

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

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

By the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

For D E C E M B E R, 1784.

[Embellished with, 1. A striking Likeness of Dr. JOHNSON, beautifully engraved by ANCUS.
 2. An elegant picturesque Quarto View of the CITY of PETERSBURGH, engraved by
 WALKER.. And, 3. A perspective View of the Front of the new ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL,
 Old-street Road.]

CONTAINING,

Page	Wales (concluded)	Page 444
An Account of the Writings of Dr. Samuel Johnson; including some Incidents of his Life —	Impartial and Critical Review of Musical Publications—Containing an Account of Shield's Noble Peasant, Price's Sonatas, Cogan's Sonatas, and Webbe's Catches, Canons, and Glees	449
Character of Dr. Johnson, by a Friend	The Political State of the Nation, and of Europe, for Dec. 1784, No. X.	453
Authentic Copy of the Doctor's Will: Extracted from the Prerogative Court of Canterbury —	Description of the City of Peterburgh	454
Translation of a Letter from the King of Prussia to General Tauenzien, dated Potsdam, September 7, 1784	The Hive: a Collection of Scraps	457
Bon-Mot of an Hibernian —	Account of Cures performed by Animal Magnetism —	461
Account of a Tour made by the King of Prussia in the year 1779 (concluded)	Religious Ceremonies used among the Welsh in former Times	462
Remarkable Anecdotes and Character of Mr. Thomas Mathew, of Thomas-Town, in the County of Tipperary	Theatrical Journal: containing an Account of Mr. Camberland's Carmelite and his Natural Son, with their respective Prologues and Epilogues—	
An Account of the New St. Luke's Hospital in Old-Street Road, lately erected	Account of Mrs. Crawford's performance of Euphrasia in the Grecian Daughter, and Zaphira in Barbarossa—	
A Lesson for Young Men —	Also of Mr. Holman's performance of Don Felix in The Wonder, and of the character of Achmet—Account of Holcroft's Follies of a Day, or the Marriage of Figaro, with its Prologue—	
Curious Account of a Robbery and Murder; with the Discovery of the Murderers by a Succession of Dreams	Prologue to the Belle's Stratagem, performed for the Benefit of the Humane Society	463-468
The Fatal Effects of indulging the Passions: Exemplified in the History of M. Dela Paliniere. By Madame Genlis	Criticisms on the Rolliad No. I.-IV. & VII. 468	
Historical View of the Progress of English Song, from the Conquest to the present Time. By Mr. Ritson	Poetry.—Song, by Benjamin Stillingfleet—	
Anecdote of George Selwyn —	Fragment of a Song, by the same—	
Account of Mr. Blanchard's Aerial Voyage from Chelsea to Ramfey in Hampshire, October 16, 1784 —	Song to Emilia, by Dr. John Campbell—	
The Soldier: An Anecdote —	Bracelet, by the same—	
The London Review, with Anecdotes of Authors.	The Fracas—Prologue and Epilogue to Terence's Comedy of Phormio, performed by the Westminster Scholars—	
The Progress of Refinement: By Henry-James Pye, Esq. —	Woty's Epitaph on Dr. Johnson, &c.	473
Monboddo's Antient Metaphysics (concluded) —	Monthly Chronicle, List of New Books, State of the Weather, Price of Stocks, &c.	
Große's Antiquities of England and	Theatrical Register	

L O N D O N :

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

[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The proposal of *Tyro* shall be considered, and an answer sent, as he desires.

The *Memoirs of the eminent Mathematician* shall appear in our next.

R's favour seems better calculated for a News-paper.

The *Ode to Pity* in our next.

Alfo S. M. shall appear in *The Hive*: it was omitted this month by accident.

J. P.—'s *Verses to Sachariffa* are not sufficiently polished. Such rhymes as *flashes* and *twishes* cannot be admitted.

Pbilanthropos, from Bond-street, on the Slave Trade, we approve of; but think his piece will have more effect in one of the Evening Papers.

Other Correspondents are under consideration.

A LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Longmate's Supplement to Collins's Peerage. 7s. 6d.

Considerations on the Effects of promiscuous Blood-letting, by the late W. Stevenson, M. D. 3s.

The Domestic Physician, by Bryan Cornwell, M. L. 7s. 6d.

Holloway's History of the Proceedings against Christopher Atkinson, Esq. 3s.

The Law Directory, or List of Attorneys, &c. Symptomatology; dedicated to the Apothecaries, by Dr. Berkenhout. 3s.

The Young Widow, a Novel, 5s.

Elements of Orthoepey, by Robert Nares, M. A. 5s.

Poems, by the Rev. William Lipscomb. 3s. 6d.

The Works of the late Dr. Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man. 8 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s. in boards.

The Magistrate's Assistant. 6s. 6d.

Medical Cases, by B. W. Black, M. D. 2s.

The present Practice of the Court of King's Bench, by John Sheridan, Esq. 7s. in boards.

Gardiner on Animal Oeconomy. 6s.

West's Elements of Mathematics. 7s. 6d.

The Virtuous Villagers, a Novel. 2 vols. sewed. 5s.

Bannister's Reports. 1s. 6d.

Fry's Vocabulary. 2s. 6d.

Spence's Midwifery. 2 vols. boards. 10s.

Stack's Medical Cases. 2s.

Kippis's Observations on the late Contests in the Royal Society. 2s. 6d.

Dalgleish's Sum of Christianity, 2 vols. 10s. boards.

Moore's Method of preventing or diminishing Pain. 2s.

The Immortality of Shakspeare, a Poem. 1s.

FAHRENHEIT'S THERMOMETER in the open Air, fronting the North, at HIGHGATE.

Friday, Nov. 26	noon	47
Saturday	27	50
Sunday	28	47
Monday	29	43
Tuesday	30	44
Wednesday Dec. 1		40
Thursday	2	38
Friday	3	46
Saturday	4	39
Sunday	5	38
Monday	6	37
Tuesday	7	37
Wednesday	8	32
Thursday	9	29
Friday	10	
Saturday	11	30
Sunday	12	35
Monday	13	32
Tuesday	14	34
Wednesday	15	36
Thursday	16	36
Friday	17	31
Saturday	18	35
Sunday	19	34
Monday	20	37

Tuesday	21	35
Wednesday	22	35
Thursday	23	34
Friday	24	29
Saturday	25	31
Sunday	26	34
Monday	27	33

PRICE of STOCKS,

December 30.

Bank Stock, 112 $\frac{1}{2}$	New Navy and Vict. Bills, 16 $\frac{5}{8}$
New 4 per Cent. 1777, 71 $\frac{1}{8}$	India Bonds, 5s. 6s. d.
5 per Cent. Ann. 1784, shut	Long Ann. shut
3 per Cent. red. 55 $\frac{3}{4}$	10 years Short Ann. 1777, —
3 per Ct. Conf. shut	30 years Ann. 1778, shut
3 per Cent. 1726, shut	Light Long Ann. ---
3 per Cent. 1751, shut	3 per Cent. Scrip. 56
South Sea Stock, shut	4 per Ct. Scrip ---
Old S. S. An. ---	Omnium, ---
New S. S. Ann. shut	Exchequer Bills ---
India Stock, 135	Lottery Tickets ---
3 per Ct. Ind. Ann.	

T H E
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
A N D
L O N D O N R E V I E W ;
F O R D E C E M B E R , 1784.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An ACCOUNT of the WRITINGS of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON,
including some INCIDENTS of his LIFE.

[With an elegant Engraved LIKENESS of him.]

THE Death of an Author who has been so long known to the Publick, and so justly celebrated as Dr. Johnson, will naturally draw the notice of mankind to the History of his Life, and an enquiry after his Writings. Of his Life many narratives are already promised from various quarters; and we imagine that many anecdotes will now come to light, as the partiality of friendship, or the suggestions of malice, may prompt the several writers. The character of a man of letters will, however, be best known by his Writings. Leaving, therefore, the petty peculiarities of this admirable writer to those who are better acquainted with them, and to that discretion which candour, we hope, will dictate to them on a subject of so much delicacy; we shall proceed to give an account of such of his Writings as have come to our knowledge. If it should not be perfect, it will, at least, serve to assist some of his future biographers in a more full and complete account of his life.

Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON was born in the month of September 1709, at Litchfield, in the county of Stafford, where his father*, an old bookseller, then resided, and afterwards died †. He received his education at the free-school of his native town, which at that time flourished ‡ greatly under the direction of Mr. Hunter; and which, among other eminent men, had produced Bishop Smal-

ridge, Mr. Wollaston, author of *The Religion of Nature delineated*, Bishop Newton, Chief-Justice Willes, &c. It is generally believed, that his early proficiency in literature induced some persons belonging to the Cathedral to send him to Oxford, and to undertake the expence of finishing his education there. Certain it is he was admitted of Pembroke College on the 19th October 1728 ||, under the tuition of Dr. Adams, the present Master of that Seminary. He was then 19 years of age, and is supposed to have remained there not more than two years, as we find he quitted the University without taking any Degree.

Whether an inability to continue the expence of a College life, or a disinclination towards it, occasioned his quitting Oxford so soon, we are not informed, but the former is generally supposed to have been the case. The first employment we find him in afterwards was the very useful, but ignoble one, of Usher to the Free-School at Market Bosworth, in Leicestershire.

Those who can feel for the depression of genius will naturally lament that the person who was fitted to instruct mankind should be confined to so limited a sphere.—Here, however, he had leisure to devote himself to literary pursuits; and here, it is believed, he laid in those stores of information which afterwards enabled him to inform, to entertain, and improve the world.

* Life of Dryden, 12mo. edit. 92.

† A few years before Dr. Johnson's death, he wrote an Epitaph for his parents, and a brother who lived to man's estate.

‡ Bishop Newton's Life, p. 3.

|| Nath's History of Worcestershire,

In the year 1735 he resided at Birmingham, in the house of one Warren, a printer, and wrote various essays now irrecoverably lost, which were printed in a news-paper published by his landlord. It was here also he translated "A Voyage to Abyssinia, by Father Jerome Lobo, a Portuguese Jesuit, with a Continuation of the History of Abyssinia down to the Beginning of the eighteenth Century;" and "Fifteen Dissertations on various Subjects, relating to the History, Antiquities, Government, Religion, Manners, and Natural History of Abyssinia and other Countries mentioned by Father Jerome Lobo. By Mr. Le Grand. 8vo."* While he lived in this town, he wrote the "Verses on a Lady's presenting a Sprig of Myrtle to a Gentleman," which have been printed in several Miscellanies, under the name of Mr. Hammond †. They were, as the Author very late in life declared, written for a friend who was desirous of the reputation of a Poet with his Mistress.

About the beginning of the year 1735, Mr. Davies ‡ fixes upon as the time when our Author undertook the instruction of some young gentlemen of Litchfield in the belles lettres, and, amongst others, of Mr. Garrick. This plan did not succeed; for we find him, in July 1736, advertising a boarding-school at Edial, near Litchfield §. This also was as unsuccessful as the former scheme; and the beginning of the year following, our Author abandoned the country, and came to seek his fortune in London.

It was at this juncture Mr. Garrick was by his friend Mr. Walmsley recommended to the care of Mr. Colson, at Rochester; and in company with our Rofcius Dr. Johnson came to London in March 1736-7. On this occasion Mr. Walmsley sent the following letter, which we shall give at length:

To the Rev. Mr. COLSON.

Litchfield, March 2, 1736 ¶.

DEAR SIR,

I Had the favour of yours, and am extremely obliged to you; but cannot say I have a greater affection for you upon it than I had before, being so long since so much endeared to you, as well by an early friendship as by your many excellent and valuable qualifications. And had I a son of my own, it would be my ambition, instead of sending him to the university, to dispose of him as this young gentleman is. He and another neighbour of mine, one Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, set out this morning for London together; David Garrick to be with you early next week, and Mr. Johnson to try his fate with a TRAGEDY, and to see to get himself employed in some translation either from the Latin or from the French. Johnson is a very good scholar and a poet, and I have great hopes he will turn out a fine tragedy-writer. If it should any ways lie in your way, I doubt not you will be ready to recommend and assist your countryman.

I am, &c.

GILB. WALMSLEY **.

What immediate employment Dr. Johnson obtained as a translator, is unknown. That his tragedy was not produced until many years afterwards, is certain. It is probable at this period he became acquainted with the celebrated Richard Savage; and if the malignity of party deserved any notice, it seems not unlikely that he shared the distresses of that ingenious, unfortunate, and contemptible being ††.

By Savage, who was a writer in monthly publications, it may be conjectured Dr. Johnson was introduced to Mr. Cave, the pro-

* It is probable the recollection of this early performance induced him, many years afterwards, to write "The Prince of Abyssinia."

† See particularly "The Union, 1766," p. 157.

‡ Life of David Garrick, p. 7.

§ See Gent. Mag. 1736, p. 428. "ADVERTISEMENT. At Edial, near Litchfield, in Staffordshire, young Gentlemen are boarded, and taught the Latin and Greek Languages, by SAMUEL JOHNSON."

¶ i. e. 1736-7.

** See Dr. Johnson's account of this gentleman, in his "Life of Edmund Smith." Mr. Walmsley translated Dr. Byron's famous Song. See Gent. Mag. 1745, p. 102. He died August 3, 1751, aged 69.

†† Thus one of his antagonists addresses him: "Yet, surely, if it be upon such terms that you are become a pensioner, it were far better to return back to that poor but honest state, when you and the miserable SAVAGE, on default of the pittance that should have secured your quarters at the Club, were contented—in the open air—to growl at the Moon, and Whigs, and Walpole, and the House of Brunswick." Letter to Samuel Johnson, LL. D. Printed for Almon, 8vo. 1770, p. 33.

prietor of the Gentleman's Magazine, who became his patron and employer. The first performance we find in that miscellany is the following*, which the author has been heard to say first occasioned his being noticed :

Ad URBANUM.

URBANE, nullis fesse laboribus,
URBANE, nullis victæ calumniis,

Cui fronte sertum in erudita
Perpetuo viret et virebit ;

Quid molliatur gens imitantium,
Quid et minetur, sollicitus parum,

Vacare folis perge Musis,
Juxta animo studiisq; felix.

Lingæ procacis plumbæ spicula,
Fidens, superbo frange silentio ;

Victrix per obstantes catervas
Sedulitas animosa tendet.

Intende nervos fortis, inanibus
Risurus olim nisibus æmuli ;

Intende jam nervos, habebis
Participes operæ Camænas.

Non ulla Musis pagina gratior,
Quam quæ severis ludicra jungere

Novit, fatigatamq; nugis
Utilibus recreare mentem.

Textente Nymphis ferta Lycoride,
Rosæ ruborem sic Viola adjuvat

Immissa, sic Iris refulget
Æthereis variata fucis.

S. J.

In the next month he complimented his friend Savage in these lines :

Ad RICARDUM SAVAGE, *Arm. Humani
Amatorem.*

Humani studium generis cui pectore fervet
O ! colat humanum te foveatque genus !

In May appeared "LONDON, a Poem, in Imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal." This admirable composition was received with the applause that its merits entitled it to. It was praised by Mr. Pope, and passed to a second edition in the course of a week. This latter circumstance is mentioned in the Gentleman's Magazine of the month in which it was published, and is a sufficient refutation of an impudent calumny inserted in some late News-papers, of Mr. Cave's attempting to keep the author in ignorance of his success after two editions had been sold. Had such a fact existed, Mr. Cave would have been little entitled to the eulogium of Dr. Johnson.

The trade (if such an expression may be allowed) of writing was however so little profitable, that notwithstanding the success

of his Poem, Dr. Johnson soon afterwards meditated a return into the country. In this year a settlement as a Schoolmaster in Staffordshire offered itself ; and could the qualification required by the Statutes have been obtained, it is probable he would have sunk into obscurity, and passed the rest of his life merely as the Head of a Provincial Academy. On this occasion Lord Gover applied to a friend in Ireland in the following letter :

S I R,

"Mr. Samuel Johnson (author of *London*, a Satire, and some other poetical pieces) is a native of this country, and much respected by some worthy gentlemen in his neighbourhood who are trustees of a charity-school now vacant, the certain salary of which is sixty pounds per annum, of which they are desirous to make him master ; but unfortunately he is not capable of receiving their bounty, which would make him happy for life, by not being a Master of Arts, which, by the statutes of this school, the master of it must be. Now these gentlemen do me the honour to think that I have interest enough in you to prevail upon you to write to Dean Swift to persuade the University of Dublin to send a diploma to me, constituting this poor man Master of Arts in their University. They highly extol the man's learning and probity ; and will not be persuaded that the University will make any difficulty of conferring such a favour upon a stranger, if he is recommended by the Dean. They say he is not afraid of the strictest examination, though he is of so long a journey ; and will venture it, if the Dean thinks it necessary, choosing rather to die upon the road, than be starved to death in ——— translating for Bookfellers, which has been his only subsistence for some time past. I fear there is more difficulty in this affair than these good-natured gentlemen apprehend, especially as their election cannot be delayed longer than the 11th of next month. If you see the matter in the same light as it appears to me, I hope you will burn this, and pardon me for giving you so much trouble about an impracticable thing ; but if you think there is a probability of obtaining the favour asked, I am sure your humanity and propensity to relieve merit in distress will incline you to serve the poor man, without my adding any more to the trouble I have already given you, than assuring you that I am, with great truth, Sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,
G O W E R."

Trenham, Aug. 1, 1738*.

[To be continued.]

* *Gent. Mag.* 1738, p. 156.

† This Letter has been printed with the date of 1717. It was evidently written after the publication of *LONDON*, consequently at least some months later.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

CHARACTER of Dr. JOHNSON,

By a FRIEND.

MONDAY, Dec. 13, 1784*, closed the remarkably affectionate suspense of the Public, during his long and painful illness, by the removal of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was born at Litchfield, in September 1709.

A splendid series of almost fifty years, devoted to the literature of his native country with unparalleled elegance and success, renders all praise superfluous; and will, perhaps, perpetuate the language he was thus destined to exalt.

His observation, in 1775, on losing the Author he so long loved †, we must now appropriate to himself, with exquisite propriety and regret:—"This man has left a gap in our world, which to supply we must for ever look round in vain."

If in his convivial or private conversation any individuals that enjoyed it became not wiser or better, the fault was entirely their own. Impurity or infidelity never escaped his lips, and generally found severe reprehension when obtruded by others, during "that feast of reason, and that flow of soul."

Dr. Johnson rejoiced to share his present property, be it little or be it much, with every child of distress that sought his door; becoming literally "eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame."

Bred in the ecclesiastical discipline and politics which distinguished the Royalists of the last century, he never abandoned them.

Fearing God as a man, and loving Him as a Christian, perfectly equal to his former self in the most solemn moments of his declining

life, he met death, at last, with dignity and comfort; not only "knowing," but declaring "in whom he trusted."

Of his descent Samuel Johnson had no cause to be ashamed; and for the only partner of his life and fortune, of whom he had been deprived thirty years, her Epitaph ‡ at Bromley, in Kent, can best relate her merit and his affection.

On the Monday after his decease he was interred in Westminster Abbey, at the foot of Shakspeare's Monument, and close to the remains of his beloved pupil David Garrick.

His friends Sir John Hawkins, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Dr. William Scott, attended as executors;

Sir Charles Bunbury, Sir Joseph Banks, Edmund Burke, William Wyndham, Bennet Langton, and George Colman, Esqrs. as pall-bearers; and

The Rev. Dr. Horsley and Dr. Farmer, General Paoli, Dr. Brocklesby, Dr. Burney, the Rev. Mr. Strahan, Mr. Seward, Mr. Ryland, Mr. Cruikshank, Mr. Hoole, Mr. Nichols, Mr. Saltres, Mr. Dū Moulin, with many other Gentlemen, and his faithful black servant, for whom he has amply provided, as Mourners.

The Rev. Dr. Taylor performed the Burial Office, attended by some Gentlemen of the Abbey;—but it must be regretted by all who continue to reverence the Hierarchy, that the Cathedral Service was withheld from its invariable friend; and the omission was truly offensive to the audience at large.

An authentic COPY of Dr. JOHNSON'S WILL:

Extracted from the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

IN the Name of God, Amen. I SAMUEL JOHNSON, being in full possession of my faculties, but fearing this night may put an end to my life, do ordain this my last will

and testament. I bequeath to God a soul polluted with many sins, but I hope purified by repentance, and I trust redeemed by Jesus Christ. I leave 750l. in the hands of Ben-

* The Engraver of the Portrait prefixed to this Account, by a mistake, has marked his death on the 15th.

† Dr. Hawkefworth.

‡ Inscribed on a black marble grave-stone in Bromley Church, Kent:

Hic conduntur reliquæ

ELIZABETHÆ

Antiqua Jarvisiorum gente,

Pentlingæ, apud Leiceſtrensæ, ortæ;

Formosæ, cultæ, ingeniosæ, piæ;

Uxoris, primis nuptiis, Henrici Porter,

Secundis, SAMUELIS JOHNSON,

Qui multum amatam, diuque defletaram

Hoc lapide contexit.

Obiit Londin. Mente Mart.

A. D. M, DCC, LIII.

net Langton, Esq.; 300*l.* in the hands of Mr. Barclay and Mr. Perkins, brewers; 150*l.* in the hands of Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore; 1000*l.* 3 per cent. annuities in the public funds; and 100*l.* now lying by me in ready money: all these before-mentioned sums and property I leave, I say, to Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir John Hawkins, and Doctor William Scott, of Doctors Commons, in trust for the following uses: That is to say, to pay to the representatives of the late William Innys, bookseller, in St. Paul's Church-yard, the sum of 200*l.*; to Mrs. White, my female servant, 100*l.* stock in the 3 per cent. annuities aforesaid. The rest of the aforesaid sums of money and property, together with my books, plate, and household furniture, I leave to the before-mentioned Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir John Hawkins, and Doctor William Scott, also in trust, to be applied, after paying my debts, to the use of Francis Barber, my man servant, a negro, in such manner as they shall judge most fit and available to his benefit. And I appoint the aforesaid Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir John Hawkins, and Doctor William Scott, sole executors of this my last will and testament; hereby revoking all former wills and testaments whatsoever. In witness whereof I hereunto subscribe my name, and affix my seal, this eighth day of December, 1784.

SAM. JOHNSON. (L. S.)

Signed, sealed, published, declared, and delivered by the said testator, as his last will and testament, in the presence of us, the word *was* being first inserted in the opposite page,

GEORGE STRAHAN.

JOHN DES MOULINS.

BY way of codicil to my last will and testament, I Samuel Johnson give, devise, and bequeath my messuage or tenement, situate at Litchfield, in the county of Stafford, with the appurtenances, in the tenure or occupation of Mrs. Bond, of Litchfield aforesaid, or of Mr. Hinchman, her under-tenant, to my executors in trust, to sell and dispose of the same; and the money arising from such sale I give and bequeath as follows, viz. To Thomas and Benjamin, the sons of Fisher Johnson, late of Leicester, and ——— Whiting, daughter of Thomas Johnson, late of Coventry, and the grand-daughter of the said Thomas Johnson, one full and equal fourth part each; but in case there shall be more grand-daughters than one of the said Thomas Johnson living at the time of my decease, I give and bequeath the part or share of that one to, and equally between, such grand-daughters. I give and bequeath to the Rev. Mr. Rogers, of Berkeley, near Froome, in

the county of Somerset, the sum of 100*l.* requesting him to apply the same towards the maintenance of Elizabeth Henre, a lunatic. I also give and bequeath to my god-children, the son and daughter of Mauritius Low, painter, each of them 100*l.* of my stock in the 3 per cent. consolidated annuities, to be applied and disposed of, by and at the discretion of my executors, in the education or settlement in the world of them, my said legatees. Also, I give and bequeath to Sir John Hawkins, one of my executors, the *Annales Ecclesiastici* of Baronius, and *Hollingshed's* and *Stowe's Chronicles*, and also an octavo Common Prayer Book: to Bennet Langton, Esq. I give and bequeath my Polyglot Bible: to Sir Joshua Reynolds my great French Dictionary, by *Martinieri*, and my own copy of my Folio English Dictionary, of the last revision: to Doctor William Scott, one of my executors, the *Dictionnaire de Commerce*, and *Lessius's* edition of the *Greek Poets*: to Mr. Windham, *Poetæ Græci Heroici per Henricum Stephanaum*: to the Rev. Mr. Strahan, Vicar of Illington, in the county of Middlesex, *Mills's Greek Testament*, *Beza's Greek Testament* by *Stephens*, all my Latin Bibles, and my Greek Bible by *Wechelius*: to Dr. Heberden, Dr. Brocklesby, Dr. Butler, Mr. Cruikshanks the Surgeon who attended me, Mr. Holder my Apothecary, Gerard Hamilton, Esq. Mrs. Gardner of Snow-hill, Mrs. Frances Reynolds, Mr. Hoole, and the Rev. Mr. Hoole his son, each a book at their election, to keep as a token of remembrance. I also give and bequeath to Mr. John Des Moulins 200*l.* consolidated 3 per cent. annuities; and to Mr. Safter, the Italian Master, the sum of 5*l.* to be laid out in books of piety for his own use. And whereas the said Bennet Langton hath agreed, in consideration of the sum of 750*l.* mentioned in my will to be in his hands, to grant and secure an annuity of 70*l.* payable during the life of me and my servant Francis Barber, and the life of the survivors of us, to Mr. George Stubbs, in trust for us; my mind and will is, that in case of my decease before the said agreement shall be perfected, the said sum of 750*l.* and the bond for securing the said sum, shall go to the said F. Barber. And I hereby give and bequeath to him the same in lieu of the bequest in his favour contained in my said will. And I hereby empower my said executors to deduct and retain all expenses that shall or may be incurred in the execution of my said will, or of this codicil thereto, out of said estate and effects as I shall die possessed of: All the rest, residue, and remainder of my estate and effects, I give and bequeath to my said executors, in trust, for the said Francis Barber, his executors and

administrators. Witness my hand and seal,
this 9th day of December, 1784,

SAM. JOHNSON. (L. S.)

Signed, sealed, published, declared, and delivered, by the said Samuel Johnson, as and for a codicil to his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who in his presence, and at his request, and also in the presence of each other, have hereto subscribed our names as witnesses.

*John Copley.
William Gibson.
Henry Cote.*

Proved at London, with a codicil, the 16th day of December, 1784, before the Worshipful George Harris, Doctor of Laws, and Surrogate, by the oath of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Knight, Sir John Hawkins, Knight, and William Scott, Doctor of Laws, the executors named in the will, to whom administration was granted, having been first sworn duly to administer.

Dec. 18,
1784.

*Henry Stevens,
Geo. Gosling,
John Grene,* } Deputy
Regist'rs.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

TRANSLATION of a LETTER of the KING of PRUSSIA to GENERAL TAUENZ-
ZIEN, on his arrival at POTSDAM after having reviewed his TROOPS in SILESIA.

My dear General von Tauenzien,

I WILL herewith repeat with my pen, what I mentioned to you when I was in Silesia, that my army there has never been in such bad discipline as it is at present. If I were to make shoe makers and tailors Generals, the regiments could not be worse! The regiment of Taddens is not to be compared to the most insignificant land battalion of a Prussian army. Rolkirch and Schwartz are not worth much neither. Zarenbamb is in such disorder, that I intend to send one of the officers of my own regiment to bring it in order again. The fellows in von Erlach's regiment are so spoiled by smuggling, that they have not the appearance of soldiers. Keller's is like unto a parcel of rough unmannerly boors. Hager's has a miserable commander; and your regiment is very middling: only with Count von Anhalt, Wendessen, and Heinrich, I can be satisfied. See, so are the regiments in detail. I will now describe to you the manoeuvres:

"Schwartz makes the unpardonable mistake near Neisse not to cover sufficiently the heights on the left wing; if it had been in earnest, the battle would have been lost. Erlach by Breslaw, instead of covering the army by placing troops on the

"heights, marched with his division like cabbage and turnips in defile; so that if it had been in earnest, the cavalry of the enemy would have cut the infantry to pieces, and the battle have been lost."

I don't intend to lose battles through the laziness of my Generals; therefore I herewith command you, that in case I am alive next year, you march with the army between Breslaw and Olaw; and four days before I come to the camp, that you manoeuvre with the ignorant Generals, and shew them their duty. The regiment of Armin, and the garrison regiment of Konitz, are to be the enemy; and whoever does not do his duty, a Court-Martial shall be held; because I should blame every Potentate to keep such people who did not trouble themselves about their business in his service; consequently I am not to be blamed for it. Erlach remains four weeks longer under arrest. You are to make your whole corps acquainted with this my opinion.

I am your affectionate King,
Potsdam, Sept. 7, 1784. FREDERICK.

* * * The original may be seen at the Publishers.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

BON-MOT of an HIBERNIAN.

AT a Masquerade, last winter, in one of those moments of *extreme* hilarity which, on such occasions, are the usual fore-runners of an *extreme* intoxication, an Irish Officer meeting a certain lady upon the steps of the Pantheon, rudely thrust his hand under her handkerchief.

Who would not be affronted at an outrage like this! and so *public* an outrage too!—Totally inconsistent with *decorum*, it seemed

to set at defiance every principle of even *common decency*; and the lady, in the height of her rage, declared, with all the dignity of an injured VESTAL, "that she had never in her life been served so before!"

"I firmly believe it, Madam," replied the reeling Hibernian; "but it was a frolic of youth: then, pray, have pity; for, alas! if your heart be not more soft than your *basin*, I am an *undone* man!"

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.

[Concluded from page 341.]

HIS Majesty was by this time arrived at Gartz. Mr. Luderitz, as the first deputy of the Ruppin circle, took care that the horses should be changed. This gentleman wore a hat with a white feather; and as soon as the horses were put to and set off, the King said, To whom belongs the estate which lies on the left?

Officer. To Mr. Luderitz; it is called Nakelen.

King. What Luderitz is it?

Officer. It was he, Sire, who was at Gartz when the fresh horses were put to.

King. Ho, ho, the Gentleman with the white feathers?—Do you sow wheat too?

Officer. Yes, Sire.

King. How much have you sown?

Officer. Three seams, twelve combs.

King. And pray, how much did your predecessor sow?

Officer. Four combs.

King. How is it that you sow so much more than your predecessor?

Officer. I have already had the honour to inform your Majesty, that I keep seventy cows more than my predecessors, and in consequence am more able to manure my lands and to sow wheat.

King. But why don't you plant hemp?

Officer. It cannot be brought to any perfection here: in cold climates it succeeds better: our rope-makers can have Russian hemp better and cheaper in Lubeck than they could have it of me.

King. What do you sow then instead of hemp?

Officer. Wheat.

King. Why don't you sow cole cabbage?

Officer. It will not succeed; the ground is not good enough.

King. You only say so: you should have made a trial.

Officer. So I have, but always miscarried; and as Officer, I really cannot make many experiments; for though I do not succeed, I must still pay my rent.

King. What then do you sow instead of it?
EUROP. MAG.

Officer. Wheat.

King. Well, then, continue with wheat. Your vassals must be in very good circumstances?

Officer. Yes, Sire, I am convinced by the mortgage-books, that they are worth above fifty thousand dollars.

King. That is good.

Officer. About three years ago a peasant died, and left near eleven thousand dollars in the Bank.

King. How much?

Officer. Eleven thousand dollars.

King. So: you must preserve them in their situation.

Officer. Yes, Sire, it is very well when the vassals possess fortunes; but then they grow highly insolent, and more particularly the vassals here, who have lodged complaints against me more than seven times, with an intention to remove me from my appointment.

King. I suppose they had very good reason for doing so.

Officer. Your Majesty will graciously pardon me: their complaints went under a strict examination, and it was found that I did not oppress them, and I was declared to have acted properly in keeping them to their duty. Yet things remain on the old footing: the vassals have not been punished: your Majesty always takes their part, and the poor Officer must suffer.

King. Yes, my son, that things are decided in your favour, I do really believe; but I also suppose that you bravely bribe the Counsel in your department with butter and poultry, &c.

Officer. No, Sire, that cannot be done: grain is not profitable; and if it were not for some other things to get a penny by, how would it be possible to pay the rent?

King. Where do you sell your butter and poultry?

Officer. At Berlin.

King. Why not at Ruppin?

Officer. Most people of this county keep

as many cows as will supply their wants : the soldiers eat old butter, as they cannot afford to buy fresh.

King. What do you get for your butter at Berlin ?

Officer. Four grosh a pound : the soldiers at Ruppin pay for the old butter but two grosh.

King. But you might bring your fowls and turkeys to the Ruppin market.

Officer. There are but four Staff-Officers in the whole regiment, who do not want much ; and as for the citizens, they do not live so delicately, and thank God when they can have pork.

King. Yes, there you are right. The Berliners like delicacies. Well, do with the subjects as you please, only do not oppress them.

Officer. That will never be any thought of mine, nor that of any other upright officer.

King. Tell me whereabouts Stollen lies.

Officer. Your Majesty cannot see Stollen : the high hills on the left are the mountains of Stollen, from which your Majesty will be able to survey all the settlements.

King. So, that is good. Then attend me to that place.

Not far from thence was a great number of country people cutting the corn, who formed themselves in two lines, saluted his Majesty with their scythes, and he passed through their lines.

King. What the Devil would these people have ? Perhaps they want money of me.

Officer. No, Sir ! they are rejoiced that your Majesty has been so gracious as to make a tour into this county.

King. I shall give them nothing. What is the name of this village before us ?

Officer. Barcekow.

King. To whom does it belong ?

Officer. To a Mr. Mutschekall.

King. What Mutschekall is it ?

Officer. He has been a Major in the regiment which your Majesty had before you came to the crown.

King. My God ! is he still living ?

Officer. No ; he is dead, but his daughter inherited the estate.

We came now to the village where the mansion lay in ruins.

King. Hark you, is this the mansion of the family ?

Officer. Yes, Sir.

King. It appears in distress.

The daughter of Mutschekall, who married a Mr. Kriegerheim, a Nobleman of Mecklenburg, to whom the King made a present of two hundred acres, and who came on purpose from the country, came forward and presented to the King some fruit. The

King thanked her, asked her who her father was, when he died, and so forth. She immediately presented her husband to the King, thanked him for the two hundred acres, and as she mounted the steps of the carriage with an intent to kiss his Majesty's hand or coat, the King removed to the other side of the char'ot, and said, Let it alone, let it alone, my child, it is very well.—*Officer,* come, hasten our departure. These people are not in very good circumstances.

Officer. Very bad, Sir ; in the greatest distress.

King. I am very sorry. There lived here some time ago a county Counsellor, who had many children : cannot you recollect any thing of him ?

Officer. I suppose you mean Mr. Gorgas of Ganfen.

King. Yes, yes, the very same : is he dead ?

Officer. Yes, Sir, he died in 1771 : and it was remarkable, that in a fortnight he, his wife, daughter, and four sons, died. The other four were also afflicted with the same disease, which appeared to be an infectious fever ; and notwithstanding the four brothers were in the service, and separated in different garrisons, they were seized with the same malignant fever, and narrowly escaped with their lives.

King. That was a most dreadful incident. Where are the four brothers at present ?

Officer. One is in Ziethen's hussar regiment, the other is in the Gens d'Armes, and one has been in Prince Ferdinand's regiment, and lives now upon the Derfau estate : the fourth is the son-in-law of General Ziethen ; he was Lieutenant in Ziethen's regiment ; but in the late war your Majesty granted him his dismissal on account of his weak constitution, and he lives now at Ganfen.

King. So, then, one of Gorgas's family lives in this neighbourhood ? Do you make no trials with foreign grain ?

Officer. O yes, Sir, I have sown this year some Spanish barley, but it does not thrive well, and I shall sow no more ; but the Stauden rye of Holstein I find to turn out well.

King. What sort of rye is it ?

Officer. It grows in the lower part of Holstein ; it has never produced me less than ten to one.

King. No, no ; not so much as ten to one.

Officer. That is not much : please your Majesty to enquire of General Gortz, and he will inform you that this is not thought much of at Holstein. (General Gortz and I became acquainted at Holstein.)

His Majesty spoke a considerable time

with the General about the Stauden rye of Holstein, and then called to me out of the chariot—Well—continue with the rye, and let your vassals also have some.

Officer. Yes, Sir.

King. But pray give me an idea how the Luchs appeared before it was drained.

Officer. It contained many high hills, between which the water gathered to that degree, that even in the driest season of the year we could not get our hay out, but were obliged to gather it in large heaps, and in the winter season, only in a hard frost could we take it away by carriage. But now the hills are cleared away, and by means of the ditches which your Majesty ordered to be made, the water is drawn off, and the Luch is so dry that we can carry out our hay whenever we please.

King. That is good. Do your vassals keep more cattle than they formerly did?

Officer. Yes, Sir.

King. How many more, do you think?

Officer. Some one, some two, according as their circumstances will allow.

King. But how many more do they keep all together on an average?

Officer. About one hundred and twenty.

Now the King, as I suppose, asked General Gortz, how I came to know him; and probably being truly informed by the General, that he became acquainted with me at Holstein, where I bought horses and brought them to Potsdam, the King suddenly turned to me, and said,

I know you are a lover of horses; but leave that business, and rather breed cattle; you will find it more advantageous.

Officer. Please your Majesty, I do not deal in horses at present, but breed only a few colts every year.

King. Breed calves: these will answer still better.

Officer. O, Sir, if one takes care and pays proper attention, there is no loss in the breeding of horses. I know a person who got about two years ago a thousand dollars for a stone-horse of his breeding.

King. He who gave that price was a fool.

Officer. He was a nobleman of Mecklenburg.

King. He was a fool notwithstanding.

We arrived now at the Bailiwick of Neustadt: the Counsel Klausius, who rented that Bailiwick, was at the frontiers, which his Majesty passed by; and as I was already tired of answering the many questions his Majesty repeatedly put to me, I thought proper to bring the said Mr. Klausius up to the chariot, saying, Sir, this is the Counsel Klausius, under whose jurisdiction the settlements are.

King. So, so, I am glad of it, let him come hither. What is your name?

From this time the King spoke mostly to the Counsel Klausius, and I only penned down what I heard.

Counselor. Klausius.

King. Klausius. Well, have you any cattle here on the new settlements?

Counselor. Eighteen hundred eighty-seven cows, Sir: there would have been far more than three thousand, had it not been for the murrain.

King. Do the people encrease much? are there a good many children?

Counselor. O, yes, Sir, there are above 1576 souls on the colonies.

King. Are you married?

Counselor. Yes, Sir.

King. Have you any children?

Counselor. Yes, Sir, step-children.

King. Why not of your own?

