

# T H E European Magazine,

A N D

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

CONTAINING THE

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

By the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

For AUGUST, 1785.

[Embellished with, 1. An elegant Engraving of GEORGE COLMAN, Esq. from an original Painting by GAINSBOROUGH. 2. Plan of a GARDEN BUILDING, at Beckett, near Faringdon, Berks, by INIGO JONES. 3. View of a VOLCANO on the Summit of MORNE GAROU, a Mountain in the Island of St. Vincent. 4. A Representation of a newly-discovered English Bird (sitting on its curious Nest) of the GENUS MOTACILLA. And 5. A Fourth Plate illustrative of GRECIAN and other EASTERN ANTIQUITIES.]

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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.

*Probus's Hints* are so politely offered, that we hold ourselves obliged to him for them, and they shall be taken into consideration.

The effusion of spleen and ill-humour from Manchester, under the signature of *Censor*, deserves no notice.

*Giles Monro* should recollect, that a Magazine cannot be adapted to the taste of any one person alone. We always endeavour to please the generality. The political pieces he wishes to have omitted have been repeatedly approved by the public. He need not fear that we shall degenerate into party.

*D. W. H.*—*Urbanus*—*J. D.*—*Jack Robinson*—*The Poem of Mrs. Monk*, never before published—*The Original Poems of Cutbbert Shaw*, and *some Hints for an account of him*, which shall be made use of, *Plowden*, *Cantabrigienfis*, and *Theatricus*, are received. They will all be considered with candour and attention; and such as are proper inserted.

We make it a rule to take notice of no Letters where the postage is not paid.

We hope to be able to resume our *Review of Musical Publications*, which has suffered a partial suspension in the two last Numbers, from the great overflow of more temporary matter, in our next Month's Magazine.

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|   |                                  |
|---|----------------------------------|
| Bank Stock, —                                   | India Bonds, 15s. pr.            |
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| 1777 76 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$             | New Navy and Vict.               |
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T H E  
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,  
A N D  
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F O R A U G U S T , 1785.

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For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

ACCOUNT of the LIFE and WRITINGS of GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.  
[With an ENGRAVING of him, from an original Picture by GAINSBOROUGH.]

THE gentleman we have selected for the subject of this month's Magazine has been so long within the observation of the public, his writings are so well known, and the applause he has met with has been so general and deserved, that we do not flatter ourselves with having the power to communicate to our readers much novelty concerning him or his works. Posterity, however, who will read his productions with equal satisfaction as the present times, will be obliged to us for recording the following particulars.

George Colman is the son of Francis Colman, Esq. his Majesty's Resident at the Court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany at Florence, by a sister of the late Countess of Bath. He was born at Florence, and had the honour of having the late King George II. whose name he bears, for his godfather. He received his education at Westminster school, where he very early shewed his poetical talents. The first performance by him is a Copy of Verses addressed to his cousin Lord Pulteney, written in the year 1747, while he was at Westminster, and since printed in the *St. James's Magazine*, a work published by his unfortunate friend Robert Lloyd\*. At school he had for his companions Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Churchill, Bonnel Thornton, and some others, who have since distinguished themselves in the literary world. From Westminster school he removed to Oxford, and became a Student of Christ-Church. It was here, at a very early age, he engaged with his friend, Bonnel Thornton, in publishing *The Connoisseur*, a

periodical paper which appeared once a week, and was continued from January 31, 1754, to September 30, 1756. When the age of the writers of this entertaining paper is considered, the wit and humour, the spirit, the good sense and shrewd observations on life and manners, with which it abounds, will excite some degree of wonder, but will at the same time evidently point out the extraordinary talents which were afterwards to be more fully displayed in the *Jealous Wife* and the *Clandestine Marriage*.

The recommendation of his friends, or his choice, but probably the former, induced him to fix upon the Law for his profession; and he accordingly was entered of Lincoln's Inn, and in due season called to the Bar. He attended there a very short time, though, if our recollection does not mislead us, he was seen often enough in the Courts to prevent his abandoning the profession merely for want of encouragement. It is reasonable, however, to suppose, that he felt more pleasure in attending to the Muse than to Briefs and Reports, and it will therefore excite no wonder that he took the earliest opportunity of relinquishing pursuits not congenial to his taste. Apollo and Littleton, says Wycherley, seldom meet in the same brain.

On the 18th of March, 1758, he took the degree of Master of Arts at Oxford, and in the year 1760 his first dramatic piece, *Polly Honeycombe*, was acted at Drury-Lane, with great success. For several years before, the *Comic Muse* seemed to have relinquished the

\* In conjunction with this gentleman he wrote the best parodies of modern times, the "Odes to Oblivion and Obscurity." When Mr. Lloyd's volume of poems was about to be published by subscription, materials being wanted to complete it, Mr. Colman gave Mr. Lloyd *The Law Student*, addressed to himself, with such alterations as that circumstance made necessary.

stage. No comedy had been produced at either Theatre since the year 1751, when Moore's *Gil Blas* was with difficulty performed nine nights. At length, in the beginning of the year 1761, three different authors were candidates for public favour in the same walk, almost at the same time, viz. Mr. Murphy, who exhibited the *Way to Keep Him*; Mr. Macklin, the *Married Libertine*; and Mr. Colman, the *Jealous Wife*. The former and latter of these were most successful, and the latter in a much higher degree. Indeed, when the excellent performance of Mess. Garrick, Yates, O'Brien, King, Palmer, Moody, with Mrs. Pritchard, Clive, and Miss Pritchard, are recollected, it would have shewn a remarkable want of taste in the Town not to have followed, as they did, this admirable piece with the greatest eagerness and perseverance.

The mention of the *Jealous Wife* in Churchill's *Rosciad*, occasioned Mr. Colman to experience some of the malevolence which that and other of Mr. Churchill's satires gave birth to. Many rude and illiberal attacks issued from the press against all the different combatants, and it is presumed that such of them as are now living would esteem themselves under no obligations to any person who should revive the memory of their forgotten resentments. We shall only therefore observe, that much good writing and much wit and humour were thrown away in this very acrimonious and disgraceful controversy.

We shall not regularly trace the several dramatic pieces of Mr. Colman as they appeared, the greater part being within the most of our readers remembrance. On July 1764, Lord Bath died, and on that event Mr. Colman found himself in circumstances fully sufficient to enable him to follow the bent of his genius. The first publication which he produced, after this period, was a translation of the comedies of Terence, in the execution of which he rescued that author from the hands of as tasteless and ignorant a set of writers as ever disgraced the name of translators. Whoever would wish to see the spirit of the ancient bard transfused into the English language, must look for it in Mr. Colman's version.

The successor of Lord Bath, General Pulteney, died in 1767, and Mr. Colman again found himself remembered in his Will, by a second annuity, which confirmed the independency of his fortune. He seems, however, to have felt no charms in an idle life; as, in 1767, he united with Messrs Harris, Rutherford, and Powell, in the purchase of Covent-Garden Theatre, and took upon himself the laborious office of Acting Manager.

The differences which arose from this associ-

ation are too recent to be forgot, and the causes of them perhaps too ridiculous to be recorded. It may, however, in general, be observed, that the appeals to the Public during this controversy, do great credit to the talents, if not the tempers, of each party. As an act of oblivion of former animosities, and a general reconciliation of all parties, soon afterwards took place, we shall not perpetuate the memory of quarrels, now no longer of consequence to the Publick.

After continuing Manager of Covent-Garden Theatre seven years, Mr. Colman sold his share and interest therein to Mr. James Leake, one of his then partners, and, in 1777, purchased of Mr. Foote the Theatre in the Hay-Market. The estimation which the entertainments exhibited under his direction are held in by the Publick, the reputation which the Theatre has acquired, and the continual concurrence of the polite world, during the height of summer, sufficiently speak the praises of Mr. Colman's management. Indeed it has been long admitted, that no person, since the death of Mr. Garrick, is so able to superintend the entertainments of the stage as the subject of this account.

To sagacity in discovering the talents of his performers, he joins the inclination and ability to display them with every advantage. To him Mr. Henderson, Miss Farren, Mrs. Bannister, Miss George, Mrs. Wells, and, in some measure, Mr. Edwin, (whose comic powers had been buried a whole season under Mr. Foote's management) besides some others, owe their introduction to a London audience; and the great improvements made by Mr. Palmer, Mr. Parsons, &c. testify the judgment and industry of their director.

Within the last three years Mr. Colman has shewn that his attention to the theatre has not made him entirely neglect his classical studies. He has lately given the public a new translation and commentary on Horace's *Art of Poetry*, in which he has produced a new system to explain this very difficult Poem. In opposition to Dr. Hurd, he supposes, "that one of the sons of Piso, undoubtedly the elder, had either written or meditated a poetical work, most probably a Tragedy; and that he had, with the knowledge of the family, communicated his piece or intention to Horace; but Horace either disapproving of the work, or doubting of the poetical faculties of the elder Piso, or both, wished to dissuade from all thoughts of publication. With this view he formed the design of writing this epistle, addressing it with a courtliness and delicacy perfectly agreeable to his acknowledged character, indifferently to the whole family,"

"the



"the father and his two sons, *Epistola ad Pisones de Arte Poetica*." This hypothesis is supported with much learning, ingenuity, and modesty; and if not fully established, is at least as well entitled to applause as that adopted by the Bishop of Worcester.

On the publication of the *Horace*, the Bishop said to Dr. Douglas, "Give my compliments to C—, and thank him for the handsome manner in which he has treated me, and tell him that *I think he is right*."

Besides the Dramatic Works of Mr. Colman, and those we have already mentioned,

he is the author of a Preface to the last edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, a Dissertation prefixed to Maffinger, a series of papers in the St. James's Chronicle under the title of The Genius, and many other fugitive pieces. A report lately prevailed that he intended to collect some of those into volumes; a design the public will be glad to see carried into execution. Mr. Colman also, some years ago, promised to publish the works of his deceased friend Mr. Thornton; a promise he ought to be reminded of, and which we hope he will fulfil.

#### For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

THE POLITICAL STATE of the NATION, and of EUROPE, for AUGUST 1785  
No. XVIII.

**T**HIS month has been productive of much political matter at home and abroad; and on looking over our labours of last month, we find our observations and conjectures realizing into important facts, as fast as they can well evolve themselves from the womb of time, all in regular train and succession.

The Commercial Arrangement between Great Britain and Ireland has fared just as we stated. It has been received in the Irish House of Commons with all the marks of indignation and reprobation, on its first reading, and not honoured with an order for a second reading; consequently, it is smothered in the birth, and by the hands of the obstetrical agent who was appointed to midwife it into its second birth in Ireland. — It is gone to sleep with its fathers, and there let it rest undisturbed as unlamented! — It would, however, be a great curiosity to find out, for a certainty, who was the original parent of this very extraordinary unparalleled phenomenon in politics, that he might reap the benefit as well as the laurels due to his laborious unwearied endeavours to bring forth, as well as to rear, this non-descript in politics *pro bono publico*, as is pretended. — The Minister has never yet publicly owned the bantling to be his own, though he has adopted it, hugged it, cherished and nourished it, and moved heaven and earth to rear it to maturity: but all his endeavours have been defeated through its intrinsic deformity, and the distortions it has undergone under his hands. — His Right-hand supporter, the secret-influence man, has never fairly owned it, but was second to the Premier in the above strenuous endeavour to rear it; yet all to no purpose. — His Left-hand supporter, the *quondam* mouth of Scotland, has neither owned it nor eagerly defended it, but as a bastard-brood of some kin to a favourite friend. — In short, this homely, unsightly brat has been conceived, born, and

dandled upon the knee of Ministry, without any visible or known parents or ancestors; and those who mourn in secret over its sudden fate, are ashamed to shew their grief, lest it should be fathered upon them. — For our parts, we freely acknowledge, that we think there is no loss come to the land by its death; and we think further, that its real parent's life will never be of service to this country, let him live as long as he will. — We are afraid the lives of the nurses will not be much more beneficial to our country. — Those who could swallow and digest the Propositions, must have wide throats and strong stomachs indeed!

This month has produced a mandate from the New Commissioners for the affairs of Taxes, enjoining all house-keepers to make report of their inmates, lodgers, male and female servants, horses, coaches, waggons, and wheel-carriages, all in one heap or jumble! a fine medley! in order to have all taxed according to the old and new laws, for loading beasts of burden already heavy laden. — Well may the Minister say, "My little finger shall be heavier than my father's sloins," or those of all his predecessors. —

An Adjournment of Parliament for near three months has been adopted in this month, in lieu of a Prorogation; for what reason the Minister can best tell. We cannot find out one good end it can answer.

A special requisition from the American Congress is reported to have been introduced to our Cabinet, for establishing a commercial arrangement between Great Britain and the Thirteen Stripes! To be sure, we must be attentive to the motions, requests, and demands of that illustrious body, above all other powers on the face of the earth, in consideration of the numerous, great, and important favours they have already conferred on us! The work is more than three parts done already,

ready, having the consent of Congress to take all from us, and give us nothing in return ! for that is their professed system and practice, from their first treaty till now !— They can unblushingly demand every thing we have, and more than we have to give ; but when it comes to their part to grant something in return, why, truly they have no power but to recommend the subject proposed to the respective legislatures of their confederacy !— Would any men in their senses treat with such people ? — Let them begin their treaty with doing justice to the loyal Americans and injured Britons whom they have defrauded of their property by their injurious laws, or rather by their violation of all law and justice.

Some awkward circumstances have awakened the jealousies and apprehensions of many persons respecting the dispositions, designs, and manœuvres of the French. Common sense is so faithless, that it is difficult to decide upon its suggestions : but certainly the sudden departure of the English and French ambassadors from their stations at nearly the same time, upon frivolous or false pretences, immediately upon the publication of the French King's severe edict against the trade and manufactures of Britain, and a visible naval armament on both sides unexplained, unaccounted for, wears but a very unpromising aspect which the two Courts hold out to one another at present. — Ministers may dissemble, and make light of all these appearances, snap all off at their fingers' ends, pretending to laugh at the fears of the people ; but sound politicians consider all this as very slender security against the horrors of war. — These have not forgot the behaviour of the Minister, at the last breaking of the French with us ; it is too memorable a circumstance to be easily forgotten : — for

On the Wednesday, the then Minister came down to the House of Commons, and there officially declared, that the French had not the most distant idea of breaking with us, or taking part with the Americans : as a proof whereof he asserted, that the French forces, which had been quartered on or near the sea-side, were all marched up into the interior part of the country, and their ships were all laid up in their moorings ! He even went so far as to laugh at the leaders of Opposition for their gross ignorance of those affairs, asking them, what sort of correspondence they kept, and what intelligence they received from the continent, not to know such important matters of fact ? On the Friday following, in a space of less than eight-and-forty hours, the French ambassador delivered to Ministry his Master's manifesto, avowing his alliance with the Ame-

ricans, and his determination to support them ; then turned on his heel, took French leave, and returned to his own country, when hostilities commenced ! — This shews how much reliance may be placed on the countenance, the pretences, and grimaces of Ministers.

Besides, we ask, How does the French King's edict correspond with the letter and spirit of the eighteenth preliminary article of peace, whereby it was agreed, that both Courts should appoint Commissioners to enquire into the state of commerce between the two nations, in order to agree upon new arrangements of trade, on the footing of reciprocity and mutual convenience ? This edict, therefore, militates against the spirit and the letter of that treaty of pacification concluded in the year 1783. Let Ministers explain this mystery if they can.

To the above appearances we may add, the part now acting by our Sovereign's German Ministers in the league forming under the lead of his Prussian Majesty. We have, in a former Magazine, expressed our apprehensions on this subject, and our marked disapprobation of such a measure when in contemplation : our opinion strengthens on this point, for sundry reasons too extensive to be here recited. We are truly sorry to hear that the scheme is so openly avowed by the confederates, as to attract the public cognizance of the Emperor, against whom it is pointed. Consequences from that step may be very fatal to this kingdom in particular, and to Germany, nay even Europe in general. May the parties confederating as openly disavow any further proceedings in it, as the Emperor disavows the pretended cause of it !

The Dutch Commissioners have found their way to make a bow at the Court of Vienna ; but their address to the Emperor and his answer seem to differ widely ; the former implying a treaty of pacification nearly completed ; the other signifying that it is barely begun ! There is something whimsical in his Imperial Majesty making the heavy-heeled Dutchmen dance to Vienna on the business of peace, and then referring himself to the negotiations of his Ambassador at the French Court ! This is certainly a round-about way of doing business of such moment and consequence. It looks as if these Commissioners had been sent there as hostages for the performance of whatever should be stipulated on the part of their High Mightinesses at Versailles. Begging the Emperor's pardon, however, we think the wisest way would have been to have made his own bargain, and the most honourable way, in his own capital. The poor Catholick King seems to be in a strange predicament with the infidel Algerines !



lines! He has made a sad compromise with them; a disgraceful end to his grand confederacy! He can neither keep peace with them, nor make war successfully. What he does now, he must do upon his own bottom; for the other Powers who joined him formerly, will be afraid to trust him again, after relinquishing them so abruptly by his late treaty with the Dey. Thus the Algerines will tyrannize over them all! Sad oeconomy

of the Christian Maritime Powers!

All the commotions, changes, and revolutions of the Turks seem to be confined within their own unwieldy empire, without reaching the circumjacent Kingdoms, unless these provoke an attack upon themselves. The Christian world has very little to complain of the Mahometan empire in the present century; it is well if the latter has not too much reason to complain of the former.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

SYLLOGISTICUS: A CHARACTER.

GENTLEMEN,

**A**MONGST all the disagreeable or peculiar characters that make their appearance in the comedy of life, there is none of so troublesome and distinguishing a nature, as the Eternal Disputer, who, relying upon his knowledge, pretends formally to invalidate the opinions of every one who is so unfortunate as to fall in his way. — Of this order of men is the formidable *Syllogisticus*, a man of learning, sense, and wit; but one who sours the enjoyment of every company he is invited to, by his impertinent criticisms or angry disputes. His life is one continued scene of warfare; he is never happy but when he is dissenting from others, disputing, not to convince or be convinced, but to display his learning and argumentation. By this means, he is every thing and nothing. Though a man of sound principles in religion, he has defended the Papists, syllogized for the infidels; nay, he has been known to have openly professed himself an admirer of Mahomet, merely because that impostor happened to become the object of raillery of a person in whose company he happened to be. For this reason, therefore, when *Syllogisticus* enters a room, he immediately throws a damp over the mirth and good-humour of the company. Every one is cautious how he talks upon the most trivial subject, as this most redoubted disputant will as soon bring his batteries against the diction of Tom Thumb as any other important treatise of literature. He has, at length, made himself so notorious, that no one is ever so hardy as to advance an opinion in his presence, whether it be new or old, if he is willing to avoid a storm of logic, and a peal of syllogisms. There is another unlucky circumstance attending his character, and that is, if he cannot convince you *out of* Smiglecius, or any other *folio* bulky logician, he will be sure to convince you *with* him; and instead of reasoning *logice*, with major, minor, and conclusion, he will sometimes,

sooner than that you should depart *unenlightened*, come home to the purpose, by making use of the *argumentum ad hominem*. The methods that his acquaintance put in practice to avoid either of his arguments, is to entrench themselves behind some qualifying proverb; such as, *Quot homines tot sententiae*, or any other apposite apothegm. To ferret them out of their entrenchments, he will sometimes, with Hudibras, change sides; by that means endeavouring to lure you into his snares, and then confute you at leisure. Many and daily are the mortifications he receives; but let him have his dispute, and you may have your joke. He is a Tory when disputing with a Whig, and a Whig against a Tory. He is an advocate for libertinism against the philosopher, and a philosopher against the libertine. In a word, he changes opinions with his adversary, and was once, at a certain coffee-house, a stickler for and against Lord N — at one and the same time. It is in vain to tell him of the impropriety of such conduct; he will deny the charge, and labour to convince you that he is no more given to wrangling than any other man. He disoblige an uncle, an obstinate Presbyterian, who intended to make him his heir, by maintaining the doctrine of purgatory, and other Romish tenets; and was finally discarded by a young lady of fortune, whom he courted, by disputing her judgment in muslins and cambricks. Though he is sufficiently qualified, he will oblige the learned world with no particular treatise, because then he would be bound to stick to the sentiments he there laid down; and that would cause a fameness in his disputes, which he seems greatly to avoid. To sum up his character in two words, he is a LOGICAL PROTEUS. Neither must we attribute this disposition to any malignity in his nature, but to a peculiarity in his humour, which hurries him into disputes without end, and victories without number.

B.

## An INESTIMABLE DISSOLVENT for the HUMAN CALCULI.

MR. Benjamin Colburne of Bath is a gentleman so universally known and esteemed, that were it not for the information of mankind throughout Europe, it would be needless to say, that he is a man of ample fortune, of the utmost candour, and possesses unbounded philanthropy: That being bred to physic (but from the practice of which he has many years since retired) he has employed his leisure-hours in chemical experiments, and with such success, that he has proved, beyond a doubt, on himself, and on several of his friends, that the solution of fixed alkaline salt, saturated with fixable air, will prevent the formation of *calculi* in the human bladder; nay, that *calculi* being steeped in that solution, will daily lose of its original weight, and be disposed to crumble and dissolve. The late ingenious Dr. Dobson, in his "Commentary on Fixed Air," had conceived, that much benefit in many disorders, and particularly in the gravel, might be received from the use of medicated waters. But it appears that Mr. Colburne is the first man who has experienced, in his own person, the success of his own discovery; and having so done, he generously communicated it to his friends and neighbours, who have been equally relieved, and who were equally willing to have their names and cases published; which not only proves the efficacy of the medicine on a single patient, or constitution, but that it is such as acts on the urine of all human beings. Mr. Colburne's own case, the Rev. Dr. Cooper, the Hon. and Rev. G. Hamilton of Taplow, of Mr. Ainslie, and of a simple man of 65, who would not permit his name to be published (yet equally benefited) has been published by Dr. Falconer; but published as an Appendix to Dr. Dobson's "Commentary on Fixed Air." I have, therefore, thought it an act of humanity to give the poor, as well as the rich, the means of relief, by sending you a sketch of this valuable discovery; and it will then be in every man's power either to prepare the solution himself, or to purchase it at a very moderate price; and they may be sure that this is sent to you with the same good design that it was communicated by the discoverer, whose memory, I have reason to believe, will be revered by many nations. Mr. Colburne informs us, that from several very accurate experiments on the human *calculus* steeped in alkaline salts, they were reduced in weight, and disposed to dissolve: this led him to try what effect it would produce, by the internal use, on the urine of those who suffer from the gravel or stone, and was agreeably surprised to find that his own urine (for he was

a sufferer himself) from being turbid, and disposed to precipitation, became clear and of a natural colour. But the alkaline salts proving disagreeable and nauseating, he conceived that some more agreeable mode might be contrived to answer the same good purposes. Fixed air seemed to Mr. Colburne the best means of success, and experience soon confirmed his hopes. The alkaline solution is thus prepared.

