constant agitation; and that in the last act, where the author artfully introduces a stroke of nature from the feelings of a jealous lover conscious he had forgotten what was due to the sensibility of a female he loved, they were inimitably affecting. We have seen a Garrick's Felix, his last acted part, and his applause was the result of art carried to perfection.

Mr. Holman must call to mind, that the performer in tragedy is supported by the glow of sentiment and harmony of verse, and still more by the great action of the fable. The claim of the genteel comic actor to the favour of the audience, must result from a correspondence to the speech, action, and manners of characters constantly passing before the eye of the public.

From an impartial view of this young Gentleman's powers, as presented to the public in the two characters he has acted, we conclude, that we have reason to form a very high expectation of his future good fortune. He at present seems to have no radical faults, but such errors only as are competent to a vigorous and active genius, which is apt to exceed its proper limits.

Accurate speakers seldom rise to any great excellence. As we are best pleased with young Poets, whose compositions have something to spare, so we form the best omens of an Actor, who, in his outset, shews some redundances amidst many valuable qualities.

Mr. Holman is a scholar, and his classical learning will, of consequence, be of great use in his profession of the Stage, as it will afford him the best and readiest means of understanding his author.

We would advise him not to cast a supercilious look upon the various and sometimes discordant criticisms which he may read upon his performance in the Prints. Let him not consider the writers as his enemies, but weigh their observations with impartiality. Let

him embrace a judicious hint or reasonable remark from any quarter whatsoever.

We most sincerely wish Mr. Holman that success which we are confident his abilities, if rightly cultivated, will infallibly produce.

The POLITICAL STATE of the NATION, and of EUROPE, for NOVEMBER, 1784
No. IX.

EXACTLY agreeable to our political prognostication of last month, the commanding officer at Newfoundland has returned home safe, without any complaint or suggestions of infractions of the peace by the French or any body else, as was trumpeted about by our heralds of sedition, rebellion, and bloody wars! All was quiet and calm there as well as here, so that no storms arise as yet in that quarter.

The tea commotion has not yet entirely subsided, although the dealers have moderated a little their prices. The teas now selling are much complained of for their bad qualities, by the generality of people, and it is apprehended that the purchase of the Ostend teas will cause a fresh inundation of unpalatable, and, what is worse, unwholesome tea, into this country; an evil which cannot be too carefully guarded against.

But there is a commodity much more essential and necessary to the comfort, if not to the subsistence of life, than tea; that is, bread, which, by some strange fatality, is kept up at an enormous price, without variation or fluctuation; and this after the reaping and gathering in one of the most exuberant plentiful crops within the memory of man, if we may believe universal report, and the assurances of individuals who must be judges, and, being interested, can scarcely be conceived to bring up a false report against themselves. This is also an evil to be enquired into, and, if possible, remedied by government: for the present we shall leave the further consideration of it, till we see what another month produces.

In our last we pointed out the approaching calm which has since overspread the kingdom of Ireland; we perceived the storm abating and subsiding apace; but scarcely expected that the grand meeting of the delegates would have passed off so very quietly, without the least harm, disturbance, or alarm.—This, it must be confessed, exceeded our most sanguine expectations, warm and ardent as they were for the peace, the prosperity, and permanent tranquility of both islands. Thanks to the wise, prudent, vigilant, and vigorous administration of the Duke of Rutland; and to the ministry here, who gave scope to his laudable conduct, and patronized him in it! Under such a cabinet, delegated viceroys and gover-

nors can exert their powers safely, with advantage to their country, and honour to themselves.

Fortunately for Great Britain and Ireland, the French have no opportunity of coming in aid of their Irish friends and allies, to fan the embers of sedition into a flame of open rebellion, after the manner of America, settling too much business on their hands to settle differences between their old and new allies, the Emperor and the States General. For,

According to all human probability, matters are become very critical and consequential between these two powers, which may terminate in a partition treaty of the Dutch territories, and a general war among the continental powers to prevent such a division.

How the Spanish monarch will relish a partition of the Dutch Netherlands, the quondam inheritance of his ancestors, among other powerful states, is a secret yet to be developed from the womb of time. The French have a woeful task, to please all parties and take care of themselves too.

The resignation of the French Minister, *Compte de Vergennes*, agitated at this critical moment, without any apparent disgust on the part of the French King and Queen, or any violent opposition from his competitors or the people, puzzles the French politicians! We are at no loss at all to account for it: it is evident the scene grows too perplexed and confused for this political idol of the French nation, king, and people!—The *Compte* has entered into so many inconsistent and contradictory engagements with different powers of opposite parties, connections, and dependencies, and these powers have rushed so precipitately and unexpectedly into that confusion which those treaties must have naturally produced at a remote period, that he cannot hold up his face to avow that sudden violation of treaties which the awkward conjuncture of affairs now renders necessary to be practised upon some or other of the contending parties. He, therefore, leaves the odious task to be performed by some of his successors who can do it with a better grace than he possibly can; and who may not be overburthened with that delicacy which hangs about the *Compte*, so little incident to French statesmen in common.

How this revolution in the French cabinet
will

will operate on the affairs of the United States of America and the United States of America; and how the new Cardinal Minister, a dignified son of the mother church of Rome, aspiring to the pontificate, which is a spiritual monarchy, will nourish and cherish the Boston saints, who are republicans in religion as well as in politics, is another secret which we leave to be discovered by time, the never-failing friend of truth, or the more rapid penetration of the lightning emitted by the electrical Doctor in his experimental, political, philosophical enquiries.

The Dutch seem to have shaken off their wonted sluggishness, and left their temper, both at once. They have broken down some of their dykes, and sluiced their own lands, drowning their inhabitants, cattle and all, in spite of the friendly interposition of the Imperialists endeavouring to prevent that voluntary calamity. By this and other movements they make themselves the aggressors in the war, and so deprive themselves of the slender claim they have on any other powers to become auxiliaries. We speak not here selfishly, to screen our own nation; for we sincerely think the Dutch have no kind of claim, or colour of claim, upon Great-Britain to assist or support them, whether aggressors or aggressed. They have not even a claim upon her good offices as a Mediator in the present quarrel; for mediating often ends in partaking of the war which succeeds the negotiation: therefore we adhere to our declaration in the October Magazine, That none but enemies of our country will attempt to engage us directly or indirectly in the fray.

A religious *fuor*, indeed, has been attempted to be stirred up in London, to come in aid of our quondam friends the Dutch: But that was the most unfortunate string their agents could strike upon, to raise up auxiliaries in a cause totally irrelative to religion, for a people whose God is Mammon, and whose religion is ready money; whose creed is to be found in the History of Japan, and in the mutual commerce and communications between the Dutch and the Japanese;

and whose morals and acts of beneficence and humanity have been abundantly manifested at Amboyna, and the Spice Islands.—How the Head of the Protestant Association (a head of rebellion without a body now!) picked up his numbers of seamen and officers to volunteer for the Dutch, we know not; but think there must have been a mistake between them; for the jolly tars whom we have been able to converse with, or hear of, are all to a man, officers and men, in favour of the Emperor against the Dutch, if they take any part at all!—But we still adhere to a perfect neutrality as before. By adopting this plan, we shall preserve friends on both sides, make no enemies, but serve ourselves in the most essential points, and become formidable to some powers, and respectable to all.

North America, broken off from the British empire, in other words, become independent, begins to be a kind of a *vacuum* in the system of politics; a remote region, unattended to by the European powers: And if Great Britain will but punish those revolted colonies with a total disregard, and perfect indifference, they will soon grow as light as chaff in the great scale of power and consequence among nations.—Already they find a necessity of adopting the Turkish mode of negotiating peace with their inland neighbours, by sending ambassadors of peace guarded with an armed force!—This may do for the Turkish empire, great and potent as it is; but for Congress, a government without substantial power, without money, and without property, it will never do long! A slippery false peace it will be, kept only by the Indians while the peace-makers and their warlike retinue are in sight, or within call. Even now the fenew states, boasted to be in future the greatest empire in the world, begin, like wolves, to worry and devour one another, for want of a superintending governing power, to hold an equal regulating hand over them all; and most grievously will they lament the loss of their dependence on Great Britain.

THE DRESS OF THE MONTH.

GENTLEMEN.

THE present fashion for this month is velvets of various colours made half-trimmed, with gold and silver tissue, or embroidered fancy waistcoats. These are worn at Court; but the present fashion at the Court-end of the Town is plain frocks, dark brown, blue, or Lunardi's maroon, with the capes to rise high, and two buttons in the cuff; silk, velvet, or buff fancy waistcoats; black silk, fatten, or buff breeches. But amongst the

other class of gentlemen are worn dark green, drab, or mixture cloths, with silk shag waistcoats, according to choice; breeches as above.

N. B. The buttons in general are worn of a large size, and the pattern according to choice.

LADIES.

THE hair is still worn very wide, curls smaller and long, cut short behind, hanging in the neck in curls.

Full dress caps will not be worn till after Christmas.

Half dress caps à la *Figaro* are made with a round front, with a long voile of gauze behind.—The name *Figaro* is taken from a favourite Opera at Paris so called.

The *Figaro* tippets are made very full, to cover the neck and tie behind with a ribbon.

The *Figaro* hats are made of gauze, with

* A kind of faint lilac.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

SUPPLEMENT to the ANECDOTES of the late G. A. STEVENS, inserted page 174' By a CORRESPONDENT.

GENTLEMEN,

STEVENS has been often heard to say, that in the war of (I think) 1739 or 1740, he went aboard a man of war, and used frequently to relate the following story :

During an engagement one of his brother-sailors was wounded: another sailor took him in his arms in order to carry him to the cockpit; but before he had brought him off the deck, a chain ball carried away his head, unperceived by the sailor who was bearing him. When the surgeon saw the trunk, he cursed the sailor for bringing him a man without an head. "Damn me (says the fellow) but he had his head on when I took him up."

Stevens established in Dublin * The Nassau Court," over which Sparks, as *Lord-Chief-Justice*, presided. This Court was held in a

a curtain of blond, a deep crown, with a plume of feathers in the middle.

The Lavinia bonnets are of straw, trimmed with ribbon, and a gauze handkerchief tied over the crown.

Cloaks are worn much the same.

Popies * colour is now the present taste for gowns and ribbons.

tavern in Nassau-street. Here subjects of humour were discussed, and all ranks of people were indiscriminately admitted into it to debate on them; but the greatest order and regularity were observed, fines being always inflicted and exacted for every offence, however trivial, against the established rules. A certain nobleman, now on the Continent, remarkable for folly and extravagance, having appeared in this Court with his hat on, he was tried for the same. Just as sentence was going to be passed on him, his Lordship's Advocate started up and said, "That his client could not be punished for wearing a hat, because it was well known he had no head."

Sparks has often said, that Stevens was the best Greek Scholar in England, and seemed to think he had had a college education.

THEATRICAL REGISTER,

DRURY-LANE.

- Nov. 1. HAMLET—Double Disguise
 2. New Way to Pay Old Debts—Harlequin Junior
 3. Earl of Warwick—Double Disguise
 4. Conscious Lovers—Who's the Dupe?
 5. Richard III.—Spanish Rivals
 6. Earl of Warwick—Spanish Rivals
 8. School for Scandal—Harlequin Junior
 9. Tempest—Bon Ton
 10. Earl of Warwick—Spanish Rivals
 11. Clandestine Marriage—Comus
 12. School for Fathers—Harlequin Junior
 13. Douglas—Too Civil by Half
 15. Cato—Spanish Rivals
 16. Fair Penitent—Deforter
 17. Zara—Bon Ton
 18. Tempest—Harlequin Junior
 19. Cymbeline—Spanish Rivals
 20. Venice Preserved—Spanish Rivals
 22. Wonder—Arthur and Emmeline
 23. Every Man in His Humour—Arthur and Emmeline
 24. Zara—High Life Below Stairs
 25. Rule a Wife and Have a Wife—Arthur and Emmeline
 26. Cymon—Bon Ton
 27. Grecian Daughter—Spanish Rivals
 29.abella—High Life Below Stairs

COVENT-GARDEN.

- Nov. 1. ROMEO and Juliet—Acrostation
 2. Robin Hood—Acrostation
 3. Duenna—Lyar
 4. Tamerlane—Harlequin Rambler
 5. Romeo and Juliet—Acrostation
 6. Hypocrite—Tom Thurb
 8. Romeo and Juliet—Poor Soldier
 9. Robin Hood—Lord Mayor's Day
 10. Merchant of Venice—Love-a-la-Mode
 11. Way of the World—Rosina
 12. Macbeth—Acrostation
 13. Merry Wives of Windsor—Poor Soldier
 15. Macbeth—Rosina
 16. Fontainebleau; or, Our Way in France—Citizen
 17. Fontainebleau; or, Our Way in France—Acrostation
 18. Fontainebleau—Lord Mayor's Day
 19. Romeo and Juliet—Poor Soldier
 20. Fontainebleau—Barnaby Brittle
 22. Hamlet—Rosina
 23. Fontainebleau—Acrostation.
 24. Hypocrite—Poor Soldier
 25. Fontainebleau—Retaliation
 26. Romeo and Juliet—Rosina
 27. Fontainebleau—Trifram Shandy
 29. Grecian Daughter—Rosina

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

A C C O U N T

O F A

T O U R

MADE BY THE KING OF PRUSSIA,

In the YEAR 1779.

Printed for the BENEFIT of the CHILDREN of the POOR SOLDIERS.

Translated from the ORIGINAL GERMAN, and now first published.

THE PRUSSIAN GRENADIER'S PREFACE.

I AM an old Grenadier; the Lord High Senefchal Fromme of Fehrbellin and Liqum is my sister's son. He too was once a soldier; but he has changed his profession, and instead of a warrior is become a farmer. It was the will of Heaven, else he would not have performed that pleasant journey, nor have had an opportunity of amusing with his conversation a Prince who is the father of his people; nor have given an account of it to the old Grenadier, who feels every faculty roused when he hears of the actions of his King.

"Cousin, I pray, Cousin, write down for me the narration as you have now truly delivered it." My Cousin did it, and assured me, upon oath, that it contains the very words spoken by that Titus, that Aurelius, that Henry IV.

Is there to be found, in the annals of the world, a Prince who treats his subjects with such paternal care? Every word he speaks, and here has spoken, proves him the best of Princes:

AGAIN I feel the former flame

My beating bosom warm;

Who brands me with a flatt'rer's name

Must meet the Veteran's arm.

Let his embattled armies know,

All Nations hear the sound;

In war as dreadful to the foe,

In peace he great is found.

Oft mid the battle's furious storms

His eager steps I've trac'd;

ON the 23d of July, 1779, his Majesty was graciously pleased to undertake a journey to Rhienluch, by Neustadt, on the Doff, to inspect the new settlements which, at his own expence, had been made on the waste lands, and which now contain about 308 families. He set out from Potsdam about five in the morning, and passed through Fahrland, Tirolz, Wustermark, Koenigsharft, Seelhorft, Dechdan, Fehrbellin, Walcho, Protzen, Manker,

EUROP. MAG.

And cried, What fire those eyes informs,
What spirit fills that breast!

The fires that in his bosom burn
Dart through his glowing eyes;
Yet when mild Peace resumes her turn,
Her olive wins the prize.

Whether her arrows Fortune shower,
Or kind the crown him with success;
Equal in both, his swiftest power
Is used injustice to repress.

O Prince, no with thy bosom owns,
But happiness to grant to all;
Yet still the villain meets thy frowns,
Severe thy strokes of justice fall.

My friends, is not this picture true?
Is all my praise an idle tale,
Like those told by the rhyming crew
Of dewy mead, or flow'ry dale?

O, my friends, the flame which now blazes will be extinguished, even as the life of my dear Brother who lately expired.—Ah! with the old Grenadier he lived: he lived in my Frederick's time: to the Prince himself he presented the fruits of his industry. The Prince received them graciously, and, in return, bestowed on him some of his richest wine.

Ah! my Brother, whoever resembles thee, and is cotemporary with my Frederick, think himself happy that he lives in this golden age, in which thou hast been carried off, and goes to Heaven his bitter lamentations that the Father of his People is mortal.

Gartz, Barskow, Buckewitz, Neustadt on the Doff, Sieberdorf, Klausinhoff (all new settlements), Brekenhoff, to the mountains of Stoellen, where he stopped, on account of the view he could have from thence of all the settlements, and then proceeded on his journey to Hohen-Rauen and Rathenau; at which last place he arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon, dined, and staid all night.

Y y

Next

Next morning, about six, he proceeded to the county of Magdeburgh, where he viewed some lands lately brought under cultivation, part of which are already useful, the rest not yet brought to a state of perfection; and about four in the afternoon arrived safe at Potsdam, by the way of Ziefar and Brandenburgh.

Mr. Sach, of Koenighorft, the Bailiff's Counsel, attended the King to Selenhorft: It then came to my turn. About eight in the morning he arrived at Selenhorft with the Gen. Count Goertz in his carriage. While they were changing horses, His Majesty spoke to several Officers of Zeithen's Hussars, who were quartered there for the sake of grazing their horses, but took no notice of me; for the banks being very narrow, I could not ride by the side of the carriage. At Dechdau his Majesty saw M. Zeithen, a captain of horse, to whom that estate belongs, and kept him by the carriage till he came to its boundaries, where fresh horses were put to.

Capt. Rathenau, an old friend of the King, and proprietor of the greater part of the Karvesee estate, being here with his family, went up to the carriage and saluted his Majesty.

King. Who are you?

Rathenau. I am Capt. Rathenau, of Karvesee.

King (clasping his hands). My God, dear Rathenau, are you still alive? I thought you had been dead long ago. How do you do? Are you well?

Rathenau. At your Majesty's service.

King. But, my God, how corpulent you are grown!

Rathenau. Yes, Sir, my appetite is still very good; but my legs fail me.

King. I believe so; it is the same with me. Are you married?

Rathenau. Yes, Sir.

King. Is your Lady one of those I see yonder?

Rathenau. Sir, she is.

King. Let her come hither (*taking off his hat*). I find your husband is a very good old companion of mine.

Lady Rathenau. Your Majesty does my husband a great deal of honour.

King. Of what family are you descended?

Lady Rathenau. I am daughter of a nobleman named Kroecher.

King. Ha! a daughter of Gen. Kroecher!

Lady Rathenau. Yes, Sir.

King. I know him very well. Have you any children, Rathenau?

Rathenau. Yes, Sir; my sons are in the service, and these are my daughters.

King. It gives me great satisfaction to hear it. Farewel, dear Rathenau, farewel.

The road now led to Fehrbellin, and the Forester Brand, in quality of Ranger, attended his Majesty on horseback. We came now to a piece of sandy ground, and his Majesty called out, Forester, why are not those grounds cultivated?

Forester. Sir, they do not belong to the King's Forests, but to the Common; some part the people sow with different kinds of seeds. Here, on the right hand, are sown black pines.

King. By whom were these sown?

Forester. By the Lord High Seneschal.

King (addressing himself to me). Come hither. Speak to my Privy Counsellor Michaelis that these grounds be sown—(*to the Forester*)—But do you know how black pines should be sown?

Forester. Yes, Sir.

King. Well, how are they sown? From east to west, or from west to east?

Forester. From west to east.

King. You are right. But why?

Forester. Because the wind mostly blows from the west.

King. That is true.

The King pursued his journey and reached Fehrbellin, where he spoke with the Provost Lieutenant of Zeithen's Hussar Regiment, and with the Postmaster Captain Mosch. As soon as fresh horses were put to, the Tour was continued; and as his Majesty passed a ditch of mine, which had been dug at his expense, I rode up to the chariot and said, May it please your Majesty, to your Majesty's bounty we are already indebted for two ditches, which have freed us from the inundations of the Luch.

King. So, so; that pleases me. Who are you?

Officer. Your Majesty, I am the Officer of Fehrbellin.

King. What is your name?

Officer. Fromme.

King. Ha, ha! you are the son of Justice Fromme?

Officer. Your Majesty will graciously pardon me, my father was Bailiff Counsellor in the Bailiwick of Lahme.

King. Bailiff's Counsel! Bailiff's Counsel! That is not true. Your father was Justice; I knew him well. Tell me, was the cutting off the Luch of much service to you?

Officer. O yes, Sir.

King. Do you keep more cattle than your predecessor?

Officer. Yes, Sir. On this manor I keep forty; and all together, seventy more.

King. That is good. The murrain does not rage hereabouts?

Officer. No, your Majesty.

King.

King. Use only mineral salt, then you will not be plagued with the murrain.

Officer. Yes, your Majesty, it is that which I use; but the common or culinary salt will almost answer the same purpose.

King. No, do not believe that: you must not pound the mineral salt, but hang a lump of it before the cattle for them to lick.

Officer. It shall be done.

King. Can any other improvements be made here?

Officer. Yes, Sir. Here lies the Kremmenfee: if that was drained, your Majesty might have 1800 acres of grass land, colonies might be planted, and a water-carriage established in the adjacent parts, which would be of very great service to the small towns of Fehrbellin and Ruppen; besides that vast quantities of goods might be brought from Mecklenburgh to Berlin by water.

King. I believe it. You would reap great advantages from it, but many would be ruined, particularly the Landholders of the Country. Is it not so?

Officer. Your Majesty will be pleased to observe, that the lands possessed by them belong to the Royal Forest, and produce nothing but birch.

King. If the land produces only birch, the plan may be carried into execution; but care must be taken that the expence do not exceed the profits.

Officer. That will not be the case: For, 1st, your Majesty may be assured, that 1800 acres will be gained from the Kremmenfee, which will make 36 farms, of 50 acres each; and if a small toll be levied on all floats and vessels passing through the new canal, the capital will be found to be advantageously laid out.

King. Speak to my Privy-Counsellor Michaelis, who understands such affairs, and consult with him in every thing. I do not want the land to be fully settled at once: if two or three families be first established, it will be sufficient. You can settle it with him.

Officer. It shall be done, Sir.

King. Is not Wustereau * within sight?

Officer. Yes, Sir; there it is on the right.

King. Is the General at home?

Officer. Yes, Sir.

King. How do you know it?

Officer. Captain Leftock, Sir, resides in my village, for the purpose of grazing the horses of his company; and yesterday the General sent the Captain a letter by his groom, from whom I had my information.

King. Had General Zeithen any advantage from turning the course of the Luchs?

Officer. He certainly had. The farm on the right, and the dairy, were established by him, which could not have been done if the course of the Luchs had not been turned.

King. I am glad of it. What is the name of the Officer of Old Ruppen?

Officer. Honig.

King. How long has he held that employment?

Officer. Since Trinity.

King. Since Trinity! What was he before?

Officer. A Canon.

King. A Canon! a Canon! How came he of a Canon to be made an Officer?

Officer. Sir, he is young and rich, and was desirous to have the honour of being one of your Majesty's Officers.

King. Why did not his predecessor continue in office?

Officer. He is dead.

King. Why did not his widow keep the employment?

Officer. Her circumstances were distressed.

King. Through female imprudence?

Officer. Pardon me, Sir: she managed her affairs well; but she has been ruined by a series of misfortunes, which may happen to the best. I had the murrain among my cattle for two years, and no abatement has been made, so that I cannot get forward in the world.

King. My son, I have a pain in my ear to-day, which prevents me from hearing distinctly.

Officer. That is a misfortune under which the Privy-Counsellor Michaelis likewise labours.

(I now kept a little behind the chariot, being apprehensive that His Majesty was displeased at what I had said.)

King. Well, Officer, come forward, stay by the chariot, but take care not to be unfortunate. Speak loud, I understand very well (This, with some other expressions to the same purpose, the King repeated more than ten times during the journey). What is the name of that village on the right?

Officer. Langen.

King. To whom does it belong?

Officer. A third part of it belongs to your Majesty, under the Bailiwick of old Ruppen; a third part to M. Hagen; and the remainder is under vassalage to the cathedral of Berlin.

King. You are mistaken: it is to the cathedral of Magdeburg.

Officer. Pardon me, Sir; it is to the cathedral of Berlin.

King. That is not true; the cathedral at Berlin has no vassals.

* Wustereau belongs to General Zeithen.

Officer. I beg your Majesty's pardon; the cathedral of Berlin has three vassals in my own Bailiwick of Karvesee.

King. You are mistaken; it is the cathedral of Magdeburg.

Officer. I must be a very incapable officer, Sire, if I were not to know who were the lords of my own Bailiwick.

King. Yes; then you are right. There is an estate lies on the right, the name of which I cannot recollect; mention all the estates that lie on that hand.

Officer. Buschow, Rodensleben, Sommerfeld, Beetz, Karbe.

King. Right. Karbe—To whom does that estate belong?

Officer. To a Mr. Knefebeck.

King. Has he been in the service?

Officer. Yes; he has been a lieutenant or ensign in the guards.

King. In the guards? (*reckoning on his fingers*) You are right; he was a lieutenant in the guards. I am very glad that the estate is still in the hands of the Knefebeck family. Tell me, does the road which goes up the hill lead to Ruppen? and is not that on the left the great road to Hamburg?

Officer. Yes, Sire.

King. Do you know how long it is since I was here?

Officer. No, Sire.

King. Forty-three years.—Is Ruppen within fight?

Officer. Yes, Sire; the steeple which you see right over the ——— belongs to Ruppen.

King (*leaning out of the chariot, and looking through his glass*). Yes, yes; that is it; I know it yet.—Can I see Dramnetz?

Officer. No, Sire; Dramnetz lies farther to the left, very near Kirritz.

King. Shall we not see it when we have gone a little farther?

Officer. Perhaps we may in the neighbourhood of Nyftadt, but I am not certain.

King. That is a pity.—Can I see Pechlin?

Officer. Not at present, Sire; it lies too low. I don't know whether your Majesty will be able to see it at all.

King. Well, be attentive, and when you see it tell me.—Where is the officer belonging to Old Ruppen?

Officer. He will be in Protzen, where you will change horses.

King. Cannot we see Pechlin yet?

Officer. No, Sire.

King. To whom does it belong now?

Officer. To a M. Schonemrak.

King. Is he a nobleman?

Officer. No, Sire.

King. Who had it before him?

Officer. A Mr. Ahms, who inherited it

from his father.—That estate has always been in the hands of Commoners.

King. I know that—What is the name of that village before us?

Officer. Walcho.

King. To whom does it belong?

Officer. To your Majesty, under the Bailiwick of Old Ruppen.

King. What village is that before us?

Officer. Protzen.

King. Who is its proprietor?

Officer. M. Kleift.

King. What Kleift is that?

Officer. A son of General Kleift.

King. Of what General Kleift?

Officer. One of his brothers was Aid-de-camp to your Majesty, and is now Lieutenant-colonel in the Kalteinsch regiment at Magdeburg.

King. What! of him?—I know the Kleifts very well.—Has this Kleift also been in the service?

Officer. Yes, Sire; he was an Ensign in Prince Ferdinand's regiment.

King. Why did he quit the army?

Officer. I do not know.

King. You may tell me; I have no view in it; but why did that man leave the army?

Officer. I really cannot tell.

We were now near Protzen, and I was informed that General Zeithen was waiting in the Court-house: I therefore rode up to the chariot, and told His Majesty that General Zeithen was there.

King. There! Where? Ride quick before, and tell the people to stop. I will dismount.

His Majesty then dismounted, and expressed much pleasure at seeing the General, and talked to him and M. Kleift on different subjects. He asked if the turning the course of the Luchs had been of any advantage to him; if the murrain raged there; recommended the use of mineral salt; after which His Majesty suddenly walked aside, and returning, whispered in my ear, "Officer, Who is that fat man in the white coat?"

I answered, in a low voice, "M. Quast, Justice of the Bailiwick of Ruppen."

King. Very well.

His Majesty now returned to General Zeithen and Kleift, and resumed his conversation with them on different subjects. M. Kleift presented his Majesty with some fine fruit, for which His Majesty thanked him; and then suddenly turning to M. Quast, said, "Mr. Justice, your most obedient." The Justice, upon this, was approaching; but His Majesty called to him, "Stop where you are; I know you: You are Justice Quast."

The horses were by this time put to, and His

His Majesty took a kind leave of General Zeithen, paid his compliments to the others, and proceeded on his journey. Although His Majesty did not accept of the fruit in Protzen, as soon as he had quitted the place he took out of the pocket of the carriage some bread and butter, which he shared with General Count Goertz, and ate with a good appetite, as his carriage drove on. His Majesty being apprehensive that I should now remain behind, called to me to come along.

King. Where is the Officer of Old Ruppen ?

Officer. I suppose he is sick, otherwise he would have been in Protzen when your Majesty changed horses.

King. Pray tell me, are you really unacquainted with the reason why that Kleist quitted the army ?

Officer. I really do not know, Sir.

King. What is the name of that village before us ?

Officer. Manker.

King. To whom does it belong ?

Officer. To your Majesty.

King. What kind of harvest had you ?

Officer. Very good, Sir.

King. Very good ! Some people told me it was very bad.

Officer. The after-crop was destroyed by the frosts ; but the first was so good, that it makes up for the loss of the other.

King. Well, that is a good harvest. You are right : it grows dozens by dozens.

Officer. Yes, Sir, they also put it in scores.

King. What do you call scores ?

Officer. Twenty sheaves of corn put together.

King. O, it is most certainly a good harvest. But tell me, why has that Kleist of Protzen quitted the army ?

Officer. I really do not know, Sir. I do believe the only reason was, that he was obliged to superintend his father's estate. I can assign no other cause.

King. What is the name of that village just before us ?

Officer. Gartz.

King. To whom does it belong ?

Officer. To the Counsellor of War, Quast.

King. What signifies that ? I don't want any thing of the Counsellor of War. To whom belongs this estate ?

Officer. To Mr. Quast.

King. Well, that is an answer to the purpose.

[To be concluded in our next.]

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE. NEW MODE of PRINTING.

By Mr. CUMBERLAND.

IT had long been conjectured by this gentleman, in the course of his practice of etching on copper, that a new mode of printing might be acquired from it, viz. by writing words instead of delineating figures on plates. As this is in the power of almost every man, it requires only to know the facility with which it may be accomplished for it to be generally practised.

The inventor, in January last, wrote a poem on copper by means of this art ; and some impressions of it were printed by Mr. Blake, in Exchange-alley, Cornhill, which answered perfectly well, altho' it had cost very little more time than common writing. Any number of impressions, in proportion to the strength of the biting in, may be taken off.

The method of performing it is as follows :

Heat a copper-plate over a fire, holding it in a hand-vise, then anoint it with a hard varnish tied up in a piece of thin silk, which is composed of the following ingredients :

Two ounces of virgin wax, two ounces of asphaltum, half an ounce of Burgundy pitch,

and half an ounce of common pitch, melted together.

Afterwards, whilst the plate is still warm, smooth the ground with a dabber made of thin silk stuffed with cotton, and then smoke the whole surface over the flame of a candle till it is quite black.

All these operations a servant may be taught to execute. Next you are to write with a pen (of gold, if possible) on the varnished plate, so as to leave the copper bare : and lastly, after making a ridge of wax round the plate, and searing it down (which, in small works, will be best done with a common bougie, flattened on account of the cotton wick, which keeps it from separating), pour on it a mixture of one-third strong aquafortis, and two-thirds common water, which must remain on it a longer or shorter time, as the engraving is designed to be deep or faint.

The author thinks this mode of printing may be very useful to persons living in the country, or wishing to print very secretly.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH of THEODOSIUS FORREST.

By T. TYERS, Esq.

ON the fifth of this month died suddenly, Mr. Theodosius Forrest, an attorney of good reputation, at his house in George-street, York-buildings.—A nervous disorder, attended with a black jaundice, which gained ground with the greatest rapidity on his constitution, shortened his days at the age of about fifty-six. He was all his life long, in poetical expression, “tremblingly alive all o’er.”—He was so anxious in the service of his clients, that, at those times, he may be said hardly to have known what sleep was.—He was obliged, on account of increasing bodily and mental distresses, to resign a good part of his professional business. It was hoped by his acquaintance that a six weeks tour he took into Ireland this last summer would have restored his health, and continued him a good while amongst the circle of those he loved, and who loved him; for he declared on his return, that he went from London with every complaint, and felt not a disagreeable sensation while he was absent from home. True it is generally found that medical observation, in every point of view, that “motion is the tenure of life.” But neither friendship, that sunshine of life, nor prosperity, that preserver of good-humour to the end of it, could save him from the gloom of dejection and despair. Those who saw him during his last month, perceived that “Melancholy mark’d him for her own.” It was a greater sorrow than surprize to find that in the desertion of reason, and from not knowing what he was about, “he took up arms against a sea of trouble,” and left his post, as a sentinel, before he was summoned away.—*Multi idem fecerunt et boni.* At the beginning of life he studied drawing under Lambert, the first landscape painter (for as yet Wilson, Gainsborough, Marlow, and Louthborough, were not); or, as his own expression was, he stood behind his chair, and acquired such a relish for the Arts, that it never forsook him. The mind, like the cask in Horace, will long retain its habitual flavour. Till within this year or two he annually exhibited a drawing at the Royal Academy, and at Somerset Place.—He had a great number of them at his own house, and a good collection of those of other artists. He was universally known to the matters in the polite arts, but was not envied nor disliked by any of them. He was considered, as Johnson says of Gay by Pope and Swift and Arbuthnot, as their playfellow and com-

panion, instead of their rival.—His father called him off from this seductive employment to the lucrative track of an Attorney, and made him serve a clerkship under him: But though he was obliged to consider the Law as his wife, the Arts were the mistresses of his affection.—He had a passion for music, though he played upon no instrument; could catch a favourite air with surprising quickness, and had a very agreeable manner of singing, though he sung without a voice.—He was a pretty constant attendant at the Beef-steak Club every Saturday, of which he was early admitted a member (and of which his father was one of the eldest), where his pleasantries were much regarded. If he was not “able to set the table in a roar,” yet he always excited attention, and every body thought themselves lucky in having him for a guest.—“He was fond to spread friendships, but (though a man of the law) to cover heats.” He was also happy in his poetical talent.—He composed many songs, and sung them well. May no literary son of poverty make a collection, and serve them up to the Public! —But he seldom suffered sing-song or epigram to break in upon his line of business.—

“He scann’d no stanza when he should
“engross.”—

Parchments, not Poetry, lay upon his office-table; — it was crowded with leases and conveyances.—He had as many friends and as few enemies as can be supposed — perhaps none but what the prosecuting law made him.—He had a plentiful income, and was possessed of money in the funds.—He was affectionately, and perhaps by some on account of his figure, for he was rather under the common size, called Little Forrest; but he was a giant in the estimation of all of both sexes who knew him.—He was not only loved, but esteemed.—He delighted in performing kind offices; not only by advice, which may seem to cost nothing, but with his purse, which some consider as their life’s blood. He was known and approved by Messieurs Garrick, Colman, and Harris. He was solicitor to Covent-garden playhouse, and he was a good judge of what was performing on the stage, that miniature of the whole world; — and also a steward and receiver of rents to many respectable persons. Many have solicited, to use a phrase that has been employed since his decease, “to stand in his shoes.” Nobody was ever known to repent of the confidence they placed in him

—no one pleased more by harmless complacency, nor made himself more useful and agreeable at the parties where he was invited. — All this, though the language of friendship, is also that of truth, which is dearer to the writer of this historical morsel than all the friendships in the world. Whoever, in his middle rank of life, shall be valued for integrity, benevolence, acuteness, accomplishments, and the arts of pleasing, must not think himself under-rated when he is compared to — THEODOSIUS FORREST.

[To this account, evidently the production of a friend, we shall add, That Mr. Forrest wrote an Opera, acted at Covent-garden in 1775, called *The Weather-cock*, a performance of little merit, which was barely suffered to be performed five nights. Among a variety of songs of which he was the author, one of the most celebrated was that beginning “I made love to Kate, long I sighed for she,” introduced into *The Jovial Crew*, and sung by Mr. Beard. EDITOR.]

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

CHARACTER of RICHARD RUSSELL. Esq. late of BERMONDSEY-STREET, in the County of SURREY.

RICHARD RUSSELL, Esq. was born in the Parish of Bermondsey in the year 1723, and was the only offspring of Mr. John Russell of the same place, fellmonger. His father, who died in the year 1770, is said to have been a native of Warwickshire; and he acquired, by great industry in business, about ten thousand pounds, which he left to his wife principally, who survived him, and lived with her son till the year 1780, when she died. A handsome monument is erected to both their memories in Bermondsey church.