Counselor. I do not know, Sir, how that happens.

King (to me.) Are the frontiers of Mecklenburg far from hence?

Officer. But a short mile; but there are several villages which lie in the county of Brandenburg; they are called Retzenbart, Roße, and so forth.

King. Yes, yes, I know them; but I could hardly believe that we should be so near Mecklenburg.

Where was you born? (*To the Counselor.*)

Counselor. At Newstadt on the Döffe.

King. What was your father?

Counselor. A preacher.

King. Are the people settled on the colonies good for any thing? The first generation in general does not promise much.

Counselor. They may pass.

King. Are they economists? do they manage well?

Counselor. O, yes, Sir, we have given his Excellency the Minister Dreschau a farm of 75 acres, that he may shew the others a good example.

King (laughing.) Ha, ha! shew good example! But tell me, I do not see any wood: from whence do the colonists get it?

Counselor. From Ruppia.

King. How far is that from hence?

Counselor. Three miles.

King. That is really far. Care should have been taken that they could have it nearer. (*to me*) Who is that fellow here on the right?

Officer. It is Mr. Menzelius, inspector of the buildings hereabouts.

King. Am I in Rome? All the names are Latin. What is that enclosure with the high hedge for?

Officer. It is for the breeding of mules and other beasts.

King. How do you call this settlement?

Officer. Klausuhof.

Counselor. You may call it Klaushof.

King. It is called Klau-fi-ufhof: and what is the name of the other?

Officer. Brekenhof.

King. That is not the right name.

Officer. Yes, Sire, I know it by no other name.

King. It is Breken-ho-fi-ufhof? Are these the mountains of Stollen which lie before us?

Officer. Yes, Sire.

King. Must I go through the village?

Officer. No, Sire, there is no necessity for it: it is only for the change of horses, which wait in the village; and if your Majesty commands I will ride before, and order the horses to be brought behind the mountains.

King. Yes, do so; take one of my pages with you.

I obeyed; and was so expeditious as to be back by the time his Majesty reached the mountains; and as soon as his Majesty ascended the same, he ordered a telescope to be brought, through which he surveyed the colonies, and said, "That is true; it is far beyond my expectation. That is beautiful; and I must confess to you all, who have been engaged in this work, that you are very honest men." (*to me*) Tell me, is the river Elbe far from hence?

Officer. About two miles. There lies Wurben, in the county of Altenmark, close on the Elbe.

King. That cannot be. Give me the telescope once more.—Yes, yes, it is really so. But what steeps is that other?

Officer. It is Havelberg, Sire.

King. Hark ye all. Draw near (*there were the Counsellor Klausius, the Inspector Menzelius, and I*). That bog on the left shall also be drained, and likewise that which lies on the right, as far as the waste ground extends. What wood stands on it?

Officer. Alder and oak.

King. The alders must be taken out; the oaks may remain, and the people may fell them, or make what use of them they please: and when the ground is drained, I think it might contain 300 families, and 500 cattle. Is it not so? (*As nobody answered, then I said*) Yes, Sire, it might, perhaps.

King. You might give me a direct answer, more or less. I know well that it is impossible to determine positively. I have never been there, and am not acquainted with the situation, else I understand it as well as you.

Officer. But, please your Majesty, the Luch still belongs to a great community.

King. That is no matter; an exchange may be made, or an equivalent given for it, at as easy a rate as it can be done. I do not want it for nothing. (*to Counsellor Klausius*) You may write to my Privy-chamber what I wish to have done; I shall pay the expenses. (*to me*) And do you go to Berlin and

inform my Privy-counsellor Michaelis of it.

After his Majesty had taken a full view of all the settlements he went down the mountain, and fresh horses were put to. I asked if it was His Majesty's pleasure that I should attend him farther.

King. No, my son, return, in God's name, to your home.

Counsellor Klausius conducted His Majesty to Rathenau. The King dined there with Lieutenant-colonel Backhoff, of the carbineers, and was extremely pleased; and, as Colonel Backhoff related, His Majesty addressed himself to him in these words:

"My dear Backhoff, if you have not been for some time in the environs of Fehrbellin, I must tell you, there is such an alteration for the better, that I really do not recollect to have had so much pleasure as I have now experienced. I undertook this journey because I had no review this year; but I am so well satisfied, that I shall undoubtedly repeat it.

"How did it go with you in the late war? Probably badly. You made no progress in Saxony neither, by reason that we did not fight against men, but cannon. I might have gained a great many victories; but it would have cost me the very flower of my army, and been only shedding innocent blood. I should have detested to be brought before a court-martial, and publicly punished. Wars in general are terrible.—"

These expressions, coming from the lips of so great a Monarch, so affected the Lieutenant-colonel Backhoff, that they forced a stream of tears from the Veteran's eyes.

The King proceeded: "I can form as clear an idea of the battle which was fought near Fehrbellin as if I had been present. When I, as Crown Prince, resided at Ruppin, there was a very old citizen who remembered the battle, and knew the field so well, that I took him once with me in my chariot. He informed me of every particular so correctly, that I was highly entertained; and, on my return, thought to have had a little joke with the old man. I asked him, "Father, cannot you inform me what was the cause of that great quarrel?" "Yes, please your Royal Highness (says he), I will tell you. Our Elector, as well as the King of Sweden, when Crown Princes, were together at Utrecht for their education: there were then some quarrels and animosities between them, which ran to so high a pitch, that they now thought proper to decide them."

His Majesty delivered the report of the old man as he related it, in the Low German language; but was so tired at table, that he fell asleep. I shall now conclude the account of this journey, as it will be difficult to put on paper every particular His Majesty asked and said.

REMARKABLE ANECDOTES and CHARACTER of Mr. THOMAS MATHEW,
of THOMAS-TOWN, in the County of TIPPERARY.

[From SHERIDAN'S "Life of SWIFT," lately published.]

DURING the time that Dean Swift resided in Ireland, there lived in that Kingdom a Gentleman of the name of *Mathew*, whose history is worth recording.

He was possessed of a large estate in the finest county of that Kingdom, Tipperary: which produced a clear rent of eight thousand a year. As he delighted in a country life, he resolved to build a large commodious house for the reception of guests, surrounded by fifteen hundred acres of his choicest land, all laid out upon a regular plan of improvement, according to the new adopted mode of English gardening (which had supplanted the bad Dutch taste brought in by King William), and of which he was the first who set the example in Ireland; nor was there any improvement of that sort then in England, which was comparable to his, either in point of beauty or extent. As this design was formed early in life; in order to accomplish his point, without incurring any debt on his estate, he retired to the Continent for seven years, and lived upon six hundred pounds a year, while the remaining income of his estate was employed in carrying on the great works he had planned there. When all was completed he returned to his native country; and after some time passed in the metropolis, to revive the old, and cultivate new acquaintance, he retired to his seat at Thomas-town to pass the remainder of his days there. As he was one of the finest Gentlemen of the age, and possessed of so large a property, he found no difficulty, during his residence in Dublin, to get access to all whose character for talents or probity made him desirous to cultivate their acquaintance. Out of these he selected such as were most conformable to his taste, inviting them to pass such leisure time as they might have upon their lands, at Thomas-town. As there was something uncommonly singular in his mode of living, such as I believe was never carried into practice by any mortal before in an equal degree, I fancy the reader will not be displeased with an account of the particulars of it.

His house had been chiefly contrived to answer the noble purpose of that constant hospitality which he intended to maintain there. It contained forty commodious apartments for guests, with suitable accommodations to their servants. Each apartment was completely furnished with every convenience that could be wanted, even to the minutest article. When a guest arrived, he shewed him

his apartment, saying, "This is your Castle, here you are to command as absolutely as in your own house; you may breakfast, dine and sup here whenever you please, and invite such of the guests to accompany you as may be most agreeable to you." He then shewed him the common parlour, where he said a daily ordinary was kept, at which he might dine when it was more agreeable to him to mix in society;" but from this moment you are never to know me as master of the house, and only to consider me as one of the guests." In order to put an end to all ceremony at meal-time, he took his place at random at the table; and thus all ideas of precedence being laid aside, the guests seated themselves promiscuously, without any regard to difference of rank or quality. There was a large room fitted up exactly like a Coffee-house, where a bar-maid and waiters attended to furnish refreshments at all times of the day. Here such as chose it breakfasted at their own hour. It was furnished with Chefs-boards, Back-gammon Tables, Newspapers, Pamphlets, &c. in all the forms of a City Coffee-house. But the most extraordinary circumstance in his whole domestic arrangement, was that of a detached room in one of the extremities of the house, called the Tavern. As he was himself a very temperate man, and many of his guests were of the same disposition, the quantity of wine for the use of the common room was but moderate; but as drinking was much in fashion in those days, in order to gratify such of his guests as had indulged themselves in that custom, he had recourse to the above-mentioned contrivance; and it was the custom of all who loved a cheerful glass, to adjourn to the tavern soon after dinner, and leave the more sober folks to themselves. Here a waiter in a blue apron attended (as was the fashion then), and all things in the room were contrived so as to humour the illusion. Here every one called for what liquor they liked, with as little restraint as if they were really in a public-house, and to pay their share of the reckoning. Here too the midnight orgies of Bacchus were often celebrated, with the same noisy mirth as is customary in his City Temples, without in the least disturbing the repose of the more sober part of the family. Games of all sorts were allowed, but under such restrictions as to prevent gambling; and so as to answer their true end, that of amusement, without injury to the purse of

the players. There were two billiard-tables, and a large bowling-green; ample provision was made for all such as delighted in country sports; fishing-tackle of all sorts; variety of guns with proper ammunition; a pack of buck-hounds, another of fox-hounds, and another of harriers. He constantly kept twenty choice hunters in his stables for the use of those who were not properly mounted for the chase. It may be thought that his income was not sufficient to support so expensive an establishment; but when it is considered that eight thousand a year at that time was fully equal to double that sum at present; that his large demesne, in some of the richest soil of Ireland, furnished the house with every necessary except groceries and wine; it may be supposed to be easily practicable, if under the regulation of a strict economy; of which no man was a greater master. I am told his plan was so well formed, and he had such checks upon all his domestics, that it was impossible there could be any waste, or that any article from the larder, or a single bottle of wine from the cellar, could have been purloined, without immediate detection. This was done partly by the choice of faithful Stewards, and Clerks of approved integrity; but chiefly by his own superintendance of the whole, as not a day passed without having all the accounts of the preceding one laid before him. This he was enabled to do by his early rising; and the business being finished before others were out of their beds, he always appeared the most disengaged man in the house, and seemed to have as little concern in the conduct of it as any of the guests. And indeed to a stranger he might easily pass for such, as he made it a point that no one should consider him in the light of master of the house, nor pay him the least civilities on that score; which he carried so far, that he sometimes went abroad without giving any notice, and staid away several days, while things went on as usual at home; and on his return, he would not allow any gratulations to be made him, nor any other notice to be taken of him, than if he had not been absent during that time. The arrangements of every sort were so prudently made, that no multiplicity of guests or their domestics ever occasioned any disorder, and all things were conducted with the same ease and regularity as in a private family. There was one point which seemed of great difficulty, that of establishing certain signals, by which each servant might know when he was summoned to his master's apartment. For this purpose there was a great hall appropriated to their use, where they always assembled when they were not upon duty. Along the wall bells

were ranged in order, one to each apartment, with the number of the chamber marked over it; so that when any one of them was rung, they had only to turn their eyes to the bell, and see what servant was called. He was the first who put an end to that inhospitable custom of giving valets to servants, by making a suitable addition to their wages; at the same time assuring them, that if they ever took any afterwards, they should be discharged with disgrace; and to prevent temptation, the guests were informed that Mr. Mathew would consider it as the highest affront, if any offer of that sort were made. As Swift had heard much of this place from Dr. Sheridan, who had been often a welcome guest there, both on account of his companionable qualities, and as being preceptor to the nephew of Mr. Mathew, he was desirous of seeing with his own eyes whether the report of it were true, which he could not help thinking to have been much exaggerated. Upon receiving an intimation of this from Dr. Sheridan, Mr. Mathew wrote a polite letter to the Dean, requesting the honour of a visit, in company with the Doctor, on his next school vacation. They set out accordingly on horseback, attended by a Gentleman who was a near relation of Mr. Mathew, and from whom I received the whole of the following account. They had scarce reached the inn where they were to pass the first night, and which, like most of the Irish inns at that time, afforded but miserable entertainment, when a coach and six horses arrived, sent to convey them the remainder of their journey to Thomas-town; and at the same time bringing store of the choicest viands, wine, and other liquors for their refreshment. Swift was highly pleased with this uncommon mark of attention paid him; and the circumstance of the coach proved particularly agreeable, as he had been a good deal fatigued with his day's journey. When they came within sight of the house, the Dean, astonished at its magnitude, cried out, "What, in the name of God, can be the use of such a vast building?" "Why, Mr. Dean," replied their fellow-traveller before-mentioned, "there are no less than forty apartments for guests in that house, and all of them probably occupied at this time, except what are reserved for us." Swift, in his usual manner, called out to the coachman to stop, and bade him turn about, and drive him back to Dublin; for he could not think of mixing with such a crowd. "Well," said he afterwards suddenly, "there is no remedy, I must submit; but I have lost a fortnight of my life." Mr. Mathew received him at the door with uncommon marks of respect; and then conducting him to his

apartment, after some compliments, made him his usual speech; acquainting him with the customs of the house, and retired, leaving him in possession of his castle. Soon after the cook appeared with his bill of fare, to receive his directions about supper, and the butler at the same time with a list of wines and other liquors. "And is all this really so?" said Swift; "and may I command here as in my own house?" The Gentleman before-mentioned assured him he might, and that nothing could be more agreeable to the owner of that mansion, than that all under his roof should live conformably to their own inclinations, without the least restraint. "Well, then," said Swift, "I invite you and Dr. Sheridan to be my guests while I stay, for I think I shall hardly be tempted to mix with the mob below." Three days were passed in riding over the demesne, and viewing the several improvements, without ever seeing Mr. Mathew, or any of the guests; nor were the company below much concerned at his absence, as his very name usually inspired those who did not know him with awe, and they were afraid his presence would put an end to that ease and cheerfulness which reigned among them. On the fourth day, Swift entered the room where the company were assembled before dinner, and addressed Mr. Mathew in one of the finest complimentary speeches that ever was made; in which he expatiated on all the beauties of his improvements, with the skill of an artist, and taste of a connoisseur. He shewed that he had a full comprehension of the whole of the plan, and of the judicious adaption of the parts to the whole, and pointed out several articles which had escaped general observation. Such an address, from a man of Swift's character, could not fail of being pleasing to the owner, who was at the same time the planner of these improvements; and so fine an eulogium from one who was supposed to deal more in satire than panegyric, was likely to remove the prejudice entertained against his character, and prepossess the rest of the company in his favour. He concluded his speech, by saying, "And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, I am come to live among you, and it shall be no fault of mine if we do not pass our time agreeably." After dinner, being in high spirits, he entertained the company with various pleasantries. Dr. Sheridan and he played into one another's hands; they joked, they punned, they laughed, and a general gaiety was diffused through the whole company. In a short time all constraint on his account disappeared. He entered readily into all their little schemes of promoting mirth, and every day, with the assistance of his condjutor, pro-

duced some new one, which afforded a good deal of sport and merriment. Never were such joyous scenes known there before; for, when to ease and cheerfulness there is superadded, at times, the higher zest of gay wit, lively fancy, and droll humour, nothing can be wanting to the perfection of the social pleasures of life. When the time came which obliged Dr. Sheridan to return to his school, the company were so delighted with the Dean, that they earnestly intreated him to remain there some time longer; and Mr. Mathew himself for once broke thro' his rule of never soliciting the stay of any guest, (it being the established custom of the house, that all might depart whenever they thought proper, without any ceremony of leave-taking) by joining in the request. Swift found himself so happy in his situation there, that he readily yielded to their solicitations, and instead of the fortnight which he had originally intended, passed four months there much to his own satisfaction, and that of all those who visited the place during that time. Having given an account of the owner of this happy mansion, I shall now relate an adventure he was engaged in, of so singular a kind as deserves well to be recorded. It was towards the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, when Mr. Mathew returned to Dublin, after his long residence abroad. At that time party ran very high, but raged no where with such violence as in that City, inasmuch that duels were every day fought there on that score. There happened to be, at that time, two Gentlemen in London who valued themselves highly on their skill in fencing; the name of one of them was Pack, the other Creed; the former a major, the latter a captain in the army. Hearing of these daily exploits in Dublin, they resolved, like two Knight-errants, to go over in quest of adventures. Upon enquiry, they learned that Mr. Mathew, lately arrived from France, had the character of being one of the first swordsmen in Europe. Pack, rejoiced to find an antagonist worthy of him, resolved the first opportunity to pick a quarrel with him; and meeting him as he was carried along the street in his chair, jostled the fore-chairman. Of this Mathew took no notice, as supposing it to be accidental. But Pack afterwards boasted of it in the public coffee-house, saying, that he had purposely offered this insult to that Gentleman, who had not the spirit to resent it. There happened to be present a particular friend of Mr. Mathew's of the name of Macnamara, a man of tried courage, and reputed the best fencer in Ireland. He immediately took up the quarrel, and said, he was sure Mr. Mathew did not suppose

the affront intended, otherwise he would have chastised him on the spot: but if the major would let him know where he was to be found, he should be waited on immediately on his friend's return, who was to dine that day a little way out of town. The major said that he should be at the tavern over the way, where he and his companions would wait their commands. Immediately on his arrival, Mathew being made acquainted with what had passed, went from the coffee-house to the tavern, accompanied by Macnamara. Being shewn into the room where the two Gentlemen were, after having secured the door, without any expostulation, Mathew and Pack drew their swords; but Macnamara stopped them, saying, he had something to propose before they proceeded to action. He said, in cases of this nature, he never could bear to be a cool spectator; so, "Sir, (addressing himself to Creed) if you please, I shall have the honour of entertaining you in the same manner." Creed, who desired no better sport, made no other reply than that of instantly drawing his sword; and to work the four champions fell, with the same composure as if it were only a fencing-match with foils. The conflict was of some duration, and maintained with great obstinacy by the two officers, notwithstanding the great effusion of blood from the many wounds which they had received. At length, quite exhausted, they both fell, and yielded the victory to the superior skill of their anta-

gonists. Upon this occasion, Mathew gave a remarkable proof of the perfect composure of his mind during the action. Creed had fallen the first; upon which Pack exclaimed, "Ah, poor Creed, are you gone?" "Yes," said Mathew, very composedly, and you shall instantly *Pack* after him;" at the same time making a home thrust quite thro' his body, which threw him to the ground. This was the more remarkable, as he was never in his life, either before or after, known to have aimed at a pun. The number of wounds received by the vanquished parties was very great; and what seems almost miraculous, their opponents were untouched. The surgeons, seeing the desperate state of their patients, would not suffer them to be removed out of the room where they fought, but had beds immediately conveyed into it, on which they lay many hours in a state of insensibility. When they came to themselves and saw where they were, Pack, in a feeble voice, said to his companion, "Creed, I think we are the conquerors, for we have kept the field of battle." For a long time their lives were despaired of; but to the astonishment of every one, they both recovered. When they were able to see company, Mathew and his friend attended them daily, and a close intimacy afterwards ensued, as they found them men of probity, and of the best dispositions, except in this Quixotish idea of duelling, whereof they were now perfectly cured.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An ACCOUNT of the NEW ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL, in OLD-STREET ROAD, lately erected.

[Illustrated by an engraved View of it.]

THERE is no country in Europe where the spirit of benevolence is more universally diffused than our own; and amongst the various institutions which have arisen from this national philanthropy, there are, we will venture to say, none which do us more honour than those founded for the reception and cure of indigent lunatics; of which, besides the two in the metropolis (Bethlem and St. Luke's), and which are said to be by far the largest in Europe, there are others lately established at Manchester, York, and also, if we mistake not, at Liverpool.

ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL, to some account of which we shall at present confine ourselves,

was instituted in 1750, at the North end of Moor-fields. The motives which actuated the worthy citizens of London who first planned and promoted this charitable work, cannot be better displayed than in their own words, which we shall here quote*.

"1. Experience had long shewn, that the Hospital of Bethlem was incapable of receiving and providing for the relief of all the unhappy objects of this sort who made application for it.

"2. That the expence and difficulty attending the admission of a patient into the Hospital of Bethlem, had discouraged many applications for the benefit of that charity,

* See the "Reasons for the Establishment and further Encouragement of St. Luke's Hospital for Lunatics, together with the Rules and Orders for the Government thereof," prefixed to the State of the Charity printed annually in 4to.

“ particularly on behalf of the more neceffitous objects, and of fuch who refided in the remote parts of the kingdom.

“ 3. That by this unavoidable exclusion, or delay in the admiffion of objects of this fort, many ufeful members have been loft to fociety, either by the diforder gaining ftrength beyond the reach of phyfic, or by the patients falling into the hands of perfons utterly unskilled in the treatment of the diforder, or who have found their advantage in neglecting every method neceffary to obtain a cure.

“ 4. That many families, (in no mean circumftances) through the heavy expence attending the fupport of one object of this fort, have themfelves become objects of charitable relief, and thereby doubled the load and lofs to the public.

“ 5. That the moft fatal acts of violence on themfelves, attendants and relations, have been often confequent on the fmalleft delay in placing the afflied with this diforder under the care of perfons experienced in guarding againft and preventing attempts of this kind.

“ 6. That no particular provifion is made by law for lunaticks, the common parifh workhoufes being no ways proper for their reception, either in point of accommodation, attendance, or phyfical affiftance.

“ 7. That the joining this to any other Hofpital not particularly adapted for the reception of Lunatics, would have been highly improper and dangerous; and that the joining it to Bethlem would have deprived it of its principal advantage, that of being under the immediate infpection and government of its own patrons and fupporters, inasmuch as no benefaction to Bethlem, how great foever, neceffarily conftitutes the donor a Governor of that Hofpital.”

Such were the benevolent motives of the firft promoters of this defign. The weight they have had in the general opinion, the largenefs of the fum contributed for its fupport abundantly teftifies, and leaves no room to doubt of a continuation of the fame generous difpofition for the future maintenance of it. In the lift of benefactors we obferve the name of the late Sir Thomas Clarke, Mafter of the Rolls, who bequeathed to it at his death the fum of thirty thoufand pounds. By this and other liberal donations from well-difpofed perfons, the Governors, in 1782, were enabled to lay the foundation of the New Hofpital reprefented in the Plate, after a defign of Mr. Dance, the Architect under whole direction it is erected. This new edifice with the plainnefs and fimplicity that

are commendable in buildings intended for charitable purpofes will unite every accommodation that can be wifhed for in a Lunatic Hofpital. The galleries will be airy and fpacious; and there are large inclofures behind the Hofpital, which will ferve as airing-grounds for the patients. The front reprefented in the Engraving looks towards Old-ftreet-road.

The number of patients in the prefent Hofpital in Moorfields amounts generally to one hundred and ten. In the new Hofpital there will be room for a much larger number. Of the abovemention'd one hundred and ten, eighty are recent cafes; and thefe are put on fuch a plan of medicine and regimen as is deemed fuitable to their cafe by the phyfician, for the fpace of one year, if they remain fo long uncured. They are then difcharged from the houfe, to be re-admitted in their turn, for life, among the incurable patients, the number of whom is limited to thirty. But it muft afford great comfort to every humane perfon, to learn that a very large proportion of the patients are every year reftored to their reafon, fo that not much more than one in three of all who are admitted are fent out uncured.

A General-Court of the Governors of the Hofpital is held twice in every year, viz. in February and Auguft; but the principal bufinefs of the Charity is conducted by what is called the Houfe Committee of twenty-one Governors elected annually for that purpofe, and who meet every Friday.

We fhall end our account with a copy of the Inftmctions, printed and diftributed by the Charity, for the ufe of thofe perfons who apply for the admiffion of patients, viz.

“ I. No perfon fhall knowingly be received as a patient into this Hofpital, who is not, in point of circumftances, a proper object of this charity, that is, poor and mad.

“ II. Or who hath been a Lunatic more than twelve Kalendar months.

“ III. Or who hath been difcharged uncured from any other Hofpital for the reception of Lunatics

“ IV. Or who is troubled with epileptick or convulfive fits.

“ V. Or who is deemed an idiot.

“ VI. Or who is infected with the venereal difeafe.

“ VII. Nor any woman with child.

“ And every fuch perfon, who through miftake or mifinformation fhall be received into this Hofpital, fhall be difcharged immediately on a difcovery of any of the above difqualifications.

“ Therefore, if the patient is not difqualified by any of the above rules, upon applying to Mr. Thomas Webfter, the Sec-

“cretary, in Queen-street, Cheap-side, or at
 “the Hospital, the forms of two printed
 “certificates, together with a petition, may
 “be had; the first of which certificates
 “(after it is filled up) must be signed by the
 “minister and churchwardens, or overseers
 “of the poor of the parish or place where
 “such patient resides; and the other by some
 “* physician, surgeon, or apothecary, who
 “hath visited such patient; after which the
 “person or persons who saw them sign, must
 “go before one or his Majesty’s justices of
 “the peace, or some other person authorised
 “to take affidavits, and make oath (or in case
 “of Quakers an affirmation) in the manner
 “as is printed at the bottom of the said cer-
 “tificates.

“When the certificates have been thus
 “signed, and oath (or affirmation) made
 “thereof as aforesaid, then fill up the peti-
 “tion, and annex the certificates thereto,
 “and apply to a Governor to sign the same;
 “which being done, both the petition and

“certificates must be left with the Secretary;
 “and the petitioner must not fail to attend
 “at the Hospital the next Friday morning
 “precisely at eleven o’clock, when the same
 “will be laid before the Committee; and,
 “if approved, the patient’s name will be put
 “upon the List, to be admitted in his turn,
 “as soon as a vacancy happens; and the pe-
 “titioner must, at the same time, leave a
 “direction with the Committee where to
 “send for the patient: and upon notice be-
 “ing sent from the Committee, for the pa-
 “tient to be brought for examination, there
 “must be left in writing with the Secretary,
 “within three days afterwards, the names,
 “business, and places of abode, of two sub-
 “stantial housekeepers residing within the
 “Bills of Mortality, who must be present
 “precisely at eleven o’clock in the morning,
 “when the patient is to be admitted, to enter
 “into a bond of 100*l.* to take the patient
 “away when discharged by the Committee.”

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

A LESSON for YOUNG MEN.

SIR,

K—t, Nov. 14, 1784.

PERMIT me to convey to the perusal of
 your readers a tale of private woe,
 which, although at first sight it may appear to
 concern only the fate of an unfortunate indi-
 vidual, will, I am inclined to think, on a closer
 review, turn out not wholly uninteresting to
 the community, inasmuch as it may afford a
 lesson to the young men of the present day
 for avoiding those rocks on which the unhappy
 subject of this Letter had formerly split.
 Without further preface I shall now proceed
 to my story:

Mr. P. was the youngest of five children
 of a worthy Clergyman in this county. The
 two elder sons were brought up to trade, in
 which they both made a conspicuous figure
 in the metropolis, and have been some few
 years deceased, leaving ample fortunes be-
 hind them of their own acquisition; one of
 the daughters was married to a gentleman of
 independent fortune, and the other is yet in
 a state of celibacy.

John, the youngest, and the subject of
 this Letter, was bound an apprentice to a
 woollen-draper, soon after which he lost his
 father; and his mother likewise dying before
 the expiration of his indentures, he was left

to the guidance of his own will at the early age
 of nineteen; a time when youth are perhaps
 less capable of being trusted with their own
 conduct than at any other period of their
 lives.

Being thus unhappily deprived of the pa-
 rental aid of his father, and released from
 the controul of a master, he took lodgings
 in the city, and for some time led a life of
 gaiety and dissipation; although I must do
 him the justice to acknowledge, that his con-
 duct during that period was not marked by
 any flagrant breach of the laws of decorum
 and good order. To this imprudent step of
 quitting the business to which he had been
 originally bred, and neglecting to procure a
 master for the remaining term of his appren-
 ticeship, may be ultimately referred every
 scene of woe and calamity (and God knows
 these have been sufficiently numerous) which
 hath befallen him in the subsequent acts of
 his ill-starred life.

In these lodgings he continued about a
 twelvemonth; and as he was of a generous
 disposition, and possessed no small share of
 beneficence and philanthropy, his departure
 was heavily lamented by the servants; one

“* It is particularly desired, that such physician, apothecary, or surgeon, do, by letter di-
 “rected to Dr. Simmons, physician of this Hospital, to be delivered at the weekly Com-
 “mittee, send a state of such patient’s case, and an account of the methods (if any) used to
 “obtain a cure.”

of whom, a lad whose employment it was to run on errands, and to sweep out the shop, had by a mild and tractable behaviour more particularly conciliated his esteem, and often tasted of his bounty : this circumstance I mention, as I shall have occasion to speak of this person again before I conclude the memoirs of my unfortunate friend.

Being fatiated with the pleasures and dissipation of the town, he began seriously to reflect on the precarious state of his affairs, and the necessity there was of attaching himself to some industrious calling, by which he might gain a comfortable livelihood. With this view he fixed on the business of a grazier, as being (in his opinion) easily to be learned, and accordingly bade adieu to London, and proceeded to R—y Marsh, where he placed himself under the tuition of a large and skilful renter in that fertile level, being buoyed up by his brother-in-law with the assurance of his assistance in furnishing him with the loan of a sum of money sufficient to stock a farm, when he should have made himself perfect in the principles of agricultural knowledge. He was now arrived at the age of 23 ; a period of life by far too advanced for the attainment of a competent skill in any profession to which the mind had not before been habituated. In full reliance, however, on the promises of his friend, having now been three years in the Marsh, he waited on him, and claimed the performance of his voluntary offer. But whether from inability, or whatever other cause, this gentleman thought fit to retract his engagement, and refused to substantiate the original offer made to his brother-in-law, who, in consequence of this refusal, perceived his hopes of embarking in country business effectually destroyed, his own small fortune being totally incompetent to this purpose, and an unhappy family quarrel which subsisted between his two brothers and himself shutting him out from every expectation of a resource from that quarter. Having consumed the small remains of his fortune, he was reduced to the disagreeable expedient of throwing himself on his mother for support : but finding in a short time that his abode with her increased the expences of the old lady beyond the ability of her income, he left his aged parent, and not being able to procure an employment which might have been consistent with the style of life in which he had been brought up, was driven to stoop to a piece of servility which his soul abhorred, and hired himself to a gentleman in London as a footman, with whom, however, he did not long continue. This happened in 1767, and from thence till the present time his life hath been

one continued series of misfortune and perplexity ; for having, by the cruel economy of his affairs, been compelled to assume a character far different from what he had ever been accustomed to, his employers have generally been disgusted with his behaviour, and after a short trial dismissed him from their service, to make room for those whose minds were from an early habitude rendered more familiar to the frowns of their superiors ; so that for three parts in four of the year he is constrained to do penance in such lodgings as his slender finances can procure, where cold and hunger (the most pungent sorrows that can embitter the cup of affliction) are become but too familiar to him.

Not to trouble you with a minute detail of the several vicissitudes of fortune which he hath undergone during a period of seventeen years, in which time he was once shipwrecked, and with difficulty escaped with the loss of every article but his wearing-apparel, I shall hasten to relate his present very forlorn condition.

During the inclemency of the last severe winter his afflictions were truly pitiable, and reduced him to the necessity of making application to his few surviving friends for the means of present support : But this precarious supply has been long since exhausted, and his situation is at this instant still more deplorable than ever, heightened with this agonizing reflection, that old age is now stealing on him apace, the infirmities of which will render him still more incapable than ever of supporting the accumulated miseries of poverty and disease.

Among other applications which his distress hath induced him to make, the person whom I before mentioned to have been a servant at Mr. —'s former lodgings, was solicited on the occasion ; for such has been the strange reverse of fortune in the fate of these two men, that while my unfortunate friend is reduced to the lowest and most abject poverty, the quondam shop-lad, by a diligent and strict adherence to the duties of a profitable employment, and by a lucky assemblage of fortuitous circumstances, has raised himself from his former humble dependence to a state of wealth and opulence, and has lately filled, with the highest honour to himself, and the concurrent applause of his fellow-citizens, a station of considerable weight. This gentleman received my friend with a courteous affability, and expressed a great desire to serve him, promising to recommend him to the first vacant place which should occur within his knowledge. But this, alas ! hath not yet happened, and the ill-fated man still continues to labour under the most deplorable pressure of indigence and wretchedness.

ness, cut off from the converse of society, and so depressed by the accumulated miseries he hath undergone, as to be rendered almost frantic with despair.

It will be said, perhaps, that the misfortunes of this unhappy man may in a great measure be attributed to his own imprudence: that if he had bestowed a proper attention to the calling in which he was at first stationed, he might at this time, instead of languishing in penury and distress, have shone forth as a man of worth and consequence in society; and that, as his distresses originated from a neglect of prudence and discretion in his younger days, he must be content to linger out an old age of misery and despondence, having no person but himself to accuse for the evils which have attended him through life, and are likely to accompany him to the grave.

To these cold reasoners I shall take leave

to reply, that although their observation may not be wholly ill-founded, that the misfortunes of this person were brought on him by a youthful levity and indiscretion; yet this is to be understood in a qualified sense, and then perhaps we shall not find him so highly deserving of censure as at first may be imagined. The loss of his father and master fell out at a very critical conjuncture, and at a period of life when from his small experience no very high degree of prudence or discretion could be expected. As to the remainder of his sufferings from the time of his quitting the grazier's abode, since which two-and-twenty years have elapsed, in such a rapid succession have they come upon him, that he seems to have been marked by the Genius of Misfortune for the exercise and display of her malice.

I am yours, &c.

D. C.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

The following Narrative I presume you will agree with me is curious enough to deserve a place in your excellent Repository. That it should be attested in the manner you see it, will create some surprize. The reign of credulity is now almost over, and therefore the singularity of the Story will probably at this time be esteemed its principal recommendation. Those, however, who are willing to give credit to relations of this kind, will have an opportunity of strengthening their opinion by the Certificate annexed to this Account, as the Persons there named were no less remarkable for their talents than their virtues.

I am, &c.

T. W.

A True ACCOUNT of the ROBBERY and MURDER of JOHN STOCKDEN, a Victualler in *Grub-Street*, in the Parish of *St. Giles's Cripplegate*, and of the DISCOVERY of the MURDERERS, by the several DREAMS of ELIZABETH the Wife of THOMAS GREENWOOD, who was near Neighbour to Mr. STOCKDEN, and intimately acquainted with him.

By WILLIAM SMITHIES, Curate of *St. Giles's Cripplegate*.

MR. STOCKDEN was robbed and murdered the 13th day of December, 1695; and therefore, before I give the relation of it, I must tell my reader, that he might have had a publication soon after the barbarous fact was committed, if I had not then been confined to my bed (in which I continued above a month) at the other end of the town. And after I was by God's blessing brought home, I was not in a condition for many weeks to go abroad as formerly, nor to dispatch any great business. Some of the neighbours desired that an account of it might be brought to me, to be made public; but one of Mr. Stockden's near relations did not consent to it, so that the talk of it was over long before I heard of it: and for this reason I had wholly laid aside the publication, if two of the Right Reverend Bishops and many others had not obliged me to it who being satisfied that the matter of

fact is true, hoped by God's blessing it might have a good influence upon the minds of those that peruse it.

However it comes late, yet the persons whose names I have occasion to mention as witnesses, are all alive; and those that will take the pains to speak with them, may be further satisfied, they being very honest persons.

That great discoveries have been made by dreams, none can doubt who read the Life of Sir Henry Wotton, our English Chronicles (particularly the murder of Waters, and the discovery of it by a dream, recorded by Sir Richard Baker in his Chapter of Casualties, in the reign of King James I.), and other histories: And I have conversed with many credible persons, who have foreseen things in their sleep, which have exactly come to pass.

On the 13th of December before-men-
tioned.

tioned there came three men to Mr. Stockden's house in the evening, and called for drink, where they stayed till it was very late, pretending that they had appointed a countryman to meet them there. Mr. Stockden, who was known to be a sober man, did often desire them to be gone, though they spent freely: But they stayed till midnight; and as Mr. Stockden sat in a chair, one of them cried *Come*, which he, poor man! might think imported the welcome news of their departure; but it proved to be a fatal *watchword* to him, for they immediately seized upon him, and upon Mary Footman his kinfwoman and housekeeper. They bound her, and thrust an handkerchief into her mouth, and held a pistol to her, with threats to kill her, if she made the least noise. At the same time two of them secured Mr. Stockden from crying out, by strangling him with a linen cloth; and because he struggled with them, they took a pistol from him that held the woman, against his consent, and struck the lock of it into his forehead, of which he died. One of them immediately ran up into the chamber to search for money and plate, of which he found a considerable quantity. They then fled, and had great advantage to escape the watchmen, knowing that it was but a little after that one of them had cried the hour of the night; which is a custom that gives no small advantage to thieves, who are secure till the clock strikes again, if they then the places where watchmen usually stand, which is no difficult matter.

A little after the murder, there came a woman into the street, and said, that she believed one Maynard to be one of the murderers, because she was informed that he was full of money, both silver and gold; upon which there was a warrant against him, but he could not be found. Soon after this, Mr. Stockden appeared to Elizabeth Greenwood in a dream, and shewed her a house in Thames-street, near the George, and told her that one of the murderers was there. She went the next morning, and took one Mary Buggas, an honest woman, who lives near her, to go with her to the place to which her dream directed; and asking for Maynard, was informed that he lodged there, but was gone abroad. But God did not suffer him to be safe in any place; for after that, Mr. Stockden soon appeared again as formerly to Mrs. Greenwood, and then representing Maynard's face, with a flat mole on the side of his nose (whom she had never seen), signified to her, that a wyar-drawer must take him, and that he should be carried to Newgate in a coach. Upon enquiry they found one of that trade who was his great intimate (for which

reason I forbear his name), and 'twas believed he would take him for a reward. Mrs. Footman made an agreement with him, and engaged to give him ten pounds, upon which he undertook and effected it. He sent to Maynard to meet him, upon extraordinary business, at a publick-house near Hoxley in the Hole, where he played with him till a Constable came, who apprehended and carried him before a Magistrate, who committed him to Newgate, and he was carried thither in a coach.