Put two ounces, Troy-weight, of dry salt of tartar into an open earthen vessel, and pour upon it two quarts of the softest water to be had, and stir them well together. Let the solution stand for 24 hours, when the clear part must be poured off, with care to avoid any of the residuum, and put into the middle part of one of the glass machines for impregnating water with fixable air, and exposed to a stream of that fluid: after the water has been 24 hours in this situation, it will be fit for use, and should be bottled off; well-cork the bottles, and set them upon their corks, bottom upwards; and with such care it will keep several weeks. Eight ounces may be taken three times in 24 hours without any inconvenience; but it may be best to begin with a smaller quantity.

It is needless to trouble you with the cases of the other respectable gentlemen, whose names are mentioned above; it is sufficient to say, that Mr. Colburne, by an almost constant use of this medicine, enjoys better health and better spirits, though considerably turned of 60, than he had experienced for 20 years before, and never has any symptoms of gravel or stone but when he happens to neglect (as is sometimes the case when from home) his accustomed solution. It appears also, that the other gentlemen whose names are mentioned, and a lady of Bath also, who from delicacy, not *folly*, has withheld her name also, have all experienced the wonderful effects of this very important discovery. Had this medicine been discovered by a practising and professional man, there is not a doubt but it would have made his fortune: or, indeed, had Mr. Colburne secretly communicated it to some medical friend, and no doubt he has many, it must, in that case, have enriched an individual. But he has generously given it for the good of all mankind, shewing them how to use it; and, therefore, I desire it to be universally extended in your useful and entertaining

MAGAZINE. I am, Sir,

Your constant reader and friend,

POLYXEN A.

P. S. Mr. Colburne is father-in-law to the very respectable member for Newcastle, Sir Matthew White Ridley.



For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

## MEMOIRS of General JAMES OGLETORPE.

*(Concluded from page 14.)*

WHEN reprisals were known to have been published by his Britannic Majesty against the King of Spain, a party of the garrison of Augustine came up and surprised two highlanders upon the island of Amelia, cut off their heads, and mangled their bodies with great inhumanity. General Oglethorpe immediately went in pursuit of them, but, though he followed them by land and water above 100 miles in twenty-four hours, they escaped. He, however, by way of retaliation, passed the river St. Mattheo or St. John's into Florida, drove in the guards of Spanish horse posted upon that river, and advanced as far as a place called the Canallas: he also took other measures for reconnoitring the country, which he apprehended would be attended with advantage hereafter.

On his return to Frederica, in January, he met Captain, afterwards Sir Peter, Warren, who was lately arrived with the Squirrel man of war. When their consultation was concluded, the Captain went and cruised off the Bay of Augustine, while the General with a detachment of troops on board of the boats, and some artillery, went up the lakes of Florida, and attacked and took the forts of Pickalata and St. Francis.

Encouraged by this success, and by the information from some prisoners of the weak condition of Augustine, he meditated the reduction of that place; and accordingly went to Charles-Town to desire assistance of the people of Carolina. His plan, at first, was to block up the place before the Spaniards could receive provisions and relief from Cuba. He also spirited up the Creek Indians to join him, and entered into a correspondence with some discontented chiefs in the service of Spain. He soon after acquainted the Assembly of Carolina, that if they could, by March following, join the troops upon the River St. Mattheo or St. John with 600 white men, a troop of horse, another of rangers, and 600 negroes for pioneers, with a proper train of artillery, and necessaries, there would be a probability of taking the place, or at least of preventing the Spaniards from undertaking any thing against Carolina, provided the men of war would block up the ports from receiving succours by sea.

The first interruption this plan met with, was from the supineness of the Assembly of Carolina, who delayed the assistance they had promised, until the garrison of Augustine had

received both men and provisions from the Havannah. This delay had almost occasioned the destruction of Captain Warren, who, not knowing of the succours which the place had obtained, went and lay off it to prevent their coming in, but in the dark of a calm night was attacked by six half galleys, whom he engaged with great spirit; and in the end sunk one, and drove the rest into port.

General Oglethorpe, disgusted at the inactivity of the people of Carolina, left Charles-Town in order to make the best disposition he could amongst his own people: he crossed St. John's River with a party of his regiment, and landed in Florida on the 10th of May. He immediately invested and took Fort Diego, about three leagues from Augustine. Soon afterwards 400 men arrived from Carolina, but without any horse, rangers, negroes, or pioneers. About the same time came a body of Cherokee Indians, as also Capt. Dunbar with a party of Chickesaws, and the rangers and highlanders from Georgia under Captain McIntosh.

The fleet, in the mean while, arrived off St. Mattheo or St. John's river, to assist upon the expedition. The General went on board the Commodore, where a consultation was held, and it was agreed to anchor off Augustine, and to attempt an entry into the harbour. The General immediately marched by land, and in three days arrived at Moota, a fort built by the Spaniards for the deserted negroes from Carolina: from hence he sent a small detachment to take possession of the town, having had a private intimation that it would be delivered up to him; but this scheme, by an untimely discovery, was frustrated.

In the mean time, the Commodore found that there was a battery upon the island of Anastasia, which defended the entry of the harbour. This obliged the General to march to the coast with a party of 200 men. He had before sent the highlanders, rangers, and a party of Indians, under Colonel Palmer, with orders to lie in the woods, near Augustine, and hinder the Spanish parties from coming out by land, but with positive orders not to come to any general action, nor lie two nights in the same place. The General then came up to the Commodore and held a consultation: a landing was determined to be attempted, and Captain Warren, who on this occasion had a commission given him to command as lieutenant-

tenant-colonel, offered his service. Anastasia was immediately attacked and taken; but it was soon found that the river which runs between that island and the castle, near which the town lay, was too wide to batter in breach. It was then resolved to attempt to cross the river and land near the town, but now the half galleys were a floating battery, so that there was no possibility of landing without first taking or driving them away. This, however, the General offered to attempt with the boats of the Squadron.

Many obstacles afterwards arose to impede the progress of the siege; and the surprize of Colonel Palmer's party, through the negligence and disobedience of that officer, gave the enemy fresh confidence. At length it was agreed, on the 23d of June, that Capt. Warren, with the boats from the men of war, two sloops hired by the General, and the Carolina vessels with their militia, should attack the half galleys; and that, upon a signal given, the General should attack the trenches upon the land-side.

This was a desperate measure; yet it was determined to be pursued. The whole troops belonging to the besiegers, including even the seamen, were much inferior in numbers to the garrison. The General, however, persevered, and made all the preparations in his power, by drawing together all his strength, providing fascines, short ladders, &c. a: when he received notice that the Commodore had resolved to delay the attack.

Sickness had at this time spread amongst the troops, and the Commodore was obliged to quit the coast. The Spaniards had received a strong reinforcement from Cuba, and upon this all hopes of reducing the place by famine ceased. The Squadron failed, the Carolina troops marched away, and the General brought up the rear. The garrison made an unsuccessful sally; but the General demolished the Spanish forts which were erected in proper passes to hinder the invasions of the Creek Indians, whereby all the plantations were destroyed and laid open, so that the Spaniards could not possess any thing out of the reach of Augustine.

Thus ended this unfortunate attempt; but though General Oglethorpe was defeated in his principal aim, he succeeded in his other views, which were to intimidate the Spaniards from invading Georgia and Carolina. They remained inactive within their own territories until the year 1742, when they collected a body of troops and entered Georgia, where they committed many ravages; but they were obliged to quit their enterprize with disgrace,

by the bravery and conduct of General Oglethorpe.

The General continued in his government, attending to the duties of his office, until March 1743, when having received information that the Spaniards of St. Augustine were making preparations for a second invasion of Georgia, he set out at the head of a body of Indians, with a company of grenadiers, a detachment of his own regiment, the highlanders, and Georgia rangers, and on the 6th of the same month landed at Mattheo or St. John's river, from whence he proceeded forward to St. Augustine, the Spaniards retiring into the town on his approach; but, after encamping some days, finding the enemy would not venture out in the field, and being in no condition to undertake a siege he had before miscarried in, he returned to Frederica; and in September following he arrived in England\*.

The ill success of the attack on St. Augustine was ascribed to different causes, as the interests and passions of several of the persons concerned in the business operated. By some it was imputed to treachery; by others, to the misconduct of the General. A controversy, carried on with much acrimony, ensued; and on the General's return to England, nineteen articles of complaint were delivered in against him by Lieutenant-Colonel William Cooke, on which a Board of Officers sat a considerable time, when, after hearing the evidence, they, on the 7th of June, 1744, dismissed the charges as groundless and malicious, and declared the accuser incapable of serving his Majesty. In the month of September in this year, the General married the only daughter of Sir Nathan Wright, Bart. of Cranham-hall, in Essex.

On the 30th of March, 1745, he was promoted to the rank of Major-General; and the rebellion breaking out in that year, we find him in December with his regiment very actively employed in following the rebels; but though he was frequently close to them, he did not overtake them, and in February 1746 he arrived in London. His conduct again became the subject of enquiry. On the 29th of September his trial came on at the Horse Guards, and ended the 7th of October, when he was again honourably acquitted; and the Gazette of the 21st of that month declared, that his Majesty was graciously pleased to confirm the sentence.

Here his military character seems to have ended; for we do not find that he was any way employed in the war of 1756. On the establishing the British Herring Fishery in

\* The colony of Georgia from this time was neglected, and in 1751 the Trustees resigned their right to the Crown, and the province became royal property.



1750, he took a very considerable part, and became one of the Council; in which situation he, on the 25th of October, delivered to the Prince of Wales the charter of incorporation, in a speech printed in the London Magazine of that year, p. 510. In 1754 he was candidate for the borough of Halesmere, which he had represented in former parliaments; but on the close of the poll the numbers were found to be, for J. More Molyneux 75, Phil. Carteret Webb 76, Peter Burrell 46, and for himself only 45.

It was probably after this period, if at all, that he was reduced, according to the assertion of a well-known writer in one of the news-papers, to great difficulties in his fortune, and to the necessity of practising in some manner the science of physic as a profession. We apprehend these difficulties could not have lasted any length of time, as on Feb. 22, 1765, he was advanced to the rank of General, and lived to be the oldest officer in the King's service.

He is represented to have been a man of great benevolence. In 1728 he engaged in the laudable enquiry into the state of the gaols,

on finding a gentleman whom he went to visit loaded with irons, and otherwise treated with great barbarity. He was Chairman of the Committee appointed by the House of Commons to make the enquiry, and, by the spirit and vigour of his proceedings, caused many useful regulations to be adopted, and the great delinquent to be punished in some degree, though the law could not reach him equal to his guilt.

He was remarkably abstemious, very active, especially in walking and shooting with a bow, something garrulous, willing to communicate his knowledge, and particularly kind and benevolent to his tenants and dependants.

In the latter years of his life he lived in London in winter, and at Cranham in the summer; used to attend the House of Commons, the East-India House, and was frequently to be seen at other places of public resort. He possessed great vivacity, and his company was generally acceptable and entertaining.

He died at Cranham, July 1, 1785.

#### TO THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

The following Narrative is copied from a pamphlet, entitled, "ESSAYS for the Month of January, 1717," printed for E. Berington, 8vo, p. 16. I know not what degree of credit it is intitled to; but it appears to be curious and useful enough to deserve preservation. It is probable that some of your Correspondents who live in that part of the kingdom in which the scene is laid, may be able to confirm the story, either from tradition or written documents. Your inserting it will oblige

A CORRESPONDENT.

#### A SINGULAR STORY of Mr. STANLEY.

CAPTAIN James Stanley, who had been an officer in the King's army during the civil wars which began in the year 1641, and had lost by the sequestration succeeding them the largest part of his estate, retired to spend the remnant of his days on one of his farms, which he had found means to preserve in the name of a relation of the contrary party, and which was feated in that part of Gloucestershire which borders on the Severn.

He survived but a little the ruins of his cause, and dying in his retirement, left his wife, a young widow, with that farm for her jointure, whose rent, when last lett, had been about 500l. per annum: she had a son under nine years of age, whom she took from a school he was sent to in the life-time of his father, and kept him at home, as a means to divert or alleviate her sorrow.

Robert Stanley, this son, discovered a genius much bent to a love of the country. He would often delight to be present at the

plowings, the threshings, and such other business of the servants, and was every year diligent in picking up the acorns, as they fell from some trees which grew about his mother's house, which acorns he would be whole days employing himself in making holes for, and planting up and down in the banks of the hedge-rows or enclosure.

The mother, however, was advised, when her son reached fifteen, to send him to London, where the law was believed the most hopeful employment he could follow. He was therefore recommended to the care of an attorney, with whom he lived several years; and afterwards setting up for himself, miscarried in the business, and either through fear of his mother's displeasure, or the weight of some debts he had contracted, procured recommendations for some small preferment abroad, and went over to Jamaica, which was then newly settled by the English,

In Jamaica, from a very narrow beginning, he obtained by the success of his industry a considerable plantation, and lived in that island almost twenty years; at the end of which time he grew desirous to visit England again, and there settle near his mother, who was still alive and impatient to see him,

In pursuit of this view, he sold his plantation, and freighted a ship with his effects, put himself and his family on board her, and set sail for Bristol; to which he was so near as the island of Scilly, by the Land's End off Cornwall, when the ship by a storm in the night unfortunately split upon a rock, where nothing at all of her cargo was saved; and with very much difficulty some few of the passengers, among whom was Mr. Stanley himself, thus restored to his country in a condition more naked and miserable than he left it.

He found means, however, to get soon to his mother, who received him with that mixture of sorrow and joy which was natural to the occasion; and when her first emotions were over, and her passions grew calm enough to hear him at large give an account of his shipwreck and the particulars of his loss by it, she answered him with a sigh—That she had feared some misfortune would befall him wherever he was, because a few days before, an unusual high wind had blown down above a hundred of those oaks which she had cherished for his sake, and which he might remember, when a boy, he had planted from the acorn all about the estate; but she thanked God, there were many yet left standing, which she hoped was a good omen, that he would overcome his misfortunes.

A good omen indeed, cried Mr. Stanley, if in high thirty years growth they are so large as I wish them; for but a day or two ago, in the city of Bristol, I met with a person who was purposely employed, and is making enquiry, with a great deal of earnestness, after young oak timber, a great parcel of which sort he is commissioned to purchase.

The end of the story is, that upon examination they found above seventeen hundred such oaks as they sold for forty shillings a-piece, with which stock Mr. Stanley began a

new trade, and became as considerable a merchant as any in the West; and, in memory of this fortunate accident, he preserved from the axe about twenty of the trees which grew nearest the house, which trees (though the estate is now fallen to another family) are known to this day by the name of 'Save-all Remnant.'

This example of a gentleman preserved from such ruin, in the middle of his life, by the innocent and unmeaning diversion of his childhood, together with what is told us by the famous Sir Richard Weston, of a merchant of his acquaintance who planted with his own hands so much wood that he sold it in his life-time for fifty thousand pounds sterling; these examples, we say, are sufficient to excite a new vigour in our Country Gentlemen, who might easily improve upon the hint, so far as to ease their estates of a burden which often oppresses, and sometimes destroys them: we mean, where a gentleman leaves many daughters, for whose fortunes the estate is the fund, and stands mortgaged to provide them.

How easily were this inconvenience prevented, if at the birth of a daughter but ten acres of land were set out from the estate, and, after being carefully enclosed, were well planted with timber-trees.

Suppose, for example, they were fir-trees, which are found to thrive readily in all parts of England: four thousand such trees would grow twenty years together on ten acres of land without galling each other; at the end of which term they would, one with another, be worth twenty shillings a-piece for small masts for vessels, and many other good uses; so that here were (almost without loss or expence) a fortune of four thousand pounds provided for the young lady by that time she grows marriageable, and her father's estate not charged with a penny towards raising it.

The same thing being done, only changing the kind of tree, planted at every new birth of a daughter or son, would effectually provide for them all as fast as they grow up, like a plow kept at work for their benefit, even while they were sleeping: there is, we may hope, no elder brother in England who will dislike this particular part of this essay, whatever his opinion may be of the other.

#### To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

Some very apposite remarks in your Magazine of July upon POETIC IMITATION, induce me to offer the following observations on the subject.

*O Imitatores, servum pecus.*

THAT Dullness should be universally stigmatized, when accompanied by Assurance, is just; that plagiarism should by detection

be exposed to the derision of the World is laudable, and the peculiar province of the Critic; but that Collins, the favoured child of Poesy, whose



whose productions in every line bear the most indubitable stamp of that divine enthusiasm which characterises Genius, should be plundered with impunity, and yet criticised into neglect, must excite the astonishment and indignation of every reader accustomed to think and to decide for himself.

I revere the memory of the late Dr. Johnson; I admire his extensive erudition, and the sagacity discovered in his delineations of men and manners; I celebrate him as an Essayist, but cannot give my suffrage to his possessing that quality, as a Poet, we have been speaking of above.

To be able to ascertain the merit of those delightful flights of imagination which declare the true Poet, a similarity of perception is required, which may enable the Critic even to anticipate the effusions of the Bard, and glow with an ardor nearly equal to his own. I willingly rest my argument upon the truth of this assertion, and should be happy to see in any one production of the Doctor's, that beautiful wildness of harmony and elevation of thought which are so very conspicuous in the Works of his Friend.

This it is important to ascertain, since under the sanction of so decided an opinion as that Great Man has ventured, every writer of a *baſy* Sketch of yesterday's Business may inform us, in his critical comments upon theatrical occurrences, that last night was badly delivered a very bad composition, which, to the amazement of those who heard it, and of the world in general, proves to have been "Collins's Ode on the Passions," recited by Mr. Henderson.

Is the judgment of the amiable and elegant Dr. Langhorne to be opposed to these vague and unsupported assertions of our immaculate Censor? No, God forbid! there is not the

slightest necessity. Impudence, Gentlemen, is the legitimate offspring of Ignorance and Pride; and what the folly of its dullness supposes, its assurance will never fail to promulgate.

But to the more immediate purpose of this Essay—

I believe I hazard very little when I maintain, that no Modern has been so frequently plundered, and that with impunity, as our celebrated Poet Collins. Every fanciful poetaster hunting after imagery has had recourse to the works of our sublime Bard.

Imperfection, in the hands of a master, is one of the most sublime traits of true Poetry; but these dabblers preserve nothing of the strict analogy in the original; the features of Danger shall be given to Horror, Terror, or Death, with perfect indifference; the image shall be celebrated as astonishingly sublime, and the author as a prodigy for originality, when the alteration of two words shall discover the impotence of the plagiarist in the source from whence it originated.

Far be it from me to detract from the merits of several delightful poets of both sexes now living. I readily acquit them from the intentional part of the charge; in them recollection may be mistaken for invention; they have too great claims on account of their own merit, knowingly to call in auxiliary support.

In a future Number I shall give a few instances of this latter kind of similarity, (for the first is of little consequence) merely to ascertain literary property, or, in the words of Sheridan upon a well-known line, "who happened to think of it first."

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours, &c.

X.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

ACCORDING to promise, I send you a TRANSLATION of the LETTER that Monsieur BEAUMARCHAIS wrote to the EDITORS of the PARIS JOURNAL, in Answer to several anonymous Criticisms on his FIGARO, which had been inserted in that Paper. — In consequence of this Letter, the republication of which is suppressed, he was sent to St. LAZAR, and remained there twelve days, when he was released through the interference of some powerful friends, but is still refused the privilege of justifying his conduct, although he is said to have solicited it with the utmost submission and great earnestness.

When we consider that he is an Author in the highest estimation among the citizens of Paris, a merchant of eminence, a banker, and a man who, it is said, has shewn much zeal for the interests of humanity, and see him condemned to the most disgraceful punishment without trial, for a supposed offence; it will serve to shew that arbitrary government in all its horrors, better than a volume written on the subject.

At a time when licentiousness is carried to the unhappy height it at present is, in this country, such a recent anecdote from the other must form a striking contrast; and if it does not convince those who read it, that civil liberty is a blessing which our neighbours know not the taste of, it may perhaps induce them to believe, that we are not the most oppressed people on earth.

I am, &c.

CANDID.

PIERRE AUGUSTIN CARON DE BEAUMARCHAIS, to the AUTHORS of  
THE PARIS JOURNAL.

**D**ISENGAGED from more serious business, Gentlemen, it is to yourselves alone that I complain of your conduct, for the violent attacks which you have given encouragement to against poor Figaro.

Is it at length verified, Gentlemen, that your privilege of printing extends to the right of wearing our citizens with those anonymous vulgarisms, which all men, soured by a like success, chuse to send to your paper?

This is so far from allowable, that you are scarcely excusable, even when commanded to do it. — And why then this spleen of a Churchman, because a piece which offends him continues to please the public?

“ And how now, Mathon, is this priestly language?”

It has been long said, that whenever the individuals of one profession unite to judge those of another, we see nothing but fooleries printed.

Don't you remember, Gentlemen, that it is written, *Redeem by your charities both your sins and your follies*. If the Author had added, your *dullnesses*, and every one had justice done him, don't you see an Abbé would be ruined? Yourself also, Gentlemen, don't you owe some small benevolence to the poor nurses of the Hospital?

As for the ingenious anecdote of the Post-boy in a rage and the Dog named Figaro, we know you were imposed on throughout. We all knew the Marquis of L——, who, having two mongrel puppies, very wisely called the bitch Pyramus, and the dog Thibé: Did that cause those names to be less esteemed?

And without seeking example out of the subject, is there a name among us more abused than that of Abbé? The honour of supporting it was formerly decreed only to our dignified Fathers; now they give it indifferently to those beings the most equivocal, of whom we hear it daily said, — *Why don't you silence that fool of an Abbé? Drive out that rascally Abbe. What demon has prostituted the press to that impertinent Abbe?* In a word, this name descends at present from the noble mitred Abbé, at the head of a great abbaye, down to those contemptible Abbés who deal in slander in the daily papers.—Meanness recognises the latter, but does it hinder us from honouring the name, always respectable, in the former? Thus this reasoning on the Dog is nothing but Dog reasoning.

Nevertheless the Abbé, who wrote to me, did not wait a long time for my answer to his fraternity; it had been, before-hand, printed in the Preface to Figaro, which we shall publish presently.—But under whatever form it

is read, it will be acknowledged by all to give them pleasure.

Notwithstanding, Gentlemen, what could be your object in publishing all this nonsense? After I had vanquished lions and tigers to get a comedy acted, think you, after its success, to reduce me, like a Dutch servant, to beat the basket every morning over the vile insects of the night? —

Nor will I again reply to any anonymous writer (especially on the subject of the little Figaro) who is not covered by some act of charity. — It well became a certain pretended Father to criticise my charity, who gave nothing himself! It is very convenient to certain people not to boast of their gifts, as it frequently excuses them from giving; and the left hand may easily keep the secret, when the right hand has nothing to divulge. — My three louis-d'ors sent openly were worth twenty to a poor wet-nurse, without, at the same time, comprehending the crown of the elder brother of your abbey. — This idea I have a pleasure in boasting of, that I have sent each as much as he has, and by name. — *This* may have less merit, but, at least, the gift is certain.