Their son carried on the business of a woolstapler many years, and had not relinquished it altogether at the time of his death. He is allowed on all hands to have conducted himself in it with great credit and integrity. In person he was below the common stature, was pitted with the small-pox, and, while in health, was somewhat inclined to corpulency. He was regular and punctual in his accounts and dealings, and, having been bred to an economy which bordered on parsimony, never had any relish for pursuits which were attended with considerable expence. If he was not generous, he was honest and incorrupt. As an inhabitant of a large parish, and as a Commissioner of the Pavements and Sewers, he always opposed the improper expenditure of public money, and was ever ready to pay any sum on such occasions out of his own pocket, rather than put the parish, or commission, to the least charge. It was very much owing to him that the latter Commissioners introduced their present practice of paying for their own dinners at all their public meetings. He was in the commission of the peace for the county of Surrey, but never took out his *adminus*.

His education had been narrow and confined, even for a tradesman; but he possessed a considerable share of good sense, which he improved by reading. He was, in particular,

an admirer of poetical compositions, and purchased a renter's share of Drury-Lane play-house, to gratify his love of theatrical exhibitions, which, in winter, he almost constantly attended: in summer he amused himself with walking all round the metropolis, but never lay out of his own bed. He had a kind of cynical turn, which led him frequently to oppose the sentiments of others; and that rendered him in a degree unpopular: those who knew him best were not disgusted with his character, which though odd, blunt, and singular, was sometimes thought entertaining, and always honest. He was a strict observer of his word on all occasions.

As a politician he was public-spirited, and a great lover of freedom. He did not much like to go out of his usual track, and therefore scarce ever took journies; but having conceived a great esteem for the public conduct of one of the Gentlemen whom he named an executor, his love of ease did not prevent his going thirty miles to vote for him at three or four county elections.

About two or three years ago he wrote a tract, called “*War with the Senses; or, Free Thoughts on Snuff-taking*,” which, if not well-written, was extremely well intended: the profits of this publication he declared his intention of giving away in charity. In this tract he has attempted a dissuasive against the practice of taking snuff, as unwholesome and slovenly, and particularly as injurious to female beauty, of which he was always a great admirer.

It is certain that the populace dropped some expressions of dislike against the memory of the deceased on the day of his funeral; but it is not true that he was hung in effigy, as was reported. The world at large had entertained a prejudice against him for having omitted all mention of his relations in his will, and this was greatly heightened in Bermondsey, by his having directed his
body

body to be interred in St. John's church, the adjoining parish; but the funeral proceeded without the least obstruction or outrage, till it came to the church-yard, where, and in the church itself, a surprising multitude of both sexes, and all ages, was assembled. The singularity of ten virgins attending the funeral of an old bachelor, as pall-bearers, and strewners of flowers, and their dresses, excited the curiosity of the town in general: a prodigious crowd was assembled; and in it, it is believed, was every pick-pocket in London. These last placed themselves in the church and church-yard; they let the Ladies follow the corpse without much interruption; but before the mourners and attendants could get out of their coaches they closed in, prevented these latter from following immediately after the ladies, and plundered almost every well-dressed person around them. The confusion in the church arose principally from the immense crowd assembled there to see the funeral procession; and it would certainly have existed if the corpse of the most popular character had been carried for interment in a manner equally pompous and novel.

He had a natural son who died young several years ago, to whom he had left all his fortune. From the time of his death he gave all his property, real and personal, in every will he made, to public charities. He has left 3000*l.* to the Magdalen, 3000*l.* to the Small-Pox, 3000*l.* to the Lying-in Hospitals, and all the residue of his fortune, after a few legacies, to the Asylum for Female Children. These several charitable foundations were established, in a particular manner, for alleviating the distresses of the most amiable and helpless part of the creation; and, as he had been a man of some gallantry in the earlier part of life, may we not charitably suppose that he intended making retribution to the fair-sex, by donations in their favour the most liberal and uncommon? He exerted himself much in his life-time in the establishment of a very useful charity, the *Surrey Dispensary*, of which, at the time of his death, he was one of the Vice-presidents, and to which he has given 500*l.* by will.

He was a Member of the *Antiquarian*, and, it is said, was a candidate at the time of his death for admission, as a fellow, into the *Royal Society*. He was a great admirer of the fine arts, and has left behind him a collection of prints which are said to be very valuable. These, by his will, are to be sold to any Gentleman that will give 200*l.* for them.

He generally kept about 10,000*l.* running cash at his Banker's, with which he was always ready to accommodate any of his neigh-

bours of whom he had a good opinion (and they were not a few) by discounting their bills. In these transactions it is certain, so far from being guilty of usury and extortion, he never took a penny more than legal interest. At a time when the trading part of mankind were subjected to many inconveniences for want of regular remittances, such a conduct on the part of Mr. Russell was particularly useful.

From his first being seized with the jaundice, of which he died, he was firmly persuaded that he should not, and he frequently said he did not wish to recover. Possessed of his full senses almost to the last, he from day to day would talk of his approaching dissolution, and gave directions to his servants, and to Mr. Leavis, one of his executors, who was every day with him, with a calmness, composure, and fortitude of mind which would do honour to the best of men. His regularity was such, that having been accustomed to pay his servants on the day next after every quarter-day, he paid, on the 30th of September, his housekeeper her wages, and made her a present for her care of him, an hour or two only before his death, at a time when he expected almost immediate dissolution.

He was a great admirer of sculpture, which probably led him to direct a monument of 2000*l.* value to be erected in St. John's church, in Southwark. He passed over his own parish-church on this occasion, not, as it has been said, from dislike to the inhabitants there (for whose charity-school he left 100*l.* by his will), but from the impossibility of obtaining room for its erection in a fabric ancient and decayed. If this last act of human vanity will not bear the rigid animadversion of reason and philosophy, let us consider how few of us are perfect; that the best of men have their frailties; and that he is happiest who has the fewest imperfections!

The author* of this account knew him many years in public, and since his death he has had many opportunities of acquiring information respecting his private life. That Mr. Russell was not what the world would call an amiable man in his manners or deportment, is certain; a defective education had prevented him from being such. But it is equally certain, that he did not deserve the opprobrium with which his memory has been branded by the public prints. Impelled by truth alone, the author of this brief account, who can have no other motive, has thought it a duty in him to vindicate from misrepresentation the character of a man, whose failings have been exaggerated, and whose good qualities have been sunk in general abuse.

* Sir Joseph Mawbey, as the Editor has been informed,

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

N U G Æ A T T I C Æ :

O R,

LITERARY AMUSEMENTS FOR THE POLITE
CIRCLES OF WIT AND SENTIMENT.*Ridebis, et licet rideas.*

THIS may be pronounced the age of Anecdotes, and of Anecdote-writers. It would be an idle task, to add to the number of them, if an ample field offered not to encrease also their *value*.—Neither can France nor England, the grand sources of such fugitive bagatelles, boast of having yet furnished a collection of the kind, which, having TASTE for its basis, and TRUTH for its object, can in any degree be said to convey a picture of the “living manners.”—If this point be neglected, of what avail are ANECDOTES?—They may for a moment, like so many naked paragraphs of intelligence in a Newspaper, amuse the *mobile vulgus*, but can leave no impression on the mind of a philosopher, or a man of sentiment.—It is to be hoped then, that the following pieces will, at least, lay a *foundation* for rescuing this entertaining species of composition from contempt; and we trust it may be added, that though some of them may appear rather tinged with the breath of SCANDAL, yet in each there will be found features of AUTHENTICITY which ought to put VICE and FOLLY to the blush.

A Circumstance occurred some time ago, which, as it serves, however simple in itself, to put the private character of our amiable Sovereign in its true light—that of being the benevolent father of his people—ought on no account to be buried in oblivion.

In the course of his walks, one morning, with the heir apparent by his side (for it is a scandalous untruth, that the Demon of Politics has ever yet poisoned the source of their private enjoyment, or occasioned the smallest interruption to their domestic harmony), he met a farmer's servant travelling to Windsor with a load of commodities for market. Unhappily, however, the cart was stuck fast in the mud; nor could the man himself extricate it with all his might.

Both the king and the prince were dressed in a style of perfect simplicity; and, as if with one impulse of humanity, they immediately rushed forward to the assistance of the embarrassed rustic.—Having, through the dint of main strength, enabled him to set his

cart to rights, the honest fellow glowing with gratitude, asked them very cordially, if they would accept of a cup of ale from him at the next house; adding, that, in the mean time, they were heartily welcome to take a seat upon the cart.—Each of these offers was, of course, declined; and they parted, the king having previously slipped into his hand a guinea, and the prince two guineas.

The man was thunder-struck; nor could he help spreading about the particulars of his adventure the minute he reached Windsor.—From these it appeared plainly, that it was to the king and the prince he had been so highly indebted; and the only circumstance that seemed to puzzle the man himself, and make him doubt the fact, was, that the prince should have given him two pieces, while the king gave him but one.

Every thing, as here related, presently reached the ears of his Majesty; and happening the week following to meet the same man again, on his way to market, he stopped him, and smiled.

“Well, my friend (said he), I find you were rather dissatisfied with the little present I made you when last we met. Tho' you thought more munificent than the father. He was so, I confess. But remember this, my good fellow, that I am obliged to be *just* before I can be *generous*.—My son has, at present, nobody to care for but himself; and I (with an infinite deal of more anxiety in my bosom than you can possibly experience) am bound to promote the happiness of *millions*, who look up to me for that protection which your children at home expect and have a right to demand from you.”

GALLANTRY and *la bagatelle* are the idols of our sprightly Gallic neighbours, and form the basis of almost all their Anecdotes.—At one time, every corner of Paris resounded with the news of an approaching visit from a certain Eastern Prince, one of the most powerful of their national allies; and on an occasion so singular, and so flattering to their vanity as a people, the reports of the day

were as various, as the preparations for his reception were magnificent.

Among other things, *fifty state-beds* were talked of as being indispensably requisite for the use of the oriental voluptuary; for it could not be supposed (as the Wags however alleged) that a gallant prince of Asia would think of visiting the metropolis of the *Grand Monarque*, unaccompanied with, at least, the like number of *concubines* in his train.

Fifty beds, with fifty outlandish concubines also! and all for the accommodation of *one man!*—The very idea of such an establishment for the prince passed credibility in the female circles; and in deciding upon the propriety of it, the fashionable demi-reps and the unfashionable prudes formed a more wonderful coalition of sentiment than ever yet existed even in the world of politics.—

"Heavens!"—cried the former,—"*cannot one woman please the unconscionable infidel!*"

The latter were likewise firmly of this opinion; but they, *pious souls!* contented themselves with exclaiming in their turn,

"Heavens! *what a scandal to the church! What will the archbishop say?*—And after all, (added they, still bridling with all the fervour of holy zeal) *the fellow can never expect to go to heaven till he is made a Christian.—Yes, yes, though he be a Prince among Heathens in this world, yet in the next he will find himself no better than a fallen angel among sinners, if half so good.*"

Such was the conversation one day, in a circle where Beaumarchais happened to be present.

"Come, come, (added the graceless *Bel-Esprit*) make yourselves easy, ladies.—If the prince do but bring money with him, and have the wisdom to enter into the arms of our holy mother church, he will not only receive absolution for all past carnal transgressions, but obtain a licence to repeat them, as often as he may wish afterwards, with all the fine women in Christendom."

Beaumarchais was tolerably right in his notions about the matter; but the event proved that, on the present occasion, he might as well have held his tongue.—On the very day after his arrival, the oriental visitor found means to establish himself in the good graces of Beaumarchais' own favourite dulcinea. This, however, was but as a prelude to his exploits in the field of gallantry; for at the expiration of little more than three months, he quitted Paris, with the consolatory reflection of having left behind him at least one hundred and fifty frail damsels, on whom he had bestowed tokens of the vigour of his love, which were as *visible* as they promised to be *lasting*; and of having also exhibited proofs, that, far from being a

Christian, he was still a *faithful disciple of the unfaithful Mahomet.*"

Having accomplished all this without the aid of the *Church*, or even the intervention of a *priest*, the laugh at Beaumarchais was unbounded; and the best of it is, that nobody seems still to laugh with more glee on the occasion than Beaumarchais himself, who, far from being assassinated, as the papers some time ago represented, is still alive, and, full of his usual vivacity and spirit, proposes to visit England next Spring.

IT is a common saying, that "There is no wit like woman's wit;" and certain it is, that, in very *critical* cases, the ladies in general, however silly the *Lords of the Creation* may affect to consider them in other respects, are possessed of a peculiar *presence of mind* to which (far from claiming the honour of *ri-valling* them in it) the gentlemen must content themselves to remain dupes, as the *wisest* of their fathers did before them.

A youth of family, on his arrival in town lately from College, had the good fortune (it matters not how or by what means) to be admitted to a *tête-à-tête comme il faut* with a certain lady, who, though in her heart somewhat of a *Messalina*, has the address, however, with those who *know* her not, to pass for a second *Lucretia*.

The young fellow had a good deal of the *coxcomb* about him; and beside, it was the first scene of the kind in which he had distinguished himself beyond the purlieus of misty Cambridge.—Intoxicated, then, with the remembrance of the happiness he had enjoyed, and perfectly mad with the notion that it was to his *personal* charms and accomplishments alone he was indebted for so glorious a triumph over the *rigid virtue* of the lady, he hastened back to her the next day; not doubting but that he should be favoured with a repetition of the same happy scene which he had enjoyed the night before.

Here, however, he found himself deceived.—It is proper, indeed, that assuming *boys* should be humbled; and that hopes unreasonably expressed by the suggestions of an ungovernable vanity and impertinence, should terminate in the sorrows of a complete mortification and disappointment.

And thus it happened, in effect, that our young *Canib.* was served.

On entering the drawing-room, he found the lady encircled with, at least, a dozen visitors of both sexes.—This was *mal-à-propos*; but, still elated beyond bounds with the conquest he had so recently achieved, in his *air* there appeared an impudent familiarity, and

in his eye, a boastful confidence, which excited in her an alarm for her reputation. Calling to her aid, therefore, that *pride* which often survives *virtue*, but which never survives the loss of *reputation*, she hardly welcomed him to the room, or even asked him to be seated.

A chair, nevertheless, was handed to the gentleman; and down he sat.—Piqued to the soul, meanwhile, at this unaccountable hauteur (or rather, as he was inclined to suppose it, this affected indifference), and jealous of every smile and every look that had not for its object his *dear self*, he could not help, at length, drawing near to the lady, and asking her, in a half whisper, “if she was so unfeeling as to forget already what had passed between them last night?”

“Last night!” echoed the fair dissemler aloud, with all the apparent *non-balance* imaginable—“Well! and what of last night?—Here’s a pretty fellow!” added she, turning about to the company, “because yesterday, on paying his first visit to me in town, I suffered him to touch my cheek, he presumes to-day to think I am impressed with an actual *penchant* for him!”

The lady laughed; and the whole room of course was in a titter.—Our hero, however, was in no humour either to laugh or titter.—He thought it high time to decamp; and it is probable that, by this time, having been taught to build less on his supposed irresistible power over the ladies, he has also learned how and when with decorum to speak, as well as how and when with decorum to hold his tongue, when he shall again know what it is to be honoured with the notice of a woman of fashion, who, if less chaste than a *Diana*, is yet allowed to possess all the charms of a *Venus*.

THE Press does not labour under such intolerable restraints in France, as Englishmen in the height of their *amor patriæ* are generally apt to suppose.—In both countries, the laws against the publication of libels upon individuals are clear and explicit; and the only essential difference seems to be, that, in France, the conduct of ministers must not be mentioned at all, much less scandalised; whereas in England, it is, perhaps, more

safe to scandalise the conduct of ministers than that of any other body of men in the King’s dominions.

Be this as it may, no small honour was accrued to the younger Freron (one of the French *Journalistes*) for the spirited reply he made to the *Lieutenant de Police*, when carried before him to answer to the charge of having made an attack on the *caractère* of Desfleurs the comedian.

The friends of the player insisted upon it, that he should be made to cry *pœcavi*, and give himself the lie direct, by retracting all he had said, and publishing a *formal apology*.

To this unmanly concession the Journalist would, on no account, agree.

“Then, sir,” gravely interrupted the magistrate, “you must deliver up to me your sword.”—

“With all my heart,” returned Freron, coolly divesting himself of it—“I am at all times more ready to part with my sword than my pen.”

A pretty little delicate sprig of fashion took occasion, one evening, in a certain Coffee-house, to mention a dreadful *fracas* in which it had been engaged at one of our public places, and in which (it added) it had received from its antagonist “a violent blow on the face.”—

“A blow on the face!” briskly repeated a gentleman present.—“And what was the consequence?”—

“Egad, it was of very bad consequence to me,” replied the creature of neutral gender.—“Why, Sir, would you believe it?—my face and eyes were so swollen, that I was not in a condition to appear abroad for a fortnight after.”

It was not thus that a certain Hibernian acquitted himself, when, having related a similar circumstance of a blow he had received, the question was,

“Well, what then?”

“What then!” echoed the Irishman, fiercely clapping his hand upon his sword—“Why, may I never see dear Dublin again, my jewel, if I did not send the man who gave it me into eternity before he had time to eat his breakfast next morning!”

[To be continued.]

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

THE OLD and NEW TESTAMENTS DISSECTED.

BOOKS in the Old Test.	39	In the New	27	Total	66
Chapters	929		260		1189
Verses	23,214		7959		31,173
Words	592,493		181,253		773,692
Letters	2,728,100		838,380		3,566,480
		Z z	2		The

The Apocrypha has 183 chapters, 6881 verses, 125,185 words. The middle chapter, and the least in the Bible, is the 117th Psalm: the middle verse is the 8th of the 18th Psalm: the middle line is the 2d book of Chronicles, 4th chapter, 16th verse: the word AND occurs in the Old Testament 85,543 times: the same word in the New Testament occurs 10,684 times: the word JEHOVAH occurs 6,835 times.

OLD TESTAMENT.—The middle book is Proverbs: the middle chapter is the 29th of Job: the middle verse is the 2d book of Chronicles, 20th chapter, 23d verse: the

least verse is the 1st book of Chronicles, 1st chapter and 1st verse.

NEW TESTAMENT.—The middle book is Thessalonians 2d: the middle chapter is between the 13th and 14th of the Romans: the middle verse is the 17th of the 17th chapter of the Acts: the least verse is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of the Gospel by St. John.

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra has all the letters of the alphabet in it.

The 19th chapter of the 2d book of Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike.

The book of Esther has ten chapters, but neither the words Lord or God in it.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

I SEND you a singular instance of Italian virtue, which, however, happened in the year 1661: A gentleman of Padua fell desperately in love with the Marchioness D'O-bizzi; but despairing of possessing her by fair means, he contrived, in the absence of her husband, to conceal himself in the bed-chamber where the Marchioness and her child about five years of age usually slept; where, after using the gentlest means without success, he became furiously frantick, and stabbed to death the object of his love. The lady being found murdered, the gentleman's passion for her being notorious, and one of his shirt buttons being found in the bed, he was taken up, and suffered the torture ordinary and extraordinary, but still denied the fact; and after

fifteen years imprisonment he was discharged. However, before he had enjoyed his liberty many weeks, the Marchioness's bedfellow, and son, took an opportunity to shoot him, and then retired into Germany. A monument is erected to record such an instance of virtuous courage, in the following words:

“Venerare Pudicitiae simulacrum & victimam Lucretiae de Dendis ab Horologio Pyænae de Obizzonibus, Orceani Marchionis uxorem. Hæc inter noctis tenebras maritales asserens tædas, furiales recentis Tarquinii faces casto cruore extinxit. Sicque Romanam Lucretiam, intemerati tori gloria, vicit. Tantæ suæ Heroïnæ generosis Manibus hanc dicavit Aram Civitas Patavina, Decreto die xxxi Decembris, anno MDCLXI.”

A TRAVELLER.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

ESSAY on the DRESS of the LADIES.

*Auferimur cultu: gemmis auroque teguntur
Omnia. Pars minima est ipsa puella sui.*

OVID

GENTLEMEN,

I Lately saw a print of a lady of quality sitting to the operations of a *friseur*, with these words written under: *The Folly of 1771*. —But this folly was far from being the product of 1771: it is indeed of ancient standing, and hath probably prevailed more or less in all ages of the world. We trace it distinctly to the Christian Æra; for St. Peter, speaking of the adorning of women, would not have it to be that “outward adorning of *plaiting the hair*, or wearing of gold and fine cloaths, but the hidden ornament of a *meek and quiet spirit*, which,” I presume, from the scarcity of it, “is said to be of *great price*.”

Tertullian and Cyprian, early fathers of the church, have left professed discourses

against the luxury of the female dress, and specify among other things the spurious ornaments of the head. Synefius, a christian bishop of the fifth century, describes a bride as “walking about like Cybele *with turrets on her head* *.” The heathen writers also have noted this extravagance; and Juvenal particularly mentions the orders or stories of this kind of architecture †. Thus you might follow these head-dresses, with small intermissions, through the writers of every age down to the present. They prevailed in France in the 15th century, when, says one of their historians, “the ladies were excessive in their dress, and wore wonderfully high and broad horns; having on each side two ears so large, that it was impossible for

* Epist. 3.

† Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum
Edificat caput. Sat. VI.

them to come through a door *." This was about 1428, when Conecte, a Monk, preached furiously against them: but his preaching had nothing near the effect of a single word of Lewis 14th, 1699, which brought them down in an instant; and which shews, as Bayle observes, that "if crowned heads knew their strength in this respect, or would use it, they might avail more than all the preachers upon earth †."

The form and structure of the head-dresses now in fashion with us, are known to all; and if they were not, I could not describe them.—I must needs wonder, in the mean time, at that strange propensity in the sex, to disguise and make themselves so different from what their Creator designed them to be. "God never made his works for man to mend," says a poet of our own; but our ladies are far from thinking with him: on the contrary, to judge from their perpetual employ, they should seem persuaded, that their very existence has no other object, end, or meaning, but to improve their natural selves by artificial decorations. This they sometimes do, as at present, by high heads and high heels: and in both incur the guilt which Tertullian imputed to the tragic actors of his age: "The devil, says he, mounts them on buskins, in order to make Jesus Christ a liar, who has said, that *no one can add a cubit to his stature*:" which text he elsewhere applies to the structure upon the head ‡.

At other times, instead of lengthening, they take a fancy to dilate and broaden themselves by spacious hoops and expanding draperies: under which *rotunda* form Addison, I remember, pleasantly compares them to "an Ægyptian Temple, where the Idol of the place, after much looking about, was discovered at length to be nothing more than a little black Monkey, enshrined in the midst of it §." I know, indeed, that the hoop-petticoat is supposed to have been introduced

as a matter of convenience, as well as ornament; but I know too, that it perfectly coincides with that prevailing passion in the sex, of swelling themselves beyond their natural size. The proportions of the human form are in like manner destroyed, by pinching in and contracting the waist, as the Chinese women do their feet. Both practices are equally absurd and unnatural; but the former is more pernicious, as it lays a foundation for innumerable ailments.

Painting the skin is another art they use to improve their persons, in which also they have the testimony of a primitive doctor against them; who affirms it "contrary to the will of God to use paint or black the hair, because our Lord has said, *Tbou canst not make one hair white or black* ||. I am not yet sufficiently deep in the mystery of the *Cork Rump*; to be able to give any accurate description of it; but every body knows, that it was invented upon the same principle, and calculated for the same purpose, of mending God's works by the arts of men ¶.

And, as if to disguise was to perfect the sex, are not their *interiora* made to keep pace with their outward *manœuvres*? I mean, are not their tempers, spirit, and inward feelings, all as artificially modelled, and as studiously concealed, as their persons in the manner described above? When Miss sets out for boarding-school, she usually takes leave of simplicity and truth of appearance. She is no longer to look, sit, speak, or do any one thing, as nature directs, and as she used to do; but to regulate all her movements, and adjust all her attitudes, according to discipline and rules of art. She is not to consider what she really is, or what she ought to be, but how she will appear: and thus, by the way, is gradually led to enjoy nothing for its own sake, but only so far as it excites admiration in others **. She must learn to counterfeit and dissemble every affection of the heart ††. She must know how to rejoice

* Argentre, Hist. de Bretagne, liv. 10.

† Dict. CONECTE. note E.

‡ Tragedos Diabolus cothurnis extulit, quia nemo potest adjicere cubitum unum ad statuam suam. Mendacem facere vult Christum. De Spectac. c. 23. de cultu Virgin. c. 7.

§ Spectator, No. 127.

|| Cyprian, de habitu virginum.

¶ This Cyprian calls adulterating the works of God, and then goes on: *Cutem medicamentibus unguunt, genas rubore maculant. Displicet illis nimirum plastica Dei. Quam autem iadignam nomine Christiano faciem fictam gestare, effigiem mentiri!* It is curious to see this good father figuring them to his imagination as rising from the dead with all these artificialities about them: *an cum cerussa, et purpuris, et illo ambitu capitis, resurgatis?* Ibid.

** "The wanton desire of admiration," said one, very knowing in her department, "ruins more women than any other weakness the sex is subject to." Cor. Phil. Apology.

†† It was, I suppose, this spirit of artifice and dissimulation, which made the celebrated Madame de Maintenon esteem her own sex infinitely more dangerous than ours. "Be circumspicet," says she to a young female friend, "in your connections with women. You had

and to grieve without any emotion at all; and, on the contrary, to seem as calm and as cool as the snowy top of *Ætna* without, tho', perhaps, like this same volcano, there may be very warm, unruly, and tempestuous doings within.

Now, under all this cumbersome affectation of dress and manners, which leaves no will, no sentiment, no principles, no character,—may not one say, with the poet in my motto—that *the real girl is the least part of herself?* We have a coarse vulgar proverb, as indeed ours chiefly are, that “Joan is as good as my Lady *in the dark*;” but trick out Joan as artificially as my Lady, and darkness in the case will be no ways necessary. Joan will, *then*, be as good as my Lady *in the light*; that is, both Joan and my Lady being equally disguised, their specific differences will be as

little seen and as little perceived at mid-day, as they would at midnight.

I have only to caution my reader not to fancy me such a savage as would decrie all culture of body and mind. On the contrary, I would have both the one and the other improved and adorned as much as may be; but I would have this done naturally, and unaffectedly. Instead of *artificializing nature*, to speak like Montaigne, I would have us to *naturalize art*. While we co-operate with nature, we cannot labour too much in the cultivation of ourselves; but when we force, or rather contradict her, by substituting a fantastic piece of mummery in her stead, then, far from mending this *form divine*, as we presumptuously imagine, we do indeed degrade and sink it below *human* *.

Z.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

On the ANALOGY between ANIMALS and VEGETABLES.

By Dr. RICHARD WATSON, Lord Bishop of Llandaff.

[Extracted from an unpublished Pamphlet, entitled, “An Essay on the Subjects of Chemistry, and their General Division.”]

SYSTEMATIC distinctions, and specific divisions of things, are useful in enlarging the comprehension of the mind; by methodizing the objects they seem to extend the boundaries of knowledge: but having no real foundation in nature, they should not be depended on too far; they often perplex or impede the progress of a curious enquirer. This prepossession in favour of systematic arrangements, operates more forcibly upon us as the ideas to which it is usually annexed become the more abstracted. The strongest analogies are overlooked, the plainest reasonings thought fallacious, and decisive experiments inconclusive, when their tendency is to subvert a distinction, of which we had wrongly supposed nature herself the author. Every one thinks that he knows what an animal is, and how it is contradistinguished from a vegetable, and would be offended at having his knowledge questioned thereupon. A dog, or a horse, he is truly persuaded, are beings as clearly distinguished from an herb or a tree, as light is from darkness; yet as in these, so in the productions of nature, the transition from one to the other is effected by imperceptible gradations.

The loco-motive powers which appertain

to most animals, whether they proceed from the Cartesian mechanism, or from sensation, are so manifest in quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and insects, that in our first and superficial enquiries into nature, we are apt to consider the possession or want of these powers, as making a decisive and essential difference between animal and vegetable bodies; and it is not without a certain degree of regret, as it were, that we find ourselves obliged to predicate animality concerning a great variety of beings, which are destitute of every power of progressive motion. If at the same time we happen to have entertained some preconceived opinions, no matter whence they have been derived, concerning the usual shapes of animals (tho' they are far more different from one another than some of them are from vegetables), our repugnancy to the admitting a being of the outward form of a shrub, into the class of animals, is much increased. Hence have proceeded most of the objections which have been made to the fine discoveries of Peyssonel, Jussieu, Ellis, and others, relative to the animal nature of corals, madrepores, millepores, corallines, sponges, and a numerous tribe of bodies which the very ingenious labours of Marfigli had formerly removed from the mineral

had better be seen with some men at an opera, than with some women at a sermon:” *soyez circonspecte dans vos liaisons avec les femmes. Il vaut mieux etre vue à l'Opera avec tel homme, qu'avec telle femme au sermon. Lettres.*

* The human form divine.

MILTON.

kingdom,

kingdom, where they had been placed by Woodward and other mineralists, and allotted to that of vegetables.

If rejecting spontaneous motion and figure as very inadequate tests of animality, we adopt perception in their stead; no doubt he would be esteemed a visionary in philosophy who should extend that faculty to vegetables; and yet there are several chemical, physical, and metaphysical reasons, which seem to render the supposition not altogether indefensible.

The greater the quantity of perception existing in the universal system of creation, the greater is the quantity of happiness produced; and the greater the quantity of happiness produced, the greater is the goodness of the Deity in the estimation of beings with our capacities. The latter part of this proposition needs no proof; and the former is liable but to one objection, and that grounded upon a false supposition. If it may be urged, all the species of percipient beings be not accommodated with objects congruous to their faculties of perception, and productive of more pleasure than pain to the whole species taken collectively, then the animation of that matter of which they consist is an introduction of evil, and no test of benevolence. This may be granted; but in all the species of beings which come within the observation of our senses, the supposition of their not being furnished with objects suited to their well-being is evidently not true, and therefore ought, from analogy, to be rejected with reference to such as by their magnitude, their minuteness, or their dullness of perception escape our examination.

That animals should feed upon one another, is a law of nature full of wisdom and goodness, life and happiness being indefinitely multiplied thereby. For a given quantity of what are called vegetables, annually produced upon a globe of a given diameter, being sufficient but for the support of a given number of herbaceous animals, whose place in the universe not admitting their immortality, it hath been wisely contrived that their bodies, which, from their structure, must perish, should, in ceasing to live, become the instruments of supporting life in beings, which could not by any other means have had an existence, at least upon this globe; and of the other parts of the universe we know nothing except from analogy; and from that we must conclude that the *το πᾶν*, be it finite or infinite, is as full of life as this particular part with which we are connected. Nay, animated matter, containing, as it were, the concentrated virtue of many vegetables, serves for the support of life, and the consequent communication of happiness in a far more ample manner than vegetables them-

selves; animal substances in equal weights furnishing more nutriment than vegetable. It is by death, a seeming imperfection in his workmanship, that the Deity preserves vegetable life, supports the animal kingdom, daily regulates and renews the œconomy of nature, and continues this wonderful system of things in full youth and vigour, nor interrupted by disease, nor enfeebled by old age.

No objection, therefore, to the animality of vegetables can be brought from any considerations respecting their daily destruction; for the destruction of animals by other animals, the *bellum omnium in omnia*, is an universal law of nature, derived from the same benevolence to which we attribute creation itself. If then every part of the vegetable kingdom hath a degree of perceptivity, however small, there will be a gain of happiness to the whole system, the aggregate may be of a value not to be overlooked by Him, to whom the existence of all things is equally possible, and from whom all creative existences are equally distant in perfection.

Wherever there is a vascular system, containing a moving nutritive succus, there is life; and wherever there is life there may be, for aught we can prove to the contrary, a more or less acute perception, a greater or less capacity for the reception of happiness: the quantity, indeed, of which, after we have descended below a certain degree of sensibility, will (according to our method of estimating things, which is ever partial and relative to ourselves) be small in each individual; yet is the existence of it in the nature of things possible, from the analogy of nature probable: and who can tell whether in a system of nature, confessedly contrived for the production of the greatest possible good, it may not also be necessary?

It should be well weighed by the metaphysicians, whether they can exclude vegetables from the possession of the faculty of perception, by any other than comparative arguments; and whether the same kind of comparative reasoning will not equally exclude from animality those animals which are provided with the fewest and the obtusest senses, when compared with such as are furnished with the most and the acuteit. The perception of a man (tho' it may be doubted whether there are not several animals which have all the senses more acute) seems to be indefinitely greater when compared with that of corallines, sea-pens, and oysters, than the perception of these, which are allowed to be animals, doth, when compared with the signs of perception manifested by a variety of what are called vegetables. Sponges open and shut their mamillæ, corals and sea-pens pro-
trude

trade or draw back their suckers, shell-fish open or keep close their shells in search of food or avoidance of injury ; it is from these and similar muscular motions that we judge the beings to which they belong to have perception, that is, to be animals. Now, in the vegetable kingdom, we may observe the muscular motions of many plants to be, to the full, as definite and distinguishable as those of the class of animals just mentioned. The plants called Heliotrope turn daily round with the sun : by constantly presenting their surfaces to that luminary, they seem as desirous of absorbing a nutriment from its rays, as a bed of mussels doth from the water, by opening their shells upon the afflux of the tide. The Flores Solares are as uniform in their opening and shutting as animals are in their times of feeding and digesting. Some in these motions do not observe the seasons of the year, but expand and shut up their flowers at the same hour in all seasons ; others, like a variety of insects which appear, or not, according to the heat of the weather or climate, open later in the day, or do not open at all, when they are removed from a southern to a more northern latitude. Trefoil, woodforrel, mountain ebony, wild fenna, the African marigold, &c. are so regular in folding up their leaves before rainy weather, that they seem to have a kind of instinct or foresight similar to that of ants ; which, however, deserts many of them as soon as they have propagated their kind, by shielding their pollen. Young trees, in a thick forest, are found to incline themselves towards that part through which the light penetrates, as plants are observed to do in a darkened chamber towards a stream of light let in through an orifice, and as the ears of corn do towards the south. The roots of plants are known to turn away with a kind of abhorrence from whatever they meet with which is hurtful to them, and to desert their ordinary direction, and to tend with a kind of natural and irresistible impulse toward collections of water placed within their reach : many plants experience convulsions of their stamina upon being slightly touched. Whatever can produce any effect upon an animal organ, as the impact of external bodies, heat and cold, the vapour of burning sulphur, of volatile alkali, want of air, &c. are found to act also upon the plants called sensitive. But not to insist upon any more instances, the muscular motions of the Dionæa Muscipula, lately brought into Europe from America, seem far superior in quickness to those of variety of animals. Now to refer the muscular motions of shell-fish, and zoophytes, to an internal principle of volition ; to make them indicative of the perceptivity of the

being ; and to attribute the more notable ones of vegetables, to certain mechanical dilatations and contractions of parts occasioned by external impulse, is to err against that rule of philosophizing which assigns the same causes for effects of the same kind. The motions in both cases are equally accommodated to the preservation of the being to which they belong, are equally distinct and uniform, and should be equally derived from mechanism, or equally admitted as criterions of perception.

I am sensible that these and other similar motions of vegetables may by some be considered as analogous to the automatic or involuntary motions of animals ; but as it is not yet determined amongst the physiologists, whether the motion of the heart, the peristaltic motion of the bowels, the contractions observable upon external impulse in the muscles of animals deprived of their heads and hearts, be attributable to an irritability unaccompanied with perceptivity, or to an uneasy sensation, there seems to be no reason for entering into so obscure a disquisition ; especially since irritability, if admitted as the cause of the motions of vegetables, must, *a fortiori*, be admitted as the cause of the less exquisite and discernible motions of beings universally referred to the animal kingdom.

Physical observations concerning the generation, nutrition, organization, life, health, sickness, and death of plants, help us as little towards the establishing a discriminative characteristic between them and animals, as metaphysical speculations relative to the quantity of happiness, or degrees of perceptivity.

The eastern practice of fecundating the female palm-tree by shaking over it the dust of the male, which Herodotus mentions in his account of the country about Babylon, and of which Dr. Hæffelquist, in the year 1750, was an eye-witness, was not unknown to Aristotle and Pliny : but the Ancients seem not to have carried the sexual system beyond that single instance, which was of so remarkable a kind that it was hardly possible for them to overlook it ; at present there are few botanists in Europe who do not admit its universality. It seems generally agreed, that a communication of sexes, in order to produce their like, belongs to vegetables as well as to animals. The disputes subsisting among the anatomists concerning the manner in which conception is accomplished, whether every animal be produced *ab ovo somelle*, or, *a vermiculo in femine maris*, are exactly similar to those among botanists concerning the manner in which the farina fecundans contributes to the rendering

the seed prolific: but, however these doubts may be determined, they affect not the present enquiry, since it is allowed on all hands that as the eggs of oviparous animals, tho' they arrive at their full magnitude, are incapable of being vivified by incubation, unless the female hath had commerce with the male; so the dates of female palm trees, and the fruits of other plants, tho' they ripen, and arrive at maturity, will not grow unless they have been fecundated by the pollen of the male.