Maynard being now in prison, and knowing his danger, confess the horrid fact, and was prevailed with to discover the other three: He declared that his companions in that wickedness were one Marsh, Bevil, and Mercer; and said that Marsh was the fetter-on, who was a near neighbour to Mr. Stockden, and knew that he was well furnished with money and plate; and though he was not present at the robbery, yet he was to have a share of the booty. He knowing or suspecting that Maynard had discovered him, left his habitation. Mr. Stockden appeared soon after to Mrs. Greenwood, and seemed by his countenance to be displeas'd. He carried her to a house in Old street, where she had never been, and shewed her a pair of stairs, and told her, that one of the men lodged there. The next morning the took Mary Buggas with her to that house, according to the direction of the dream, where she asked a woman, if one Marsh did not lodge there; to which the woman replied, that he did often come thither. I must here tell the reader that the inpolitick woman used to tell her dreams in the street, before her search after the criminals; of which they had timely notice from a bad woman, who was intimate with one of them.

Mr. Stockden appeared again, and told Mrs. Greenwood, that one of the men lodged at a shoemaker's, and carried her into a street and an alley; but her child being unquiet, she awaked; and all the improvement of that dream was, that Mary Buggas took occasion from it to enquire what shoemaker was acquainted with Marsh, and was told that he used to resort to one of that trade in Goldsmiths-alley, in Jewen-street, which was the street and alley represented to her in her sleep. Enquiry was made for him there, and it was acknowledged that he had been there, but was gone; and soon afterwards he was taken in another place. I was not willing to omit this, though it be the least material passage in the whole relation.

The third criminal was Bevil, who was discovered in like manner. Mr. Stockden coming to Mrs. Greenwood in her sleep, said

said to her, *Elizabeth*, (for so he was wont to call her) *come, and I will shew thee the man that hath murdered me*, and carried her into a place like to an entry with two doors, and said to her, *Go in, Elizabeth, there's the man*; and she went in and saw his face, and said to him, *O, you are the man that has murdered Stockden*; to which he made no answer: But his wife (represented to be a lusty woman) standing by, replied, *What, my husband!* To which Mrs. Greenwood answered, *Yes, if that man be your husband*; whereupon she came at her in such a violent manner, that she was forced to run to Mr. Stockden for shelter, who then said to her, *They have all of them been soldiers in Ireland: go on and prosper*. She then awaked, and told her dream to her husband, and the next morning to Mrs. Footman, Mrs. Pool, Mary Buggas, Mary Reading, and other neighbours.

After this, he appeared to her again, and representing Bevil to her (whom she had never seen) carried her over London-Bridge, to a house near the Faulcon by the Bankside; but she being exceedingly affrighted, and indisposed, did not go thither.

After this she dreamt again, that Mr. Stockden carried her over the bridge up the Borough, and into a yard, where she saw Bevil and his wife. Upon her telling this dream, it was believed that it was one of the prison-yards: And thereupon she went with Mrs. Footman to the Marshalsea, where they enquired for Bevil, and were informed, that he was lately brought thither for coining, and that he was taken near the Bankside, according to the former dream. They desired to see him; and when he came, he said to Mrs. Footman, *Do you know me?* she replied, *I do not*; whereupon he went from them. Mrs. Greenwood then told Mrs. Footman, that she was sure of his being the man whom she saw in her sleep, though that could be no evidence against him: They then went into the cellar, where Mrs. Greenwood saw a lusty woman, and said privately to Mrs. Footman, *That's Bevil's wife whom I saw in my sleep*. They desired that he might come to them again, and first put on his wig, which was not on the time before. The lusty woman said, *Why should you speak with my husband again, since you said you did not know him?* One of them told her, that they had a desire to drink with him. He came the second time, and said, *Do you know me now?*

Mrs. Footman replied, *No*; but it proceeded from a sudden fear, that some mischief might be done to her, who had very narrowly escaped death from him; for so soon as she was out of the cellar, she told Mrs. Greenwood that she then remembered him to be the man. They went soon after to the Clerk of the Peace, and procured his removal to Newgate, where he confessed the fact, and said, *To the grief of my heart, I killed him*.

The fourth and last was Mercer, who would not consent to the murder of Mr. Stockden, and did preserve the life of Mrs. Footman, to be (as God would have it) a witness against his companions. Mrs. Greenwood did not dream any thing concerning him, nor hath there been any discovery of him; but he is escaped, and the other three were executed.

After the murderers were taken, Mrs. Greenwood dreamt, that Mr. Stockden came to her in the street, and said, *Elizabeth, I thank thee; the God of Heaven reward thee for what thou hast done!* since which, she hath been at quiet from those frights, with which she was so tormented, that her husband, who is a very honest good man, told me, he was afraid that she should not out-live them: And her neighbours said, that she was strangely altered in her countenance.

Thus I have given a short, but true account of an extraordinary providence of God, in the discovery and punishment of notorious murderers: and though I am sensible that there are many in this sceptical age who will ridicule and make sport with this relation (whose interest it is to run down all narratives of this nature); yet I hope, that men of better minds will judge this more worthy of publication, than many others that have appeared abroad.

Cripplegate,

April, 20th, 1698,

William Smythies.

I Certifie, That the present Dean of York *, the Master of the Charter-House †, and Dr. Allix, and myself had the particulars of the foregoing Narrative immediately from Mrs. Greenwood, and Mrs. Buggas, at my house, and there appeared not the least reason to suspect our being imposed upon.

Edw. Gloucester ‡.

* Dr. Thomas Gale. † Dr. Thomas Burnet, Author of The Sacred Theory of the Earth.

‡ Dr. Edward Fowler.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

The FATAL EFFECTS of INDULGING the PASSIONS ;

EXEMPLIFIED IN

The HISTORY of M. DE LA PALINIERE.

By MADAME GENLIS.

I WORE not always the black round wig in which you see me, nor was I always subject to that absence of mind with which at present I am reproached. In my infancy I was very pretty, at least according to my mother, who pretended I was *too pretty* for a boy ; I own, nobody else ever reproached me with this fault. Be that as it will, I was an only child, and my mother, who had reflected but little on education, humoured and spoilt me, insomuch that at nine years old I was one of the most forward, mischievous little boys you have ever seen. I was idle, headstrong, turbulent, and teasing ; I asked a thousand questions, and never listened to an answer. I would neither learn any thing, nor do any thing, except keep tattooing my drum, and whistling my fife. No tutor would stay with me half a year ; and as I had already driven away three Abbés, my mother at last consented to send me to college.

I was then in my eleventh year, and wept much at leaving my home and my parents ; for, notwithstanding my follies and tricks, I had a good heart. When I came to school, however, I was not very sorry to see myself in a fine house, and surrounded by boys, who all seemed full of mirth and play ; for, as it happened, I arrived just at the time when school hours were over. I began to run and jump, and told those who brought me, I was sure I should like school exceedingly well.

I immediately conceived a friendship for a young scholar, named Sinclair, about two years older than I, and who won my heart by his open and lively temper ; though I must tell you he was as rational and well informed, for his age, as I was ignorant and unthinking. The next morning I found a strange alteration in the house. I was to take my seat, and undergo an examination to know which class I belonged to, when it was discovered I could hardly spell : immediately a general hue and cry was excited through the school ; and a little boy, not ten years old, who was next me, laughed so heartily, and appeared to me so impertinent, that I could not forbear giving him a hearty box on the ear, which knocked him off his seat.

In vain did I struggle and scold : I was seized, taken ignominiously from my place, and dragged out of school. As I passed by Sinclair he cast a look so expressive of ten-

derness and pity upon me, that in spite of my passion I found myself affected.

They took me into a dark chamber, shut me up, and declared I should stay there eight days with nothing but soup, bread, and water to live upon ; after which they left me to reflect at leisure upon the crime of knocking my school-fellows down.

By groping round the room I discovered it was matted all over, and tolerably large ; I then began to walk about without much apprehension of hurting myself, and to turn in my mind all the circumstances of my misfortune. I felt myself deeply degraded, and heartily repented I had not profited better by the lessons of the three Abbés I had driven from me. Oh, my mother ! cried I, were you but here, you would not suffer me to be treated with all this rigour. And yet, had you but permitted my first master, or my second, or even my third, to inflict some gentle punishment upon me, as they desired, I should have known how to read ; then, perhaps, I should not have been so apt to strike, nor have now been in a dark chamber.

In the midst of these sorrowful reflections I remembered the look of Sinclair ; I thought I saw him still, and the supposition touched me ; and yet what most vexed me was, that he had been a witness of my humiliation, my passion, and my punishment. I thought he would despise me, and that idea was insupportable.

While I was thus mournfully musing, I heard my door open suddenly, and saw Sinclair appear with a lanthorn in his hand. I threw myself upon his neck, and wept with joy at the sight. Come, said he, follow me : your pardon is granted.

My pardon ! I am indebted to you for it ! I'm sure I am ! It gives me pleasure to think it was granted to your intercession.

They only require you to make an apology to him you have offended.

Make an apology ! What, to that little scoffer ! no !——

He was wrong to scoff you, I own ; he was guilty of ill manners : but you were deficient both in reason and humanity.

O, I have done him no great injury.

Because you had not the power ;—and yet his arm is black with the fall.

His arm black ! What ! and has he shewed it then ?

The master insisted upon seeing it.

He should not have consented ! He ought not to have complained ! He has proved himself of a mean cowardly temper, and I will never ask pardon of a coward !

His character is not now the question. You have committed a fault of a serious nature, and you ought to make what reparation you can.

I would rather remain where I am than disgrace myself.

Pray tell me, what do you understand by disgracing yourself ?

This question disconcerted me ; I knew not what to answer, and Sinclair went on.

To disgrace yourself, is to draw down some merited censure, or punishment ; to act against your conscience ; that is, contrary to truth and justice. In asking pardon of one you have wronged you will do an equitable act ; and equity is not disgrace.

But they may suppose I ask pardon only for fear of remaining in confinement.

And if they should, that will not disgrace you ; since censure, as I have said, must be merited before it can be disgraceful. I propose a reparation strictly conformable to justice and good breeding, and I should be sorry for him who should foolishly suppose such an act deserving of censure : the ridicule he would cast upon you would fall upon himself, in the eyes of all rational people ; and it is the opinion only of such that is worthy notice.

Well, well——lead me where you please, I will do whatever you desire.

Sinclair then embraced me, led me from the dark chamber, and, after a proper apology, I was pardoned ; but it was not long before I incurred fresh penance. Idle, unthinking, noisy, and apt to wrangle, I soon drew down the aversion of all the masters, and many of my school-fellows ; and had it not been for the protection and firm friendship of Sinclair, who was the most distinguished and best beloved of all the scholars, I should certainly have been sent home in disgrace before the end of the year.

Two years passed away, much in the same manner ; at the end of which time Sinclair left college, and went into the army. Soon after I had the misfortune to lose my mother, and this completed my affliction ; I wept, and remembered I had been a continual subject of vexation to her. Alas ! said I, did she bless me with her parting breath ? Could she pray for an ungrateful child, who might have been her comfort, but who was her tormentor ? What dreadful remorse must I endure ! To her I owe my life ; she bred, she cherished, she loved me ! and what have I done for her !——Oh my dear mother, is it then denied me to repair my wrongs ?

My mother ! I have no mother ! She is snatched from me ! The sweet consolation of making her happy is for ever lost !

My grief became fixed, it preyed upon my mind, and I fell into a kind of consumption, which put my life in danger. Dorival, my uncle and guardian, took me from college, and went with me to his country-house in Franche-Comté. He travelled with me all through that fine province, in order to divert my melancholy. After remaining here three years, being then seventeen, I went into the army.

I had continued my studies under the eye of my uncle ; but, not having a habit of industry, I made little progress ; and to learn seemed to me the most tiresome thing in the world. My temper and understanding were equally uncultivated ; and what were called pranks and pettishness in childhood became the torments of my life. I was hasty and passionate, even to violence ; and in these ridiculous fits of anger I was absolutely half insane ; I flattered, said a thousand extravagant and highly improper things, and was in fact capable of being hurried away into the most shameful excesses.

My uncle was the only person who could manage me ; for I really both loved and respected him, and seldom forgot myself in his presence. His too great indulgence, however, suffered me to contract destructive habits, which had he used his authority to correct would never have become so rooted and so fatal. But when any one complained of me, he would answer, “ These youthful errors will wear away, for I am certain he has an excellent heart.”

I departed for my garrison with a sort of Governor, to whom my uncle confided me, and who was to have remained with me a year ; but in six weeks time I quarrelled irreconcilably with my Mentor. I turned away the servant my uncle had sent with me, hired a valet without a character, and thought myself the happiest of mortals.

Rossignol, my valet, was young, genteel, and insinuating ; he became my favourite, regulated my expences, and in less than two months brought me in bills for four thousand francs (166 l.) ; that is to say, for the full sum of my half-year's allowance. I saw then plain enough that Rossignol was a rascal ; but the bills must be paid. I borrowed, became a debtor of course, and turned Rossignol away, who, at parting, robbed me of all the rings and jewels I possessed.

Some days after this adventure, I quarrelled with one of my comrades, fought, and received two wounds, that made me keep my bed two months. During my confinement,

ment, I reflected often upon my thoughtless and impetuous behaviour; and began to find, that, in order to be happy, it is necessary to hear reason, repel first emotions, vanquish defects, and obtain a command over the passions.

I had lived a year in garrison, when war was declared, and I departed for Germany, where I made several campaigns, and discovered much zeal and little capacity. I was very anxious to fight battles, but not to learn the art of winning battles; for which reason my military career was not very brilliant, as will be seen.

My uncle, meanwhile, was active in seeking to establish me well in life. I was one-and-twenty, and, desirous of seeing me married, he chose a young lady, who, had I not been as headstrong as unjust, would have made me the happiest of men.

Julia, for that was her name, then but seventeen, added to all the bloom of youthful beauty an ingenuous mind, and a countenance that was the picture of gentleness, innocence, and virtue: a calm serenity dwelt in her eyes; and never were the marks of impatience, anger, or contempt, seen upon her brow. Once seen, she was always known; her soul was all outward, it dwelt in her face and form; and that soul, that face, that form, were all angelic. Her mind was just, solid, and penetrating; her reason much superior to her age; her desires moderate; and her character prudent and firm. She spoke with the tongue of benevolence, and so unaffectedly, yet expressively, that sweetness and modesty seemed to live upon her lips; the sound of her voice went to the heart.

Such was Julia; such was the wife my uncle gave me. Her perfections might have supplied the want of fortune; but she was rich. As soon as I was married, my uncle gave my estate into my own possession; and thus at one-and-twenty was I in the full enjoyment of a good fortune, and the most lovely woman upon earth. It depended only upon myself to be happy.

The winter after my marriage was spent at Paris, where I again met Sinclair, my old college friend, and we became more intimate than ever. Sinclair possessed all the eminent qualities which his early years had announced. In war he had been highly distinguished; and, at a time of life when ardour and promptitude only are generally discovered, he had given proofs of superior talents, prudence, and fortitude. His modesty and simplicity disarmed malice, and whoever should have forbore to praise his conduct and worth, would have been thought the enemies of virtue.

Julia too had a strict friendship for a young

widow, her relation, whose name was Belinda; a person remarkable for her virtues and accomplishments.

Behold me then married to a woman whom I preferred to all the women in the world; cherished by an uncle whom I respected as a father; in friendship with a man of my own age, but who had the prudence and wisdom of a Nestor; enjoying not only the conveniences of life, but even all the imaginary blessings, or rather baubles, on which vanity sets so high a price; all the felicity which love, friendship, youth, health, and wealth, could procure. What was there wanting to complete my happiness? — One single advantage, without which all the rest are fruitless — a good education.

The two first months of my marriage were the most fortunate and peaceable moments of my life; but my happiness quickly began to decrease. My passion for my wife, which grew daily stronger, made me guilty of the caprice and injustice which are so destructive of prudence and repose. I wished to be beloved as I loved; that is, to excess. Julia had a most true and tender affection for me; but she was too wise, and had too much command of herself to indulge fancies, which, by inflaming the mind, might destroy her tranquillity.

I began at first by a kind of moderate complaining, but soon became sullen, suspicious, and discontented. I felt in my heart an aversion for every body that Julia had any regard for, and especially for Belinda. I preserved, however, sufficient reason to condemn my own caprices, and carefully concealed them.

One day, when I was more out of temper than usual, I went to my wife's apartment, and was informed that she was shut up with Belinda. I opened the door suddenly, and entered; they were in earnest conversation, but the moment they saw me, they were silent. My wife, I observed, blushed, and Belinda appeared absolutely disconcerted. These appearances were enough to throw me into the most violent agitation I had ever felt. At first I tried to contain myself, and turn my own embarrassment into a joke. I know not, indeed, what I said, but I remember I stuttered prodigiously, and was all in a tremor; which circumstances, added to the efforts I made to laugh off my suspicions, made me completely ridiculous; and so much so, that Julia, who beheld my strange emotions with surprize, could not forbear smiling.

This smile drove me beside myself; I thought it an unpardonable insult; and losing all respect for myself, my wife, or the presence of Belinda, I uttered with volubility, and without scruple, all the extravagancies

which passion could inspire. Belinda, as soon as she could find an opportunity, rose and retired.

No sooner was I alone with Julia, than I found my courage gone; I was silent; and, to conceal my anguish, walked hastily backward and forward about the room.

I was informed of this before my marriage, said Julia, but I could not conceive it possible. Poor unhappy man! added she, with her eyes swimming in tears, my heart weeps to see you suffer thus. But be comforted! the indulgence, the love, the tenderness, of your wife will in time, I hope, cure you of this unfortunate defect.

She pronounced these words with such sensibility and affection, that they pierced me to the heart; I deeply felt how culpable and mad I had been, and, bathed in tears, ran to the consoling angel, who held her arms out to receive me, and sobbed upon her bosom.

As soon as I was capable of listening to an explanation, Julia informed me, that just as I entered the chamber, Belinda had been telling her a secret, which, she said, I am sure you will not ask me to reveal, because it is confided to me without the liberty of mentioning it, though it will one day be revealed to you.

This information, far from being satisfactory, gave me a secret vexation, which I could with difficulty hide; but as I was really humbled by the passion I had just been in, I dissembled my chagrin, and affected to appear satisfied.

In this situation, wanting somebody to complain to, I went in search of Sinclair, and told him all my griefs. He blamed me, and approved the conduct of Julia, bestowing, at the same time, the highest eulogiums on her prudence and fortitude.

But how, said I, can I support this reserve, when I have no secrets for her?

I know it, answered Sinclair, smiling; you will tell her the secret of your most intimate friend.

Yes, Sinclair, I should even betray you to her; and surely she does not love her Belinda better than I love you.

No; but *she* knows her duty, *you* do not; you have only a virtuous heart, she has that, and solid invariable principles likewise. You have for her an extravagant passion; her love is ennobled by a sincere and virtuous friendship, which elevates the mind, and will never lead it into unreasonable follies.

I understand you.—She will never love me as I love her; I am a foolish madman in her eyes.—She has told you so.

I said this with great emotion, and Sinclair returned no answer, except by shrug-

ging his shoulders, turning his back, and quitting me. I remained petrified, cursing love and friendship, exclaiming against myself, and all that was dear to me, and imagining myself the most unhappy of men.

Not daring again to put myself in a passion, I became sulky; but the gentle and mild manner of Julia vanquished my ill-humour, and we came to a new explanation concerning Belinda, in which she offered never to see her more, since I seemed averse to her. I shall ever love her, said she, and nothing shall ever make me betray the secret she has entrusted to me; but there is nothing I would not sacrifice to your peace of mind.

I was affected by this proof of generous love, and all my dislike to Belinda vanished; I flew to her house, entreated her to forget my late behaviour, and brought her in triumph to my wife, who had not seen her since the silly scene in which I interrupted their conversation.

The short remains of the winter glided away in tolerable tranquillity, and in spring I rejoined the army: when the campaign was ended, I returned to Paris, with Sinclair, who joined me on the road. His carriage waited for him a league from Paris, and his servant gave him a note, which he read with great eagerness, and, quitting me, drove away in his own carriage.

However simple all this might be in appearance, I found myself involuntarily uneasy when I considered it, for which I could assign no cause; or rather, the cause of which I was afraid to discover. Till then, I had always supposed Sinclair totally busied about military promotion, and the advancement of his fortune; I was now convinced the note came from a woman; he was moved while he read it; and, what was more, I remarked he was embarrassed by my presence.

He was in love then, that was certain; and why should he make a mystery of his love to me? If there was nothing criminal in his attachment, wherefore hide it from his most intimate friend? Then followed a thousand ideas, which I vainly endeavoured to drive from my memory. I recollected the enthusiasm with which he had so often spoken of my wife, and shuddered; my brain was disturbed, and I had no longer the power to expel a doubt that racked my soul. I found a terrible kind of pleasure in yielding to the jealousy which I had vainly imagined was for ever vanquished.

With such dispositions I arrived at Paris. Julia could not come to meet me; a violent sore throat confined her to her chamber. At the sight of her all these fatal impressions vanished; and while I looked and listened, I felt a calm serenity take possession of my heart.

heart. I reproached myself for my odious suspicions, and scarcely could conceive how they had been formed.

I did not, however, meet Sinclair with the same pleasure in the company of my wife as formerly; not but I suffered full as much from the fear of his perceiving my disease, as from jealousy itself; for such was my inconceivable caprice, though he inspired me with suspicions the most injurious to his honour and friendship, I yet had sufficient value for him to dread he should think me capable of suspicion. I sometimes looked upon him as a rival, but oftener as a censor, whose esteem and approbation were absolutely necessary to my happiness.

Agitations like these act powerfully upon the temper when under the impulse of passion; they influenced and infected all my thoughts, and I was in a delirium that deprived me of the use of reason. More incapable than ever of reflection, I had not only given over the idea of vanquishing my errors, but of hiding them also, and yielded to all my natural impetuosity. Punctilious, and easily offended, like all people who want education, and goaded besides by the secret thorns of jealousy, the only vice I was afraid should be seen, I was always piqued, or shocked, or angry, and nobody knew why.

In these humours, I thought the angelic mildness of Julia hypocrisy; her gentle manner of speaking appeared affected, and drove me mad. The next moment I perhaps became sensible of my injustice, would silently own it was impossible for any person to love me, and fall into fits of despair; during which I would bitterly reproach myself for making the woman I adored miserable.

Then would I remember my Julia in all her charms, see her in all the splendor of her beauty, and all the mildness of her affection, and wonder at my own cruelty. I would recollect my passions and caprices, and the thought would sting me to the heart. I called myself barbarian, madman, detested myself, shed the scalding tears of repentance over my errors, determined to subdue them, imagine myself cured, and, three days after, be guilty of the same excess.

Unhappy in my mind, and still more so because my unhappiness was all my own fault, I endeavoured by dissipation to drown my sorrows. I formed new acquaintance, went more into fashionable life, seldom made small parties, but invited twenty or thirty friends once or twice a week to my house; kept boxes at all the theatres, and never, during the winter, missed a masquerade, or a first representation. But in this vain research I found not the happiness that fled me, though I injured my health, and deranged my fortune.

Sinclair did not fail to remonstrate concerning my new mode of life. You are become a Gamester too, said he, and have given yourself up to the most fatal and most inexcusable of all passions. Have you well considered what a person who plays deep must inevitably become,—that he must continually endeavour to enrich himself at the expence of his friends?

I cannot say I have made any deep reflections on the subject; I only know men may play deep, and yet preserve their honour.

Yes, by always losing. I do not say merely by ruining themselves, for that is the common destiny of the lucky and unlucky Gamester; the only difference is, the fate of the one is a little longer in suspense than that of the other. Neither is your bare ruin sufficient; to preserve your character unsuspected, you must never win any considerable sum.

Do you suppose then a lucky Gamester cannot be thought an honourable one?

He will be disputed the title at least. A croud of enemies will rise against him; a mother, in despair, will accuse him of having ruined the heir and hope of her family, and publicly call him rascal, and no father will ever mention his name in his children's presence but with contempt. He will be pursued by hatred, overwhelmed by calumny, and condemned by reason and humanity; and who, amidst this universal outcry, shall dare to take his part? His friends? Can a Gamester have friends? He, who every day risks the ruin of those to whom he gives that sacred title?

What, Sinclair, have you never met a Gamester worthy your esteem?

I have, I own; and yet, had not experience convinced me of it, reason never could have conceived their existence. Men, who are occupied only by dreams of enriching themselves, think all delicacy the prejudice of education: it is very difficult for such persons to preserve noble sentiments; their probity is strictly reduced to not steal, and such kind of probity can never confer a desirable reputation. Such is the general opinion (admitting many exceptions) concerning a certain class called mould men, who yet use none but legitimate means and calculations, which often imply great genius, to get rapidly rich; and if such a prejudice exists against these men, what must be thought of Gamesters? men who constantly seek happiness in the destruction of others? Those who dedicate their lives to this most tiresome, as well as disgraceful traffic, prompted by cupidity alone, sufficiently prove the desire of winning will induce them to make any sacrifice; and that such, who will submit to any means

ness for sordid interest, think little of fame and emulation.

Well, let me counsel you in my turn, Sinclair, not to be so very intolerant to Gamesters; it may breed you many enemies in the present age.

That fear shall never hinder me from

speaking wholesome truths, said he; and so ended our dialogue.

Sinclair's reasoning made some impression on my mind; but, led away by fashion and example, I forgot his advice, and weakness and idleness continued me a Gamester.

[To be continued.]

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

HISTORICAL VIEW of the PROGRESS of ENGLISH SONG, from the CONQUEST to the PRESENT TIME.

By Mr. RITSON.

THE Saxon language continued to be spoken by the old inhabitants for near a century and a half after their subduction; but by a rapid, though doubtless, gradual corruption, from an intermixture of Norman words, and the adoption of Norman idioms and modes of speaking, we may, in some, probably the earlier part of the long and turbulent reign of Henry III. pronounce it to have died a violent death; the written dialect we meet toward the end of his time being essentially a different tongue: from this uncertain period, therefore, we date the birth and establishment of the English language.

Before we proceed further, the reader may not be displeas'd with a rather curious passage in an ancient writer, relative to the vulgar mode of singing in his own time, the age of King Henry II. In general, says he, there is not the least uniformity in musical modulation. Every man sings his own song; and, in a crowd of singers, as is the custom here, so many persons as you see, so many songs and various voices will you hear. In the northern parts, on the confines of Yorkshire, the natives, he tells us, used a symphonic harmony with two different tones: one singing the under part of the song, in a low voice; the other the upper part, in a voice equally soft and delighting: and this not so much, he says, by art, as use and nature; children, and even infants in the cradle, observing the same kind of modulation. This practice, altogether peculiar to these people, he supposes them to have acquired from the Danes and Norwegians who had settled or resided in these parts. Later writers, however, incline to believe that they had learned it from the method observed in chanting the service by the Monks of Wearmouth, in the bishoprick of Durham.

The most ancient English song now extant is one in praise of the cuckoo, a favourite subject, in every age, both with poets and musicians. This great curiosity (for besides that the words themselves are far from being inelegant, they are accompanied with a very masterly musical composition for six voices, in the nature of a catch) is preserved in a fine

old MS. in the Harleian library, and is, by Sir John Hawkins and Dr. Burney, both of whom have inserted it in their respective works, referred to about the middle of the fifteenth century. But the reasoning of these two learned and ingenious gentlemen on the subject is as inconclusive, as their judgment is erroneous. There cannot be a doubt that the manuscript is two hundred years older; i. e. of the latter part of the reign of Henry III.

In the ensuing reign we are fortunately enabled to proceed with greater certainty and success. In the British Museum is a large folio book, written by the hand of some Norman scribe about the beginning of the time of Edward II. and containing a variety of songs and poems, by different authors, both in French and English, chiefly, as it must seem, of the preceding reign. Most of these pieces are of an amorous or satirical turn, and many of them, for so remote an age, not destitute of merit. The libel on Richard, King of the Romans, printed by Percy in his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, is from this collection; from whence, likewise, Warton, in the first volume of his History, has made several extracts; which, however, are very inaccurate. It likewise includes an abusive ballad against the Scots; and another against the French, on the insurrection at Bruges in 1301.

Of nearly the same age, in another manuscript, we have "a song in praise of the valiant Knight Sir Piers de Birmingham, who, while he lived, was a scourge to the Irish, and died A. D. 1288." But it is very long, and has little merit.

During the reign of Edward III. Chaucer considerably improved and polished both our language and our poetry. He is, undoubtedly, a writer of great genius, and, almost, the first English poet worth naming. In the CANTERBURY TALES, and, indeed, throughout his works, are numberless allusions to the state of the music and song of his age. But few, perhaps, if any, of those numerous songs, which he expressly tells us he composed, and for the composition of which he testifies so much penitence, seem to have come down to

us; unless the rondeau printed by Percy, beginning

“Your two eyn will fle me sodenly,”

should happen to be one of them. His *ballades* may, indeed, have been sung, but they are certainly no songs.

Of the reign of Richard II. there is no song known to be extant. A manuscript in the Cotton library, of the time of his usurping successor, contains a farcaftic ballad upon the execution, as it should seem, of John Holland, Duke of Exeter, whom the author calls “Jac Nape,” and for whose soul he makes the rest of the conspirators, by name, sing “*Placebo & dirige.*” It begins,

“In the moneth of May when gaffe groweth greene,”

and is accompanied by another, against the Lollards, of the same age.

Henry V. forbid his subjects to extol his victory at Agincourt: but they either had already begun to chant triumphal songs, or were not deterred by the prohibition; for one of these pieces, with the original music, is luckily preserved to us, and has been frequently printed.

The reign of Henry VI. is an æra of great consequence in the poetical annals of this country; not so much, indeed, from the excellence, as from the magnitude and multiplicity of its metrical productions. The works of Lydgate, Monk of Bury, alone, are nearly sufficient to load a waggon. His *ballades* are numerous; but we find nothing which we can call a song, except a sort of “roundell,” previous to the coronation of Henry the Sixth. But Dan John, like most of the other professed poets of that age, laboured too much with a leaden pen, in what was then thought a solemn and stately stanza (*rythme royal*), to be a good writer of songs. These were chiefly composed by anonymous and ignorant rhymers, for the use of the vulgar, and it is by mere accident that any of them have been preserved. It must, indeed, be confessed, that most of those which remain possess very little merit, besides that of exhibiting the state of the art at the time in which they were written; though a collection of such things, rude and simple as they are, would by no means prove either unworthy of attention, or void of use. *The Turnament of Tottenbam*, however, printed by Percy, is a very humorous and very excellent composition. But the most curious and remarkable pieces of this period are two songs or ballads, in a rude Northern dialect, which deserve

particular attention: the one is upon the battle of Otterburn, fought between the Scots and the English, under the respective commands of an Earl of Douglas (who was slain in the field), and the great and celebrated Henry Lord Percy, surnamed Hotspur, son of the Earl of Northumberland, who was carried prisoner into Scotland; the other, if not a different modification of this ballad, is on an imaginary conflict between a Douglas and a Percy, occasioned by a hunting-match supposed to have been made by the latter in CHEVY CHACE (i. e. the heights of *Cheviot*, in Northumberland, then within the Scottish march), in which they are both slain. This is known to have been a popular song in the time of Queen Elizabeth. “I never heard,” says the accomplished Sir Philip Sidney, “the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart moued more than with a trumpet; and yet is it but sung by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude stile: which being so euill apparellled in the dust and cobweb of that vnciuill age, what would it worke trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindare?” Notwithstanding this eulogy, it seems to have been little known and much neglected; and, being modernized in a succeeding reign, became totally forgotten, till it was accidentally recovered by that industrious antiquary, Mr. Thomas Hearne, by whom it was first printed; and from him Bishop Percy inserted it in his *Reliques of antient English Poetry*; in which, likewise, *The Battle of Otterburn*, two copies whereof are luckily extant in the Museum, made its first appearance. These two songs are, by this ingenious writer, ascribed to a body of men who are supposed to have been, about this period, and for some preceding centuries, very numerous and respectable; and concerning whom he has favoured the world with a most ingenious and elegant essay. The reader will immediately recollect—the “ancient English minstrels,” of whom, before we advance further in our little history, it may not be impertinent or improper to take some notice.

Without attempting to controvert the slightest fact laid down by the learned prelate, one may be well permitted to question the propriety of his inferences, and, indeed, his general hypothesis. Every part of France, but more especially Normandy, seems to have formerly abounded in minstrels*. Many of these people, we can easily suppose, attended the Conqueror, and his Norman Barons, in their expedition to England; and perhaps

* The profession of the French minstrels was to sing either their own compositions, or the compositions of others, to the harp, the vielle viol, cymbal, and other instruments, dance to the tambour, play tricks of legerdemain and buffoonery, and, in short, accommodate themselves to every mode of inspiring festivity and mirth.

were provided for, or continued to gain a subsistence by their professional art among the settlers. The constant intercourse which for long subsisted between the two countries, that is, while the English monarchs had possessions in France, afforded the French and Norman minstrels constant opportunities of a free and unexpensive passage into England, where they were certain of a favourable reception and liberal rewards from the King, his Barons, and other Anglo-Norman subjects. French or Norman minstrels, however, are not English ones. There is not the least proof that the latter were a respectable society, or that they even deserve the name of a society. That there were men in those times, as there are in the present, who gained a livelihood by going about from place to place singing and playing to the illiterate vulgar, is doubtless true; but that they were received into the castles of the nobility, sung at their tables, and were rewarded like the French minstrels, does not any where appear, nor is it at all credible. The reason is evident. The French tongue alone was used at Court, and in the households of the Norman Barons (who despised the Saxon manners and language), for many centuries after the Conquest, and continued till, at least, the reign of Henry VIII. the polite language of both Court and country, and as well known as the English itself; a fact of which (to keep to our subject) we need no other evidence than the multitude of French poems and songs to be found in every library. The learned treatise above noticed might, therefore, with more propriety, have been intitled, "An Essay on the ancient FRENCH Minstrels," whom the several facts and anecdotes there related alone concern. Of the English minstrels, all the knowledge we have of them is, that by a law of Queen Elizabeth they were pronounced "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy-beggars;" a sufficient proof that they were not very respectable in her time, how eminent soever they might have been before. That such characters as these should have left us no memorials of themselves is not at all surprising. They could sing and play; but it was none of their business to read or write. So that, whatever their songs may have been, they seem to have perished along with them; for, excepting the two ballads which have been mentioned (neither of which, unless it be from the rude

and barbarous jargon in which they are composed, are necessarily ascribable to minstrels), we have not a single composition which can, with any degree of certainty, or even plausibility, be given to a person of this description*.

Ames, the author of the *Typographical Antiquities*, is said to have had in his possession a folio volume of English songs or ballads, composed or collected by one John Lucas, about the year 1450, which Sir John Hawkins thinks "is probably yet in being." Whoever has it, would do the public an essential service by informing them of the nature of its contents. As to Shirley's collection, in the Ashmolean museum, it is of very little value, and contains, at least in the present sense of the words, neither songs nor ballads.

The reign of Edward IV. affords no particular information on the subject. In that of his son and short-lived successor, we have a song written by the learned Anthony Widville, Earl Rivers, during the time of his imprisonment, by the arbitrary dictates of the ambitious and usurping Gloucester, in Pontefract castle. This little piece, which is preserved by Rouse the historian, and has been reprinted by Percy, is an imitation of the measure of one ascribed to Chaucer.

There is no song extant which can be safely ascribed to the reign of Richard III. Skelton, in the time of his immediate successor, is a poet of some eminence. He was a great writer of "balades" and "ditties of pleasure," a few of which we have left; but the best, at least the most humorous of them, is, at present, too gross to be endured, and the others are too insipid to be regarded.

The late Mr. Thoresby had a fair large manuscript collection of English songs of this period, with the musical compositions of the most eminent masters, which had once belonged to the Lord Fairfax. It afterwards came into the hands of a gentleman in the city, who permitted great part of it to be engraved and published. The music, according to Dr. Burney, is somewhat uncouth, but is still better than the poetry. To sing by note, appears to have been then an ordinary accomplishment.

The songs used at this time, and, indeed, down to the Reformation, were mostly in French, Italian, or Latin. The music-book

* That the reader may not be misled by a term, it will be pertinent to remark, that the word is frequently used for a musician in general. Thus "the King's minstrels" were his band of music. The choristers of a cathedral, as well as the trumpets of an army, are, likewise, often so called. And in an ordinance of the rump parliament, 1658, which pays the minstrels no more respect than Queen Elizabeth had done, the word is used as synonymous with *fiddlers*; in which more expressive and characteristic appellation it has been since entirely lost.

of Prince Arthur is still extant: it is full of songs; and there is not an English word among them.

Of Henry the Eighth's reign, the writer of this Essay has before him a tolerably large manuscript, somewhat resembling the Fairfax collection, but more abounding in church-services, hymns, carols, and other religious pieces. One of the songs is much in the manner of Skelton, and not without humour. Another, entitled *The Kynges Ballad*, is probably the composition of this or the preceding tyrant, each of whom is said to have had a turn for music and song. Caligula and Nero affected the same taste.

In the library of the Society of Antiquaries are several old printed copies of songs, on the disgrace of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, which should seem to have been sung and sold in the streets: the first, and perhaps the best of them, is reprinted by Percy. It is scarcely possible that the fall of Wolsey was less distinguished.

The Reformation appears to have given full as much employment to the ballad-makers, as to the polemical divines. Perhaps, indeed, they were one and the same set. A few of these are to be found in the *Reliques*.

It is much to be regretted that we have no songs of Surrey or Wyatt, the two best poets of that age, and the first who made any progress in polishing and improving the language; unless the latter's exquisite address to his lute can be properly deemed one.

Lord Vaux the elder is a song-writer of the two following reigns. His *Agad Lover*, of which the grave-digger in Hamlet sings a few stanzas; and *Cupid's Assault*, both preserved at the end of Surrey's Poems, and reprinted by Percy, are pieces of no little merit. And, in whatever light the beautiful pastoral of *Harpalus* be considered, the author has done himself much injustice in concealing his name.

[To be continued.]

FOR THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

ANECDOTE of GEORGE SELWYN.

GEORGE—for it is quite the *ton* in all companies to mention this gentleman without the ceremony of affixing *Mr.* to his name—George Selwyn, then, since it must be so, is the acknowledged Prince of modern *Wits*; and though he be a man in whom there exists as much of the “milk of human kindness” as can possibly be supposed to fall to the share of a *veteran Courtier*, yet, in the generality of his *repartees*, there is a sting of Attic poignancy which renders him, in a peculiar manner, the SCOURGE OF UPSTART FOOLS.

While drinking his chocolate, one morning, with his *old friend* the young Duke of Piccadilly, who should interrupt him but one of the *newly-appointed Commissioners* for the superintendance of one of the *newly-established Taxes*!