If any body were permitted to boast of the good he has done, it would be, perhaps, he to whom has been imputed much evil which he is innocent of. — And the man who is impatient to set apart two thousand crowns to a charitable establishment — can he be said to boast in giving three louis-d'ors? — Be impartial, Gentlemen, and afterwards pit me against your priest, at who does most good from the best motives. The struggle would be of a new species, and of more worth than the battle of Figaro. — Print then, Gentlemen, whatever is said against me — all the nonsense and the noise that is current; but don't shut your paper, whenever my charity is in question. — Why did not you print my sublime trait of my Norman Nurse, who, having eight children, a husband, and nine sous a-day, had maintained, for four years, a nurse-child, without having received any pay? — She came here on foot, seeking the parents of her child. — Both father and mother had disappeared. — They would have had her, at Paris, have put the infant into the Foundling Hospital. — “ Ah, God forbid! exclaimed she, I have maintained it during four years! I have eight children living; it shall become my ninth;” and she returned with it weeping.

My assiduous collection for her amounted to fifteen or sixteen louis-d'ors. If you had not suppressed one of my Letters to the Journal, containing the sublime relation of this woman's



woman, she would have obtained last year the Public Prize of Virtue; and it would have been taken kindly.—Those are the things you ought to publish.—How comes it that you say not a word of the noble enthusiasm with which the city of Lyons adopted my Plan of Charity for the *Poor Women who nurse Children*? It was published in the Journal of that city, and sent to you, to engage this capital to imitate the generous example, and was worth all the invectives of your worthy ecclesiastic.

In a word, Gentlemen, here is my last reply.—If you again confer on the penny-post the exclusive privilege of transmitting to me those anonymous injuries with which my charities are paid, you must pardon me, lest I should be compelled to consider you as parties concerned; and there does not exist a tribunal, where I shall not, then, obtain the power of conferring on you the title of Run-away Outlaws, who refuse to appear before the public, the judges of your paper.

I am, &c.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

MODERN ANECDOTES.

IN one of the Pit-passages of *Old Drury*, last winter, when *all the world*, from the *prime* to the *pick-pocket*, seemed to be pressing forward to see Mrs. Siddons, one young gentleman happened to push so violently upon another as to elbow him, whether *fairly* or *foully*, out of his place—

“Sdeath,” cried the offended youth, “who are you that dare to behave so?—some journeyman FRISER, I suppose, from your BREEDING.”—

“Very likely,” returned the other coolly, “and if you will favour me with your name, you shall have such a DRESSING from me to-morrow morning, as becomes such a PUPPY.”

From this altercation, *trifling* as it was to an extreme, and *ludicrous* as well as *trifling*, a challenge ensued; and to the *challenge* succeeded a *rencontre*, which in a few minutes, in perfect conformance with the *fashionable* ideas of honour, sent one of the heroes to seek an abode in *another world*, and forced the other to court a sanctuary in *another kingdom*.

MODERN HONOUR is, indeed, a FARCE; but why should it be suffered to terminate so often in TRAGEDY?—Let the superintendants of our POLICE then look to that point, while we, anxious to support the dignity of human nature, blush to record, that, in a country which boasts of its *laws*, there should exist so little of the *spirit of legislation*, as thus to allow two *hair-brained striplings* an opportunity of *barbarously destroying each other*.—And for what?—Why, merely for the glorious purpose of *proving*—which, after all, the event in question by no means *did* prove,—that the one was a GENTLEMAN, and the other was *not*—what he had been styled—a PUPPY!

“VELUTI in Speculo” is not only one of the most *expressive* mottoes that can grace a theatre, but one of the *oldest* also which we recollect to have been adopted for that purpose.—Certain it is, nevertheless, that if the stage be a “mirror of life,” we frequently behold the reflection of that mirror more variously displayed in the *real* characters that surround

us *before* the curtain, than in the *mock ones* which, with all their delusive attractions, the most expert MANAGER can exhibit to us *from behind* it.

Having presented an anecdote which commenced with *impertinence* and  *spleen*, and terminated with *bloodshed* and *woe*, as a contrast to it, we shall relate an adventure which happened the same evening at the very same theatre, but which, however *serious* it seemed to be at first, had at least a *laughable conclusion*.

A gentleman from the city, thankful that he had been able, on so splendid an occasion, to *squeeze* himself into the GALLERY—being desirous, before the curtain drew up, to know what o’clock it was, felt for his watch, and missed it.—In the full persuasion that it had been taken from him since he entered the house, he looked round and espied behind him a young fellow, in whose looks there was a somewhat which seemed to evince him to be one of the numerous tribe of *light fingered candidates for the gallows*, who still, in spite of every precaution, continue to infest our public places, and to convert them into so many *seminaries of lawless profligacy and rapine*.

Our adventurer knew that *there is generally less difficulty in getting out of a London play-house than into it*; he accordingly stepped back a few seats, and accosting the object of his suspicions with a *threatening accent*, and a *determined look*, demanded his watch again *directly*!—

The varlet was confounded; and though on his cheek there appeared no *blush*, yet in his breast there were evident signs of a violent *palpitation*.—

“Hush!” exclaimed he—having before his eyes, doublets, the dread of a *constable* or a *horse-pod*—“hush! do not alarm the people—my *character* is at stake, and *that* I prize beyond *fifty watches*!—Here is one which I found at my feet not two minutes ago—promise but to let me go and you shall have it!”

This condition was readily acceded to by the gentleman; and the thief, slipping into his

hand a watch, instantly vanished amidst the crowd, congratulating himself all the while, no doubt, on his dexterity in having effected so miraculous an escape, at the expence of only *one watch*, when he could have spared at least *half-a-dozen*, which he still had about him as *the fruit of his evening's labour*.

The play having by this time commenced, our citizen rejoiced to think that he had recovered his property, put up the watch *safely*, nor thought again of looking *how the hours went*—On his return home, however, how great was his surprize to find himself possessed of *two watches*;—one in his job which the thief had delivered as his own, on the supposition that he had actually picked it from him; and his *own watch*, which, in the hurry of wishing to reach the theatre *in time*, he had, with an inadvertent negligence, left upon the table!

POOR Lady Mary—*but softly*—*names are sacred*; nor shall it be alledged that, guilty of an offence we reprobate in others, — that of being *personally fevered* on the characters of individuals—*we are ourselves the unblushing chroniclers of scandal*.

Still, however, *we will say, and we will think*, that poor lady Mary — *and many a lady Mary is there in the kingdom!* — is not a little to be pitied.

*Why is she to be pitied, however?*—Alas! ask herself, and she will ingenuously reply, *Because, rendered a victim to parental ambition and avarice, I am MARRIED!*

Till this un auspicious event, indeed, lady Mary seemed to be one of the happiest of her sex; and it was particularly observed in every company, that she, who used to be the very soul of vivacity, and who seemed to live but to cheer an admiring world with her smiles, was now (though sprightly enough in the absence of a husband to whom nature had given every quality that can form an antidote to love) perpetually in a *yawning mood* when he was present.

The husband himself — who, void as he was of sensibility, could not help noticing this sudden alteration in the behaviour of lady Mary, ventured one evening, in the course of one of their usual *lounging tete-a tetes*, to ask the cause of it.

“Is it,” said he, — affecting to look at her with a *tendresse* which it was denied to him by his cruel stars either to *feel* or to *inspire*, — “is it because you are tired of my company, my dear, that you always *yawn thus before me?*” —

“Oh! no, my dear,” ironically returned the lady — even then, however, vainly attempting to suppress an involuntary *beigh-bo!* “You never can be company to me, nor I to you. — Thanks to the will of a father, a priest has precluded us from entering even the avenue to *that happiness*. — HE, you

know, *solemnly made us one*; and ever since I know not how it is, but, considering you as a part of *myself*, I always become *dull and sleepy*, when I find myself, as at present, — ALONE.” —

Here insensibly succeeded another *beigh-bo!* on the part of the lady; which, with the addition of a trickling tear from *her*, and a sullen look from *him*, terminated, for *that night*, a conversation which, to readers of a certain description, will probably appear to convey no unfaithful sketch of the scenes that compose the celebrated comedy called *MATRIMONIAL FELICITY IN HIGH LIFE*.

IN London, we often hear it quaintly said, “*Quick is the word, and sharp the motion*;” and hence probably originated the word *SHARPER*.—A youth of this fraternity—one of that numerous tribe of *flaß fellows*, who live *nobody knows where*, and who have always *cash* in their pockets *nobody can tell how* — having obtained access one day into the house of a certain honourable gentleman learned in the law, while the servants were from home, and probably amusing themselves over a pot of humble porter, found nothing on which he could with safety lay his fingers but two suits of old cloaths. These, however, he determined to carry off, rather than return *empty-handed*; and, in decamping with his booty, he met the gentleman himself, who, unconscious that he was left to be *his own house-keeper*, asked him very innocently, “to whom the apparel belonged; and whether he was going with it?” —

“What, your Honour, don't you know me?” — replied the arch-depredator—Why, I am a dyer and scowerer. — I have the honour to work for the family, and your servants have sent the clothes with me to be *cleaned*.”

“Have they to?” cried the honest counsellor: “Well, you shall have my new gown with you also to clean. — I never appeared in it at Westminster but once, and then it had the misfortune of being stained with a few drops of oil.”

The gown was accordingly produced. — “Lord, Sir!” says the self-created scowerer, “your robe is not a pin the worse; and you may depend upon it, that, when I return the gown, you will not see a *spot* upon it.”

Here the fellow spoke truth; for though it was not his intention to *return* the gown, it was his fate to be *stopped* with it, in offering it for sale; and on his examination before a justice, it was ludicrously remarked, that the prisoner had certainly *wit* enough, and *impudence* enough, to commence counsellor himself; and that, having obtained a *lawyer's gown*, he wanted but a *lawyer's wig* also, in order to equip him completely for the bar, instead of being placed, as he now was, at it.



## On the PROGRESS of GARDENING.

In a LETTER from the Hon. DAINES BARRINGTON to the Rev. Mr. NORRIS, Secretary to the Antiquarian Society, London.

[From Vol. VII. of the ARCHÆOLOGIA, just published.]

(Concluded from Page 69.)

[Illustrated by an Engraving.]

CHARLES the First is well known to have been in the earlier part of his reign an encourager of the elegant arts; but I have not happened to meet with any proofs of attention to the gardens of his palaces, if the appointing Parkinson to be his *herbarist* be excepted, which office it is believed was first created by this king.

Improvements of the same kind were little to be expected from the Commonwealth, or Cromwell; but Charles the Second being fond both of playing at mall, and walking in St. James's Park, planted some rows of limes, and dug the canal, both which still remain. He also covered the central walk with cockle shells, and instituted the office of cockle srewer. It was so well kept during this reign that Waller calls it "the polished Mall." He also mentions that Charles the Second (probably from this circumstance) was able to strike the ball more than half the length of the walk.

Lord Capel seems to have been the first person of consequence in England (a), who was at much expence in his gardens, and having brought over with him many new fruits from France (b), he planted them at Kew.

Lord Effex had the same taste, and sent his gardener Rose to study the then much celebrated beauties of Versailles. Upon Rose's return Charles the Second appointed him royal gardener (c), when he planted such famous *dwarfs* at Hampton Court, Carlton, and

Marlborough Gardens (d), that London (who was Rose's apprentice) challenges all Europe to produce the like.

I should rather conceive that this king had the first hot and ice-house (which generally accompany each other) ever built in England, as at the installation dinner given at Windfor on the twenty-third of April 1667 there were cherries, strawberries, and ice creams.

Evelyn published his *Calendarium Hortense* in 1679, from which it appears that most of the flowers, shrubs, and fruits which we plant at present were then known (e), if we except what have been lately introduced from America (f). The same writer gives particular directions about parterres and aviaries, which latter ornament was not therefore uncommon at this period, the example being probably taken from that in the Bird Cage Walk, where (it should seem from the name) (g) Charles the Second had placed this garden ornament. He had also a large collection of water fowl, which he generally fed himself.

I should not conclude what relates to gardening during this reign without mentioning that probably many of what were then called improvements, might have been imitated from those of Lewis the Fourteenth, as according to Rapin this king not only delighted in gardens, but often directed the workmen in person.

(a) Lord W. Ruffel laid out the garden in Bloomsbury Square about the same time, and probably then planted the acacias which now grow before the offices. They are become of such a size as to be perhaps deemed timber.

(b) Switzer, vol. I. *Ichnographia Rustica*, 3 vols. 8vo.

(c) He had before indeed sent for Le Nautre and Perault, but it is believed that the latter declined coming into England. Le Nautre however planted the parks of St. James and Greenwich.

(d) "All with a border of rich fruit trees crown'd."

Waller speaking of the Mall.

(e) See Ashmole's History of the Order of the Garter. Monconys mentions, that in 1663 Spring Gardens (or Vauxhall) was much resorted to, having grass and sand walks, dividing squares of twenty or thirty yards, which were inclosed with hedges of gooseberries, whilst within there were raspberries, roses, beans and asparagus. T. ii. pag. 17.

(f) Compton bishop of London introduced in the episcopal garden at Fulham many foreign trees which still continue to grow there.

(g) I have been informed that in the old books belonging to the master of the horse, there is an allowance to the *avner*, for hemp seed, with which these birds were fed. As for the more common etymology of the name of this walk from *berceau* or a cradle, there is not the least appearance of the limes having been arched over when first planted.

— per te curando incumbere fundo  
 Non dubitas, circum famuli stant ordine  
 longo,  
 Centum qui pomis, centum qui floribus  
 hortos  
 Conferere ingentes, et aquas deducere cer-  
 tant :  
 Artificumque vices varias, operumque  
 laborem  
 Per medios instans operi partiris, ut agrum  
 Omnia sint paribus numeris, dimensa per  
 omnem (b).

One of the master gardeners therefore having been reproved by his majesty for not having made the beds of a parterre exactly answer each other, did not instantly allow himself to have committed a mistake, but having measured the ground with supposed great care, justified himself by saying, that the king's eye was truer than his line.

I conclude, that the short reign of James the Second produced no great alteration in the royal gardens; but his successor introduced or gave a vogue to cleft yews, with magnificent gates, and rails of iron (i).

Those at Hampton Court which are parallel to the Thames extend six hundred yards in length, and are broken at regular intervals of fifty yards with twelve gates four yards wide and seven feet high. The design of these rails is elegant, and most capitally executed. The harp, thistle, garter, &c. are introduced as ornaments.

The four urns placed in that part of the garden which lies before the principal front of the palace are perhaps the first ornaments of that kind which are to be found in England, though I believe they are not uncommon in Italian gardens of more early periods.

In another part of the garden there is a most elegant alcove consisting entirely of, and arched over with, trellis. Though the carpenter however cannot be too much commended for the execution of his work, yet there is certainly a great absurdity in such a

building, as it neither excludes wind, sun, or rain. Most of these garden ornaments indeed may more probably be attributed to queen Mary rather than the king, who spent many of his summers out of England. She resided much at Hampton Court, and is said to have appointed Pluckenet to be her herbarist, with a salary of two hundred pounds per annum. During this reign botanists were sent to explore the Indies for plants (k).

The fruit garden at Hampton Court is not now often exceeded in size, as it consists of no less than eight acres, adjoining to which there is a wilderness of ten, and in which there is a labyrinth possibly as old as the time of Henry the Eighth.

As this is perhaps the only such garden device now remaining, after the devastations of Messrs. Kent and Brown, I shall mention some particulars relative to it.

The winding walks amount to half a mile, though the whole extent is not perhaps more than a quarter of an acre, and there is a stand adjacent in which the gardener places himself in order to extricate you by his direction, after the stranger acknowledges himself to be completely tired and puzzled (l).

Before I made this arduous attempt, I resolved to fix upon a certain rule as my best chance to avoid being confounded, and I succeeded by always keeping as near as I could to the outermost hedge.

I must not however take too much credit to myself from my discernment, because Switzer, whom I shall have occasion afterwards to cite, condemns this labyrinth for having but four stops, whereas he had given a plan for one with twenty.

I do not recollect that queen Anne is supposed to have made any considerable alterations in the royal gardens, if the parterre before the great terrace at Windsor is excepted, the beds of which are now covered with turf, though traces of the figure still remain.

Switzer indeed (m) mentions that the finish-

(b) De Hortis 1672.

(i) The most magnificent and extensive iron-work next to that at Hampton Court is perhaps the gates and rails at Leefwood near Mold in Flintshire. The gardens there are laid out by Switzer (author of the *Ichnographia Rustica*) in Bridgeman's first style.

(k) Preface to Ray's Synopsis 1696. This great botanist mentions a tulip tree growing at Chelsea in 1684, and a hot-house belonging to a Mr. Watts which had a tea shrub. Ray meditated a work to be entitled, "*Horti Angliæ*." See his letters. It may not be improper here to refer to Ayscough's Catalogue of the Sloane MSS. Article 4436 contains "Observations on the *Humble and Sensitive* plants," which were so early as 1661 in Mr. Chiffin's garden St. James's Park. The same accurate catalogue contains a list of the foreign plants cultivated at Hampton Court in 1692.

(l) "Mazes well framed a man's height may perhaps make your friend wander in gathering berries till he cannot recover himself without your help." Lawson's *New Orchard*, 4to. 1626.

(m) *Ichnographia Rustica*, 3 vols. 8vo.



ed the old gardens at Kensington begun by king William, under the direction of Wise, who became the royal gardener on the death of Rose (*n*), to whom he had been apprentice. His alteration of the gravel pit (*o*) in the old part of the gardens is compared by the *Spectator* to the sublime of epic poetry; but such revolutions happen with regard to taste, that every holly and yew hedge are now removed from this celebrated spot.

Wife had a partner whose name was *London*, and who being nearly in as great request as the modern Brown, constantly made regular circuits during the summer to execute the commands of those who might wish to employ him.

These two partners planted perhaps the first considerable nursery of this country, which was at Brompton, and by which they are said to have made a profit of two thousand pounds (*p*).

It is believed that George the First rather improved the gardens at Herenhausen than those of any of his English palaces.

In the succeeding reign queen Caroline threw a string of ponds in Hyde Park into one, so as to form what is called the Serpentine River, from its being not exactly strait, as all ponds and canals were before. The late lord Bathurst indeed told me, that he was the first person who ventured to deviate from strait lines, in a brook which he had widened at Ryskins near Colebrook. The lord Strafford of that time however (*q*), paying him a visit, and being carried out to see the effect of this new improvement, asked him to own fairly, how little more it would have cost, to have made the course of the brook in a strait direction.

Queen Caroline likewise is well known to have planted and laid out the gardens both of Richmond and Kensington, upon a larger scale, and in better taste, than we have any

(*n*) In the time of Charles the Second there were two other famous gardeners, viz. Lucre and Field, gardeners to the earl of Bedford. Cock was also then a gardener to lord Essex. Switzer.

(*o*) The gravel of England, and particularly of the county of Middlesex, is most deservedly admired, and yet perhaps this is the first pit of any extent which had been dug for walks. Charles the Second covered the Mall with cockles.

(*p*) Switzer. London died in 1713. Ibid. His successors have been Bridgeman, Kent, and Brown.

(*q*) Plenipotentiary at the peace of Utrecht.

(*r*) At Beckett near Farringdon in Berkshire. I think there is a garden building also at Wilton, which is supposed to have been planned by Jones. I send herewith a plan and elevation of the former. See Fig. I. of PLATE I.

(*s*) The old gardens near this building were also famous in their time, having been executed at considerable expence.

(*t*) Gilding (at least in gold) lasts longer than is generally supposed; witness that at the prebendal house of the late Rev. Dr. Blair at Westminster, which, though finished under the direction of Inigo Jones, is still very bright.

instances before that period. She seems also to have been the first introducer of expensive buildings in gardens, if one at lord Barrington's (*r*) is excepted.

This not only by tradition, but internal proofs is most undoubtedly a plan of Inigo Jones, and in my memory was always called the Banqueting House, for which purpose it was originally destined, having cellars under it.

This great architect seems to have indulged his fancy upon this occasion, and to have imitated the Chinese style with great propriety, as the situation much resembles those we see in Chinese drawings where summer houses are represented.

It is a coved cube of eighteen feet, built and paved with most excellent freestone, hath four doors and eight windows which are fixed in stone transoms, the panes being plate glass, and the wood between those panes being gilded (*s*).

The building commands the water on three sides, having a paved walk round it exactly of the same breadth with the projecting roof which overhangs it, the intention being perhaps that the angler should fish there whilst it rains, and when it is supposed he is most likely to have good sport.

This Banqueting House is now in exactly the same plight as it was a hundred and fifty years ago if the gilding (*t*) of the window frames is excepted, and the removal of a parapet wall, which went round three parts of the walk that is under cover, probably to prevent the angler from falling into the water.

I have been the more particular in the description of this Banqueting House, as I conceive it to be perhaps the most ancient garden building which we have in the kingdom.

We are now arrived at a more particular æra for taste in gardening, which we chiefly owe to Kent, who most properly banished

the more ancient ornaments, nor though I have the honour of being a member of this learned society, can I repine at the reformation.

We have indeed allusions to gardens in the present style to early as the time of Tasso, but they existed only in the poet's imagination, and were never executed.

In lieto aspetto il bel giardin s'aperse,  
Acque stagnante, mobili cristalli,  
Fior vari, e varie piante, erbe diverse:  
Apriche collinette, ombrose valli,  
Selve, e spelonche in una vista offerse;  
*E quel che'l bello e'l caro accrese all'opre,*  
*L'arte che tutto fa, nulla si scuopre.*  
Stimi (si misto il culto e col negletto)  
Sol naturali e gli ornamenti e i fiti;  
Di natura arte par che per diletto,  
L'imitatrice sua scherzando imiti (x).

This description of the garden of the enchantress Alcina is fortunately translated by Spenser in his legion of Temperance, when Sir Guyon approaches the garden of *Acrasy* or *Intemperance*, though our poet hath transposed several of Tasso's lines:

"And that which all faire works doth most  
"aggrace,  
"The art which all that wrought, appeared  
"in no place (x).

(u) Gier. Lib. Canto xvi.

(x) Nature's own work it seemed.

Nature taught art. Milton's Paradise Regained.

(y) Kent indeed on his return from Italy painted history and portrait, but like Gainborough he might also have studied landscapes.

(z) Whate'er Lorraine light-touch'd with softening hue,  
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Pouffin drew.

Thomson's Castle of Indolence.

An ACCOUNT of an ENGLISH BIRD of the GENUS MOTACILLA, supposed to be hitherto unnoticed by British Ornithologists, observed by the Rev. JOHN LIGHTFOOT, M. A. F. R. S.

[From the PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS, Vol. LXXV. Part I. just published.]

[Illustrated by an Engraving.]