In like manner, notwithstanding the diversity of opinion which hath long subsisted, and in a matter so little capable of being enlightened by experiment, probably ever will subsist, concerning the *modus agendi* by which nature elaborates the nutritive fluid, administers it to the fetus in the womb, and produces an extension of parts; yet since a placenta and an umbilical chord are by all thought essential to the effecting these ends; and since the cotyledons of plants, which include the *concoctum* or first principle of the future plant, with which they communicate by means of tubes branched out into infinite ramifications, are wholly analogous to the placenta and umbilical chord of animals, we have great reason to suppose that the embryo plant and the embryo animal are nourished and dilated in their dimensions after the same way. This analogy might be extended and confirmed by observing that the lobes, within which the fecundated germ is placed, are by putrefaction converted into a milky fluid, well adapted as an aliment to the tender state of the plant. Expiration and inspiration, a kind of larynx and lungs, perspiration, imbibition, arteries, veins, lacteals, an organized body, and probably a circulating fluid appertain to vegetables as well as to animals. Life belongs alike to both kingdoms, and seems to depend upon the same principle in both: stop the motion of the fluids in an animal limb by a strong ligature, the limb mortifies beyond the ligature, and drops off; a branch of a tree, under like circumstances, grows dry, and rots away. Health and sickness are only other terms for tendencies to prolong or to abridge the period of life, and therefore must belong to both vegetables and animals, as being both possessed of life. An east-wind, in our climate, by its lack of moisture, is prejudicial to both; both are subject to be frost-bitten, and to consequent mortifications; both languish in excessive heats; both experience extravasations of juices from repletion, and pinings from inanition; both can suffer amputation of limbs without being deprived of life, and in a similar manner both form a callus; both are liable to contracting diseases by infection; both are strengthened by air

and motion. Alpine plants, and such as are exposed to frequent agitation from winds, being far firmer and longer-lived than those which grow in shady groves, or hot-houses; both are incapable of assimilating to their proper substance all kinds of food; for fruits are found to taste of the soil, just as the urine, and milk, and flesh, and bones of animals, often give indications of the particular pabulum with which they have been fed: both die of old age, from excess of hunger or thirst, from external injuries, from intemperature of weather, or poisoned food.

Seeds of various kinds retain their vegetative powers for many years: the vivification of the ova, from which the insects occasioning the smut in corn, and the *infusoria animalcula* observable in water after the maceration of plants, probably proceed, may be esteemed a similar phenomenon. It is not yet clearly decided amongst naturalists, whether the seeds of mushrooms, of mucors, and of the whole class of fungi, be not in a tepid, humid matrix changed into vermicular animals, which lose in a little time their power of spontaneous motion, coalesce together, and grow up into these very singular plants: the quickness of their increase, and the irresistible force with which the least mouldiness propagates itself, and destroys the texture of the bodies upon which it fixes, seem to point towards an animal nature.

Different vegetables require different soils, as different animals do different food for their support and well-being: aquatics pine away in dry sandy grounds, and plants which love rocks and barren situations, where they imbibe their chief nutriment from the air, become diseased and putr. in rich bogs and swamps.

There are aquatic animals which become immoveable and lifeless when the rivulets in which they subsisted happen to be dried up, but which recover their life and locomotive powers upon the descent of rain: in this circumstance they are analogous to the class of mosses among vegetables, which, tho' they appear to be dried up, and ready to crumble into dust during the heats of summer, yet recover their verdure and vegetable life in winter, or upon being put into a humid soil.

Trembley, Bonnet, and Spallanzani, have vastly amplified our views of nature: they have discovered to us divers species of animals, which may be cut into a variety of pieces without losing their animal life, each piece growing up into a perfect animal of the same kind: the multiplication of vegetables by the planting of branches, suckers, or joints of roots, is a similar effect. The re-production of the legs of craw-fish, lobsters, crabs,

of the horns and heads of snails, legs of lizards, of the bony legs and tails of salamanders, when by accident or design they have been deprived of them; and the great difference in the time of the re-production, according to the season of the year in which the limb is lost, are wonders in the animal kingdom, but wholly analogous to the repululation of trees after topping.

All plants, except those of the classes Monœcia and Dioœcia, are hermaphrodites; that is, they have the male and female organs of generation within the same impaleant. Shell-fish, and such other animals as resemble vegetables in not being able to move far in search of mates, with which they might propagate their kind, are hermaphrodites also: Reaumur hath proved that vine fretters do not want an union of sexes for the multiplication of their kind.

From the conjunction of animals of different species are produced hybrides, which in many cases cannot propagate: botanists have tried the experiment, and by fecundating female flowers with the male dust of another species, have produced hybridous plants, of an intermediate shape, the seeds of which are barren and effete.

Trees shed their leaves as birds do their feathers, and hirsute animals their hair. At particular seasons the juices of vegetables move with fullness and vigour; at others they are less plentiful, and seem to stagnate; and in this they resemble dormice, bats, frogs, and numberless other animals of cold blood, which lie torpid and destitute of every sign of life during the winter time; the action of the lungs and of the heart being, if any, imperceptibly weak and languid.

Few, if any, animals can exist without a reciprocal succession of sleep and vigilance, and the younger the animal, the greater is its propensity to sleep: the same alternatives seem necessary for the health of several ve-

getables; a great variety of plants fold up their leaves, and seemingly compose themselves to rest, in the night-time; and this disposition for sleep is more remarkable in young plants than in old ones; nor does it, as might be suspected, depend upon the influence of light or heat, since plants in hot-houses, where the heat is kept at the same degree, fold up their leaves at a stated time in the evening, and expand them in the morning, whether the light be let in upon them or not. It may deserve to be enquired, whether by a relaxation of fibres these plants become subject to a more copious perspiration during sleep than in their state of vigilance, as Sanctorius hath proved to be the case in animals.

There is a great diversity, but a regular succession in the times, in which animals of different species feel the œstrum, by which they are stimulated to the propagation of their respective kinds: an order equally determined, is observable in the times of accomplishing the sponſalia of plants. The periods of incubation in oviparous, and of gestation in viviparous animals are not more various in different species, nor probably more definite in the same, than the periods requisite for the germination and maturation of different seeds. By the influence of heat and cold, abundance and scarcity of nourishment, the seasons of propagating may be somewhat accelerated or retarded in animals as well as in vegetables: the effects of a cold ungenial spring are as remarkable in the retardation of the procreative intercourses of birds and beasts, as in the stoppage of the leafing of trees, or the flowering of shrubs. In a word, there are so many circumstances in which the anatomy and physiology of some plants agree with those of some animals, that few, I believe, can be mentioned in which they disagree.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.
IMPARTIAL AND CRITICAL REVIEW
OF
MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The Nofegay; a favourite Rondo. Sung by Mrs. Kennedy at Vauxhall Gardens. Composed by Mr. Dibdin. Price 1s. 6d. Longman and Broderip.

THE Nofegay, like many of this author's compositions, is replete with strong character and great simplicity. In the symphony that precedes the song, a few errors will be found, which a candid master will pardon, from the originality he will find in the re-

maining parts of the air. Few composers seem better acquainted with the compass and powers of Mrs. Kennedy's voice, than Mr. Dibdin. In this song, there is not one note but what is exactly within the attainment of her natural voice, which, when kept within its proper compass, is one of the sweetest that ever was heard.

The digressions between each part of the subject of the air, comparing the various avocations of mankind to the separate flowers that

that compose the *Nesgay*, is well introduced, and produces that happy colouring, which never fails in its effect, when it is judiciously made subservient to that principal part of the air which forms the Rondo.

Mr. CHARLES DIBDIN received his musical education at Winchester, where he passed some of his juvenile years as a choir-ster in the cathedral of that place.

On his arrival in London, the musick of the Theatre first struck his attention, and kindled those sparks of genius which perhaps would have lain dormant in him, had he not heard that stile of musick in which he has since so often exercised himself, and with which the Town has been so repeatedly entertained.

We know of no master with whom Mr. Dibdin has studied since he left Winchester, which will account for the inaccuracies that are here and there scattered throughout all his works; but as we regard genius as the first essential in every work of art, we shall leave his grammatical errors for the investigation of those unfeeling critics who find more pleasure in detecting *one fault*, than in discovering a hundred beauties!

Dibdin's first theatrical engagement was at Covent-Garden, under Mr. Beard, where he was retained in a capacity not much higher than that of a chorus-singer; and in which situation it is most probable he would have remained, had not the part of *Ralph*, in the *Maid of the Mill*, been refused by every comedian it was offered to, and given to Dibdin by way of a forlorn hope, little expecting he would make any figure it; but, contrary to all expectations, the natural force of the character, and the great simplicity with which he performed it, at once recommended him to the notice of the public, and convinced the world how little the judgement of the comedians is to be depended on in their choice of parts, before a piece has made its appearance.

The excellence of Dibdin in the character of *Ralph*, first laid the foundation for that intimacy which afterwards took place between him and Mr. Bickerstaff, through whose persuasion he quitted Covent-Garden theatre, and went over to Drury-Lane; where he was introduced to Mr. Garrick, as a composer, and gave ample testimony of his comic powers in that line, in the favourite after-piece of the *Padlock*, in which he assisted his own musick by performing the part of *Mungo* with as much success as he had done that of *Ralph* in the *Maid of the Mill*. In this theatre Dibdin continued in the same situation for many years, as a composer and performer; during which time the Town

was repeatedly entertained with many of his agreeable compositions.—The term of years for which he had engaged himself at Drury-Lane being expired, and a difference of opinion having taken place between him and Mr. Garrick, the theatre was deprived of his assistance; and as it very seldom happens that *Genius* and *Fortune* go hand in hand, he was obliged to set his wits to work, in order to produce that one thing necessary, *his daily bread*.

We shall now find Dibdin, in conjunction with some other gentlemen, presenting to the Town, at Exeter-Change, a new species of entertainment, in the manner of a musical puppet-show, under the name of the *Comic Mirror*, in which many respectable characters were exposed to ridicule; amongst whom were some of the greatest admirers and best friends of Mr. Dibdin. After about two years this entertainment was removed to Marybone Gardens; from which place our *Genius* found it expedient to take a trip to the Continent, to avoid the consequences of what must appear obvious to every reader.

During Dibdin's residence in France, he was very assiduous in making himself master of the language. This he so far accomplished as to enable him to translate many of their operas into English; some of which were afterwards performed at Covent-Garden Theatre; and even while he remained in France, the *Scraglio* and *Poor Vulcan* were got up by Mr. Harris, assisted by Dr. Arnold.

A general act of grace brought our *fugitive* once more to his own country, when fortune placed him in a very advantageous situation with Mr. Harris at Covent-Garden Theatre, and where, for the space of three or four years, he was in the receipt of a considerable sum of money; during which period he produced several musical pieces, and many of the several were well received.

It would seem that a greater fatality is attendant on genius, than on those who plod through life in the common track, and in the dull beaten road of mediocrity. If this position is allowed, few instances can be adduced more apposite than in the life of Mr. Dibdin. A quarrel with the Covent-Garden manager once more set him at his wits ends; when after a time (if we are rightly informed) he not only planned the entertainments now exhibiting at the *Royal Circus*, but also constructed the model from which that superstructure was raised! At this place we now behold him mounting his *poetical Pegasus* in full career, and tuning his *harp* with *golden wires*! The whole of the musical department of every denomination at this place was vested solely in his hands, and his services

were recompensed with no less than a certain share of the profits arising from the entertainments; so that in every respect (except in paying his part for the building) he became a proprietor. During something more than two years of this prosperity his income was very considerable; but unfortunately, as his prudence and economy did not keep pace with the advancement of his fortune, his numerous creditors became too importunate to suffer him to hold his situation any longer without their demands being satisfied: the consequence was, he was dragged to a prison, from which his brother-proprietors refused to lend a saving hand to release him!

A pamphlet setting forth the whole of this transaction has been laid before the public, to which Mr. Dibdin has prefixed his name, and in which account it appears he has been ill treated; but as we are only in possession of one side of the question, no fair conclusion can be made on the subject.

As a composer, Mr. Dibdin is rather light and sprightly, than deep and elegant: the overtures to his works are amongst the worst of his compositions; but a certain air of pleasantry runs through his comic songs that does him infinite credit, in which he has certainly the merit of being original, although he does not possess an infinite fund of variety.

The poetry to several of the operas he has set to music is of his own writing, and many of them have found a favourable reception from the public. The following is a list of his works:

Ranelagh Songs,
 Book of Catches,
 Love in the City,
 The Padlock,
 The School for Fathers,
 The Two Misers,
 The Christmas Tale,
 The Jubilee,
 The Ladle,
 The Recruiting Sergeant,
 The Ephesian Matron,
 The Wedding Ring,
 The Deserter,
 The Blackamoor,
 The Palace of Mirth,
 Vineyard Revels,
 Harlequin Everywhere,
 Harlequin Touchstone,
 The Quaker,
 The Waterman,
 The Scragho,
 Poor Vulcan!
 The Chelsea Pensioner,
 Rose and Colin,

The Wives Revenged,

The Shepherdess of the Alps.

Several little pieces and single songs performed at the Circus.

Six Overtures, composed by Giuseppe Haydn of Vienna, adapted for the Organ, Harpsichord, or Piano-Forte; with an Accompaniment for a Violin, ad libitum. Opera xxxv. Price 10s. 6d. Kerpen, Wardour-street.

WE have indulged ourselves in a close investigation of these excellent Overtures, and found our attention richly repaid.—They are, taken in a general view, truly great; and while they display some of the strongest lights of genius, discover marks of scientific knowledge that rarely appear in modern publications.

The first Overture opens with a short but noble *adagio* in $\frac{3}{4}$. Its style is not new, but the *maestri* is spoken in every bar: dignity and firmness, with clearness and simplicity, are its characteristics, and form an exquisite exordium to the following movements.

From this we proceed to a rapid movement in *common time*, the subject of which is bold, florid, and perfectly novel. After a charming deviation which comes to a period in the harmony of the fifth, we have the theme again in the minor, the effect of which is strikingly good. The thirty-sixth bar introduces a charming idea; after an agreeable relief of which we return to the excellent subject in the *fifth* of the *key*: from this we are led through a happy maze of modulation, gradually winding again to the subject in the original *key*; which, with the transposition of some former thoughts, and some added embellishments, forms a fine period. We then meet with an elegant and tender movement of three crotchets in a bar, in which great taste and feeling are displayed. The style is new, and the ideas perfectly connected.—From this we return to a judicious abbreviation of the preceding movement, with which the Overture is happily wound up, and finely concludes.

The second piece is not conceived in the spirited style of the first, but equally abounds with excellencies: science forms the plan, and if the execution does not *sparkle*, it *glows* with genius. The first movement opens with a pleasing and novel subject, and proceeds with great sweetness and simplicity. How far authors may extend the *licence* (if there is any) of borrowing from themselves, we will not here undertake to determine; but we are obliged to observe, that the twenty-second bar of this movement presents a thought obviously lighted up from that set before us

in the thirty-fifth, thirty-sixth, and thirty-seventh bars of the second movement of the first Overture; but this is amply atoned for by the succeeding beauties:—a sweet variety of ideas, running through as happy a novelty of modulation, leads us to the period of this strain.—We then proceed to a movement of three quavers in a bar, the subject and stile of which charm us! With novelty it is smooth, and with simplicity, elegant. The several digressions from the theme are charming! and a perfect connection is preserved. From this, as in the first piece, we return to an abstract from the second movement, with which the Overture concludes.

The third performance strikes us as of a stile between the two former: it is bold, but not so grand as the first; and with an air of cool firmness, is yet more spirited than the second. The first movement commences with much strength of idea, and proceeds in a masterly manner. Many pretty touches are sprinkled through it, which charmingly relieve the more noble strokes, and set before us one of those pieces of light and shade in which art is tir'd by art, and Nature mistakes the picture for herself. The second movement is beautiful.—Chastity of melody and easy modulation are its chief distinctions, and form a most pleasing relief to the first. The third movement is nerved.—With some delicacies of thought are mixed flashes of imagination, that finely break upon the ear, and rouse the attention.—The treble darts its lightning, and the bass rolls its thunder.—

From this we proceed to a movement elegantly serene; a calm beautiful as the past storm was sublime!—The melody is as sweet as any thing we can recollect, and touched with a taste that can only come from the hand of real genius. From this, after the manner of the other Overtures, we return to an epitome of the preceding movement, which boldly concludes the piece.

The fourth Overture, though in our judgment not equal on the whole to either of the former, is yet a capital production, and does honour to its excellent author. The first movement possesses strokes of grandeur, and exhibits with it a beauty quite its own.—Originality is amongst its first merits, and connection is no where absent. The second movement presents to us an elegant minuet; the melody is simple, and the several returns of its charming subject are sweetly easy, and natural. The third movement we are equally pleased with;—its subject is excellent, open and pretty, and so new, that we know of nothing like it.—The rest of the movement forms a proper relief to it, and finishes the Overture with much spirit and success.

The fifth Overture is of a character yet distinct from the past four.—An air of solidity spreads through it, and with some degree of firmness blends a gravity not to be found in the other pieces. The first movement is grave with great dignity, and introduces a movement of regular construction, proceeding almost throughout in quavers; the effect of which, though firm and manly, seems to want somewhat more relief than the author has given it; from which circumstance it loses of that vigour it would otherwise possess. The second movement (a minuet) is an excellent transition to the first, and leads, according to this author's usage, to a repetition of part of the first movement, which forms the close of this Overture.

We now come to speak of the sixth and last piece in this set. Its general character is sweetness, with greatness.—The first movement is a mixture of both, and finely introduces the early change which follows.—And here we find a movement indeed, truly sweet and equally great. Its first subject is simple and beautiful to an extraordinary degree, and its second and third air nobly imagined. These worked together with a mastery and contrivance the greatness of which it is impossible not to admire, form a movement surprising in its effect, and which concludes the last of six exquisitely fine Overtures. They are in general successfully adapted to the instrument they are here published for, and the violin accompaniment is judiciously managed.

Three Sonatas for the Harpsichord, or Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for a Violin. Composed, and dedicated to Miss Mittie Dayrolles, by J. T. Schild, of Vienna. Set II. Price 6 s. Kerpen, War-dour-street, Soho.

THIS second set of Harpsichord pieces exhibits marks of an improveable genius, and adds to the honour reflected on the author by the first.

In the first movement of the first Sonata, we find much merit. The stile is easy and elegant, with a great deal of pleasant levity:—a fertility of imagination is apparent throughout, and in general has judgement for its companion. The second part, in some places, is judiciously varied from the first, and leads to a good conclusion. The succeeding movement is an elegant minuet, in the *affettuoso* stile, the whole of which strongly excites our admiration. The subject is beautifully tender, and pursued with great taste. The digressing to a quicker time, after passing through the principal strain, has a successful effect, and returns to

the subject in its original time with much grace and sweetness. From this we pass to a third movement, the theme of which is new, sprightly, and charming in its air. The several variations given it in its repetition are ingenious, and add to the beauty of the effect. Much spirit is infused into the movement, and variety lends her aid. In a word, the whole piece is excellent, and this movement by no means the least successful.

The second Sonata opens well; but proceeds, we think, in a style somewhat rambling.—The twentieth bar presents a pretty thought, and which is happily pursued.—The second part, with some seasonable variations, forms a good answer to the first, and excellently concludes the movement. The second movement, though not equal to what we have spoken of, possesses much merit.—The thoughts, when repeated, are given with improvement, and the style is clear and chaste. We are very much pleased with the third movement. The subject is novel, and agreeable. Some of its passages are charming, and its various colourings add to the general effect. The new theme introduced in *C*, the fourth of the original key, we like exceedingly, and the first subject falls in again very happily.

The third Sonata opens with a bold thought, and proceeds with much ingenuity. The seventeenth bar introduces a very agreeable idea, and the succeeding thoughts are by no means less so. The second part leads off with a new subject, and by a simple modulation comes round to the original theme and key, which, with the customary transposition of past passages, well concludes the movement.

In the second movement we find an elegant *Cantabile*. Great taste and meaning run through the whole, and speak a refined imagination.—The following Rondo is perfectly original; and, we think, as pleasing as it is odd. The several deviations are so many marks of the same successful hand; and the movement closes with a boldness that stamps on the mind the merits of the whole Sonata.

To all lovers of good music, this and the former Set of Mr. Schild's harpsichord lessons must prove a high treat; and as friends to genius, and well wishers to the Public, we hope their reception will induce the ingenious author to present the Town with a third Set.

Peeping Tom of Coventry. A Comic Opera, now performing at the Theatre-Royal in the Hay-market. Composed by Dr. Arnold, Organist and Composer to His Majesty, for the Voice, Harpsichord, and

Violin. Published for the Author by Harrison, Pater-noster Row.

WE have surveyed this little performance with much satisfaction. The old tunes are happily selected, and the new ones, with the Overture, are the manifest offspring of the Doctor. The latter is bold in its subject, and novel in its style and conduct. The thought which forms its ground-work is placed in various points of view, and while it produces many pretty ingenious imitations by its relief, greatly assists the effect of the melody. The second movement, which consists of a medley formed from the several old airs used in the Opera, is one of the best musical *Olios* that we are acquainted with.—At the Theatre, its effect surprised and charmed us.—By a judicious arrangement we are led from light to shade, and from shade again to light, not by *insensible*, but *delighting* gradation. Tune follows tune in an order so natural and easy, that the hand of Art conceals itself under the garb of Nature; and what only profound judgment could perform, from its simplicity appears obvious and in-artificial.

Of the old airs it is sufficient that we have said, that they are compiled with a striking propriety. The new songs we shall consider in their order.

The first then, "Flit'ring trifles sport of fashion," sung by Mrs. Bannister, is, we think, a happy production. The style is smooth, and the melody most pleasingly simple. The subject is pretty, the modulation from the beginning of what we may term the second part of the air is easy, and the last ten bars are exceedingly sweet.

"What pleasure to think on the times we have seen," sung by Mrs. Welis, is pleasing and simple. The words are expressed in a melody according with their style, and to an agreeable connection of passages is added much novelty of effect.

Though contrary to our original design, we cannot but take notice of the *duet*, "Of love, sweet love, I've oft been told," sung by Mr. and Mrs. Bannister. Dr. Arnold, in his application of this charming little air, has done himself great honour: we will venture to say, nothing could have so happily coincided with the words: as a single song, we think it delightful; but as a *duet*, it is enchanting. We shall never forget its effect at the Hay-market!

We now come to speak of that capital song, "The soldier in his calm retreat," sung by Mr. Bannister. The first movement in a *minor* is bold and open, and strikes us as a fine introduction to the words, "But hark the trumpet from afar," where the music,

"Big

“Big with the voice of war,” breaks upon us with redoubled force, and sets before its hearers all the glory of the battle! The accompaniments are excellent! The drum, the trumpet, and the fife, speak not only in certain tones and notes, but in melodies peculiarly their own, and the song breathes every thing the true soldier feels.

After what has already been said in a late Number of the *Composer* of this opera, it may perhaps at first view appear superfluous to enlarge our observations on his professional merits; but as in our former comment, though we meant to do every justice to the abilities of Dr. Arnold, and spoke to the best of our judgment of his success in the higher efforts of genius, yet we omitted to treat of his lighter, though not less happy essays.

As his talent in the familiar style was lost in the contemplation of his greater powers, and we there confined ourselves to his Oratorios, we here think it proper to take notice of his operational works, Garden songs, &c.

As no observation is more trite, so none can be more just, than that real genius will give some marks of itself in whatever it attempts; and though every thing it does may not exhibit its broad conspicuous signature, its stamp is ever discoverable in some corner or other of whatever comes from its hand. This we venture nothing in saying, is perfectly verified in the above *Composer*; his hand is always obvious; we trace genuine merit, less or more, throughout his productions, and survey with satisfaction the least of his endeavours. In his operas he possesses a natural expression, great ease, and much elegance and sweetness: his songs of execution are brilliant: his plaintive and pathetic inspire a tenderness; his bacchanalian airs exhilarate, and his strains of humour command risibility. He generally keeps pace with the poet, frequently raises him, and never trifles but when his subject demands it. His Overtures display vigour of fancy and judgment. Their introductions are busy, well modulated, in general fertile of thought, and if not always dignified, truly bold and spirited, being judiciously contrasted by the succeeding movements, and the concluding subjects pursued with warmth and animation.

Of his talent in *Pantomime* he has given us a sufficient testimony in his *Mother Shipton*, where the different airs or tunes are not only original and remarkably pleasing, but strong in their character, and admirably expressive of the action.

His Garden songs, of which there are three Sets, are also excellent; and, when performed at Vauxhall and Marybone, afforded us a pleasure we shall long remember. Many of them, amongst which are, “If ’tis joy to

wound a lover,” sung by Mrs. Pinto, “Ye shepherds to cheerful and gay,” sung by Mr. Vernon, also “Stormy winter enters here,” sung by Mrs. Pinto, “Come, Hope, thou queen of endless smiles,” sung by the same lady, and, “Love’s the fever of the mind,” sung also by her, may be ranked amongst the most capital of modern English songs.

Concerto Grosso, in seven Parts. Composed, and respectfully dedicated to the Earl of Dartmouth, by Charles Wesley. London, printed for the Author. Price 5 s.

WE have attentively perused this *Concerto* of Mr. Charles Wesley, and have discovered in it a degree of merit sufficient to create our wish to have seen the *score*, that we might have spoken to it more fully than a view of its separate parts, as they are printed, can possibly enable us.—But to say what we can, it seems to be a performance of much excellence.—The several movements are well contrasted; much real science displays itself; and with ingenious contrivance, we find strokes of fancy that throw considerable lustre upon the piece. The introduction is elegant; the succeeding movement firm and spirited; the minuet is pleasing; and the *fugue*, which forms the conclusion, a clear, sound, and well-worked composition.

“*Yorick’s Fille de Chambre*.” Adapted to a favourite Minuet composed by Signor Haydn, and performed at the Concert in Hanover-square. Price 1 s. Longman and Broderip.

WE looked into this compilation with the hopes of much pleasure. The subject of *Yorick’s* conversation with the *Fille de Chambre* must, we conceived, inspire the poet’s imagination, and irresistibly direct the compiler of the music to something congruous to the charming original. But we were disappointed.—The verse falls miserably short of the prose, and the choice of the music is as inferior to the verse.—Not a bar tuned to the feelings the poet has endeavoured to express! nor any thing to engage even the ear, considered as *vocal* music.—Indeed we cannot but express our surprize at the presumption, so constantly practised, of wresting instrumental music from its only proper sphere; which, by destroying the meaning of the composer, and holding up his labours in a false light, not only shews him to the public eye what he really is not, but, while it injures his reputation, misleads the judgment of those who, from the want of proper acquaintance with the injured author, do not detect the imposition. Mr. Haydn’s minuet in its pro-

per place forms a fine shade to the preceding and following movements, and, by constituting a part of his justly-celebrated overture, operates as a *portion of a great whole*; but, torn from that situation, and made vocal, by its miserable misapplication to words, is

heard to the disadvantage of the musician; and, while it exhibits a degree of audacity in the compiler which merits the severest reprehension, betrays an ignorance, and destitution of judgment, that no candour can pardon.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

In the Notes to Dr. Newton's Milton, I do not find any notice taken of the unphilosophical notions (for so they seem to me) contained in the six last lines of the following quotation. I hope, therefore, that it will not be thought too presuming to venture a short remark or two upon them. Should these remarks meet with your approbation, you will oblige me by giving them a place in your Magazine. I am,

Watling-street, Oct. 13, 1784.

GENTLEMEN,

Your very humble Servant,

G. R.

MILTON, Book X. Verse 668, &c.

SOME say, he bid his Angels turn afance
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and
more

From the sun's axle: they with labour push'd
Oblique the centric globe: Some say, the sun
Was bid turn reins from th' equinoctial road
Like distant breadth to Taurus with the seven
Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins,
Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amain
By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change
Of seasons to each clime; else had the
spring

Perpetual smil'd on earth with vernant
flowers,

Equal in days and nights, *except to those
Beyond the polar circles; to them day
Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun,
To recompense his distance, in their sight
Had rounded still th' horizon, and not known
Or east or west;*—

With respect to a perpetual spring, as supposed above, it is remarked in one of the

Notes, that though it "may be very pleasing in poetry, yet it is very false in philosophy; and this position of the earth, so far from the best, is one of the worst it could have."

As to continual day beyond the polar circles, it must surely be an absolute impossibility; for, in any position of the earth, only one half of it can enjoy the light of the sun at the same time; consequently "to those beyond the polar circles, day had" not "unbenighted shone." But had the sun continually described the equinoctial, that is, not "turn'd reins from th' equinoctial road," there would have been equal day and night *every where*, the same as now when he is in the equinoctial points. And as the sun, when in those points, rises and sets east and west at *all places* (if we except the poles), therefore the next assertion must be equally erroneous, that the sun

—————"in their sight
Had rounded still th' horizon, and not known
Or east or west;"—————

G. R.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

ACCOUNT of KINGSTON, in DORSETSHIRE.

[Embellished with an ELEGANT ENGRAVING.]

KINGSTON, in Dorsetshire, is the seat of Lord Rivers, an elegant and stately pile of building: the walls are built of brick, but the doors and windows of Portland stone. It was erected by George Pitt, of Stratfield Sea, Esq. begun in 1717, and finished about 1730. The form is a long square, 101 feet by 62. It is situated on a rising ground, and opens on the north into a fine down

planted with avenues of trees, and near the great road from London to Exeter, from whence it makes a grand figure. The gardens behind the house are pleasant and extensive, adorned with terraces, a large basin, and canals; there being a great command of water, a branch of the river Frome running very near it.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

Some THOUGHTS upon the STUDY of FAVOURITE AUTHORS.

THERE are many literary errors which have passed into axioms, either thro' the authority of the dictator, or the indolence of the receiver. To chuse a favourite author, and to catch his beauties by incessant study, is the precept usually given to inexperienced writers; and the precept too of those who adopt their maxims, not as they are just, but as they are common.

A little consideration may evince the folly of the experiment. It is to be acknowledged, that in parts where the imitator acts mechanically in the general turn of composition, in the modulation of a period, and in peculiarity of structure, he may attain his end. He may even reject rule like Shakspeare, and personify like Spenser; but when the father of Alexander was desired to bear a man exhibit who mimicked the voice of the nightingale in the most surprising manner, he told his inviter he had *listened* to the nightingale herself.

The general excellencies of a writer, as derived from nature, are better contemplated in her than thro' the medium of her transcript; and he who is empowered to delight or to improve us, will do it from his own observation, without recurring to any other method of instruction. On the other hand, it is a known truth, that however incapable of transfusing a single beauty of the favourite author, we are sure to adopt his faults:

*Turpia decipiunt cæcum vitia, aut etiam ipsa hæc
Delectant* ----- HOR.

Hence, to imitate Spenser, we carry our language back to Chaucer and to Gower, as if to make ourselves unintelligible were to resemble him; and sacrifice perspicuity to elliptical construction, as if beauty were conferred by barbarity.

The grand defects which render the Faery Queen incapable of becoming the general admiration, derive their origin from this unhappy imitation of favourite writers. When a taste for the more pleasing refinements of poetry and criticism began to diffuse itself thro' our nation, Spenser rose amongst the first of its cultivators. The Italians were taken for his models; for their language was the popular one, and no other nation could then boast any thing like poetry formed upon the plan of the ancient epic, or criticism founded upon rational deduction. Chaucer, for his language, was considered by him as the "Well of English, undefiled." From his masters, therefore, in general he

borrowed the construction of his stanza without paying any regard to the nature of his own language. A recurrence of identical cadence easily recommended this species of versification to them; but without being possessed of the means, our countryman seized upon the thing. Indeed the *sonnet* was the prevailing taste. The case was the same with it then, as it is among us with the song at present, and for a long space of time no amorous sop was to be seen without it.

From Chaucer, in particular, he derived his obsolete stile; from Ariosto his extravagance of fable and his involution of story; and from Tasso such images as he meant for masculine description, but which every one rejects, as nauseous and disgusting. To finish with one more instance, he descended so low as to comply with their method of making the rhyme correspond in orthography with its fellow.

It is in writing as in morality, in which the excess of the virtue often constitutes the vice. Imitators have generally taste enough to be pleased with the beauties of their originals; and thinking with the vulgar, that "we cannot have too much of a good thing," convert that which, when moderately used, is excellent, into its opposite quality. Hence, for simplicity, we have nakedness; and for undebauched pathos, the whining of puerile exclamation. Thus Philips, to avoid the vicious refinements Pope had introduced into pastoral composition, and observing that Spenser frequently pleases us in a way more simple and more natural, composed some pieces of this nature, in which to be artless, he is childish; and to be pathetic, exclamatory.

Such are the mischiefs into which we are allured by imitation, and forced by authority: nor are the best writers free from them; for there are many things said in the Poetics of Vida, not because they are founded upon principles of nature, but because such is the practice of Virgil.

The author, therefore, who would write to please us, and please us to instruct, must suffer his mind to wander thro' the fields of knowledge, unprejudiced by habit, and unconfined by particular attachment; and allow her to snatch inimitable graces from the living volume of Nature, instead of checking her flight in the trammels of copy and imitation.

J. B.

Some time since Dr. S—l J—son applied, by means of the Lord Chancellor, to a Great Personage, for an addition of 200l. to his pension of 300l. for one year only. The Doctor was persuaded, for the establishing, or rather recovery, of his health, to visit the Continent, and this additional sum would enable him to travel with ease and conveniency. The petition was refused; but the generous Chancellor, when he acquainted the Doctor with the event of his application, told him that he was at full liberty to draw on his Banker for 500l. The following, we are assured, is a copy of the Doctor's Letter to the Chancellor, on his Lordship's liberal offer to him.

To the Rt. Hon. Lord TH—L—W.

AFTER a long and not inattentive observation of mankind, the generosity of your Lordship's offer raises in me not less wonder than gratitude. Bounty so liberally bestowed I should gladly receive, if my condition made it necessary; for to such a mind who would not be proud to own his obligations? But it has pleased God to restore me to a measure of health, that if I should now appropriate so much of a fortune destined to do good, I could not escape, from myself, the charge of advancing a false claim. My journey to the Continent, though I once thought it necessary, was never much encouraged by my physicians, and I was very desirous that your Lordship should be told of it by Sir Joshua Reynolds, as an event very uncertain; for if I grew much better, I should not be willing, if much worse, I should

not be able, to migrate. Your Lordship was first solicited without my knowledge; but when I was told that you was pleased to honour me with your patronage, I did not expect to hear of a refusal; yet as I have had no long time to brood hope, and have not rested in imaginary opulence, this cold reception has been scarce a disappointment; and from your Lordship's kindness I have received a benefit which only men like you are able to bestow. I shall now live *mibi carior*, with a higher opinion of my own merit.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

Most grateful, and

Most humble Servant,

S—L J—N.

Sept. 1784.

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 Antiquities of England and Wales: being a Collection of Views of the most remarkable Views and ancient Buildings, accurately drawn upon the Spot. To each View is added, an Historical Account of its Situation, when and by whom built, with every interesting Circumstance relating thereto. Collected from the best Authorities, by Francis Grose, F. A. S. Vol. I. The Second Edition, corrected and enlarged. London. S. Hooper. 1784.

WHATEVER tends to rescue from the all-devouring hand of Time the venerable monuments of antiquity, or assist the curious enquirer in his researches, is doubly entitled to approbation and praise, as being not only entertaining, but highly useful:

both these objects Mr. Grose has happily accomplished in the work before us. The engravings, which are executed in a masterly stile, preserve to posterity all that has escaped the ravages of "time, weather, and the more unparing hands of avaricious men;" while his

his accurate historical investigations elucidate many dark and intricate points relative to the history, manners, laws, and customs of our ancestors. In order to do this more effectually, he has, in his preface, explained many terms that occur in the body of the work; and which, to persons who had not dedicated their time more particularly to studies of this kind, would have been unintelligible. For their benefit, he has given a general history of ancient castles, calculated for residence as well as defence, explaining the terms applied to their construction, garrisons, and privileges; to which he has added an account of the methods and machines used both for their attack and defence. Castles of this kind, he thinks, were unknown in this country before the Conquest; or if any had been built by the Saxons, Romans, or ancient Britons (as some writers have asserted), they were either destroyed, or so much decayed, thro' neglect or invasions, that little else than their ruins were remaining; and this has been assigned as a reason for the little difficulty which William met with in making himself master of this country.