The creature was in a perfect tumult of joy at his preferment; and though it was to the Duke he had been primarily indebted for his good fortune, yet possessed with a notion that it was from his *own merit* he had acquired the promotion, and that he was now a man *little less than the Duke himself*, he hardly thanked his Grace, or deigned to notice his obligation to him, further than as two friends in a state of absolute equality would think of noticing a familiar interchange of civilities which might have occasionally passed between them.

Having thus made his *entrée*, the chat of the day commenced.

“So, Mr. —,” cries George,—“you will excuse me, Sir—I forget your name—you are at length *INSTALLED*, I find!”

INSTALLED!—the word conveyed a very ambiguous idea to the comprehension of the *new Commissioner*, whose grandfather, an actual “*pupil of the Stable*,” might, without a violation of truth, be said to have literally belonged to the STALLS.

“Why, Sir,” replies the other, “if you mean to say, *I am at length APPOINTED*, I have the pleasure to inform you that the business is settled.—Yes, Sir, *I am appointed*; and though our noble friend the Duke here *did* oblige me with letters to the Minister, yet these letters were of no use; and I was positively promoted to the office without knowing a syllable about the matter, or *taking a single step to gain it*.”—

The Duke saw with *one eye*, while he sat at his mirror gravely adjusting the *economy of the other*, to what a pitch he had misplaced his protection; but it was left for his facetious friend to correct the ingratitude and impertinence of the *new-fledged Place-man*.

“What! *not a single step!*” cried George.

“No, *not one*, upon my honour. Egad, Sir, I did not *walk a foot out of my way for it!*”

“And egad, Sir,” retorted the wit, “you never uttered half so much truth in so few words in your existence.—REPTILES CAN NEITHER WALK NOR TAKE STEPS—NATURE ORDAINED IT FOR THEM TO CREEP.”

ACCOUNT of Mr. BLANCHARD'S AERIAL VOYAGE from CHELSEA to RUMSEY, in HAMPSHIRE, Oct. 16, 1784.

[Extracted from his JOURNAL, lately published.]

MR. Blanchard's Journal of his aerial voyage from Chelsea to Rumsey, in Hampshire, containing many particulars equally curious and amusing, it may, perhaps, be acceptable to our readers to give them a short account of it, especially as through the whole course of those hazardous experiments he has given evident proofs that he is not only the intrepid philosopher, but the man of real science, and has inspired some hopes that this invention, though now only matter of curiosity, may, in time, be found of the greatest utility to mankind.

On the 16th of October Mr. Blanchard embarked in his aerial machine, and ascended from the Military Academy at Chelsea, accompanied by Mr. Sheldon, Professor of Anatomy, and F. R. S.

Their ascent was at first but very considerable, owing to the great weight they carried up with them, consisting not only of their ballast, but of a number of mathematical instruments for making experiments; and having received a violent shock against a wall, too near which they had placed their apparatus for filling the globe, they were obliged to throw down a considerable part of the former, and all the instruments, except a barometer, compass, telescope, and flageolet: their provisions met with the same fate, except a bottle of wine; and now being freed from their incumbrance, they ascended with great velocity in a direction nearly perpendicular; but the barometer being spoiled, probably by the shock they had received, it was impossible for them to ascertain their elevation. They had likewise, in their hurry of lightening the machine, inadvertently thrown over the handle of the left wing, which prevented their hovering over the place of embarkation, as was at first intended. The violence of the current of air was such, that it unavoidably carried the machine in a direction from London; however, notwithstanding this, and their being unable to use the wings, by Mr. S— turning the fly, while Mr. B— turned the helm in a contrary direction, with the assistance of the remaining wing they varied some points from the wind, and proceeded with great rapidity to the S. W.

"At twenty minutes past twelve, Mr. Sheldon, casting his eyes over the earth,

observed that the objects on its surface appeared very small, and that he felt a pain in his ears. I replied, that I saw every thing, like him, in miniature, and that my ears, too, were affected with an extraordinary sensation, but that it was a very trifling one: however, that if he wished to proceed in a less exalted region, he need only mention it, as I had now the machine perfectly under my command. "No (replied he), I have an entire confidence in your skill; direct your course agreeably to your own inclinations." He added, with that enthusiasm with which that situation must inspire even the most insensible the first time they experience it, "I am unable to confine myself to any particular observation: all that I see delights and enchants me. In this moment I possess no other power but that of admiration."

"The balloon, of which I had left a twelfth part void, now appeared to be fully distended, and to form a noble sphere. The silken tubes were soon filled, and the inflammable air disengaged itself abundantly through them, so that I was not obliged to have recourse to my valve. I then informed Mr. Sheldon that we were descending. It was now thirty minutes after twelve. He asked for the bottle; and we drank to the health of the Kings of England and France, the Prince of Wales, and all the Royal Family. After this, my companion, seeing that he could not be carried farther, observed, he should descend without regret, since he had "saluted Kings from the regions above." As I could not rely on my barometer, I took off one of the fleurs-de-lis from my flag, and, throwing it out, it appeared to ascend rapidly; this convinced me of the quickness of our descent, which, before I had made this experiment, was a matter of surmise only*. All the ballast which now remained, was a marine flag and our bottle half emptied of its liquor. To throw out these was our last resource, except our clothes, which indeed, had it been necessary, we should have ridded ourselves of likewise, to diminish as much as possible the velocity of our descent, and to avoid striking against the trees or houses, over which we were perpendicularly at that time. By a timely discharge of our bottle, we checked the progress of our descent, and prolonged

* This effect is certainly what the AERONAUTES will find the most extraordinary. However precipitate the descent of a balloon may be, it cannot be perceived but through the undulation of light bodies, which float about more heavy ones. The latter, falling with more rapidity than the former, render the descent perceptible, which otherwise would be as undiscernible as the progress of the balloon in any other direction.

at some hundred yards; we then proceeded in a more easy manner towards the earth, and we alighted in a meadow near the village of Sunbury, in the county of Middlesex, situated fourteen miles from London. It was here I left my fellow-traveller; it was fifty minutes past twelve when we reached the earth.

"My hat having been thrown out, with the instruments, at Chelsea, Mr. Sheldon endeavoured to procure me another, as well as to furnish me with some provisions to enable me to prosecute my voyage. But, after having waited some time, seeing nothing arrive, I gave way to my impatience. I had caused fresh ballast to be placed in my boat, within 20lb. of the weight of Mr. Sheldon. Finding that the machine was prepared, I determined, for the second time, to set off without either hat or provisions.

"I had remained on the ground near thirty minutes, as well for the purpose of taking in ballast as to fasten some cords which were loose; but, eager to make as long a voyage as possible, and having no time to lose, I only requested Mr. Sheldon to give directions that the cords, which held down the machine, should be untied; which being done, I arose, in the space of four minutes, to an elevation equal to that in which all Paris beheld me in the CHAMP DE MARS. During this ascension, I was carried by a N. E. current; and, meeting with another, I was carried E. S. E. of Sunbury. Having then lost sight of the earth, and perceiving my globe to be greatly distended, I opened my valve, and re-descended in the current N. E. It was, at this instant, twenty-six minutes past one. Four minutes afterwards I entered into a thick fog, in which I remained about five minutes, and through which I was carried by the same current. My globe had diminished considerably during its progress through the fog.

"At 38 minutes past one the heat of the sun became excessive, and my globe distended itself anew. Being desirous of discovering it, after having parted with so much inflammable air, the globe still retained a sufficient quantity to fill itself entirely, I shut the tubes, by holding them in my hands. I instantly rose to so considerable an height, that the objects, which had just before been the subject of my admiration, I now lost sight of. The earth soon presented no other form to my eye than that of an even surface: a minute afterwards it totally disappeared. I then found myself under a clear sky, observing, from a vast elevation, the clouds moving under my feet. I imagined I was, for some time, stationary: at this elevation I occupied myself in taking notes, which had furnished me with the observations I have been relating.

"At fifty minutes past one o'clock the pieces of ribbons, which I threw out from time to time (to supply the defect of my damaged barometer in the observation of the rising or falling direction of the globe), appeared to ascend. I instantly threw down a part of my ballast, which I took care to crumble in pieces, that no one should receive any hurt from its fall. In a moment I was elevated above the scattered ribbons, and was carried so high, that I began to experience great difficulty in breathing. One of the Padders which I had in the boat, filled with atmospherical air, burst, at this instant, with a dumb report; it frightened one of the pigeons which I had taken with me to dispatch them as couriers. The bird escaped from under my seat, and at first took her station on the side of the boat, and flew away when I endeavoured to catch her; but, unaccustomed to a region so elevated, and so rarified an air, she could not long support herself on her wings. I followed her flight with my eye, and could perceive she laboured hard, and was unable to fly about the globe without flapping her wings with extreme precipitation; hardly was she able to keep up to the level of my equator. As she wheeled round the globe, she suddenly disappeared. Concluding she was gone away, I looked downwards in order to catch a sight of her; when, like Noah's dove, having found "no resting-place for her foot," she returned a few moments afterwards, and reposed herself on the side of my vessel. This act of fidelity was not sufficient entirely to regain my confidence. I made the bird my prisoner, and effectually secured her with a ribbon.

"Elevated to such an extraordinary height, my compass underwent no apparent variation. As I now perceived nothing but the heavens, and was equally ignorant where I was, and whither I was going, I made no use of my fly, but suffered myself to be carried away, at the mercy of the winds, without making the least attempt to resist. The observations relative to the essential immobility of the needle, and the apparent immobility of an AEROSTAT who is borne along the current of air, convinced me, that, when he has lost sight of the earth, and has no longer any visible points of comparison, the compass becomes totally useless; for the traveller may be carried, rapidly or slowly, by the wind, in all possible directions, without any variation of the needle, and without perceiving any change in his situation, since he may advance, retreat, or move obliquely, without being sensible of the tendency of the balloon during each of these motions. The compass, therefore, can be no farther useful than where we are enabled to compare the

direction of the needle with terrestrial objects; and to form an idea of the way we are making by observing the earth, which then appears as retiring on one side, and gives certain data respecting the course we pursue.

"At sea, the direction of the course is determined by the angle made by the needle with the keel of the ship; but, in the exalted regions of the air, there are no possible determined points, unless one be within view of the earth. The compass will always want an angle of comparison, when an AEROSTAT is above the clouds.

"At fifty eight minutes past one the cold became so severe, that I could no longer bear it, and I found myself under the necessity of making a nearer approach to the earth. I therefore opened my valve, and I quickly descended into a region whence it became visible."

M. Blanchard was now at Chertsey, over which he hovered about three minutes, and turned to the S. E. giving a considerable elevation to his machine. He then tried several manœuvres (the imperfect success of which he attributes to his being debarred the use of his wings), and opening the valve of his machine in order to come nearer the earth, passed over Woking at fifteen minutes after two.

"I now began (says he) to suffer extreme thirst, without having any thing left to relieve it. This circumstance should serve as a lesson to future AERONAUTES, and induce them to ballast their machine with a few bottles, but, however, not to consider them as ballast till they are emptied.

"As the wind, on our departure from Chelsea, had carried us towards Windsor, and as I then knew not the exact distance of that royal palace from the capital, I was induced to believe that the place I now observed was that town. I therefore prepared myself to descend on a convenient spot, and pay my homage to the place honoured by his Majesty's residence. But taking my telescope, and not detecting any royal habitation, I concluded I was in a mistake, and I contented myself with saluting the inhabitants of the place, who answered me with loud acclamations. I continued my route at the same elevation.

"About forty-five minutes after two, I came in sight of Farnham. It had the appearance of being a considerable place. The idea of Windsor being still uppermost in my mind, I now imagined, for a second time, that I was approaching it, and resolved to make my descent there, provided I was able to come over it. I was not, at that time, in a very elevated station. I could distinguish, with great ease, the eminences from

the plains and vallies. I proceeded still lower, in order to arrive within hearing of two men whom I saw on the road. I addressed them through my speaking-trumpet, crying out, "Is that Windsor?" The simple fellows, terrified at hearing a voice in the air, and especially a voice stronger than that to which they had been accustomed, after looking whence it came, no sooner perceived me, than, instead of answering me, they instantly hurried from the spot, and took each a different road, with the greatest precipitation."

Soon after this Mr. Blanchard passed over the Bishop of Winchester's palace at Farnham, in Surry.

"Various rivulets serpented through the environs of this building; the gardens were ornamented with a sheet of water of great extent. The desire of contemplating this charming prospect induced me to lower myself. It was now nine minutes after three o'clock. I instantly descended, and found that I was nearly perpendicularly over the building, perfectly discerning every object at the elevation of three hundred feet. I perceived many people in the park, which was directly under me; and I particularly noticed some ladies, who had fastened their handkerchiefs to their canes and waved them in the air. I saluted them with my flag; and, after throwing down a card, on which I had hastily written a few words to thank them, I continued my route.

"When I found myself at some distance from this noble seat, I threw out a great portion of my ballast. In the space of two minutes I was surrounded by a cloud, which soon deprived me of the prospect that had just before been the subject of my admiration: I was seized with a damp cold as I was hurried through it; and another cloud, in a region superior to this, obscured the light of the sun.

"Alone among these clouds, in the midst of the most profound silence, this situation, which might be thought terrible, perfectly enchanted me. It is in a moment of extacy like this, in which the mind becomes elevated, that man may be allowed to exult in his discoveries. I had never before been so proud of my existence, nor ever experienced moments so delicious, as when I was meditating, from this immense height, the magnificence of the spectacle, which, in so varied a shape, I had enjoyed.

"Whilst my mind was thus occupied, in my progress through this awful solitude, the sun, on a sudden, appeared again in all its splendour. Although elevated above the cloud that had deprived me of its sight, yet I derived no advantage from its returning rays. Its heat had no effect upon me, and the cold I

felt in this lofty region became intolerable. Then, for the second time in the same voyage, I found my situation much more elevated than that to which I ascended on my first experiment at Paris.

"In this temperature I continued till thirty-one minutes after three o'clock, when, opening my valve, I came downwards, and found myself suspended over another mansion, which appeared to me nearly as beautiful as that which I had lately left. I saluted the inhabitants, who answered me with shouts of joy. Many of them spoke to me, and I could easily distinguish the sound of the words from their shouts; but, being a stranger to the language, I could not understand them. This mansion was contiguous to a village over which I was then passing.

"Apprehensive, from the celerity of my descent, of striking against the house-tops, I instantly regained my equilibrium, and continued my progress, veering off with an extraordinary swiftness, and still driving along the same current. At that elevation I passed in a line between Alton and Sherborne, nearly at an equal distance, just before I came over the village where I saw the mansion already spoken of."

Mr. B. next passed over Winchester; and soon after determining to finish his course, endeavoured to choose a proper place for his descent. "The trees and houses (he proceeds) appearing to fly away from under my feet, I glided, if I may so express myself, along the surface of the woods, being no more than 60 feet above the trees. I traversed, in this region, some branches of canals and rivers, with a swiftness which continually varied the prospects beneath, and produced an effect extremely magnificent.

"Passing over a forest, I perceived a woman leading a girl in her hand. Sensible that I could not be understood by speaking to them, I was willing, at least, to afford myself some amusement and relaxation; and I began to play an air on my flageolet, which had escaped the wreck. Hearing the sound of the instrument, they at first looked round them on all sides with an anxious curiosity; but lifting up their eyes, they no sooner beheld me, than, imitating the two peasants, of whom I had demanded if I was near Windsor, they ran away in a consternation which I in vain endeavoured to remove by speaking to them: but they were still more alarmed, and they continued their flight with great precipitation. They took shelter among the trees, where I observed them straying for some time, till I lost sight of them.

"After having traversed these woods, I was carried over an extensive valley. My attention was engaged in exploring its beauties,

when I perceived I had so far descended, that I was in danger of striking against the hill which lay in my route. I instantly threw out some ballast, and regained a sufficient elevation to avoid it. At this moment my colours, which I had placed upon the side of my vessel, fell over. Vexed at this accident, I determined to recover my loss, if possible; but keeping my valve too long open, whilst my attention was fixed on the flag, which I kept following with my eye as it fell, I suffered too great a quantity of inflammable air to escape from my globe; and I came downwards with such velocity, that one of the feet which was fastened to my gondola was disjoined in striking against the ground. I consoled myself, however, in this disaster, by the pleasure I received from recovering my flag, which I had seized in the air as I was coming down. The shock I received occasioned my machine to rebound several toises high: a pound or two of ballast, thrown out, impelled it upwards to the height of 200 feet; I then threw out more, and my equilibrium was restored.

"Apprehending, as I have already observed, that I was very near the sea, and having even imagined that I had several times caught a glimpse of it, though not sufficiently satisfied of the reality of such appearances; the fog, too, increasing, and spreading itself on all sides; I judged it prudent here to terminate my course. In proceeding farther, I should have exposed myself, without any advantage, to dangers, the more imminent in proportion as I was more ignorant of their approach, and was going on entirely at a venture.

"During this latter period of my progress, I had been looking out, as I have before remarked, for a spot proper for my descent; and I at length made choice of one. A single tree, in the midst of an open field, afforded me an easy landing-place."——

"I had just written a letter (he continues) to a friend in London, which I fastened to the ribbon that held my pigeon in captivity. The bird flew away, and, after making some turns in the air, appeared to fly towards the capital, where indeed she arrived with my letter the same evening. A second pigeon, which I let off after I had got out of my boat, has not since made her appearance.

"I had no sooner rested on this plain, which lay in the vicinity of Rumsley, a small town in Hampshire, than the inhabitants of that place and the neighbouring villages came about me, shouting in the most joyful manner; and, though a stranger to their language, I could not misapprehend their feelings. These honest people laying hold of some cords which hung from my boat, I

threw out a few handfuls of ballast, and amused them with the sight of my globe rising above their heads. I felt a satisfaction equal to that which they appeared to feel themselves in towing me into their town. My progress thither, by the nearest road, being obstructed by a gateway, I was hauled in this manner, considerably round about, over the fields. Lengthening my cordage, and diminishing my ballast, I proceeded, led on by my conductors, above the trees, the walls, and the houses, in order to enter the town. I found the streets filled with spectators; the roads, likewise, were on all sides crowded; and I enjoyed, with them, the pleasure of having rendered such a multitude happy at so easy a rate.

"To give my extraordinary entry all the aid of fancy, I stood erect in my car, at the elevation of the house-tops, bearing my colours in my hand, with which I saluted the innumerable throng of spectators that surrounded me. This scene, so novel to the worthy people who gave me so cordial a welcome, lasted till the close of the day. Wearied as I was, from having passed the preceding night in preparations for my enterprise, and from the exertions during my voyage, yet I could not deprive them of the gratification they so eagerly desired; and I suffered myself to be led by them, in this manner, several times about the town.

"While I was preparing to empty my globe, a gentleman, who spoke French, accosted me, informing me he was just going to London, where he hoped to arrive early the next morning, and kindly offering to charge himself with my commands thither. This offer, although I had already dispatched my two winged couriers, was very agreeable to me. A pen and ink being brought, I wrote the following note to my friend Mr. Hunter, an eminent enamel-painter, of Great Marlborough-street:

"Be as easy respecting my fate as I myself was on parting from you. I made a voluntary descent, seventy-eight miles distant from London, at half past four. I am this moment in good health, in the town of Rumsley, and I shall endeavour to see you early to-morrow."

"Scarcely had this person left me, when Mr. Penton, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, forcing his way through the crowd, came and politely offered me the accommodation of his house and garden. He bid adieu to my colours; and my conductors fol-

lowed him, holding the cordage of my machine. I proceeded, keeping about the height of the walls; and I alighted, in an easy manner, in his garden. After having drunk to the health of my host, my first care was to empty my globe, a process which took up double the time I had employed in filling it.

"After this operation was over, I was conducted by my kind host into the saloon, where the neighbouring nobility and gentry were assembled, to whom Mr. Penton did me the honour to introduce me. An excellent supper was served up, to which, as it will easily be imagined, I did great credit, as it was my first repast that day.

"Mr. Sheldon, from the instant I had left him, had followed me on horseback; and having informed himself, from place to place, of the direction of my course, he arrived at Rumsley at three o'clock in the morning.

"The next morning every one was kindly officious in assisting me to pack up my balloon, and transport my boat, in the most commodious manner. I trusted I should have reached the capital in the course of the day; but our progress was retarded, at every post, by the crowds of curious people that flocked about us; and we were obliged to sleep at Bagshot, a small town situated 29 miles from the metropolis.

"My arrival had been announced for Sunday; and I hoped that on the next day we should have been able to have entered London in a private manner: but I was under a mistake. I had no sooner arrived at the Military Academy at Chelsea, than I was surrounded by a numerous retinue. My boat was taken by force from behind the coach, where I had caused it to be placed. Mr. Sheldon and myself were likewise forced out of our carriages, and obliged to seat ourselves in the boat, and to proceed, with our flags in our hands, in the suite of this splendid cavalcade. A band of military music preceded our car, which was followed by a great number of carriages, and a prodigious concourse of people. In this manner did we make our entry into London; the farther description of which I leave to those who assisted at the procession, not presuming to arrogate to myself the honours of this triumph. I wish only to triumph over envy and malignity;—happy, indeed, could I be able to silence them!

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

The SOLDIER: AN ANECDOTE.

“O SIR, do you live upon sixpence a-day?” (said the soldier, half audible, as the Bishop of — waddled by him) “I wish I were to dine at that gentleman’s table!” (said the mutilated sailor, as the Dean of — ordered him to be removed from his staircase, that there might be room for his rotund carcase to enter)

“O poor dear little thing! (said the soldier’s wife to her child as Mr. B— and I rode by them) I wish thou hadst one of these gentlemen’s horses to ride on.”

The soldier had his knapsack upon his shoulder—and, above it, the knapsack of his comrade, who was sick, and unable to carry it himself: he had, over all, a box with his wife’s clothes, and a large cloak which used to defend her from the rain. These he supported with his left hand; while, with his right, he helped his wife on her journey. The day was sultry and airless; the sand was deep and heavy; the soldier’s face was covered with sweat and dust. His wife was hanging her head, and was hardly able, with all the little assistance he could afford, to follow him through the deep sand; yet she

was endeavouring to lend the same aid to a little child that followed its mother with still more difficulty than she followed the soldier.

When the soldier’s wife had done speaking, he set her down upon a stone under the shade of a bush of furze. He took the child in his arms, wiped away the dust and sweat from his face, and kissed it.

He then pulled out a black leathern purse, and untied the string that carefully closed its mouth. Some halfpence yet remained. He looked at them, then at his wife, then at his child, as much as to say—but who can relate what the soldier said to himself? He went to a small house hard by, and returned with a basin of milk. The eyes of the mother sparkled with joy—he presented it to her, she gave it to the child, and then offered it to the soldier; but he put back her hand with a smile that would have sweetened the bitterest draught.

At that moment, had I been a King, or a Bishop, I would have exchanged situations with the Soldier.

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 Progress of Refinement. A Poem. By Henry-James Pye, Esq. Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. Sold by Prince, at Oxford; and Doddsley and Rivington, in London. 4to.

MORAL subjects were among the earliest upon which poetry was exercised. When writing was little practised; when stone or wood were the materials, and a graver the instrument; information by writing could be little extensively communicated. Poetry then in some degree supplied its place: the philosopher clothed his precepts in verse, and in that form the minds of his pupils retained them both more easily and more accurately than in prose. But with all

the improvements of writing and printing in later ages, the Muses have never ceased to claim and to maintain a share in the province of Ethics. Indeed, scarcely in any branch of poetry has greater fame been acquired. Poetry has still that advantage, perhaps among some others, over prose for the purposes of instruction, that the form in which the sentiment is clothed being both more striking and less readily capable of alteration, the sentiment itself is less liable, in repetition or recollection,

recollection, to lose its spirit with the loss or change of its dress.

The reader will however, perhaps, a little wonder what connection these remarks can have with a poem of such a title as "The Progress of Refinement." Indeed, it must be confessed that the title has been singularly ill chosen. The term *refinement* applies to so many widely differing things, that we are totally at a loss to know what the *Progress of Refinement* may mean; and no idea that it readily excites will be any great incentive to curiosity. We have been therefore ourselves surprised to find a perusal of the poem, which indeed we have not engaged in till rather late, and urged by favourable accounts of other Reviewers, so extremely well reward the labour.

The *Progress of Refinement* is an ethnic poem; the subject is new, and a nobler has not been treated in verse. Its purpose is to trace the human mind from the earliest ages through all the changes that the progress and decay of arts and learning, and the political revolutions of the world, have occasioned. With a subject so very extensive and complicated, the most judicious management was necessary to form that *simplex duntaxat et unum* which our master Horace justly requires as indispensable to a good poem. This difficult business has been executed with complete success; the plan and arrangement are admirably regular and perspicuous. With this the versification is very harmonious: the diction, free from that quaint twist of poetic phrase which of late has too much prevailed, is simple, yet elegant; spirited, yet correct. At the same time, the general manner is such as may become a philosophic poet; not indulging wild flights of fancy, but compressing the exuberance of the subject; so that in little more than two thousand lines is compressed a clear and connected comment on the history of mankind from the beginning of things to the present day; replete with just observation and moral instruction, and abounding in poetical beauties.

The Poem is divided into Three Books: The First is a comment on ancient history, beginning with man in the savage state; proceeding to the migration of infant art and science from the East into Greece, carrying them in the full vigour of their adult age to Rome, and concluding with the following highly poetical and picturesque description of the western empire in ruin:

Now, thro' th' extent of Nature's wide domain
Once more the horrid powers of darkness reign:
Again chaotic Ignorance rears her head,
And o'er mankind her sable veil is spread,

What scatter'd arts survive the general doom

Retreat to wither in the cloister's gloom:
And if by chance from thence some sickly beam

Shoots faintly forth a transitory gleam,
It serves but, like the meteor's lurid light,
To add new horror to the shades of night.

The Second Book is a comment on modern history, beginning with that of the northern barbarians who overwhelmed the Roman empire. All the circumstances which have principally contributed to raise modern manners to a higher pitch of refinement than was known either in Greece or ancient Rome, and especially those which have imprinted the characteristic lines by which the polished nations of the present day stand distinguished from those of old, are touched with a masterly hand. Among these the Feudal System, Chivalry, the Power of the Church, the Crusades, the Recovery of the Roman Law, the Migration of Greeks from Constantinople on the Turkish Conquest, the Invention of Printing, and the Reformation, hold the most conspicuous places. A compendious view is then taken of the present state, first of Europe, then of the rest of the world.

In the First and Second Books of the Poem the Author displays a very extensive acquaintance with both ancient and modern writers. In the Third he more particularly discovers the knowledge of a man of the world, a philosophical observer of mankind, whose rank and situation in life have enabled him to see, and whose abilities and reading to judge of, the general character which pervades those who, leading human affairs, contribute largely to form the character of the multitude. We shall prefer this Book for quotations, both because it is formed of stores more peculiarly the author's own, and because his own words are here more particularly necessary to give any idea of his manner of treating the subject. The philanthropic reader, acquainted with ancient manners by study, and with modern by conversation, will, we are persuaded, be pleased with the following eulogy of the present age:

In Rome, while Rome's meridian power
was graced
With the bright era of Augustan taste,
Tho' Art's skill'd votaries reach'd their utmost goal,
Tho' social pleasure sooth'd the liberal soul,
Yet rude the joys, and coarse the manners shew,
To those which Europe's modern nations
know,

Where sweet Benevolence the expression
warms,

Dwells on the tongue, and every accent forms :
Nor is the exterior semblance bright alone ;
A specious veil o'er selfish passion thrown,
The gentle bosom real Kindness feels,
And o'er the soften'd mind Affection steals :
Pity and Horror watch o'er human life,
And Murder, trembling, drops his fatal knife.
E'en War, terrific War, has learn'd to wear
A milder garb, and features less severe.
The fury of the doubtful conflict o'er,
Tho' gorg'd with death, and red with stream-
ing gore,

The valiant captive meets attentive care,
And vanquish'd foes fraternal kindness share :
Humanity, still meek and prompt to save,
Heals every wound the bleeding combat gave ;
Bids the worst horrors of the battle cease,
And lends Bellona half the charms of peace.

Politeness too its nicest skill employs,
And gives the last fine touch to human joys ;
Sweetly combines with unassisted ease
The care to aid us and the wish to please.
Far from the pertness whose capricious fit
Deems satire freedom, and ill manners wit ;
Mistakes fastidious pride for judgement chaste,
And thinks that censure shows superior taste :
Far from that sulsome flattery Duress pays,
Who servile adulation takes for praise,
The eye on every latent foible draws,
And gives an insult where the means applause:
And far, O far ! from that insidious aim
Which screens Deceit beneath Refinement's
name,

The selfish smile, the promise insincere,
And all the rules of Fashion's favorite peer :
But that smooth polish, elegant and bright,
Which, placing merit in the fairest light,
By soft compliance ruds ill-temper veils,
And half reforms the vices it conceals.

Say, from what source shall keen Inquiry
trace

These striking characters of gentler grace ?
Numerous the varied springs, whose powers
combin'd

Direct and regulate the ductile mind.—
First, that blest fountain of serene delight,
Meek-cy'd Religion's mild, unfully'd rite,
The patient votary's humbled breast imbues
With heavenly Charity's ambrosial dews.
In vain the infidel's o'erweening pride
Affects her hallow'd dictates to deride,
Exalts the wisdom of the ancient school,
And boasts of moral Virtue's rigid rule :
By Christian Faith the perfect doctrines taught
Shall mock Philosophy's sublimest thought ;
In the clear beams of Truth celestial flame,
And speak their Holy Teacher all divine.

Thence even the stubborn sceptic mildness
draws,
And feels their influence, tho' he scorns their
laws.

The sacred rights of human nature known,
From Europe's climes has exil'd Slavery flown ;
Who saw, of old, her sable wing display
A gloomy shade o'er Freedom's brightest day.

The effects of that Courtesy which Chivalry
introduced are marked in some most spirited
lines, contrasting the behaviour of the Black
Prince, after the battle of Poitiers, with the
barbarity of a Roman triumph. After the
observation that fire-arms have contributed
to abate ferocity in war, follows a very short
but very sensible passage on duelling ; and
then, by a happy transition, some lines,
which, for the credit of our author with our
female readers, we ought not to omit here.

—let us turn from fields of death the view,
And the calm scenes of softer peace pursue.
Their placid sway the gentler sex impart,
Refine the manners, and improve the heart ;
From the harsh breast each sterner thought
remove,

And tune the yielding soul to joy and love.
No barbarous jealousy's misjudging care
Severely watches o'er the imprison'd fair :
No household tyrant fixes Beauty's doom,
To ply the incessant web and servile loom :
Nor does the mind, allur'd by Plato's dream,
Verging to Folly's opposite extreme,
Its bosom's queen in hues ethereal paint,
And deem the blooming maid the impassive
faint.

Daughters of Love ! they shine with native
power,

And bless the lone, and grace the social hour ;
With spotless truth and ardent passion blend
The enchanting mistress and the faithful friend ;
Each sonder joy that lessens grief dispense,
Convince the reason, and delight the sense ;
With bashful coyness temper fierce desire,
And lead by Virtue while by Charms they fire.

In nothing does the author display the
philosopher and the judicious observer of men
and manners more than in his observations
upon luxury, which he affirms not to be
dangerous to modern Europe as it was to an-
cient Rome ; and he supports this position
by arguments equally new and forcible. His
remarks are not less just on the particular
danger that now threatens Britain from the
circumstance that wealth is become almost
the only criterion of rank ; and he adds a
spirited address upon the subject to the 'an-
cient Lords of Britain's fair domain.' Some
admonition to the Ladies, which well de-
serves their notice, follows ; and the Poem
concludes with summing up its moral thus :

But let not man attempt with bounded skill
To search the depths of Heaven's eternal will ;
Inspect the rolls of Fate with fruitless care,
And read the future doom of empires there.

Enough, her eye as cool Reflection throws
O'er all the scenes these lengthen'd lays disclose,
To mark each prospect as they move along,
And draw these moral maxims from the song :
That tho' *Refinement* know, with temperate ray,
To wake each bloom of merit into day,
Urged to excess her heighten'd powers destroy
The expanding bud, and blast each promis'd joy ;
As storms and fultry gleams o'ercome the
flower

Rais'd by the genial sun and gentle shower :
That Education, while her careful art
Clears from each baneful prejudice the heart,
Must cherish inborn Glory's generous aim,
The source of rising worth and future fame :
That above all, on each ingenuous breast
Be with strong force this sacred truth impress'd ;
No polish'd Manners rival Virtue's price,
No savage Ignorance disgusts like Vice.

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Mr. Pye, the author of the Poem of which we have been giving an account, is now Representative in Parliament for Berkshire ; an honour which his father, grandfather, and others of his ancestors enjoyed before him. The family has its origin from the Barons of Kilpec, in Herefordshire, and its name from Hugh Lord Kilpec, in the reign of William Rufus. The son of Lord Hugh was called among the Welch ap Hy ; the letter Y having in the Welch orthography the power of our U ; and the name remaining to the family, became in time shortened to Pye, as in more modern times Pugh has been formed, according to the English orthography, from ap Hugh. Sir Robert Pye, Auditor of the Exchequer in the reign of James I. lineally descended from Hugh Lord Kilpec, purchased the present family estate of Faringdon, in Berkshire. His son, also Sir Robert Pye, married Mary eldest daughter of the great John Hampden ; and, in the civil wars, rose to the rank of Lieutenant-general in the Parliament's service. He nevertheless was fortunate enough to make his peace at the Restoration, and preserved his Berkshire estate ; but a large property about Pye-street, in Westminster, having passed into the hands of the church of Westminster, was never recovered. The imprudence and unfortunate fate of Mr. Hampden Pye, eldest son of Sir Robert Pye and Mary Hampden, has afforded the subject of a beautiful episode in the present Mr. Pye's elegant Poem, intitled ' Faringdon Hill.'

Mr. Pye was born in London, and was educated under a private tutor at home till he was of an age for the university, when he was entered a gentleman-commoner of Magdalen-College in Oxford. He was there early distinguished by his genius for poetry. Some verses of his, among the Oxford Gra-

tulatory Poems, on the Peace of 1763, have, for the very early age at which they were written, great merit. While the more respectable of the elder persons of his college loved and cherished his talents, some others, of a different character, found reason not to be equally delighted with them. One, who was particularly disagreeable to the young men, had the misfortune to fall in love with a young lady then resident at Oxford ; not long after married to a young gentleman of large fortune (a gentleman-commoner of the college with Mr. Pye), and now the amiable mother of a numerous family. Mr. Pye, in revenge for some affront to those of his own gown, ridiculed the Senior's pretensions in the following epigram, which was circulated through the university :

O Love, tho' Virgil's lays ascribe
Resistless power to thee,
Yet still I thought the sacred tribe
Of Dullness ever free.

Potent I deem'd her ample shield
Her favourite sons to save ;
Tho' to thy soft dominion yield
The virtuous and the brave.

But since the splendour of thy throne
Makes Muddinal obey,
I find myself compell'd to own
Thy universal sway.

Mr. Pye, soon after he was of age, coming, by the death of his father, into possession of the family estate, settled upon it as a country gentleman, taking a commission in the militia, acting as a Justice of Peace, and being zealous in all that business of the country of which, as it brings no pecuniary advantage, the extensive respect naturally accruing from it to a man of sense and integrity, is the proper and just reward ; the due execution of it indeed placing the English country-gentleman among the most useful and truly respectable characters that can exist in any country. Such employments divided Mr. Pye's time with his literary pursuits, till at the late dissolution of parliament, a season of violent struggle of parties thro' the kingdom, he was called by a very large majority of the gentlemen and freeholders of his county to the first situation that an Englishman can hold, a situation like which no other country knows. The honour, however, attending that situation being by no means of unchangeable brilliancy, but momentarily liable to receive new splendour, or to take the foulest tarnish from the conduct of the possessor, we have at present only to wish fair fame to our poet from his political career. It will remain for him to take care that it shall furnish matter only of eulogy for the future biographer and historian.

Antient Metaphysics. Volume III. [Concluded from page 370.]

HAVING thus established the existence of a state of nature, our author next enquires what sort of an animal Man, in that state, is. Here a large field of observation and comparison opens; nor is our author in his very extraordinary speculations always absurd and whimsical. But of his opinions, both fanciful and rational, we shall give, without discriminating the classes to which each belongs, some specimens.

The body of man, he observes, is fitted to his vast, capacious, and versatile mind, being endowed with strength and agility, a capacity of suffering as well as acting, and of enduring any extremity of weather, and all variety of climates; and, on the whole, superior to that of all other animals, though in some particular bodily faculties they may excel him. He is capable of acquiring various faculties, among which are those of swimming, and walking erect. These acquired faculties of body are wonderfully improved by, what is peculiar to man, a sense of honour. And this induces our author to believe that such a man as "Achilles might have beat, in running, even an Oran Outan, or the Savage of the Pyrenees, whom nobody could lay hold of, tho' that be the exercise in which savages excel the most, and though *he is persuaded that the great Oran Outan, of Angola, is naturally stronger and swifter of foot than Achilles was, or than even the Heroes of the preceding age; such as Hercules, and such as Theseus, Pirithous, and others mentioned by Nestor. But Achilles had formed himself to running by great exercise; whereas the Oran Outan never runs but for some necessary of life: and if this be true of running, it will hold much more of such exercises as wrestling and boxing, of which the Oran Outan has no use at all: and as to the exercise of arms, it is impossible that there could be any comparison betwixt them.*"

Lord Monboddó goes on to celebrate the praises of exercise; the advantages of living in the open air, without clothes, without houses, and without the use of fire. He shews how men fell into the use of these pernicious things; and proves sufficiently, that in many instances and circumstances they really are pernicious. For the mischiefs that arise from clothing, Lord Monboddó thinks there are only three remedies, and these but partial:

"The first is, to wear as few clothes as may be, and these as loose and flowing as possible. This, I observe, was done by all nations in the first ages of their civility. There are some barbarous nations, which cover only those parts that Nature, when it begins to

be cultivated, directs us to hide. The Romans, as Aulus Gellius tells us, wore at first only a gown, and no tunic under it. And the Lydians, as Herodotus informs us, before they were conquered by the Persians, wore nothing but a single garment, till Cyrus, by the advice of Croesus, obliged them to wear a waistcoat, in order to make them effeminate. I say, therefore, that, to wear many clothes, and these strait and close to the body, is very weakening, and few things more destructive to health.