AS every discovery in natural history is esteemed worthy the notice of that Society which was instituted on purpose to improve natural knowledge, I have taken the liberty to send you a description and drawing of a bird which haunts the reeds of the river Coln, in the neighbourhood of Uxbridge, and which seems to have hitherto escaped the notice of writers on British Ornithology; and therefore some account and description of it will not, I trust, be unacceptable to the Society over which you so laudably preside.

"One would have thought so cunningly  
"the rude  
"And scorned parts were mingled with  
"the fine,  
"That nature had for wantonness ensu'd  
"Art, and that art at nature did repine.  
"So thriving each the other to undermine,  
"Each did the other's worke more beautify,  
"So differing both in willes, agreed in fine,  
"So all agreed through sweete diversity,  
"This garden to adorne with all variety."

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

It was reserved for Kent to realize these beautiful descriptions, for which he was peculiarly adapted by being a painter (y); as the true test of perfection in a modern garden is, that a landscape painter would choose it for a composition.

Kent hath been succeeded by Brown, who hath undoubtedly great merit in laying out pleasure grounds, but I conceive that in some of his plans I see rather traces of the gardener of Old Stowe, than of Pouffin or Claude Lorraine (z). I could wish therefore that Gainsborough gave the design, and that Brown executed. I am, &c.

DAINES BARRINGTON.

P. S. For several anecdotes and observations with regard to the progress of gardening, I must refer to an appendix of that learned and ingenious antiquary the Hon. Mr. Walpole, which I have lately perused.

The nest and eggs of the bird I am about to describe first attracted my attention, and led to the discovery of the bird itself. They were repeatedly brought by a fisherman on the Uxbridge river, in the parish of Denham, to her Grace the Duchess Dowager of Portland, who first communicated them to me. They were supposed by the fisherman to belong to the sedge-bird of Pennant, or *motacilla salicaria* of Linnæus; but being well acquainted with the nest and eggs of this, I was very sure he was mistaken, though he actually





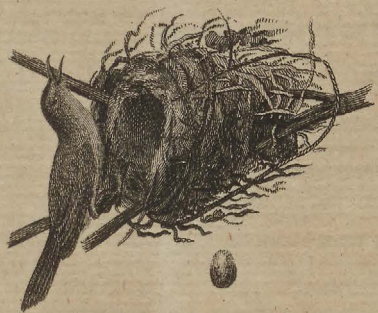
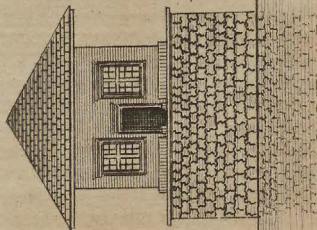
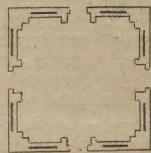
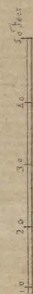


Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.  
Published by I. Sowell in Cornhill 1785.

Fig. 3.



actually produced this bird as the true proprietor of the subjects in question. The structure and position of the nest having a singular appearance, and both that and the eggs belonging to a bird unknown to me, I became desirous of finding out the secret architect, and to that end made use of such means as I thought most likely to promote the discovery.

In a short time my expectations were gratified; for on the 26th day of July 1783, intelligence was brought me, that such a nest as I wanted was found. I had given previous direction, that it should not be disturbed before I had seen it. Upon examination, I instantly perceived it to be of the same kind and structure with that under enquiry, containing two eggs, and two young ones just excluded from the shell. One of the old birds was sitting at this time upon the nest, which a person in company attempting to seize, it flew at him with so much resentment and acrimony, as to draw blood from the hand that dared to molest its instinctive operations. Both the parent birds continued hovering about their nest with much watchful care and anxiety, while I made several attempts to take them alive; but, finding all endeavours in vain, lest I should lose the opportunity of examining them with accuracy, I at length, with reluctance, caused them to be shot. From these specimens the following descriptions were made, which, with an accurate drawing of one of them, together with its nest and egg, are humbly submitted to your notice. [See Fig. 2. of PLATE I.]

From the generic characters delivered by Linnaeus, our bird must evidently be reduced to the family of his *motacilla*, for it has a weak, slender, subulate bill, almost straight; the mandibles nearly equal; the nostrils oval and naked, or not covered with bristles; the tongue lacerated at the extremity; the legs slender; the toes divided to the origin, except that the exterior one is joined, at the under part of the last joint, to the middle toe; the claws of nearly equal length.

The male and female have the same coloured plumage, so that one description will serve for both. They differ a little in size, but their external appearance is the same. They are both larger than the *pettychaps* described by Willoughby, smaller than the *white-throat*, and nearly of the same size with the *willow-wren*. But to be more particular.

The cock bird weighed, when just killed, exactly seven pennyweights and nine grains; the hen six pennyweights and nine grains, or one pennyweight less.

The male measured, from tip to tip of the extended wings, seven inches and a half; the female six and three-quarters.

From the end of the bill to the extremity of the tail, the cock measured five inches and a half; the hen only five inches.

The bill in both measured half an inch, which is longer in proportion than in most of this genus. The upper mandible is of a dark horn colour, slightly incurved near the extremity, with a minute indenture on either side near the point; the lower is pale red or flesh-coloured, with a shade of yellow; the inside of the mouth deep orange coloured; the tip of the tongue cloven and ciliated; the nostrils oval, and destitute of a bristly covering; but at the base of the upper mandible, on either side, near the angle of the mouth, arise three short *vibrillae* pointing downwards, black at their summits, white at their bases; a circumstance common to many others of this genus. The iris of the eye is olive-brown; the pupil black. The short feathers of the orbits or eye-lashes are of a dirty white colour. From the corner of each eye to the nostril is a broad stroke or band of tawny-white feathers, lying over each other, and running narrowest towards the bill; this affords an excellent mark to distinguish the species.

The feathers of the head, neck, back, coverts of the wings and rump, are of an olive-brown, with a slight tinge of green. The quill and tail feathers are all of a darker hue, or simply brown; their outward edges of a paler shade. The tail is two inches long, slightly cuneated, the middle feathers being a little longer than the rest, the others gradually shorter; all of one uniform dun-brown colour edged with paler brown, and a little wedge-shaped at their ends.

The chin is white; the throat, breast, belly, and parts about the vent, are white with a slight shade of buff or tawny; but all these feathers (as in several others of this genus) when blown asunder, or closely examined, are found to have their base or lower half black, except the shafts, which are white throughout.

The ridge and under coverts of the exterior angle of the wing are of a yellowish tawny colour, as are also the feathers of the thighs; but those of the knees are a shade darker, or a pale yellowish brown.

The legs are a light olive; the soles of the feet bright yellow, with a tinge of green, which soon fades after the bird is dead. The instep is covered with seven large imbricated scales, and five smaller on the toes, as in others of the genus. The toes stand three before, and one behind; the claws are nearly of equal length and curvature; but the hindmost is thickest and strongest.

From the foregoing remarks it is evident, that the bird mentioned is a species of *motacilla*,

*villa*, which, as I can find no such described by any systematic writer, I shall venture to name, after the Linnæan manner,

*Motacilla (arundinacea)* supra olivaceo-fusca, subtus alba, loris et orbitis fusco-albescentibus, angulo carpi subtus luteo-fulvo, cauda subcuneata fusca, plantis luteo-virescentibus.

In regard to synonyms, the only author I can find who can be suspected of having noticed this bird is Sepp, who, in a late splendid work, in the Dutch language, intitled, *Nederlandsche Vogelen* (fol. chart. max.) p. 101. has described and figured a bird, under the name of *turdus arundinaceus minimus*, called in Holland *karrakietje*, which in many respects agrees with our bird; but as the colour of the wings in that figure is made a reddish-brown, instead of an olive-brown, and the tawny-white *lora* (a most essential character to distinguish the species) are not at all expressed, and the eggs are made to be of a pale-blush colour with dark spots, instead of a dirty white with olive spots, I cannot pronounce for certain, that the bird there intended by that writer is the same which we have now described; though, if some allowance be made for ill-colouring and other omissions, it may possibly have been designed for the same species.

As we have already a bird, called in English the *willow wren*; ours, being nearly of the same size and shape, as well as the same genus, may, from its haunts, not improperly be denominated the *reed-wren*.

It frequents the banks of the river Coln near Uxbridge, as far as from Harefield-Moor down to Iver, about the space of five miles, and very probably most other parts of the same river, though not as yet observed.

It is also certainly found in the neighbourhood of Dartford in Kent, from whence a nest and eggs were communicated by the ingenious Mr. Latham of that place, but without knowledge of the bird to which they belonged; so that there is little doubt but that it may be found in many parts of the kingdom.

Its food is insects, at least in part, for I observed it catching flies. It hops continually from spray to spray, or from one reed to another, putting itself into a stooping posture before it moves. I heard it make no other than a single note, not unlike the sound of the word *peep*, uttered in a low plaintive tone; but this might probably be only a note of distress, and it may have, perhaps, more pleasing and melodious ones at other times, with which I am unacquainted.

The nest of this bird is a most curious structure, unlike that of any other I am acquainted with, enough to point out the dif-

ference of the species, if every other character was wanting.

It may not be amiss here to observe, that there is such a manifest diversity in the materials, locality, and formation of nests, and such variety of colours in the eggs of many birds (in other respects hard to be distinguished), that it is pity this part of ornithology has not been more attended to. I am well convinced, that as many species of *insects*, nearly allied to each other in colours and shape, and reputed to be only *varieties*, are frequently, from a due attention to their *larvæ* (which are often extremely different), discovered to be species *totally distinct*; so, amongst birds of similar genus and feather, their true differences may be often found by carefully observing their nests and eggs, when other characters are so minute, in the birds themselves, as to be distinguished with difficulty. By experience I have found this to be remarkably verified in some of the lark kind.

But to return to the nest I was going to describe. It is composed externally of dry stalks of grass, lined, for the most part, with the flowery tufts of the common reed, or *arundo vallisoria*, but sometimes with small dead grasses, and a few black horse hairs to cover them. This nest is usually found suspended or fastened on, like a hammock, between three or four stalks of reeds, below the panicles of flowers, in such a manner that the stalks run through the sides of the nests at nearly equal distances; or, to speak more properly, the nest is tied on to the reeds with *dead grass*, and sometimes (as being more eligible when it can be had) even with *thread* and *pack-thread*, emulating the work of a sempstress, as was the case of the nest exhibited in the drawing. The bird, however, though generally, does not always confine her building to the support of reeds; sometimes she fixes it on to the branches of the *water-dock*; and, in one instance only (that here delineated), it was found fastened to the trifurcated branch of a *syringa* bush, or *Pbiladelphus*, growing in a garden hedge by the river side.

She lays commonly four eggs; the ground colour a dirty white, stained all over with dull olive-coloured spots, but chiefly at the greater end, where are generally seen two or three small irregular black scratches; but these are sometimes scarcely visible.

I must not omit, that both the nest and eggs which I have now described, whether designed for the same or not, are well expressed by Sepp, in the work above cited, under the article *Turdus Calamoxenus*, or *Rietwinck*, p. 97; but as the bird there represented is evidently the *motacilla sylvia* of Linnæus, or common *white-throat* (which is known



known to make a very different nest), I am inclined to believe, that the author, by mistake, placed a bird and nest in the same plate which do not belong to each other.

I have reason to think, that the bird I have been characterising is a bird of migration; for the inhabitants on the sides of the *Coln* do not

recollect ever to have seen it in the winter months; and its food being insects, it is probable, it must be obliged to shift its quarters for a warmer climate at the approach of a severe season; but this at present is only matter of conjecture, and not certainty.

AN ACCOUNT of MORNE GAROU, a MOUNTAIN in the Island of ST. VINCENT, with a DESCRIPTION of the VOLCANO on its Summit. In a Letter from Mr. JAMES ANDERSON, Surgeon, to Mr. FORSYTH, his Majesty's Gardener at Kensington.

[From the PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS, Vol. LXXV. Part I. just published.]

[Illustrated by an Engraving.]

THE many ridges of mountains which intersect this island in all directions, and rise in gradations, one above the other, to a very great height, with the rivers tumbling from their sides over very high precipices, render it exceeding difficult to explore its interior parts.

The most remarkable of these mountains is one that terminates the N. W. end of the island, and the highest in it, and has always been mentioned to have had volcanic eruptions from it. The traditions of the oldest inhabitants in the island, and the ravins at its bottom, seem to me to vindicate the assertion. As I was determined, during my stay in the island, to see as much of it as I could; and as I knew, from the altitude of this mountain, there was a probability of meeting with plants on it I could find in no other part of the island; I should have attempted going up if I had heard nothing of a volcano being on it. But viewing the mountain at a distance, the structure of it was different from any in the island, or any I had seen in the West Indies. I could perceive it divided into many different ridges, separated by very deep chasms, and its summit appeared quite destitute of any vegetable production. On examining several ravins, that run from the bottom a great way up the mountain, I perceived they were quite destitute of water, and found pieces of pumice-stone, charcoal, several earths and minerals, that plainly indicated there must be some very singular place or other on some part of the mountain. I also recollected a story told by some very old men in the island, that they had heard the captain of a ship say, that between this island and St. Lucia he saw, towards night, flames and smoke issuing from the top of this mountain, and next morning his decks were covered with ashes and small stones. This, you may readily imagine, was excitement enough to examine it, if I possibly could; but I was much discouraged upon being told, it was impossible to gain the summit of it; nor could I get either white men, Caribbee, or

Negro, that would undertake to conduct me up for any reward I could offer; nor could I get any information relative to it. But as difficulty to attain enhances the value of the object, so the more I was told of the impossibility of going up, the more was I determined to attempt it.

After I had examined the basis of it, as far as I could for the sea and other mountains, to find the most probable place to commence my journey, I observed an opening of several large and dry ravins, that seemingly ran a great way up; but I was not sure if they were not intersected by some rocks or precipices I could not get over. I came to Mr. Maloune's, about a mile distant from the mountain, but the highest house to it I could stay at all night. Here I met with a friendly reception and great hospitality. After communicating my intentions to him, he told me, he would give me every assistance he could, by sending some trusty negroes with me, and wished he was able to go with me himself. This was a kind offer to me in my then situation, as negroes were what I only wanted, having only one boy belonging to Dr. Young with me. I knew, if I had great difficulties in the woods, he and I both should be inadequate to the task, as in a short time we should be so wearied as to be unable to proceed: from what I had seen of the mountain, I knew I must be under the necessity of carrying water with me; and from the great distance to the top, and obstructions we might naturally expect, I should at least require two days to accomplish it.

By examining the side of the mountain towards me with a good glass, I imagined I saw two ridges I might get up. I perceived they were covered great part of the way with thick wood; yet I hoped, with a little cutting, I should be able to scramble through them. I appointed next morning to begin my route by one of these ridges.

February 26, 1784, I left Mr. Maloune's about sun-rise, with two stout negroes and Dr. Young's boy; each of us having a good cutlass,

cutlafs, as well to clear our way through the woods, as to defend us in cafe we fhould be attacked by Caribbees or run-away negroes. We arrived at the bottom of the mountain a little before feven in the morning. To get to either of the ridges, we found we had a rock to climb above forty feet high: it was with great difficulty we scrambled up, affifting one another in the beft manner we could; here we found it neceffary to contract our baggage. After getting up this rock, I found myfelf in the bottom of a narrow and deep ravin. Having afcended this ravin a little way, I faw fome cleared ground on its fides, with tobacco growing. This I conjectured was the habitation of fome Caribbees; but I was much furprifed when one of the negroes I had with me told me, it was the habitation of a Mr. Gasco, a Frenchman. What could induce a ftout healthy man in the prime of life, and a good mechanic, with feveral negroes, to take up his refidence among rocks and precipices, excluded from the whole world, is a myftery to me. Befides, by every torrent of rain that happens, he may expect himfelf and all his habitation to be wafhed over the rocks into the ocean. Notwithftanding his fingular fituation, I found him an intelligent man, and I experienced every hofpitality his poor cottage could afford.

The difficulty of going through woods in the Weft Indies, where there are no roads or paths, is far beyond any thing an European can conceive. Befides tall trees and thick underwood, there are hundreds of different climbing plants twifted together like ropes, and running in all directions to a great extent, and even to the tops of the higheft trees; by pushing on they cannot be broke, and many of them with difficulty cut; befides a fpecies of grafs, the *Schoenus Lithospermus*, with ferrated leaves, that cuts and tears the hands and face terribly. With fuch obftuctions as thefe it was above two hours before we got on the ridge, where I was in hopes our paffage would have been eafier; but I foon found my miftake, for I was furrounded with a thick foreft, much more difficult to get through than before, on account of the large piles of trees broken down by the hurricanes, to pafs which in many parts we were obliged to creep on our hands and feet to get below them, and in other places to climb a great height above the furface of the ground, to get over large trunks lying on one another, and thefe being frequently rotten, occafioned us to tumble headlong down to a great depth, among rotten wood and grafs, fo that it was with great difficulty I and the negroes could extricate ourfelves. By constantly cutting to clear our way, I, as well as my companions, grew much fatigued, and they wifhed much

to return back. About four in the afternoon I could not prevail upon them to proceed farther; if they did, they could not return before dark, and they would not fleep all night in the woods; but faid if I ftayed they would return to me next morning. I faw it was impoffible to gain the fummit of the mountain with the boy only by that route: I likewife faw the woods growing more difficult, my water alfo totally expended: from thefe confiderations I intended to go down to the Frenchman's, and remain there all night, and try another route with my boy next morning, hoping I might be fortunate enough to find an eafier paffage. I arrived at Mr. Gasco's a little after fun-fet, being much fatigued and thirfty, and never experienced more hofpitality and kindnefs than from this man in his miferable cot; for we ought not to judge of the value of the things received, but of the difpofition of the heart with which they are given. He parted with his hammock to me, and fleep on a board himfelf. This I at firft refufed; but he infifted on it, telling me, from my hardfhips of the day I was much more tired than he. I took the hammock, but I found it was impoffible to clofe my eyes during the night with cold. His hut was built of *rofeaux* or large reeds, between each of which a dog might creep through, and the top was covered with dry grafs. It is fituated in the bottom of a deep gully, where the fun does not fhine till nine in the morning, nor after four in the afternoon. It is furrounded by thick wood, and during the night the whole of the mountain is covered with thick clouds, from which it frequently rains; this makes the night air exceedingly cold. I got ready to renew my journey next morning, having only Dr. YOUNG's boy with me, who continued very faithful to me during this excurfion, being very active and hardy: I do not know if I could have gone through this fatigue had it not been for his affiftance. I now determined to commence this day's route up the ravin, as it feemed to widen and apparently run a confiderable way up in the direction I wifhed for; and if I could get out of it upon the other ridge, it would at leaft be two miles nearer than the way I had attempted yefterday, and probably, after getting out of it, I might find wood eafier of accefs. In this ravin I got up about a mile and a half, without meeting with any confiderable obfttruction. Encouraged by getting fo far, although the ravin was narrowing faft, with numbers of rocks and precipices to climb over, with vines and bufhes difficult to get through, I was refolved to perfift in this route, and determined by every poffible means to get to the object of my wifhes, well knowing if I could not perform



it this way, I might abandon it entirely. After climbing over a number of difficult passes, the ravine terminated at the bottom of a very high precipice; how far it was to the summit I did not know, being covered toward the top with thick wood; but from the bottom upwards it was loose sand as far as I could see, with ferns and tufts of grass, which, as soon as I took hold of them, came out at the roots. The precipice being so very steep, with no trees or bushes on it to assist me in getting up, I plainly saw the attempting to climb it was at the risk of my life: however, I was resolved to try it; and telling the boy to keep some distance behind me, in case I should tumble and drive him down along with me, I began to ascend, holding the tufts of grass as lightly as possible, and digging holes with my cutlafs to put my feet in; but I often lost my hold, and frequently slipped down a considerable distance; however, as it was nothing but loose sand, I could easily push my cutlafs into it to the handle, and by grasping it could recover myself again. Had I not taken the resolution, before I began to ascend, to divest myself of fear, I could not possibly have gone, for the terror of falling would have been the means of it every instant. I got up to some wild plantains, which I saw continued all the way to the place where the bushes and trees began to grow. I here rested myself, and waited for the boy's getting to me, which he did much easier than I, although he had the provisions and water, owing to the track I had made, and because, being much lighter, he could better trust himself to the grass and ferns. After some labour we arrived at the top of the precipice. I found myself on a very narrow ridge, thickly covered with wood, and bounded by two ravines, the bottoms of which I could not see; the descent to them seemed to be nearly perpendicular, yet all the way covered with thick wood. After refreshing ourselves, we began our fatigue, the boy and I cutting, and carrying our water and provisions alternately. When we had got some way, I found I was on an exceeding narrow ridge, in many parts not six feet broad; on each side a tremendous gulf, into one or other of which I was often in danger of falling, so that with great caution I was obliged to lie down on my belly, to see through the bushes how the ridge tended. Here I began to smell sulphur, or rather a smell like gunpowder. As I knew this smell must come from the top of the mountain, being in the direction of the wind, I was in hopes we could not be far from it, as the smell grew stronger and stronger as I ascended. I saw a rising before me, and thought if I was once on it, if the top of the mountain was

near I could have a view of it; but having got on this rising I could only see a high peak on the N. W. end of the mountain, and by appearance I thought myself very little nearer than when I was at the bottom. The woods now became very difficult to get through; great quantities of fallen trees lying buried under long grass and being rotten, when I thought myself walking on the ground, I was frequently buried a great depth among them. Being now about noon, and my turn to carry the baggage, and consequently my turn of rest, I was surprised to hear a rustling among the bushes, and something like a human voice behind me. As we were now in a place where I had little reason to suppose there had been a human foot before, and could not imagine there could be habitations of Caribbees or run-away negroes, since from the barrenness of the mountain they could not possibly find any provisions to subsist on, I told the boy to stand still, and let us wait their coming up; for if they were Caribbees advancing with an intention to hurt us, there was no alternative but to defend ourselves. You may imagine my surprise when I saw one of the negroes who had been with me the day before, with three others, which Mr. Maloune had sent to my assistance, with plenty of provisions. After refreshment, with this assistance, I renewed my labours with fresh spirits, and thought I was sure of reaching the top before night. Having proceeded a little, I had a fair view of the ravine on my left, which was of prodigious depth, and ran from near the top of the mountain to the sea; its bottom seemed to be a rock of a colour nearly resembling lava, and appeared as if there had been vast torrents of sulphureous matter running in it some time. I regretted much I knew not of this ravine before I commenced my excursion, as by passing a head-land in a canoe, and getting into the ravine, I might have gained the summit of the mountain, without experiencing the delays and difficulties I here encountered. It was now about 4 P. M. and I had no prospect of the mountain's top; but from the ascent of the ravine below, I knew it was a great way off. I thought if I could get into the ravine before night, I could get easily up next morning. After cutting a great way through wild plantains, the sun near setting, I found myself almost over the verge of a precipice; by catching hold of some shrubs I prevented myself from falling. We were now about half way down; but all the way below us, as far as we could see, was a perpendicular precipice of rock, several hundred feet high, to pass which was impossible. I had a view of some part of the top of the mountain,

which I saw was yet far from me; nor could I attempt any other way than the ridge I had left. Being now sun-set, and the negroes very discontented, because they could not return that night, I found we must take up our night's residence in the place where we were. It was a very unfavourable one, there being nothing but plantains growing, which retaining the rain long in their leaves, and being frequently agitated by the wind, were constantly dropping, and kept the ground always moist. Being almost dark, we had time to make us no other habitation, than placing two or three sticks against an old stump of a tree, and slightly covering them

with plantain leaves. After getting together some little wood to make a fire to keep us comfortable, it began to blow and rain violently, which continued all night. We soon found our building afforded us no shelter, and the wood would not burn, so that we could not get any fire; and the ground on which we were situated would not allow the least exercise to keep us warm. From such a miserable night I experienced no mitigation for the fatigues of the day. I wished for the rising sun, to renew my labours; which I at last beheld with inexpressible joy.