Taught by his experience, the Conqueror immediately erected castles all over the kingdom, in order not only to guard against foreign invasions, but at the same time to keep his newly-acquired subjects in awe. His followers, also, among whom he had parcelled out the lands of the English, built strong holds on their estates to protect themselves from the resentment of those from whom they had been taken: by this means their number we find was so prodigiously increased, that, towards the latter end of the reign of King Stephen, they amounted to no less than eleven hundred and fifteen. As the feudal system gathered strength, our author observes, these castles became the heads of baronies; each castle was a manor, and its castellan, or governor, the lord of that manor. Markets and fairs were directed to be held there, to prevent frauds in the King's duties and customs; and they were esteemed places where the laws of the land were observed. This good order, however, was not of long continuance; for the lords of castles began to arrogate to themselves royal power, and exercised both civil and criminal jurisdiction not only within their castles, but in the environs likewise; arbitrarily seizing forage and provisions for the subsistence of their garrisons.

This licentious behaviour was carried to such a pitch, that in the treaty between King

Stephen and Henry II. then only Duke of Normandy, it was agreed, that all castles built within a certain period should be demolished; and, on the accession of Henry to the throne, all persons were prohibited from erecting new ones without the King's special licence, called *Licentia crencillare* *.

The materials of which these castles were built, we are informed, varied according to the places where they were erected; but the manner of constructing them seems to have been nearly uniform. The outides of the walls were for the most part built with the stones nearest at hand, laid as regularly as their shapes would admit; the insides were filled up with the like materials, and a great quantity of fluid mortar, which was called, by the workmen, *Grout Work*. The angles were always coigned, and the arches turned with square stones brought from Caen, in Normandy. Sometimes the insides of the walls were formed with squared chalk, instead of stone.

Our author proceeds to explain minutely the names and uses of the different works of ancient fortification, which, as he justly observes, can only be ascertained by an attention to minute historical relations of sieges in those times; ancient records relative to their repairs, and the labours of our glossographers; for which, as well as an account and description of the military machines then in use, we must refer our readers to the work itself. He concludes this part of his preface with a curious code of military laws, enacted at Mance by King Henry V. from which we shall only extract one article, for the sake of the whimsical arrangement of those who are therein specified as followers of the army, and which shews that the Gentlemen of the Faculty were not then in quite such high estimation as at present.

"Also, all soldiers and other persons receiving wages to be obedient to their immediate captains or matters in all things legal and honest; all merchants travelling with the army, or buying or selling in the markets thereof, to obey the constable and marshal, and even the clerk of the market, as they would the King; and all offences and suits whatever respecting the followers of the army, whether soldiers or merchants, or handicrafts, such as shoemakers, taylor, barbers, *physicians*, or watherwomen, to be tried and determined by the judgement of the constable, or in his absence by the marshal."

The next article treats of monasteries; under which head Mr. Grose, after recapitulating

* From *Crena*, a notch.

relating the discordant opinions of historians and antiquaries relative to the *era* of the first institution of monasteries in this Kingdom, seems to fix it somewhere about A. D. 630, at which time King Eadbald erected a nunnery at Folkestone, in Kent, and traces these religious institutions from that time to their final dissolution in 1539. He likewise gives a full account of the different rules or orders of religious, with their discipline, dress, and other particularities relative to them. Speaking of the Order of St. Anthony of Vienna, which was instituted A. D. 1095, he has the following note :

“ St. Anthony is sometimes represented with a fire by his side, signifying that he relieves persons from the inflammation called after his name ; but always accompanied by a hog, on account of his having been a swineherd, and curing all disorders in that animal. Both painters and poets have made very free with this Saint and his followers : the former (particularly Sebastian Cabot), by the many ludicrous pictures of his temptation ; and the latter, by divers epigrams on his Disciples, or Friars : one of which is the following, printed in Stephens’s *World of Wonders*.

“ Once fedd’st thou, Anthony, an herd of
 “ swine,
 “ And now an herd of Monks thou feedest
 “ still.
 “ For Wit and Gutt alike both charges
 “ bin ;
 “ Both loven filth alike : both like to fill
 “ Their greedy paunch alike : nor was that
 “ kind
 “ More beately, sottish, swinish, than this
 “ last.
 “ All else agree : one only fault I find,
 “ Thou feedest not thy Monks with oaken-
 “ mast.”

That these gentry were used to different commons from those last mentioned, appears in another note, speaking of the luxurious manner of living of the Monks so early as Henry the Second’s time :

“ The table of the Monks of Canterbury (says Giraldus Cambrensis) consisted regularly of sixteen covers, or more, of the most costly dainties, dressed with the most exquisite cookery, to provoke the appetite and please the taste : they had an excessive abundance of wine, particularly claret, of mulberry wine, of mead, and of other strong liquors ; the variety of which was so great in these repasts, that no place could be found for ale, tho’ the best was made in England, and particu-

larly in Kent.” And of the Monks of St. Swithin, in Winchester, he says, “ They threw themselves prostrate at the feet of King Henry II. and with many tears complained to him that the bishop of the diocese, to whom they were subject as their abbot, had withdrawn from them three of the usual number of their dishes. Henry enquired of them how many still remained ; and being informed they had ten, he said, That he himself was contented with three, and imprecated a curse on the Bishop if he did not reduce them to that number.”

The third division of the author’s preface relates to that species of architecture generally distinguished by the denomination of Gothic ; a general appellation applied to all buildings not exactly conformable to some one of the Five Orders of Architecture ; but more accurately divided by our modern antiquaries into Saxon, Norman, and Saracenic. He combats an opinion, which has long prevailed, that the Saxon churches were mostly built with timber ; and that the few they had of stone consisted only of upright walls, without pillars or arches, the construction of which they were *said* to be ignorant of, but which, by a number of quotations from cotemporary ancient writers, and other collateral evidence, he proves them to have been well acquainted with. Throughout this section, if he has advanced nothing new upon the subject, he plainly discovers that he has spared no pains to get every possible information, and make himself completely master of it.

In the next division he gives an account, tho’ not so copious an one as we could have wished, of *Domesday-Book* ; which name, he thinks, has been derived from its definitive authority, which, in point of tenure, hath never been permitted to be called in question ; and from which, as from the sentence pronounced at Doomsday, or the Day of Judgment, there could be no appeal. It appears, however, from some passages, that the authority of this supposed infallible oracle is rather apocryphal, the accounts given in by the Commissioners being in many instances, particularly in that of the Abbey of Croyland in Lincolnshire, proved to be erroneous ; whether from *pious* or other *motives* remains to be determined.

The account of Druidical monuments, contained in the last division of the Preface, must be deferred to a future Number, when we shall likewise present our readers with some specimens of the author’s descriptions which accompany his Views.

Antient Metaphysics. Volume III. [Concluded from page 219.]

LORD Monboddò, as we have seen, in a very copious Preface, which in general be regarded as the best part of his work, gives the history of that philosophy which he wishes to revive; reminds his readers of the merit he may claim in having laid before the public such subjects of inquiry as must excite the philosophical spirit, if there be any of it yet remaining in the nation; and particularises those subjects, according to the natural order of discussing them which forms his general plan throughout that succession of volumes with which it is his benevolent intention to enlighten and to bless a bewildered and a miserable world. In an Introduction, he is again at the pains to unfold the design of both this and his preceding volumes. In these he had inquired into the origin and continuation of motion; without the knowledge of which, he observes, there can be no philosophy of nature. In that inquiry, he hopes, that he has argued successfully against the Materialists, and shewn that matter can neither be begun nor continued by any power in matter, but by MIND only. In the preceding volumes, also, he had asserted the freedom of the human will, and shewn to his own satisfaction, that it is determined by no material necessity, nor by any necessity except what is essential to every intellectual nature, and is consistent with the most perfect freedom. In this volume he inquires concerning the origin of moral evil, and endeavours to shew, that it is not only of absolute necessity in the system of the universe, but perfectly reconcilable with the providence of an all-wise and all-good God. And as all good philosophy is founded on facts, he has given a history of man through the various stages of his progression, from the vegetable upwards to his intellectual state. As it is intellect that forms what is properly called man, and constitutes him a social and political animal, he has enlarged much upon the social state, and marked the several gradations, from the mere animal up to the most perfect state of society, and downwards to the most corrupt and worthless; which closes, in our author's apprehension, this scene of man.

He supposes, that in MANKIND there are not fewer than four minds; the *elemental mind*, the *vegetable mind*, the *animal mind*, and the *intellectual mind*. The elemental mind is that which animates the fire, air, earth, and water contained in our bodies. The vegetable *mind*, or *life* (for these he makes synonymous terms), is that by which we grow and are nourished. The animal life is that

by which we have sensations, appetites, and desires, and by which we feel pleasure and pain. The intellectual mind makes man the most various animal, and the most wonderful composition that God has produced here below. Man, as well as every thing else in the universe, being a system by himself, Lord Monboddò, in order to consider this system philosophically, analyses man into the several parts of which he is composed, and examines each of them by itself, particularly his vegetable, his animal, and his intellectual part; which makes the proper division of his subject into three parts. But under the first of these heads, he also says something of the elemental part of the human composition. In proof of the co-existence of these four minds in man, and in opposition to those who imagine that the elementary, the vegetable, the animal, and the intellectual life, may be all qualities or accidents of the same mind, our author reasons thus:

“ In the first place, it would be very extraordinary, if the same substance had qualities so exceedingly different; for what can be more different than the power of nourishing and making to grow, and the faculty of thinking, reasoning, and reflecting? and are not the sensitive power, and the power of simply moving body, very different from either, and from one another? As, therefore, the several qualities of the same substance have always some connection or similarity to one another, it cannot be presumed that the same mind would have qualities so entirely unlike to one another.

“ 2do, If we could suppose that the same mind could, in the same instant, reason and reflect, carry on the vegetation within us, by which we grow and are nourished, and likewise the animal oeconomy, it would be giving a power to the human mind, which no inferior created mind is understood to have, of being in different places, and performing so many different operations, and all in the same instant: in short, it would be, in some degree, giving an omnipresence to the human mind.

“ Lastly, If the several minds of which I maintain that man is composed, nowhere existed separately, there might be some reason to suppose that they were all qualities of the same mind. But the elemental mind in our bodies exists by itself in every unorganized body; the mind, by which we grow and are nourished, in every vegetable; the animal life in every brute; and no theist will deny that the Deity is pure intelligence. Here, therefore, we have all these different minds, constit

constituting so many different substances, existing by themselves. Now, it is impossible to conceive that a separate substance should be a quality or accident of another substance: for, to suppose that substance might be accident, or accident substance, would be to confound all nature, and take away a distinction, which is the foundation of all logic and all philosophy.

“As to the difficulty of conceiving how so many minds can be joined in one composition, it is much more difficult to conceive how one mind can be united with one body; for no two minds are of natures so heterogeneous as mind and body.”

Having thus shewn, or attempted to shew, that man is a composition not of several qualities only, but of several substances, our author enquires into the *particular nature* of those substances which are united in this wonderful frame. By the elemental mind he says we gravitate, like other bodies on the earth, towards the centre. It is the simplest, he says, of all the minds that enter into our composition.

“The vegetable life in us is that by which we grow and are nourished, and by which all the several operations of digestion, circulation, and secretion are performed. Neither do I know that there is any material difference betwixt the vegetative powers in man, and in any other animal which has blood that circulates like his. I shall therefore only observe in general, that, as what is lower in nature is subservient to what is higher, and as the vegetable life is undoubtedly inferior to the animal, so the vegetation in animals is made subservient to the animal œconomy; and therefore there is in the animal a circulation and secretion of juices which is not in the vegetable. It is further to be observed, that the vegetative principle, though necessarily connected with the animal and intellectual, is perfectly distinct from either. For growth and nutrition go on without being perceived by our intellect, which has no knowledge or consciousness of it. Neither is it perceived by our animal or sensitive part, not being the object of any sense, nor accompanied with pleasure or pain. And the operations of the two are entirely distinct; for, by the animal principle in us we are moved, and have sensations, but by the vegetable we grow and are nourished. And, as the operations are distinct, so are the organs by which they operate. The animal principle operates by nerves, the vegetable by arteries, veins, and other vessels, with different fluids in them: and their operations are so distinct that they may be separated; for, if the nerves of any member be cut, or be affected by a disease, such as a palsy, there

will neither be sensation nor spontaneous motion in that member, but there will be circulation of the blood in the veins and arteries, and consequently the member will be nourished. And, in some parts of our body, there is no occasion for this separation betwixt the animal and vegetable part; for our hair and nails are entirely vegetable, without sensation or voluntary motion.

“The *next* part of our composition, ascending still upwards, is the animal life. From this life, as I have said, we derive sensation and spontaneous motion, feel pleasure and pain, and are excited to action by appetites and desires. It is a most material part of our composition, undoubtedly next to the principal, and by many made the principal; for there are many thousands, even of civilized men, who live chiefly for the sake of the animal life, and have little or no enjoyment but from it. But, though we were disposed to live as we ought to do, if the animal in us, which, by nature, is destined to be the servant of our intellect, and is immediately under its command, which our vegetative part is not, be not rightly constituted, we must be very deficient, particularly in practical life. It is evident, therefore, that a great part of the excellency of man must depend upon his animal nature; so that it must be considered very accurately in this philosophy, and will be the subject of the second book of this volume; and I have only mentioned it here, to show its connection with the other parts of our nature, and also wherein it differs from them.

“It is for the same reason that I mention here the highest part of our composition—our intellect; the distinction betwixt it and the vegetative part of us is evident: and as to our sensitive nature, it is clear that the intellect operates without either sense or imagination, by which only the animal operates; nor is it connected in its operations with any particular parts of the body, as our vegetable part is with arteries, veins, and other vessels, and our animal with nerves, fibres, muscles, and sinews, so that any disorders in these particular parts do not affect it. But it is connected with the whole animal system; and, therefore, whatever tends to destroy, or very much hurt the principal vital parts, such as the head or heart, must of necessity affect its operations. But we are not therefore to suppose that the intellect operates by the head or the heart, for they are not even the instruments of its operations; they are only things without which, in its present state, it could not operate. But such things are different, both from the *cause* and the *instrument*. Thus, if a man stands out of my way, by which means I see an object that otherwise I should

should not see, his removing is neither the cause nor the instrument of my seeing the object, and yet without it I should not have seen the object. They may be considered also to be the same with respect to intellect and its operations, that space is to body: for space is certainly not the *efficient cause* of body, nor any quality or property of body; neither is it the instrument by which body is produced or acts, but without it body could not exist.

“ There is another connection betwixt our animal and intellectual natures: That the former furnishes materials by the means of the senses, upon which the latter operates, and forms ideas. In this respect, the connection betwixt our animal and intellectual part seems to be pretty much the same as betwixt our vegetable and animal: for, as the vegetable nourishes the animal, so the animal may be said to nourish the intellectual, by furnishing to it the materials of thought. And thus we see that the lower mind in us is always subservient to the higher, and the three lowest all to the highest. In this manner, the several substances are most wonderfully connected in our most artificial system, in which, as in every complete system, there is one principal thing to which every thing else is subservient.”

Our author proceeds to consider more particularly the *animal nature* of man, a most material part, as being more intimately connected with our governing principle than any other part of us.

Men appear to Lord Monboddo to undergo as many changes as any animal we know; even as many, and as different from one another, at least with respect to the mind, as caterpillars and butterflies. He begins the philosophy of man by considering him in his natural state. What he says of a state of nature is philosophical and accurate.

“ And here (says he) it is proper to explain what I mean by a state of nature; for it is a term that may be used in two senses, very different. It may denote either his most perfect state, to which his nature tends, and towards which he either is or ought to be always advancing, I mean the perfection of his intellectual faculties, by which, and which only, he is truly a man; and this is the most proper meaning of the natural state of man; for the natural state of every thing is that state to which, by nature, it tends, as the natural state of an animal is its full growth and strength; and in this sense the term was used by the Stoics, who very properly applied it to Virtue, which they defined to be “ A Life according to Nature:”— Or it is the state from which this progression begins. It is in this sense that I use the

term, denoting by it the original state of man, before societies were formed, or arts invented. This state, I think, may also be called a state of nature, in contradistinction to the state in which we live at present, which, compared with it, is certainly an artificial state.”

In such a state of nature our author thinks that man would be nothing but a mere animal, without cloaths, houses, the use of fire, or even speech. To the proofs he had adduced, in the first volume of the *Origin and Progress of Language*, of the actual existence of such a state, he now adds others from reason, analogy, and history.

“ As to clothes, we are assured, from the best authority, that time was when man lived without clothes, as well as houses; or, if they should not be convinced by this authority (which is likely to be the case), nor should not believe that the *Oran Outan* is a man, or, perhaps, that he exists, yet they can hardly refuse credit to our late travellers in the South Sea, who tell us, that the New Hollanders, in the latitude of 44. where it is colder than in this country, are absolutely naked, though they be not covered with hair as the *Oran Outan* is. Upon their credit, I think, we may give faith to Herodian and Dion Cassius, when they relate a fact of their own times, that the *Moeates*, the inhabitants of the southern parts of Scotland, were absolutely naked. The Patagonians, and inhabitants of Terra del Fuego, one of the coldest climates in the world, have no clothing but loose skins tacked about their shoulders, which we cannot doubt but they might want.

“ The Hurons, when Gabriel Sagard (an author of whom I have given an account in the first volume of the *Origin and Progress of Language*) was among them in 1630, were no better clothed. The children, he says, were brought up quite naked, and left to tumble among the snow, and yet were perfectly healthy and strong, and no disease or deformity to be seen among them. He saw, in that part of the world, a vagrant nation, the men of which were absolutely naked, and the women had only a cineture of skins about their middle, p. 77. Now, it is well known, that, in that part of North America, the winters are very much more severe than in this country.

“ The Esquimaux men, who inhabit a very much colder climate, have no other clothing but one coat of seal-skin, yet they have no colds or rheumatisms; and, according to my information, are very much healthier than we are, though their diet be the most wretched that can be imagined, and the most unnatural, one should think, for a land animal, or, indeed, for any animal: for they

live for the greater part upon stinking fish and train oil.

“The common objection made to man’s going naked, is a very frivolous one, viz. that he has not a fur like a bear. But how do we know that he requires as much heat as a bear? There are some animals whose constitutions require a great degree of cold, such as the rein-deer, whose native country is the coldest countries of Europe, such as Lapland and Greenland. There are others which require a great deal of heat, such as the elephant, who is an inhabitant of the Torrid Zone; but man, as he is the greatest compound we know in nature, so he is mixed also in this respect, and participates of the nature of the animals both of the cold and hot regions, being intended by nature to live in both. He therefore agrees either with cold or heat, but more, I think, with cold than with heat; and accordingly we see, that, in some of the cold countries, there are very large bodies of men produced. In this country, where many people think there is so much cold that we cannot be too much upon our guard against it, every man who has sense and resolution enough to expose himself to it, will feel the benefit of it. The indolent, who would be exempted from the original curse, and enjoy all the good things of this life without toil and labour, would thrive much better if they could persuade themselves to endure the cold of our climate, which would brace them, and give them some degree of firmness without exercise; for I hold exercise to be less necessary in the cold countries than in the hot, where, if a man will live delicately and indolently, his solids will be relaxed by the heat, and his fluids will stagnate, like water in a pool, and he will die of a putrid fever, which, I am told, is the common disease that cuts off so many of our countrymen in those climates. And I know a gentleman who, while he lived indolently in Jamaica, ailed very much, but recovered his health perfectly when he took to exercise, and even exercise which may be reckoned violent; for he would have ridden forty miles a-day, with a burning sun over his head.

“As to houses, the same New Hollanders (not to mention the Oran Outans) have nothing that deserves the name of a hut, but live for the greater part in the hollows of trees, like the antient inhabitants of Italy, mentioned by Virgil: and hence the origin of the fable, that those antient Italians were pro-

duced out of trees. The strong tall men living upon the banks of the Nile, above Egypt, whom Mr. Bruce calls Troglodites, dwell, as he says, in caves, instead of houses. I myself know a man who travelled 350 miles upon the side of Hudson’s Bay, as cold a climate, I believe, as any in the world, in the middle of winter, and never was under a roof all the while, yet kept his health perfectly well*. And it is a fact well known to the gentlemen of the army, that our soldiers never keep their healths better than when they are lying in the fields in the winter, without even tents, much better than they do in the warmest and best winter quarters.”

He goes on to shew that neither clothes, houses, nor fire, nor the use of speech, are to be found amongst men in a state of nature: on this part of his subject our author is not a little entertaining. The existence of the Oran Outan, whom he considers, in all respects, as a *living, moving man*, according to a phrase in one of Home’s plays, he thinks is a direct and ocular proof of what he advances on this head.

Of this animal he says, “If an animal, who walks upright,—is of the human form, both outside and inside,—uses a weapon for defence and attack,—associates with his kind,—makes huts to defend himself from the weather, better, I believe, than those of the New Hollanders,—is tame and gentle,—and, instead of killing men and women, as he could easily do, takes them prisoners, and makes servants of them;—who has, what I think essential to the human kind, a sense of honour;—who, when he is brought into the company of civilized men, behaves with dignity and composure, altogether unlike a monkey,—from whom he differs likewise in this material respect, that he is capable of great attachments to particular persons, which the monkey is altogether incapable of; and also in this respect, that a monkey never can be so tamed, that we may depend upon his not doing mischief when left alone, by breaking glasses or china within his reach; whereas the Oran Outan is altogether harmless;—who has so much of the docility of a man, that he learns, not only to do the common offices of a menial servant, as the Oran Outan did whom I saw stuffed in the French King’s cabinet of curiosities, but also to play upon the flute; which shows that he must have an idea of melody and concord of sounds, which no brute-animal has;—and, lastly, if, joined to all these

* This gentleman’s name is Andrew Graham. He was chief factor or governor of Church-hill fort, belonging to the Hudson’s Bay Company, and their principal settlement there, and was all together twenty-five years in that country, in different forts belonging to that Company.

qualities, he has the organs of pronunciation, and, consequently, the capacity of speech, though not the actual use of it:—If, I say, such an animal is not a man, I should desire to know in what the essence of a man consists, and what it is that distinguishes a natural man from the man of art? For I hold it to be impossible to convince any philosopher, or any man of common sense, who has bestowed any time to consider the mechanism of speech, that such various actions and configurations of the organs of speech, as are necessary for articulation, can be natural to man. Whoever thinks this possible, should go and see, as I have done, Mr. Braidwood of Edinburgh, or the Abbe de l'Épée in Paris, teach the dumb to speak; and, when he has observed all the different actions of the organs, which those professors are obliged to mark distinctly to their pupils with a great deal of pains and labour, so far from thinking articulation natural to man, he will rather wonder how, by any teaching or imitation, he should attain to the ready performance of such various and complicated operations. For even the pronunciation of many of the single letters, particularly of the consonants, is very difficult. And, when it is further considered that, in order to speak, it is necessary to join such a number of these artificial sounds together in an infinite variety of combinations, and to utter them readily and distinctly, it must appear that speech is not only an art, but a most difficult art, not to be learned without both teaching and imitation and very assiduous practice; for I hold it to be impossible to learn to speak, as we learn dancing or music, by practising an hour or two in the day: but we must practise constantly, and upon every occasion; and, unless we begin in our early youth, while the organs are yet soft and pliable, it is not to be learned without the greatest difficulty. I therefore do not at all wonder that the dumb Savages have not learned to speak; for even the dumb and deaf among us cannot learn it, unless they give the greatest application, which cannot be expected from a Savage, who is not so docile by nature, as a man born of civilized parents and brought up among civilized men, and who, besides, cannot be so much convinced of the usefulness of the art."

Lord Monboddo saw Peter the Wild Boy, who was brought to England from the woods of Germany, in the reign of George I.

"It was in the beginning of June 1782 that I saw him, in a farm-house called *Broadway*, within about a mile, as I have said, of *Berkhamshead*, kept there upon a pension, which the King pays. He is but of low stature, not exceeding five feet three

inches; and, though he must be now about seventy years of age, has a fresh, healthy look. He wears his beard; his face is not at all ugly or disagreeable; and he has a look that may be called sensible and sagacious for a savage. About twenty years ago, he was in use to elope, and to be absiding for several days; and once, as I was told, he wandered as far as Norfolk; but of late he has been quite tame, and either keeps the house, or saunters about the farm. He has been, the thirteen last years, where he lives at present; and, before that, he was twelve years with another farmer, whom I saw and conversed with. This farmer told me that he had been put to school somewhere in Hertfordshire, but had only learned to articulate his own name *Peter*, and the name of *King George*: both which I heard him pronounce very distinctly. But the woman of the house where he now is (for the man happened not to be at home) told me that he understood every thing that was said to him concerning the common affairs of life; and I saw that he readily understood several things that she said to him while I was present. Among other things, she desired him to sing *Nancy Dawson*, which accordingly he did, and another tune that she named. He never was mischievous, but had always that gentleness of nature, which I hold to be characteristic of our nature, at least till we become carnivorous, and hunters or warriors. He feeds at present as the farmer and his wife do; but, as I was told by an old woman (one Mrs. Cailop, living at a village in the neighbourhood, called *Hempstead*, who remembered to have seen him when he first came to Hertfordshire, which she computed to be 55 years before the time I saw her), that he then fed very much upon leaves, and particularly upon the leaves of cabbage, which she saw him eat raw. He was then, as she thought, about 15 years of age, walked upright, but could climb trees like a squirrel. At present, he not only eats flesh, but also has got the taste of beer, and even of spirits, of which he inclines to drink more than he can get. And the old farmer above mentioned, with whom he lived twelve years before he came to this farmer, told me that he had acquired that taste before he came to him, that is, about 25 years ago. He is also become very fond of fire, but has not yet acquired a liking for money; for, though he takes it, he does not keep it, but gives it to his landlord or landlady, which, I suppose, is a lesson that they have taught him. He retains so much of his natural instinct, that he has a fore-feeling of bad weather, growling and howling, and shewing great disorder, before it comes on.

"These are the particulars concerning him, which

which I observed myself, or could learn by information from others in the neighbourhood; and, from all these facts put together, the following observations arise:

“*1st*, Whatever doubts there may be concerning the humanity of the Oran Outan, it was never made a question but that Peter was a man.

“*2^{do}*, That he was, as the Dean says, of a father and mother like one of us. This, as I have said, was the case of the Savages found in the dismal swamp in Virginia, of the one found in the island of Diego Garcia, and of him that was discovered by Monsieur le Roy in the Pyrenees, and, in general, of all the Savages that have been found in Europe within these last three hundred years; for I do not believe that, for these two thousand years past, there has been a race of such Savages in Europe.

“*3^{tio}*, I think there can be no reason to doubt of what was written from Hanover, and published in the news-papers, that he was found going upon *all four*, as well as other solitary Savages that have been found in Europe. It is true, that others have been found erect; which was the case of the two found in the dismal swamp of Virginia, likewise of the Man of the Pyrenees, and of him in the Island of Diego Garcia. But these, I suppose, were not exposed till they had learned to walk upright; whereas Peter appears to have been abandoned by his parents before he had learnt that lesson, but walked as we know children do at first.

“*4^{to}*, I think it is evident that he is not an idiot, not only from his appearance, as I have described it, and from his actions, but from all the accounts that we have of him, both those printed, and those attested by persons yet living: for, as to the printed accounts, there is not the least insinuation of that kind in any of them, except in one, viz. Wye's Letter, No. 8, wherein it is said that some imputed his not learning to speak to want of understanding; which, I should think, shewed rather want of understanding in those who

thought so, when it is considered that, at this time, he had not been a year out of the woods, and, I suppose, but a month or two under the care of Dr. Arbuthnot, who had taken the charge of his education. The Dean, indeed, tells us, that some suspected he was a *pretender*, and *no genuine wild man*; but not a word of his being an idiot. And, as to the persons living, not one with whom I have conversed appeared to have the least suspicion of that kind; though it was very natural that men, who were not philosophers, and knew nothing of the progress of Man from the mere Animal to the Intellectual Creature, nor of the improvement of our understanding by social intercourse and the arts of life, but believed that Man, when he is come to a certain age, has from Nature all the faculties which we see him exert, and particularly the faculty of speech, should think him an idiot, and wanting even the capacity of acquiring understanding. I knew an officer of dragoons, a man of very good sense, who was quartered where Peter then lived, for some months, and saw him almost every day; and he assured me, that he was not an idiot, but shewed common understanding, which was all that could be expected from one no better educated than he.

“*Lastly*, Those who have considered what I have said of the difficulty of articulation, will not be surpris'd that a Man, who had lived a savage for the first fourteen or fifteen years of his life, should have made so little progress in that art. I cannot, however, have the least doubt that, if he had been under the care of Mr. Braidwood, of Edinburgh, he would have learned to speak, though with much more difficulty than a man who had been brought up tame among people who had the use of speech, and who, consequently, must know the advantage of it. And I can have as little doubt that Mr. Braidwood could have taught the Oran Outan in Sir Ashton Lever's Collection, who had learned to articulate a few words, to speak plainly enough.”

[To be concluded in our next.]

Biographia Britannica: or, The Lives of the most eminent Persons who have flourished in Great-Britain and Ireland, from the earliest Ages to the present Times; collected from the best Authorities, Printed and Manuscript, and digested in the Manner of Mr. Bayle's Historical and Critical Dictionary. The Second Edition, with Corrections, Enlargements, and the Addition of new Lives. By Andrew Kippis, D. D. F. R. S. and S. A. with the Assistance of the Rev. Joseph Towers, LL. D. and other Gentlemen. Volume the Third.

THE learned Editor prefaces this volume with an apology for so much time having elapsed since the publication of the former, to which many circumstances, he says, have contributed, independent of his professional duties, connections, and engagements, which

require serious attention. Whoever considers that nearly one-half of this volume consists of new matter, the greatest part of which hath fallen to his share, as well as most of the additions to the old articles, which are both numerous and extensive, will readily admit

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mit his plea. Works of this kind require not only a great fund of knowledge, and an extensive compass of reading, but an uncommon degree of application. If to collect the various opinions of different authors on disputed points, to endeavour to reconcile their *seeming*, or point out their *real* contradictions; if to discover truth amidst the intricate mazes of error, to strip her of the gaudy trappings which party zeal or the tattered garb which prejudice has thrown around her, and to present her to the public naked and undisguised, without bias or partiality, be to deserve that public's protection, or merit its praise, Dr. Kippis's claim stands incontestible: Yet, however willing we may be to commend, we are equally bound to point out what to us appears faulty. The Doctor, we think, has not paid that attention to his style which he ought to have done. We should have been happy to have said, *Materia superas opus*; but, in justice, we cannot, nor can we omit mentioning, that *brevity* is not our Editor's forte, tho' he be sometimes *rather obscure*. These, however, are trifling faults, which he can at pleasure do away; they are only spots on the sun's disk, which when removed, it will shine with double lustre. We have, from the variety of new articles, selected, for the amusement of our readers, the following, as it not only contains much curious matter, but as it will make the extraordinary merit of a most deserving man more universally known.

“CANTON (John), an ingenious natural philosopher of the present century, was born at Stroud, in Gloucestershire, on the 31st of July, 1718, O. S. and was placed, when young, under the care of a Mr. Davis, of the same place, a very able mathematician, with whom, before he attained the age of nine years, he had gone through both vulgar and decimal arithmetic. He then proceeded to the mathematics, and particularly to algebra and astronomy, wherein he had made a tolerable progress, when his father took him from school and put him to learn his own business, which was that of a broad-cloth weaver. This circumstance was not able to damp his zeal for the acquisition of knowledge. All his leisure time was devoted to the assiduous cultivation of astronomical science; and, by the help of the Caroline Tables, annexed to Wing's astronomy, he computed eclipses of the moon and other phenomena. His acquaintance with that science he applied likewise to the constructing of several kinds of dials. But the studies of our young philosopher being frequently pursued to very late hours, his father, fearing that they would injure his

health, forbade him the use of a candle in his chamber any longer than for the purpose of going to bed; and would himself often see that his injunction was obeyed. The son's thirst of knowledge was, however, so great, that it made him attempt to evade the prohibition, and to find means of secreting his light till the family had retired to rest, when he rose to prosecute, undisturbed, his favourite pursuits. It was during this prohibition, and at these hours, that he computed and cut upon stone, with no better an instrument than a common knife, the lines of a large upright sun-dial, on which, besides the hour of the day, was shewn the rising of the sun, his place in the ecliptic, and other particulars. When this was finished, and made known to his father, he permitted it to be placed against the front of his house, where it excited the admiration of several gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and introduced young Mr. Canton to their acquaintance; which was followed by the offer of the use of their libraries. In one of these he found Martin's Philosophical Grammar, which was the first book that gave him a taste for natural philosophy. In the possession of another gentleman, a few miles from Stroud, he first saw a pair of globes; an object that afforded him uncommon pleasure, from the great ease with which he could solve those problems he had hitherto been accustomed to compute. The dial was beautified a few years ago, at the expense of the gentlemen of Stroud, several of whom had been his school-fellows, and who continued still to regard it as a very distinguished performance. Among other persons with whom he became acquainted in early life, was the late reverend and ingenious Dr. Henry Miles, of Tooting, a learned and respectable Member of the Royal Society, and of approved eminence in natural knowledge. This gentleman perceiving that Mr. Canton possessed abilities too promising to be confined within the narrow limits of a country town, prevailed on his father to let him come to London. Accordingly he arrived at the metropolis, on the 14th of March, 1737, and resided with Dr. Miles, at Tooting, till the 6th of May following, when he articulated himself for the term of five years, as a clerk to Mr. Samuel Watkins, master of the academy in Spital-square. In this situation his ingenuity, diligence, and good conduct, were so well displayed, that, on the expiration of his clerkship, in the month of May, 1742, he was taken into partnership with Mr. Watkins for three years; which gentleman he afterwards succeeded in Spital-square, and there continued during his whole life. On the 25th of December, 1744, he married

Penelope, the eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Colebrooke, and niece of James Colebrooke, Esq. banker in London.

“ Towards the end of the year 1745, electricity, which seems early to have engaged Mr. Canton’s notice, received a very capital improvement by the discovery of the famous Leyden phial. This event turned the thoughts of most of the philosophers of Europe to that branch of natural philosophy; and our author, who was one of the first to repeat and to pursue the experiment, found his assiduity and attention rewarded by many capital discoveries. Dr. William Watson, whose early and distinguished prosecution of electrical enquiries is well known, mentions, in a paper read at the Royal Society on the 30th of October, 1746, an experiment of Mr. Canton’s, to determine the quantity of electricity accumulated in the Leyden phial. Taking the charged phial in one hand, he made it give a spark to an insulated conductor; which spark he took off with his other hand. This operation he repeated till the whole was dis-

charged; and by the number of sparks he estimated the height of the charge. He found, likewise, that if a charged phial was placed upon electrics, the wire and the coating would give a spark or two alternately, and that by continuing the operation the phial would be discharged. Dr. Priestley has taken notice, that the discovery has a near affinity to the great discovery of Dr. Franklin. Mr. Canton, however, did not at that time observe that the alternate sparks proceed from the two contrary electricities. In the Gentleman’s Magazine for January, 1747, he published two electrical problems. Towards the end of the year 1749, he was concerned with his friend, the late ingenious Benjamin Robins, Esq. in making experiments in order to determine to what height rockets may be made to ascend, and at what distance their light may be seen*.

“ On the 17th of January, 1750, was read at the Royal Society, Mr. Canton’s method of making *artificial magnets*, without the use of, and yet far superior to any, *natural ones* †.

* The first trial was on the 29th of September that year, when about a dozen rockets, made by a person many years employed in the Royal Laboratory at Woolwich, were fired from London Field, Hackney. The heights to which they ascended were measured by Mr. Canton (Mr. Robins being present), at the distance of 1200 yards from the post from whence they were fired. They rose in general to about 400 yards, and the highest to about 600 yards; and were seen by different persons, stationed on purpose, at the distance of 35 miles. On the 2d of April, 1750, some rockets, constructed by Mr. Banks and Mr. Samuel De Costa, of Devonshire-square, were fired off, when several of the latter gentleman’s rose to 1000 yards, and one to 1200 yards: the heights to which these ascended were, likewise, all taken by Mr. Canton.

† Having procured a dozen bars, six of soft steel, each three inches long, a quarter of an inch broad, and one-twentieth of an inch thick, with two pieces of iron, each half the length of one of the bars, but of the same breadth and thickness; and six of hard steel, each five and a half inches long, half an inch broad, and three-twentieths of an inch thick, with two pieces of iron of half the length, but the whole breadth and thickness of one of the hard bars; they were all marked quite round them at one end.——Then having fixed one of the soft bars with a piece of sewing silk near the top of a poker (which was held upright between the knees), with its marked end downwards, with a pair of tongs held nearly in a vertical position, the bar was stroked by the lower end from the bottom to the top, about ten times on each side, which gave it a magnetic power sufficient to lift a small key at the marked end; which end, if the bar was suspended on a point, would turn toward the north, and is therefore called the North Pole of the bar.