"The second palliative of the mischief is, being much naked and in the open air, as the Greeks were, exercising in that way, and making much use of friction and anointing. This last was practised by all nations of old, barbarous and polite, and is still practised by all barbarous nations, but is now universally disused by the nations of Europe, for what good reason I know not: But I think I know, from my own experience, that it gives both strength and agility; and, if it had no other good effect, we are at least so long naked, and in a natural state, while we are anointing.

"The last remedy for the mischief is frequent bathing, by which the crust that must necessarily gather upon our bodies by living in so foul an air, is washed away, and our skin, for some short time, restored to its native purity. Some vainly imagine they do this, by putting on a clean shirt; but they might as well think to make a dung-hill clean, by throwing a white cloth over it. The bath I would recommend is the cold bath, which will serve the double purpose of cleaning and of bracing. The warm bath may be used sometimes, for greater cleanness, as warm water cleanses better than cold: But I condemn the constant use of it, unless a man were to live the life of an Athlete; for then he would need it to soften and relax that rigidity which great labour produces; but we, that live indolently and effeminately, need more to be braced than relaxed. The Greeks and Romans, when they exercised every day in the Palæstra, were, I am persuaded, the better for the constant use of it: But, when they became luxurious and effeminate, they were as certainly the worse for it; for they used it then, not for refreshment after toil, but for mere pleasure; and it was then properly compared to indulgence in wine or women, according to the distich,

*Balnea, Vina, Venus consumunt corpora nostra;
Sed vitam faciunt Balnea, Vina, Venus.*

"But these, as I have observed, are but partial remedies; and Nature never prompts an

animal to do any thing that requires a remedy, and much less a thing that will not admit of a complete remedy."

Our author next enquires into the condition of men living in a state of nature, with respect to strength and size of body, health and longevity. In all these respects he shews that men in former times had an infinite advantage over the present puny race in civilized societies; and that they lost them in proportion as they degenerated from the state of nature. On this part of his subject our author discovers a very intimate acquaintance with ancient as well as modern books.

Lord Monboddo goes on to enquire into the difference betwixt our animal and intellectual natures; and the changes or deviations from the natural state, the vices and diseases which cause the decline and diminution of the body in the civil state. He compares the mind of man, in the natural state, or in the first ages of civility, with the mind of man more advanced in social life: he takes notice of various differences among nations, families, and individuals; and speculates concerning the several varieties of the human species.

In the last chapter of this volume Lord Monboddo makes an apology for insisting so much upon the degeneracy of men in later times, and offers some advice to the rulers of nations, particularly to those of Great-Britain. He recommends to their imitation the following example of the Empress of Russia; which, as it is very curious and not generally known, we shall lay before our readers.

"In this plan (for preserving and improving the nobility of her country) the Empress proceeds upon this fundamental maxim of the ancient political philosophy, that the citizens of a well-constituted commonwealth ought not to be educated as the children of private persons, but as children of the state, and according to public wisdom, not private judgment. This rule it was impossible to follow with respect to all the citizens, in so great an empire as that of Russia; but the Empress has contrived to make it practicable with respect to the children of the people of the first rank; and, like the legislator of Sparta, she has not confined her plan to the education of the men only, but has extended it to the women. She has, therefore, erected two great schools or academies, one for male children and the other for female; the first containing about 700 males, and the other about 400 females. She takes in both at the age of five; and keeps the males fifteen years, and the females twelve; and, during all that time, the parents see them, but seldom, and never except by

permission of the Empress. While they are there, they are taught every thing that may make them useful members of the state; the men, arts and sciences, the learned languages, and the modern that are of the greatest use; also riding, fencing, dancing, and all the military exercises; and the women, every thing that is proper for their sex. The greatest care, at the same time, is taken of their diet, and manner of life. In Russia, the bodies of men are ruined by the immoderate use of fire, and of baths excessively hot, by very warm clothing, and by the drinking of spirituous liquors. In these schools there is no use of fire at all in chimnies; and in their rooms, which are very large, they have only two stoves, one at each end, very moderately heated. They are not allowed the use of the hot bath; they wear no furs, and but thin clothing; and they drink nothing but water; and, for the first two or three years, they live only on vegetables; and, for the rest of the time, their table is very frugal and simple. The consequence of these regulations is, that they are remarkably healthy, and fewer of them die in the year than of any other class of people in the empire of the same number. In short, it appears to me that no better plan of education has been devised since the days of Lycurgus; and it must make this great Princess, who has executed it and carried it on with so much care and attention for these fifteen years, adored by all those of her subjects who have sense enough to know that it is impossible any nation can flourish, whose nobility and gentry are not properly educated."

In conclusion Lord Monboddo says, "And here I finish this volume, in which I have treated of man as an animal, or, in other words, of the natural state of man. There are, I know, who doubt, whether this state ever had a real existence: But such men have not learned rightly to distinguish betwixt the animal and intellectual creature; nor have they observed that in all animals, even in such as are less composed than man, and, indeed, in all natural things, there is a progress from an imperfect state to that state of perfection for which by nature the thing is intended. This is so evident to me, that, from theory only, though it could not be proved by facts, I should believe that man was a mere animal before he was an intelligent being, and that there was a progress in the species such as we are sure there is in the individual. I therefore hold, that whoever denies this progression of man, is ignorant both of the history and philosophy of man.

"In my next volume,

— "major rerum mihi nascitur ordo,

"*Alajus opus mox eo.*" —

I will there present to the reader a scene of man, in which he shall appear both as the noblest and as the most degenerate animal upon this earth: For, as human nature is capable of the highest exaltation, so is it also of the lowest degradation, according to the common saying, that the corruption of the best things is the worst. But I hope to shew that man, even in his most wretched state, is still the care of heaven; and in this way I trust I shall be able

—“to assert eternal providence,
“And justify the ways of God to men;”

—which to do is the design of this work; and in such speculations I hope to live what remains of my life, and to die,—leaving to those, who call themselves philosophers in this age, their lines and figures, their mensurations and computations, and their facts of natural history; for I say again with Milton,

—“me, of these
“Nor skill'd nor studious, higher argument
“Awaits;”

—to treat first of the noblest animal on this earth, then of the highest being in the universe. To such speculations it is to be hoped that these gentlemen will at last ascend; and that, after having demonstrated all the properties of lines and figures, computed and measured all the motions within their observation, collected and arranged all the facts of natural history, and examined, with the greatest accuracy and minuteness, every thing in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, they will then begin to philosophise, and will correct those errors which I may have fallen into by following too fervently, as they think, the philosophy of antient times.”

The grave assertions of this writer upon the subject of his own piety, if they are sincere, are a striking proof of great arrogance and self-conceit. For so bold, whimsical, singular, and paradoxical a reasoner, to talk of asserting eternal providence, and justifying the ways of God to men, is indeed astonishing. Is it only, then, to so oblique an eye, an eye that sees matters in a light different from all the rest of mankind, that providence can be asserted, and the ways of God justified? Many readers will find marks of impiety in the eccentric writings of this man; not one, we presume, will discover any proofs of religious zeal.

If we consider him in the light of a scholar, we shall find matter of very considerable praise, for certainly he is extremely versant in the writings of both antient and modern times. If we view him in that of a philosopher, we find him advancing as a discovery what is only an *abuse of language*;

and, while he derides the modest labours of those men who investigate the powers of nature by “lines and figures, and mensurations and computations, and facts of natural history,” raising his head in expectation of a laurel crown, for asserting that every man has four minds. He has cast his eyes over the world, and ransacked multitudes of books, not with the free and candid mind of an impartial inquirer into truth, but in order to find materials for supporting his extravagant *nostrums* and prejudices. Yet, in what he has observed concerning the deviations of men in civilized societies from the state of nature, and the pernicious effects of these on health, strength, and life, he is often right and useful; and, on the whole, the novelty of his positions tends to stimulate inquiry into various subjects.

ANECDOTES of Lord MONBODDO.

HE is the son of a gentleman of a small estate in the county of Kincardine, in Scotland, but who was descended, by the male line, from the ancient and honourable family of Sir Robert Burnett, of Leyes, Baronet, and by females of the noble families of Marshall, Arbutnot, and Douglas; a daughter of which last family was his great-grandmother, whose name, and the name of her husband, Robert Irvine, of the ancient and honourable family of Drum, who served under Gustavus Adolphus as a captain of horse, are still upon his house, which they built. He spared no expence, that his small fortune could afford, upon the education of his son: he kept a private tutor for him at home, then sent him to the King's-College of Aberdeen, where, after he had gone through his courses, he was at the expence of sending him to the university of Groningen, in Holland. He studied the civil law: he remained there three years; and, living in a French house, and with English gentlemen, of whom there was a considerable number at Groningen at that time, he learned both the French and English languages. When he returned to Scotland, and came to the bar of the Court of Session, he was taken notice of on account of his learning by several learned judges who sat then upon that bench, and were scholars as well as lawyers, and particularly by Duncan Forbes, the President of the Court, who has lived and borne office in Scotland in our time. In his company he had the honour to be very much; and after his death, he assisted in setting on foot and carrying on a subscription in the Faculty of Advocates, for a statue which they erected to his memory. This statue is the work of Roubillac, and is judged by the con-

noisseurs to be the finest statue on this side of the Alps. Under this President and some learned Judges that sat with him, he learned the Scotch Law; and he has a large collection of decisions of theirs, which he thinks the most valuable collection of the decisions of the Court.

When he came to be of eminence in his profession, he was employed in the greatest causes, particularly in the cause of Douglas; perhaps the greatest private cause, every circumstance considered, that has been in Europe of a great while. Of what service he was in that cause to Mr. Douglas, is pretty well known. He made, while the cause was depending, three journeys to France, and took down all the proof on the part of Mr. Douglas with so much candour and accuracy, that he was desired by the French lawyers, on the side of the Duke of Hamilton, to dictate it all. The last cause he was employed in before he left the bar, was likewise a cause of great importance. It was the question concerning the Peerage of Sutherland, in which his knowledge of the Scotch Antiquities was of very great use to the Countess.

While he was in France, and employing his leisure time in literary pursuits, he first conceived the design of being an author. He had been long curious about the origin of the most wonderful art among men, and which appears to the philosopher not the less wonderful for being so common, the art of language; and he had heard of a book giving an account of one of the rudest languages upon earth, viz. the language of the Hurons, in North-America. This book he never could lay hold of; but at last discovered it in the French King's library, and, by the courtesy of the then library-keeper, Mr. Caprennier, was allowed the extraordinary privilege of carrying it home with him and keeping it for some weeks. By this book he was carried so near to the origin of the art, that he thought he could form some system of the invention and

progress of it; and this produced his first volume of the origin and progress of language, printed in the year 1772, and a second edition of it in the year 1774; then a second and third volume.

But he was diverted from pursuing this work further by the study of ancient philosophy, to which the books of Mr. Harris, and particularly his *Hermes*, had led him. From the study of the books of that philosophy he soon discovered what a miserable exchange we had made of the philosophy of the ancients for the French philosophy, and that of Mr. David Hume; and he was particularly shocked with the abuse that had been made of the highest branch of ancient philosophy, viz. *Metaphysics*, to subvert the principles of all religion natural and revealed, and indeed of all human knowledge. This led him to write his first volume of *Metaphysics*: but as the philosophy of Mind is so little understood at present, it was necessary that he should write a second before he could come to his next subject, *Man*, which he now made the subject of a third volume, beginning with his history, and first his natural history, that is, his history as an animal, and then his civil history. This subject necessarily involves a question highly metaphysical, concerning the origin of evil, and which runs into theology, as it becomes necessary to acquit the wisdom and justice of God from being the cause of evil.

What the author proposes by his philosophical works is, to revive the ancient philosophy, which, till about the end of the century, was the only philosophy of Europe. But as ancient philosophy is a great science, and as the turn of this age does not appear to be much for science of any kind, it is not probable that our author should succeed in his design without the favour and protection of the Great; but the Great in this country, as it is well known, are very differently employed.

The *Antiquities of England and Wales*; being a Collection of Views of the most remarkable Ruins and ancient Buildings, accurately drawn on 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, Esq. F. A. S. Vol. I. and II. The Second Edition, corrected and enlarged. London, S. Hooper. 1784.

In our last Review we presented our readers with extracts from Mr. Grose's general account of ancient Castles, Monasteries, and Architecture: we now, in pursuance of our promise, shall lay before them his observations on Druidical Monuments; together with such specimens of the author's descriptions as seem particularly to merit attention.

Druidical Monuments he treats of under the following heads: Obelisks, being large stones or pillars set up perpendicularly; Carnes or Carnedes; Cromlehs or Cromleiches; Kist-vacns; Rocking-Stones; Tolmen, or Stones of Passage; Rock Basons, and Circles or Ovals.

Single Stones, our author observes, are monuments undoubtedly more ancient than Druidism

Druidism itself, and were placed as memorials to record different events; such as remarkable instances of God's mercies; singular victories; boundaries, and sometimes sepulchres: various instances occur in the Old Testament of such being erected by the Patriarchs. Such was that raised by Jacob at Luz, afterwards by him named Bethel; such the pillar placed over Rachael's grave: they were likewise marks of execration, and magical talismans.

From having been long considered as objects of veneration, we find they were at length, by the ignorant and superstitious, idolatrously worshipped; wherefore, after the introduction of Christianity, some had crosses set on them, which was considered as snatching them from the service of the Devil.

Vulgar superstition, of a later date, has led the common people to consider these monuments as persons transformed into stone for the punishment of some crime, generally that of Sabbath-breaking. This tale, however, is not confined to single stones, but is told also of whole circles; witness those called the Hurlers in Cornwall, and Rottorick Stones in Warwickshire. The first are, by the populace, supposed to have been men thus transformed, as a punishment for playing on the Lord's Day at a game called Hurling; the latter, a pagan King and his army.

Carnes, or Carnedes, were generally situated on eminences, so as to be visible one from the other: they are of different sizes, some containing at least an hundred cart-loads of stones: their form is conical, a flat stone crowning the apex. On these fires were kindled, says Toland, at certain times of the year, particularly on the eves of the first of May, and the first of November, for the purpose of sacrificing; at which time all the people having extinguished their domestic hearths, rekindled them from the sacred fires of the Carnes.

Kist-vaens, that is, stone chests, commonly consist of four flags or thin stones, two of which are set up edgewise, nearly parallel; a third, shorter than the other two, is placed at right angles to them, thus forming the sides, and closing the end of the chest: the fourth, laid flat on the top, makes the lid or cover, which, on account of the inequality of its supporters, inclines to the horizon at the closed end. Various have been the opinions of the antiquaries concerning their use. Some suppose them to have been altars, and imagine the inclination of the covering to have been intended to facilitate the draining of the blood from the victim into the holy vessel destined to receive it. Others assert that they are sepulchral monuments, and support their opinions by saying that both the size of them,

and the materials of which they are composed (the covers being of moor-stone, incapable of resisting fire), plainly prove they could not have been used as altars; and further add, that the area commonly enclosed within a Kist-vaen is nearly equal to that occupied by a human body. Much might be offered in defence of each of these opinions; yet, without finally determining the point, we shall leave our readers to adopt which they please, and proceed to the

Rock Basins, which are cavities of different sizes, from six feet to a few inches diameter, cut into the surface of the rocks, for the purpose, as is supposed, of collecting the dew and rain, pure as it descended from the heavens, for the use of ablutions and purifications prescribed by the Druidical religion. Of these basins there are two sorts: one with lips or communications between the different basins; the other, simple cavities. These latter seem to have been intended as reservoirs to preserve the dew, which the Druids deemed the purest of all liquids, in its original purity, and was perhaps used to mix with their mistletoe.

Some of them are so formed as to receive the head and part of the human body. One of this kind is found on a rock called King Arthur's Bed, in the parish of Northall, in Cornwall; where are also others called by the country people Arthur's Troughs, in which they say he used to feed his dogs.

The Loggons, or Rocking-Stones, are huge stones so exactly poised on a point, as to be easily caused to rock or vibrate if touched at a certain place. Some of these are artificial, and others natural rocks, cleared of the circumjacent earth, and were probably used by the Druids as instruments of pious fraud, like the statue of St. Rumbold, by the Monks of a monastery in Kent; which statue, though only the size and figure of an infant, could not, it was pretended, be lifted by any one labouring under an unexpiated offence, that is, who had not by *alms* and *offerings* purchased their absolution. The figure stood on a kind of pedestal against the wall, to which it was secured by a secret peg, which might be put in or withdrawn on the other side. If the penitent was niggardly in his offering to the Saint, the peg was applied, and the figure became immovable even by the strongest man; and, on the contrary, a liberal benefaction made it easy to be lifted by the most delicate girl.

Though this be neither a superstitious nor a credulous age, little disposed to give into the opinion that virtues, like entailed estates, descend to posterity; yet incredulity itself might have been staggered by some late occurrences, and almost led to suppose that St.

Rumbold's power of working miracles not only once existed, but had been continued to the name; for though the *dumb* were not made to speak on this occasion, the most eloquent became suddenly silent. The above solution, however, of one miracle, may equally tend to remove our doubts about the other. *Alms* and *offerings* will always, even in this degenerate age, produce *miraculous* effects; and though the most zealous admirers and friends of the modern *miracle-monger* will not pretend to assert his claim to be canonized as a *Saint*, yet his bitterest enemies cannot dispute that he narrowly escaped being (at least) a *Martyr*.

The *Cromlech*, or *Cromlech*, says Mr. Grose, differs from the *Kist-Vaen* in not being closed up at the end and sides, is also generally of larger dimensions, and sometimes consists of a greater number of stones. The term *Cromlech* is, he says, derived from the Armoric word *Crum*, crooked, or bowing; and *Leb* stone, alluding to the reverence persons paid to them by bowing. They are, by the vulgar, called *Coetne Arthur*, or *Arthur's Quoit*; it being a custom in Wales, as well as in Cornwall, to ascribe all great and wonderful objects to Prince Arthur, the Hero of those countries.

Circles, Ovals, &c. it is now generally agreed were temples, or places of solemn assemblies for councils, or election, and seats of judgment: they are for the most part circular, though they occasionally differ in figure as well as dimensions. The most simple were composed of one circle. Stonehenge consisted of two circles and two ovals, respectively concentric; whilst that at *Botdaleh*, near *St. Just*, in Cornwall, is formed by four intersecting circles; and the great temple at *Abury*, in Wiltshire, it is said, described the figure of a seraph or fiery flying serpent, represented by circles and right lines. In the article of magnitude, and number of stones, there is the greatest variety, some circles being only twelve feet in diameter, and formed only of twelve stones; others, such as *Stonehenge* and *Abury*, contained, the first one hundred and forty, and the second six hundred and fifty-two, and occupied many acres of ground.

The last Druidical monument mentioned by our author is the *Tolmen*, or *Hole of Stone*. This monument is formed by a large orbicular stone, supported by two smaller, betwixt which there is an aperture or passage. "The use made of them by the ancients" (says *Borlace*) we can only guess at; but "we have reason to think, that when stones were once ritually consecrated, they attributed great and miraculous virtues to every part of them, and imagined that whatever

"touched, lay down upon, was surrounded by, or passed through or under these stones, acquired thereby a kind of holiness, and became more acceptable to the gods!"

There is a rock of the *Tolmen* kind at *Bombay*, in the *East-Indies*, held in great veneration by the *Gentoo's*: it is called *The Rock of Purification*; a passage thro' it is considered as purifying the penitent from all sins: and such is its estimation in the neighbouring countries, that tradition says, the famous pirate, *Conagee Angria*, ventured by stealth into the *Island* on purpose to perform that ceremony. The aperture is described as so small, that a man of any corpulence cannot possibly squeeze through. Perhaps, says Mr. Grose, it may be used as a gage to ascertain whether the party has sufficiently reduced himself by fasting and other mortifications.

Having thus followed our author through his account of *Druidical* monuments, which finishes his *Preface*, we proceed to the body of the work. To each county, which he takes alphabetically, is prefixed a map, which is followed by a short description of its size and situation, a list of its market-towns, and the antiquities in it most worthy of notice. To each plate is annexed a description of its object, containing an historical account of its situation, and every interesting circumstance belonging to it. As a specimen, we have here given his account of *Reading-Abbey*, *Berkshire*.

"This was a mitred parliamentary Abbey, and one of the most considerable in England, both for the magnificence of its buildings and the richness of its endowments. King *Henry I.* began to lay the foundations anno 1121, having pulled down a small deserted nunnery, by some said to have been founded by *Elfrida*, mother-in-law to King *Edward* called *The Martyr*, in expiation of the murder of that king at *Corfe Castle*. The new monastery was completed in four years; but the church was either not consecrated till the reign of *Henry II.* or else that ceremony was, for the second time, performed in the year 1163, or 1164, by *Archbishop Becket*, the King and many of the nobility being present: it was dedicated to the honour of the *Holy Trinity*, the *Blessed Virgin Mary*, and *St. John* the *Evangelist*. *Browne Willis*, from divers good authorities and reasons, to these adds *St. James*, making its tutelars stand in the following order: *The Holy Trinity*, the *Blessed Virgin Mary*, *St. James*, and *St. John* the *Evangelist*. It was, however, commonly called the *Abbey of St. Mary* at *Reading*, probably from the extraordinary veneration paid in those days to the *Holy Virgin*, which even exceeded that shewn to the name of *Christ*. It was endowed for two hundred

hundred monks of the Benedictine Order, altho' at the Inquisition, 50 Edw. III. there were only one hundred.

"In this Abbey was buried the body of King Henry I. its founder; but his heart, eyes, tongue, brains and bowels, according to Dr. Ducarel, in his Anglo-Norman Antiquities, were deposited under a handsome monument before the high altar in the ancient priory church of Notre Dame du Pres, otherwise De Bonnes Nouvelles, at Rouen, founded anno 1060, and destroyed during the siege of Rouen in 1592.

"Here likewise was interred Adeliza, his second Queen; and, according to some writers, his daughter Maud the Empress, mother to King Henry II. though others with more probability fix the place of her sepulchre at Bec, in Normandy. Over her tomb here, it is said, were the following verses:

Ortu magna, viro major, sed maxima partu,
Hic jacet Henrici filia, sponsa, parens.

"In this place was also buried, at the feet of his grandfather, William, eldest son of King Henry II.; likewise Constance, daughter of Edmund de Langley, Duke of York; Anne, Countess of Warwick; a son and daughter of Richard Earl of Cornwall; and a great number of other persons of rank and distinction. King Henry I. had a tomb on which was his effigies, as appears from a record, quoted by Tanner; and probably there were many other magnificent monuments which were demolished or removed when the monastery was converted into a royal mansion. but it is not likely that the bones of the persons buried were distributed and thrown out, as asserted by Sandford, neither was the Abbey turned into a stable; for Camden says, "the monastery, wherein King Henry I. was interred, was converted into a royal seat, adjoining to which stands a fair stable, with noble horses of the King's!" The demolition of these monuments is thus pathetically lamented:

—Heu dira piacula! primus
Neuftrius Henricus, situs hic, inglorius urna
Nunc jacet ejectus, tumulum novus advena
querit
Frustra; nam regi tenues invidit arenas
Auri sacra fames, regum metuenda sepulchris.

"History particularizes only two councils held here in the refectory, or rather the church: one in the reign of King John, by the Pope's legate; and the other in that of Edward I. by Archbishop Peckham. There is reason, however, to believe, that divers others were held in the same place; likewise in this monastery a parliament was as-

sembled, 31 Hen. VI. wherein divers laws were enacted.

"This Abbey had funds for entertaining the poor and travellers of all forts; which, according to William of Malmshury, was so well performed, that more money was spent in hospitality than expended on the monks. Yet, nevertheless, Hugh, the eighth Abbot, having, as he says in his grant, observed an improper partiality in the treatment of the rich in preference to the poor (although the founder, King Henry, had directed that hospitality should be shewn indifferently to all persons), therefore founded an hospital near the gate of the monastery, for the reception of such pilgrims and poor persons as were not admitted into the Abbey; and likewise gave to the said hospital the church of St. Lawrence for ever, for the maintenance of thirteen poor persons in diet, cloaths, and other necessaries, allowing for the keeping of thirteen more out of the usual alms. This, in all likelihood, tho' done under the specious pretence of charity, was only a method taken to exclude the meaner persons from the table of the Abbey, which was at that time, when inns were not so common as at present, often frequented by travellers of the better sort. By this means also a considerable saving would accrue to the house; the fare of this hospital being, doubtless, suitable to the condition of the persons there entertained.

"An hospital for poor lepers was also founded near the church by Aucherius, the second Abbot: it was dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen. Here they were comfortably maintained, and governed by divers rules and regulations admirably well calculated for preserving peace, harmony, and good order. Among them were these: Any one disputing, and being ordered by the master to hold his peace, not obeying at the third monition, was to have nothing but bread and water that day. He who gave the lie was subject to the same punishment, with some humiliating circumstances. If, after this, he continued sullen, or did not patiently submit to his castigation, it was to be repeated another day; when, if he still persevered in his obstinacy, he was to lose the benefit of the charity for forty days. A blow was immediate expulsion; and none were to go abroad, or into the laundress's house, without a companion.

"Hugh Farringdon, the last Abbot, refusing to deliver up his Abbey to the visitors, was attainted of high-treason on some charge trumped up against him; and in the month of November, 1539, with two of his monks, named Rugg and Onion, was hanged, drawn, and quartered, at Reading. This happened

on the same day on which the Abbot of Glastonbury suffered the like sentence, for the similar provocation.

“At the Dissolution, the revenues of this monastery were valued at 19,381. 14s. 3d. ob. 9. Dugdale; 21,161. 13s. 9d. ob. Speed. The Abbot had an excellent summer retirement at Cholsey, near Wallingford, called The Abbot's Place; by which name it was granted to Sir Francis Englefield, 4 and 5 Philip and Mary. The site of this Abbey now belongs to the Crown: the present lessees, for a term of years, are John Blgrave, Esq. and the representatives of Henry Vaufltant, Esq.

“The Abbey-church seems to have been a spacious fabric, built in the form of a cross. Some of its walls were lately remaining; they were of rough flint, and were formerly cased with squared stone; but of this they have been stripped. There is likewise to be seen, the remainder of Our Lady's chapel, and the refectory: this last is eighty-four feet long, and forty-eight broad, and is, according to Willis, the room in which was held the parliament before mentioned. The cloysters have been long totally demolished. About eight years ago a very considerable quantity of the Abbey-ruins, some of the pieces as much as two teams of horses could draw, composed of gravel and flints, cemented together with what the bricklayers now call grout, a fluid mortar, consisting mostly of lime, was removed, for General Conway's use, to build a bridge in the road betwixt Wargrave and Henley, adjoining to his park.

“The following circumstances relative to this monastery occur in Pryane's History of Papal Usurpations: In the year 1215, the Abbot of Reading was one of the delegates appointed by the Pope, together with Pandulph, the legate, and the Bishop of Winchester, for promulgating the excommunication against the Barons concerned in the opposition to King John; as also in the succeeding year, when divers of those Barons were excommunicated particularly and by name. In 39 Hen. III. the maintenance of two Jewish converts, both women, was imposed on this house; and in the same reign, the King attempting to borrow a large sum of money from some of the great Abbies, among which were Westminster, St. Albans, Reading, and Waltham, was positively refused by the Abbot of Reading.

“Fuller, in his Church History, has this anecdote of one of the Abbots, which he styles ‘A pleasant and true Story.’ King Henry VIII. as he was hunting in Windsor Forest, either casually lost, or (more pro-

bably) wilfully losing himself, struck down, about dinner-time, to the Abbey of Reading, where, disguising himself (much for delight, more for discovery to see unseen), he was invited to the Abbot's table, and passed for one of the King's guard; a place to which the proportion of his person might properly entitle him. A sir-loyne of beef was set before him (so knighted, says tradition, by this King Henry), on which the King laid out lustily, not disgracing one of that place for whom he was mistaken. “Well fare thy heart (quoth the Abbot), and here in a cup of sack I remember the health of his Grace your master. I would give an hundred pounds on the condition I could feed so heartily on beef as you do. Alas! my weak and squeazie stomach will hardly digest the wing of a rabbit or chicken.” The King pleasantly pledged him, and heartily thanked him for his good cheer; after dinner departed as undiscovered as he came thither. Some weeks after the Abbot was sent for by a pursuivant, brought up to London, clapt in the Tower, kept close prisoner, fed for a short time with bread and water; yet not so empty his body of food, as his mind was filled with fears, creating many suspicions to himself when and how he had incurred the King's displeasure. At last a sir-loyne of beef was set before him, on which the Abbot fed as the farmer of his grange, and verified the proverb, That two hungry meals make the third a glutton. In springs King Henry out of a private lobbie, where he had placed himself the invisible spectator of the Abbot's behaviour. “My Lord (quoth the King), presently deposit your hundred pounds in gold, or else no going hence all the daies of your life. I have been your physician, to cure you of your squeazie stomach; and here, as I deserve, I demand my fee for the same.” The Abbot down with his dust, and glad he had escaped so, returned to Reading, as somewhat lighter in purse, so much more merrier in heart than when he came thence.”

This account is closed with the succession of Abbots, as given by Browne Willis in his History of Mitred Abbies. It is accompanied by two views; the one drawn 1762, representing the great gate of the Abbey, which was formerly embattled; but it being judged unnecessary, the embattlement was taken off about thirty years ago, which has considerably hurt its appearance. The other view, which was drawn in 1759, shews the south view of the remains of this magnificent Abbey, majestic even in its ruins.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

IMPARTIAL AND CRITICAL REVIEW
O F
MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The Noble Peasant, a Comic Opera, set to Music by William Shield. Price 10s. 6d. Napier.

AFTER an attentive survey of this Opera, we have the satisfaction to find, that if it is not the highest in merit of Mr. Shield's productions, it is in their highest rank, and adds to the reputation he had before acquired. Taken in a broad view, it has much the air of novelty; and, while it preserves a characteristic style, exhibits a pleasant facility of fancy, and a decent degree of science.

The overture, which comes first under notice, strikes us as prettily imagined. The subject of the first movement, we allow, is not great, or remarkably spirited; but it is new, pleasing, and not entirely destitute of boldness: its repetition in the bass to a new accompaniment in the upper parts is a good thought, and produces its effect. The little counterpoint, introduced at the nineteenth bar, is agreeable, but should have been further pursued; but this is a species of writing with which Mr. Shield obviously wants a better acquaintance. Whatever a studious pursuit in the theoretic branch of his profession may hereafter produce, at present *fuguing* and artful combinations are not amongst his compositive powers. The idea of the thirty-sixth bar is pretty, and pleasingly returned by the bass. The passage also introduced by the bass at the forty-fifth bar is exceedingly good, and as well answered by the treble; and the following passage, allotted to the bassoon *solo*, is happily fanciful. We are equally pleased with its effect, as soon after repeated by the hautboy, and think the conclusion of the movement boldly imagined. The second movement opens in an agreeable style, and proceeds with much taste. The introduction of the air "How imperfect is expression," by the small flutes, is a lucky thought, and pleased us at the theatre exceedingly: the merit of gliding into it so smoothly from the preceding passages did not escape us. The last movement has a character that we very much like; it raises the attention, and repays it. The dialogue of the several instruments, with the occasional intervention of the full band, had, we thought, a happy effect. The bugle-horn was very agreeable, and owed no small degree of its success to the characteristic style of its melody. Upon the whole, therefore, we consider the overture to the *Noble*

Peasant as a production of much merit, and as doing honour to the pen it came from. We now proceed to our remarks on the Opera.

The first song, "We are archers so stout and so good," sung by Mr. Bannister, has a strong novelty of air, and, while it pleases the ear, well expresses the free and bold spirit of *Adam Bell*; and the chorus, with which the verses conclude, is pretty well managed.

The *Echo Song*, "Ye rocks and caves with deep resounding voice," sung by Mrs. Bannister and Mr. Brett, and accompanied by Mess. Foster and Parkinson on the flute and bassoon, is a successful proof of the author's strength and flight of imagination. The strain is novel throughout, and the answers of the echo are well managed. The reply of the flute to the words "Can mimic well the shepherd's note," and the succeeding responses of the bassoon to "Or herdsman's hoarse throat," and that of the *little flute* to "Can chirp to all the winged throng," display much judgement. The change of the movement at "Can oft repeat the jolly ploughboy's song," is of happy effect; and the conclusion exhibits much taste. One impropriety, though not directly in our pale of criticism, strikes us too forcibly not to be noticed. When the Lady says, or rather sings, "Gentle Echo, ease my grief," the Echo, to make a reply of meaning as well as of sound, assumes a power it never possessed before; and answers, "Gentle Lady, ease your grief." Again, when the Lady's words are, "And tell me, is my Harold safe?" the civil Echo, to satisfy the Lady, tho' it seems to be only capable of repeating what it receives, calls to itself a new attribute, and answers her like an *Echo of sense*, by saying, "I tell you yes, your Harold's safe."

The third song, "The Hero conscious of his worth," sung by Miss George, is a production of much merit, with a considerable degree of spirit: it possesses some well-imagined passages. The divisions are good, and very well adapted to the powers of the singer it was written for; the modulation, though not striking, is easy, and the accompaniments greatly enforce the effect. They are every where in this song so judicious, that we scarce know how to distinguish any one part; but if we were to particularize, it would be to take notice of them at the words "Arms, rage, and danger," sixty-

eighth bar, where the author calls up strong powers of expression, and sets before us the great exertions of nature.

The following song, "Ere the beard of thistle falls," or, *The Seasons*, sung by Mr. Bannister, is, we think, pretty. The air is new, and has a cast of character that is pleasing, and well adapted to the words. The symphony is charmingly animating, and the accompaniment of the flutes at the repetition of the tune to the words "When the swallows twitt'ring sing," aptly applied.

The fifth song, "This world is a fair," sung by Mr. Edwin, is conceived with much humour, and sustained the whimsicality of the words. The recitative given to "And there we see whirligigs, &c." is natural, and the conclusion spirited.

The following chorus, "Behold the conqu'ring Hero's meed," has some merit of air; but we cannot allow it any of the excellencies of a chorus. No advantage is taken of the parts the author had to work with; no contrivance discovers itself. The spirit, the light and shade neither of counterpoint nor imitation contribute to the effect. The harmony proceeds in a dull unvaried body of sound; nor is the bass well chosen, or the inner parts arranged with judgement. But, as we have before observed, Mr. Shield, tho' not unblest with genius, is far from a man of deep science; and the mastery of counterpoint and artful combinations (the very essence of choral-writing) is not amongst his professional qualifications.

The recitative, "With rapid finger firm and deep," spoken by Mr. Bannister, is good, and the accompaniment of the *pedal harp* judicious; also, the remainder of it, spoken by Miss George, does credit to its author. The little air it introduces, "Hither, smiling virgin," sung by the last-mentioned Lady, is prettily fancied, and the succeeding chorus tolerably constructed.

From this we proceed to the consideration of the *finale* of the first *Act*, in which we find, with some few faults, a great deal of merit. The opening is bold and spirited; but we cannot but remark that the passage applied to the words "On the bosom of Peace court the smiles of the Fair," is the same, note for note, with that expressing "In a tide of golden guineas, like *Paradise*, tad' you roll," in the song "Talk not of your duty acres," by Dr. Arnold, which opens the second *Act* of *Two to One*. The second movement, "While round about the jocund table," is novel and pretty. The following dialogue is good, and the chorus, tho' not without defects, is by much the best we have yet spoken of. The subject is pleasing. The breaks of the harmony at the ninth and

eleventh bars have a good effect; and the little imitation given at the words "Sportive trick and merry tale," is not bad; but, in the twelfth bar we meet with two succeeding *eighths*, between the bass and *soprano*, and, in the last bar but two, the melody rises after a *seventh*.

The second *Act* commences with a simple pleasing air, sung by Mrs. Bannister. The following air, "Ah tell me why should silly man," sung by Miss Brett, is moderate; the next, "Love leads us to labyrinths of woe," sung by Mrs. Bannister, original, pretty, and expressive; and the humour of "When swallows lay their eggs in snow" is well conveyed, and the transition from a *minor* third to a *major* at the line "For say, man of Gotham," is well judged.

"Give me the man of simple soul," sung by Miss George, is a song of much merit. The first movement is natural and pleasant; and the second is well adapted to the words. The return to the first part assists the effect, and forms a good conclusion.

Adam Bell, sung by Miss Morris, is a favourite of ours. The air is novel, pretty, and characteristic. The succeeding air, *Lovely Woman*, sung by Mr. Bannister, pleases us exceedingly. The melody is new and expressive, and the *Da Capos* a happy relief to the first part. "Sir Eglamore was a valiant Knight," sung by Mr. Edwin, has great originality of air, and much humour.

The *finale* of this *Act*, which comes next under notice, considered generally, is very ingenious; with a few defects many beauties are mixed, that point out the hand of genius. The introduction is awkward and unnatural; but the fifth bar presents an exceeding pretty passage; and the remainder of the movement possesses a pleasing and expressive melody; particularly the words "The raging storm obeys, and "Oh would I were in any other place!" are well given. The succeeding movement is well managed throughout. The little air, "Hence, dastard, with your coward fears," is in character, and the chorus decent.

The third *Act* opens well. "Inur'd to wars and rude alarms," sung by Mr. Bannister, is a song of great merit: spirit and martial ardour are strongly infused into the air, and greatly enforced by the accompaniments. "How can my mother chide my love?" sung by Miss Morris, is pretty, familiar, and original. The ancient glee, sung by Mr. Brett, Mr. Davies, and Mr. Bannister, is judiciously applied. The succeeding air, "Where touching suns the thirsty earth," sung by Miss George, is a pleasingly expressive air: its simplicity of character ranks it high in that class of songs, and does honour

to its author's judgement. "For were a man melancholy at proofs of others folly," sung by Mr. Edwin, is well hit off: the air is smooth, and the humour of the words is happily indulged.

The glee with which the piece concludes is adapted with much judgement. Mr. Gaudry, Mr. Brett, Mr. Davies, and Mr. Bannister, were never heard together to greater advantage. The holding notes alternately falling on the word *Horn*, produces an excellent effect; and the whole air well accords with the subject matter of the song.

Upon the whole, therefore, the music of the *Noble Peasant* possesses a respectable share of merit, and forms for its author an additional claim to public favour.

Six Sonatas for the Harpsichord or Piano-Forte; with an Accompaniment for a Violin. Composed by R. Price. Opera Prima. Bland.

IN reviewing this first publication of Mr. Price, we cannot gratify ourselves by saying that we discovered any striking marks either of genius or scientific learning; some prettinesses are scattered about the work, though but thinly, and these are more than invalidated by the deficiencies.