[To be concluded in our next.]

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THE  
LONDON REVIEW,  
AND  
LITERARY JOURNAL.

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

Letters of Literature. By Robert Heron, Esq. Robinsou, Paternoster-Row. 8vo. 1785.

ON reading the contents of these Letters, in number LVII. which mostly consist of criticism, and on turning over the pages in a cursory manner, the good-natured reader will be apt to imagine he is entering upon a very learned and ingenious work; but to make him lay it down, after a careful perusal, with the same good opinion, some certain ingredients in his constitution will be found absolutely necessary. First, he must have a great aversion to what is called common sense; he must be greatly above or below it, no matter which; no absurdity, no falsehood in facts must make him reject a paradox if it hits his fancy; he must be disgusted with Virgil, and in raptures with Akenfide; in short, he must be a very Mr. Heron in every circumstance but one: he must not possess that gentleman's high self-conceit and sovereign contempt of such writers as have the great misfortune not to please his caprice; lest, as madmen seldom agree in the same whim, they should not, as the proverb says, *put their horses together*; in which case, this same *alter & idem* reader would most certainly, with the smile of inflexible contempt, commit Mr. Heron's Letters to the devouring flames.

It has been often found that great parade and affectation of learning have been assumed by the very poverty of talents and pervert-

ness of judgment. How far this character may fit the author before us, the reader, we trust, will soon be enabled to judge for himself. An affectation and parade of profound intimacy with the ancient writers of Greece and Rome, with the poets of Italy, France, and Spain, and the modern Latin writers of every country, are the characteristics of almost every page of these Letters; but all this shew is only like a fine suit of cloaths hung up on a wardrobe pin; there is no body under it. Where the author's criticism has originality, it is in absurdity and petulance; and where he happens to be right, his observations, on the whole, are of no depth of acumen, are trite and common; highly arrogant and dogmatic where he condemns, most poorly superficial where he praises, and very often most intolerably dull. To start new opinions on the merits of authors is most apparently his ambition, and he has gratified it largely; and the shew of his vast reading is in the great majority of instances, like that of an Italian or Frenchman who should make himself master of all the neglected writers of English verse, and then hold up to his countrymen the few happy thoughts he had picked out of their loads of rubbish, exulting in the penetration of his own judgment, and the immensity of his reading.



The above estimate of Mr. Heron's Letters mean to support by a closer examination of them; but as their subjects are mostly critical, we shall begin with the last, which is on criticism, introducing it with our author's own character of his Letters, which happens to be perfectly just. "If, says he (Letter I.), you wish for an opinion on any subject, you will be much disappointed if you apply to me; but if you desire to hear doubts instead of decisions, I may perhaps furnish you with a sufficiency." But how reconcile this modest diffidence with the dogmatic decisions continually given by our author? Good reader, you mistake him, if you suppose there is any *modesty* in the above declaration; but there is a great deal of *honesty* in it, for it amounts exactly to this: "If you will have my opinion, you will be disappointed; but you shall have doubts enough." What a pity it is our author did not adopt the above citation for the motto of his *ingenious* work!

Mr. Heron throughout his Letters gives his critical decisions with an air of the most conscientious certainty, and seems to glory in the character of a critic. But to shew his humility, his last letter places that character low indeed. Criticism is only the lady's maid of ability; is at best only the pilot of genius, proud and ignorant; is like the fly on the coach-wheel; and his "intrusions are always timely and analogous to his own littleness of intellect!"

"Criticism (says he) may be defined to be that science by which we are taught to form proper judgments of the merits and defects of the other arts and sciences. I have called Criticism a science, and not an art, because it is theoretical and not practical; because there can be no art where there is no room for invention; because Criticism is merely a science, and rests solely upon knowledge in the points of which it treats; and that knowledge, if you will, is not even a science *per se*, but arises from the mental exertion of others, yet does not ascend to analogy like other human sciences. For instance, were a critic to judge from analogy that because the beginning of the Iliad is simple, that of every epic poem ought to be so, he would judge wrong; for this reason, that a man of genius, his master, would tell him, that there ought to be no analogy in poetry, and that the simplicity of Homer's beginning is a fault, not a beauty; for the great point of opening an epic poem is to raise the very utmost expectation; and, allowing it a beauty, it is a beauty to be avoided by other writers, because any appearance of imitation never fails to disgust a superior judge."

"The only thing Aristotle did in criticism was to give some names, almost as un-

intelligible as that *entelechia* which hath cracked the brains of all his commentators, to different articles. He seems only to have strutted into the theatre of poetry to drop the curtain of obscurity over the scene of nature; a demerit which the meanest menial belonging to the house could have had sufficient ability to incur the blame of as well as himself. Perhaps you will think this censure of Aristotle severe, but do not imagine it singular: the awful shades of Vittorius, Castelvetro, Gravina, the two last names in criticism superior to that of Aristotle, rise around me in its defence."

He then damns the Greek critics, barely repeating their names. "Of Longinus (he says) I shall only repeat the just verdict of an Italian critic of the first repute, namely, that he wrote on the sublime in a total ignorance of what it was. His work is in fact more applicable to the beautiful, than to the sublime; a sure proof that he knew not what he was writing about." Among the Latins, he says, *inftar omnium*, "Quintilian is the only critic who ever deserved the name." But next page confines this *only* to prose; for, says he, "what Quintilian is in prose, Horace is in poetry." And now that same critic, who at the beginning of the letter was a lady's maid, "aping her mistress, and dressed in her cast cloaths," was a cowardly ignorant pilot, a fly on a coach-wheel, of littleness of intellect, &c. must be possessed of twice the abilities of Homer, before he can "improve the art of which he treats;" and even then he will get no reputation. But take our author's own words:

"From the great rarity of good critics of antiquity, those of modern days ought to judge of the extreme difficulty of writing with such propriety as to secure the fame of future ages. Just criticism itself is a dangerous province, upon the very boundaries of the empire of science; where, because of its distance from the capital, the renown is by no means proportioned to the greatness of ability and enterprise absolutely necessary to be exerted. To form a proper critical estimation of any work, the Iliad, for instance, in all its parts, would, I must assert, require talents double the size of the author's. For, if they are only equal, the mind of the critic will be homogeneous with that of the poet: he will consequently be capable of conceiving nothing beyond the work; and his performance will consist only of slight efforts of admiration and of blame, not of such superior critical disquisition as may improve the art of which he treats, and which alone forms the essence of just criticism. Suppose even that a critic should arise with twice the mental powers of Homer, an event that will never happen: suppose that his work had every perfection of criticism,

wide views, profound research, boundless treasures of erudition: suppose it displayed a mind that, like a telescope, could magnify distant worlds of genius, and shew them to the common eye; and, at the same time, with microscopic powers, could examine the most minute particle of phrase: what, with all these supernatural attributes, would be the proportion of his fame? Very small. The man of genius, like the sun, would dazzle nations; while he, a little planet of borrowed light, would only glitter in obscurity.

"The only work that could prove of real advantage in criticism would be a selection of all the remarks made by illustrious writers relative to this study, accompanied with a modest explanation and commentary, supported by examples. Such a work would go further to be of genuine utility to the arts and sciences than any species of system, though digested by a critic of the most uncommon powers of mind."

But to how many hundred volumes more than the British Acts of Parliament would such a work amount, and what a confusion and jumble of different tastes would such ridiculous compilation exhibit! No fact is more certain, than that different readers and critics too have different tastes; and nothing so self-evident as that a native mental intuitive feeling, never to be acquired, though it may be cultivated by art, commonly called Taste, or the relish of fine writing in prose and verse, is the very first ingredient, the *sine qua non*, in the formation of a good critic: yet wonderful as it may seem, taste is not only entirely omitted by our author, in his estimate of critical talents, but is even excluded \* in his definitions of criticism in the above passage first cited.

We shall now proceed to examine some of the criticisms of that man who calls criticism a science; "because there can be no art where there is no room for invention, and because criticism is merely a science, and rests solely upon knowledge in the points of which it treats, &c. &c." and soon will it appear that this pompous jargon is followed by no bastard offspring of criticism. But we shall begin first with some of the most innocent of our author's critical decisions.

In Letter XXVII. Mr. Heron execrates those authors who find sublimity or beauty in the Scriptures, and thus exults in the disgrace of his own taste: "Of the sublime or beautiful style, I can from that work (viz. the Scripture) produce no proofs. Writers who hold it up in that ludicrous view, do as great

harm to religion as to good taste." Yet this same Mr. Heron is in raptures with a Spanish ballad, written three centuries ago, and still preserved in the Canary islands. It is on the unhappy fate of "Guillen Perez, an enterprising youth, who was Governor of the Canary islands; but attempting to reduce Palma, one of them, to the power of Spain, was there killed.—" Mr. Heron calls this "one of the most exquisite pieces of elegiac poetry which he had ever met with;" and says, every one who hears these verses "must wish to remember them; and the heart must be hard indeed that is not affected by their deep pathos." His translation of these verses is as follows:

"Let the ladies lament Guillen Peraza, as God shall help them in their miseries; for in Palma the flower left his cheek.

"Thou, fatal isle, art not Palma, a name significant of victory and joy; thou art a bramble; thou art a cypress of melancholy branch; thou art a misfortune, a dreadful evil.

"Let dismal volcanos burst thy fields. Let no pleasures be seen there; but sorrows. Let sands cover all thy flowers.

"Guillen Peraza! Guillen Peraza! Where is thy shield? Where is thy spear? A fatal rashness destroyed all!"

Our author, in his censures on Virgil, has again and again condemned imitation in the severest terms; yet what must the reader think when he finds that this Spanish ballad, with all the first-rate praise our author has lavished upon it, is not only no other, in the parts worth any thing, than a very near imitation of, but infinitely inferior in poetical merit to, an elegy in that book in which our author could find nothing sublime or beautiful. Let the reader should not have the Bible at hand, we transcribe the passage:

"The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places! How are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings; for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil. From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not empty. Saul and

\* This is the more to be wondered at, as Akenfide is one of Mr. Heron's favourite authors; and one of the very best parts of the *Pleasures of Imagination* is the descant beginning, "What then is taste—," into the spirit of which Mr. Heron seems never to have entered.



Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles; they were stronger than lions. Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, who put ornaments of gold upon your apparel. How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan! Very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!

Wretched indeed must be the taste of that mortal who cannot feel the superiority of the original ode in pathos and glow of colouring; but that Mr. Heron is capable of condemning it, his criticisms leave no doubt.—The world has long admired that noble eastern metaphor describing the battle-horse: “Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?” This bold exordium, in the true abruptness of peculiar animation, is immediately illustrated by the sacred writer: “He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men; he mocketh at fear—the quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage.—He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha, and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the Captains, and the shouting.” Here the rage of the horse rushing on to an armed host is placed before us in the strongest light, and frozen must that imagination be which cannot perceive the propriety and force of the metaphor, which describes the swiftness and fury of his plunging into battle, by clothing his neck with thunder. But Mr. Heron (Letter XXVII.) pronounces it “the most consummate nonsense that ever was clothed with the thunder of bombast;” and adds, “Had it been found in some Grub-street writer of heroic panegyric, we should never have done laughing at it,—a horse wearing a neckcloth in battle, a neckcloth of thunder.”—Oh, Dullness! how didst thou omit to laugh at the horse’s *speaking*, and *swallowing* the ground, that noble metaphor, which describes his speed in rushing along?—Exactly in the same spirit is Mr. Heron’s censure of Longinus, for being pleased with a bold description in Homer. “His praise,” says he, “of Neptune’s horses leaping like so many fleas in a blanket, is one instance of at least twenty, of his false taste.” And this he proves by saying, “If it be sublime to make the god’s horses go so far at two or three leaps, were it not far more so to describe them as leaping the whole space at once?” By no means: Homer, by describing a few bounds, retains the idea of the

motion of horses, essential to the description of them, which would be totally lost, had he, as our wise critic recommends, made them take a flight like eagles. Nor would their leaping at once out of sight be less like fleas; a circumstance which, we dare say, Mr. Heron has often seen, when he amused himself with the fleas leaping on his blanket. But though

“Gentle Dullness ever loves a joke,”—

it is not “neckcloths of thunder,” and “fleas leaping on a blanket,” that degrade any passage, but that which uses the silly comparison. Give a half-idea of that liberty, and what will become of Mr. Heron’s most favourite writers?—Nor must we omit the conclusion of the above citation: “Can there be a sublime,” says Mr. Heron, “beyond which in its kind the most common mind may form conceptions? Surely not.” Good heaven, what a standard of the sublime is here! Aristotle and common-sense could have told him, that Poetry must preserve an appearance of verisimilitude; that is, it must not turn horses into eagles, by changing their properties, nor make Achilles throw the moon at Hector, though a common mind may form conceptions of both. No, nor must Poetry describe Hector as taller than twenty men, or the shoulders of Ulysses as broader than an acre, though common minds may easily form such conceptions of the human kind. The secret is, Poetry, though its nature is highly to exalt, becomes mere bombast the instant it passes certain lines of verisimilitude. Hence it follows, that to place the test of the sublime in being able to conceive nothing beyond it in its kind, is one of the wildest fancies that ever disgraced criticism. A common imagination delights in conceiving every thing in its kind beyond the limits of verisimilitude, or the truth of Nature; and if our Author’s test of the sublime be just, that praise can only be given to the vilest nonsense and bombast. Nor does any one passage lose its inherent sublimity, though an after-hard may have adopted and improved it; another plain and full proof of the futility of Mr. Heron’s test; a test worthy to follow the ridiculous censure of Homer, for not describing Neptune’s horses as flying like birds. (Letter V.)

Dryden’s wonderful Ode, says Mr. Heron, “is, of itself, worth all that Pindar has written.”—Suppose we say, *Granted?* But God forbid we should say so on Mr. Heron’s reasons, “because that master-piece is a dithyrambic poem, not a lyric one. And “that as well for its want of regularity, as for its subject; which being perfectly concinnous, as its title speaks, falls with much propriety into that class which the antients

" called Dithyrambic, and which were most " commonly sacred to Bacchus." And are these the *because*s why Dryden's Ode is worth all that Pindar has written? Away with such *because*s! they are the very infancy of dullness. But what may we not expect from a Critic capable of giving the following on Dr. Beattie's Ode on the Birth-day of the Son of his Patron Lord; a production which he tells us, with regard to *transition*, so material in an Ode, is one of the best in any language. " These lines (he says)

No gaudy wreath of flowers she weaves,  
But twines with oak the laurel leaves  
Thy cradle to adorn—

are exquisite; the civic crown being of oak, the victor's of laurel. The image is beautiful to a degree of lyric perfection. But observe the transition to the next stanza, and pronounce it truly lyric:

For not on beds of gaudy flowers  
Thine ancestors reclined, &c.

This transition in prose were ridiculous; for what connexion between not giving a child a wreath of flowers, and the reason assigned, namely, because his ancestors did not recline on them? Yet this want of connexion forms the beauty of this very lyric transition.

" The next, ' To hurl the dart,' &c. may be called a transition *from* a distance, as the last was *to* a distance. It is equally classic with the former."

What inanity, what nonsense, is this about distance! Twining the oak with the laurel, the emblems of peace and war, has been done by a thousand school-boy poets, and requires no poetical talents; but here it is " exquisite," and an " image beautiful to a degree of lyric perfection." The transition to

For not on beds of gaudy flowers  
Thine ancestors reclin'd—

is indeed happy and beautiful; but not for Mr. Heron's wild reasons, because the transition wants connection, and were ridiculous in prose. Like all good poetry, it will stand the test of prose, and its latent connection is in the true spirit of the lyric muse. Let us try the above four lines in an obvious prose paraphrase: " No gaudy flowers, the emblems of effeminacy, but the wreaths of the heroes of peace and war, shall adorn thy cradle; these were the honours of thine ancestors, who reclined not on beds of roses." Such is the obvious sense of the above lines, though Mr. Heron could not perceive it. Yet with that common expression, " Yon castle's glittering towers," he is in raptures,

and says, " it brings the very object before your eyes." What beauties may not a critic see in the friendly fit of good-humour?

After the above horrid specimens of his criticism, no one will wonder when Mr. Heron avows (Letter XXXIII.) that " he never looks into Virgil but with utter disgust." That " Virgil (Letter XVI.) has not the most distant pretence to any attribute of a poet, except that of a fine style!" And, in the same letter, " I believe," says he, " the most sanguine admirer of Virgil will allow, that not one ray of invention appears through his whole works." He had better have said, *I believe in Tom Thumb and the pudding-bowl*. Why, man, wake from your dream, rub your eyes, and send to your bookseller to borrow Scaliger, not to mention thousands of others, who expressly maintain the contrary of your confident assertion; and, hypercritic as he is, he has proved in many instances not only the real invention of Virgil, but his capacity to improve upon Homer. No criticism was ever more just than that of Dryden, in his preface to the best of his works, his *Tales*, that " none but a poet can translate a poet; that to do justice to an excellent original, the translator's mind must be congenial; that the spirit of poetry is so subtle, it will evaporate in translation in any hands except those of a poet." So thought Dryden, and common sense confirms it. When Virgil himself was upbraided by a Mr. Heron of his own day for stealing from Homer, he replied, " I confess I do, but try if you can steal with my keys." Here lies the secret, of which Mr. Heron appears to have no conception; though it is a self-evident truth, that to transfuse the spirit of poetry from one language into another, requires the real poet. The many, many passages where Virgil has improved upon his master, are known to every lad on the upper forms of our public schools. The *Heros* of forty years ago denied Mr. Pope the name of poet, because he had no invention; and truth it is, that both he and Virgil were too diffident of their own strength, and afraid to mount in a new track on their own opinions. But while the Rape of the Lock of the one, and the Invocation to Cæsar's Ghost of the other remain, not to mention a profusion of other passages in each, all the *Zoilus*'s and *Heros*'s that Folly and Envy may spawn, will never annul their title to the name of great and real poets.

\* \* \* Though Mr. Heron's best abilities deserve little attention, the pompous shew of his learning, and the dictatorial petulance of his absurd decisions require some antidote. We therefore have bestowed these pages upon him, and shall again attend him in our next.

Shooting.



Shooting; a Poem. Faulder, Bond-street; and Prince and Cooke, Oxford, Price 2s. 6d.

AFTER the account given in our Review for Dec. 1784, of the "Progress of Refinement," it will be no light praise of the Poem now before us to say, that it is one of the most elegant productions of Mr. Pye's pen; for tho' the title-page contains no name of an author, yet the advertisements gave the information. That chaste and correct, yet easy and flowing poetical diction, which all the critics have remarked as a characteristic of Mr. Pye's works, is eminently conspicuous in this poem. The subject is such as none but a country gentleman could treat properly, and such, at the same time, as would require a large share of the favour of the Muses to treat poetically. Mr. Pye has very judiciously dignified the homeliness of his fundamental matter, by frequent references to the connexion between the sports of the field and the warlike character; and he has relieved its dryness by well-chosen episodes. That of Atys and Adrastus may perhaps be thought, by some severer critics, disproportionately long. All that we can say against such a charge is, that having ourselves concurred in it on the first reading, the propriety with which the story is introduced, the importance of its purpose, and the elegance and spirit with which it is told, induced us, on the second perusal, to doubt our former opinions.

But we will proceed to enable our readers, as far as our limits will permit, to judge of the poem for themselves.

An address to the Muses, forming the exordium, is ingeniously adapted to the subject, and what immediately follows is judiciously introduced to raise its importance.

"Yet here shall glory view, with generous aim,

The rising elements of martial fame.

As from the chace Britannia's youth shall learn

The docile steed with ready hand to turn;

O'er the rude crag his bounding steps to guide,

Or press his ardor down the mountain's side,

Till rushing to the field with fierce delight,

She sends forth other Lindseys \* to the fight;

So shall the steady train, of careful eye,

Who wound the aerial offspring as they fly,

Whose limbs unwearied keep their constant way,

From morn's first opening dawn till parting day,

Manly and firm, an unexhausted race,

With hardy frames the shining phalanx grace;

With steps, by labour unsoften'd, shall know

Incessant to pursue the fainting foe;

Shall, mid the rocks and woods, with active toil,

Hang o'er his march, and all his movements foil;

Their close platoons, with cool and certain aim,

Shall send destruction forth in vollied flame;

Or, o'er the field dispers'd, each shot they pour

Shall mark some hostile victim's fatal hour."

The attention of our ancestors to encourage the use of the bow, and the Act of Parliament for that purpose, are then mentioned; and in the enumeration of advantages derived from sporting, the following lines particularly deserve notice:

"Nor shall Britannia's patriots blame the caute,

To woods and fields her wealthier chiefs that draws.

Let Gallia's sons to rural scenes resort

Only when exil'd from a partial court,

Whose dearest hopes a monarch's favours crown,

Rais'd by his smile, or blasted by his frown.

But Albion's freer lords must try to gain

Th' unbiased suffrage of her rustic train;

And every tie that binds her nobler band

With dearer love to their paternal land,

Her yeomen shall behold, with grateful eye,

A surer pledge of wealth and liberty."

Hence occasion is taken to address the British youth of the higher ranks, and invite their attention to the didactic parts of the poem which follow, and in which the poet shews no common skill in giving elegance, by manner, to the homeliest matter.

"When the last sun of August's fiery reign

Now bathes his radiant forehead in the main,

The panoply by sportive heroes worn

Is rang'd in order for th' ensuing morn.

Forth from the summer guard of bolt and lock

Comes the thick gaiter and the fustian frock:

With curious skill the deathful tube is made

Clean as the firelock of the spruce parade.

Yet let no polish of the sportman's gun

Flash like the foldier's weapon to the sun;

Or the bright steel's resplendent glare presume

To penetrate the peaceful forest's gloom;

But let it take the brown's more sober hue,

Or the dark lustre of the enamel'd blue.