Four of the soft bars having been impregnated after this manner, the other two were laid parallel to each other, at the distance of about a quarter of an inch between the two pieces of iron belonging to them, a north and south pole against each piece of iron: then taking two of the four bars, already made magnetical, they were placed together so as to make a double bar in thickness, the north pole of the one even with the south pole of the other: the remaining two were then put to these, one on each side, so as to have two north and two south poles together. The north poles were then separated by a large pin from the south poles, and placed perpendicularly with that end downward on the middle of one of the parallel bars, the two north poles towards its south, and the two south poles towards its north end: they were then slid backward and forward three or four times the whole length of the bar; and being removed from the middle of this, they were placed on the middle of the other bar, in the same manner as before, which was gone over in the same manner; then the bars being turned the other side upwards, the former operation was repeated; which being done, the two were taken from between the pieces of iron, and the two outermost of the touching bars being placed in their room, the remaining two were made the outermost of the four to touch these

with †.

“ This paper, which had been written some time before, would sooner have been communicated to the Society, but that our author apprehended that the publication of it might have been injurious to Dr. Gowen Knight, who procured considerable pecuniary advantages by touching needles for the mariner's compass, and kept his method a secret. But Mr. Canton having shewn his experiments to Martin Folkes, Esq. that gentleman was of opinion, that a discovery of such general utility to mankind ought not to be withheld from the public on any private consideration. Accordingly, our philosopher soon afterwards gave it to the Royal Society, and exhibited before that learned body the main experiment itself, together with some others relative to the same subject, all which succeeded greatly to their satisfaction. Mr. Canton's paper upon this occasion procured him, on the 22d of March, 1750, the honour of being elected a Member of the Society; and, on the St. Andrew's day following, the farther honour of receiving the most distinguished testimony of their approbation, in the present of their gold medal. On the 21st of April, in the same year, he was complimented with the degree of Master of Arts by the University of Aberdeen; and on the 30th of November, 1751, he was chosen one of the Council of the Royal Society.

“ In 1752, when the Act passed for changing the Style, Mr. Canton gave to the Earl of Macclesfield several memorial canons for finding leap-year, the dominical letter, epact, &c. &c. This he did with a view of having them inserted in the Common Prayer-Book; but he happened to be too late in his communication, the form in which they now stand having been previously settled. These canons, with an explication of the reason of the rules, were afterwards given to the Rev. Dr. Jennings, who was thankful for the permission of inserting them in his Introduction to the Use of the Globes.

“ On the 20th of July, 1752, our philosopher was so fortunate as to be the first per-

son in England who, by attracting the electric fire from the clouds during a thunder-storm, verified Dr. Franklin's hypothesis of the similarity of lightning and electricity. Mr. Canton's success was owing to his precaution in fastening a tin cover to his apparatus, in order to secure his glass tube, which supported it, from rain: By this means he was enabled to get sparks at the distance of half an inch; but the appearance ceased in two minutes. On the 6th of December, 1753, his paper, entitled, ‘Electrical Experiments, with an Attempt to account for their several Phenomena,’ was read to the Royal Society. The experiments in this communication tend to prove that the electrical fluid, when there is a redundancy of it in any body, repels the electrical fluid in any other body, when they are brought within the sphere of each other's influence, and drives it into the remote parts of the body, or quite out of it, if there be any outlet for that purpose: in other words, that bodies immersed in electrical atmospheres always become possessed of the electricity contrary to that of the body in the atmosphere of which they are immersed. At the time of making these experiments, Mr. Canton was of opinion with Dr. Franklin, that excited glass emits the electric fluid, but that excited wax receives it. Afterwards, however, he saw reason to think that electric atmospheres are not made of effluvia from excited or electrified bodies; but that they are only an alteration of the state of the electric fluid contained in, or belonging to, the air surrounding them to a certain distance. Excited glass, for instance, repels the electric fluid from it, and consequently beyond that distance makes it more dense; whereas excited wax attracts the electric fluid existing in the air nearer to it, making it rarer than it was before. In the same paper Mr. Canton mentioned, likewise, his having discovered, by a great number of experiments, that some clouds were in a positive, and some in a negative state of electricity. Dr. Franklin, much about the same time, made the like

with; and this process was repeated till each pair of the bars had been touched three or four times over, which gave them a considerable magnetic power. The half dozen were then put together, after the manner of the four, and with them two pair of the hard bars (placed between their irons, at the distance of about half an inch from each other) were touched, the soft bars being then laid aside, and the remaining two hard bars were impregnated by the four above mentioned; and the same method was observed as with the first bars, till each pair had been touched two or three times over, which gave them nearly as much magnetic virtue as they were capable of receiving.

The first hint of using the poker and tongs to communicate magnetism to steel bars, was taken from Mr. Canton observing them one evening, as he was sitting by the fire, to be nearly in the same direction with respect to the earth as the dipping needle. He thence concluded, that they must, from that position and the frequent blows they receive, have acquired some magnetic virtue, which, on trial, he found to be the case; and therefore he employed them to impregnate his bars, instead of having recourse to the natural loadstone.

discovery in America. This circumstance, together with our author's constant defence of the Doctor's hypothesis, induced that excellent philosopher, immediately on his arrival in England, to pay Mr. Canton a visit, and gave rise to a friendship which ever after continued without interruption or diminution. On the 14th of November, 1754, was read at the Royal Society, 'A Letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Macclesfield, concerning some new electrical Experiments.' 'Till the publication of this Letter, the same electricity had always been produced by the same electric. The friction of glass had always produced a positive, and the friction of sealing-wax, &c. a negative electricity. These were thought to be essential and unchangeable properties of those substances.

"But Mr. Canton discovered that it depended wholly on the rubber and the surface of the electric, whether the electricity produced should be positive or negative. On St. Andrew's day, 1754, he was a second time elected one of the Council of the Royal Society for the year ensuing. In the Lady's Diary for 1756, our author answered the prize-question that had been proposed in the preceding year. The question was, "How can what we call the *shooting of stars* be best accounted for? What is the substance of the phenomenon; and in what state of the atmosphere doth it most frequently shew itself?" The solution, tho' anonymous, was so satisfactory to his friend Mr. Thomas Simpson, who then conducted that work, that he sent Mr. Canton the prize, accompanied with a note, in which he said, he was sure that he was not mistaken in the author of it, as no one besides, that he knew of, could have answered the question. Our philosopher's next communication to the public was a Letter in the Gentleman's Magazine for Sept. 1759, on the electrical properties of the Tourmalin, in which the laws of that wonderful stone are laid down in a very concise and elegant manner. On the 13th of December, in the same year, was read, at the Royal Society, "An Attempt to account for the regular Diurnal Variation of the Horizontal Magnetic Needle; and also for its irregular Variation at the Time of an Aurora Borealis." In this paper Mr. Canton proves, by experiments, that the attractive power of the magnet (whether natural or artificial) will *decrease* while the magnet is heating, and *increase* while it is cooling. A complete year's observations of the diurnal variations of the needle are annexed to the paper. On the 5th of November, 1761, our author communicated to the Royal Society an account of the transit of Venus, June 6, 1761. His observations were made in Spital-square, and the

apparent time of the first contact was 8 h. 18 m. 41 sec.; of the last contact, 8 h. 37 m. 4 sec. Mr. Canton's next communication to the Society was a Letter to Dr. Benjamin Franklin, and read Feb. 4, 1762, containing some remarks on Mr. Delaval's electrical experiments. On the 16th of December, in the same year, another curious addition was made by him to philosophical knowledge, in a paper, entitled, "Experiments to prove that Water is not incompressible." These experiments are a complete refutation of the famous Florentine experiment, which so many philosophers have mentioned as a proof of the incompressibility of water. On St. Andrew's day, 1763, our author was the third time elected one of the Council of the Royal Society; and on the 8th of November in the following year he read, before that learned Body, his farther experiments and observations on the compressibility of water and some other fluids. The establishment of this fact, in opposition to the received opinion formed on the hasty decision of the Florentine Academy, was thought to be deserving of the Society's gold medal. It was accordingly moved for in the Council of the year 1764; but many verbal objections having been made by some Members of the Society, whose wish it was to overturn, if possible, the theory Mr. Canton meant to establish, the Council came to a resolution, that the experiments should be repeated in the presence of a Committee appointed for that purpose. It consisted of the following noblemen and gentlemen, viz. the Earl of Morton, the President; Lord Charles Cavendish; Israel Mauduit, Esq.; Matthew Raper, Esq.; Mr. John Ellicott; Dr. William Watson; Dr. Charles Morton; Mr. James Short; Dr. Benjamin Franklin; George Lewis Scott, Esq.; Edward Delaval, Esq.; and Francis Blake, Esq. The Committee, than which a more respectable one could not easily have been chosen, were to report the result of their trials, together with their opinions, to the Council. The Council, at the same time, desired the President to request, that those Members who had any objections to offer against Mr. Canton's experiments on the compressibility of water, or the theory deduced from them, would deliver such objections in *writing*. The experiments were shewn by our philosopher, at his own house, to the Committee. To Lord Morton they were exhibited several times; his Lordship having constantly some new objection to make, though he always expressed himself satisfied with them at the period of the exhibition. But a ball, filled with mercury, having accidentally fallen upon and hurt the foot of Mr. Mauduit, who accompanied the Earl of Morton,

Morton, Mr. Canton took that opportunity of informing his Lordship, that if, after having seen the experiments repeated so often, he still doubted of the fact, he despaired of convincing him, and should therefore give himself no farther concern about the matter, but would leave the paper to shift for itself. It met, however, with a most able defender in Lord Charles Cavendish, who interested himself greatly in the affair. His Lordship attended all the meetings of the Committee, and gave a very accurate account of their proceedings, in a paper delivered to the Council; in which he answered, with great perspicuity, every difficulty that had been raised with regard to the doctrine of compressibility. Notwithstanding the request of the Council, none but verbal objections were made. The Committee came, therefore, to the following resolution: That in forming their opinion on the merits of Mr. Canton's experiments, they could pay no regard to any objections that were not delivered in writing. Having met several times, from the 6th of July 1765, to the 21st of November in the same year, they made their report in the three subsequent articles: 1. The Committee, from repeated trials, find Mr. Canton's experiments verified. 2. The hypothesis of the compressibility of water will account for the phenomena in Mr. Canton's experiments. 3. It does not appear, from any reasoning or experiments hitherto produced to the Committee, that the phenomena in Mr. Canton's experiments can be accounted for from any other cause. In consequence of this report, the Council *unanimously* voted him the gold medal, which was accordingly delivered to him on the 30th of November, 1765.

"The next communication of our ingenious author to the Royal Society, which we shall take notice of in this place, was on the 22d of December, 1768, being "An easy Method of making Phosphorus that will imbibe and emit Light like the Bolognian Stone, with Experiments and Observations." When he first shewed to Dr. Franklin the instantaneous light acquired by some of this phosphorus, from the near discharge of an electrified bottle, the Doctor immediately exclaimed, "And God said, Let there be light, and there was light." The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's having, in a letter to the President, dated March 6, 1769, requested the opinion of the Royal Society relative to the best and most effectual method of fixing electrical conductors to preserve that cathedral from damage by lightning, Mr. Canton was one of the Committee appointed to take the letter into consideration, and to report their opinion upon it. The gentlemen joined with him in this business were Dr. Watson,

Dr. Franklin, Mr. Delaval, and Mr. Wilson. Their report was made on the 8th of June following; and the mode recommended by them has been carried into execution. This will probably contribute, in the most effectual manner, to preserve the noble fabric of St. Paul's from being injured by lightning. The last paper of our author's which was read before the Royal Society, was on the 21st of December, 1769, and contained experiments to prove that the luminousness of the sea arises from the putrefaction of its animal substances. In this paper Mr. Canton, without entering into the consideration of the several opinions of philosophers concerning this luminous appearance, contents himself with relating a few experiments, which any person may easily make, and which, he thinks, will point out its true cause. In the account now given of his communications to the public, we have chiefly confined ourselves to such as were the most important, and which threw new and distinguished light on various objects in the philosophical world. Besides these, he wrote a number of papers, both in earlier and in later life, which appeared in several different publications. We may add, that he was very particular with regard to the neatness and elegance of his apparatus; and that his address in conducting his experiments was remarkably conspicuous.

"The close and sedentary life of Mr. Canton, arising from an unremitting attention to the duties of his profession, and to the prosecution of his philosophical enquiries and experiments, probably contributed to shorten his days. The disorder into which he fell, and which carried him off, was a dropsy. It was supposed, by his friend Dr. Milner, to be a dropsy in the thorax. His death was on the 22d of March, 1772, in the 54th year of his age, to the great regret of his family, and of his literary and other acquaintance. Nor was his decease a small loss to the interests of knowledge; since from the time of life in which he died, and his happy and successful genius in philosophical pursuits, he might have been expected to have enriched the World of Science with new discoveries. Mr. Canton was of a very amiable character and manners. In conversation he was calm, mild, and rather sparing than redundant: what he did say was remarkably sensible and judicious. He had much pleasure in attending the meetings of the Royal Society, and some voluntary private societies of learned and intelligent persons, to which he belonged. Among the rest of his friends, whom he frequently met at one or other of these societies, may be mentioned Dr. Bradley, Mr. Thomas Simpson, Dr. Pemberton, the Rev. Dr. Owen, the

Rev. Mr. Thoresby, Dr. Franklin, Dr. Price, Dr. Priestley, Dr. Savage, Mr. Burgh, Mr. Rose, Dr. Amory, Dr. Jefferies, Dr. Furneaux, Mr. Radcliffe, Mr. Denham, Mr. Collings, and Dr. Rees. At most of these agreeable and literary conversations, the writer of the present article had many years the happiness of knowing and esteeming the understanding and the virtues of Mr. Canton. By his wife, who survived him, he left several children. His eldest son, Mr. William Canton, succeeded him in the academy at Spital-square, which he carries on with great reputation; and he also pursues with advantage the same philosophical studies to which his ingenious and worthy father was so eminently devoted."

We should have been happy to have inserted the whole of the notes, containing the experiments to ascertain whether the electricity produced in certain instances be positive or negative; the laws of the tourmalin; the experiments which refute the famous one of the Florentine Academy; those which prove the compressibility of water; and the process for making a phosphorus resembling in its qualities the Bolognian stone; but our limits would not admit of it. The experiment, however, for proving that the luminousness of the sea proceeds from the putrefaction of its animal substances, we have here subjoined.

"Into a gallon of sea-water, in a pan about fourteen inches in diameter, he put in the evening a small fresh whiting, and took notice that neither the whiting nor the water when agitated gave any light. The next night that part of the fish which was even with the surface of the water was luminous, but the water itself dark. The end of a stick being drawn thro' the water, it appeared luminous all the way behind it, but gave light only where disturbed. When all the water was stirred, the whole became luminous, and appeared like milk. The water was most luminous when the fish had been in it about twenty-eight hours; but could not give any light, by being stirred, after it had been in it three days.

[To be continued.]

Original Love-Letters between a Lady of Quality and a Person of inferior Station. 2 Vols, London, J. Bew, 1784.

WE are by no means admirers, but, on the contrary, avow ourselves open enemies to that inundation of Novels and Love-Letters wherewith, for the emolument of the owners of Circulating Libraries, the public are annually, nay, daily, overwhelmed, and which, for the most part, contain nothing either interesting or amusing,

"Having put a gallon of fresh water into one pan, and a gallon of sea-water into another, a fresh herring was put into each; the next night the whole surface of the sea-water was luminous, without being stirred, but much more so when put in motion; and the upper part of the herring, which lay considerably below the surface of the water, was very bright. The fresh water and the fish in it were both dark. There were several bright luminous spots on different parts of the surface of the sea-water; and the whole, when viewed by the light of a candle, seemed covered with a greasy foam. The light of the sea-water was not quite gone before the seventh night; but the fresh water and fish in it were perfectly (dark, we presume, is omitted) during the whole time. The thermometer was generally above sixty.

"Into a gallon of fresh water common or sea-salt was put, till, by an hydrometer, it was found to be of the same specific gravity with sea-water. In another gallon of fresh water two pounds of salt were dissolved, and into each of these a small fresh herring was put; the artificial sea-water appeared exactly like the real in the preceding experiment: its light lasted about the same time, and went off in the same manner. The other water never gave any light; and the herring, which was taken out of it the seventh night, and washed from its salt, was found firm and sweet; but the other herring was very soft and putrid, much more so than one which had been kept as long in fresh water. From these experiments it is evident, that the quantity of salt in sea-water hastens putrefaction, as the fish which had been kept in water of that degree of saltiness was found to be much more putrid than that which had been kept the same time in fresh water. It may be worth remarking, that, tho' the greatest summer heat is well known to promote putrefaction, yet twenty degrees more than that of the human blood seem to hinder it; for the heat of 118 degrees was found to destroy the luminousness of fish in less than half a minute."

much less instructing. They are at best a compound of trite common-place remarks jumbled together without skill or judgement, interlarded either with an *elopement*, or a *violent seizure of the Heroine*, followed by a *rescue* and a *duel*, and almost always concluding with a *wedding*; tending only to give a romantic turn of thought to the youth of both sexes

sexes, especially the female, by whom they are more generally read. These Letters, however, by no means deserve to be placed on a level with such productions; and we readily agree with the Editor, who says, "If the language of tender, virtuous, and polished minds have any value; if a chaste and mutual, but singular passion be calculated to interest and to charm; if affecting pictures of human hopes, agitations, and disappointments, are instructive to the mind, these Letters cannot fail of being received with that approbation which they highly deserve." But tho' they *interest*, tho' they *even charm*, admitting they *instruct*, are we authorized to conclude that they therefore *improve* the mind? which is, or *ought to be*, the main object. If they do not answer this end; if they do not meliorate the heart, as well as enlarge the understanding; if they do not tend effectually to restrain vice, and encourage virtue, they are but *amoeniores nugæ*, and the author cannot be said to have completely carried his *point*. He may have, and our author certainly *has*, a great deal of the *dulce*: he has new-dressed his thoughts, frequently in a most pleasing manner; tho' his style, in some places, favours too strongly of *orientality*; but is, upon the whole, classical and chaste. Yet, after all, the difficulty recurs, and we are at a loss to find the *utile*, and cannot help exclaiming, *Cui bono?*

How far these Letters are *originals*, we presume not to determine; we only give the Editor's words, and leave the reader to form his own judgement. "When I assert," says the Editor, "the following Letters to be original, and written under the circumstances which they illustrate, I bring no proof; and therefore leave their credibility to rest upon my *anonymous assertion*, or their own *internal evidence*. If the *latter* does not accompany them, I do not wish the reader to rest upon the *former*. If I could have composed them myself, I would not have yielded the reputation of them to supposititious characters.

"In giving them to the public, no secret is divulged, and no confidence is betrayed. The persons between whom they passed cannot now be affected by their publication. One of them is beyond the reach of this world's contempt or approbation, and the other is entirely regardless of it."

We cannot, however, omit observing, that there is a strong family-likeness between the Hero of the piece and *Harley* in the *Man of Feeling*; and a no less striking similarity of style between the preface and the body of the work, from which we shall now select some few passages.

The first Letter contains a distant allusion

of the gentleman's passion, which he artfully introduces by relating his dream of the preceding night; where, after giving a truly eastern description of a Lover's Paradise, he thus concludes: "Here, curse on the intruding morn! I awoke; yes, I awoke, but to lament how firm a rock supports our cares, and with how swift a wing our pleasures fly away!"

The Lady's answer is an evident confession that the writer is by no means indifferent to her, but in a manner the most delicate and guarded. As it is but short, we have inserted it entire.

"Though your dream was assuredly inspired by some celestial Power, and though it is highly flattering to my vanity, does it become me to answer the Letter which contains your beautiful description of it? This is a question which I offer to you, without having dared to address it to myself. The contest between Reason and Inclination is unequal, and of short duration: indeed, my understanding is not sufficiently enlightened to discover why Reason should oppose itself with so much rigour to the inclinations of an unperverted mind. Where is the imprudence, or what can be the crime, in acknowledging the pleasure which such a letter as yours is formed to bestow on her who receives it? If it had appeared in a printed volume, I might have admired it without reserve, and have declared my admiration without the fear of reproach: why may I not add, for it is the truth, that I should have wished it to have been written to me? Finding myself then, as I now do, in the possession of such a Letter, why may I not ask for such another?"

This Letter, notwithstanding its delicacy, is not devoid of a sufficient portion of sophistry; nor has the Lady a bad knack at making a *distinction* without a *difference*. If Reason opposed itself less rigorously to the inclinations *even* of an *unperverted* mind, we are apt to fear it would not long continue in its unperverted state. "The heart of man," we are told, "is, above all things, deceitful to itself." We are too ready to approve and admire what to us appears right and amiable, without sufficiently examining whether it be really an object of esteem or admiration. There is not a greater proverbial truism than "that the woman who deliberates is lost."

Among many other pleasing passages in his reply, the following is not the least so. "You are pleased to say that my Letter is highly flattering to you. Alas, my dear Lady! such applause as mine is not worth a moment's vanity. I have no riches; honours and titles belong not to me; my day is past, and let it go; nor do I wish for its return, unless by giving

giving consequence to the *vanzquished*, it may extend the fame of the *victor*."

The annexed description has something not only truly picturesque, but uncommonly affecting: "I passed yesterday afternoon through a most beautiful part of Berkshire: the Thames rolled its silver wave on my right; and to my left, the hills, vallies, and woodlands appeared in all the luxury of vernal beauty. But *this* was not all;—your Letter was in my hand. In a garden, by the way-side, I saw a youthful pair walking together; she hung upon his arm, and two beautiful children were playing about them. I gazed for a minute on the affecting groupe, and I then looked upon your Letter. I turned my eyes to the river, and saw the inverted landcape in its crystal mirror, and then I looked upon your Letter. I beheld a boatman stop his little bark; I heard him call to a milk-maid in the meadow: she left her pail upon the grass, and hastened to the bank: they were in tender converse together, when my eyes turned from them to look upon the paper inscribed with your name. At the bottom of a steep hill I alighted from the chaise, and as I slowly ascended, my attention was turned to a sparrow labouring to bear away a straw which lay in the road: thrice it dropped from his bill, and thrice the little bird returned to the charge: I watched its perseverance, and shared in all its pleasure, when it bore away the prize to a neighbouring bush; and again I looked upon your Letter. Oh! cried I, if ever Heaven's grace gave feeling to my heart, or eloquence to my lips, it is at this moment! wherefore, oh wherefore, then, is not Lucinda by my side?"

Tho' not one of these thoughts is either new or uncommon, yet the artful, tho' seemingly artless manner in which they are combined forms an whole that breathes the very enthusiasm of love, and which cannot fail of producing tender emotions even in the most unfeeling mind.

The Lady's remarks on fancy and an active imagination are pertinent and forcible, and may even be *useful* to her own sex. "What a rich, an abundant mine of satisfaction is such a fancy as yours! what a bright ornament for prosperity, what an infallible consolation in adversity! It possesses the capacity of making the days of the happy much happier, and of throwing a ray of com-

fort round the darkest cavern of distress. I congratulate my friend that he is blessed with this rare gift of Heaven, and were I a man, I should envy him the possession of it; but, in a female character, it is rather a *dangerous* than a *desirable* quality. A brilliant fancy, accompanied with that kind of sensibility which gives it all its real merit, is a faithless inmate of the virgin's heart: It makes us the *envy* of our own sex, the *ridicule* of yours, and too often the *easy dupe* of both. A woman without softness is a monster, and without a certain degree of sentiment and delicacy she cannot be amiable; but an active imagination and an unreflecting sympathy are the secret and most dangerous enemies to female happiness."

The Gentleman, after having, in the ninth Letter, which is a very long one, given a truly affecting account of his life previous to his acquaintance with the Lady, in the thirteenth, in answer to one of hers, in which she offers to procure him a place at Court, has, in assigning his reasons for refusing her offer, drawn a very striking, tho' not flattering picture of this envied abode of Princes, with which we shall conclude our extracts.

"There are few men (says the writer) entirely free from prejudices: at least, I am not one of the number; and among the prepossessions which belong to me, I possess a most rooted one against a Court and all its appendages of parade, vanity, and deceit.

"I never was at St. James's but three times in my life, and then merely to indulge a natural curiosity. The Court is a country of which I scarce know the geography, whose language I do not understand, with whose inhabitants I never had any communication, and whose manners, laws, and customs are as unknown to me as the hieroglyphics of an Egyptian obelisk. I have, indeed, read and heard of it; but I do not remember one favourable description: dangerous coasts, hidden rocks, fatal quicksands, sudden squalls, and sweeping hurricanes, are universally said to surround and make part of it; while its inhabitants have ever been described as an hypocritical, faithless, traitorous race, whose vices are contagious, and whose friendship is ruin.

L'ingannare, il mentir, la frode, il furto,
Et la rapina di pietà vestita,
Crescer col danno e precipizio altrui,
E far a se de l'altrui biasmo more,
Son le virtù di quella gente infida*.

* Deceit and falsehood, fraud and robbery,
And rapine cloath'd in fair Religion's garb,
The wish to rise upon another's ruin,
And honour gain by telling other's crimes,
These are the virtues of that faithless race.

"Tho'

“ Tho’ I have been affected, even to tears, at this instance of your anxious regard, I cannot reflect with a serious mind on the idea of your philosophic friend being equipped in the parade of court-service, and engaged in the versatile ceremonies of such a situation. I should be the very figure of awkwardness both in body and mind; for I should think as clumsily as I should act, and prove a woe-ful dishonour to your recommendation. My mind, however idly it may be employed, has too much business of its own to possess the *calm vacancy* so necessary to a courtier’s duty. Besides, I could not be satisfied with receiving the wages of idleness, and ranging myself among those gaudy miserable figures who compose, and are necessary to the pageantry of a palace. I do declare, in the sincerity of my heart, that I had rather be a turnspit in the royal kitchen, than a stalking court-automaton; tho’ it should be my duty to encreate the groupe of *splendid nothings* in the presence of Majesty. I trust and believe that I have an heart to lick the dust before superior virtue; but, at the same time, I have a mind which would disdain to cringe before the fool or the villain, tho’ decked with

titles, surrounded with wealth, and clothed with greatness. I am not one of those who would be contented

“ To live by pulling off the hat,
 “ And every day, and every hour,
 “ To bow to Images of Power.”

Throughout these volumes the writer or writers have endeavoured, and frequently with no small degree of success, to *imitate* (if we may be allowed the expression) the *imitable* and happy pathetic touches of the ever-to-be-admired Sterne; and have also displayed no inconsiderable share of knowledge in developing the intricate recesses of the human heart.

Upon the whole, if, after the opinion we have given of this kind of productions in general, we could with propriety recommend any, we certainly should these Letters, as containing more good sense conveyed in more pleasing language, and as being less liable to do harm (which is saying much in their praise) than any thing that has appeared for some time past in that line.

The Domestic Physician: or, Guardian of Health; pointing out in the most familiar Manner the Symptoms of every Disorder incident to Mankind. Together with their gradual Progress, and the Method of Cure. By B. Cornwell, M. L. Sold for the Author, 198, Fleet-street.

THERE is nothing new in the general plan of this work, many publications of a like nature having from time to time preceded it. The author of the present quotes the most eminent authorities, in corroboration of his own, for the prescriptions and mode of treating the several disorders on which he has written.

The author opens his work by a preface, in which he gives a summary of medical history from the origin of the art to its establishment under the auspices of *Hippocrates*, and onward to the elucidations of *Hervey*; who seems to have finally fixed it on the liberal basis of philosophy.

In the work itself the author has adhered to the tenor of his promise in the title, by arranging the whole army of diseases that assail the human constitution from infancy to old age; and a most formidable appearance they make to any poor mortal who feels himself liable to their attack. In his prescriptions he has followed the authority of the most eminent of the Faculty both in the last and present centuries, whose works he has quoted in support of his opinions; and the modes of treatment he has pointed out are in general rational, and

agreeable to the best established maxims of modern practice. He seems to intend this production chiefly for the use of private families, and persons remote from professional aid, either in point of situation or circumstances.

In many places his frequent use of technical terms will render his meaning rather obscure to many of his unlearned readers: and some disorders of which he treats are so dangerous a nature, as to render caution necessary with unskilful persons in relying entirely on their own judgement; for, with regard to symptoms, the best maxims of theory require the skill of practice to carry them into effect; nor is it possible for the utmost effort of professional excellence to transfer its own perfection to minds untutored in any of its principles.

On the whole, however, the work will be found extremely useful to that class of persons for whom the author professes chiefly to intend it; and the effort is highly meritorious, in conveying to humble life the means of preserving and improving the greatest of all sublunary blessings.

An Abridgement of Captain Cook's last Voyage, performed in the Years 1776, 1777, 1778, 1779, and 1780, for making Discoveries in the Northern Hemisphere, by Order of His Majesty. Extracted from the Quarto Edition, in Three Volumes; containing a Relation of all the interesting Transactions, particularly those relative to the unfortunate Death of Captain Cook; with his Life, by Captain King. London. G. Kearsley. 1784.

THIS epitome, in which all the nautical and astronomical parts are entirely omitted, as being only interesting to professional or scientific readers, is meant to accommodate those of a different class, who cannot conveniently go to the expence of the larger edition. It contains an abridgement of Capt. King's account of the life and public services of Capt. Cook, as also a most elegant inscription to his memory; together with an engraving, from a medal executed by Mr. Pingo for the Royal Society, to perpetuate it. The most interesting parts of the voyage are extracted; and tho', as the Editor observes, "the chief difficulty in the execution of such compressed productions is to preserve the select

passages, without destroying the chain or connexion of the narrative," he has succeeded so happily in the attempt, that we doubt not the generous encouragement of those for whose satisfaction he has been at the pains of making this Abridgement, will amply reward his labours. As we have already given extracts from the original work, it would clash with our plan to give any from this; we shall therefore only add, that tho' it bears evident marks of haste, we think it highly merits the perusal of the curious, and will afford them, we will venture to affirm, much amusement, at a very trifling expence.

A new and easy Introduction to Geography, by Way of Question and Answer, divided into Lessons. Principally designed for the Use of Schools. By Richard Gadesby. Printed for the Author, and sold by S. Bladon, No. 13, Paternoster-Row. 1783.

TO smooth the road to science, though a humble is yet an useful task, and they who perform it with success are entitled to some share of praise. Among this number we think Mr. Gadesby may be enrolled. He has given in a small compass a better geography for children than any we have yet seen. Indeed, in some respects, it seems to excel works far exceeding it in size and price, and for which (though in matters purely geographical they be less instructive) their authors enjoy a greater share of fame than that of the work before us can hope to attain. It has been a considerable obstacle to the progress of this science, that the authors of Geographical Grammars, instead of confining themselves to what is properly their subject, have commonly taken up by far the greatest part of their work with historical or political enquiries, and contented themselves with giving a list of names of cities, &c. without the least description of their situation or size. By this means the young reader is disgusted with a dry catalogue of hard words, from which he cannot receive the least real instruction; and after finishing the painful task of getting a few of them by rote, which he as quickly forgets, quits the study with the idea that Geography is either entirely useless, or at best will cost more time and trouble than it is worth. These faults our author has endeavoured to avoid, and we

think his work may be used with advantage by the youth of both sexes; to the instructors of whom we recommend it as a useful compendium.

As indiscriminate praise or censure deserve no notice, we shall lay before our readers a short sketch of Mr. Gadesby's plan. He begins his description of the countries in each quarter of the globe, from the North, and in the enumeration of the towns and cities follows the same order; by which means the learner is less perplexed in finding them in the map. This method, however, he has not adhered to in his account of England, where he generally mentions the chief town of each county first. We think that in a future edition it would be an improvement if he uniformly followed his original plan, as young students of geography are generally as ignorant of the situation of places in their own country, as of those in the most remote nations, and therefore will find it equally difficult to discover them in the map. There is a slight inaccuracy, which we will take the freedom to point out. The Straits Le Maire separate Staten Land from Terra del Fuego. Cape Horn is the most southern point of Terra del Fuego, but lies a considerable distance from the Straits; whereas, by Mr. Gadesby's account, the student may be led to imagine that the Cape lies within them.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

AN ACCOUNT OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

IT was a favourite opinion of many philosophers of the last century, that a magnetical principle, or very subtle fluid, to which they gave the names of *anima mundi*, *spiritus universalis*, &c. pervaded the universe, and gave to animal bodies a power of attraction and repulsion. This was the *Ζωομαγνητισμός*, or *animal magnetism*, of Father Kircher*; and as this fluid was supposed to have great power over the nerves, and to be analogous to the vital principle, it was soon adopted in the cure of diseases; especially as a discovery was thought to be made of poles in the human body, by means of which a current of this magnetical fluid might be directed to any particular part. It was imagined, that music rendered it more efficacious; and that, like light, it was capable of being reflected by mirrors. Van Helmont published a treatise *de magnetica vulnerum curatione*, and other writers extolled it as an universal remedy. These opinions became a copious source of empiricism and imposture in this as well as other parts of Europe. In 1637, as we learn from Dr. Goodall's *historical account of the College's proceedings against empirics*, one Leverett, a gardener, was summoned before the College (of Physicians) for "curing or healing all manner of diseases, but particularly the King's Evil, by way of stroking or touching with his hand." He was accused of having said, that "when he stroked any persons to cure them, there went out of him so much virtue and strength, that he did not recover it for several days," and that the sheets wherein he had laid were "a special remedy for many diseases." About thirty years after the prosecution of Leverett, a person named Greatracks acquired great reputation by a similar practice. An account of his success was published in 1668, and it is probable that much of his celebrity was due to Mr. Boyle, who considered him as an extraordinary person, and attested several of his cures.

In proportion as found philosophy came to be more cultivated, the visionary doctrine of animal magnetism was less regarded, and at length seemed to be totally neglected and forgotten. At this time of day we could hardly have expected to see it revived; and adopted with enthusiasm in one of the most enlightened capitals of Europe; yet so it has happened. Dr. Mesmer, a German physician, educated at Vienna, after having attempted in different parts of Germany, though with little success, to make proselytes to his system, came to Paris about the

year 1778, and having there announced his opinions, and commenced his operations, soon acquired uncommon celebrity, and is said to have amassed a very considerable fortune, at the expence of a credulous public.—At length the government have interfered, and a Committee has been appointed to investigate the merits of his practice. This Committee, whose very judicious report has been analysed in the Fifth Volume of Dr. SIMMONS'S *London Medical Journal*, consisted of Messrs. Borie, Sallin, Darcet, Guillotin, and Majault, of the Faculty of Physic; and of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, and Messrs. le Roy, Bailly, and Lavoisier, of the Academy of Sciences.

The Committee begin with giving a concise view of M. Mesmer's doctrine, as delivered by himself in a work entitled *Memoire sur la decouverte du magnetisme animal*, published in 1779. This doctrine, though announced by M. Mesmer as the result of a discovery peculiar to himself, agrees in all its leading principles with the ideas concerning animal magnetism, delivered by Kircher, Maxwell, and other writers on that subject, in the last century.

"Animal magnetism is a fluid universally dispersed: it is the mean of a mutual influence betwixt celestial bodies, the earth, and animal bodies,—so continued as to admit of no vacuum—of a subtilty far beyond that of all other bodies whatever—capable of receiving, propagating, and communicating all the impressions of motion, and susceptible of a flux and reflux. The animal body is subjected to the influences of this agent by means of the nerves, which are immediately affected by it. The human body has properties analogous to those of the magnet; it has also poles. The action and virtue of animal magnetism may be communicated from one body to other bodies, either animate or inanimate. It operates at a great distance, without the assistance of any intermediate body; is increased and reflected by mirrors; communicated, propagated, and increased by sound; and may be accumulated, concentrated, and transported. Though the fluid itself is universal, yet are not all animated bodies alike affected by it. On the contrary, there are some, though but very few in number, whose presence destroys all the effects of this fluid on other bodies.

"Animal magnetism cures nervous disorders immediately, and other disorders mediately. It assists and perfects the action of physic; provokes and directs salutary crises; brings the physician acquainted with

* *Magnes, sive de arte magnetica*, lib. 3, pars 6.

every circumstance of every disorder of every person of every age; is never attended with bad consequences; and is, in short, an universal means of curing and preserving mankind."