The first Sonata opens awkwardly, and the subject does not improve as it proceeds. The eleventh bar introduces a passage easy in its style, and not unpleasing; but the second bar of it presents two consecutive eighths between the treble and bass of the harpsichord part. The idea of the nineteenth and twentieth bars, with its answer, is trifling and puerile; some tolerable thoughts help to fill up the remainder of this movement, and bring us to a second in three-fourths, which commences somewhat agreeably, but is not pursued with that judgement the opening merits. The ninth bar gives a passage affected in its style, and false in its construction; and the twenty-sixth bar exhibits a dissonance which, for its suddenness and ill-contrivance, equals, at least, any thing we can recollect. From this we proceed to a whole page of an insipid and unmeaning succession of small notes which the author terms a *Cadenza Stravagante*, which leads us to the last movement, in three-eighths, which opens with a pleasing subject, and is, upon the whole, by much the best part of the Sonata.

The first movement of the second piece is supplied by a confusion of ideas, neither connected with each other, nor tolerable in themselves; but which, however, are in some degree compensated by the subject of the succeeding movement, which opens with the Buff-stop: we think it very pretty, and

that with somewhat more of theoretic address in the conduct of the whole, the movement would have been excellent.

The third piece is in parts easy and agreeable. The first movement comes under this description, and has some beauties without any material deformities;—more than we can pronounce of the following one. Consecutive octaves badly designed, and others that were not designed, are not the greatest of its faults, while nothing offers itself as an atonement for them.

The fourth Sonata opens awkwardly, and, in effect, with two succeeding eighths; and nothing throughout the first movement claims our praise. The rondo which follows is somewhat pleasing in its subject, and the digressions are not bad.

The opening of the fifth Sonata is easy and pleasant: we wish it had been pursued with as much happiness as it begins; but want of connection, and other improprieties, forbid the continuance of our approbation. The following minuet is smooth, agreeably conceived, and forms a good conclusion.

The sixth and last Sonata possesses some merit. The first movement is in part spirited, and nowhere very bad. The minuet is elegant, and the subject of the rondo exceedingly pleasing.

Though this work is not positively *desitute* of merit, having some touches which are rather above than below mediocrity, we have sufficient reason to rejoice, for Mr. Price's sake, that this is his first public attempt; as well as to hope, that his next, if he should make a second, will supply some part of the great space he has left in this for improvement, and that he will be as assiduous to perfect his endeavours as he should be cautious to shew them to the world.

Six Grand Sonatas for the Piano-Forte or Harpsichord, with an Accompaniment for a Violin. Composed, and humbly dedicated to the Right Honourable Lady Earlsfort, by Philip Cogan. Price 10s. 6d. Bland.

THIS is one of those publications which brings a highly pleasing relief to the painful investigation of productions sterile of genuine merit, and which may sometimes give a warmth to the approbation of the candid critic, which, though not wholly confined to the pale of strictness, is in a degree rendered excusable by the strength of contrast in the subjects. Yet, in treating the present article, we hope to keep the limits of real criticism; and according to our judgement of the author's deserts, we are in little danger of exceeding them.

The first Sonata opens with firmness, and is pursued with spirit. The passage presented to us in the thirty-seventh bar is a happy shade to the preceding lights, as also all those introduced at the forty-ninth and sixty-fifth bars; by the latter of which we are led to a bold conclusion of the first part of the movement. The second part commences with a pretty thought in the third of the original key, charmingly answered in the fourth of the key minor. The following passages are full of fire, and lead us through a pleasing variety of ideas, judiciously given in the different colours of piano and forte, till we arrive at the thought which forms the conclusion to the first part of the movement. In the second movement we find a pleasing rondo. The subject is easy, natural, and pretty, and the several deviations are within the bounds of the idea they are meant to relieve.

The second Sonata opens with taste, and in general exhibits much genius. We are particularly pleased with the introduction of the minor third; and think the last bar but one of the first and second part of the first movement happily introduced. The second movement is of a character original and simple, and with many strokes of art exhibits real traits of fertile invention.

The third piece commences with much spirit, proceeds with well-fancied passages, and sets before us some marks of science which do credit to their author. The piano, crescendo, forte, and diminuendo passages, by which we arrive at the concluding bars of the first and second parts of this first movement, are charming, and owe no small share of their beauty of effect to the judicious accompaniment allotted them in the violin part. The subject of the latter movement (a pretty and well-known country dance) is given with well-imagined variations, and produces in the whole a good effect.

In the commencement of the next Sonata we have a pleasing subject, much heightened by the embellishment given it in its immediate repetition;—a manœuvre which, if well executed, seldom fails of its due force. The succeeding parts of the first movement present various passages of merit, among which we cannot but distinguish that introduced at the thirty-ninth bar of the first part, and its duplicate at the latter end of the second; the modulations in some parts of which, particularly at its beginning, are natural and masterly. The succeeding rondo, whether from design or accident the composer only knows, is in some parts of its subject too similar to Burton's *La Chaise*, and in others to a song of *Justice Woodcock's*, in *Love in a Village*. The variations, however, handsomely compensate

these objections, and, while they display a respectable degree of science, do honour to the imaginative powers of their author.

The fifth Sonata, which opens with a *Pastorale*, is simple and characteristic; the subject is pleasing and novel, and the whole agreeably conceived. The minuet is also well fancied, and its variations excellent.

The sixth and last piece presents us with a *Capriccio e ad libitum*, which, though not without some passages more wild than natural, possesses a considerable portion of merit. The succeeding fugue is tolerable in its subject, and, in general, well worked. One particular we will beg leave to submit to Mr. Cogan's judgement—Whether the circumstance of introducing the first response of the bass to the second of its first note which we find in the treble, would not have been better avoided, if the answer is to be received as the commencement of the bass? Or if the under part in the preceding bar is to be considered as the beginning of the bass, would it not have been judicious to have reserved the bass for the answer? The jig with which the piece concludes is ingenious, and forms a pleasing relief to the *fugue*.

A Seventh Book of Catches, Canons, and Glee, for Three, Four, and Five Voices. Composed by Samuel Webbe. Price 10 s. 6 d. Bland.

This collection consists of five Catches, three Canons, and eight Glee, all of which are in Mr. Webbe's usual style, and do him infinite credit, both for his taste and ingenuity. The Glee are easy and pleasant, the Catches replete with musical humour, while the Canons are full of scientific knowledge, with as great a share of melody as that species of music is capable of.

The first Glee, "If Love and all the world were young," is an answer to that well-known and favourite Glee, "Come live with me, and be my love;" and, contrary to most answers, parodies or sequels, loses very little, if any thing, by its comparison to the original; as the first movement is full of sound harmony, which is applied with much address, while the change of the second movement, which is pastoral, is managed with great art and simplicity.

The third Glee, "Daughter sweet of voice and air," has an echo, performed by two voices, which response all through the first movement with an excellent effect, while three other voices are performing the Glee, which is composed with a great deal of judgement.

It would be needless to particularize every piece singly which is contained in this book ;

it is sufficient to say, that they are all excellent in their kind, and we are happy that it is in our power, with truth, to assert, that Mr. Webb has not in the least diminished his musical fame by this his Seventh Book of Catches, Canons, and Gleees.

It is universally agreed, that this species of vocal musick is peculiar to this Kingdom; in consequence, it has been more cultivated, and of course better understood here, than in any other part of Europe. It is true that the Italians have their Catches and Gleees, but they are neither so convivial, nor so replete with humour, as ours are. This stile of musick seems to have been the favourite study of our old composers; and Gleees, &c. full of beautiful harmony, contrivance of art, and chaste melody, written so far back as the year 1500, are heard even at this time with rapture and delight. Since that early period, a continual succession of the most approved masters have, from time to time, enriched this musical store; insomuch that collections of this species of musick are more numerous and voluminous in this kingdom, than in all the other parts of the world collectively.

To account for this prevailing taste in our countrymen, we need only observe, that there is hardly a city, nay even a town, in the kingdom, which has not its musical so-

ciety, who regularly meet at stated times, under the denomination of A CATCH CLUB. The most celebrated of these meetings was the famous Catch-club in the days of Dr. Blow, of which Purcell and all the great masters of that time were members, and for which purpose those humorous Catches and Songs, for three and four voices, were expressly composed. — After this, Dr. Greene presided over a Club of that nature, held at the Devil Tavern; which was continued after him, with great care and attention, by Dr. Boyce; and from which sprung the present celebrated and truly laudable Catch Club, established in the year 1762, at the Thatched-House Tavern in St. James's Street, by several of the first persons of distinction in this Kingdom; who, in order to encourage and improve this national stile of composition, give annually prize-medals of gold to those who shall produce the best Catch, Canon, or Glee. Of the latter there are two species, which they deem Serious and Comic. The device on the medal is, a Tripod, with a Lyre and Ewer, and a Cup encircled with a Chaplet, Apollo and Bacchus sitting by it, as supporters. The Motto is, "Let's drink and let's sing together," taken from a Canon, composed by the late Dr. Hayes.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

The POLITICAL STATE of the NATION, and of EUROPE, for DECEMBER, 1784.
No. X.

THIS closing month of the year, and mid-winter period, produces little in the political world but speculation and conjecture, or reasoning from what is past to what probably may come to pass. — The late concussion of the Cabinet, hinted at in our last, has terminated (with very little alteration in the State) in the creation of two new Marquises, who, we are tempted to think, were created on different grounds, and from opposite contradictory views and motives; perhaps, by way of compromise, and balancing between contending parties.

In the mean time, Parliament has been summoned to meet for the dispatch of business, late in January. The Members must, therefore, literally fulfil the words of the summons, and sit for the dispatch of business, and not for the purpose of talking away the time; or they may expect a whole summer session and autumnal joined in one.

The Sale of Teas at the East-India House has fully justified our observations thrown out in the two last Magazines on that intricate subject. The prices have been artfully kept up; and the contending parties, in the midst of their squabbles and disputes, agree

in this, that a great deal of unpalatable unwholesome tea has been obtruded on the Publick, and much more intended, if the Publick will suffer itself to be continually abused and insulted by those whose duty it is to serve it faithfully. — In the present contest, there seems to be combination against combination; and, however adverse they may appear to be to one another, they both together seem to be a double combination against the unguarded, undefended People, upon this principle — *Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur.* — If the People will suffer themselves to be subjugated by an Asiatic weed, let them take the consequence. — A month's abstinence from that silly infusion, in a general way, would bring Directors and Dealers down upon their knees, to sell their best commodity at a moderate price, with abundance of thanks to the consumers. — Until something of that sort is gone into by the Publick, imposition will croud upon imposition without end.

The sons of Faction have made the most of a letter received by the Directors of the East-India Company from the Governor-general, said to be of an alarming nature; but since some honest Proprietors, warm friends of our country,

country, have brought this dreadful letter forward to publick view, they are jaw-locked, and struck dumb. — From this same important letter, it appears that this Great Man has had nothing less to encounter with than the Court of Directors themselves, — a profligate Ministry, or a succession of Ministers, — and a prevailing party in a late House of Commons; — as well as enemies foreign and domestick. — And yet, amazing to tell! — incredible to relate! — by his single prowess, skill, prudence, spirit, and persevering magnanimity, he has baffled all their schemes and machinations, open hostilities and secret frauds, and triumphed compleatly and gloriously over all his and his country's enemies; established the peace and tranquillity of those extensive regions over which his influence has reached, on a firm, solid, and permanent basis; with the concurrence, approbation, and applause, of the numerous nations, tribes, and provinces, princes, rulers, and people of Indostan; — and spread his fair fame to DELHI, the capital of the GREAT MOGUL, with such resplendent splendor, as to induce that GRAND MONARCH of the Eastern World to send his Son and Heir-apparent, as his Ambassador Extraordinary, to court the friendship, assistance, and protection of this wonderful man, and that body of men whose Vice-gerent and Representative he is!

Ireland enjoys a temporary calm, under the auspices of their spirited Chief Governor. — Long live, in health and prosperity, the Duke of Rutland!

The dispute between the Emperor and the Dutch seems to be carried on obstinately on both sides, and both parties seem to have more subjects in contemplation than they are willing to publish; consequently their Mediators have more business on their hands than many people are aware of. — Those who think the Emperor is receding from his claims, because he does not strike immediately upon the first provocation, grievously mistake their man. — He does nothing rashly nor injudiciously. — In the late rupture between him and the King of Prussia, he exhibited an instance of calm deliberation, sound policy, and consummate generalship, rarely to be met with in experienced old age. — Let Dutchmen consider well, whether they are in a condition to cope with the man who turned the edge of the Prussian Hero's courage, and brought him to reasonable terms of accommodation in a very short time too. — They may trust to the assistance of the

French Court; but let them take care they do not lean upon a broken staff, that will fail them in the moment of pressure. — Why do not the United States of Holland call upon their new allies, the United States of America, for whose friendship and alliance they forfeited all claim of that kind upon Great Britain, to send them their fleets and armies to assist them against their powerful adversary? — He will find them occasion for the employment of all their own forces, and their auxiliaries too!

North America itself appears to be in a very distracted and broken condition. — Not only their Indian neighbours threaten them with hostilities, daily like to break out, but the different States are at variance among themselves, disputing territories, removing boundaries, and contesting other questions of property! — They are not less divided about the quantum and mode of taxation, for the support of internal government, and what proportion each State shall contribute to the support of their Government-general, the Congress; what degree of power this last body shall be invested with, or whether it shall be invested with any authority at all. — They are divided about what code of general laws shall govern all the United States; and still more how, and by whom, these general laws shall be enforced. — These, and many other important questions, agitate them exceedingly. — To crown all, their boasted friends, the French, and they hate one another most cordially, although the French government carries it somewhat complaisant to the new nominal government of its own creation, the Congress; not forgetting, however, to remind them of the propriety of paying money in time of peace, that has been borrowed in time of war, and in a season of great distress.

Such are the blessed fruits of American Independency! O ye Northern Americans! how fatal has that chimera, that false light, held out by the French to you—that shining nothing, that IONIS FATUUS, called INDEPENDENCY, been to you! — How has it led you through all the paths of error and delusion, from your peaceful habitation, your safe dwelling, under the overshadowing protecting wing of British Government, to trust in French faith, friendship, and protection! — Generations yet unborn will lament you folly, and curse your false policy and base ingratitude to your parent country.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

DESCRIPTION of the CITY of PETERSBURGH.

[Embellished with an ELEGANT ENGRAVING.]

S. T. Petersburg is situated in lat. 59 deg. 56 min. 23 f. N. and long. 30 deg. 25 min. E. from the meridian of Greenwich. It stands

upon the Neva, near the Gulph of Finland, and is built partly upon some islands in the mouth of that river, and partly upon the

Continent. Its principal divisions are as follow: 1. The Admiralty Quarter. 2. The Vassili Ostrof*. 3. The Fortrefs. 4. The Island of St. Peterburgh. And 5. The various suburbs, called The Suburbs of Livonia, of Moscow, of Alexander Nevski, and of Wiburg.

The ground on which it now stands was, at the beginning of this century, only a vast morass occupied by a few fishermen's huts; but no sooner had Peter the Great wreted Ingria from the Swedes, and extended his dominion to the shores of the Baltic, than he formed the plan of building a city on this seemingly unpromising spot, and making it the capital of his dominions. As a prelude to this undertaking, a small battery was raised on an island of the Neva upon the spot now occupied by the Academy of Sciences; and it was commanded by Vassili Dmitrievitch Korfamin, from whom this part of the town is called Vassili Ostrof, or the Island of Vassili. On May 16, 1703, a fortrefs was begun on another island in the Neva; and notwithstanding the difficulties arising from the marshy nature of the ground, the inexperience of the workmen, and their want of proper tools, Perry telling us (State of Russia, Vol. I. p. 300) that they "were not furnished with the necessary tools, such as pick-axes, spades, shovels, wheel-barrow, planks, and the like," a small citadel, surrounded by a rampart of earth, and strengthened by six bastions, was finished in a very short time. Within this fortrefs a few wooden habitations were erected. For his own immediate residence Peter also ordered, in the beginning of 1703, a small hut to be raised in an adjacent island, which he called the Island of St. Peterburgh, and from which the metropolis takes its name. This hut is still preserved in memory of the Sovereign who condescended to dwell in it.

On May 30, 1706, Peter ordered the ramparts of earth to be demolished, and began the foundation of the new fortrefs on the same spot. In 1710, Count Golovkin built the first edifice of brick; and in the following year the Tsar, with his own hand, laid the foundation of a house to be erected of the same materials. From these small beginnings rose the present metropolis of the Russian Empire; and in less than nine years after the first wretched hovels were erected, the seat of the empire was transferred from Moscow to Peterburgh. In 1714, a mandate was issued that all buildings upon the Island of St. Peterburgh and in the Admi-

ralty Quarter, particularly those on the banks of the Neva, should be built of timber and brick; that each of the nobility and principal merchants should have a house at Peterburgh; and that every large vessel navigating to the city should bring thirty stoves, every small vessel ten, and every peasant's waggon three, for the construction of the public works. In 1716, a regular plan for the new city was approved and published by Peter; but it was never put in execution. Under the Empress Anne the Imperial residence was removed to the Admiralty Quarter. The nobility soon followed the example of the Sovereign; and the Vassili Ostrof, which, according to the original plan, was to have been the principal part of the new metropolis, is at present, if we except some of the public edifices, and the row of houses fronting the Neva, the worst part of the city.

Succeeding Sovereigns have continued to embellish Peterburgh, and none more than the present Empress, who may, without exaggeration, be called its Second Foundress. However, it is still only an immense outline, which, as Mr. Wraxall justly observes, "will require future Empresses, and almost future ages to complete."

The streets in general are broad and spacious*; and three of the principal ones, which meet at the Admiralty and extend to the extremities of the suburbs, are at least two miles in length. Most of them are paved; but a few are still suffered to remain floored with planks. In several parts of the metropolis, particularly in the Vassili Ostrof, wooden houses and habitations, scarcely superior to common cottages, are blended with the public buildings; but this motley mixture is far less common than at Moscow, where alone can be formed any idea of an ancient Russian city.

The brick houses are ornamented with a white stucco, which has led several travellers to say that they are built with stone: "whereas (says Mr. Coxe), unless I am greatly mistaken, there are only two stone structures in all Peterburgh: the one is a palace, building by the Empress upon the banks of the Neva, called The Marble Palace: it is of hewn granite, with marble columns and ornaments: the other is the church of St. Isaac, constructed with the same materials, but not yet finished.

"The mansions of the nobility are, many of them, vast piles of building; but are not in general upon so large and magnificent a

* Ostrof signifies Island.

† They are mostly as broad as Oxford-street; those with canals much broader.

scale as several at Moscow: they are furnished with great cost, and in the same elegant stile as at Paris or London. They are situated chiefly on the south-side of the Neva, either in the Admiralty Quarter, or the Suburbs of Livonia and Moscow, which are the finest parts of the city.

"The views upon the banks of the Neva exhibit the most grand and lively scenes that can be beheld. That river is, in most places, broader than the Thames at London; it is also deep, rapid, and as transparent as crystal, and its banks are lined on each side with a continued range of handsome buildings. On the north-side, the Fortrefs, the Academy of Sciences, and the Academy of Arts, are the most striking objects. On the opposite side are the Imperial Palace, the Admiralty, the mansions of many Russian nobles, and the English line, so called because (a few houses excepted) the whole row is occupied by English merchants. In the front of these buildings, on the south-side, is the quay, which stretches for three miles, except where it is interrupted by the Admiralty; and the Neva, through the whole of that space, has been lately embanked, at the expence of the Empress, by a wall, parapet, and pavement of hewn granite, a most elegant and durable monument of Imperial munificence.

"Peterburgh, though it is more compact than the other Russian cities, and has the houses in many streets contiguous to each other, yet still bears a resemblance to the towns of the country, and is built in a straggling manner. By an order lately issued from Government, the city has been inclosed within a rampart 21 wersts, or 14 English miles in circumference."

From an average of the births and deaths, taken from an observation of seven years, Mr. Coxe reckons the number of inhabitants 126,697, or in round numbers 130,000; though Susslick makes them somewhat more, and observes, that Peterburgh is the only large town in which the births exceed the deaths.

From its situation, it is subject to inundations, which have occasionally threatened the city with total submersion. These floods are chiefly occasioned by a North-West or South-West wind, the first of which drives the waters of the Northern Ocean, during the influx of the tide, into the Baltic; and in that sea, and the Gulph of Finland, is, for the most part, instantaneously succeeded by a S. W. Wind. — The inundation in September 1777 was one of the most violent, the river rising to 10 and a half feet above its ordinary level.

The opposite divisions of Petersburg, situ-

ated on each side of the Neva, are connected by a bridge on pontoons, which, on account of the large masses of ice driven down the river from the lake Ladoga, is usually removed when they first make their appearance; and for a few days, until the river is frozen hard enough to bear carriages, there is no communication between the opposite sides of the town.

The depth of the river seems to render it impossible to build a stone-bridge; and, even if one could be constructed, it must necessarily be destroyed by the vast shoals of ice, which in the beginning of winter are hurried down the rapid stream of the Neva.

However, a Russian peasant has, says Mr. Coxe, projected the sublime plan of throwing a wooden bridge, of a single arch, across the river, which, in its narrowest part, is 980 feet in breadth: And Mr. Coxe, who has seen a model of it, 93 feet in length, is inclined to think that it is not absolutely impracticable.

We shall close this description of Peterburgh with a short account of the equestrian statue of Peter I. in bronze, executed by order of the present Empress. It is of a Colossal size, and is the work of M. Falconet. It represents the Monarch in the attitude of mounting a precipice, the summit of which he has nearly attained. He appears crowned with laurel, in a loose Asiatic vest, his right hand stretched out, as in the act of giving benediction to his people, while his left holds the reins. The horse is rearing upon his hind legs; and his tail, which is full and flowing, slightly touches a bronze serpent, artfully contrived to assist in supporting the vast weight of the statue in due equilibrium. The contrast between the composed tranquillity of Peter and the fire of the horse, is very striking, and the simplicity of the inscription corresponds to the sublimity of the design. It is elegantly finished in brass characters, on one side in Latin, and on the opposite in Russian.

PETRO PRIMO
CATHARINA SECUNDA.

1782.

PETROMU PERVOYU
EKATHERENA VTORAIYA

1782.

The pedestal is an immense block of granite, the dimensions of which, when brought to Peterburgh, were,

	Feet.	Feet.
Length at the Base,	42	Breadth 21
At the Top,	36	Height, 17
And its weight 1500 tons.		



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 .

POLITICAL ANECDOTE.

IT was generally supposed on the accession of the late King, that Sir Robert Walpole would have been turned out of his employments with disgrace, as it was well known that both the Prince and Princess had retained strong resentments against him, on account of some parts of his behaviour towards them, during the rupture between the two Courts. Accordingly on the death of the old King, some immediate proofs were given that such was the intention. Sir Robert was himself the bearer of the tidings, and arriving in the night when the Prince was a-bed, sent to desire an audience upon business of the utmost consequence, which would admit of no delay. The Prince refused to see him, and ordered him to send in his business; upon which he gave an account of the death of the late King, and said he waited there to receive his Majesty's commands. The King still persisted in refusing to see him, and bade him send Sir Spencer Compton to him immediately. Sir Robert now plainly saw his downfall had been predetermined, and hastened to Sir Spencer with humblest tenders of his service, begging his protection, and earnestly entreating that he would screen him from farther persecution. When this story had got abroad, the habitation of the last Minister became desolate, and the whole tribe of Courtiers, as usual, crowded to the levee of the new favourite. Yet, in no long space of time afterwards, to the astonishment of

the whole world, Sir Robert was reinstated in his post, and appeared in as high favour as ever. Various were the conjectures of the people upon the means employed by him to supplant his competitor, and reinstate himself in full possession of his power, while the true cause of this surprising change remained a secret, and was known only to a very few; nor has it yet been publicly divulged to the world.

Soon after the accession of George the First, it is well known the Whigs divided among themselves, and split into two parties in violent opposition to each other. Sunderland, Stanhope, and Cadogan, were the leaders of one side; Townshend, Walpole, Devonshire, and the Chancellor, of the other. It happened at that time, that the former were victorious; and the discarded party, in resentment, paid their court at Leicester-house. Walpole had thought of a particular measure to distress their opponents, which he communicated to the heads of his party: It was approved of, and some of them thought that the Prince should be let into it; but Walpole would by no means agree to this, and, in his usual coarse way, said, that the Prince would communicate it to his wife, and that fat a ——— d bitch would divulge the secret. By some means or other the Princess was informed of this; and it is to be supposed that the impression which so gross an affront had made on the mind of a woman, and a woman of her rank too, was not easily to be erased. *Manet*

aliam mente repositum," &c. After the necessary business upon the new accession had been finished, the affair of the Queen's settlement, in case she should outlive the King, came on the carpet. Her Majesty expected that it should be at the rate of 100,000*l.* a year; but Sir Spencer Compton would not agree to this, and thought 60,000*l.* an ample provision, and as much as could be proposed with any prospect of success. While this dispute subsisted, Sir Robert Walpole found means to acquaint the Queen privately by one of his confidants, that if he were Minister, he would undertake to secure to her the settlement she demanded; upon which the Queen sent him back this remarkable answer: "Go tell Sir Robert, that the fat a——d bitch has forgiven him." He was accordingly, soon after, by the well-known ascendancy which the Queen had over the King, declared first Minister; and Sir Spencer Compton removed to the Upper House, with the title of Earl of Wilmington.

PRINCELY GRATITUDE.

FREDERICK WILLIAM, the late King of Prussia, was fully determined to put to death his son, the present King, for endeavouring to escape from his tyranny to England or France. The Emperor of Germany, Charles the VIth, insisted that the Prince Royal of Prussia, as a Prince of the Empire, could not suffer full condemnation but in a general Diet.

He sent the Count de Seckendorf, one of his Generals, to the Court of Berlin, to remonstrate on the impropriety of the King's intention; the Count declared afterwards, that it was with the greatest difficulty he prevailed on Frederick William not to behead his own son.

One would imagine that this behaviour of Seckendorf would have endeared him to his present Majesty of Prussia: But Kings have, it seems, a peculiar way of thinking, and different from the rest of mankind. When Frederick wrote his Memoirs of Brandenburg, in the History of his Father he drew a most hideous picture of this Gentleman, to whom he had been so indebted for the preservation of his life. Who would not, says Voltaire, after this, serve Princes, and prevent tyrants from cutting off their heads?

ANECDOTE of Mons. BOUGAINVILLE.

THIS celebrated navigator, after being made prisoner at the reduction of Quebec in 1759, embarked for Europe on board a transport, commanded by one Christie, a Scotchman. It happened, that a few days after she sailed the vessel was wrecked upon a desert part of the coast of Nova Scotia, and though the whole crew got safely on shore, a small quantity only of provisions could be preserved. In the course of their

journey back to Quebec being reduced to the sad necessity, when their stock of provisions was expended, of casting lots who should be put to death, Captain Christie, with a power of eloquence which would have given reputation to the greatest orator, persuaded his famished comrades to excuse Monsieur Bougainville from drawing at all: "For (added he) should the fatal lot fall upon him, nothing we shall be able to say will convince his countrymen but that we have murdered him." He was accordingly excused three several times; for so often were they obliged, for the sake of subsistence, to have recourse to this dreadful expedient.

FEW are the absurdities that can be said to be singular. Even Russell's funeral has its parallel. It is to be found in the Universal Spectator and Weekly Journal of May 12, 1733. The following is an exact copy from the original.

Whittlesea, May 7.

"Last night was buried here Mr. John Underwood, of Naffington: he was brought to the grave at five, and as soon as the burial service was over, an arch was turned over the coffin, in which was placed over his breast a small piece of white marble, with this inscription:

Non omnis moriar, J. Underwood, 1733.

When the grave was filled up, and the turf laid down, the six gentlemen who followed him to the grave sung the last Stanza of the 20th Ode of the 2d Book of Horace. Every thing was done according to his desire; no bell was tolled—no one was invited, but the six gentlemen; and no relation followed his corpse; the coffin was painted green, according to his direction, and he was laid in it with all his clothes on. Under his head was placed Sanadon's Horace; at his feet Bentley's Milton; in his right hand a small Greek Testament, with this inscription in gold Letter.—*Επιμήν εν τω Σταυρω. J. U.* —In his left hand a little edition of Horace, with this inscription—*Musis Amicus, J. U.*; and Bentley's Horace was placed under his podex."

After the ceremony was over, they went back to his house, where his sister had provided a very handsome supper. The cloth being taken away, the Gentlemen sung the 31st Ode of the 1st Book of Horace, drank a cheerful glass, and went home about eight.

He left near six thousand pounds to his sister, upon condition of her observing this his Will: he ordered her to give each of the gentlemen ten guineas, and desired that they would not come in black clothes. Then followed a direction for his burial, as above; and the Will ends thus: "Which done, "I would have them take a cheerful glass, "and

“and think no more of John Under-wood.”

A CLOWN (says Lord Shaftesbury) once took a fancy to hear the Latin disputes of Doctors at an University. He was asked what pleasure he could take in viewing such combatants when he could never know so much as which of the parties had the better. “For that matter (replied the Clown), I a’n’t such a fool neither, but I can see who’s the first that puts t’other in a passion.” Nature herself dictated this lesson to the Clown, that he who had the better of the argument would be easy and well-humoured; but he who was unable to support his cause by reason, would naturally lose his temper and grow violent.

THE following Inscription is to be placed on the stone erected by William Baker, Esq. in Hertfordshire, in honour and commemoration of Lunardi, where he finally descended:

Let Posterity know,
And knowing be astonish’d!
That,
On the 15th day of September, 1784,
VINCENT LUNARDI,
Of
Lucca in Tuscany,
The First Aerial Traveller in Britain,
Mounting from the Artillery Ground
In London,
And traversing the Regions of the Air
For two Hours and fifteen Minutes,
In this Spot
Revisited the Earth.
On this rude Monument
For Ages be recorded
That wonderful enterprize, successfully
achieved
By the powers of Chymistry,
And the fortitude of Man;
That improvement in Science,
Which
The Great Author of all Knowledge,
Patroning by his Providence
The Inventions of Mankind,
Hath graciously permitted,
To their Benefit
And
His own Eternal Glory.

BON MOT of LOUIS XV.

IT is dangerous to have a quarrel with a wit. On the death of Cardinal Fleury, the Royal Academicians wished that Voltaire might succeed him as a Member of that Society. The ancient Bishop of Mirepoix opposed Voltaire, under a pretence that it would be an offence to God, should a profane person, like him, succeed a Cardinal.

Mirepoix was a dull bigot, and Voltaire took all opportunities to laugh at his absurdities. The Bishop usually signed his letters, *Anc. Eveque*, &c. Voltaire always read *Anc*, or *Als*, for *ancien*, or ancient; and this joke passed from Paris to his Correspondents in the Courts abroad. Mirepoix soon heard of his nickname, and complained bitterly to the King, that he was laugh’d at for a fool in foreign Courts. “Oh! (said Louis) that’s a matter quite settled, and you must let it pass, my Lord.”

ANECDOTE of Doctor YOUNG.

THE Doctor walking in his garden at Welwyn, in company with two Ladies, (one of whom he afterwards married) the servant came to tell him a Gentleman wished to speak with him. “Tell him, says the Doctor, I am too happily engaged to change my situation.” The Ladies insisted upon it that he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron, his friend; and, as persuasion had no effect, one took him by the right arm, the other by the left, and led him to the garden-gate; when finding resistance was vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and in that expressive manner for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following lines:

Thus Adam look’d when from the garden
driven,
And thus disputed orders sent from Heaven;
Like him I go, but yet to go am loth;
Like him I go, for Angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more un-
kind:
His Eve went with him, but mine stays be-
hind.

The last Scene of The FAIR PENITENT.

WHEN about thirty years since George Alexander Stevens was a first Actor in the Norwich Company, he performed the part of Horatio in the *Fair Penitent*.—The Calista was a Mrs. B——, who had been long the celebrated heroine in Tragedies, and the Fine Lady in high life in Comedies. Mrs. B. in her decline, sacrificed too often to the intoxicating god. In proportion as the action of the Play advanced towards a conclusion, by endeavouring to raise her spirits with a cheerful glass, she became totally unfit to represent the character. In her last Scene of Calista, it was so long before she died, that George, after giving her several gentle hints, cried out, “Why don’t you die, you b——?” She retorted, as loud as she could, “You robbed the Bristol mail, you dog!” This spirited dialogue so diverted the audience, that much and loud clapping ensued. The Manager seeing no end of this merry business, dropt the curtain and put an end to the tumult.

A N E C D O T E.

THE Rev. Mr. Whiston, so well known in the literary world for his writings, being one day in discourse with the late Lord Chief Justice King, who was brought up at Exeter a rigid Dissenter, a debate arose about signing articles which men do not believe, for the sake of preferment; which the Chief Justice openly justified, "because," said he, "we must not lose our usefulness for scruples." Mr. Whiston, who was quite of an opposite opinion, asked his Lordship, "If in their Courts they allowed of such prevarication?" He answered, "they did not." "Then," said Mr. Whiston, "suppose God Almighty should be as just in the next world as my Lord Chief Justice is in this, where are we then?"

SOME Gentlemen lately on a visit to the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, give the following description of a most curious water-fall, called Scale Force, in the parish of Lowwater Church, and near a mile from Crummock Lake. The approach to it is a most curious chasm, between perpendicular rocks from 30 to 50 yards high on each side, and from 8 to 10 yards apart. At the distance of about 50 yards up this chasm is a fall of water, 162 feet perpendicular, which appears an entire white sheet of water from top to bottom, and is perhaps the most curious and beautiful cataract in the three kingdoms.

LINES written on the SIGN of the GLOBE, at NEWTON, in the Road to BRISTOL.

KNOW, weary Pilgrim—shou'd thy wants
call here,

This little world affords—but common fare;
Taste with content—not glutton out the day,
Short be thy score,—for short must be thy
stay.

The World of Promise waits thy journey's
end,

To make thy feast—there bid thy footsteps
bend;

Secure thy evening rest—shake off thy dust,
And, in eternal welcome, live—on trust.

VIATOR. 1780.

INSTANCE of a most illustrious ACT of
JUSTICE.

THE celebrated Charles Anthony Domat, author of a voluminous Treatise on the Civil Law, was promoted to the office of a Judge of the Provincial Court of Clermont, in the territory of Auvergne, in the South of France, in which he presided, with the public applause, for twenty-four years. One day, a poor widow brought an action of process against the Baron de Nairac, her

landlord, for turning her out of possession of a mill, which was her whole dependance. Mr. Domat heard the cause, and finding by the clearest evidence, that she had ignorantly broke a covenant in the lease which gave a power of re-entry, he recommended mercy to the Baron, for a poor honest tenant, who had not wilfully transgressed, or done him any material injury. But Nairac being inexorable, the Judge pronounced a sentence of expulsion from the farm, with the damages mentioned in the lease, and the costs of the suit. In delivering his sentence, Mr. Domat wiped his eyes, from which tears of compassion began plentifully to flow. When an order of seizure both of person and effects was decreed, the poor widow exclaimed "O, just and righteous God! be thou a father to the widow and her helpless orphans!" and immediately fainted. The compassionate Judge assisted in raising the miserable woman, and after enquiring into her character, number of children, and other circumstances, generously presented her with 100 Louis d'ors, the amount of her damages and costs, which he prevailed with the Baron to accept as full recompence, and the widow again entered on her farm. "O! my Lord (said the poor woman), when will you demand payment, that I may lay up for that purpose?" "When my conscience (replied Domat) shall tell me I have done an improper act."

E P I G R A M.

NATURE assigns to every part a stage,
Love for our youth, ambition for our age;
But wretched Man, perverting her decrees,
When young would govern, and when old
would please.

EPIGRAM on the Quondam Duchess of
K——N, said to be written by Dr.
D——s, one of the Residentiaries of St.
Paul's.

Who is she?

A WIFE, who to her husband ne'er laid
claim;

A mother, who her children ne'er durst
name.

Is this a wonder? More yet may be said:
This wife—this mother—still remains a
maid.

R E S T I T U T I O N.

Addressed to a young Lady who had taken
a Book from the Author's Room.

WHILE you, fair Harriet, steal my books,
And such-like trifles take;
At thefts like these I smile, though you
No restitution make.

But since you've robb'd me of my heart,
All hopes of peace are flown.
Let pity, therefore, make you just,
And give me back your own.

The T A X E S.

SHOULD foreigners, staring at English
taxation,
Ask why we still reckon ourselves a *free*
nation,
We'll tell them, we pay for the light of the
sun ;
For a horse with a saddle—to trot or to
run ;
For writing our name ;—for the flash of a
gun ;
For the flame of a candle, to cheer the dark
night ;
For the hole in the house, if it let in the
light ;
For births, weddings, and deaths ; for our
selling and buying ;
Though some think 'tis hard to pay three-
pence for dying ;
And some poor folks cry out, These are
Pharaoh-like tricks,
To take such unmerciful tale of our bricks !
How great in financing our Statesmen have
been,
From our ribbands, our shoes, and our hats
may be seen ;
On this side and that, in the air, on the
ground,
By act upon act now so firmly we're bound,
One would think there's not room one new
impost to put,
From the crown of the head to the sole of
the foot.
Like Job thus John Bull his condition de-
plores,
Very patient indeed, and all cover'd with
fores.

ON M O D E R N D R E S S.

EMILIA knows her charms so well,
She's not contented to excel
The fair alone ; for having slain,
With female graces, every swain,

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

THE account given in your last Magazine,
(p. 381) of the extraordinary discov-
ery made in Paris, to which they have
given the name of *Magnetisme Animale*, has
been generally looked upon as a mere fable ;
and, indeed, well it might, though it was
said that the Duke de Chartres had expe-
rienced the effect of it. However, this much
is certainly true, that M. sirs. Dillon and
Mefmer, two reputable Gentlemen of the
faculty, who were the discoverers of this

Resolv'd to change her woman's clothes,
She now as much outshines the beaux ;
In hat and feather acts their part,
And captivates each woman's heart.

N——N, be wife, don't try to vex us ;
In changing sex you'll but perplex us ;
For whilst you would excel in either,
You may, perhaps, be thought of neither ;
And, faith, if once they should suspect you,
Both sexes will, alas ! neglect you.