Let the close pouch the wadded tow contain,

The leaden pellets and the nitrous grain;

And, wisely cautious, with preventive care,

Be the spare flint and ready turnscREW there;

\* This gallant officer, who was killed in one of the descents on the coast of France, in the war before the last, was very instrumental in forming the light-horse of this country.

While the flung net is open to receive  
Each prize the labours of the day shall give."

Partridge-shooting with pointers is described minutely, in all its circumstances; after which the episode of Atys and Adrastus is introduced to impress upon young sportsmen the necessity for unceasing care, left

"The erring shots should give a fatal wound,  
And change the jocund sportsman's verdant  
wreath  
For funeral weeds, for mourning, tears, and  
death."

We have next an account of pheasant-shooting, woodcock, hare, snipe, water-fowl, and finally, black and red game, all in pleasing poetical language; and though it appears evidently that the author's principal experience has been in partridge shooting with pointers, and that he is less intimately

Aerophorion. Prince and Cooke, Oxford; and Doddsley, London. 1s.

WE are informed that this little poem is also Mr. Pye's. Mr. Sadler's first flight from Oxford gave occasion to it. It bears the character of Mr. Pye's pen, and will amuse those who are fond of elegant versification. We shall select nothing from it for particular criticism but the title. What is Aerophorion, and how is it to be pronounced? Is it a compound of the Greek words *Αἴρῃ* and *φορεῖον*? And if so, is the *e* omitted for fear it should mislead English voices in the pronunciation? or is it omitted because the Latin writers sometimes omitted it on similar occasions? If the latter, the Latin termination should have been adopted, and the word should have been written *Aerophorium*. But the Latins often chose rather to omit the other letters of the diphthong: thus for *Ελευθεῖον* they wrote *Πρυτανεum*. This matter is scarcely an object worthy of critical notice; but there appears

Poems on several Occasions. By Ann Yearley, a Milk-woman at Bristol. 8vo. Cadell.

THE Publick, since the time of Stephen Duck, have been entertained with so many of the efforts of uncultivated and uneducated genius, that these exertions have no longer the power of exciting admiration; and freely should we acknowledge that, if better reasons than those which have been formerly held out to induce us to encourage "the warbling of native wood-notes wild" were not offered on the present occasion, we should, from the melancholy catastrophe of that unfortunate man, and our observation on the mischief of entirely removing persons from

versed in wood and moor shooting, yet he shews a good general knowledge of every part of his subject. Some didactic lines follow; and after renewing his caution against rashness and heedlessness in the sports of the field, from which such melancholy ills are liable to ensue, the author takes occasion to mention the fate of Lord Tavistock, as well as of Mr. Cotton, son of Sir John Hynde Cotton, and concludes the poem thus:

"Votaries of rural joy! with mine while  
flow

Your kindred streams of sympathetic woe,  
By salutary care ah! learn to shun  
The hidden danger of the unguarded gun!  
And as in fields of pleasure you acquire  
The soldier's manly toil and steady fire,  
His cautious use of arms attentive heed,  
Careful by no inglorious wound to bleed;  
Nor lavish life but in the sacred cause  
Of Britain's injur'd rights or violated laws."

an absurdity in the fancy, common with our writers, to give the Latin form to Greek names; the general consequence of which is only to mislead the English voice in the pronunciation. Probably the Latin writers had a different object. For the rest, Mr. Pye's works sufficiently shew that he is learned in the Greek language. Of himself we gave an account in our Review for December last. His works which have been published, as far as we are informed of them, are these:—Far-rington-hill, a poem; a translation of the King of Prussia's Art of War; a translation of the six Olympic Odes of Pindar not translated by Mr. West; a translation of Xenophon's Account of Hare-hunting among the Greeks, in a preface to a work by some other author, intitled, Essays on Hunting; the Progress of Refinement; Shooting; Aero-phorion.

situations to which their habits were formed, and from which alteration is frequently fatal, hesitate to assent to the propriety of publications of this sort. We are happy, however, that we can at this time applaud both the motives which have influenced the encouragers of this work, and the use to which their liberality is intended to be applied. No fight can be more affecting than Genius struggling with Poverty; no act more truly laudable, than to wipe the tear of distress from the eye of modest Merit.

Though



Though we are satisfied that those who may purchase these poems will think themselves amply recompensed by the satisfaction they must feel, in contributing to remove the infelicities of a laborious course of life from a very worthy and ingenious female; yet to shew that they will receive entertainment from the present work, we shall select, as a specimen, the following lines from the concluding poem, called Clifton Hill.

YE silent, solemn, \* strong, stupendous heights,  
 Whose terror-striking frown the school-boy frights  
 From the young daw; whilst in your rugged breast  
 The chattering brood, secured by Horror, rest;  
 Say, Muse, what arm the low'ring brothers cleft,  
 And the calm stream in this low cradle left?  
 Coëval with Creation they look down,  
 And, sunder'd, still retain their native frown.  
 Beneath those heights, lo! balmy springs arise, †  
 To which pale Beauty's faded image flies;  
 Their kindly powers life's genial heat restore;  
 The tardy pulse, whose throbs were almost o'er,  
 Here beats a livelier tune. The breezy air  
 To the wild hills invites the languid fair.  
 Fear not the western gale, thou tim'rous maid,  
 Nor dread its blast shall thy soft form invade;  
 Tho' cool and strong the quick'ning breezes blow,  
 And meet thy panting breath, 'twill quickly grow  
 More strong; then drink the odoriferous draught,  
 With unseen particles of health 'tis fraught.  
 Sit not within the threshold of Despair,  
 Nor plead a weakness fatal to the fair;  
 Soft term for INDOLENCE, politely given,  
 By which we win no joy from earth or heaven.  
 Foul Fiend! thou bane of health, fair Virtue's bane,  
 Death of true pleasure, source of real pain!  
 Keen exercise shall brace the fainting soul,  
 And bid her slacken'd powers more vigorous roll.  
 Blame not my rustic lay, nor think me rude,  
 If I avow Conceit's the grand prelude  
 To dire disease and death. Your high-born maid,  
 Whom fashion guides, in youth's first bloom  
 shall fade;

She seeks the cause; th' effect would fain elude:  
 By Death's o'erstretching stride too close pursu'd,  
 She faints within his icy grasp, yet stares,  
 And wonders why the Tyrant yet appears—  
 Abrupt—so soon—Thine, Fashion, is the crime,  
 Fell Dissipation does the work of time.  
 How thickly cloath'd yon rock of scanty soil, †  
 Its lovely verdure scorns the hand of Toil.  
 Here the deep green, and here the lively plays,  
 The russet birch, and ever-blooming bays;  
 The vengeful black-thorn, of wild beauty proud,  
 Blooms beauteous in the gloomy-checker'd crowd;  
 The barren elm, the useful feeding oak,  
 Whose Hamadryad ne'er should feel the stroke  
 Of axe relentless, 'till twice fifty years  
 Have crown'd her woodland joys, and fruitful cares.  
 The poisonous reptiles here their mischief bring,  
 And thro' the helpless sleeper dart the sting;  
 The toad envenom'd, hating human eyes,  
 Here springs to light, lives long, and aged dies.  
 The harmless snail, slow-journeying, creeps away,  
 Sucks the young dew, but shuns the bolder day.  
 (Alas! if transmigration should prevail,  
 I fear LACTILLA's soul must house in snail.)  
 The long-nos'd mouse, the woodland rat is here,  
 The sightless mole with nicely-pointed ear;  
 The timid rabbit hails th' impervious gloom,  
 Eludes the dog's keen scent, and shuns her doom.  
 Various the tenants of this tangled wood,  
 Who skulk all day, all night review the flood,  
 Chew the wash'd weed driven by the beating wave,  
 Or feast on dreadful food, which hop'd a milder grave.  
 Hail, useful channel! Commerce spreads her wings,  
 From either pole her various treasure brings.  
 Wasted by thee, the mariner long stray'd  
 Clasps the fond parent and the sighing maid;  
 Joy tunes the cry; the rocks rebound the roar,  
 The deep vibration quivers 'long the shore:  
 The merchant hears, and hails the peeping mast,  
 The wave-drench'd sailor scorns all peril past;

\* St. Vincent's rocks, between which flows the river Avon.

† Hot Wells. ‡ Leigh Wood.

Now love and joy the noisy crew invite,  
And clumsy music crowns the rough delight.

Yours be the vulgar dissonance, while I  
Cross the low stream, and stretch the ardent  
eye

O'er Nature's wilds; 'tis peace, 'tis joy serene,  
The thought as pure as calm the vernal scene.  
Ah, lovely meads! my bosom lighter grows,  
Shakes off her huge oppressive weight of  
woes,

And swells in guiltless rapture: ever hail,  
The tufted grove, and the low-winding vale!

Low not, ye herds, your lusty masters  
bring

The crop of Summer; and the genial Spring  
Feels for your wants, and softens Winter's  
rage,

The hoarded hay-stack shall your woes as-  
suage;

Woes sum'd in one alone, 'tis Nature's call,  
That secret voice which fills creation all.

Beneath this stack \* LOUISA'S dwelling  
rose,

Here the fair maniac bore three winters'  
snows.

Here long the shiver'd, stiffening in the blast,  
The lightnings round their livid horrors cast;  
The thunders roar, while rushing torrents  
pour,

And add new woes to bleak affliction's hour;  
The heavens low'r dismal while the storm de-  
scends,

No mother's bosom the soft maid befriends;  
But, frighten'd, o'er the wilds she swiftly  
flies,

And, drench'd with rains, the roofless hay-  
stack tries.

The morn was fair, and gentle — sought  
These lonely woodlands, friends to sober  
Thought;

With Solitude the slow-pac'd maid is seen  
Tread the dark grove, and unfrequented  
green:

Well — knew their lurkings; Phoebus shone,  
While, musing, she pursu'd the track alone.

O, thou kind friend! whom here I dare not  
name,

Who to LOUISA'S shed of misery came,  
Lur'd by the tale, sigh'd o'er her beauteous  
form,

And gently drew her from the beating storm,  
Stand forth,—defend, for well thou canst,  
the cause

Of Heaven, and justify its rigid laws;  
Yet own that human laws are harshly given,

When they extend beyond the will of heaven.  
Say, can thy pen for that hard duty plead,

By which the meek and helpless maid's decreed

\* The unfortunate LOUISA, a fugitive Foreigner, lived three years in a state of distraction under this hay-stack, without going into a house. She once confessed, in a lucid interval, that she had escaped from a Convent, in which she had been confined by her father, on refusing a marriage of his proposing, her affections being engaged to another man.

To dire seclusion? Snatch'd from guiltless  
joys,

To where corroding grief the frame destroys;  
Monastic glooms, which active virtue cramp,  
Where horrid silence chills the vital lamp:  
Slowly and faint the languid pulses beat,  
And the chill'd heart forgets its genial heat;  
The dim sunk eye with hopeless glance ex-  
plores

The solemn aisles, and death-denouncing  
doors,

Ne'er to be pass'd again—Now heaves the  
figh,

Now unavailing sorrows fill the eye:  
Fancy once more brings back the long-lost  
youth

To the fond soul in all the charms of Truth;  
She welcomes the lov'd image; busy Thought  
Pours the past, with guiltless pleasures  
fraught;

'Tis momentary bliss, 'tis rapture high,  
The heart o'erflows, and all is extacy.

MEMORY! I charge thee yet preserve the  
shade,

Ah! let not yet the glittering colours fade!  
Forbear the cruel future yet to view,  
When the sad soul must bid a long adieu,  
E'en to its fancied bliss—Ah! turn not yet,  
Thou wretched bankrupt, that must soon  
forget

This farewell draught of joy: lo! Fancy dies,  
E'en the thin phantom of past pleasure flies.  
Thought sinks in real woe; too poor to give  
Her present bliss, she bids the future live;  
The spirit soon quits that fond clasp, for see,  
The future offers finish'd misery.

Hope quite extinct, lo! frantic thro' the aisles  
She raves, while SUPERSTITION grimly  
smiles.

Th' exhausted mourner mopes, then wildly  
stalks

Round the drear dome, and seeks the darkest  
walks.

The glance distracted each sad sister meets,  
The sorrow-speaking eye in silence greets  
Each death devoted maid: LOUISA here  
Runs thro' each various shape of sad despair;  
Now swells with gusts of hope, now sick'ning  
dies;

Alternate thoughts of death and life arise  
Within her panting soul; the firm resolve,  
The new desire, in stronger fears dissolve.  
She starts—then seiz'd the moment of her  
fate,

Quits the lone cloyster and the horrid grate,  
Whilst wilder horrors to receive her wait;  
Muffled, on Freedom's happy plains they stand,  
And eager seize her not reluctant hand;



Too late to these mild shores the mourner  
came,  
For now the guilt of flight o'erwhelms her  
frame :

Her broken vows in wild disorder roll,  
And stick like serpents in her trembling soul.  
THOUGHT, what art thou? Of thee she  
boasts no more ;

O'erwhelm'd, thou dy'st amid the wilder roar  
Of lawless anarchy, which sweeps the soul,  
Whilst her drown'd faculties like pebbles roll,  
Unloos'd, uptorn, by whirlwinds of despair.  
Each well-taught moral now dissolves in air ;  
Dishevel'd lo ! her beauteous tresses fly,  
And the wild glance now fills the staring eye ;  
The balls fierce glaring in their orbits move,  
Bright spheres, where beam'd the sparkling  
fires of Love,

Now roam for objects which once fill'd her  
mind,

Ah ! long-lost objects they must never find.  
Ill-starr'd LOUISA ! \* Memory, 'tis a strain,  
Which fills my soul with sympathetic pain.  
Remembrance, hence, give thy vain struggles  
o'er,

Nor swell the line with forms that live no  
more.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Mrs. Yearsley in many circumstances of  
her life, as well as her genius, resembles  
Mrs. Anna Louisa Durbach, of whom an ac-  
count is given in the Annual Register of the  
year 1765. To that narrative we shall refer  
our readers, and add the following extract of a  
letter from Miss More to Mrs. Montague,  
which will afford ample satisfaction concern-  
ing the Author of the Collection of Poems  
now under our consideration.

Bristol, Oct. 20, 1784.

DEAR MADAM,

THERE is nothing more inconvenient  
than a high reputation, as it subjects the pos-

essor to continual applications, which those  
of a contrary character entirely escape. The  
delight which you are known to feel in pro-  
tecting real genius, and in cherishing depres-  
sed virtue, exposes you to the present intru-  
sion, from which a cold heart, and an illibe-  
ral spirit, would have effectually secured you.

On my return from Sandeford, a copy of  
verses was shewn me, said to be written by a  
poor illiterate woman in this neighbourhood,  
who sells milk from door to door. The story  
did not engage my faith, but the verses excited  
my attention; for, though incorrect, they  
breathed the genuine spirit of Poetry, and  
were rendered still more interesting, by a  
certain natural and strong expression of mi-  
sery, which seemed to fill the heart and mind  
of the Author. On making diligent enquiry  
into her history and character, I found that  
she had been born and bred in her present  
humble station, and had never received the  
least education, except that her brother had  
taught her to write. Her mother, who was  
also a milk-woman, appears to have had  
sense and piety, and to have given an early  
tincture of religion to this poor woman's  
mind. She is about eight-and-twenty, was  
married very young to a man who is said to  
be honest and sober, but of a turn of mind  
very different from her own. Repeated los-  
ses, and a numerous family, for they had six  
children in seven years, reduced them very  
low; and the rigours of the last severe win-  
ter sunk them to the extremity of distress.  
For your sake, dear Madam, and for my own,  
I wish I could entirely pass over this part of  
her story; but some of her most affecting  
verses would be unintelligible without it.  
Her aged mother, her six little infants, and  
herself (expecting every hour to lie-in) were  
actually on the point of perishing, and had  
given up every hope of human assistance,  
when the Gentleman, so gratefully mentioned  
in her Poem to STELLA, providentially heard

\* Since the publication of this Poem a Narrative has been translated from the French,  
which is supposed to unravel the story of this unhappy lady. It affords a strong presumption,  
that *La Freulen*, the female character in the French tract, is this identical young woman,  
and she is supposed to be an illegitimate daughter of the late Emperor of Germany.—This  
Narrative is singularly curious and interesting in itself. Its relation to *Louisa* (the name given  
to the poor lunatic) is at least very probable. There is nothing which contradicts or opposes  
the possibility of the identity of *La Freulen* and *Louisa*. She has a particular passion for  
bracelets and *miniature pictures*, with the most sovereign contempt for every other ornament.  
Of a Queen Anne's half-crown she is vastly fond; has sometimes desired to have one sewed  
on a black ribbon; said it much resembled her Mamma; would wear it on her arm, and kiss  
it with great delight; but she has now no pleasure in any thing.—She has a Danish attendant,  
to whom she often speaks short sentences in German, particularly if she wants tea, or has  
any other favour to ask.

One striking thing which concurs with the Narrative is, that she could never be prevailed  
on to look in a book. Being once pressed to it, she cried out, *No; reading is study, and study  
makes me mad.* Books have been left in the room; but though she has been narrowly watched,  
she has never been observed to read any of them.

of their distress, which I am afraid she had too carefully concealed, and hastened to their relief. The poor woman and her children were preserved; but—(imagine, dear Madam, a scene which will not bear a detail) for the unhappy mother all assistance came too late; she had the joy to see it arrive, but it was a joy she was no longer able to bear, and it was more fatal to her than famine had been. You will find our Poets frequently alluding to this terrible circumstance, which has left a settled impression of sorrow on her mind.

‘ When I went to see her, I observed a perfect simplicity in her manners, without the least affectation or pretension of any kind: she neither attempted to raise my compassion by her distress, nor my admiration by her parts. But, on a more familiar acquaintance, I have had reason to be surpris’d at the justness of her taste, the faculty I least expected to find in her. In truth, her remarks on the books she has read are so accurate, and so consonant to the opinions of the best critics, that, from that very circumstance, they would appear trite and common-place, in any one who had been in habits of society; for, without having ever conversed with any body above her own level, she seems to possess the general principles of sound taste and just thinking.

‘ I was curious to know what poetry she had read. With the *Night Thoughts* and *Paradise Lost*, I found her well acquainted; but she was astonish’d to learn that Young and Milton had written any thing else. Of Pope, she had only seen the *Eloisa*; and Dryden, Spenser, Thomson, and Prior, were quite unknown to her, even by name. She has read a few of Shakespeare’s Plays, and speaks of a translation of the *Georgics*, which she has somewhere seen, with the warmest poetic rapture.

‘ But though it has been denied to her to drink at the *pure well-head* of Pagan Poesy, yet from the true fountain of divine inspiration, her mind seems to have been wonderfully nourished and enriched. The study of the Sacred Scriptures has enlarged her imagination, and ennobled her language, to a degree only credible to those, who, receiving them as the voice of everlasting truth, are at the pains to appreciate the various and exquisite beauties of composition which they exhibit. For there is, as I have heard you remark, in the Prophets, in Job, and in the Psalms, a character of thought, and a style of expression, between Eloquence and Poetry, by which a great mind, disposed to either, may be so elevated and warmed, as, with little other assistance, to become a Poet or an Orator.

‘ By the next post, I will send you some of her wild wood-notes. You will find her, like all unlettered Poets, abounding in imagery, metaphor, and personification; her faults, in this respect, being rather those of superfluity than of want. If her epithets are now and then bold and vehement, they are striking and original; and I should be sorry to see the wild vigour of her rustic muse polished into elegance, or laboured into correctness. Her ear is perfect; there is sometimes great felicity in the structure of her blank verse, and she often varies the pause with a happiness which looks like skill. She abounds in false concords, and inaccuracies of various kinds; the grossest of which have been corrected. You will find her often diffuse from redundancy, and oftener obscure from brevity; but you will seldom find in her those inexpressible poetic sins, the false thought, the puerile conceit, the distorted image, and the incongruous metaphor, the common resources of bad poets, and the not uncommon blemishes of good ones.

‘ If this commendation be thought exaggerated, qualify it, dear Madam, with the reflection that it belongs to one who writes under every complicated disadvantage; who is destitute of all the elegancies of literature, the accommodations of leisure, and I will not barely say the conveniences, but the necessities of life; to one who does not know a single rule of Grammar, and who has never even seen a Dictionary.

‘ Chill penury repress’d her noble rage,  
‘ And froze the genial current of her soul.’

‘ When I expressed to her my surpris’d at two or three classical allusions in one of her Poems, and enquired how she came by them, she said she had taken them from little ordinary prints which hung in a shop-window. This hint may, perhaps, help to account for the manner in which a late untutored and unhappy, but very sublime genius of this town, caught some of those ideas which diffuse through his writings a certain air of learning, the reality of which he did not possess. A great mind at once seizes and appropriates to itself whatever is new and striking; and I am persuaded that a truly poetic spirit has often the art of appearing to be deeply informed on subjects of which he only knows the general principle; by skilfully seizing the master feature, he is thought artfully to reject the detail, with which, in fact, he is unacquainted; and obtains that credit for his knowledge, which is better due to his judgment.

‘ I have the satisfaction to tell you, dear Madam, that our poor Enthusiast is active and industrious in no common degree. The Muses have not cheated her into an opinion



that the retailing a few fine maxims of virtue, may exempt her from the most exact probity in her conduct. I have had some unequivocal proofs that her morality has not evaporated in sentiment, but is, I verily believe, fixed in a settled principle. Without this, with all her ingenuity, as she would not have obtained my friendship, so I should not have had the courage to solicit for her your protection.

‘I already anticipate your generous concurrence in a little project I have in view for her relief. It is not intended to place her in such a state of independence as might seduce her to devote her time to the idleness of poetry. I hope she is convinced that the making of verses is not the great business of human life; and that, as a wife and a mother, she has duties to fill, the smallest of which is of more value than the finest verses she can write; but as it has pleased God to give her these talents, may they not be made an instrument to mend her situation, if we publish a small volume of her poems by subscrip-

tion? The liberality of my friends leaves me no room to doubt of success.—Pressing as her distresses are, if I did not think her heart was rightly turned, I should be afraid of proposing such a measure, lest it should unsettle the sobriety of her mind, and, by exciting her vanity, indispose her for the laborious employments of her humble condition; but it would be cruel to imagine that we cannot mend her fortune without impairing her virtue.

‘For my own part, I do not feel myself actuated by the idle vanity of a discoverer; for I confess, that the ambition of bringing to light a genius buried in obscurity, operates much less powerfully on my mind, than the wish to rescue a meritorious woman from misery; for it is not fame, but bread, which I am anxious to secure to her.

‘I should ask your pardon for this dull and tedious letter, if I were not assured that you are always ready to sacrifice your most elegant pursuits to the humblest claims of humanity, &c. &c.

HANNAH MORE.’

A Treatise on the Administration of the Finances of France, in 3 Vols. by Mr. Necker, translated from the genuine French Edition, by Thomas Mortimer, Esq. London, J. Sewell, &c. 1785.

MR. Mortimer has dedicated this translation to the Marquis of Lansdown; and as the language of dedication has ever professedly been panegyric, we shall only remark, that our author hath shewn himself an adept in the art: he has decorated his altar with the choicest flowers of adulation, and burnt abundantly sweet incense before the object of his idolatry.