The Committee then tell us, that they repaired to the house of Mr. Deslon, who admits all Mr. Mesmer's principles, and performs cures after his manner. He accordingly read them a paper, stating that there is but one nature, one disease, and one cure, which cure is Animal Magnetism. He then engaged, 1. To prove the existence of animal magnetism. 2. To communicate what he knew on the subject; and 3. To prove the utility of the discovery of animal magnetism in the cure of diseases. The Committee accordingly began their process, by attending in the common room where the patients are magnetised.

The apparatus in use in the common magnetic room, consists of a circular platform made of oak, and raised about a foot and a half from the ground. This platform is called the *Baquet*; at the top of it there are a number of holes in which there are iron rods with moveable joints for the purpose of applying them to any part of the body. The patients are formed into a circle round the platform, and each touches his iron rod, which he can apply to any part of his body he pleases; they are joined to one another by a cord passed round their bodies, and intended to increase the effect by communication. In the corner of the room is a piano forte, on which different airs, sometimes accompanied with a song, are played. Each of the persons who magnetise holds an iron rod in his hand ten or twelve feet long. This rod, Mr. Deslon told the Committee, is the conductor of magnetism, which is to concentrate it in its point, and render its emanations more sensible. Sound is another conductor, and in order to communicate the fluid to the piano forte you need only approach the iron rod to it; the person who plays also furnishes some magnetism, which is transmitted to the patients, who are near, by sounds.

The interior part of the platform is so composed as to concentrate the magnetism in it; it is the great reservoir, from whence it diffuses itself by the branches of iron plunged in it. The Committee took care to satisfy themselves by means of an electrometer, and an iron needle not touched with a magnet, that there was no magnet concealed, nor any electricity.

The patients receive the magnetical influx in all the following ways, *i. e.* by the iron, the cord, and the sound of the piano. They are also directly magnetised by the Doctor's finger, and the rod held in his hand. This is carried about the face, head, or diseased parts, always observing the direction of the poles. But they are chiefly

magnetised by the application of the hands, and the pressure of the fingers on the hypochondria, and lower regions of the stomach.

The effects on the patients are various; some are not at all affected, others spit, cough, sweat, and feel extraordinary heats in different parts of the body, and many have very strong and extraordinary convulsions. These are catching, so that when one has them many more are immediately affected. Nothing can appear more singular than these to a man who sees them for the first time: besides violent screams, tears, laughter, hiccup, and spitting of blood, you see the patients looking out for particular people, smiling to one another, and endeavouring to soften the crisis; but the magnetiser governs them all; for though apparently in a doze, a look or a word from him will wake them, so that it is certain he has a very great command over them. Their convulsions are called *Crisises*; many women are affected by them, but very few men.

The Committee soon saw that they could do nothing to the purpose in this public way, and they very sensibly determined to make private experiments; the objects of which were, first, to know if there was such a thing as animal magnetism; and secondly, to discover whether, supposing it to exist, it did any good. For it might exist, and yet do no good; but it could do no good, if it did not exist.

With respect to its existence, nobody can feel or smell it; some, indeed, pretend to see it come out of the finger which conducts it, and to feel its passage when the finger is carried to the face, or cross the hand. But in the former case, what they feel is the insensible transpiration, which may be made visible by the microscope; and in the second, a degree of heat or cold arising from the different temperatures of the finger and face. As to the smell, if ever there is any, it is only the smell of the heated iron, or that of the fingers.—— There remain then two ways of trying this remedy, either by its final effects in curing diseases, or by its effects immediately perceptible in the animal economy. Mr. Deslon recommended the former; but the Physicians knowing that accident may often cure diseases where remedies fail, determined to have recourse to the latter, as the surest process.

1. They tried it, therefore, first on themselves, and felt nothing.

2. They then magnetised seven of Deslon's patients at Dr. Franklin's, at Pally; four felt nothing, and three felt or affected to feel a little.

3. They next magnetised several persons in higher life, and who could give a rational account of what they felt, and none of these felt any thing that deserves to be
men-

mentioned.—Meaning then to ascertain precisely the effect of imagination in the business,

4. At times they blindfolded some of the common people, and deceived them into thinking themselves magnetised; and at other times they magnetised them, without letting them know they did so. When the imagination was struck, the patients felt something, and when it was not struck they felt nothing at all.

5. Having been told that a magnetised tree would produce convulsions, they blindfolded a young man, and said they would lead him towards one. He did feel convulsions, but unluckily they came on when he was moved from the tree, and were strongest when he was at the greatest distance from it. Mr. Deslon said this was owing to all trees being magnetic; but if so, every body susceptible of magnetism would fall into convulsions on approaching a tree.

6. One woman accustomed to feel convulsions from magnetism, felt them when nothing was done to her, owing to the impression that they would come on.

7. Another woman accustomed to be rendered dumb by her magnetic Doctor, was in the same manner rendered dumb by the Committee; but it is very extraordinary, that this took place only on the bandage, which was at first upon her eyes, being taken off, and on the hand being drawn across the face *exactly in the manner* it had been drawn when she was magnetised before. The process of her struggling in vain to speak was visible, and lasted a minute; but we see that more senses than one were to be affected before it could take place.

8. The sense most visibly affected is the sight. A woman just come out of a crisis at Mr. Deslon's, happening to catch the eye of one of his pupils who magnetised her, was fixed by it for three quarters of an hour. She could not get rid of this look for some time, but had it constantly before her for three days sleeping and waking.

9. Imagination will make a crisis go off. A woman in convulsion, who was told she should be no longer magnetised, immediately recovered, though the operation went on as before.

From these facts the Committee reason thus:

FOR THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
AEROSTATION.

OUR Readers may wish, in the present rage for Balloons, to have a short and accurate account of the different aerostatic voyages that have been made since Mr. Mont-

10. It being proved that imagination acts in the private process, it will act more forcibly still in the public one: besides, the operator sometimes pressed strongly, and for a length of time, on different parts with his hands. The hypochondria and the pit of the stomach are the parts most commonly compressed; and it is certain in women, that by the pressure of the hypochondria the ovaries may be affected, &c. &c.

11. The faculty with which emotions of the mind produce emotions of the body, and the sympathy by which convulsions are communicated from one to many, is notorious from several instances. Not to speak of general phenomena, such as panics, the uniform courage of an army, a general disposition to rebel, &c. &c. Marchal Villars tells us a curious story of a very sensible man in the Cevennes, who turned prophet on being spoke to by a prophetess, and conceived that from his union with her the Messiah was to come. In the year 1780, sixty girls who were at sacrament at St. Roche's caught convulsions from each other, and the accident frequently returned.

12. Finally, the touch, imitation, and imagination, are the three great causes of the effects attributed to magnetism. M. Deslon seems to acknowledge the latter; but the Committee cannot agree with him, that so dangerous a remedy ought to be employed; for convulsions are a strong disorder in themselves, and, if suffered to be communicated in this manner, may extend to a whole city.

The conclusion drawn by the Committee from all their experiments and observations on this subject is, that animal magnetism is a mere chimera. They inform us that M. Deslon himself has been induced to acknowledge, that the imagination has the greatest share in the effects produced; but they observe, that altho' the imagination may occasionally be useful in physic, as in the instance of faith, where its effects are mild, and where it may have some influence on the cure, yet that when it produces convulsions, it acts by violent and destructive means, and becomes dangerous by multiplying the number of victims to nervous sensibility.

golfer's discovery. We present them with the following correct catalogue.

1st experiment, 21st November 1783, the Marquis d'Arlandes * and M. Pilatre de

* The Marquis d'Arlandes, one of the two first persons who ever adventured in a balloon to the upper regions of the atmosphere, was broke in the course of the late war on a charge of cowardice.

Rozier ascended in a Montgolfier, or balloon filled with rarified air, from La Muette, at fifty-four minutes past one o'clock, and their voyage lasted from twenty to twenty-five minutes.

2d. The first aerostat filled with inflammable air ascended from the Thuilleries on the 1st of December 1783, at forty minutes past one, and the ingenious discoverers, as well as adventurers, were Mess. Charles and Robert.

Their voyage lasted two hours and five minutes. The same day Mr. Charles mounted alone, and continued aloft thirty-five minutes.

3d. The grand Montgolfier of Lyons was elevated at Lyons on the 19th of January 1784; and the travellers were Mess. Joseph Montgolfier, Pilatre de Rozier, the Comte de Lauraucin, the Comte de Dampiere, the Prince de Ligne, the Comte de la Porte, and M. Fontaine. The immense machine took fire, but they descended without injury in about fifteen minutes.

4th. At Milan, on the 25th of February, the Comte Andreani, Mess. Augustin Gerli, and Ch. Jos. Gerli, ascended, and continued in the air about twenty minutes.

5th. Mr. Blanchard made his first experiment, and ascended from the Champ de Mars, near Paris, on the 2d of March, at half past twelve o'clock, and continued an hour and fifteen minutes in his voyage.

6th. On the 13th of March the Comte Andreani and two companions ascended again at Milan, to the height of 850 toises, and travelled seven miles.

7th. At Dijon, on the 25th of April, Mess. de Morveau and Bertrand ascended at forty-eight minutes past four, and were one hour and thirty-seven minutes in the air.

8th. At Marseilles, on the 8th of May, Mess. Bonin and Maret were elevated in an aerostat fifty feet in diameter, named Le Marseillois; they were only seven minutes in the air, and travelled a mile and a half.

9th. At Strasburg, on the 15th of May, a balloon was raised with two persons; but the voyage did not succeed.

10th. At Rouen, on the 23d of May, M. Blanchard made his second voyage; he travelled one hour.

11th. At Marseilles, on the 29th of May, Mess. Maret and Bremond went up again in the Marseillois. It went rather higher than before, but it took fire, and they escaped with great difficulty.

12th. At Lyons, on the 4th of June, in the presence of the King of Sweden, M. Fleurant and Madame Tible ascended in a Montgolfier seventy feet in diameter. This was the first Lady who ascended. Their journey lasted forty-five minutes.

13th. In Spain, on the 5th of June, M. Bouche, a young French painter, ascended in a Montgolfier made by the order of the

Infant Don Gabriel. It took fire, and he escaped with great difficulty.

14th. At Dijon, on the 12th of June, Monf. de Morveau and De Virly ascended, and made a voyage of one hour and two minutes.

15th. The Suffrein was raised from the Orphan-house at Nantes, on the 13th of June, at ten minutes past six o'clock; the travellers were Mess. Conlard, de Maffly, and Mouchet. They were up fifty-eight minutes.

16th. At Bourdeaux, on the 16th of June, Mess. Darbelet, des Granges, and Chalfour, ascended, and were up one hour and fourteen minutes.

17th. A grand Montgolfier was elevated at Versailles on the 23d of June, at forty-five minutes past four o'clock. The voyagers were Mess. Pilatre de Rozier and Proust. They were up forty-seven minutes.

It may be mentioned in this recital, that on the 11th of July, Mess. Miollan and Jannet failed in their public experiment, tho' on a previous trial their machine had elevated nine persons with seven hundred pounds of ballast.

18th. The Mess. Roberts and the Duke de Chartres ascended from St. Cloud on the 15th of July, and continued up about forty-five minutes.

19th. Mess. Blanchard and Boby ascended at Rouen on the 18th of July, and were up two hours and fifty-five minutes.

20th. The same Gentleman ascended at Bourdeaux on the 26th of July, and traversed the Garonne, and the Dordogne.

21st. On the 6th of August, Mess. Carny and Louchet ascended from Rhodes, and were up thirty-five minutes.

22d. On the 6th of September the Suffrein ascended again from the Orphan-house at Nantes. Mess. Conlard, de Maffly, and Delaynes, were the voyagers. It was up two hours and thirty-two minutes.

23d. At London, on the 15th of September, Mr. Lunardi, an Italian, ascended, and continued in the atmosphere three hours and twenty minutes, in which time he travelled twenty-five miles.

24th. The brothers Robert, and M. Hulin, ascended at Paris on the 19th of September from the Thuilleries, and in six hours and forty minutes travelled one hundred and fifty miles, which is as yet the longest journey performed by aërostation, and in every particular the most complete.

Thus far we have from M. de la Lande; but there are to be added one or two to the above which have taken place since the date of his Journal.

25th. Mess. Blanchard and Sheldon ascended at Chelsea, near London, on the 16th of October, at eight minutes past twelve. Mr. Sheldon alighted at Sunbury, and Mr. Blanchard continued his voyage to Rumsley, distant seventy-three miles from London,

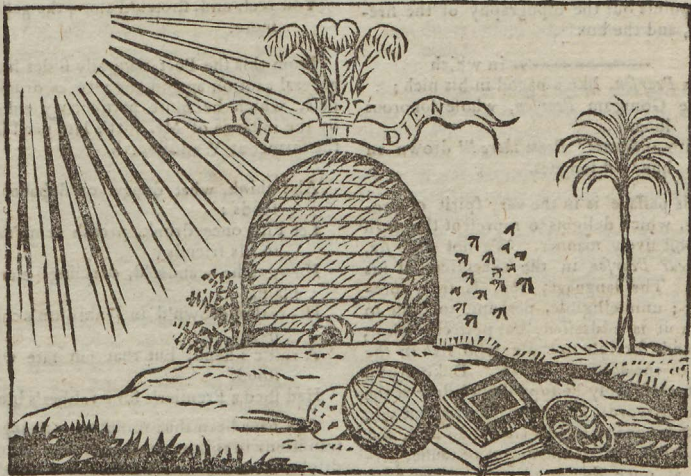
London, which he performed in less than four hours.

Mr. Carnet also raised himself at Philadelphia in a balloon: but the voyage was short, owing to its catching fire*.

Nov. 12. Mr. Sadler, of Oxford, ascended from the Physic-Garden there, and after crossing Otmoor, Thame, &c. descended

near the seat of Sir William Lee. He had the misfortune to be entangled in a tree; the car afterwards swept the ground, and the balloon rebounded to a considerable distance; but at length he cast anchor upon a hedge, and landed safe upon *terra firma*—though the balloon was totally demolished.

* From this, and every one of the experiments which have been made with the Montgolfier, or balloon inflated with rarified air, it is evident, that for purposes of use they can never be depended on. They are so subject to accidents, and at the same time so unwieldy, that they will hardly be used, except of a small size for entertainment.



T H E H I V E :

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

CRITIQUE ON THE ROLLIAD. No. VI.

AS we are credibly informed, that many persons of late have in vain enquired of their booksellers for the former impressions of the *Rolliad*, we are happy in being able to give notice, thus early, of a new edition, *the twenty-first*, now preparing for the press with all possible dispatch. This, like many of the preceding, will be enriched with considerable additions; of which we purpose hereafter to give some account. In the mean time, however, to gratify such of our readers as may have been hitherto unfortunately disappointed in their search after the work itself, we shall present the public with some further extracts from the last edition, accompanied, as before, with our observations.

We mentioned long since, that most of the passages intended to be selected for our criticism, were contained in the sixth book, where *Merlin*, by means of a magic lantern, shews to *Duke Rollo* the great characters, cotemporaries, and friends of his illustrious descendant, Mr. Rolle. This book, whether it be from the subject, or, as we sometimes flatter ourselves, from the recommendation of our commentary, has been generally admired above all the rest; and of consequence, it has been revised, corrected, and improved with uncommon care by the author in the successive editions of the Poem. Thus, in the *nineteenth*, he introduced for the first time his *Episode Parsonic*, on the vision of Dr. Pretyman in St. Margaret's pulpit †; and in the *twentieth*, the vision of the new

† See page 312.

Board of Indian Commissioners †. At the same time, also, he very much enlarged the description of the House of Commons, with which he judiciously prepares the reader for the exhibition of Mr. Rolfe, and the other political heroes of the age on that theatre of their glory. Maps of the country round Troy have been drawn from the Iliad; and we doubt not, that a plan of St. Stephen's might now be delineated with the utmost accuracy from the Rolliad.

Merlin first ushers Duke Rollo into the lobby; marks the situation of the two entrances; one in front, the other communicating laterally with the Court of Requests; and points out the topography of the fireplace, and the box

————— in which
Sits *Pearson*, like a pagod in his niche;
The *Gongom Pearson*, whose sonorous lungs
With "Silence! Room there!" drown an
hundred tongues.

This passage is in the very spirit of prophecy, which delights to represent things in the most lively manner. We not only see, but hear *Pearson* in the execution of his office. The language, too, is truly prophetic; unintelligible, perhaps, to those to whom it is addressed, but perfectly clear, full, and forcible to those who live in the time of the accomplishment. Duke Rollo might reasonably be supposed to stare at the barbarous words, *Pagod* and *Gongom*; but we, who know one to signify an Indian idol, and the other an Indian instrument of music, perceive at once the peculiar propriety with which such images are applied to an officer of a House of Commons so completely Indian as the present. A writer of less judgment would have contented himself with comparing *Pearson* singly to a

Statue in his niche—

and with calling him a *Stentor*, perhaps, in the next line: but such unappropriated similes and metaphors could not satisfy the nice taste of our author.

The description of the lobby also furnishes an opportunity of interpersing a passage of the tender kind, in praise of the Pomona who attends there with oranges. Our poet calls her *Hesperia*, and, by a dexterous stroke of art, compares her to *Shiptonia*, whose amours with Rollo form the third and fourth books of the Rolliad.

Behold the lovely wanton, kind and fair
As bright *Shiptonia*, late thy tender care.
Mark how her winning smiles and witch-
ing eyes
On yonder unflinch'd orator she tries;
Mark with what grace she offers to his
hand
The tempting orange, pride of China's
land!

This gives rise to a panegyric on the medical virtues of oranges, and an oblique censure on the indecent practice of our young senators, who come down drunk from the eating-room, to sleep in the gallery.

O! take, wife youth, the Hesperian fruit,
of use
Thy lungs to cherish with balsamic juice.
With this thy parch'd roof moisten; not
consume
Thy hours and guineas in the eating-
room,
Till, full of claret, down, with wild uproar,
You reel, and, stretch'd along the gallery,
snore.

From this the Poet naturally slides into a general caution against the vice of drunkenness, which he more particularly enforces by the instance of Mr. Pitt's late peril from the farmer at Wandsworth.

Ah! think, what danger on debauch at-
tends;
Let Pitt, once drunk, preach temp'rance
to his friends;
How, as he wander'd, darkling, o'er the
plain,
His reason drown'd in Jenkinson's cham-
pagne,
A rustic's hand, but that just fate with-
stood,
Had shed a Premier's for a robber's blood.

We have been thus minute in tracing the transitions in this inimitable passage, as they display in a superior degree the wonderful skill of our Poet, who could thus bring together an orange-girl and the present pure and immaculate Minister; a connection, which, it is more than probable, few of our Readers would in any wise have suspected.

————— *Ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitas, ut speciosa de hinc miracula promas.*

From the lobby we are next led into the several Committee-rooms, and other offices adjoining; and among the rest, Merlin, like a noble Lord whose Diary was some time since printed, has taken occasion to inspect the water-closets;

Where offerings worthy of those altars
lie;
Speech, letter, narrative, remark, reply;
With dead-born taxes, innocent of ill,
With cancell'd clauses of the India bill:
There pious Northcote's meek rebukes, and
here
The lofty nothings of the *Scrutineer*;
And reams on reams of tracts, that with-
out pain
Incessant spring from *Scott's* prolific brain.
Yet wherefore to this age should names
be known,
But heard, and then forgotten in their
own?

† See page 313.

Turn then, my son, &c. &c.

This passage will probably surprize many of our Readers, who must have discovered our author to be, as every good and wise man must be, firmly attached to the present system. It was natural for Dante to send his enemies to hell; but it seems strange that our Poet should place the writings of his own friends and fellow-labourers in a water-closet. It has indeed been hinted to us, that it might arise from envy to find some of them better rewarded for their exertions in the cause than himself. But tho' great minds have sometimes been subject to this passion, we cannot suppose it to have influenced the author of the *Rolliad* in the present instance. For in that case we doubt not he would have shewn more tenderness for his fellow-sufferer, the unfortunate Mr. Northcote, who, after sacrificing his time, degrading his profession, and hazarding his ears twice or thrice every week, for these two or three years past, has at length confessed his patriotism weary of employing his talents for the good of his country, without receiving the reward of his labour. To confess the truth, we ourselves think the apparent singularity of the Poet's conduct on this occasion, may be readily ascribed to that independence of superior genius, which we noticed in our last Number. We there remarked, with what becoming freedom he spoke to the Minister himself: and in the passage now before us we may find traces of the same spirit, in the allusions to the coal-tax, gauze-tax, and ribbon-tax, as well as the unexampl'd alterations and corrections of the celebrated India bill. Why then should it appear extraordinary, that he should take the same liberty with two or three brother authors, which he had before taken with their master; and without scruple intimate what he and every one else must think of their productions, notwithstanding he may possess all possible charity for the good intention of their endeavours? We cannot dismiss these criticisms without observing on the concluding lines, how happily our author here again, as before by the mention of *Shiptonia*, contrives to recal our attention to the personages more immediately before us, *Merlin* and *Duke Rollo*!

No. VII.

WE come now to the SANCTUM SANCTORUM, the *Holy of Holies*, where the glory of political integrity shines visibly, since the shrine has been purified from Lord *John Cavendish*, Mr. *Foljambe*, Mr. *Coke*, Mr. *Baker*, Major *Hartley*, and the rest of its pollutions. To drop our metaphor, after taking a minute survey of the lobby, peeping into the eating-room, and inspecting the water-closets, we are at length admitted into the House itself. The transition here is peculiarly grand and solemn. *Merlin*, having cor-

rected himself for waiting so much time on insignificant objects,

(Yet wherefore to this age should names
be known,
But heard, and then forgotten in their
own?)

immediately directs the attention of *Rollo* to the doors of the House, which are represented in the vision, as opening at that moment to gratify the hero's curiosity; then the Prophet suddenly cries out, in the language of ancient religion,

— Procul, ô procul este, profani!

Turn then, my son, where to thy hallow'd
eye

Yon doors unfold—Let none prophane be
nigh!

It seems as if the Poet in the preceding descriptions had purposely stooped to amuse himself with the *Gongom*, *Pearson*, *Huesteria*, *Major Scott*, Mr. *Northcote*, and the *Reverend Author of the Scrutinizer*; that he might rise again with the more striking dignity on this great occasion.

Such of our Readers as are acquainted with the old editions of the *Rolliad*, must certainly remember the descriptions of the bar, the gallery for strangers to sit in, and Members to sleep in, the clock, the mace, and the Speaker's chair. These have undergone little or no alteration, except, perhaps, in one or two places the correction of an inaccurate rhyme, or a feeble epithet. We shall therefore pass them over in silence, and proceed directly to the Treasury Bench:

Where sit the gowned Clerks, by antient
rule,

This on a chair, and that upon a stool;

Where stands the well pil'd table, cloth'd
in green;

There on the left the Treasury Bench is
seen.

No fatten covering decks th' unsightly
boards;

No velvet cushion holds the youthful
Lords.

And claim illustrious bums such small re-
gard?

Ah! bums too tender for a seat so hard!

The four first lines of the above quotation include all that was originally said of the Treasury Bench. The four last are entirely new. Nor, we trust, will their beauty be found inferior to their novelty. They touch on a subject of much offence to the young friends of the Minister; we mean, the barbarous and gothic appearance of the Benches in the House of Commons. The Treasury Bench itself looks no better than a *first form* in one of our public schools.

No fatten covering decks th' unsightly
boards ;
No velvet cushion holds the youthful
Lords.

This couplet states with much elegance the matter of complaint, and glances with equal dexterity at the proper remedy. The composition is then judiciously varied, and the whole art of the Poet is employed to interest our feelings in favour of the necessary innovation.

“ And claim illustrious bums such small regard ?
“ Ah! bums too tender for a feat so hard !”

Every critic knows the interrogation to be a figure of the most powerful effect. Hence it is not unfrequently employed by *Virgil* to give point to a reflection, as

“ Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ !”

And if our readers are desirous of seeing its full force in the present instance, they have only to substitute the following verse, which expresses the same sentiment in a more direct manner.

“ Illustrious bums might merit more regard.”

How flat, how spiritless this, in comparison of the other! Nor is the interrogation the only strong figure employed in this admirable passage. This is immediately succeeded by an interjection, with an exclamation of the most pathetic kind.

“ Ah! bums too tender for a feat so hard !”

Who can read the first line of the couplet without feeling his sense of national honour most deeply injured by the supposed indignity; and who can read the last without melting into the most unfeigned commiseration for the actual suffering to which the youthful Lords are at present exposed? It must, doubtless, be a seasonable relief to the minds of our readers to be informed, that Mr. Pitt, as it has been said in some of the *Daily Papers*, means to propose for one article of his *Parliamentary Reform*, to cover the seats in general with crimson fatten, and to decorate the *Treasury Bench* in particular with cushions of crimson velvet; one of extraordinary dimensions being to be appropriated to Mr. *W. Grenville*.

The epithet *tender* in the last line we were at first disposed to consider as merely synonymous with *youthful*. But a friend, to whom we repeated the passage, suspected that the word might bear some more emphatical sense; and this conjecture indeed seems to be established beyond doubt, by the original reading in the manuscript, which has since been obligingly communicated to us.

“ Alas! that bums, so late by pedants
scarr'd,
“ Sore from the rod, should suffer seats
so hard !”

We give these verses, not as admitting any comparison with the text as it now stands, but merely by way of commentary to illustrate the Poet's meaning.

From the *Treasury Bench* we ascend one step to the *India Bench*.

“ There too, in place advanc'd, as in command,
“ Above the beardless rulers of the land,
“ On a bare bench, alas! exalted sit
“ The pillars of Prerogative and Pitt;
“ Delights of Asia, ornaments of man,
“ Thy Sovereign's Sovereigns, happy Hindoostan.”

This passage has been so much changed as to be rendered in a manner perfectly new. The movement of the lines is, as the subject required, more elevated than that of the preceding: yet the prevailing sentiment excited by the description of the *Treasury Bench*, is artfully touched by our author, as he passes, in the *Hemistich*.

On a bare bench, alas! ———
which is a beautiful imitation of *Virgil's*

—— Ah! siliæ in nudâ.

The pompous titles so liberally bestowed on the *Bengal Squad*, as the *penniless hirelings* of Opposition affect to call them, are truly in the oriental taste; and we doubt not but every friend to the present happy government will readily agree in the justice of styling them, *pillars of Prerogative and Pitt, delights of Asia, and ornaments of man*. Neither, we are assured, can any man of any party object to the last of their high dignities, *Sovereigns of the Sovereign of India*, since the Company's well known sale of *Shah Allum* to his own Vicer is an indisputable proof of their supremacy over the Great Mogul.

As our author has been formerly accused of plagiarism, we must here in candour confess, that he seems, in his description of the *India Bench*, to have an eye to *Milton's* account of the *devil's throne*, which, however, we are told, much exceed'd the possible splendor of any *India Bench*, or even the magnificence of Mr. *Hastings* himself.

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outhone the wealth of Ormus, or of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East, with lavish
hand,
Shows on her King, barbaric pearl and
gold,
Satan exalted fate. ———

This concluding phrase, our readers will observe, is exactly and literally copied by our author. It is also worthy of remark, that as he calls the *Bengal Squad*

The pillars of Prerogative and Pitt,

So Milton calls *Beelzebub*

A pillar of state——

Though it is certain that the expression here quoted may equally have been suggested by one of the Persian titles said to be engraved on a seal of Mr. *Hastings*, where we find the Governor General titled, *Pillar of the Empire*. But we shall leave it to our readers to determine as they may think proper on the most probable source of the metaphor, whether it were in reality derived from *Beelzebub* or Mr. *Hastings*.

From the above general compliment to the India Bench, the poet, in the person of *Merlin*, breaks out into the following animated apostrophe to some of the principal among our Leadenhall-street Governors :

All hail ! ye virtuous patriots without blot,
The minor *Kinson*, and the major *Scott* ;
And thou, of name uncouth to British
ear,

From Norman smugglers sprung, *Le Mesurier*.

Hail, *Smiths* ! and *Wraxall*, unabash'd
to talk !

Tho' none will listen ! hail too, *Call* and
Palk :

Thou, *Barwell*, just and good, whose
honour'd name,

Wide as the *Gauges* rolls, shall live in
fame,

Second to *Hastings* ; and, *Vanstittart*, thou
A second *Hastings*, if the Fates allow.

The bold but truly poetical *Apocope* by which the Messrs. *Atkinson* and *Jenkinson* are called the two *Kinsons*, is already familiar to the public. The minor *Kinson*, or *Kinson the less*, is obviously Mr. *Atkinson* ; Mr. *Jenkinson* being confessedly greater than Mr. *Atkinson*, or any other man, except ONE, in the kingdom.—The antithesis of the major *Scott* to the minor *Kinson* seems to ascertain the sense of the word *Major*, as signifying in this place the greater : it might mean also the elder ; or it might equally refer to the military rank of the Gentleman intended. This is a beautiful example of the figure so much admired by the ancients under the name of the *Paronomasia*, or *Pun*. They who recollect the light in which our author before represented *Major Scott*, as a pamphleteer fit only to furnish a *water-closet*, may possibly wonder to find him here mentioned as THE GREATER *Scott* ; but whatever may be his literary talents, he must be acknowledged to be truly great, and worthy of the conspicuous place assigned him in his capacity of Agent to Mr. *Hastings*, and of consequence chief manager of the *Bengal Squad* ; and it must be remembered that this is the character in which we are now considering him. The circumstance of Mr. *Le Mesurier's* origin from *Norman Smugglers* has been erroneously supposed by some critics to be designed for a re-

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proach ; but they could not possibly have fallen into this mistake, if they had for a moment reflected, that it is addressed by *Merlin* to *Rollo*, who was himself no more than a *Norman pirate*. Smuggling and piracy in heroic times were not only esteemed not infamous, but absolutely honourable. The *Smiths*, *Call* and *Palk* of our Poet resemble the

Alcandrumque, *Haliumque*, *Noemonaque*,
Prytanimque,

of *Homer* and *Virgil* ; who introduce those gallant warriors for the sake of a smooth verse, and dispatch them at a stroke without the distinction of a single epithet. Our Poet too has more professedly imitated *Virgil* in the lines respecting Mr. *Vanstittart*, now a candidate to succeed Mr. *Hastings*.

——And, *Vanstittart*, thou
A second *Hastings*, if the Fates allow.

——Si quæ fata aspera rumpas,
Tu *Marcellus* eris !

The passage however is, as might be hoped from the genius of our author, obviously improved in the imitation ; as it involves a climax most happily expressed. Mr. *Barwell* has been panegyricized in the lines immediately foregoing, as *second to Hastings* ; inferior to Mr. *Hastings* alone in virtues ; but of Mr. *Vanstittart* it is prophesied, that he will be a *second Hastings* ; second indeed in time, but equal perhaps in the distinguishing merits of that great and good man, in obedience to the Court of Directors, attention to the interests of the Company in preference to his own, abstinence from rapacity and extortion, justice and policy towards the Princes, and humanity to all the natives of *Hindustan*. The ingenious turn on the words, *second to Hastings*, and a *second Hastings*, would have furnished matter for whole pages to the *Dionysius's*, *Longinus's*, and *Quintilians* of antiquity, tho' the affected delicacy of modern taste may condemn it as quibble and jingle.

We shall conclude this number by inserting, without any comment, our author's new project for the improvement of the India Bench, with which he closes the apostrophe above quoted.

Oh ! that for you, in Oriental state,
At ease reclin'd, to watch the long debate,
Beneath the gallery's pillar'd height were spread
(With the Queen's leave) your Warren's
ivory bed !

Some ACCOUNT of the great MECHANIC the EMPEROR has lately brought into Note.

THIS person, who was a Bohemian peasant, and whose fame reached the ears of the
E e e the

the Emperor, has since been employed by him in forming machines of various kinds, all of which he has executed in the ablest and most satisfactory manner. The greatest difficulty he has yet overcome was that of inventing a machine for reaping corn. A Nobleman at the Court of Vienna asserted, in the Emperor's hearing, that the ancients had such a machine in common use, but that it was never known in modern times. His Majesty said his Bohemian should try his skill at one; he accordingly spoke to him. The mechanic at once saw the extreme difficulty of executing it; but, after a week's thought, he called for paper and pencils, and began to design in his rough way. He pleased himself, and, when he had finished, went to work with his blacksmith and wheelwright to execute his ideas. The machine was presently finished, and wrought last harvest; one man, a boy, and two horses, cut down twelve acres of wheat in eight hours. The straws of the corn are taken hold of and bent on a board, and then chopped off half way to the ground, and laid in very nice little heaps, from which they are easily gathered.

When the Emperor first patronised this extraordinary person, he asked him in what way he wished most to be provided for. He answered, that he wished to be fixed in the midst of a set of workmen, who should have no other business but to execute his ideas. This was done for him, and a pension of about 100*l.* a year English given him. He has since invented a great many most useful and extraordinary machines, which are coming into common use every day about Vienna.

MISCELLANEOUS REMARKS, By ABBE RAYNAL.

SPEAKING of women, he observes, "That women are much longer in determining upon any measure than men; but having once determined, or ceased once to blush, they blush no more."

Speaking of glory, he says, "Though you compose the most sublime poem, tho' you surpass Cicero or Demosthenes in eloquence, or Tacitus in history, you may gain reputation, but not glory. Glory, says he, appertains to God in Heaven; glory is the lot of virtue, not of genius."

"In monarchical governments nothing is more rare than to see the Minister of the same Court, who possesses dignity and honesty sufficient to carry into execution a project conceived by his predecessor."

"I have often seen, says the Abbé, Priests conducted to prison, but never saw them brought to the places of public execution. Why do assassins plunge their daggers into the breasts of men on the highways, to their

own personal danger, when they may do it at the Altar without any? Superstition has made the Supreme Being the protector of the basest crimes!"

"The privilege of the press produces some inconveniences, but they are so trifling, when compared with the advantages, that it may be reduced to two or three words: *Vaut il mieux qu'un Peuple soit éternellement abruti, que l'Etat quelquefois turbulent?* Is it better that a people should be for ever as ignorant as brutes, than that they should sometimes be turbulent?"

"A general suspension of justice would become one of the severest scourges that human powers could consent to."

"A Frenchman lives among a multitude of acquaintance, but dies alone."

"If you would have your farmer pay his rent equally in bad and good years, be not too rigorous with him, nor demand all that your lands will produce."

"In the Hotel-Dieu at Paris, and Bicêtre, every fifth or sixth patient perishes; in the hospital at Lyons every eighth or ninth."

"If you examine the history of the globe, you will find that in all the arid regions, where they are subject to inundations, volcanos, &c. the religion is always cruel; on the contrary, it is gentle where nature has been bountiful."

A LIST of CURIOSITIES imported Alive Fifty Years ago; in an Epistle from Dr. THOMAS HANCOCK to Sir HANS SLOANE, who saved his Life, and desired him to send over all the Rarities he could find in his Travels.

SINCE you, dear Doctor, sav'd my life,
To biess by turns and plague my wife,
In conscience I'm oblig'd to do
Whatever is enjoin'd by you.
According then to your command,
That I should search the western land
For curious things of ev'ry kind,
And send you all that I could find;
I've ravag'd air, earth, seas and caverns,
Men, women, children, towns and taverns,
And greater rarities can shew
Than Gresham's children ever knew;
Which carrier Dick shall bring you down,
Next time his waggon comes to town.