AMONG other tyrannical acts of the
Whigs, in the first Parliament of George I.
such Members of the House of Commons
as had voted for an Address in favour of Sir
Constantine Phipps, were ordered to beg
pardon of the House. This order was ge-
nerally complied with. Three who refused
were taken into custody of the Serjeant at
Arms: Sir Peirce Butler, Mr. Matthew
Forde, and Mr. Robert Cope. Swift, vi-
siting Cope one day, found Povey the Ser-
jeant at Arms, who was a perfect stranger
to Swift's person, sitting with him. After
some conversation, Swift asked Cope whe-
ther he did not intend to go out that morn-
ing, as it was a fine day. Cope said, he
could not stir out, he was confined by the
Parliament, and was then in custody of the
Serjeant at Arms. Swift, with an air of
perfect ignorance and simplicity, enquired
the meaning of that, as if he had never heard
of a Serjeant at Arms, or of any such power
in the Parliament; and soon after took his
leave. When he was gone, Povey said, it
would be well for the Church and the
kingdom, if the Clergy minded state af-
fairs as little as that honest Gentleman, who,
he durst say, was a good parish minister, re-
siding at his living, and minding his own
affairs, without troubling his head about
those of the public. Pray what is his name?
Swift. Is he any relation of the Dean of
St. Patrick's? The very man, says Cope.
The very man! replied Povey; damn him,
he has bit me; and left the room in some
confusion.

art, were applied to by Mr. S—— (an
English Gentleman well known, and who
was in size almost equal to the late Mr.
Bright) to reduce his bulk, which they un-
dertook to effect and did so, without any
internal medicine, or, to his knowledge, any
other application but that of chafing and
touching his body in different parts with
their hands, which they continued to do till
he was reduced to the common size, and
without any illness. Mr. S——, how-
ever,

ever, did not long survive this experiment; but his son and daughter, who suffered under some chronic complaints, were both perfectly cured by them.

Messrs. Dillon and Mesmer proposed making this secret public for a thousand Louis d'ors; but the Doctors of the Sorbonne have very wisely represented the fatal consequences of a publication of such a discovery to the King, who has forbid it, as they profess to be able to deprive any person, without even touching them, of all the animal functions for a certain time, and did so by two Ladies, who provoked them to it, by defying their powers! Nay, they even pretend to extend their influence to persons on the opposite side of a river.

Those who have seen the electrical eel (which I have often) give such an electrical shock to a small fish in the same tub, when it came within a certain distance of the eel,

but without touching it, may have had proof positive that the eel can do it; and therefore, strange as it may appear, it is not impossible but the same power may be found out by man, especially in this age of new discoveries, when wooden dolls can speak, and automats can be made to play well at a game which requires a stretch of the human faculties to perform it but indifferently!

But on these matters I shall leave your Readers to make their own comments, affirming, however, that what relates to Mr. S—— is strictly true: A Lady of fashion now in London, who accompanied that Gentleman and his family to Paris, was an eye-witness to the whole. It is said Dr. Franklin is acquainted with this occult art, and highly disapproves of its being made public.

Your's, &c. A WANDERER.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES used among the WELSH in FORMER TIMES,

[From Mr. PENNANT's New Tour into Wales.]

I SHALL here bring into one point of view the several religious customs used among us in former times; which have been gradually dropped, as the age grew enlightened. Several were local, several extended through the whole country; perhaps some which were expressive of their hatred of vice, or which had a charitable end, might as well have been retained, notwithstanding the smack of folly that was often to be perceived in them.

In church, at the name of the Devil, an universal spitting seized the congregation, as if in contempt of that evil spirit; and whenever Judas was mentioned, they expressed their abhorrence of him by spitting their breaths.

If there was a Fynnon Vair, the well of our Lady, or any other saint, the water for baptism was always brought from thence; and after the ceremony was over, old women were very fond of washing their eyes in the water of the font.

Previous to a funeral, it was customary, when the corpse was brought out of the house and laid upon the bier, for the next of kin, were it widow, mother, sister, or daughter (for it must be a female) to give, over the coffin, a quantity of white loaves in a great dish, and sometimes a cheese, with a piece of money stuck in it, to certain poor persons. After that, they presented, in the same manner, a cup of water, and required the person to drink a little of it immediately. When that was done, all present kneeled down; and the Minister, if present, said the Lord's Prayer: after which, they proceeded with the corpse; and at every cross-way, between the house and the church, they laid down the bier, knelt, and again

repeated the Lord's Prayer; and did the same when they first entered the church-yard. It was also customary, in many places, to sing psalms en the way; by which the stillness of rural life was often broken into in a manner finely productive of religious reflections.

To this hour, the bier is carried by the next of kin; a custom considered as the highest respect that filial piety can pay to the deceased. This was an usage frequent among the Romans of high rank; and it was thought a great continuance of the good fortune which had attended Metellus Macedonicus through his whole days, that when he had, in the fulness of years, passed out of life by a gentle decay, amidst the kisses and embraces of his nearest connections, he was carried to the funeral pile on the shoulders of his four sons; and let me add, that each of them had enjoyed the greatest offices of the Commonwealth.

Among the Welsh it was reckoned fortunate for the deceased, if it should rain while they were carrying him to the church, that his bier might be wet with the dew of heaven.

In some places it was customary for the friends of the dead to kneel, and say the Lord's Prayer over the grave, for several Sundays after the interment; and then to dress the grave with flowers.

Manibus data lilia plenis;

*Purpureos spargam flores; animamque nepotis
His saltem accumulæ donis, et fungar inani
Munere.*

Bring fragrant flowers, the fairest lilies
bring,

With all the purple beauties of the Spring.

Thete

These gifts at least, these honours I'll bestow
On the dear youth, to please his shade
below.

WARTON.

It is still usual to stick, on the eve of St. John the Baptist, over the doors, sprigs of St. John's Wort, or in lieu of it the common Mug-wort. The intent was to purify the house from evil spirits; in the same manner as the Druids were wont to do with Vervain, which still bears with the Welsh the significant title of Cas gan Gythral, or the Dæmon's Aversion.

Upon Christmas-day, about three o'clock in the morning, most of the parishioners assembled in church, and, after prayers and a sermon, continued there singing psalms and hymns with great devotion till broad day; and if, through age or infirmity, any were disabled from attending, they never failed having prayers at home, and carols on our Saviour's nativity. The former part of the custom is still preserved; but too often perverted into intemperance. This

act of devotion is called Plygan, or the Crowing of the Cock. It has been a general belief among the superstitious, that instantly,

at his warning,

Whether in sea or fire, in earth, or air,
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine.

But during the holy season, the cock was supposed to exert his power throughout the night; from which, undoubtedly, originated the Welsh word Plygan, as applied to this custom. Accordingly, Shakspeare finely describes this old opinion:

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then they say, no spirit walks abroad:
The nights are wholesome: then no planets
strike;

No fairy takes; no witch hath power to
charm,

So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

DRURY LANE.

THURSDAY evening, December 2, a new Tragedy, called *The Carmelite*, was performed the first time on this Theatre.

A Norman Baron, called Hildebrand, on a voyage to England to answer the charge of the murder of St. Valori, is shipwrecked on the Isle of Wight, and saved by Montgomery, the son of St. Valori, brought up first as a shepherd, and afterwards as Page to his mother; and hospitably received at the castle where the widow had for twenty years mourned her lost Lord. St. Valori, though left by Hildebrand for dead in the attack made on him, had survived his wounds, but had been carried into captivity. He returned to Normandy, in the disguise of a Carmelite, just as Hildebrand was setting out for England to answer the challenge of Montgomery for the murder of St. Valori. He goes in his train; and at the retirement of the supposed widow is recognized by an old servant, and disturbed at the attachment of his wife to Montgomery, whom he knows not to be his son. This jealousy gives occasion to some bustle, and some interesting dialogue; too much, perhaps, in the manner of Mr. Home's Douglas; but it does not terminate so tragically, or so naturally. For Hildebrand is disposed of in the fourth Act, in consequence of his bruises and wounds, and of a resolution dictated by remorse at the appearance and conduct of the Lady of St. Valori. The jealousy, however, is carried over to the fifth Act, when a discovery of the real situation of the parties gives the whole a happy conclusion.

We give our opinion of theatrical productions in a discouraging period, when the simple majesty of the ancients is almost unknown to the stage; when laboured and unnatural conceits, in every species of writing, are applauded as the utmost efforts of genius; and when affected brilliancy of wit, and a forced sprightliness, are deemed the great requisites of dramatic composition.

Though we greatly esteem some of Mr. Cumberland's productions, and in particular some characters in the West-Indian, yet his genius seems to want that vigour and manly majesty necessary to produce a good Tragedy. *The Carmelite* has marks of invention; pathetic and striking passages; and happy turns of expression. It has also faults; but the Play was well received; its general tendency is good; and we will not enumerate them. We will only observe, that there is not any dramatic writer in connexion with the English Managers, who has talents to produce happy surprises without apparent contrivance; to carry a passion skillfully thro' its gradations to its height; to arrive happily at the end by always moving from it, as Ithaca seemed to fly Ulysses; to unite the acts and scenes; and to erect by insensible degrees a striking edifice, of which the least merit shall be exactness of proportion.

The whole Play was well performed. Mr. Palmer, in spite of our inclinations, determined to reconcile us to him in Tragedy. He performed the part of Hildebrand in an excellent manner. Mr. Kemble also deserves praise in Montgomery; as Mr. Aikin does in every thing he undertakes.

takes. Mrs. Siddons exerted herself greatly, but gave no new specimens of her art. The most interesting situations of the Play are similar to those in *Isabella* and *Douglas*, where she has already been seen; and she is too guarded and methodical in her manner of performance to colour the same Subject in different styles.

PROLOGUE

To the New TRAGEDY of
The CARMELITE.
Written by the AUTHOR.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

OLD Drury's dock prepares a launch this night,
New from the keel, (fair speed The Carmelite !)
True British-built, and from the Tragic slip;
She mounts great guns — tho' not a first-rate ship.
A gallant Knight commands, of ancient fame
And Norman blood, St. Valori his name:
On his main-top the Christian Cross he bears,
From Holy Land he comes, and Pagan wars:
Twenty long years his lady mourns him dead,
And bathes with faithful tears a widow'd bed;
Our scene presents him ship-wreck'd on her coast —
No sign, we hope, our venture will be lost.

Yet bold the Bard, to mount Ambition's wave,
And launch his wit upon a watery grave;
Sharp critic rocks beneath him lie in wait,
And envious quicksands bar the Muse's strait;
While o'er his head Detraction's billows break,
Doubt chills his heart, and Terror pals his cheek:
Hungry and faint, what cordials can he bring
From the cold nymph of the Pierian spring?
What stores collect from bare Parnassus' head,
Where blooms no vineyards, where no beeves are fed?
And great Apollo's laurels, which impart
Fame to his head, and famine to his heart?

Yet on he toils, and eager bends his eyes
Where Fame's bright temple glitters to the skies.
Ah, Sirs, 'tis easy work to sit on shore,
And tutor him who tugs the labouring oar;
Whilst he amidst the surging ocean steers,
Now here, now there, as Fashion's current veers.

Rouse, rouse for his protection! you, who
fit
Rang'd in deep phalanx, arbiters of wit!
And you aloft there, keep your beacon bright,
Oh, make your Eddy-stone shew forth its light!
So shall our Bard steer to its friendly blaze,
And anchor in the haven of your praise.

EPILOGUE.

By the AUTHOR.

Spoken by Mrs. SIDDONS.

LADIES, we now have shewn a faithful wife,
And trust our scene prevails in real life;
We hope that nuptial truth's your reigning passion,
If not — why let the stage begin the fashion:
'Tis our's to paint you innocent and true;
To be what we describe depends on you. —
Two tragic masters grac'd th' Athenian stage,
One sketch'd with candour, t'other dash'd
with rage:
Old Sophocles's dames were heavenly creatures,
His rival drew them all in fury features.
Both err'd, perhaps. — The milder urg'd this plea,
"I paint my women as they ought to be."
The angry bard, relents to the fair,
Sternly replied, "I paint mine as they are."

Our author (pardon if he brings his name
Too near to those of an immortal fame)
At humble distance takes the milder plan,
Lefs proud to be a poet than a man;
Scorns first to forge and then enforce a crime,
Or polish libels into truth by rhyme.
If you have faults, alas! he bids me say,
Oh! that his wish cou'd charm them all away!
For if no cure but caustics can be found,
He will not make a fore to heal a wound;
If you have faults, they're faults he won't discover;

To your own sex he begs to bind you over.
So many Ladies now there are who write,
You'll hear of all your trips some winter's night:

Since Pegasus has learn'd the jadish trick
To bear a side-saddle, you'll find him kick,

Wednesday, Dec. 22, a new Comedy called *THE NATURAL SON*, was performed for the first time.

The Fable and incidents of this Comedy are so like those of Fielding's celebrated *Tom Jones*, that our Readers will have a better idea of it by that intimation than by any account we can give them.

The characters are not so well drawn, arranged, and grouped, as in the Novel.

The principal perfonage does not occafion fufficient anxiety and intereft; and his character is not fo finely and naturally blended as that of Fielding's wonderful Foundling.

The fentiments and dialogue have confiderable merit: and they have alfo confiderable defects. Uncommon expreffions; artful flafhes of wit; pointed families forcibly introduced, and an evident anxiety to produce epigrammatic turns, diffigure, inftead of embellifhing, a Comedy. It has been often and juftly obferved, that it is with literary compositions as it is with women, where a certain fimplicity, and even plainnefs, of manner and of drefs is more captivating than the glare of paint, and the ftudied ornaments of drefs, which may dazzle the eye, but never reach the affections.

The Play is the production of Mr. Cumberland, to whom the Theatre is certainly much indebted.

PROLOGUE

To the new Comedy called The NATURAL SON.

Written by Mr. CUMBERLAND.

Spoken by Mr. BANNISTER, jun.

THE Comic Mufe, as Cyprian records prove,

Was Comus' daughter by the Queen of Love;
A left-hand lineage;—whilft the Tragic Dame
From legal loins of father Vulcan came;
Therefore *this* Mufe loves frolic, fun, and joke,

That bellows-blowing, bluff'ring, puff and fmoke:

Hence mother Nature's bye-begotten flock
Are all the chips of the old common block;
For all derive their pedigree in tail,
From father Frolickfome and mother Frail.

Therefore, if in this brat of ours you trace
Some features of his merry mother's face,
Sure, fons of Comus, fure you'll let him in
To your gay brotherhood, his father's kin;
A married Mufe: now Mufes are too wife
To take a Poet's jointure—in the ikies.
Now he lives fingle, like a cloifter'd Nun,
But does fometimes as *other Nuns* have done;
Prays with grave Authors, with the giddy prates,

Or ogles a young Poet through the grates;
Therefore our rule is, never to enquire
Who begat whom, what dam, or which the fire?

But foon as e'er the babe breathes vital air,
Take him, and never afk how it came there.
Some are ftill born, fome fent to mother Earth,

Strangled by critic midwives in their birth;

Euzor. Mac.

And many an unacknowledg'd Foundling lies,

Without a parent's hand to clofe its eyes.

Thus are our Plays with deaths tremendous cramm'd,

And, what is worfe, to die is—to be damn'd.

You, the Humane Society, who fit

To mitigate the casualties of wit,

Save a frail Mufe's Natural Son from death;

He lives on Fame, and Fame lives on your breath.

EPILOGUE

To the NATURAL SON.

Written by Captain TOPHAM.

Spoken by Mifs FARRÉN.

IN this gay age, when all the heart is wafte,

And frighten'd Nature flies the realms of tafte,

Is there a well-bred dame, whofe cheek difclofes

The bloom—of Rouge, cold Cream, and Milk of Rofes,

Who deigns thefe fplendid fide-boxes to grace,

In *Figaro* feathers and *Lunardi* lace?

And, gently loling on her favourite page—

Laughs—and talks fomewhat louder than the Stage:

If fome fweet girl—another *Werter's* pride—

In pure fimplicity fhould grace her fide,

And feeling what *ſhe* hears, devoid of art—

Drop a foft tear—exprefſive of the heart;

Would not the fafhion'd dame our child reprove,

And cry—“ Indeed—you're vaſtly wrong—
“ my love?

“ What weep? O fit—I bluſh:—*this* ſtrange
“ diſorder

“ Will make folks think you enter'd with an
“ order!”

While in high life our hearts the fafhions ſteel,

Too gay to liſten, and too fine to feel—

Honeſt *John Bull*—before a ſturdy elf—

Now claims no right of judging for himſelf;

To Puff from Theatres gives up his vote,

And kindly thinks all *true*—becauſe 'tis wrote;

For when no plaudits ſtrike our duller ear,

The Papers hear a voice we cannot hear—

And when for feats no Beauties diſagree,

They ſee a croud, alas! we cannot ſee;

And while you clamber o'er the empty rows,

In *ſweet* ADVERTISEMENT—the Houſe
o'erflows!

Puff is the word: where fame is *not* a
breath,

—How many an Actreſs Puff has fav'd from
death!

P p p

And

And Actors for whom Mutes were full enough,

Have risen ALEXANDERS—from a puff!
While generous paragraphs all-jarish give
Sums total, which our Treasurers ne'er receive.

With added force—the other House comes after—

Here, dead with grief, you there revive with laughter—

Beaumarchais' Muse—a favourite of the nation—

Now rises like some Bishop—by translation.
Jest, repartee, and stage effect still teize you
With wit made English, and with French made easy.

Say, then—as humble copyists—shall we borrow

A sketch of what some pens may say to-morrow?

“The Comedy,—where laughter knows no pause—

“Went off with most astonishing applause!

“The dresses, scenery—and situation

“Exceeded all the bounds of commendation!

“The great demand for side-boxes from “Monday

“Will know no intermission—but on Sunday!

“The eighth, tenth, twentieth nights—each place is chosen—

“About the fiftieth you may pop your nose in.

“The Actors all—were wonderfully clever!

“The like was never seen, nor heard—no, never.

“Miss Farren's Widow—above all—do you see,

“Was—You must fill that vacancy for “ME!”

COVENT-GARDEN.

MONDAY, Nov. 29, the first appearance of Mrs. Crawford in the Grecian Daughter, is an event we think it necessary to announce; though nothing occurred in her manner of performing it worthy particular observation. Mrs. Siddons had appeared in the same character on the preceding Saturday; and the Town, as usual, were divided on their comparative merits. We choose to avoid controversy on the subject; for,

Comparer des Acteurs vivans

N'est pas une petite affaire.

Friday, Dec. 3, Mr. Holman appeared for the first time in the part of Don Felix, in the Comedy of *The Wonder*.

We are sorry to see Mr. Holman, from an ardent ambition, pressing forward into situations for which experience and judgement

have not prepared him. As his performance of Don Felix could not accelerate the current of public praise in his favour, he has prudently declined appearing again in that character.

Monday, Dec. 13, Dr. Brown's Tragedy called *Barbarossa* was performed; and Mrs. Crawford and Mr. Holman appeared the first time in the parts of Zaphira and Achmet.

That Mrs. Crawford should not suffer by her long continuance on the stage, and her appearance at this time in new characters, is the utmost that can be expected. Where the situation of Zaphira excited the tender sentiments of the mother, the peculiar talents of Mrs. Crawford were displayed with the highest effect. The resolute and determined parts of the character were probably written for Mrs. Yates, and they are better suited to her style of acting than to that of Mrs. Crawford.

The part of Achmet is more within the reach of Mr. Holman than any he has yet attempted. In many situations he discovered great sensibility and even judgement. His general fault seems to be impetuosity and violence. Where the passions of the Play accord with this disposition, he is excellent; where they do not, he labours harshly and unpleasantly through the scene. Time, application, and good advice, will, however, render him an excellent performer.

Tuesday, Dec. 14, the Translation of a new Comedy, called *The Follies of a Day; or, Marriage of Figaro*, was performed for the first time.

Though in dramatic, as well as real life, we wish to encourage the cultivation of our own productions and manufactures, we are also sensible of the advantages of a liberal commerce with our neighbours; and, notwithstanding the national prejudices which political competitions have occasioned, it is now very generally perceived to be the interest of England and France to facilitate and throw open their correspondence of every kind.

Les Noces de Figaro, of which the Piece under consideration is a Translation, was written by M. Beaumarchais as a Second Part to his *Barber of Seville*, has been freely rendered into English, and hastily accommodated to our stage by Mr. Holcroft, Author of *Duplicity*, the *Noble Peasant*, &c.

Figaro is the confidential domestic of a Spanish Nobleman, in love with Susan, the confidante of the Nobleman's Lady. Figaro being under contract, for money borrowed, to the housekeeper of a Spanish Physician, and his master having designs on Susan, the contract is insisted on in his Lord's Court, and judgment given against Figaro, who escapes, by a discovery that the claimant is his mother. His Lady, who had a passion

for a Page, in which she was disappointed by the vigilant jealousy of her libertine Lord, prevails on Susan to yield to an assignation. At the time and place appointed, the amorous Nobleman meets his Lady, instead of Susan: Figaro, having had his jealousy alarmed, is present; and Susan and the Page, the Doctor and his Housekeeper, are all brought together by a combination of separate circumstances which do credit to the invention of the Author. Proper explanations take place; and the marriage of Susan and Figaro, &c. constitute the usual catastrophe of a Comedy.

This play is written on the plan of the Spanish Comedy, which is a *speaking Pantomime*; and which has been imitated in a considerable degree by those writers who have lately succeeded on the English Stage. The invention usually employed on Fable is here occupied in producing situations which have captivating and brilliant effects. M. Beaumarchais has adapted his characters and dialogue to this species of Comedy in the happiest manner; and the success of the Play in Paris has been equal to the merit of the writer. Mr. Holcroft also deserves considerable praise for the diligence and expedition with which he has presented it in an English dress. It bore evident marks of haste; but on the whole it is a very acceptable present to the dramatic world.

PROLOGUE

To the new Comedy, called
THE FOLLIES OF A DAY.

Written by Mr. HOLCROFT.

Spoken by Mr. DAVIES.

TO-NIGHT a child of Chance is hither brought,

Who could be neither borrow'd, begg'd, or bought;

Nay, so alert was said to be the droll,

'Twas well affirm'd he was not to be sold;

But hence dispatch'd, back'd by Apollo's warrant,

A messenger has kidnapp'd this wag-errant;

Poetic fugitive, has hither dragg'd him,

And, safely here arriv'd, has now unagg'd him,

To plead before this court his whole amenance;

Where, should you sentence him to public penance,

Oh! sad reverse! how would he foam and fret,

And sigh for Paris, and his sweet *Soubrette*!

Where twice ten thousand tongues are proud to greet him,

And wing'd Applause on tip-toe stands to meet him;

Where the grim Guard in nightly rapture stands,

And grounds his musquet to get at his hands;

Where the retentive Pit, all prone t'adore him,

Repeat his *Bons-Mots* half a bar before him;

While every *Belle-Esprit*, at every hit,

Grows fifty-fold more conscious of his wit.

If *far fetch'd* and *dear-bought* give trifles worth,

Sure you'll applaud our *Figaro's* second birth.

Nought of his present merit must we say;

Bear but in mind, our day's a Spanish day.

Cupid, in warmer climes, urg'd by the

grape,
Calls not each petty violence a rape!

Hence *Figaro* himself is illegitimate! }

Sanction'd by you, how'er, this little blot,

If once in fashion, will be soon forgot;

That signature which each kind hand bestows,

Shall make him well receiv'd where'er he goes!

[*Here Mr. Holcroft, who spoke the Prologue the first three nights, introduced the following lines:]

Fain would I speak a word of what I feel;

My bosom hopes and fears; but I appeal—

Not to your justice—that I dread to meet—

But to the clement heart! that gracious feat,

Where melting Mercy sits enthron'd, sedate,

Turning her eye from errors, mild in state,

Bidding this maxim in her memory live—

'Tis human to offend; 'tis godlike to forgive.

On Tuesday the 21st inst. the BELLE'S STRATAGEM was preceded by the following

PROLOGUE,

For the BENEFIT of

The HUMANE SOCIETY,

Written by M. P. ANDREWS, Esq.

Spoken by Mr. WROUGHTON.

IN every state, thro' every distant land,

Where Monarchs govern, or where Chiefs command;

Where genial suns with fruitful ardour glow,

Or mountains labour with perpetual snow;

Where polish'd subjects spread a social joy,

Or the rude native hugs his lone employ;

Still doth Benevolence its warmth impart,

And hold some portion of the human heart.

But chiefly here—in Britain's favour'd isle,

This god-like attribute is known to smile:

In every town, Compassion's noblest proof,

Pain, want, and misery, find a sheltering

roof:

In every street, by bounty or bequests,

Rise the rich records of your feeling breasts.

To-night we come—in anxious hope to share

A glad proportion of your soft'ning care;

Nor deem us faulty, if we strive to raise
On Pity's tear-swoln stream our claim to
praise;

Ours is the task, the grateful task, to save
Friend, lover, parent, from a wat'ry grave;
To snatch from death the victim of despair,
And give the means of penitence and pray'r.

See, the fond Virgin, now no longer coy,
Bushing in all the charms of bridal joy,
Fly to the neighb'ring church, her faith to
prove,

And sadly wonder at her ling'ring love;
Her ling'ring love—ah! who shall stem the
tear?

She views him breathless on the mournful
bier;

Our timely aids restore, when hope was
flown,

Renew their transports, and promote our
own.

The blooming youth, in life's untainted
morn,

Whom filial love and innocence adorn;
Whose widow'd mother, dead to worldly
joy,

Sees life a void—but for her darling boy;
Rears him with rapture, and delights to trace
His father's image in his infant face,

His father's virtues rip'ning in his heart—
Doom'd in one luckless hour from all to
part—

Say, who would wish on woes like these to
dwell?

No pen can trace them, and no tongue can
tell.

But should our efforts chase these woes away,
And cheer the parent with a happier day,

To paint her gratitude, all words are weak,
No pen can trace it, and no tongue can
speak:

Let our endeavours then your plaudits seal,
And our desert be stamp'd by what you
feel.

KING'S THEATRE, Hay-Market.

ON Saturday evening, Dec. 18, the Opera-
House was opened for the season, and an
Opera, called *Il Curioso Indiscreto*, was per-
formed.

In the present circumstances of the times,
when the measures absolutely necessary to
prevent the destruction of our national cha-
racter and credit press heavily on every spe-
cies of industry; when the calls on our
humanity from general distress are heightened
by the unusual severity of the season; our
Readers in general would not be much
gratified by an account or description of the
Non-Naturals which are imported to gratify
a false taste in the most profligate and worth-
less of our Nobility and Gentry.—It may be
sufficient to say, that the Opera was the means
of introducing one performer, and the
dances several, who were well received.

The property of the Theatre, and the
right of managing it, have been for some
time a subject of contention. This may have
affected the preparations for opening the
House. It has not been done with eclat;
nor does it promise the usual advantages to
the Managers.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

CRITICISMS ON THE ROLLIAD.

No. I.

"*Cedite, Romani Scriptores! Cedite, Graii!*"

NOTHING can be more consonant to
the advice of Horace and Aristotle,
than the conduct of our Author throughout
this Poem. The action is *one entire and
great event*, being the procreation of a child
on the wife of a *Saxon Drummer*. The Poem
opens with a most laboured and masterly
description of a *Storm*. Rollo's state of mind
in this arduous situation is finely painted:
Now Rollo storms more loudly than the wind;
Now doubts and black despair perplex his
mind;
Hopeless to see his vessel safely harbour'd,
He hardly knows his *starboard* from his
larboard!

That a hero in distress should not know his
right hand from his *left*, is most natural and
affecting; in other hands, indeed, it would
not have appeared sufficiently *poetical*; but
the technical expressions of our Author con-
vey the idea in all the blaze of *metaphor*. The

storm at length subsides, and Rollo is safely
landed on the coast of *Suffex*. Some of his
followers discover and conduct him to
the country-house of *Dame Shipton*, a Lady
of exquisite beauty, and *first concubine* to the
Usurper Harold. Her likeness (as we all know)
is still preserved at the wax-work in Fleet-
street. To this lady he relates with great
modesty his former actions, and his design
of conquering England, in which (charmed
with the grace with which he *eats
and tells stories*) she promises to assist him,
and they set off together for *London*. In the
third book *Dame Shipton*, or, as the Author
stiles her, *Shiptonia*, proposes a party to the
puppet-show; on the walk they are surprized
by a shower, and retire under *Temple-Bar*,
where *Shiptonia* forgets her fidelity to *Har-
old*. We are sorry to observe, that this
incident is not sufficiently *poetical*, nor does
Shiptonia part with her chastity in so solemn
a manner as *Dido* in the *Aeneid*. In the open-
ing of the fourth book likewise we think our
Author inferior to *Virgil*, whom he excels
copies

copies, and in some places translates; he begins in this manner:

But now (for thus it was decreed above)
Sliptonia falls excessively in love;
 In every vein, great *Rollo's* eyes and fame
 Light up, and then add fuel to the flame!
 His words, his beauty, stick within her breast,
 Nor do her cares afford her any rest.

Here we think that *Virgil's* "haerent infixi pectore vultus verbaque," is ill translated by the prolaic word *stick*. We must confess, however, that from the despair and death of *Sliptonia*, to the battle of *Hastings*, in which *Rollo* kills with his own hand the *Saxon Drummer*, and carries his wife, the Poem abounds with beautiful details. But the sixth book, in which *Rollo*, almost despairing of success, descends into a *night-cellar* to consult the *illustrious Merlin* on his future destiny, is a master-piece of elegance.

From this book an extract has already been given in the different papers; but as the Philosopher's magic lantern exhibits the characters of all *Rollo's* descendants, and even of all those who were to act on the same stage with the *Marcellus* of the piece, the present *illustrious Mr. Rolle*, we mean to select in our next Number some of the most striking passages of this inexhaustible *Magazine of Poetry*.

No. II.

OUR Author, after giving an account of the immediate descendants of *Rollo*, finds himself considerably embarrassed by the three unfortunate *Rolles*, whom history relates to have been *hanged*. From this difficulty, however, he relieves himself by a contrivance equally new and arduous, viz. by versifying the bill of indictment, and inserting in it a *flaw*, by which they are saved from condemnation. But in the transactions of those early times, however dignified the phraseology, and enlivened by fancy, there is little to amaze and less to interest: let us hasten, therefore, to those characters about whom not to be solicitous is to want curiosity, and whom not to admire is to want gratitude—to those characters, in short, whose splendor illuminates the present House of Commons.

Of these, our author's principal favourite appears to be that amiable young Nobleman, whose *diary* we have all perused with so much pleasure; of whom he says, —

— Superior to abuse,
 He nobly glories in the name of GOOSE:
 Such Geese at Rome from the perfidious
 Gaul
 Preserv'd the Treas'ry-Bench and Capitol,
 &c. &c.

In the description of *Lord Mahon*, our Author departs a little from his wonted gravity, —

— This *Quixote* of the nation
 Beats his own Windmills in gesticulation,

To *strike*, not *please*, his utmost force he bends,
 And all his sense is at his fingers ends, &c. &c.

But the most beautiful effort of our Author's genius (if we except only the well-known character of *Mr. Rolle* himself *) is contained in the description of *Mr. Pitt*.

Pert without fire, without experience sage,
 Young with more art than *Sh—ne* glean'd
 from age;

Too proud from pilfer'd greatness to descend,

Too humble not to call *Dundas* his friend;
 In silent dignity and sullen state,
 This new *Octavius* rises to debate!

Mild and more mild he sees each placid
 row

Of Country Gentlemen with rapture glow;
 He sees, convuls'd with sympathetic throbs,
Apprentice Peers and Deputy—*Nabobs*!

Nor *Rum Contractors* think his speech too long,

While words, like treacle, trickle from his tongue!

O soul congenial to the souls of *Rolles*!
 Whether you tax the luxury of coals,
 Or vote some necessary millions more,
 To feed an *Indian* friend's exhausted store,
 Fain would I praise (if I like thee could
 praise)

Thy matchless virtues in congenial lays.
 But, ah! too weak, &c. &c.

This apology, however, is like the "*note episcopari*" of Bishops; for our author continues his panegyric during about one hundred and fifty lines more; after which he proceeds to a task (as he says) more congenial to his abilities, and paints,

— in smooth confectionary file.

The simpering sadness of his *Mulgrave's* smile.

From the character of this Nobleman we shall only select a part of one couplet, which tends to elucidate our author's astonishing powers in *imitative harmony*.

— "within his lab'ring throat
 The shrill shriek struggles with the harsh
 hoarse note."

As we mean to excite, and not to satisfy the curiosity of our Readers, we shall here put a period to our extracts, and shall in our next consider our author's *notes* on the work, from which we apprehend that his knowledge as an antiquary will not appear at all inferior to his excellence as a Poet. We cannot, however, conclude this essay without observing, that there are very few lines in the whole work which are at all inferior to those we have selected for the entertainment of our Readers.

No. III.

IT was our intention to have proceeded immediately to the valuable treasures of uncommon

* See Page 55 of this Volume.

common erudition contained in the notes on this admirable Poem. We shall, however, at present, take the liberty of postponing this design, and of giving, instead, one or two extracts more from the great work itself, for the entertainment of the public.

The following beautiful address to Sir Richard Hill, we hope, will alone be a sufficient apology to our Readers for the alteration of our plan.

Brother of Rowland, or, if yet more dear
Sounds thy new title, cousin of a Peer;
Scholar of various learning, good or evil,
Alike what God inspir'd, or what the Devil;
Speaker well skill'd, what no man heats, to
write;

Sleep-giving Poet of a sleepless night;
Polemic, Politician, Saint, and Wit,
Now tushing Madan, now defending Pitt;
Thy praises here shall live till time be o'er,
Friend of *King George*, tho' of *King Jesus*
more!

The solemnity of this opening is well suited to the dignity of the occasion. The heroes of Homer generally address each other by an appellation, marking their affinity to some illustrious personage. The Grecian poet, it must be confessed, in such cases, uses a patronimic expressive of the genealogy; as *Pelides*, *Aeacides*, *Laertiades*; but it is not absolutely necessary to observe this rule.--- For M'Pherson, a poet with whom our author is most likely to be intimately acquainted, makes his hero Fingal address Ossian by the title of "Father of Oscar." It should seem therefore to be sufficient, if, in addressing a great man, you particularise any celebrated character of the family who may be supposed to reflect honour on his connections; and the Rev. Rowland Hill was certainly the most celebrated of our worthy Baronet's relations before the late creation of Lord Berwick, on which the next line happily touches. The other allusions in the apostrophe, to Sir Richard's promiscuous quotations from the Bible and Rochester; to his elegant compositions in the news-papers, which he calls his *speeches*; to the verses which he repeated in the House of Commons; to a pamphlet against Mr. Madan, by Richard Hill, Esq. and to an elegant parody of *Amicus Socrates*, *amicus Plato*, *sed magis amica veritas*, in the very words adopted by our Author; all these, except indeed the pamphlet, we presume to be too well known to require any illustration.

The promise of immortality to the present Baronet, by means of the present Poem, is truly in the spirit of the classics. The modesty of Virgil, indeed, on a similar occasion, led him to insert a saving clause of

Si quid mea carmina possunt;

But our Poet, with the confidence of superior

genius, says to his muse, in the stile of Horace,

--- Some superbiem
Quantitum meritis.

Our Author seems very fond of Mr. Dundas,
--- whose exalted soul

No bonds of vulgar prejudice controul;
Of shame unconscious in his bad career,
He spurns that honour which the weak revere, &c.

But as this Gentleman's character is so perfectly well understood by the public, we shall rather select a short catalogue of some among the inferior ministerial heroes, who have hitherto been less frequently described.

Manon, outroaring torrents in their course,
Banks the precise, and fluent Wilberforce,
Hot Arden, and the cooler Scott repair,
And Villers, comely, with the flaxen hair;
The gentle Grenville's ever-smiling son,
And the dark brow of solemn Hamilton.

These miniatures, as we may call them, present us with very striking likenesses of the living originals. Lord Manon perhaps might be an excellent figure for a large portrait; but most of the others are seen to as much advantage in this small size as they could possibly have been, had they been taken at full length. In the character of Villers, it is probable that our Author may have had in his eye the Nireus of Homer; who, as the commentators remark, is celebrated in the catalogue of warriors for the handsomest man in the Grecian army, and is never mentioned again through the whole twenty-four books of the *Iliad*.

[For No. IV. V. VI. and VII. the reader is referred to p. 312—314, and 385—389.]

No. VIII.

IN every new edition of this incomparable Poem, it has been the invariable practice of the Author, to take an opportunity of adverting to such recent circumstances as have occurred since the original publication of it, relative to any of the illustrious characters he has celebrated. The public has lately been assured, that the Marquis of Graham is elected Chancellor of the University of Glasgow, and has presented that learned body with a complete set of the engravings of Piranesi, an eminent Italian artist; of which, we are happy to be able to acquaint the dilettanti, a few remaining sets are to be purchased at Mr. Alderman Boydell's Printshop, in Cheapside, price twelve pounds twelve shillings each. An anecdote reflecting so much honour upon one of the favourite characters of our Author, could not pass unnoticed in the *Rolliad*, and accordingly in his last edition we find the following complimentary lines upon the subject:

If

If right the Bard, whose numbers sweetly
flow,

That all our knowledge is ourselves to
know,

A sage like Graham can the world produce,
Who in full senate call'd himself a Goose?
Th' admiring Commons, from the high-born
youth,

With wonder heard this undisputed truth;
Exulting Glasgow claim'd him for her own,
And plac'd the prodigy on learning's throne.

He then alludes to the magnificent present
above-mentioned, and concludes in that
happy vein of alliterative excellence for
which he is so justly admired——

With gorgeous gifts from gen'rous Graham
gave'd,

Great Glasgow grows the granary of taste.

Our readers will doubtless recollect, that
this is not the first tribute of applause paid
to the distinguished merit of the public-
spirited young Nobleman in question. In
the first edition of the Poem, his character
was drawn at length, the many services he
has rendered his country were enumerated,
and we have lately been assured by our
worthy friend and correspondent, Mr. Mal-
colm M'Gregor, the ingenious author of
the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers,
and other valuable Poems, that the follow-
ing spirited verses, recording the ever me-
morable circumstance of his Lordship's hav-
ing procured for the inhabitants of the
Northern extremity of our island the in-
estimable privilege of exempting their pos-
teriors from those ignominious symbols of
slavery vulgarly denominated breeches, are
actually universally repeated with enthu-
siasm throughout every part of the Highlands
of Scotland.