In an advertisement prefixed to this work, we are informed, that the translator thought it incumbent on him “to convey some material beads of information to his English readers, which may serve to point out the very great utility of this excellent work to the British nation; and to explain and illustrate some parts of the treatise, as well as some circumstances attending it, which not being known, might cast a veil of obscurity over a performance which ought to be as intelligent [intelligible] as it is eminent.” He observes, that the general principles of finance laid down by Mr. Necker, are not confined to France, but are equally applicable to every other country, whose resources depend on public credit, manufactures, and commerce: that to lighten the burden of those classes of the people whose ingenuity and industry chiefly promote the latter, and to introduce economy in the expenditure of the money so copiously taken from them in various taxes, are objects peculiarly meriting the attention of the British legislature. He wishes that some of our former Ministers

may see their own *littleness*, and that the present administration may adopt the hints thrown out by this able French financier for putting the national debt of France into a regular course of diminution.

A serious and cool attention to this treatise, he apprehends, might serve to wipe away those vulgar prejudices which have constantly kept alive the embers of war, and promote a permanent peace between Great Britain and France, founded on a sense of the bad policy of such a profusion of blood and wealth wrung from the hard labours of the peasant and industrious manufacturer, which have dishonoured both nations during the present century; and in consequence of which “that gnawing vulture *Perpetual Taxation*, whose appetite seems to increase daily on [for] what it feeds upon, has fastened on the vitals of both.”

Mr. Mortimer, we learn, as far back as 1772, gave a general *hint* to *Ministers* to form a plan of permanent peace and friendship with France, “on the broad basis of a *commercial* and political treaty, totally unlike those treaties of perpetual peace and amity drawn up in the name of the holy and ever-blessed Trinity, and broke thro’ in the name of the first ambitious Minister who discovers a *fool* opportunity to attempt to aggrandize his master, at the expence of the happiness of mankind, and of torrents of innocent blood.” But the fatal American war, the *temper* of the administration

administration during that *infatuated æra*, and our author's *own insignificance*, all combined to render his *bonest efforts* useless—*Hinc ille Jacrymæ*. He has, however, the consolation of having lived to see the true friend of the human race, Mr. Necker, offer the same system to both nations; and declares, it shall be his fervent daily prayer, “that he may close his eyes in an Augustan age of universal peace.” However devoutly “this consummation be to be wished,” we fear, even though Mr. M—’s *flamina* were as strong as those of Methuselah, and his prayers as efficacious as any other of the Patriarchs or Apostles, he will never live to see his Utopian scheme realized.

Mr. Mortimer next observes, that it is a self-evident proposition, that another war of any duration, supposing it to commence within the space of twenty years, which way soever victory incline, will go near to ruin both nations: a sufficient warning this to the Sovereigns, to the Ministers, and to the people of each!

In answer to what has been urged, that some parts of this treatise being local, it might have been abridged, the translator exclaims, “Impossible! every page offers some great political commercial or financial truth, or throws some new light on the administration of affairs in France, which it is essential for every English gentleman, merchant, and manufacturer to know.” However ready we may be to coincide in opinion with Mr. Mortimer, as to the general utility of Mr. Necker’s treatise, in which we are at a loss which most to admire, the universal benevolence and philanthropy of the man, or the unbounded knowledge and penetration of the Minister; yet we cannot altogether agree with him in thinking that every page of it is of such importance to an English reader. In many instances the taxes, as well as the mode of collecting them, are so totally dissimilar, as not to admit of comparison. Such, for instance, are the Salt Tax, and that on Tobacco. It may be important to the British Statesman or Member of Parliament to be thoroughly acquainted with the population, the state of commerce, the amount of the taxes in France, but we cannot think it equally interesting *even to them* (though extremely so to a Frenchman) to enter into the minutæ of the arrangements adopted by the *provincial administrations*, or the mode of electing the members of those *assemblies*, to determine whether the clergy were to be introduced into them or not? or whether it were the interest of the parliaments to oppose their establishment? Although the mode in which each of these subjects is treated, serves to place Mr. Necker’s talents and humanity in the strongest and fairest light; though the

adoption of his plan would undoubtedly have been of the highest utility to that kingdom; yet, as the nature of our constitution neither requires nor admits of the establishment of such assemblies in this country, the investigation surely ceases to be *essentially interesting*, however instructive and entertaining.

We differ also in opinion from this gentleman, as to the consolation it may afford to the people of England, “to find almost all the taxes imposed upon them (the oppressive commutation window-tax excepted) *enumerated* and levied upon the subjects of France.” This is a poor consolation, indeed, not unlike that of those

“Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,

That many have and others must sit there;  
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,  
Bearing their own misfortune on the back  
Of such as have before endured the like.”

Some part of the spirit of every work has generally been supposed to evaporate even in the best translations; in the present instance, Mr. Mortimer ventures to recommend the translation in preference to the original. We, without any comment, submit his reasons for this opinion to our readers.

“To those gentlemen, who, relying on their knowledge of the French language, have thought proper to purchase the original, let me observe, that upon some subjects it may be right to depend upon that knowledge; but with respect to so very important a work, in which their own and the national interest is so deeply concerned, we may venture to recommend the translation in preference, which I will assure them, notwithstanding my perfect acquaintance with the French language, I found so difficult a task, that without the unremitting attention and assistance of M. Sibille d’Arragon, private Secretary to Count de Rochambeau, during the late war, and now in the same situation with his Excellency the Count d’Adhemar, Ambassador of France to the Court of London, my worthy coadjutor, whose talents for business, joined to indefatigable application, merit the regard and recompence of the government of France, it would have been impossible for me to have accomplished it in any reasonable time, or with that degree of accuracy which I am certain at present runs through the whole. Accustomed as I have been to commercial and finance translations and writings, there were terms, proceedings, and details in the operations of the revenue and administrations in France, which no Englishman could have understood or clearly explained.”

We hope that this *hint* to the *French Ministry* will, for M. Sibille d’Arragon’s sake, meet with more attention than our author’s



author's to our own did in 1772, and that his *honest efforts* in favour of his worthy coadjutor will not prove useless; and sincerely congratulate the public on such an union of *perfect acquaintance with the French language, talents for business, and indefatigable application* having taken place, in order to procure them this superior translation of Mr. Necker's treatise; though we cannot help lamenting that an equally perfect acquaintance with the English language seems not to have fallen to the share of both the gentlemen jointly concerned in this work. Of this several instances have already occurred, and frequently will in the course of it; nor can we admit of the plea of *typographical errors*, as Mr. Mortimer has assured us, that the new method of printing "by words, *logographically*," has greatly facilitated his undertaking, not only by the great dispatch, but likewise by the degree of *correctness* in the proof sheets.

It is now time to take our leave of the translators, and direct our attention to the work itself. Mr. Necker, in his elegant and ample Introduction, which fills no less than 150 pages, has presented his readers with some preliminary reflections on finances in general, and has pointed out the qualifications necessary for those who are appointed to administer them. It is in fact a narrative and justification of his own conduct, while at the head of the finance department; and if in it he has sometimes indulged himself in that vanity which is incident even to the greatest of minds (and in them only it is pardonable), his superior abilities will more than sufficiently plead his excuse. "The man," to use his own words, "who during the space of five very expensive years did not impose one new tax; who, nevertheless, applied to useful public undertakings those sums that were appropriated to them in more peaceable times; the man who gave his sovereign the most heart-felt satisfaction, by enabling him to distribute the same royal bounties in his provinces, or greater, than in times of peace; who at the same time sacrificing to the respectable ardour of the King the necessary resources, to commence in the midst of war the rebuilding of decayed prisons and hospitals; the man who cherished his generous inclination, by inspiring him with the desire of abolishing the remains of vassalage; who by a due homage rendered to the character of the monarch, seconded his dispositions in favour of order and economy; who above all earnestly solicited the establishment of those beneficent and paternal provincial administrations of the finances, in which the simplest peasant may have some share; in short, the man who, by attending to a multitude of *minute* cares, sometimes caused blessings to be poured out on the name

of the sovereign, from [by] the very lowest of the poor, may perhaps have some right, in his retreat, to point out, without blushing, the love and protection of the people, as one principal rule of administration, and to be vain without meriting censure."

To attempt to give a regular account of the variety of matter contained in this Introduction, would be a task not only of considerable difficulty, but inconsistent with our plan; we can only select such passages as are most striking, though by so doing they will appear to great disadvantage.

"The administration of the finances in France," says our author, and the observation holds good in every absolute monarchy, "is mixed and combined with every thing else; it affects mankind by means of the most active and most unalterable spring, namely, the motives of interest and attachment to one's fortune. These personal sentiments are formidable enemies to the best public institutions; but it is more especially in the administration of the finances that this truth becomes feasible. Through the innumerable difficulties arising from this source, must the administration of the finances make its way; it must at once enlighten, pacify, and lead the minds of men; it must by a line of conduct constantly wise, just, and beneficial, moderate the action of separate interests, by imperceptibly bringing them back to the social principles, and to the ideas of public order. It must above all, by active and continual anxiety, excite confidence, that precious sentiment which unites the future to the present, which gives an insight into the *permanency* of the good they enjoy, and the *termination* of the burthens they endure, and lays the surest foundation of the happiness of the people. Then every one will look on the contributions which are demanded of him, as a just assistance afforded to the exigencies of the state, and as the price of the good order which surrounds him, and the security which he enjoys. Then the people will listen to the word of Kings, and rely upon it. If relief is promised to them, they enjoy it beforehand; and if the term of a tax is announced, they believe it, and bear it as a transitory evil."

"But if the administration of the finances become embroiled, and goes astray in the choice of its expedients; if it is unfeeling, improvident, and easily borne away by the exigencies of the present moment, exchequer calculations and fees will engross its attention; the people, indeed, will be present to its remembrance; but it will always be a remembrance that they are liable to be taxed: it will weigh their strength, but it will be on purpose to demand the sacrifice of it; it might have received

ceived the love of the people, but their obedience will suffice. Then the people in their turn will resume their diffidence; they will believe themselves forgotten, and all their personal feelings will be revived; their interests being no longer combined with the political system of government, they will separate themselves from it more than ever; and that administration which they would have esteemed as their safeguard, they will habituate themselves to consider as a cunning enemy to their tranquillity, and private interest will

every where be opposed to the public welfare."

This specimen, we apprehend, will not prejudice our readers in favour of the style of this translation, however unanimously they may approve of the sentiments it is intended to convey. The language is neither clear nor perspicuous; it wants that precision which prevents the hazard of mistaking the sense of the author; and the attending to the exact import of words, which is essentially necessary, is evidently neglected.

[To be continued.]

Letters from Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Germany, in the Years 1759, 1760, and 1761, by Christopher Hervey, Esq. 3 vols. London, R. Faulder, 1785.

THESE Letters, admitting they ever could afford any entertainment, are now totally out of date. So many travellers have, since Mr. Hervey, been over the same ground, and have indulged the public with accounts of their peregrinations, that the subject is literally worn thread-bare: but were that not the case, this work is such a motley farrago of extracts from old books, Spanish Gazettes, &c. as promises to afford little amusement and less improvement to the reader. No less than forty pages are dedicated to a translation of the sentence of the conspirators against the King of Portugal. A tame prose translation of part of the *Lusiad* of Camoens, and an *endless* note, giving an account of the loss of the *Litchfield*, Capt. Barton, on the coast of Barbary, take up as many more. The author's first letter will enable the reader to judge of what he may be entitled to expect in the subsequent ones. It is as follows:

"Dear Sir,

"You are to consider this as my first and introductory letter to the strict correspondence you have desired. The writing so much is no trouble—for as I shall do it without considering what I write, I do it without much difficulty.

"You know already that the papers I am to send you are to be on any subject, as it is the liberty you allow in writing that makes them no trouble. You are to consider these

productions as a strange mixture of incoherencies; among which, however, you may chance to find some little matter that suits your taste. All I engage for is, to daub a sheet of paper over with a black fluid called ink, reducing it into certain hieroglyphical characters called letters; which letters shall be put together into little packets called words, and this is all I promise; reserving to myself the full and absolute power of writing in what language or style I please, *intelligible* or not, good, bad, or indifferent. In consequence of this agreement, you may expect to hear from me next week, and so on, if I am well, till my return to England."

The promise here made, Mr. Hervey has most religiously adhered to. We remember to have heard of a mill so contrived as to grind hexameters, and should suppose Mr. Hervey has gotten a similar machine: thus much we are sure of, that if a sufficient quantity of his "little packets of letters" were promiscuously drawn out of a bag and formed into sentences, they could not be more innocent of meaning, or less "*intelligible*" than many of his are. We are ready enough to believe that the writing these volumes "did not cost him much trouble," though they have caused us an infinite deal. We may say with the frogs in the fable, "It may be sport to you, but 'tis death to us."

Arctic Zoology, by Thomas Pennant, Esq. 2 Vols. 4to. White.

(Concluded from page 44.)

HAVING accompanied our author through his *ideal* voyage, and laid before our readers an account of such descriptions as occurred in it, most worthy, as we thought, of their attention, we shall next present them with some of his opinions relative to America having been peopled from the eastern coast of Asia. On this subject philosophers disagree. Much may be said on both sides.—"*Non*

*nostris tantas componere lites*;" we shall therefore leave it to our author to speak for himself, and to our readers to embrace that opinion which to them shall appear most reasonable. "The sea," says Mr. Pennant, "from the south of *Bering's Straights* to the crescent of isles between *Asia* and *America*, is very shallow. It deepens from these straits (as the British seas do from those of *Dover*) till soundings



foundings are lost in the Pacific Ocean. From the *Volcanic* disposition I am led to believe, not only that there was a separation of the continents at the Straights of Bering, but that the whole space from the isles to that small opening had once been occupied by land; and that the fury of the watery element, actuated by that of fire, had in most remote times subverted and overwhelmed the tract, and left the islands monumental fragments.

“Whether that great event took place before or after the population of America, is as impossible as it is of little moment for us to know. We are indebted to our navigators for settling the long dispute about the point from which it was effected. They by their discoveries prove, that in one place the distance between continent and continent is only thirty-nine miles. This narrow freight has also in the middle two islands, which would greatly facilitate the migration of the *Asiatics* into the new world, supposing it took place in canoes, after the convulsion which rent the two continents asunder. Besides, it may be added, that these freights are, even in summer, often filled with ice; in winter, often frozen: in either case mankind might find an easy passage; in the last, the way was extremely ready for quadrupeds to cross and flock the continent of America.”

Having thus assigned his reasons for establishing a possibility of men and cattle passing from Asia to America, our author next candidly confesses, that it is a matter which baffles human reason to fix on the first tribes who from the vast expanse of the north-eastern world, contributed to people the new continent. He thinks, however, that the Asiatic North might have been an *officina virorum*, as well as the European; and is of opinion, that the overteeming country to the east of the Riphean mountains, must have found it necessary to discharge its inhabitants. The first great wave of people was forced forward by each succeeding one, more tumid and more powerful than the former; short rest was given to any; they were disturbed again and again, till the first, driven to the farthest limits of the old world, “found a new one, sufficiently ample to occupy unmolested for ages, till Columbus cursed them by a discovery, which brought again new sins and new deaths to both worlds:” and he concludes, that it is impossible to suppose that America could receive the bulk of its inhabitants from any other place than Eastern Asia.

He endeavours to corroborate this opinion by proofs adduced from the same customs prevailing in America and the north of Asia, and from the similitude both in features and the form of the human body found in almost every tribe along the western coast and the

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Tartars. To this opinion it has been objected, That though the distance between the continents might not be sufficient to prevent the emigration of men, it was an insuperable obstruction to the passage of many animals: but even admitting the possibility of their passing, it was not probable that brutes should undertake such a journey. They might have found convenient abodes in the vast *Alps* of *Asia*, without wandering to the *Cordilleras* of *Chili*; or have rested contented with the boundless plains of *Tartary*, instead of travelling thousands of miles to the extensive flats of *Pampa*.

To this our Author replies, — “To endeavour to elucidate common difficulties, is certainly a trouble worthy of the philosopher and the divine; not to attempt it would be a criminal indolence, a neglect to

#### Vindicate the ways of God to man

But there are multitudes of points beyond the human ability to explain, and yet are truths undeniable: The facts are indisputable, notwithstanding the causes are concealed. In such cases, faith must be called in to our relief. It would certainly be the height of folly to deny to that Being, who broke open the great fountains of the deep to effect the deluge; — and who afterwards, to compel the dispersion of mankind, to people the globe, directed the confusion of languages — powers inferior in their nature to these. After these wondrous proofs of Omnipotence, it would be absurd to deny the possibility of infusing instinct into the brute creation. *Deus est anima brutorum*; his pleasure must have determined their will, and directed them, by impulse irresistible, to move by slow progression to their destined regions. But for that, the *old* world would have been overstocked with animals; the *new* have remained an unanimated waste; or both have contained an equal portion of every beast of the earth.” He thinks the objection, that animals bred in a southern climate would be unable to bear the frost and snow of the rigorous north, of little weight; their migration must have been the work of ages, and in the course of their progress each generation grew hardened to the climate it had reached, and again, as they moved southward, became gradually accustomed to warmer and warmer climates, as they had the reverse, on their former removal from south to north.”

Having thus stated the arguments against our author’s system, in which he, however, is not singular, and his defence, we proceed to lay before our Readers his very curious account of the manner in which adventitious fruits, such as nuts, and some species of vegetables, are brought by the waves to the *Feroe* and *Orkney* Islands, from *Jamaica*, and other

other neighbouring parts. To account for this, says Mr. Pennant, "we must have recourse to a cause very remote from this place. Their vehicle is the Gulph-stream from the Gulph of Mexico. The trade-winds force the great body of the ocean from the westward thro' the Antilles into that gulph, when it is forced backward along the shore, from the mouth of the *Mississippi* to Cape *Florida*, doubles that cape in the narrow sea between it and *Cuba*, and from Cape *Florida* to Cape *Cannaveral* runs nearly north at the distance of from 5 to 7 leagues from shore, and extends in breadth from 15 to 18 leagues. There are regular soundings from the land to the edge of the stream, where the depth is generally seven fathoms: after that no bottom can be found. The soundings off Cape *Cannaveral* are very steep and uncertain, as the water shallows so quick, that from forty fathoms it will immediately lessen to fifteen, and from that to four, or less; so that, without great care, a ship may in a few minutes be on shore.

"It must be observed, that, notwithstanding the Gulph-stream in general is said to begin where soundings end, yet its influence extends several leagues within the soundings; and vessels often find a considerable current setting to the northward all along the coast, till they get into eight or ten fathom water, even where the soundings stretch to twenty leagues along the shore; but their current is generally augmented or lessened by the prevailing winds, the force of which, however, can but little affect the grand unfathomable stream. From Cape *Cannaveral* to Cape *Hatteras*, the soundings begin to widen in the extent of their run from the shore to the inner edge of the stream, where no bottom can be afterwards found. Abreast of *Savannah* River, the current sets nearly north; after which, as if from a bay, it stretches north-east to Cape *Hatteras*, and from thence it sets east-north-east, till it has lost its force. As Cape *Hatteras* runs a great way into the sea, the edge of the stream is only from five to seven leagues distant from the Cape; and the force and rapidity of the main stream has such influence, within that distance, over ships bound to the southward, that in very high foul winds, or in calm, they have frequently been hurried back to the northward, which has often occasioned great disappointment both to merchant-ships and to men of war, as was often experienced in the late war.

"In December 1745, an exceeding good sailing ship, bound from *Philadelphia* to *Charles-town*, got abreast of Cape *Hatteras* every day during thirteen days, sometimes even with the tide, and in a middle distance

between the Cape and the inner edge of the stream; yet this ship was forced back regularly, and could only recover its lost way with the morning breeze, till the fourteenth day, when a brisk gale helped it to stem the current, and get to the southward of the Cape. This shews the impossibility of any thing which has fallen into the stream returning, or stopping its course.

"On the outside of the stream is a strong eddy, or contrary current towards the ocean; and on the inside, next to America, a strong tide sets against it. When it sets off from Cape *Hatteras*, it takes a current nearly north-east; but, in its course, meets a great current that sets from the north, and probably comes from *Hudson's Bay*, along the coast of *Labrador*, till the Island of *Newfoundland* divides it. Part setting along the coast through the Straights of *Belleisle*, and sweeping past Cape *Breton*, runs obliquely against the Gulph-stream, and gives it a more eastern direction. The other part of the northern current is thought to join it on the eastern side of *Newfoundland*. The influence of these joint currents must be far felt; yet, possibly, its force is not so great, nor contracted in such a pointed and circumscribed direction, as before they encountered. The prevailing winds all over this part of the ocean are the west and north-west, and consequently the whole body of the Western Ocean seems, from their influence, to have what the mariners call a *set* to the eastward, or to the north-east by-east. Thus the productions of *Jamaica*, and other places bordering on the coast of *Mexico*, may be first brought by the stream out of the Gulph, enveloped in the *Sargasso* or *Alga* of the Gulph round Cape *Florida*, and hurried by the current either along the American shore, or sent into the ocean in the course along the stream, and then by the *set* of the stream and the prevailing winds, which generally blow two-thirds of the year, wafted to the shores of *Europe*, where they are found.

"The mast of the *Tilbury* man of war, burnt at *Jamaica*, was thus conveyed to the western side of *Scotland*; and among the amazing quantity of drift-wood, or timber, annually flung on the coasts of *Iceland*, are some species which grow in *Virginia* and *Carolina*. All the great rivers of these countries contribute their share; the *Alatamaha*, *Santee*, and *Roanok*, and all the Rivers which flow into the *Chesapeake*, send down in floods numberless trees."

These extracts from our author's Introduction, so well deserving notice, have unavoidably taken up so much of our room, that we must unwillingly contract our subsequent remarks on the zoological part of  
this



this work. Where the animals are the same with those he has treated of in his British Zoology, Mr. Pennant refers to that work; he, however, occasionally adds new species, and corrects any mistakes in those volumes. The zoology of a country which has had few observers, and even those who have visited it not having extended their observations to the very high latitudes, must unavoidably be less complete than might have been wished. Our author has evidently procured every assistance to render it as much so as the nature of the case would admit of; and we have infinitely more reason to be satisfied that his catalogue is so various and extensive as it is, than to repine at any deficiency that may occur in it. As a specimen we have, among the Quadrupeds, selected his account of the Bear, which almost entirely surrounds the neighbourhood of the polar circles. These he distinguishes into three species.

“The *Polar*, with a long narrow head and neck; tip of the nose black; teeth of a tremendous magnitude; hair of a great length, soft and white, and in part tinged with yellow; limbs very thick and strong; ears short and rounded. This species is very fierce and intrepid, and become dangerous enemies when attacked and provoked, and have been known to seize a man in their mouths, run away with the utmost ease, tear him to pieces, and devour him even in the sight of his surviving comrades.