I've got three drops of that same shower
Which Jove in Danae's lap did pour;
From Carthage brought, the sword I'll
send,
Which brought Queen Dido to her end;
The stone whereby Goliath dy'd,
Which cures the head-ach, well apply'd;
The snake's skin, which you may believe
The Devil cast, who tempted Eve;
A fig-leaf apron, 'tis the same
Which Adam wore to hide his shame,

But

But now wants darning. I've beside
 The club by which poor Abel dy'd;
 A whetstone, worn exceeding small,
 Time us'd to whet his scythe withal;
 The pigeon stuff'd, which Noah sent
 To tell him where the waters went.
 A ring I've got of Samson's hair,
 The saine which Dailah did wear;
 St. Dunstan's tongue, which story shows
 Did pinch the Devil by the nose;
 The very shaft, as all may see,
 Which Cupid shot at Anthony;
 And, what above the rest I prize,
 A glance of Cleopatra's eyes;
 Some strains of eloquence, which hung,
 In Roman times, on Tully's tongue,
 Which long conceal'd and lost had lain,
 'Till Cowper found them out again;
 A goad which, rightly us'd, will prove
 A certain remedy for love,
 As Moore cures worms in stomach bred,
 I've pills cure maggots in the head,
 With the receipt, and how to make 'em:
 To you I leave the time to take 'em.
 I've got a ray of Phœbus' shrinc,
 Found in the bottom of a mine;
 A Lawyer's conscience, large and fair,
 Fit for a Judge himself to wear.
 I've a choice nostrum, fit to make
 An oath a Catholic will not take.
 In a thumb-phial you shall see,
 Close cork'd, some drops of honesty,
 Which, after searching kingdoms round,
 At last were in a cottage found;
 An antidote (if such there be)
 Against the charms of flattery.
 I ha'n't collected any care;
 Of that—there's plenty ev'ry where;
 But, after wond'rous labour spent,
 I've got one grain of rich content.
 It is my wish, it is my glory,
 To furnish your nick-nackatory;
 I only beg, where'er you show 'em,
 You'll tell your friends to whom you owe
 'em:

Which may your other patients teach
 To do, as has done your's,

T. H.

FROM the year 1641 to the present period, all that Bishop Wilkins wrote concerning his secret and swift messengers, flying, &c. was looked upon as the wild imaginations of a crack-brained man; and Pliny the naturalist has been coupled with him, when we read of his assuaging the violence of the waves: yet Dr. Franklin has proved beyond a doubt, that a spoonful of oil will smooth an acre of water; and that Wilkins's flying chariot has been frequently travelled in; and, therefore, now is the time to observe what he has said upon the subject more than a century ago, which is as follows: "But, among all other possible conveyances (says the Bishop) through the air, imagination itself cannot conceive any

one more useful than the invention of a flying chariot, which I have mentioned elsewhere; since, by this means, a man may have as free a passage as a bird, which is not hindered either by the highest walls, or the deepest rivers and trenches, or the most watchful sentinel; but of this, perhaps, I may have occasion to treat more largely in some other discourse." And accordingly he does observe, in another work of his (both very scarce,) "That there is a great difference betwixt the several quantities of such bodies as are commonly upheld by the air, not only gnats and flies, but also the eagle, and other fowls of vast magnitude. Cardan and Scaliger do unanimously affirm (and this, says he, is almost as wonderful as the flying chariot) that there is a bird among the Indians, of so great a bigness, that his beak is often used to make a sheath or scabbard for a sword; adding, that the main difficulty would be in raising the chariot from the ground, near unto which the earth's attraction is of the greatest efficacy; for when once it is aloft in the air, the motion of it will be easy." There is no reason, therefore, to doubt the truth of the artificial dove contrived by Archytas, nor the iron fly made by Rhegiomontanus, of which Dubartas wrote thus:

"Once, as the artist, more with mirth than
 meat,
 Feasted some friends whom he esteem'd
 great,
 From his learn'd hand an iron fly let out,
 And having flown a perfect round about,
 With wearied wings return'd unto her
 master,
 And as judicious on his arm he plac'd
 her."

EPISTLE to C—— F——,

From an intimate Acquaintance.

DEAR Charles, whose eloquence I prize,
 To whom my every vote is due,
 What shall we now, alas! devise
 To cheer our faint desponding crew?

Well have we fought the hard campaign,
 And battled it with all our force,
 But self-esteem alone we gain,
 Out-run, and jockey'd in the course.

Within the Senate, and without
 Our credit fails; th' enlighten'd nation
 The boasted Coalition scout,
 And hunt us from th' Administration.

We've carp'd at this, and carp'd at that,
 And who hath heeded what we said?
 The House is coy, they smell a rat,
 The time is past, and we are sped.

And shall we then like fools despair?
 Can we no thriving scheme invent?

E e e e

Yes;

Yes; let Camcleons feed on air,
Such diet will not thee content.

But why invent? The plan is ready,
Form'd by a *Wag* of late in jest;
Let us adopt it, firm and steady,
And, drowning, clasp it to our breast.

Quick let thy soul with *grace* be fill'd!
Expect no other *call* but mine;
With penitence I see thee thrill'd,
With new-born light I see thee shine.

I see *subscribers* throng around,
(Can *Brookes's* e'er supple such prizes?)
The pious *bleed*—and from the ground,
Behold, a *Tabernacle* rises!

Proud of a *Methodist* like thee,
The vulgar shall not there resort;
But Lords and Dames of high degree,
The splendid sinners of a Court.

What emphasis! what sacred rage!
What pathos! what celestial fire!
And now, the troubled heart t' assuage,
What tones, "as from th' angelick
quire!"

Now, to its proper use apply'd,
Thy rhetoric flows in vain no more;
Thy hearers listen to their guide,
And, as thou teachest them, adore.

With such attendance at thy shrine,
And by the *saints* maintain'd in clover,
Let not thy former friends repine,
To their stern *creditors* bound over.

How spruce will *N—th* beneath thee
sit!
With joy officiate as thy Clerk!
Attune the hymn, renounce his wit,
And carol like the morning lark!

Or, if thy potent length of prayer
By chance induce a kindly doze,
Wake in the nick, with accent clear,
To cry Amen! and bless the cloze!

To comick *Richard*, ever true,
Be it assign'd the curs to lash,
With ready hand to ope the pew,
With ready hand to take the cash.

For thee, O *beauteous and sublime*!
What place of honour shall he find?
To tempt with money were a crime;
Thine are the riches of the mind.

Clad in a *Matron's* cap and robe,
Thou shalt assist each *wither'd crone*!
And, as the piercing threat shall probe,
Belt thine to lead the choral groan!

Thine to uplift the whiten'd eye,
And thine to spread th' uplifted hand,
Thine to upheave, th' expressive sigh,
And regulate the *hoary band*!

Dear *Charles*, with speed this plan essay,
On dreams of power no longer muse;
For, 'faith, thou'rt in a piteous way,
And not a moment halt to lose

A SERMON out of the 7th Chapter of *JOB*.
"Man is born to trouble, as the sparks
fly upwards."

I shall divide my discourse into and consider it under the three following heads:
1st. Man's ingress into the world.
2d. His progress through the world.
And thirdly, and lastly, his egress out of the world.

1st. Man's ingress into the world is,
Naked and bare.
2d. His progress through the world is,
Trouble and care.
And thirdly and lastly, His egress out of the world is,

Nobody knows where.
To conclude. If we do well here, we shall be well there.

I can tell you no more if I preach a whole year.

AVARICE: A GENTOO POEM.

I HAVE tore up the entrails of the earth
for riches.
I have sought by chemistry to transmute
the metals of the mountains.
I have traversed the Queen of the Oceans,
I have toil'd incessant for the gratification
of Monarchs.
I have renounced the world for the study of
incantations.
I have passed whole nights on the places
where the dead are burnt.
I have exhausted all the powers of science.
I have not gain'd one cowry.
Begone, O *Avarice*! thy business is over.

BON MOT of Lord BOLINGBROKE.

DEAN Swift, in a conversation with Lord Bolingbroke concerning economy, told his Lordship, it was always good to have money in the head, though not in the heart. "Dear Doctor (replied Bolingbroke), he that has money long in his head cannot prevent its descending to his heart."

GARRICK and TASWELL.

AN ANECDOTE.

DURING the representation of *Tamerlane*, Garrick on one side of the Stage, and Taswell on the other, seem'd very attentive to the Performers. When the Scene was finish'd, they both retir'd into the Green-Room. Taswell, in his dry but positive manner, said that *Tamerlane* was a
damned

damned bad play. "No, Taz (said Garrick), Tamerlane is an excellent Tragedy." The other persisted in his opinion, and said, that he could give a very good reason why

it was a bad Play. "Aye, let's hear?"—"Why, Sir (said Taz), if it had been a good one, I am sure you would have acted a part in it."

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

DRURY LANE.

THE Author of the new Comedy of *Deception*, an account and character of which were given in our last Magazine, p. 328, finding his Piece not altogether relished by the Town, very prudently withdrew it after the first night's representation, which was succeeded by the following

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Miss FARREN,

And written by E. TOPHAM, Esq.

AS drowsy sentries, whom no thanks reward,

Toy'ning comrades yield the nightly guard,
So one sad Comedy relieves another,
And Dulness kindly finds as dull a brother.
Condemn'd to wade through all the *tedium*
past,

I—your old Epilogue—survive the last—
And here am left—poor Pleader! to atone
As well for others errors—as my own.
For late you felt—nor long remov'd the
time,

How soon from rhyme in prose—I pros'd
in rhyme.

The metred Muse—each passion chim'd fo
pat,

Sir tag'd out this, and Madam jingled that:

"Twas, Pray, Mr. what's your name, how

"do you do?"

"Pretty well, Sir, I thank you; and pray

"how do you?"

"A touch of your snuff-box, my charming

"Miss Finch!"

"To be sure, Sir; I'm always your friend

"at a pinch."

And yet, seduc'd by Hay-market flirta-
tion,

Methinks I owe my friends some reparation;
For have I not, with itrange unbridled
fury,

Storm'd the mock Tragedy of ancient Drury?
Laugh'd at her weeping heroes, boxing
chiefs,

Her mournful pleasantry and joyous griefs,
Made Lords and Ladies all unpitied die,
Who wept, and fought, and bled—they
knew not why?

Yes—But unfulfill'd by this casual stain,
Again shall rise the powers of Drury-Lane;
Th' eternal handkerchief be hous'd hereafter,
And Tragedy no more provoke your laughter.

But why thus dwell on sublunary things,
On pale-board sceptres, and on Playhouse
Kings?

Fancy with airy flights my noddle crowds,
I'm like the nation—wholly in the clouds.
Nothing for them too high—for me too
hardy—

Give me a second trip with *Sieur Lunardi!*
There, mounting dauntless to the pale-fac'd
moon,

Find out at last—that cats may die too soon;
Then spurn at dread of elemental wars,
To drink Madeira, and shake hands with stars;
Jostle the hawks and eagles as I go,
And leave the gaping "pigeons" far below;
—Below—where, fatt'ning on Artillery fare,
Peers, Chemists, Aldermen, and Princes stare;
Such fare as makes all martial glory prouder.
—Store of stuff'd beef—but not a grain of
powder:

Soldiers insur'd!—and did I wish for peck,
I'd under-write the garrison myself.

O what a grand display such science yields,
Beaux from P.e-Corner—Belles from Spital-
fields!

Jews, dogs, and dust-carts nobly intervene,
And Ministers on scaffolds close the scene!
By puffs inflammable and favouring skies,
Say, then, to-night shall our *Balloon* arise,
Or, weight and ballast baffling each endea-
vour,

Shall it just curtsey, and then sink for ever?

Thursday evening, Nov. 4, a new Musical
Farce, called *The Spanish Rivals*, was per-
formed the first time at this Theatre.

We understand this Farce to be the first
attempt of a young gentleman (a Mr. *Lonsdale*)
in dramatic composition; and we wish
always to be indulgent to first attempts.

The intrigue, or plot, is occasioned by a
young man's personating an old gentleman,
his rival. The fabric is slight; yet it
shows some invention; but the dialogue is
not sufficiently seasoned with points, puns,
and surprises, for that part of the audience
who are the peculiar patrons of Farces.

The Music is by Mr. Linley; and, like
all his compositions, discovers more taste
and judgment than genius and fancy.

The following PROLOGUE,

Written by the AUTHOR of the FARCE,
Spoken by Mr. BANNISTER, Junior,
preceded the Piece.

WELL fare each heart that here has oft
confest

The tender feelings of the human breast!
There, virtue reigning, gives soft pity birth,
And conscious virtue ne'er was foe to mirth!
Thus judging, Sirs, and sure 'tis judging right,
I'm come to canvas for your smiles to-night:
And

And on these boards beg leave to introduce
A bantling of the laughter-loving Muse.
No jest of ours shall give a moment's pain,
And as for politics—the scene's in Spain!
Tho' if you'd like a taste of home-bred
manners,

A simple English lad shall make his honors,
One farther North than York—but no re-
proach—

Honest! as e'er bestrode the Carlisle Coach;
He's canny Cumberland! no Scot indeed—
For simple Scotchmen never cross the Tweed!
(*To the Upper Gallery.*)

What cheer aloft there? Any Bucks of
Wapping?

Yo! ho! my souls! Come, come—all
hands to clapping;

Take t'other sup of grog, then heel about;
See what comes next; and damme! see it
out.

Who sits beyond? Oh! many a loving pair!
And many a snug economist is there.—

Kind souls! I know 'em well, they're al-
ways willing

To stay, and have—twelve-penn'orth for
their shilling.

You who behind your counters daily toil,
(*First Gallery.*)

Who smile to live, and therefore live to
smile,

Oh! take not home to-night a face of sor-
row,

Or, sure you'll lose a customer—to-morrow;
Smart, thriving tradesmen do their busi-
ness—fo—

Not yawning out “a—tenpence, Ma—am;
heigho!”

With you, our serious judges in the pit,
(*Pit.*)

I'd gladly joke—but scarce dare trust my
wit;

Our Bard would blame me, should I not
succeed,

And then your smiles were—terrible in-
deed;

Away you'd march, in critic spleen and
vapours,

And we should feel you in to-morrow's pa-
pers!

(*Boxes.*)

Ladies—but fancy sure already traces
A kind good humour dawning in your
faces,

That says, for two short Acts you'll keep
your places.

Your presence, sure, can shield the bard from
danger—

Protect him then—he's young, and he's a
stranger.

Monday, Nov. 22, a Musical Opera,
called *Arthur and Emmeline*, was performed
the first time in its altered state. *King Ar-
thur*; or, *The British Worthy*, by Dryden, is
well known; and we need not give an ac-
count of it. It has been compressed into

an Entertainment to be performed after a
Play; and Mr. Linley has made some altera-
tions and additions to the Music. It is a
splendid and pleasing Masque, and was per-
formed with great judgement and taste.

COVENT GARDEN.

FRIDAY, Oct. 29. A new Farce, called,
Aeroflation, or, *The Templar's Stratagem*, was
performed for the first time. Mr. Pilon,
the author of this Farce, has often distin-
guished himself by a happy use of temp-
orary occurrences.

The passion of a Lady of fortune for Bal-
loons furnishes the occasion of a stratagem,
which is the plot of this Entertainment. For
a Templar having discovered that her lo-
ver was not disposed to gratify her humour
by ascending with a Balloon, makes his
servant personate a Baron, and propose to
gratify her wishes. This occasions a chal-
lenge; and to relieve the cowardice of the
lover, his nephew comes to his assistance,
on such terms as enable him to accomplish
a matrimonial purpose of his own.

The dialogue, wit, humour, and puns of
this Farce are, like the usual productions of
Mr. Pilon, sprightly and laughable; but not
remarkable for their accurate reference to
nature, or for the art and delicacy of their
clothing.

It was on the whole well received.

The following PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. WILSON, preceded the
Piece.

TO-NIGHT's adventurer with awe looks
round,

And views the perils which his bark sur-
round;

Three years are past since on this coast he
came,

Bound on a dang'rous voyage, in quest of
Fame.

Your smiles he'll deem propitious beams
that rise,

Circling the star that lights his polar skies;
And near approaching that magnetic part,

He feels the needle trembling at his heart.
But of our bard enough perhaps I've said,
When greater cares are lab'ring at my head.

I made no doubt to entertain you soon
With a new Theatre in a stage balloon.

No more in garret high shall Poets sit,
With rival spiders spinning cobweb wit;

Like antient Barons future bards shall
fare,

In their own castles built up in the air;
Dull Poets then behind a cloud shall stay,

Whilst Fancy, darting to the source of day,
Bold as an eagle, her career shall run,

And with strong pinions fan the blazing
sun.

But

But ere we raise our Play-house in the skies,
As Wit's Prime Minister I'll raise supplies;
For, sad to tell! above, as here below,
'Tis only money makes the mare to go.
Bubbles shall then be tax'd of ev'ry kind;
Why tax the light, and leave untax'd the
wind?

First, for Pinetti's sake, of high renown,
Who'll steal the shirt off any man in town,
A heavy tax on Common Sense shall fall;
Nay, you may smile, but it affects you all;
Italian Op'ras, like aliens, I've devis'd,
Shall pay a poll-tax to be nat'raliz'd.

Farce, Dance, and Fantomime, with Sprites
and dragons,
Shall pay the carriage-tax of broad-wheel'd
waggons;

And as for Tragedy of modern date,
Let it contribute at Quack Medicine rate.
A tax too we enact new pieces pay,
Apollo's Civil List expences to defray;
Living, or dead, henceforward we decree,
Damn'd, or still-born, no author shall be
free;

Genius shall pay for being born to fame,
And Dullness for the burial of its name.

Thus, of our Ways and Means the state
you find,
I hope these aids will meet the House's
mind.

On you the Stage rests all her rising fate,
You give our wit both currency and weight;
From hence, like gold in circulation brought,
By all the world it eagerly is sought.
If critics come not on the Mintage night,
To clip the sterling, and then call it light;
Assert our wishes, grant the meed we claim,
Praise that inspires, and smiles that guard
our fame!

Friday, Nov. 12, Mr. Holman appeared
for the first time in the part of Macbeth.

When we observed his appearance announced, we thought it an undertaking bordering on temerity, as it respected the interests both of the Manager and Performer. We deemed him, as the Public do the Minister, possessed of the essential capabilities, but too young for the part. The answer in both cases is—There is no other: business must be done, and a short experience and practice will ripen and mature strong and genuine qualifications.

A critique on the performance of Macbeth would be an essay. Mr. Holman possesses very promising talents. His passions are in general alive to their proper objects; and he appeared to great advantage in many interesting situations. But it may be as useful to take notice of those faults he may amend, as to join in an indiscriminate applause of his performance. On the supposed appearance of the dagger, he spoke to the apparition, instead of speaking to himself of it. Shakspeare's mode of personifica-

tion may seem literally, but does not really warrant it.

When he returned from the commission of the crime, holding the two daggers in his hands, the limbs of Mr. Holman were too pliable; and he threw about his arms in graceful action. It is the property of horror to stiffen and petrify.

Mr. Holman, however, shewed what might be expected from him in the Banquet Scene, and in that wherein he dies.

The music, scenes, and decorations were in a high stile of excellence.

Tuesday, Nov. 16, A Comic Opera, written by Mr. O'Keefe, and called *Fontainebleau*; or, *Our Way in France*, was performed the first time.

The passion for travelling or residing in France is a proper subject of ridicule; and Mr. O'Keefe has chastised it with freedom. By love adventures, desperate circumstances, and the common vanity of opulent ignorance, he has grouped at Fontainebleau a citizen, his wife, and daughter, from Garglick-hill; a gay Adventurer; a vicious Welch Baronet; two or three amiable young Ladies; an English Nobleman and Gentleman; an Irish Landlady; a French Count, and a French Taylor, accompanied by Valets, Waiting-Maids, &c. English and French.

Though they are not led from scene to scene by circumstances so connected and involved as to form a natural and interesting Fable, they are thrown into a kind of labyrinth; and their evolutions, embarrassments, and successes keep up the attention by their variety, oddity, and sometimes improbability. The whole, however, was written in such a vein of hilarity, and the dialogue, though sometimes coarse, so unaffected and humorous, that the Play kept the audience in a perpetual laughter, either at or with the Author.

Though the Fable was trifling; though the Dramatis Personæ either wanted originality, or any similitude to the national characters they were made to represent, yet, by a peculiar mode, sometimes by a happy absurdity in their incidents and business, the Author contrived to produce, perhaps, the best purpose of a Play, to create mirth and laughter.

In short, though we would not fix on Mr. O'Keefe to form the taste and manners of our families, or to furnish those gratifications on which the highest enjoyments of life depend; yet we must acknowledge, that for the means of instantly dissipating the little clouds and glooms of our evenings, and for honest and hearty laughter, we have more obligations to Mr. O'Keefe than to any dramatic writer of the age.

P O E T R Y.

To ELIZA, on her BIRTH-DAY.

ODE, by Dr. JOHN CAMPBELL,

Author of "The Political State of Great Britain."

I.

HEAR, Heaven! on this propitious day,
O hear! and on the Nymph bestow
Whate'er may make her blest'd and gay,
For whom my verse and wishes flow.

II.

Let ev'ry morn of her dear life
Be mild and fair and bright as she,
Free from all clouds of care or strife,
And sweet to her as she to me.

III.

Long let mankind her charms admire,
And longer still her virtues prize;
Late may her seraph soul retire,
To join its kindred in the skies!

IV.

For me, whose only boast is love,
O grant me leisure to adore!
Let time our mutual flames improve:
Completely blest'd, I ask no more.

V.

Be wealth on citizens bestow'd;
To soldiers grant a deathless name;
Let statesmen shake off Envy's load,
And rise in power, and rise in fame!

VI.

Unmov'd, in their superior spheres
I shall these mighty great ones see;
Nor warm'd with hopes, nor chill'd with
fears;
Who loves, from other cares is free.

O N H O P E.

By the Same.

HOPE is a charm that soothes the
lab'ring mind,
The pleasing opium of the afflicted soul;
In it alone the wretched comfort find,
For lively Hope can every care controul.

My beating bosom is a well-wrought cage,
Whence this sweet goldfinch never shall
elope;

Her music all my sorrows can assuage,
So soft the songs of heart-deluding Hope.

We have been favoured with a correct Copy
of the following elegant Tribute of Affec-
tion for a departed Relation, whose pub-
lic Talents and private Virtues were emi-
nently conspicuous.

VERSES to the Memory of my beloved
Sister MARIA LINLEY.

TWICE hath the sorrowing Muse her
tribute paid,
And the sad call of mourning love obey'd;

* Alluding to the untimely death of my dear brothers Thomas and Samuel.

Again in cypress wreaths she veils her lyre,
And milder grief her plaintive strains in-
spire.

Again she comes to soothe my lonely hours,
And strew th' untimely grave with weeping
flow'rs,

Sweet half-blown buds, cropt in their ear-
liest bloom,

Fit emblems to adorn Maria's tomb;
The fair! the young Maria! she whose song
Charm'd to mute rapture the admiring
throng;

Whose smiling loveliness all hearts subdu'd;
Whose gentle accents fond attention woo'd,
Mourn, Beauty, mourn! no more with wan-
ton pride

Boast your bright charms with orient crim-
son dy'd.

Let sad reflection pleasure's dream supply,
And tremble in the tear that dims your eye.
Such charms on sweet Maria were bestow'd,
There innocence and health united glow'd;
So shone the soften'd lustre of her eyes,
Such were the dazzling beams of glad sur-
prise.

Ye too, whose gentler souls confess the
pow'r

Of heav'nly harmony, her loss deplore,
Whose notes, enchanting, struck with magic
art

On all the soft vibrations of the heart;
Oh! let your dying strains to Heav'n be
borne,

And imitate the excellence you mourn:
So shall the angel spirit downward bend,
And towards the friends the lov'd her arms
extend.

Pitying the sorrows we are doom'd to bear,
And vainly wishing us her blifs to share.
While thus my tears with these sad numbers
flow,

Still fondly cherishing my pleasing woe;
While thus my lov'd Maria's form I trace,
Her animated look, her native grace;
I soothe the grief I wish not to subdue,
And all her sweet perfections still renew.

STANZAS to a LADY.

THE fact on which these Verses are founded
is as follows: A very amiable and accom-
plish'd young Lady unfortunately conceiv-
ed a liking for a *Debauchee*, whose life and
manners had justly rendered him an
object of universal detestation. It was
in vain that her friends urged every means
to dissuade her from so fatal a pursuit. As
her fortune was large and independent,
she imagined that she alone was the
truest judge of what would conduce
to her own happiness. Previous, how-
ever, to the event taking place, a friend
enclosed to her the following verses, as if

coming

coming from the party with whom she was about to unite her fate. Why must I give you the conclusion of the Story? The Lady rejected all advice, was married, and the prediction in the last Stanza was verified in two years afterwards.

TIS not thine eye, of azure blue,
'Tis not thy lip, of coral red,
'Tis not thy cheeks, of crimson hue,
Nor the long honours of thy head:
'Tis not thy foul, of spotless make,
Where virtue's to true honour join'd;
Nor yet thy fair and faultless shape,
Just image of thy spotless mind:
No: these I leave to be possess'd
By Shoeblacks, Butchers, Barbers, Bakers;
By them thy charms may be caress'd,
So I but get thy dirty acres.
Thine eye and lip may change their place,
The first be red, the latter blue,
And time may o'er thy head and face
Ten thousand rev'rend trophies strew.
Thy honour and thy virtue, both
Put up to sale, will turn the penny;
To *Charlotte's** take them—nothing loth—
Open to all—the price a guinea.
Together in a bag be shook
Thy faultless shape, thy spotless soul;
The one pick creffes at a brook,
T'other turn tapiter to a goal.
Then come, fair Nymph, and with thee
bring
Thy longs, thy shorts, thy fours, thy
threes †;
Welcome as tender buds of spring;
Sweet as the thyme of Hybla's bees.
Possess'd of these—slap-dash we go!
Seven is the main! The box resounds
At Brookes's, nick the lucky throw,
Beat up the watch, and scour the rounds.
Hark! to Newmarket's joyous call,
The knowing-ones shall in be taken.
See how my mare outstrips them all!
My sorrel first upon *the Beaucon*.
Thus, thus, dear girl! we'll pass the hours,
And thus employ our kindred talents,
Strew life's dull path with fruits and flow'rs,
I with my wenches—thou—thy gallants.
And when the whole is gone and spent,
Save one poor solitary shilling,
By all the Gods! I grant consent,
With ready heart, and spirit willing,
That thou, fair Angel! dearest wife!
(Courage, my love! nay, never falter)
Shalt end the joys of wedded life,
And, 'Head of me, embrace—a halter.

* Ch——tte H——s.
was vested in the Public Funds.
EUROP. MAG.

ODE to the SUPREME BEING,
Written during a Thunder Storm.

Time, Night.

HARK! thro' the wide-extended sky
Loud peals of thunder roll;
And, while they shake my peaceful bed,
They awe my trembling soul.

Let coward guilt withdraw its head,
When vengeance hovers nigh;
Or, conscious of approaching fate,
To gloomy caverns fly.

To Thee, thou great eternal God,
My fervent vespers rise;
While jarring elements unite,
And danger meets mine eyes.

'Tis thine to guard the virtuous mind
From each impending ill,
And teach the stubborn heart to bend,
Submissive to thy will.

'Tis thine to rule a thousand worlds
That deck the azure sky,
Yet look on erring mortals with
A father's pitying eye.

And when thy hand hath still'd the storm
That rends the sturdy tree;
Still shall my grateful soul ascend
In extacy to thee.

Whatever on earth may be my lot,
Whatever cares be mine;
From Nature's stores, O! let me learn
To trace thy hand divine.

Whatever flies, or creeps on earth,
Or skims the liquid sea,
In Reason's ear confess they owe
Their origin to thee.

Hence let me learn with steady steps
The snares of vice to shun;
And whatsoe'er thou think'st is right,
O! let thy will be done.
Norwich, Nov. 3, 1784.

C—

ODE to MODESTY.

O THOU! who sit'st by Merit's side,
With seraph looks, untaught by pride;
Mekelt of forms that tread the enamell'd
plain!

Whose magic sheds a roseate grace,
That adds new charms to beauty's face,
And giv'st to gentlet forms a more enchant-
ing reign!

Not rob'd in flashy splendours bright,
That glare upon the aching sight,
But like Night's regent in a silv'rv gleam,
When verdant vales are gemm'd with
pearly dews,
And the lone traveller his way pursues
O'er dusky moors and rocks, cheat'd by his
pensive beam.

† A very considerable part of the Lady's fortune

The Sage (upon whose honour'd head
 Ennobling Time its snows hath shed)
 Thy vot'ry kneels, and hails thy native grace ;
 Valour too with thee is found,
 His brows with vivid laurels bound,
 Tho' born to act, yet not his acts to trace :
 For when loud Fame his prowels speaks,
 Thy orient blushes tinge his cheeks ;
 Whilst Cowardice high vaunts with brazen
 pride,
 And Falshood's tongue, the vain and
 shadowy deed,
 " What heroes brave his wrath com-
 pell'd to bleed !"
 Till Time shakes off those plumes, and all
 the wretch deride.

O thou ! whose spirit most possess'd
 The fair Lucretia's spotless breast,
 When her great soul effus'd its crimson tide :
 A purer stream, O Nymph divine !
 Has ne'er imbu'd thy virgin shrine.
 See Roman freedom from its fountain glide !
 Sweet Modesty ! thy accents low
 Like whispering Zephyrs gently flow,
 Dear to the Bard, and soul-subduing Nine ;
 Sister of Genius, Virtue's sweetest friend,
 Guide all my thoughts, and o'er each act
 attend,
 For in thy lovely train the Graces ever
 shine.

Malvern, Oct. 17, 1784. R. P. W.

The PRAISES of INGENUOUS LOVE.

WHILE some lone bird upon the
 mountain's brow
 Cheers the poor rustic as he guides his plow ;
 Her notes melodious pierce th' encircling
 air,
 And breathe the soul of love in softest
 prayer.
 So from that hour when first my heart
 aspir'd
 To call thee mine—by pure affection fir'd ;
 Each matin song glow'd with my lover's
 name,
 And nightly carols echoed back the same.
 The gayer scenes had lost their pow'r to
 please,
 And contemplation only offer'd ease.
 " Blest solitude !" I cry'd, " all hail to
 thee !—
 Thou friend of love—the mind's true li-
 berty !
 To thee I flee—thy shades shall yield repose,
 And cank'ring wounds with lenient balsam
 close ;
 Thy sacred haunts no busy tongues defile,
 Thence stand, & flies, concomitant of guile."
 Oh, what is Love !—that tortures while it
 charms ;
 A double source of double-fac'd alarms.
 It bids me doubt—then smiles my doubts
 away ;
 The blissful sunshine of reviving day.
 But, soon revers'd, the gloom of fear prevails,
 And deep anxiety my thoughts assails.

Yet if of happiness this earth can boast,
 Let me aver—'tis those possess it most
 Who know sweet sensibility's extremes ;
 The soul's pain'd pleasing transitory dreams ;
 For what insensibility can taste,
 Are all but empty pleasures void of zest.
 Give me by tender sympathy to know
 The secret springs of ev'ry sufferer's woe !—
 My heart shall share,—my ready wish re-
 lieve,
 And what I want in power, in pity give.
 Oh ! should I, doom'd to exquisite distress,
 Feel all the pangs of keen unhappiness ;
 My misery heighten'd by no friend's ap-
 proach

To cheer my dreary solitary couch ;
 E'en then, whate'er my tortur'd breast en-
 duce,

I would not wish less feeling for a cure ;
 'Tis this ensures our high degrees of bliss
 In the sweet realms of pure sabbatic peace.
 Celestial maid ! fair Hope—to thee I fly,
 And in thy looks benign late joys defer.
 But if to taste the cup of bliss while here
 Shall be deny'd ;—and ever-anxious care
 Prey on my heart ;—'twas Love which gave
 the wound,

Love which eternity itself can't bound.
 Love is our business, while we pass thro'
 time,
 Love our delight in the angelic clime ;
 All parallels in cases such as these
 May pain contracted minds—but great ones
 please.

'Tis Love I celebrate : the name's divine,
 And makes ev'n nature's dreary prospects
 shine.

Woolwich, Kent.

ELIZA,

LOVE DIVINE.

NATURE through her works doth
 praise

Him who form'd this wond'rous ball ;
 Loud each part doth anthems raise
 To thy name—Great All in All !—
 Man alone can sleep supine
 Midst the marks of love divine.

Morning, clad in blue-ey'd beams,
 Wakes each songster on the spray ;
 Man, for whom such goodness streams,
 Man, more negligent than they,
 On his pillow doth recline,
 Careless about love divine.

While the Sun his daily round
 Thro' empyreal tracts performs ;
 Man, Nature's priest, akin is found
 To dust—to insects—and to worms.
 Man alone doth praise decline,
 Favour'd child of love divine !—

Mercy in a flowing tide
 Waits to wash his guilt away :
 Jesus fair would be his guide,
 Calling, " Sinners—I'm the way—
 The truth—the life—Whoe'er is mine
 Shall taste the joys of love divine."

Hear him, mortals! hark!—his voice
Bids your drowsy souls awake;
Lo—he calls you to rejoice,
And of purchas'd bliss partake,
Bids thee make him wholly thine:
Surely this is love divine.

Let the world forego its hold,
Quit its unsubstantial joys;
Sell not mental peace for gold,
Never pant for childish toys,
Make thy God—thy Saviour thine,
Nothing equals love divine.

Woolwich, Kent. ELIZA.

MIRANDA to CELIA,

On the latter's requesting a Lock of the
Author's Hair.

A LOCK of hair my Celia asks:
A kind request, tis true;
But now, alas! these locks are grey,
And terrible to view.

Disease long since this change has wrought*,
And age untimely brought;
Disease, with its attendant pain,
Has chac'd each pleasing thought.

Gloomy, dispirited, and sad,
The tedious hours I count,
Invoke *Hygeia* to my aid,
The horrors to surmount,

But only *One Eternal Cause*
Can make these pangs to cease,
Refluent turn the tide of health,
And soothe my soul to peace.

A ray of hope darts thro' my mind
Of promis'd joys to come;
I for a moment sigh, and wish
That Death wou'd fix my doom:

The next, by sickness overpower'd,
Desponding I complain.
How fickle is the human mind,
How frail, how weak, how vain!

Have we not read that holy men,
Assur'd of heav'nly bliss
In the next world, where joy e'er reigns,
Have still adher'd to this?

How can we solve this strange desire,
Of wishing to remain
In prison pent beneath the moon,
In sorrow, grief, and pain?

Perhaps the Great Omnipotent
Implanted this desire,
To lead us on to virtuous deeds,
And to that Heav'n aspire.

Despair wou'd else more frequent wait
In ambush to destroy,
And both in this world and the next
Cut us from every joy.

But whither does the Muse thus stray?
Pardon, my dear—st friend:
Your life is in full blossom now,
Mine hastening to its end.

This lock which your affection claims
Wou'd not afford delight;
Its grisly hue would you disdain—
You'd shudder at the sight:—

While Strephon, at your elbow plac'd,
Wou'd say, "Ah! what a view!
"An emblem of mortality!
"And did you for this sue?"

Enclose it in your cabinet,
Nor it expose to light;
A score years hence indeed you may
Bring it again in sight:—

When envious Damon swears it should
Meet a feverer doom;
And hopes to see the hapless lock
In fire and flames consume.

To spare this contest, my dear friend,
Some other trifle ask,
Which with alacrity I'll send,
As a more pleasing task.

May our esteem and friendship prove
Most firm and permanent;
And may the pledge which I transmit,
Still stronger it cement,

Till time's no more, and earth dissolves,
When, in a purer sky,
We the dear union may enjoy
Thro' all eternity.

C H A N S O N.

MON cœur, trop insensible,
Croyoit jusqu'à ce jour,
Que pour vivre paisible
Il falloit fuir l'amour.

Je suivois ce système,
Sans voir combler mes vœux;
Et c'est depuis que j'aime
Que je me sens heureux.

Plus un cœur est sensible,
Plus il sent son bonheur;
Amour, s'il est possible,
Augmente mon ardeur.

Mais en brûlant mon ame
De ce feu si cheri,
Porte la vive flamme
Au sein de ma Phillis!

Une belle bergère,
Qui n'a que des appas,
Celle souvent de plaire
Lorsqu' elle n'aime pas.

Amour, sous ton empire
On attend du retour,
Et l'amant qui soupire
Veut amour pour amour.

* The Author's hair was grey at four-and-twenty.

TRANSLATION.

SWEET Peace, I long insisted,
Must bless the tranquil heart,
Since happiness consisted
In flying Cupid's dart.

This maxim still pursuing,
I vainly fought for rest,
Till Love, my heart subduing,
Had made me truly blest.

The sensible and tender
The purest raptures know ;
To love when we surrender,
Our pleasures brighter glow.

O may the gen'rous passion
That cheers and warms my heart,
Soft pity and compassion
To Phillida's impart !

The maid, however charming,
Who Love's soft pow'r disdains
With scorn her beauty arming,
Ne'er forges lasting chains.

Our constancy ensuring,
We join in mutual bands ;
For love that's worth securing
Claims hearts as well as hands.

JUDICIAL INTELLIGENCE.

PROCEEDINGS in the COURT of KING'S BENCH, on the Cause of the DEAN of ST. ASAPH, who had been prosecuted for and convicted of a Libel.

NOVEMBER 8.