Thee, Graham, thee, the frozen Chieftains
blest,

Who feel thy bounties through their fav'rite
drest;

By thee they view their rescued country
clad

In the bleak honours of their long lost plaid;
Thy patriot zeal has bared their parts be-
hind

To the keen whistlings of the wint'ry wind;
While lairds the dirk, while lasses bagpipes
prize,

And oatmeal cake the want of bread sup-
plies;

The scurvy skin while scaly scabs enrich,
While contact gives, and brimstone cures the
itch,

Each breeze that blows upon those brawny
parts

Shall wake thy lov'd remembrance in their
hearts;

And whilst they freshen from the northern
blast,

So long thy honour, name, and praise shall
last.

We need not call to the recollection of
the classical reader,

Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis
amabit,

Semper honos, nomenque tuum laudesque
manebunt.

And the reader of taste will not hesitate
to pronounce, that the copy has much im-
proved upon, and very far surpassed the ori-
ginal. In these lines we also find the
most striking instance of the beauties of
alliteration; and however some fastidi-
ous critics have affected to undervalue this
excellence, it is no small triumph to those
of a contrary sentiment, to find, that next
to our own incomparable author, the most
exalted genius of the present age has not dis-
dained to borrow the assistance of this orna-
ment, in many passages of the beautiful
dramatic treasure with which he has re-
cently enriched the stage. Is it necessary
for us to add, that it is the new Tragedy of
the Carmelite to which we allude? a Tra-
gedy, the beauties of which, we will venture
confidently to assert, will be admired and
felt, when those of Shakspeare, Dryden,
Otway, Southerne, and Rowe shall be no
longer held in estimation. As examples of
alliterative beauty, we shall select the fol-
lowing——

The hand of Heav'n hangs o'er me and my
house,
To their untimely graves seven sons swept
off.

Again——

So much for tears—tho' twenty years they
flow,

They wear no channels in a widow's cheeks.

The alternate alliteration of the second
line, in this instance, seems an improvement
upon the art, to the whole merit of which
Mr. Cumberland is himself unquestionably
entitled.

Afterwards we read——

—Treasures hoarded up,
With carking care, and a long life of thrift.

In addition to the alliterative merit, we
cannot here fail to admire the judiciously
selected epithet of "carking;" and the two
lines immediately following, although no
example of that merit, should not be
omitted——

Now, without interest, or redemption, swal-
low'd

By the devouring bankrupt waves for ever.

How striking is the comparison of the
ocean, to a bankrupt swallowing without
interest or redemption the property of his
unfortunate creditors? Where shall we find
a simile of equal beauty, unless some may
possibly judge the following to be so,
which is to be found in another part
of

of the same sublime work, of two persons weeping—

———We will sit,
Like fountain statues, face to face opposed,
And each to other tell our griefs in tears,
Yet neither utter word——

Our readers, we trust, will pardon our having been diverted from the task we have undertaken, by the satisfaction of dwelling on a few of the many beauties of this justly popular and universally admired Tragedy, which in our humble opinion infinitely surpasses every other theatrical composition, being in truth an assemblage of every possible dramatic excellence; nor do we believe, that any production, whether of ancient or modern date, can exhibit a more uncommon and peculiar selection of language, a greater variety of surprising incidents, a more rapid succession of extraordinary discoveries, a more curious collection of descriptions, similes, metaphors, images, storms, shipwrecks, challenges, and visions, or a more miscellaneous and striking picture of the contending passions of love, hatred, piety, madness, rage, jealousy, remorse, and hunger, than this unparalleled performance presents to the admiration of the enraptured spectator. Mr. Cumberland has been represented, perhaps unjustly, as particularly jealous of the fame of his contemporaries; but we are persuaded he will not be offended when, in the ranks of modern writers, we place him second only to the inimitable author of *The Roliad*.

To return from the digression into which a subject so seducing has involuntarily betrayed us, the reader will recollect that in our last we left Merlin gratifying the curiosity of Rollo with a view of that Assembly of which he is himself one day destined to become so conspicuous an ornament. After having given the due preference to the India Bench, he proceeds to point out to him others of the most distinguished supporters of the present virtuous Administration. Having already mentioned the most confidential friends of the Minister, he now introduces us to the acquaintance of an active young Member, who has upon all occasions been pointedly severe upon the noble Lord in the blue ribbon, and who is remarkable for never having delivered his sentiments upon any subject, whether relating to the East Indies, the Reform of Parliament, or the Westminster Election, without a copious dissertation upon the

principles, causes, and conduct of the American war.

Lo! Beaufoy rises, friend to soft repose;
Whose gentle accents prompt the House to doze!

His cadence just, a gen'ral sleep provokes
Almost as quickly as Sir Richard's jokes.
Thy slumbers, North, he strives in vain to break,
When all are sleeping thou would'st scarce awake;
Though from his lips severe invectives fell,
Sharp as the acid he delights to sell.

In explanation of the last line, it may be perhaps necessary to apprise our readers that this accomplished orator, although the elegance of his diction and smoothness of his manner partake rather of the properties of oil, is, in his commercial capacity, a dealer in vinegar. The speaker alluded to under the name of Sir Richard, is probably the same whom our author, upon a former occasion, styled——

Sleep-giving Poet of a sleepless night.

The limits of our Paper will not allow us to enlarge upon the various beauties with which this part of the work abounds; we cannot, however, omit the pathetic description of the Speaker's situation, nor the admirable comparison of Lord Mahon preying on his patience, to the vulture devouring the liver of Prometheus. The necessity of the Speaker's continuing in the Chair while the House sits, naturally reminds our author of his favourite Virgil:

—— sedet æternumque sedebit
Infelix Theseus——

There Cornwall sits, and, oh! unhappy fate!
Must sit for ever through the long debate;
Save, when compell'd by Nature's sov'reign will,
Sometimes to empty, and sometimes to fill.
Painful pre-eminence! he hears, 'tis true,
Fox, North, and Burke, but hears Sir Joseph too.

Then follows the simile——

Like sad Prometheus, fasten'd to his rock,
In vain he looks for pity to the clock;
In vain th' effects of strength'ning porter tries,
And nods to Bellamy for fresh supplies;
While vulture-like, the dire Mahon appears,
And, far more savage, rends his soft'ning cars.

(To be continued.)

P O E T R Y.

S O N G,

By BENJ. STILLINGFLEET, Esq.

Never before published.

ENVY, hate, ambition, strife,
 Cloud the mournful scene of life;
 Love itself, that welcome guest
 To the young and thoughtless breast,
 Soon does with tyrannic sway
 Drive all joy and peace away.
 Well may we then complain of Fate,
 Since woes attend our happiest state.

FRAGMENT OF A SONG.

By the Same.

DISMAL fate of woman-kind!
 Destin'd from their birth to ill,
 Slave in body and in mind,
 Subject to some tyrant's will:
 Young, to artful man a prey;
 Old, despis'd and cast away.

But harder still her fate,auteous and young,
 Deserted by a husband——

SONG TO EMILIA.

By Dr. JOHN CAMPBELL,
 Author of "The Political Survey, &c."

I.

YOU bid me, Fair, conceal my love,
 Ah! think how hard the task;
 Think of the mighty pains I prove,
 Then think of what you ask.

II.

Go bid the feverish wretch forbear
 Midst burnings to complain;
 Go bid the slaves who fetter'd are,
 Forget the galling chain.

III.

Should they obey, yet greater far
 The torments which I feel;
 Love's fires than fevers fiercer are,
 Love pierces more than steel.

IV.

Pain but the body can controul,
 The thoughts no cord can bind;
 Love is a fever in the soul,
 A chain which holds the mind.

The BRACELET.

By the Same.

THIS Bracelet, tho' no gaudy thing,
 Did from a parent's labour spring;
 She wove it, irksome thoughts to charm,
 And thenceforth wore it on her arm.
 Dying, to me this gift she gave,
 That some remembrance I might have
 Of her—when it I saw,—and take
 A pleasing sorrow—for her sake.
 "My son," said she, with fault'ring breath,
 "You see me yielding unto death:
 "This my last present safely keep,
 "Till thus—like me—in peace you sleep."
 This favour shall I give away?
 Let filial piety say—Nay.
 But 'tis no gift when sent to thee,
 Who art the noblest part of me.
 Yet as a gift my fair one view,
 This most I prize—and give it you.

THE CONDEMNED CRIMINAL'S SOLI-
 LOQUY, on his committing SUICIDE,
 alarmed at the Approach of public Execu-
 tion.

COME, pleasing rest! eternal slumber, fall!
 Seal mine, that once must seal the eyes
 of all."

Tir'd Nature, weary in her gloomy cell,
 Implores relief ere tolls the solemn knell.
 I've heard the sound, and mourn'd the passing
 scene*;

But now far greater horrors wake within.
 Then come, thou helper † of my heavy woes,
 Give friendly aid, where life knows no re-
 pose.

Poor aching heart, thy painful strugglings
 cease,

Now rest thy labours in perpetual peace.
 Ah, my sad soul! but whither canst thou fly,
 Sunk in the grave, or soaring to the sky?
 'Tis done ‡, alas! the streaming purple flows,
 Its energy no more shall urge the cause.
 Here || will I die.—May pity never grieve ¶,
 Or feel a pang for one unfit to live!

Sept. 10.

D.

* Having seen criminals pass a Church in their way to execution as the bell tolled.

† Taking up a lancet that was concealed near him.

‡ Opens an artery in the arm.

§ The heart stimulated by the returning blood contracts, thereby causing circulation, and bleeding when a vessel is wounded.

|| Throws himself back on his bed of straw, and dies through loss of blood.

¶ Alluding to his unhappy family.

The FRACAS.

I.

SEDLEY, who rightly could divine
The secrets of the lover's breast,
Says, that indifference is a sign,
The surest sign of love suppress'd.

II.

Now, as I lately rav'd like mad,
This only serv'd my love to shew:
You, in your answer, rav'd as bad;
Sure love is not extinct in you!

III.

In neither heart is quench'd the fire.
O may our tale in future prove
The proverb's truth, which says, "The ire
Of lovers but renews their love!"

The FAIR MONOPOLIST.

I.

IN Holy Scripture are we taught
Two duties of important end;
And both with equal wisdom fraught,
"To worship God, and love our Friend."

II.

But in my charmer I can prove
Both *Deity* and *Friend* you'll find;
For she not merely has my *love*,
But *love* and *adoration* join'd!

To his MISTRESS.

YOU urge, that tho' we must no longer
love,
Yet still our faith in *friendship* we may prove.
Friendship for others I can feel, 'tis true;
But *love alone* my heart can feel for you.

The SOLDIER'S FAREWELL on the
EVE of a BATTLE.

NIGHT, expecting the dread morrow,
Hover'd o'er the martial train,
Beauteous Alice, led by sorrow,
Hurr'd to the silent plain:

'Give the watch-word,' the guard utter'd
Loudly from his destin'd place;
'Lo! 'tis I,' fair Alice mutter'd,
Hast'ning to his fond embrace.
'Ever beauteous, faithful ever,'
Quick the gallant youth rejoin'd.
'Cruel death can only sever'
'Hearts in love's strong links entwain'd.

'Soon shall we be torn asunder,
'Therefore welcome art thou come;
'Till noon wakes the battle's thunder
'Rest thee on that broken drum.'

She sat down, in mind reviewing
Ills the morning might behold:
Tears still other tears pursuing,
Down her cheek in silence roll'd.

Thoughts to other thoughts succeeding
O'er her mind incessant flow;
She, like meekness inly-bleeding,
Broods in stillness o'er her woe:

'Wherefore, Alice, dost thou ponder
'Evils that are fancy's brood?
'Sure our parting might be fonder
'Than seems this silent mood?

'Yet continue still to ponder
'Things thy voice wants pow'r to say:
'Thy dumb grief to me seems fonder
'Than words deck'd in bright array.'

She replied (her tears still gushing),
'What avails it to be brave?
'Thou, amidst the battle rushing,
'Here perchance may meet a grave.

'Shou'd'st thou perish in the action,
'Where's the peace to soothe my care?
'All my life wou'd be distraction,
'Madness, wailing, and despair.

'Still thou wert of gentlest carriage,
'Still affectionately true,
'And a lover still in marriage,
'And a friend and parent too.'

'Cheer thee, cheer thee, best of women,
'Trust to the great Pow'r above;
'When I rush amidst the foemen,
'Heav'n may think on her I love.

'Saving is the miser's pleasure,
'Spending is the soldier's thrift:
'Take this guinea, all my treasure,
'Take it as a parting gift.

'Here end we this mournful meeting,
'Catch from my lips this fond sigh;
'If this be our last, last greeting,
'Know, that I was born to die.

'See! the day-spring gilds the streamers
'Waving o'er the martial train;
'Now the hoarse drum wakes the dreamers,
'Ne'er perchance to dream again:

'Hark, I hear the trumpet's clangor
'Bid the British youth excell;
'Now, now glows the battle's anger;
'Lovely Alice, fare thee well!'

E P I T A P H

On Dr. JOHNSON.

YE vain, licentious wits! your distance
keep,
And, if you never wept, now learn to weep.
Learning

Learning hath lost her prop in JOHNSON'S
end,

Virtue her boast, and Piety her friend.

Presume not to this shrine too near to draw,
Or, if you dare approach, approach with awe.

The scythe of Time shall canker o'er with rust,
Lose its keen edge, and moulder into dust;

HIMSELF, too, sicken, and in anguish pine,
Ere he shall gain a harvest so divine.

But, tho' thy form be snatch'd from mortal eye,
JOHNSON! thy spotless fame shall never die.

Clos'd as thou art in Death's eternal cave,

Thy works shall live, and blossom from the
grave.

W. WOTY.

Loughborough, Leicestershire,

Dec. 20, 1784.

On the DEATH of Dr. JOHNSON.

AS the fond mother o'er the sable bier
Of her lov'd son let's fall a lucid tear;
So Learning sighs around her Johnson's shrine,
And Genius mourns, attended by the Nine!
E'en great Apollo tunes his muffled lyre
To strains of woe, and joins the weeping
choir!

Britons, attend! and while each heaving heart
Feels England's loss, and feeling bears a part,
Be it his task to rear her drooping age,
To millions yet unborn transmit her splendour
page!

WESTMINSTER COLLEGE
DORMITORY.

PHORMIO. — 1784.

P R O L O G U S.

VOS scimus æquos, liberales, candidos,
Quos aluit hic sibi mater alma domes-
ticos.

Vos, nostra si quid titubet imbecillitas,
Aut sublevabitis illico,—aut tacebitis.

Quod si quis extrarius adest facilis mens,
Res mira non est; scilicet quia nesciat
Ludi modum, locique consuetudines.

At his, et horum similibus, quicumque sint,
Audite contra pauca quæ reponimus.

Dicat reverus aliquis, & rigidus nimis,

“ Pueri quid arti, quid adeo histrionice

“ Interveniunt?—proh! disciplina ludicra!”

Aut dicat alter—“ Scenico quid in opere

“ Quid prodeunt rudes, parumque exerciti?

“ Cur non ad unguem potius, & primarii?”

Durum est utrinque sic premi—verum tamen
Si uterque in extrema, vagus æque, abces-
serit,

Hæc nostra quæ via media est—recta est via.

Sed est periculum aliud—notatur forsitan

Si vularum, syllabarumque ad hæc—

Hic saltem acumen reprimat solertia,
Parcat tenellis;—sic, ubi fas est, micet

Inter Batavos, atque Germanos, facis
Instar—criticus est omnium criticissimus!

Ridemus hæc—tamen est quod urit
Doletque—quod—Spes admittit atque opes fi-
mul maxime.

At, at, quis ille est, quem procul subfelliis
Latentem in ultimis, et obliquum noto?

Illum esse credo, cujus invidiam, prius
Et sensimus, rursusque sensuri sumus,

Erroribus puerulorum qui nunc fedet
Inhians, velaturus mali quodcumque sit

In publicas chartas, et omnia tetricè
Rodenda, fatiis traditurus, et invidis—

At si quid ingenii excolendi gratia
Et obsequentes legibus loci, egimus,

Id adeo amaris degravatum iri jocos
Obnoxium plebique despiciatui

Merito queramur — noxium est — injurium
est—

At vos—quibus cordi est juvenus libera,
Solamini timidos, fecundate in loco

Si quid meruimus—sin minus—

Veniam Date.

*Auctore H. VINCENT, D. D. Sub-Almoner
Sub-Master, Rector of one of the Lombard
street Churches, &c.*

E P I L O G U S.

Ad TER. PHORM.

SCHOL. WESTMONAST. ALUM.

*Demipho, Chremes, Phormio, Nauffiyata, Geta,
Hegio, Cratinus, Crito.*

Geta.

HEI! Quenam hæc est turba! Novo coeunte
Senatu,

Nimirum plebs est Attica sana parum!

Nistra magna tribu lis est quis rite petivit,
Vitam quo lis est hæc dirimenda modo.

Dem.

Parcite, sex menses hoc saxum volvo, mihi que
Et vobis, quamvis expedit ire mora

Jam tædet, properate precor.

Crito.

Properabo, sed hercle,

Res hodie coram est seria, Dives hic est.

Fratres appello, primum hoc, quo discite vico
Quo Suffragator nomine, quove die.

Hegio.

Quo vico? quo quæro die—(Crito.) Id rogo—
(Heg.) sexto eo

Et sexagesimo, hoc nomine Stilpho—(Crito.)

Quid est?

Heg.

Stilpho inquam—(Crito) Stilpho—non isto no-
mine quisquam.

Q. Q. 2

Chrem.

Chrem.

Errorum in vestris, suspicor esse libris;
Nemque Chremes ego sum—(*Dem.*) Satis est,
agnosco Chremetem,

Cæteraque, excepto nomine, conveniant,
Comprobo—(*Crit.*) Quin alto protelem hunc
crimine, Athenis

Tempore quo res est acta, fuisse nego,
Et testis quam nolit, adest: Naufratratæ prodi.

Dic age, pace tua, si libet, ede mihi
Quam longum abfuerit conjux tuus.

Naufrat.

Hei mihi! totum

Hunc annum exegi, sola relicti domi
Sola dies noctesque—(*Heg.*) Quid estne! Fœ-
mina, testis

Non est, in proprium, lege citanda, virum.

Naufrat.

Hic, mihi qui proprius, quo tempore scilicet
illi

Fœmina erat conjux, ipsa aliena fui?

Dem.

Rejicimur—(*Geta.*) Quia parce tamen, quin
respice fratrem.

(*Dem.*) Est Frater carus—carior est Patria.
(*Chrem.*) Hei veris vincor—(*Geta.*) Tamen
omnia damna refarta

Cenfueris, istud si scelus ultus eris.

(*Chrem.*) Hic, suffragator? domus est cui nulla,
vel esto

Sit domus, opposita est pignori—(*Phorm.*)

An ipse nego?

Opposita est, jam non opponitur, hæud ita
magna

Res tamen illa, Minæ plusve minusve de-
cem

Hæc decem porro, fratri et tibi gratia—
solvi—

(*Dem.*) Comprobo, qui malus est, lex jubet
esse bonum.

Sufficit in præsens labor hic, non est medio-
cris

Digessisse uno nomina bina die.

Expedias numeros, quot sunt suffragia?—

(Crat.) Falsa

Octoginta octo—Justa bis octo decem—

(*Dem.*) Missos vos facimus; pulchre fecistis,
amici:

Nunc Judex sistar forsitan ipse meus.

Quid metuum? nostrum cum deserar ante
tribunal

Judicium quod vos redditis—esto ratum.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

NOVEMBER 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; when the same having been ably argued by Mr. Garrow on the part of Mr. Wooldridge, and Mr. Gibbs on the part of the City of London; the Court were of opinion, that if an Alderman, either by his own act, or by any other means, was brought into a situation which rendered him incapable of performing the duty 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; but 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.

25. A Court of Common-Council was held at Guildhall, when the Committee appointed to consider Mr. Josiah Dornford's pamphlet under the signature of *Fidelio*, made a report, containing a clear answer and refutation from the several officers so scandalously traduced by Mr. Dornford.—Mr. Alderman Pickett moved to have the report printed, as a justification to all the world

against the vague and uncharitable aspersions of Mr. Josiah Dornford, who subjoined an amendment, to add the correspondence between him and the Committee. This was opposed on the ground, that the papers delivered in by Mr. Dornford to the Committee did not come before the Court, and formed no part of the enquiry. Of this opinion were the Aldermen Newnham and Watson, Mr. Powell, Mr. Birch, Mr. Merry, Mr. Deputy Leekey, and other speakers. The amendment was put and negatived by a great majority. Notwithstanding this manifest superiority of numbers to throw out the amendment, Mr. Dornford insisted on a division, in which, for the amendment, were 1 Alderman (Pickett) and 61 Commoners—Against it, 17 Aldermen and 93 Commoners—Majority 48.

The original question was then put and carried for printing the report.

The next business was the election of a Bailiff of Southwark, in the room of Robert Holder, Esq. deceased. The Candidates were Sir Watkin Lewes, number 93; Mr. Brewer 58; Mr. Young 47; Mr. Raiton 15; Mr. Deputy Winbolt 13; Mr. Williams declined. Sir Watkin Lewes was declared duly elected; and in a speech which was universally admired, returned thanks to the Court.

Dec. 9. The Sessions began at the Old Bailey, when 17 prisoners were tried, two of whom were capitally convicted, viz.

James Hamilton, for feloniously entering the dwelling-house of Thomas Read, in St. James's-square, on pretence of a frivolous enquiry after some fictitious persons, binding the person who had the care thereof, and taking away a quantity of apparel, &c.

William Steward, for a burglary in the dwelling-house of William Maisterman, in Red Lion-square, and stealing some silver plate, and a pair of pistols.

10. Twenty-four prisoners were tried at the Old Bailey, two of whom were capitally convicted, viz.

William Astill, for burglariously breaking open and entering the warehouse or shop adjoining to the dwelling-house of Thomas Powell, in Anchor-court, in the parish of St. Luke, Middlesex, and stealing a quantity of calf skins, seal skins, &c.

William Giles, for feloniously assaulting William Bailey on the highway, in the parish of Hadley, putting him in fear, and taking from his person nine shillings, two sixpences, four halfpence, and two farthings.

Captain Kenneth M^cKenzie was put to the Bar at the Old Bailey, and indicted, for that he having the command of the garrison and fort of Moree, on the Coast of Africa, did fasten one Murray M^cKenzie to a gun, which he ordered to be fired, whereby the man was blown to pieces.

The evidence for the prosecution clearly proved the fact charged in the indictment. By their testimony it appeared, that M^cKenzie (the same person related to the domestic of a noble Lord, then at the head of Administration, by whose interest he was three times respited from capital punishment) was sent from England with other convicts, who, to the number of seventeen, formed, together with five volunteers, the whole garrison of Moree—That the deceased was first an Adjutant under the command of Captain M^cKenzie, but deserted twice, and was reduced to the ranks—He was then a prisoner at large, and deserted a third time—The Captain sent a party in search of him, after a most severe and inhuman correction of 1500 lashes which was inflicted for an hour upon the centinel who suffered the deceased to pass.—The prisoner thinking the deceased was secreted by the Blacks, fired into one of their settlements, which had the desired effect. When the deceased was surrendered, the Captain ordered him to be tied to a gun—the gun was fired, which scattered his body into instant dissolution.

Upon cross-examination it turned out, that the deceased, three days before his execution, had sent his cloaths to the Dutch fort, and betrayed a disposition to desert.

Some witnesses were called on behalf of the prisoner to justify the act from necessity, and in defence of the fort, which was

intended to be given up by the deceased and his confederates, who meditated to murder the Captain.

Judge Willes in his charge said, the case rested on two questions; first, Was the prisoner justified by Martial law? secondly, Was it an act of necessity?—Most clearly it was indefensible by Martial law; the prisoner would not hear the man, but without any form of law put him to death. If the Jury found him guilty, he deserved a severe condemnation.

As to the other point the Jury would maturely consider. They withdrew for above two hours, and brought in their verdict *Guilty*, with a recommendation. Sentence of death was immediately pronounced by the Recorder.

In consequence of the recommendation of the Jury, Judge Willes respited the prisoner to lay his case before his Majesty.

The same day Philip Patch and Henry Rutter were capitally convicted for feloniously assaulting John Rollings in a field near Stepney, and robbing him of a guinea, an half-crown piece, and 4s. 6d.

Being the Anniversary of the Institution of the Royal Academy, a General Assembly of the Academicians was held at the Royal Academy, Somerset Place, when the following premiums were declared and given, viz. A gold medal to Mr. Thomas Proctor, for the best historical picture in oil colour, the subject of which was taken from Shakespeare's Tempest. A gold medal to Mr. Charles Rossi, for the best model of a bas-relief, the subject of which was Venus conducting Helen to Paris. A gold medal to Mr. George Hatfield, for the best design in architecture, the subject of which was plans, elevations, and sections of a national prison, calculated to keep the prisoners in safety, to prevent mutiny, and to afford them such conveniences as may be necessary for preservation of their health. Four silver medals for drawings of Academy figures were given to Mr. Henry Singleton, Mr. John Remberg, Mr. Alexander Monies, and Mr. Charles Hodges. Two silver medals for models of Academy figures were given to Mr. John Altyquander and Mr. Charles Horwell. A silver medal for a drawing of architecture, being the West front with the Spire of St. Martin's in the Fields, done from actual measurement, was given to Mr. John Bond.

The Assembly then proceeded to elect the officers for the year ensuing. Sir Joshua Reynolds was elected President.

Council.	Visitors.
J. B. Cipriani, Esq.	John Bacon.
J. S. Copley, Esq.	Edward Barch, Esq.
Rev. Mr. W. Peters.	Charles Catton, Esq.
Benjamin West, Esq.	J. S. Copley, Esq.
John Bacon, Esq.	Benjamin West, Esq.
Sir Wm. Chambers.	James Barry, Esq.

Richard

Council.

Rich. Coftway, Efq.
Paul Sandby, Efq.

Vifitors.

J. Bap. Cipriani, Efq.
P. J. De Louth-
bourg, Efq.
Jer. Meyer, Efq.

Same day, 31 prifoners were tried at the Old-Bailey, fix of whom were capitally convicted, viz.

Allen Williams, for feloniously affauling Rowland Wells on the highway between Baywater and Shepherd's-Bush, putting him in fear, and taking from his perfon four guineas, a knife, and a key.

George Harris, Thomas Tabbs, John Moody, John Shaw, and Thomas Buttle-dore, for feloniously affauling Thomas Francis on the King's-highway near Bag-nigge-Wells Wash, and robbing him of three glafs drops, a knife, a rule, and two shillings and upwards.

A letter from Shields fpeaks of a terrible storm on that coaft, which happened on the 8th instant, and had destroyed or driven on shore to the number of 40 veffels, chiefly colliers.

13. Fifteen prifoners were tried at the Old-Bailey, two of whom were capitally convicted, viz.

James Dunn, for feloniously uttering and publishing a certain will, purporting to be the laft will and teftament of John Porter, late a feaman belonging to the Rodney Indiaman, with intent to defraud Thomas Nall and Donald Cameron.

Richard Smith, for stealing a gelding the property of William Johnfon, at Southgate.

14. Twenty prifoners were tried at the Old-Bailey, four of whom were capitally convicted, viz.

Thomas Calc, for feloniously stealing, taking, and driving away two cows, the property of John Stebbing, of the value of 10l.

Lawrence Hall, John Jones, and George Goldfmith, for burglariously breaking open the dwelling-houfe of Samuel Satcher, the Black Dog, Shoreditch, and stealing a metal watch, with chain and etweezer, a silk cardinal, feveral pair of stockings, and fome money.

15. In the morning about half paff three o'clock, a fire broke out at Mr. Gillim's, Broker and appraifer in Leather-lane, Hol-born, which entirely confumed that and the adjoining building (alfo in the occupa-tion of Mr. Gillim), together with the large warehoufes behind, filled with houfhould fur-niture, and china and glafs wares, very little of which could be faved; and indeed it was with difficulty that part of the family efaped with their lives. A coachmaker's fhop (the proprietor of which is not in-fured) was alfo destroyed, with all its contents, except two coach bodies, and a few wheels.

Same day, 17 prifoners were tried at the Old-Bailey, five of whom were capitally convicted, viz.

William Abbott, for feloniously making, forging, and counterfeiting, and publishing the fame as true, knowing it to be forged, a certain bill of fale, purporting to be the bill of fale of John Howe to Daniel M'Carthy, empowering him to receive from the owners of the East-India fhip Warren Haftings, or the Paymafter of feamen's wages belonging to the East-India Com-pany, 23l. 4s. 6d. and thereby defrauding the faid Daniel M'Carthy of the fame.

William Finder, for burglariously break-ing and entering the dwelling-houfe of John Mew, in Crown-court, Charter-houfe-lane, and stealing a gown and other ap-parel; Richard Hobfon, for burglariously breaking and entering the dwelling-houfe of Sam. Harris, in Chifwell-freet, and steal-ing two flannel wailcoats, two cloth cloaks, two towels, &c.

Holland Palmer, alias Fanner, for feloni-ously felling, and expofing to fale, about 3000 pieces of paper, on which were counter-feit marks or impreffions refembling the two-penny ftamps on pieces of paper for receipts, and liable to be counterfeited, knowing the fame to be counterfeited, and which he fold for about 14l.

William Kelhie, for a burglary in the dwelling-houfe of William Fage, at Ken-nington, and stealing a quantity of wearing-apparel.

16. Twenty-fix prifoners were tried at the Old-Bailey, two of whom were capitally convicted, viz.

William Benton, for stealing a quantity of fiver plate, value 40s. and upwards, the property of Lady Sufannah Coote, on board the Bellamont East-Indiaman.

Melvin Simmons, for feloniously breaking open the dwelling-houfe of Tho. Powell, Efq. in the Adelphi, and stealing a quantity of fiver plate and fome money.

17. Sixteen prifoners were tried at the Old-Bailey, three of whom were capitally convicted, viz.

Edward Garth, for stealing two milch cows, the property of Thomas Rhodes.

James Smith and Ferdinand Dowland, for stealing a mare the property of Hannah Marshall.

18. Thirty-five prifoners were tried at the Old-Bailey, two of whom were capi-tally convicted, viz.

Joseph Warner and Edward Johnfon, for feloniously stealing in the dwelling-houfe of James Noakes, a fiver coffee-pot and other plate, &c. and a quantity of watch move-ments.

20. Twenty-four prifoners were tried at the Old-Bailey, two of whom were capi-tally convicted, viz.

John Evans, for stealing in the dwelling-houfe of Mr. Thomas Pitt, No. 2, Pump-court, Temple, a large quantity of books.

George Robinfon, for stealing a fiver tankard

tankard value 6l. the property of Letitia Clark, in her dwelling-house the corner of Castle-yard, Holborn.

21. At half past one o'clock, the Recorder pronounced sentence of death, in a most pathetic speech, on thirty-three unhappy wretches at the Old Bailey. All of them were under thirty and most of them not twenty years of age! Two lads were among them not to appearance more than 16 years old. They seemed very insensible of their calamitous condition.

27. A new Pantomime was exhibited at Covent-garden Theatre for the first time, called *The Magick Cavern; or Virtue's Triumph*. This entertainment is said to be taken from an Arabian tale. In a magick cavern eight enchanted statues are pointed out to Harlequin, who is stimulated to furnish a ninth, of greater value than the whole, by the hopes of a kingdom. He sets out for England, falls in love with Columbine, returns at the appointed time, and as the executioner is proceeding to take off his head for not fulfilling his engagement, he embraces Columbine, places her on the pedestal, and is acknowledged King, &c.

Air and Chorus in the Magick Cavern.

SONG. Miss BRET.

Come shew me your palm, my sweet lass,
And your fortune I'll tell
Full as clear and as well
As you see that sweet face in the glass.
A husband you'll have, I see, soon,
You'll meet him to-day,
Such a man, lack-a-day!
Wou'd make a wife leap o'er the moon.
Of children you'll have a round dozen,
Nay, I see it as plain
As this pretty blue vein,
I don't by my virgin-hood cozen.
As sure as old Norwood I'm named,
A great Queen you'll be,
And by ev'ry degree,
Like Old England's be lov'd and far fam'd.

C H O R U S.

HAIL, female virtue, gift divine,
Be still thy matchless treasure mine;
A virtuous woman's price is more
Than gold or precious ruby's store;
For when the gems of earth expire,
She lights the skies with purest fire;
Dims all her sister stars above,
And beams from Heav'n celestial love.
The same evening about nine o'clock a terrible fire broke out in the brew-house of Edmund Dawson, Esq. and Co. in Stoney-street, Southwark, which entirely consumed the same. The premises had been rebuilt within the last two years, and are computed to have cost above twenty thousand pounds: the stock and utensils destroyed were of immense value.

29. William Ryan, James alias Joseph Treble, George Hands, William Combs,

Henry Moore, and Richard Dodd, capitally convicted last October Sessions, were executed before Newgate. A respite was sent on the same morning for George Owen, another convict, who was to have suffered with the above.

MARRIAGES.

John Lloyd, Esq. Member of Parliament, to Mrs. Proorfe. Joshua Grigby, jun. Esq. to Miss Brackenbury. Thomas Bovett, Esq. of Wellington, to the Hon. Miss Seymour, niece to his Grace the Duke of Somerset. Sir Charles Booth, to Mrs. Shepherd.

DEATHS.

John Wills, Esq. eldest son of the late Lord Chief Justice Willes. At Abingdon, Mrs. Martha Curtis, aged 80. At Great Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, John Dorrien, Esq. in the 71st year of his age. In Castle-street, Mary-le-bonne, Mrs. Mary Howse, aged 95. James Roberts, Esq. Solicitor to the City of London. At Chester, John Lawton, Esq. Alderman of that City. Miss Rooke, eldest daughter of Lieutenant Colonel Rooke. Samuel Johnson, LL.D. whose literary labours will long do honour to this country. At Nice, Captain King, the companion and friend of Captain Cook, the late celebrated circumnavigator. The Hon. Miss Ann Colvill. The Rev. Geo. Walker, aged 85, the oldest Episcopal Clergyman in Scotland.

ANNUAL BILL.

A general LIST of the DISEASES and CAUSALITIES, from Dec. 16, 1783, to Dec. 14, 1784

Abortive and stillborn	528
Abscess	1
Aged	8
Ague	
Apoplexy and suddenly	207
Asthma and phtisick	377
Bedridden	12
Bleeding	4
Bloody Flux	1
Bursten and rupture	17
Cancer	43
Canker	2
Chicken pox	3
Childbed	133
Cholick, Gripes, and twisting of the guts	8
Cold	3
Consumption	4540
Convulsions	4219
Cough, and whooping cough	467
Diabetes	
Droopy	839
Evil	13
Fever, malignant fever, scarlet, fever	} 1973
Spotted fever, and purples	
Fistula	4
Flux	2
French Pox	39
Gout	67
Gravel, Stone, and Strangury	35
	Grand

Grief	3	Choaked	1
Head-Ach	1	Drowned	97
Headmoultshot, horseshohead, and water in the head	15	Excessive drinking	8
Jaundice	62	Executed	11
Impoſtume	4	Found dead	5
Inflamation	198	Frighted	
Leproſy		Killed by falls and ſeveral other accidents	39
Lethargy		Killed themſelves	23
Livergrown	4	Murdered	4
Lunatick	46	Overlaid	
Meaſles	29	Poifoned	2
Miſcarriages	3	Scalded	5
Mortification	136	Smothered	
Palfy	66	Starved	1
Quinſy	4	Suffocated	3
Raſh		Christened	
Rheumatifm	3	{ Males 8778	
Rickets		{ Females 8401	
Riſing of the lights		{ In all 17,179	
Scald head		Buried	
Scurvy	4	{ Males 9229	
Small pox	1759	{ Females 8599	
Sore throat	6	{ In all 17,821	
Sores and ulcers	13	{ Whereof have died,	
St. Anthony's fire		Under two years of age	5729
Stoppage in the ſtomack	10	Between two and five	1711
Surfeit	1	Five and ten	683
Swelling	1	Ten and twenty	636
Teeth	369	Twenty and thirty	1417
Thruſh	65	Thirty and forty	1599
Tympany	1	Forty and Fifty	1781
Vomiting and looſenſs	2	Fifty and ſixty	1553
Worms	21	Sixty and ſeventy	1359
		Seventy and eighty	392
		Eighty and ninety	391
		Ninety and a hundred	48
		A hundred	1
Bit by a mad dog	2	A hundred and one	1
Broken limbs	3	A hundred and three	1
Bruifed	2	Decreafed in the Burials this year 1202.	
Burnt	14		

THEATRICAL REGISTER,
DRURY-LANE. COVENT-GARDEN.

Nov. 30 SCHOOL for Scandal—Arthur
and Emmeline

Nov. 30 GRECIAN Daughter—Rofina
Dec. 1 Fontainebleau—Uphol-
ſterer

Dec. 1. Cymon—Harlequin Junior
2 Carmelite—Spaniſh Rivals
3 Double Dealer—Arthur and Emmeline
4 Carmelite—Quaker
6 Cymon—Harlequin Junior
8 Double Dealer—Who's the Dupe ?
9 Carmelite—Gentle Shepherd
10 Confederacy—Arthur and Emmeline
11 Carmelite—Who's the Dupe ?
13 School for Scandal—Arthur and Emmeline
14 Carmelite—All the World's a Stage
15 Carmelite—Who's the Dupe ?
16 Double Dealer—Arthur and Emmeline
17 Confederacy—Arthur and Emmeline
18 Carmelite—Chaplet
19 Cymon—Harlequin Junior
20 Ifabella—Chaplet
21 Natural Son—Gentle Shepherd
22 Natural Son—Padlock
23 Natural Son—Padlock
27 Love in a Village—Harlequin Junior
28 Bold Stroke for a Wife—Arthur and Emmeline
29 Natural Son—Harlequin Junior
30 Natural Son—Harlequin Junior

2 Fontainebleau—Barnaby Brittle
3 Wonder—Poor Soldier
4 Fontainebleau—Mock Doctor
6 Romeo and Juliet—Poſitive Man
8 Fontainebleau—St. Patrick's Day
9 Man of the World—Rofina
10 Robin Hood—Lying Valet
11 Merry Wives of Windſor—Poor Soldier
13 Barbaroſſa—Midas
14 Follies of a Day—Citizen
15 Follies of a Day—Midas
16 Follies of a Day—Rofina
17 Follies of a Day—Mock Doctor
18 Follies of a Day—Poor Soldier
19 Follies of a Day—Retaliation
20 Belles Stratagem—Rofina
21 Follies of a Day—Devil on Two Sticks
22 Barbaroſſa—Poor Soldier
23 Barbaroſſa—Poor Soldier
27 George Barthwell—Magic Cavern
28 Buſy Body—Magic Cavern
29 Romeo and Juliet—Magic Cavern
30 Douglas—Magic Cavern