MR. ERSKINE arose, and engaged the attention of the Court of King's Bench, by recapitulating the evidence on the Dean of St. Asaph's trial, in a clear and concise manner ; after which he turned his attention to the doctrines laid down, and the charge given to the Jury from Mr. Justice Buller, who presided upon the Dean's trial. He contrasted it with Lord Mansfield's opinions on several cases, particularly the King against H. S. Woodfall. In the course of this investigation, Mr. Erskine seemed to feel no restraint, but what flowed from a liberal construction of the laws of England, and a strict attention to the justice of his client's cause. He was particularly pointed against the doctrine, that Juries were judges only of the fact divested of the law ; and he strenuously contended, that his client's advertisement to the publication in question ought to be considered as the context, and, had there been any criminal intention in the text itself (which he denied), was sufficiently explanatory of his client's conduct. Suppose, said the learned Advocate, " a person was indicted for blasphemy, and it was alledged in the record that the defendant had published the following blasphemous tenet, " There is no God ; " if this unqualified phrase was to be taken without the context, would not every printer of a Bible fall under the lash of an Attorney-General's information ? This must certainly be the case, because every such printer will find in David's Psalms the following text : " The fool has said in his heart, *There is no God.*" After having very copiously, in a legal, moral, and political point of view, insisted on the doctrine that Juries were to all intents judges of the law and fact, and that, in cases of libel, they ought to consider the intention, which was only to be gathered

from a due attention to every part of the publication, together with the motives of the publisher ; he laid down certain propositions, from which he contended that Court could not recede, in substance as follows : That when a bill of indictment or information charges a subject with any crime, and the party accused puts himself upon the country, the Jury will proceed upon such general charge, and deliver the defendant from all the parts, and not from one fact exclusive from another. That no act which the law in its general theory holds criminal, constitutes in itself a crime, abstracted from the general issue of the charge, but that the whole ought to be collected by the Jury.

Upon the two preceding propositions he reasoned very strongly, and particularly observed, if the Star Chamber doctrine was again to be revived, thank God there was now a Chief Justice upon the Bench, whose liberality of sentiment, enlarged understanding, and magnanimity of soul, would prevent any dreadful effects from falling upon the people of England ; " but unhappily the present Chief Justice was not immortal." He advanced three other propositions, upon every one of which he enlarged with a clearness of deduction, and solidity of judgment, that claimed the utmost attention from the Bench, and the highest admiration of the Bar ; and he concluded with moving for a *new trial*.

Judge Buller then observed upon Mr. Erskine's manner of stating his charge to the Jury, and made use of some pointed language against the several matters adduced by Mr. Erskine ; upon which that gentleman justified himself as acting in the character of an independent advocate, appealing to the Court to obtain justice in behalf of his client.

Lord Mansfield granted a rule to *shew cause* by a *new trial* should be granted.

Mr. Justice Buller, who had presided as Judge in the prosecution, made a report of the proceedings which had then taken place. In this report he stated with brevity and precision what happened, the evidence brought in support of the indictment, and the Jury's verdict, which was, *Guilty of publishing only*. The Judge, desirous of rendering this trial decisive, objected to the manner in which the verdict was found, and told the Jury they ought to have found, whether the matter on which they gave sentence was criminal or not. To this Mr. Erskine objected, and said, that the verdict ought to be recorded as given in. The objections made to his charge were two, which he considered at some length, in order that the Court might see the ground on which his conduct proceeded. He disclaimed having given any opinion concerning the nature of the publication in question. He only wished to have got such a verdict, as, in his opinion, was warranted by the evidence before the Court.

Mr. Bearcroft then rose for the prosecutor. He thought his situation rather a disagreeable one; but it was his duty to bring forward such arguments as he thought the cause in which he was employed required. He would, however, set out with a very serious intention of doing justice to the question before the Court, to the rights of Juries, to the laws of England, to the public, and to the parties concerned in the cause at issue. He contested with his usual ingenuity, the several propositions which had been laid down by Mr. Erskine, when he moved for the rule. He especially attacked the second, which was, *that no act which the law in its general theory holds to be criminal, constitutes in itself a crime abstracted from the mischievous intention of the actor; and that the intention, when it becomes a legal inference of legal reason, from a fact or facts established, may and ought to be collected by the Jury, with the Judge's assistance. Because the act charged, though established as a fact in a trial on the general issue, does not necessarily and unavoidably establish the criminal intention by any abstract conclusion of law; the establishment of the fact being still no more than full evidence of the crime, but not the crime itself, unless the Jury render it so themselves, by referring it voluntarily to the Court by special verdict.* In his opinion, the Jury had only to do with the fact, and merely to judge and to pronounce on its effects or operations. He deemed Juries the guardians of the public, the interests of which they were bound to protect against all opposition or encroachment. The moment therefore the public was injured, the business of a Jury who were to decide on that fact was, without regard to the intention of the agent, to

redress that injury. Nor, as he conceived, was the advertisement which had accompanied the publication any vindication of it, as it would not be pled as any compensation whatever for the various bad consequences which might accrue from such a publication. The learned Counsel went through all the other propositions in nearly the same manner.

He was followed by Mr. Cooper, who stated the question clearly, and whose arguments were pertinent, and urged with simplicity and ardour. Judge Buller, in his opinion, had the greatest law-authorities in this country for the charge he had given on the subject. He said, cases in point were endless. For a great many years, six-and-twenty of which he was sorry to add were within his own experience, the practice had been uniform. All the Judges who had presided in his Majesty's Courts had held the same language to Juries on every similar occasion.

Mr. Lytster adopted the same arguments in substance, which had been so ably and copiously urged by the Counsel who preceded him.

Mr. Bower thought much of the confusion which adhered to the subject had arisen from not sufficiently considering the meaning of the word intention. He explained this term in its legal and technical signification, and applied his remarks to the case under consideration with much elegance and perspicuity. He compared the case of the public, and that of an individual, as suffering through ignorance or inattention. And he insisted that reparation was due from one to another in both, notwithstanding it might have been effected without intention or design. He would not enter into a competition with his learned friend Mr. Erskine, to whose superior abilities he was always ready to bow; but he could not help lamenting his own want of comprehension, in viewing the same object in a light so different from him. This happened in a quotation from the decision in the case of the King against Woodfall, which Mr. Erskine said most luminously expressed this sentiment—That when a man publishes a libel, and has nothing to say for himself, no explanation or exculpation, a criminal intention need not be proved—It is an inference of common sense, not of law. The report here referred to struck him in a quite different light. But that he would rather impute to his own inferior judgment than to any misconception in his learned friend. He adverted to the case of the Bishops, who in the beginning of the civil wars had been nobly liberated by a Jury, who took upon them to judge of the law as well as the fact. He would not investigate their verdict. He regarded it with reverence, as an instance of the

the goodness of Providence, in rescuing the kingdom by that means from despotic government; and without pretending to enquire into the legality of such an action, he would hope, whenever this country should again be in extraordinary danger, means of an extraordinary nature would also be adopted, and sanctified by Providence, for effecting the same important end. He begged the Court and the public would consider the consequences which must necessarily result from the doctrine which a new trial would certainly establish. No two counties would agree in what was law, perhaps concerning any given libel. Middlesex would probably have an opinion, and the county of York another; and while a person was here sentenced to be put on the pillory for writing or publishing a seditious libel, he might in some patriotic place be applauded as the favourer of his country. After a very elegant and pointed speech of near an hour in length, he apologized for having consumed so much time, and declared his only object was to deliver his apprehension of the law in question with freedom and candour.

Mr. Manley said also a few words, and cited a case which none of the gentlemen preceding him had mentioned.

Mr. Erskine then rose, and was on his legs considerably above two hours and an half. The legal distinctions he made were infinitely various and acute. He viewed the question as involving the most essential and discriminating rights of Englishmen. It was a conviction of this which disposed him, under every possible disadvantage, to bring it forward. Nothing but his supreme regard for the purity of English liberty, and the constitutional law of the land, could have tempted him to embark in a cause in which he was likely to be opposed by the greatest authorities. He denied, however, that the question which had been agitated in this case could be decided by any authority on earth in flat contradiction to the spirit and character of the common law of England. He was ready to produce innumerable authorities, which had no superiors in point of weight and veracity, on his side. All the greatest men who had enriched the world by their legal productions, had, whenever the subject came under their consideration, confirmed him in his opinion. He adverted to every argument thrown out by the counsel against the defendant, and pointed out the sophistry which in his opinion had uniformly misled his learned friends, so as to differ from him on the subject. He turned with great ingenuity and much real eloquence, every thing in his favour which had been objected to the trial. Mr. Bower's observations on

Providence afforded him an opportunity of making very merry with that gentleman, who, he said, spoke on this occasion rather like a priest than a lawyer.

In the conclusion of his speech he was anxious to be understood as meaning nothing personally disrespectful, especially to the Judge on whose charge to the jury at Shrewsbury he had thus freely commented. His motive was an inviolable attachment to the constitution of his country, and to the invaluable blessings which it secured to Britons. He would therefore rest the cause on this ground, and hoped his Lordship would see cause to grant a new trial.

Mr. Walsh read an elaborate composition on the same side, which finished the pleadings. These lasted from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon.

Lord Mansfield said, "We are all of one opinion, but it is now too late to deliver it, as we cannot see to read our notes." The cause was therefore adjourned to

MONDAY, NOV. 22, when Mr. Erskine, for the Defendant, moved the Court for an arrest of judgment on two grounds,—the imperfections of the verdict, and the illegality of the indictment. He asserted, that the verdict, whether considered as general or special, was repugnant to the object in issue. On this part of the argument he observed, that if, when the Jury gave in their verdict, they had stopped at the word PUBLISHING, it would have been a special one; but by adding the word ONLY, there was a something supposed which they left unexplained, consequently the business could not be decided, or entered up in a manner so very awkward and informal. He protested against what it contained, as giving a very unfair representation of what had passed on the trial at Shrewsbury. However, he did not rest the whole of the matter on this ground. He owned, indeed, that it was not material to his purpose, whether the verdict was imperfect or not; for whatever their Lordships might think of the verdict, he promised himself their opinion entirely on the indictment. Here, he said, he would guard his client by such entrenchments, as were not to be surmounted by all that sophistry could accomplish, and lay down such principles as he knew well were not to be controverted. He then went into the legal science of libels with great accuracy and minuteness, applying, as he proceeded, every maxim of law which he mentioned to the case before the Court. He read the report of the Twelve Judges concerning libels, as given by the late Lord Chief Justice De Grey in the case of Horne. This he considered as a very complete

plete definition of the doctrine, but which exhibited the imperfection of the indictment in very strong colours. It was therefore the matter to which the attention of the Court must have been turned. He trusted Englishmen would ever conceive very differently of the matter. The paper in question conveyed only the sentiments of an individual, on what, in his opinion, was peculiarly interesting to the whole kingdom. He trusted there was not a vulnerable phrase or sentiment in the whole performance. He knew not, at least, what would occur to him against it, in case he had been employed for the prosecution. He had read it over and over with all the attention in his power, but without observing any thing which could be construed into a libel. He produced also a very extraordinary judgment of the celebrated Jefferies, concerning what went to constitute a libel; and he avowed himself prepared to enter on the commentary of the paper indicted, and vindicate it throughout. Thus grounded, he was confident the Court must think as he did, that the present was one of those cases, in which, for the credit of justice, judgment ought to be arrested.

Mr. Bearcroft did not rise to contend with his learned friend on the validity of the indictment, but on that of the verdict.

Lord Mansfield interrupted him, and said, that he must confine himself to the former, insinuating, at the same time, that the Court were agreed to sustain the latter.

Mr. Bearcroft, on this, owned himself perfectly unprepared; and, with only mentioning a few things, left the whole to the Counsel that should follow him. He apologized, however, for Mr. Bower, who drew up the indictment, by saying, that it came to him at so late an hour, and was required to be ready by so early a time next day, that he was only surpris'd it was not more faulty than he found it.

Mr. Cooper found himself in the same predicament with his learned friend; and he was about to disclose a circumstance which he doubted would do him no credit with his client. For notwithstanding all that had been said about this Dialogue, and notwithstanding he was retained to prove its libellous tendency, he would frankly inform the Court, that he had never yet thoroughly read it. He however made shift to muster up a few observations in condemnation of its seditious intention. But declining to consume the time of the Court, he did not doubt but Mr. Lyfter and Mr. Bower were sufficiently prepared to do the subject complete justice.

Mr. Lyfter confined himself entirely to the pamphlet, on which he reasoned ably, and

at considerable length. In the course of his speech, he put the case, that Mr. Erskine had a design to set fire to his, Mr. Lyfter's house, and Mr. Lyfter gave orders to his servants to prevent the mischief, by killing Mr. Erskine, or confining him whenever he appeared in circumstances of a certain description. This supposition may not be correctly given, but was stated by Mr. Lyfter in such a manner as to afford the Court great entertainment.

Mr. Bower contended, that the Dialogue, which the Dean had published, was to all intents and purposes libellous. It referred to the present Government, which it compared to a Club, and reasoned from supposition to fact. Whoever, therefore, regarded the subject of that pamphlet in this light, could not but see that it attacked some of the most fundamental principles in our present constitution. It went, in his opinion, to excite a popular discontent, or clamour, or disturbance, on these grounds, that the supreme magistrate of these realms was not perpetual but temporary, was not hereditary but elective, and that his right to the Crown depended altogether on the will of the majority. He thought these very dangerous tenets to get abroad. They were incongruous to the spirit of our constitution, and could have no other effect than to subvert its nature, and circumscribe its operations.

Lord Mansfield over-ruled the whole of Mr. Erskine's argument concerning the verdict of the Jury. He thought it might pass either as a general or special one, but could be recorded with propriety only as the latter. When this cause was first broached in the Court of King's Bench, he had therefore given a hint, which, he hoped, Mr. Erskine might have understood. For, even in this early stage of the business, he had read both the paper and indictment, and made up his mind from both, that the most eligible way of producing a just conclusion was to have moved for an arrest of judgment on the invalidity of the indictment. In this his Lordship observed, the charge must be made out, and whatever was defective supplied, except averment and innuendo. It was the province of a Jury, he observed, to judge of allegory, similitude, allusion, and whatever means were adopted by the writer to effect his libellous intention. But the fact must be clearly, precisely, unequivocally established in the indictment, inasmuch that the Jury must see it as distinctly and fully, as the man who passes by can say, that he perceived or saw St. Paul's Cathedral, or the New Church in the Strand. He did not think this indictment contained any charges, though explicitly and

unexceptionably exhibited; so that all the conclusions drawn and urged by Mr. Lyster and Mr. Bowser were not a-propos, as not corresponding with the word. The Court were not to be guided by ingenious reasoning, in opposition to its usual and established mode of procedure. His Lordship, therefore, was of opinion that judgment in this case ought to be arrested.

Mr. Judge Willes and Mr. Judge Ashhurst both coincided with the Lord Chief Justice, at the same time giving it as their opinion, that had the indictment been fairly laid, the paper was written in such a stile that it must have justified a libellous construction.

Mr. Justice Buller confined himself intirely to the indictment, which, as he apprehended, was very imperfectly drawn. He likewise made some observations on the publication. It appeared to him to contain nothing directly impeachable, because it reasoned only hypothetically. There were consequently no grounds before the Court on which to proceed in giving judgment. He joined on that account with the learned Judges who had spoken before him, that judgment in this case ought to be arrested.

Lord Mansfield then ordered the indictment to be erased.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Extract of a Letter from Carthagen, Oct. 4.
JOACHINE Navarro, wife of Francis Huertas, residing in the quarter of St. Anthony in this city, was brought to bed, in the night between the 7th and 8th day of last month, of a monstrous child, which lived three days after being baptized, and named Jean Raimond. Don Gaspar de Villaquefa, assittant to the Surgeon Major of the fleet, and Don Vincent Ocagna, Surgeon in ordinary, having anatomised the body, they sent it, together with an account of whatever they observed extraordinary in their process, to the Society of Natural History at Madrid. In general the infant was well formed with respect to its exterior figure, and most of its members; but it had three legs, and a double os pubis, three groins, with each an orifice: in the cavity of the stomach were found two lungs attached to a single Trachean artery; the great lobes being separated by the mediastinum; in size the heart was equal to two, distinguished by the auricles; in the epigastric region, in the cavity of the belly, there was no stomach, and the inferior part

of the œsophagus exceeded the usual size; the colon had neither the common extension nor direction, but formed a stomach, from the lower part of which descended a membrane for performing the office of the rectum, being terminated by the anus; this kind of stomach was filled with excrement; and the two reins, which had a natural position, were of an extraordinary size."

Letters from Avignon, dated Oct. 24, mention, that M. Joseph Montgolfier has made several ingenious and useful experiments on the resisting power of the air. After having thrown a sheep six times from the top of a tower in that neighbourhood, upwards of 100 feet high, by the aid of a machine called a Parachute, without the animal receiving any damage, he prevailed on a man condemned to suffer a long imprisonment to try the experiment, which was performed with the utmost safety, to the satisfaction of many thousand spectators; in consequence of which the Magistrates remitted the adventurer's punishment. The machine, we hear, is in many respects similar to an umbrella.

IRISH CONGRESS INTELLIGENCE.

AT the Assembly of Delegates for promoting a Parliamentary Reform, held in Dublin on the 25th, 26th and 27th days of October, 1784,
WILLIAM SHARMAN, Esq. President,
 in the Chair,

Resolved unanimously, That the People, in the largest sense of that word, have an undoubted right to state their grievances, to petition for a redress of them, and to propose remedies for the same, with that deference which is due to the Legislature, and

with that firmness which belongs to the people.

Resolved unanimously, That this right belongs to the People, with peculiar extent and energy on the subject of Parliamentary Reform; seeing that such defect, as that now complained of in the Legislature, is incapable of remedy but through the exertion of the People, and if not remedied would destroy their share in the Legislature, and of course the balance and freedom of the Constitution.

Resolved

Resolved unanimously, That to combat this evil, the People have a right to confer with each other, the better to digest such mode of redress as they may wish to recommend to Parliament; and that that method of conferring which most conduces to just investigation, and is least subject to disorder, is best.

Resolved unanimously, That the meeting, in one place, of persons selected by the People for that purpose, in preference to the meeting in multitudes, at various and distant places, is obviously most conducive to concord and sound decision.

Resolved unanimously, That a Reform in the Representation of the People in Parliament, is indispensably necessary.

Resolved unanimously, That we esteem it fortunate, that in this great pursuit there is no competition of interest between the sister nations of Great Britain and Ireland, but that on the contrary a Reform of Parliament is equally desired in each kingdom by the wisest and honestest men in both.

Resolved unanimously, That the appointment of this Assembly by the people, and the steps they have taken from time to time on this subject, have been constitutional, and calculated to procure the aid and co-operation of the Legislature in that salutary work.

Resolved, That this Assembly do here-

by address the counties, counties of cities, and great towns, who have not yet been represented therein, recommending it to each of them respectively to elect Delegates for that purpose before the 20th of January next, and do exhort them, as they respect their own consistency—as they wish for the success of a Parliamentary Reform—and as they tender the perpetual liberty and prosperity of their country—to seize this opportunity of effecting that great and necessary confirmation of the constitution.

Resolved unanimously, That the thanks of this Assembly be given to our worthy President, William Sharman, Esq. for his very upright, able, and spirited conduct in the Chair.

Resolved unanimously, That the thanks of this Assembly be given to our worthy Member John Talbot Ashenhurst, Esq. for acting as Secretary, and for his proper conduct and attention to this Assembly.

Resolved unanimously, That the several Resolutions entered into by this Assembly, be printed in the Public Papers.

Resolved unanimously, That this Assembly adjourn to the 20th day of January next, then to meet in Dublin.

W. SHARMAN, President.

J. T. ASHENHURST, Secretary.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

Extract of a Letter from Dover, Nov. 5.

WE are happy to inform you, that at our Quarter Sessions of the Peace, which began yesterday, Dixon, who was tried in London for the murder of Mr. Linton, was tried for a burglary in the dwelling-house of Mr. Andrews, silversmith, in this town, on Saturday the 28th day of September last, and, after a trial which lasted two hours, was, to the satisfaction of a very numerous Court, capitally convicted. [He was afterwards executed.]

Nov. 9. A Court-Martial assembled at the Horse Guards, to try Col. Debbéige, of the Engineers, for indecent and reflecting language made use of towards the Duke of Richmond, as Master-General of the Ordnance, in letters written to the Duke and to General Branham. The Court was composed of the following persons, viz.

Lord Howard, President.

Lord Adam Gordon	Gen. Boyde
Lord Cornwallis	Gen. Green
Gen. Peckton	Gen. Lalcelles
Gen. Stevens	Col. Dalrymple
Gen. Buckley	Col. Macbean
Col. Gordon	Col. Lord Suffolk.
Sir John Scabright	

Richard Clark, Esq. the new Lord Mayor, accompanied by Robert Peckham, Esq. (the old Lord Mayor) several of the Aldermen, the two Sheriffs, Chamberlain, Town Clerk, and other City Officers, went in their carriages to the Three Cranes, and proceeded in the City Barge to Westminster, when, having landed, they went in procession to the Hall, where his Lordship took the oaths appointed for the office at the Exchequer Bar; after which they returned in the same manner by water to Blackfriars Bridge, and proceeded from thence in coaches to Guildhall, where an elegant entertainment was provided.

11. Was held at the Old Bailey the Sessions of Gaol Delivery for the High Court of Admiralty, at which three prisoners only were tried, two of whom were capitally convicted, viz.

Samuel Harris and John North, for the wilful murder of John M'Nier, one of the mariners belonging to his Majesty's cutter the Nimble, in the service of the Customs.

On the trial it appeared, that on the night of the 30th of April last, it being clear moonlight, a vessel was observed at about two miles distance from Deal, hovering or standing in towards the shore, and supposed to be a smugg-

a smuggler. Lieutenant Bray, Commander of the Nimble, being acquainted therewith, manned three boats and proceeded to speak to her, and coming within hail told them his name and business, which was to board and search her; but was answered by many voices with imprecations, bidding him keep off, and a volley was instantly fired into his boat, whereby M^r. Nier one of the crew received a shot in his right breast, near the pap, of which he instantly died. Capt. Bray then proceeded to board the vessel, which proved to be the Juliet lugger, of Deal, (laden with about 400 tubs or half ankers of spirits) but received another volley; however, he persisted, and boarded the lugger, when an engagement began in which some men fell. North leaped over-board, but was taken. Harris was also taken concealed in the hold, and said he was only a passenger, and had been waiter at the Assembly House at Margate, where he was then going, but unluckily had on him a pair of trousers and a seaman's jacket, in which were found several musket and pistol balls.

12. Mr. Recorder made his report to his Majesty of the convicts under sentence of death in Newgate, when the following were ordered for execution on Wednesday the 17th inst. viz. James Lisle, alias William Johnson, for falsely assuming the name and character of Edward Stokes, late a seaman on board the Lively sloop, in order to receive his wages, &c.; Kyran Ryan, for forging and uttering a certain instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of John Welch deceased, with intent to defraud his representatives; Peter Le Roche, for stealing a quantity of men's and women's apparel, the property of Joseph Francis Martin, in his dwelling-house; William Hogborn, for stealing two geldings and a cow, the property of several persons, from off Putney Common; William Relions, and Robert Abel, for feloniously assaulting William Rough, in Stepney-fields, and robbing him of five shillings and one penny; William Collop, for feloniously assaulting James Fergus on the highway, in the parish of St. Mary Stratford, Bow, and robbing him of a pair of studs, and a pair of knee-buckles; James Forbester, for feloniously breaking into the dwelling-house of Daniel Andrews, in the parish of Christ Church, Middlesex, and stealing a ring, and a blanket; George Drummond, for assaulting the Right Hon. the Earl of Clermont on the highway, in the parish of St. James, Westminster, and robbing him of a gold watch, a steel chain, and two gold seals; and Joseph Hulet, for stealing in the dwelling-house of Mr. Priestman, his master, divers gold watches, diamond rings, gold seals, &c. value 350l.

13. At nine o'clock in the morning, Harris and North were taken from the cells of Newgate, put in a cart, and conveyed to

the gallows, which was erected on a platform, at Execution-Dock, and there executed.

17. The malefactors were executed on a scaffold erected for that purpose before Newgate. On this occasion the executioner, by order of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, for the first time, wore a black baize gown.

18. Thomas Pearce, late a hatter in St. John's-street, was brought up to the Court of King's-Bench to receive judgment for the crime of wilfully setting fire to his own house, (in which a number of lodgers narrowly escaped the flames) in order to defraud the insurers. He is sentenced to stand on the pillory in Smithfield, to be imprisoned in Newgate two years, and to find sureties for his good behaviour for seven years.

20. In the Court of King's-Bench, at Westminster, Christopher Atkinson, the contractor, was brought up to receive judgment on an indictment for perjury in an affidavit made by him to justify himself against an accusation made by a Mr. Bennett of having charged more than his commission of 6d. a quarter on corn bought by him (Atkinson) for the Victualling Office; and having considerably advanced on the market price of several large quantities of malt and corn supplied. Several affidavits of the Commissioners of the Navy and Victualling Office were this day read, to shew the falsity of the defence last set up, namely, that the charges to the Victualling Office were known to be fictitious by the Commissioners at the time of such charges, and to be settled by a balance bill, no such practice being acknowledged by the Board, and Atkinson having been dismissed by them immediately on its being discovered. Mr. Atkinson afterwards addressed the Court on the peculiar circumstances of his case. The Court determined against granting a new trial. Some affidavits were ordered to be read, but rejected by the Court as totally improper; and Mr. Bearcroft then said a few words in mitigation, and the Attorney-General in aggravation of the sentence.

22. The Court-Martial assembled again at the Horse-Guards, to pronounce sentence on Col. Debbeige. The Judge-Advocate read the sentence, as approved by his Majesty, which was, that, in consequence of the Colonel's long services, he should be dismissed with a reprimand from the President, after making an apology to the Master-General of the Ordnance. The President accordingly delivered a reprimand, and a paper being offered to Col. Debbeige, drawn up by the Judge-Advocate, it was read by him, in which was an acknowledgment of his unmilitary and disrespectful conduct towards the Duke. The Duke then addressed the Court, declaring his intention in the prosecution to have been merely aimed to the benefit of the service; and that matters should henceforward not only be buried in entire oblivion, but that he should be hap-

py to reward and promote the Colonel in his corps, according to his future merits, after which the Court broke up.

24. Came on to be argued, in the Court of King's-Bench, the return to the Writ of Mandamus, brought by Mr. Wooldridge, to be restored to the Office of Alderman; which was very ably argued by Mr. Garrow on the part of Mr. Wooldridge, and by Mr. Gibbs on the part of the City of London; when the Court were of opinion, that if a man, either by his own act, or by any other means, was brought into a situation which rendered him incapable of performing the duties of his office, it was fit and proper that another person should be appointed in his stead. That it appeared by the return that Mr. Wooldridge's imprisonment totally incapacitated him from discharging the several duties required of him as an Alderman of London; and that the cases cited by Mr. Gibbs to that point were very strong indeed.

Mr. Garrow wanting a further argument, the Court granted the same, expressing an earnest desire that the whole law respecting Corporations should be rendered as certain as possible. It, therefore, stands over till next Term.

25. A Court of Common-Council was held at Guildhall, for the election of Bailiff of the Borough of Southwark, when the following Gentlemen were candidates, viz.

Sir Watkin Lewes	-	-	93
Robert Brewer, Esq.	-	-	58
Midford Young, Esq.	-	-	47
----- Railton, Esq.	-	-	45
Robert Winbolt, Esq.	-	-	13

Upon which Sir Watkin Lewes was declared duly elected.

27. About ten o'clock, C. Atkinson, Esq. was brought up to the Court of King's-Bench, when Mr. Justice Ashurst pronounced the following sentence: That he should stand once in the pillory at the Corn Exchange, be fined in the sum of 2000l. and be imprisoned for one year.

PROMOTION.

Joseph Frederick Waller Desbarres, Esq. to be Lieutenant-Governor of the island of Cape Breton.

MARRIAGES.

Joseph Henry Blake, of Ardfry, in the county of Galway, to the Right Hon. Lady Louisa Birmingham, daughter of the Right Hon. the Earl of Louth. At Stowe, in Bucks, Lady Catherine Nugent, to the second son of Lord Rodney. Rev. Dr. Pretyman, to Miss Malthy, of Germans, in Bucks. Richard Pepper Arden, Esq. his Majesty's Attorney-General, to Miss Wilbraham Bootle, eldest daughter of Richard Wilbraham Bootle, Esq. John Pollock, Esq. of Dublin, to Miss Hannah Maria

Clark, eldest daughter of George Clark, Esq. banker, in Lombard-street. The Earl of Euston, eldest son of the Duke of Grafton, to Lady Charlotte Maria Waldegrave, second daughter of the Duchess of Gloucester by her first husband. By special licence, Reginald Poole Carew, Esq. to Miss Yorke, only daughter of the Hon. Mr. Yorke.

BIRTHS.

Lady Palmerston, of a son. The Princess of Asturias, of a Prince.

DEATHS.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hilton, of Red Lion-square, aged 85. Matthew Hale, Esq. great grandson of the illustrious Lord Chief Justice Hale, whose male line is now extinct. Sir Charles Leighton, Bart. Member of Parliament for Shrewsbury. Rev. James Tattersall, rector of Strettham, and of St. Paul's, Covent-garden, aged 72. Mr. Joseph Lynch, late Danish Consul at Gibraltar. The Right Hon. Lady Catherine Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Aberdeen. Lady Ann Aston. The Rev. Dr. John Chapman, Archdeacon of Sudbury. John Haverfield, Esq. aged 90. The Right Hon. the Earl of Waldegrave. The Lady of Lord William Campbell. Mr. George Alexander Stevens, the celebrated Lecturer on Heads. Hon. John Smith Barry, of Belmont, Cheshire. At Wilton, Mr. James Penling, farmer, aged 111. He had never worn spectacles, nor used a walking-stick, and at the age of 99 married a woman by whom he had four sons. Sir William Moncrieffe, Bart. Near Barnsley, in Lancashire, Susannah Eveson, aged 108. At Naples, in an advanced age, John Earl Tyney, of the kingdom of Ireland. The Right Hon. the Countess Dowager Delawar. At Den, Sussex, aged 76, Sir Charles Eversfield, Bart. Henry Plant, Esq. many years a Bank Director. Mr. Robert Holder, Bailiff of the Borough of Southwark. Miss Louisa Chetwynd, daughter of Lord Viscount Chetwynd. Sir Robert Eden, late Governor of Maryland. Sir Thomas Frankland, Bart. Admiral of the White. In the 66th year of her age, her Grace Catherine, Duchess of Norfolk.

BANKRUPTS.

John Burcham of Cockthorpe, in Norfolk, corn-merchant—William Jones, of Oxford, silversmith—William Myers and Miles Myers, of Liverpool, dealers in flour—Isaac Fitch, of Great Totham, in Essex, wool-stapler and woolcomber—William Warrin, of Brackley, Northamptonshire, linen-draper—Alexander Rob, late of Great Pultney-street, but now of the King's-Bench prison, taylor—John Parsons, of Eardisley Park, Herefordshire, timber-merchant.—James Welcombe, of Exeter, bricklayer and brick-maker.—William Roe, of Fashion-Street.

street, Spitalfields, victualler—Henry Moore, of Wigan, Lancashire, grocer.—Robert Harvey, of Dover, shop-keeper—Humphry Addicott of Lyme Regis, Dorsetshire, shipwright—John Green, of Prescott, Lancashire, ironmonger and flour-dealer.—James Sydenham, of Cornhill, haberdasher—Matthew Hole, of Devizes, Wilts, ironmonger—George Hobbey, Charles Arthur, and John Collins, of Parker-street, St. Giles's, tinsmiths—George Mathews, of Brosley, Salop, ironmaster—William Hopwell, of Fleet-street, hofier—James Millar, of Shad Thames, biscuit-baker.—David Hannay, of Hungerford, Berks, maltster—Godfrey Ward, of Wednesbury, Staffordshire, whitesmith—Dorothy Jonas, Simon Jacob Jonas, and Jonathan Jonas, of St. Catharine-square, Tower-Hill, merchants—Samuel Remnant, of Palace-Hard, merchant—Simon Miller, of Shoreditch, mariner—Thomas Bayley, of Ratcliff Highway, broker—Thomas Collins, of Warwick, grocer—John Thompson, of York, dealer—Hannah Haslehurst and George Haslehurst, of Sheffield, bankers—Joseph Webb, of Thames-street, bottle-merchant—William Smith, of Wapping-High-street, mast-maker—Humphrey Green, of Liverpool, miller—Robert Barker, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, confectioner—William Shipley, of Sheffield, cutler—John Grant Waring, of Oakham, Rutlandshire, money-scrivener—Joseph Harwood, of Portsmouth Common, bookfeller—Rich. Carter, of Bristol, goldsmith—Arthur Harpur, of London, merchant—John Kidder, of Turnmill-street, bras-founder—William Story, of Finch-lane, watchmaker—Robert Holloway, of Scotland-yard, money-scrivener—Samuel Blanchard, of Trowbridge, Wilts, carpenter—Thomas Boodger, of Long-acre, linen-draper—John Feltwell, of Thetford, Norfolk, grocer—William Hoogan Mills and John Adams, of Grassenhall, Norfolk, millers—Edward Hardisty of Leeds, and George Hardisty of Basinghall-street, dealers—Richard Thorn, of the Poultry, haberdasher—James Squibb, of Saville-row, auctioneer—Thomas Stevens, of Watling-street, builder—Benjamin Wyatt, of Salisbury, grocer—George Black, of Cornhill, hofier—James Whitmarsh, of New Sarum, grocer—John Whitmarsh, of New Sarum, grocer—Alexander Brockway, of Stratford, Essex, brewer—William Wootton, of Walsall, Staffordshire, sadder's ironmonger—Thomas Hubbard, of Studley, Warwickshire, dealer in timber—William King and Richard Houghion, of Exeter, mercers—James Palmer, of Bristol, cornfactor and cooper—John Tipping and Robert Abbott, of Liverpool, merchants—Isaac Slack, of Sunderland, mercer and linen-draper—Thomas Phippin, of New Sarum, butcher—John Standfast, of Southwark, grocer—Joel Adams, of Portsmouth, taylor

—Joseph Harris, of Dowgate-hill, merchant—James Foy, of Cornhill, glover—David Drummond, of the Strand, mariner—Benjamin Long, of Froxfield, Wilts, innholder and maltster—William Dunkley, of Market-Harborough, Leicestershire, dealer—Peter Chasnie, of Lawrence-lane, haberdasher—John Armroyd, of Gosport, victualler—William Downing, of Exeter, cordwainer and leatherfeller—James Kunnison, of Southampton, wine-merchant and leather manufacturer—John Simpson, of Halfmoon-alley, Bishopgate-street, wheelwright—Peter Newcomb, of Southam, Warwickshire, dealer.

CERTIFICATES.

William Hornby Parker, of Andover, hofier. Jonathan Rose, of Little Titchfield-street, plaisterer. Ezekiel Egerton, of Bread-street-hill, merchant. Robert Bragg, of Grantham, Lincolnshire, linen-draper. Francis Poirez, of Clarges-street, Piccadilly, millier. James Oram Clarkson, of Basinghall-street, insurance-broker. Benjamin Oram, of Lemon-street, Goodman's-fields, tinman. Robert Joseph Rotton, of Swansea, Glamorganshire, merchant. Robert Clark, of St. Martin's-court, wine-merchant. John Munns, of Crayford, Kent, callico-printer. Caer Rand, of Lewes, Sussex, bookfeller. William Bennett, of Gloucester, cornfactor. John Mort and Joseph Mort, of Birkacer, Lancashire, callico-printers. Robert Mitford, of Cornhill, woollen-draper. William Britow, of Ullenhall, Warwickshire, cordwainer. John Ashby, of Bungay, Suffolk, shopkeeper. William Glover, of Worcester, clock-maker. James Bult, of Cheapside, goldsmith, Wm. Anderson, of Three Cranes, Queen-street. John Habbijam, of St. Catharine's-street, butcher. James Rosser, of Frellick, Monmouthshire, timber-merchant. James Sydenham, of Cornhill, haberdasher. John Cochran, of Berners-street, broker. James Groot, of Liverpool, woollen-draper. John Burcham, of Cockthorpe, Norfolk, corn-merchant. Thomas Lempiere, of Little Winchester-street, merchant. Randolph Norris, of Falcon-square, hardwareman. Peter George Monteiro, the younger, of Aldermanbury Postern, merchant. Adam Hamilton, of Enfield Highway, Middlesex, dealer. Annely Sher, of Frith-street, Soho, wine-merchant. Henry Meer, of Wolverhampton, innholder. William Mowlan, of Ilington Road, Middlesex, dealer in timber. John Jackson, of Tottenham-street, brandy-merchant and tea dealer. William Haynes, the younger, of Croydon, insurer. William Smith, of Wapping, malt-maker. Robert Woods of Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, banker. Richard Pitt, of the Haymarket, Middlesex, upholder and auctioneer. James Mofely, of Marybone-lane, coachmaker.