“This species are sometimes brought alive into England. It became part of the Royal Menagerie as early as the reign of king Henry III. There are two writs extant of that monarch’s, directing the sheriffs to furnish sixpence a-day to support our white bear in our Tower of London; and to provide a muzzle and iron chain to hold him when out of the water; and a long and strong rope to hold him when he was fishing in the *Thames*.”

The next species cited by our author is the black bear, “with a long pointed nose, and narrow forehead; the cheeks and throat of a yellowish brown colour; hair over the whole body and limbs of a glossy black, smoother and shorter than that of the European kind. This species of bears feed on vegetables, and even when ready to perish with hunger, reject animal food; they have been known to break into the courts of houses, yet never touched the butchers meat which lay in their way, but fed voraciously on the corn and roots they met with. These American bears do not lodge in caves or cliffs of rocks, like those of Europe, but form their dens beneath the snow, and suffer some to drop at the mouth, to conceal their retreat.

“The naturalist’s poet with great truth and beauty describes the retreat of this animal in the frozen climate of the north:

There through the piny forest half absorbed,  
Rough tenant of those shades, the shapeless

BEAR,

With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;  
Slow-paced, and frouer as the storms increase,  
He makes his bed beneath th’ inclement drift,  
And with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,

Hardens his heart against assailing want.

“The long time which these animals subsist without food is amazing: they will remain in their retreats for six weeks without the least provision, remaining either asleep or totally inactive.” The received opinion that they live by sucking their paws, our author treats as a vulgar error. “The fact is, they retire immediately after autumn, when they have fattened themselves to an excessive degree by the abundance of the fruits which they find at that season. This enables animals which perspire very little in a state of rest, to endure an abstinence of uncommon length. But when this internal support is exhausted, and they begin to feel the call of Hunger, on the approach of the severe season, they quit their dens in search of food. Lawson and Cateby relate a very surprising thing in respect to this animal, viz. that neither European or Indian ever killed a bear with young, owing to an unnatural dislike in the male to its offspring, which it will kill and devour; on this account the females retire before the time of parturition into the depths of woods and rocks, to elude the search of their savage mates.”

The remaining species noticed by Mr. Pennant is the brown bear, “with long shaggy hair, usually dusky or black, with brown points, liable to vary, perhaps according to their age, or some accident, which does not create a specific difference.

α. “A variety of a pale brown colour, whose skins are imported from *Hudson’s Bay*. The cubs are of a jetty black, and their necks often encircled with white.

β. “Bears spotted with white.

γ. “Land-bears entirely white. Such sometimes fall from the lofty mountains which border on Siberia, and are of a very great size.

δ. “(Cizzly bears) called by the Germans *Silver-bear*, or the *Silver-bear*, from the mixture of white hairs.

“All these varieties form but one species; they are granivorous and carnivorous both in Europe and America.

“In all savage nations,” continues our author, “the bear has been an object of veneration. Among the Americans a feast is made in honour of each that is killed. The head of the beast is painted with all colours, and placed on an elevated spot, where it re-

ceives the respects of all the guests. The body is cut in pieces, they regale on it, and conclude the ceremony.

"The chase of these animals is a matter of the first importance, and never undertaken without abundance of ceremonies. A principal warrior first invites all the hunters. This is followed by a total abstinence from all kinds of food during eight days; notwithstanding which they pass the day in continual song. This they do to invoke the Spirits of the woods to direct them to the place where there is abundance of bears. They also address themselves to the *manes* of the beasts slain in preceding chases, to direct them in their dreams to plenty of game. One dreamer cannot alone determine the place, numbers must concur; but as they tell each other their dreams, they generally agree.

"The chief of the hunt now gives a great feast, at which no one dares to appear without first bathing. At this entertainment, they, contrary to their usual custom, eat with great moderation. The master of the feast alone touches nothing; fresh invocations to the deceased bears conclude the whole. They then fall forth amidst the acclamations of the village, equipped as if for war, and painted black.

"They now proceed on their way in a direct line; neither rivers, or any other impediments stop their course, driving before them all the beasts they find in their way. When they arrive on the hunting-ground, they surround as large a space as their company will admit, and contracting the circle search every hollow tree, and every fit place for the retreat of the bear, and continue this practice till the time of the chase is expired.

"As soon as the bear is killed, a hunter puts into its mouth a lighted pipe of tobacco, and blowing into it, fills the throat with smoke, conjuring the spirit of the animal not to resent what they are going to do to its body, nor render their future chases unsuccessful. As the beast makes no reply, they cut out the string of the tongue, and throw it into the fire; if it crackles and runs in (which it is almost sure to do), they accept it as a good omen; if not, they think the next year's chase will be unfortunate.

"The Kamitchatkans, before their conversion to Christianity, had almost similar superstitions respecting bears; nor did these superstitions confine themselves to *America* and *Asia*, but spread equally over the north of *Europe*. The *Lapländers* held it in the greatest veneration; they called it the *Dog of God*, because they esteemed it to have the strength of ten men, and the sense of twelve. They never call it by its proper name of *Guoushja*, but stile it *Moedda-aigia*, or, *the old man in a furred cloak*.

"At the pulling off the skin, and cutting the body in pieces, they were used to sing a song, but without meaning or rhyme. The ancient Fins, however, had a song, which if not highly embellished by the translator, is far from inelegant.

"Beast! of all forest beasts subdu'd and slain,  
Health to our huts and prey an hundred-fold  
Restore; and o'er us keep a constant guard!  
I thank the gods who gave so noble prey!  
When the great day-star hides beyond the

*Alps,*  
I hie me home; and joy, all clad in flowers,  
For three long nights shall reign throughout  
my hat.

With transport shall I climb the mountain's  
side.

Joy o'p'd this day, joy shall attend its close.  
Thee I revere, from thee expect my prey;  
Nor e'er forget my carol to the *Bear*."

This specimen, though considerably curtailed, has carried us so far beyond our usual bounds, that we can only add, that Mr. Penman has collected, with great pains and assiduity, a variety of useful and entertaining articles, from real and careful observation, and rendered his work a considerable acquisition to the curious natural philosopher. He is certainly intitled to much greater as well as more durable praise than he modestly claims in the conclusion of his work, when he says, "some future naturalist may perhaps smile on the labours of the Arctic Zoologist (if by that time they are not quite obsolete); and as the animate creation never changes her course, he may find much right; and if he is endowed with a good heart, will candidly attribute the errors to misinformation, or the common infirmity of human nature."

Prayers and Devotions composed by Samuel Johnson, LL. D. and published from his Manuscripts by George Strahan, A. M. London. Cadell. 1785.

WE cannot altogether agree in opinion with the reverend Editor of these *posthumous* devotions of Dr. Johnson, that "they will be welcomed by the public with a distinction similar to that which has been already paid to his other works;" and our reasons for being thus dissentient, are, that these

Prayers and Meditations are evidently void of that strength and vigour of thought, that force of expression, which so evidently appears in, and strikingly distinguishes the other writings of this great man. In this work we find evident traces of superstition, and peculiarities which, though they indicate "a mind ardent-ly



ly zealous to please God, and anxious to evince its alacrity in his service by a scrupulous observance of more than enjoined duties," at the same time convince us, that perfection is not the lot of mortality, and that—*bonus aliquando dormitat Homerus*.—Some parts of the Doctor's prayers, where he recommends his departed friends to divine mercy, tho' he always prefaces them with *as far as it may be lawful for me*, seems rather to lean towards a belief in the state of purgatory, which, however, his editor endeavours to controvert. These Prayers and Meditations were chiefly, we find, composed on certain stated days, which, during many years of his life, the Doctor observed with a religious solemnity, viz. New Year's Day; March 28th, the day on which his wife died; Good Friday; Easter Day; and September 18th, his own birth-day. We shall only farther observe, that, in our opinion, tho' the present work may, and certainly does, strongly prove the author's piety and devotion, it will not by any means tend to increase his literary reputation: we meet with few new thoughts: he has liberally borrowed from the collects of the church of England, and has, by the repeated good resolutions which he made, and as repeatedly broke, confirmed the pathetic lamentation of the Apostles: "the good which we would, we do not; the evil which we would, *that* we do." We shall offer our readers a specimen for their judgment.

#### GOOD FRIDAY.

April 20, 1764.

"I have made no reformation; I have lived totally useless, more sensual in thought, and more addicted to wine and meat. Grant me, O God, to amend my life, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen."

"I hope

"To put my rooms in order\*.

"I fasted all day."

April 21, 1764, *three in the morning*.

"My indolence, since my last reception of the sacrament, has sunk into grosser sluggishness, and my dissipation spread into wider negligence. My thoughts have been clouded with sensuality; and except that from the beginning of this year, I have in some measure forborne excess of strong drink, my appetites have predominated over my reason. A kind of strange oblivion has overspread me, so that I know not what has become of the last year; and perceive that incidents and intelligence pass over me without leaving any impression.

"This is not the life to which heaven is promised. I purpose to approach the altar again to-morrow. Grant, O Lord, that I may receive the sacrament with such resolutions of a better life, as may by thy grace be effectual, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

"April 21, I read the whole Gospel of St. John, then sat up till the 22d.

"My purpose is from this time

"To reject or expel sensual images and idle thoughts.

"To provide some useful amusements for leisure time.

"To avoid idleness.

"To rise early.

"To study a proper portion of every day.

"To worship God diligently.

"To read the Scriptures.

"To let no week pass without reading some part.

"To write down my observations.

"I will renew my resolutions at *Tetty's* death.

"I perceive an insensibility and heaviness upon me. I am less than commonly oppressed with the sense of sin, and less affected with the shame of idleness; yet I will not despair. I will pray to God for resolution, and will endeavour to strengthen my faith in Christ by commemorating his death.

"I prayed for *Tetty*."

#### EASTER DAY.

April 22, 1764.

"Having, before I went to bed, composed a meditation, and a prayer, I tried to compose myself, but slept unquietly. I rose, took tea, and prayed for resolution and perseverance; thought on *Tetty*, my dear poor *Tetty*, with my eyes full.

"I went to church; came in at the first of the psalms, and endeavoured to attend to the service, which I went through without perturbation. After sermon, I recommended *Tetty* in a prayer by herself; and my father, mother, brother, and Bathurst, in another: I did it only once, *so far as it might be lawful for me*.

"I then prayed for resolution and perseverance to amend my life. I received soon, the communicants were many. At the altar it occurred to me, that I ought to form some resolutions. I resolved, in the presence of God, but without a vow, to repel sinful thoughts, to study eight hours daily, and, I think, to go to church every Sunday, and read the Scriptures. I gave a shilling; and seeing a poor girl at the sacrament in a bed-gown, gave her privately a crown, though I saw Hart's hymns in her hands. I prayed earnestly for amendment, and repeated my prayer at home. Dined with Miss W——, went to prayers at church; went to ——, spent the evening not pleasantly. Avoided wine, and tempered a very few glasses with sherbet. Came home and prayed."

We could wish to persuade ourselves that Dr. Johnson had been incapable of penning the above, and sincerely lament that his editor complied with his request in publishing it; as it cannot tend to the benefit of the well-disposed, but may afford food for the scoffer.

\* Disorder I have found one great cause of idleness.

The *Loufiad*: an Heroic Poem, Canto I. by Peter Pindar, Esq. London, J. Jarvis, 1s. 6d. 1785.

THIS humorous relation of the Poet of Thebes, after diverting himself and the public at the expence of the Royal Academicians, now takes an higher flight, and bids his

“———— Mufe exalt her wings,  
Love, and the Sons of Canvaß, quit for  
K—gs.”

To this poem is prefixed the following curious address:

“Gentle Reader,

“It is necessary to inform thee, that his M——y actually discovered some time ago, as he sat at table, a LOUSE on his plate. The emotion occasioned by the unexpected appearance of such a *gust*, can be better imagined than described.

“An edict was in consequence passed for shaving the cooks and scullions, and the unfortunate Louse condemned to die.

“Such is the foundation of the LOUSIAD— With what degree of merit the poem is executed, the uncritical as well as critical reader will decide.

“The ingenious author, who ought to be allowed to know something of the matter, hath been heard privately to declare, that in his opinion the *Batrachomyomachia* of Homer, the *Secchi rapita* of Tassoni, the *Lutrin* of Boileau, the *Dispensary* of Garth, and the *Rape of the Lock* of Pope, are not to be compared to it; and to exclaim at the same time, with all the modest assurance of an author,

Cedite scriptores Romani, cedite Graei—  
Nil ortum in terris *Loufiadæ* melius:

which for the sake of the mere English reader is thus beautifully translated:

Roman and Latin authors, great and small,  
The author of the *Loufiad* beats you all.”

After thus producing the ingenious author's own character of his work, we will not presume to give our critical opinion of it, but leave the reader to decide upon the following extracts:

\* Billy Ramus, emphatically and constantly called by his M——y *Billy Ramus*, one of the Pages who shaves the S——n, airs his shirt, reads to him, writes for him, and collects anecdotes.

† Puff, his R-y-l H-gh—fs's hair-dresser, who attending him at Windsor, the Prince, with his usual good-nature, ordered him to dine with the Pages. The pride of the Pages immediately took fire, and a petition was dispatched to the K—g and P—ce, to be relieved from the distressful circumstance of dining with a *hair-dresser*. The petition was treated with the proper contempt, and the Pages commanded to receive Mr. Puff in their mess, or quit the table. With unspeakable mortification Mr. Ramus and his brethren submitted; but, like the poor Gentoos who have lost their *Cass*, have never held up their heads since.

“Paint, heavenly Mufe, the look, the very look,

That of the S——n's face possession took,  
When first he saw the louse in solemn state,  
Grave as a Spaniard, march across the plate!  
Yet could a louse a British King surprize,  
And like a pair of faucers stretch his eyes?  
The little tenant of a mortal head  
Shake the great Ruler of three realms with  
*dread?*

Not with more horror did his eyes behold  
Charles Fox, that cunning enemy of old,  
When triumph hung upon his plotting brains,  
And dear Prerogative was just in chains;  
Not more *agbasi* he look'd, when 'midst the  
course

He tumbled in a stag-chace from his horse,  
Where all his nobles deem'd the m—ch dead,  
But luckily he pitch'd upon his head!

Not *woi son-eaters* at the vanish'd fat,  
With stomachs wider than a quaker's hat:  
Not with more horror Mr. Serjeant Pliant  
Looks down upon an empty-handed client:  
Not with more horror stares the rural maid,  
By hopes, by fortune-tellers, dreams, betray'd,  
Who sees her ticket a dire blank arise,  
Too fondly thought the twenty thousand  
prize:

Not with more horror stares each lengthen'd  
feature

Of some fine fluttering, mincing *petit-maitre*,  
When of a wanton chimney-sweeping wag:  
The beau's white vestment feels the footy bag:  
Not with more horror did the Devil look  
When *Dunstan* by the nose the dæmon took,  
(As gravely say our legendary songs)

And led him with a pair of red-hot tongs:  
Not Lady-Worsley, chaste as many a nun,  
Look'd with more horror at Sir Richard's fun,  
When rais'd on high to view her naked  
charms,

He held the peeping Captain in his arms;  
Like David, that most amorous little dragon,  
Ogling sweet Bathsheba without a rag on:  
Not with more horror *Billy Ramus*\* star'd,  
When Puff†, the P—ce's hair-dresser, ap-  
pear'd



Amidst their eating-room, with dread design  
 To fit with *Pages* and with *Pages* dine:  
 Not more Asturias' Princess look'd affright,  
 At breakfast, when her spouse, the *unpolite*,  
 Hurl'd, *madly* heedless both of time and place,  
 A cup of boiling coffee in her face,  
 Because the fair-one eat a butter'd roll  
 On which the selfish Prince had fix'd his soul:  
 Not more *astonish'd* look'd that Prince to find  
 His royal father to his face unkind;  
 Who, to the cause of injur'd beauty won,  
 Seiz'd on the proud proboscis of his son,  
 (Just like a *tyger* of the Lybian shade,  
 Whose furious claws the helpless deer invade)  
 And led him, till that *son* its durance freed  
 By asking pardon for the brutal deed,  
 Led him thrice round the room (the story goes),  
 Who follow'd with great gravity his nose,  
 Resolv'd at first (for Spaniards are *stiff* stuff)  
 To ask *no* pardon, though the *snout* came off †:  
 Not more *astonish'd* look'd that King of Spain,  
 To see his gun-boats blazing on the main:  
 Not Dr. Johnson more to hear the tale  
 Of vile Piozzi's marrying Mrs. Thrale;

Nor Dr. Wilson, child of am'rous Folly,  
 When young Mac Glyster bore off Kitt  
 Macaulay."

After thus describing the royal look, his  
 M—y thus addresses the Queen on the oc-  
 casion:

"O dearest partner of my throne—  
 Thou brightest gem of G—ge's royal house,  
 Look there and tell me if that's not a *louse!*"  
 The Q— look'd down, and then exclaim'd,  
 "Good la!"

And with a smile the dappled stranger saw,  
 Each P—cess strain'd her lovely neck to see,  
 And with another smile exclaim'd, "Good  
 me!"

"O la! good me! Is that all you can say?  
 (Our gracious M—ch cry'd, with huge dis-  
 may)

Heavens! can a silly vacant smile take place  
 Upon your M—y's and children's face,  
 Whilst that vile louse (ah! soon to be un-  
 jointed!)

Affronts the presence of the Lord's  
 anointed?"

The Degeneracy of the Times; or, a disgraceful Tale of the Honourable Captain F—tz—y,  
 related from the most uncontrovertible Authorities. 1 s. 6 d. Kearsley.

**T**HIS title-page is a wilful misnomer, the  
 publication being the effusions of a  
 greatful mind in praise of an instance (too  
 uncommon we are sorry to say it) of genero-  
 sity displayed by Captain F—z—y, in re-  
 lieving a brother officer reduced to penny

and want by a series of misfortunes. To  
 those who are blessed with the means of re-  
 lieving others in distress without injuring  
 themselves, we recommend the example, and  
 say — "Go, and do thou likewise."—

The Lawyers' Panic; or, Westminster-hall in an Uproar. A Prelude acted at the Theatre-  
 Royal in Covent-Garden. By John Dent, Author of "Too Civil by Half," &c.  
 Bladen, 1785.

**T**HIS bagatelle, which is founded on a  
 well-known risible circumstance which  
 occurred lately, does not afford so much en-  
 tertainment as might have been expected,

either from the Author's former productions,  
 or the occasion which gave rise to it. He may,  
 however, plead the proverb, *Ex nihilo nihil*  
*fit*.

Letters between an *Illustrious Personage* and a Lady of Honour at B\*\*\*\*\*.  
 2 s. Walter.

**P**PROMPTED by that keen appetite which  
 we are told "will break through stone-  
 walls," some of the industrious retailers of  
 literature, in order to procure themselves a  
 dinner, have taken the liberty of affixing,  
 in consequence of his being frequently seen on

the Steine with ladies, the P. of W.'s name  
 to these Letters. As they are perfectly *harm-  
 less*, and (whatever the *intent* might be) ne-  
 ver can deceive or impose on any one, the  
 Author will most probably not be prose-  
 cuted for the forgery.

The Art of Happiness; or, an Attempt to prove, that a Degree of it is not difficult to attain.  
 By a Lady. Bew.

**T**HE prescriptions of this *female physician*,  
 though written *secundum artem*, and  
 calculated to be of considerable service, if pro-  
 perly administered, will, notwithstanding,

most likely fail of producing the desired ef-  
 fect, in consequence of the patient's unwill-  
 ingness to observe the *regimen* proposed.

‡ This quarrel between the Prince of Asturias and his Princess, with the interference of  
 the Monarch as here described, is not a poetic fiction, but an absolute fact, that happened  
 not many months ago.

Reports of the Humane Society, for the Year 1783, and 1784. 8vo. Dodsley.

NOTHING can possibly be more interesting to mankind in general, or more deserving of public attention, than a Society whose sole aim and object is the preservation of its fellow-creatures from the many dangers to which they are inevitably exposed. To Dr. Hawes, the original institutor, and the many liberal-minded contributors who have raised the Humane Society to its present state, the greatest thanks then are surely due.

Among the Romans, public honours were decreed to him who saved the life of a fellow-citizen. Let it not then be said, that he by whose means hundreds have been restored to life, has remained among *Britons* unnoticed.

In the present publication, the Register, after giving an historical account of this valuable Society for the last two years, observes, at the latter part of the preface, as follows :

“ The design for which it was established can hardly be opposed, when it is remarked, that it was formed to protect the industrious from the fatal effects of unavoidable accidents ; the young and unexperienced from being sacrificed to their recreations ; and the unhappy

victim of desponding melancholy and deliberate suicide from the miserable consequences of a disgraceful death.”

The Compiler of these Reports concludes the Introduction with the following striking passage :

“ Having thus treated of those topics which more particularly relate to this subject, we hope for the approbation and support of that benevolent Public which we now address ; as it is the sole object of the Directors of this institution to preserve and restore animation to the human race.”

We would willingly lay before our Readers a few remarkable instances of resuscitation, as the relation must afford pleasure to every feeling mind, and may be attended with considerable advantages to mankind ; but our limits will not permit us. We are, however, extremely happy to find, that the Society is able to give such a satisfactory as well as ample account of its success ; and sincerely wish it that continuance of encouragement which it so richly deserves.

RECHERCHES sur L'ORIGINE, L'ESPRIT, et les PROGRES des ARTS de la GRECE ; sur leurs CONNEXIONS avec les ARTS et la RELIGION des ANCIENS PEUPLES Connus ; sur les MONUMENS ANTIQUES de L'INDIE, de la PERSE, du reste de L'ASIE, de L'EUROPE, et de L'EGYPTE. Se vend chez B. Appleyard, Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square.

ENQUIRIES into the ORIGIN, SPIRIT, and PROGRESS of the ARTS of GREECE ; their CONNEXION with the ARTS and RELIGION of the most ANTIENT Known NATIONS :—And on the ANTIENT MONUMENTS of INDIA, PERSIA, the Rest of ASIA, EUROPE, and EGYPT. 2 Vols. 4to. with 74 Plates. Price 3l. 3s.

( Continued from Vol. VII. Page 241. )

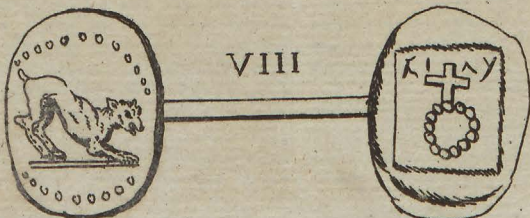
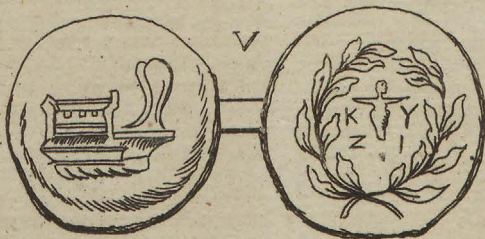
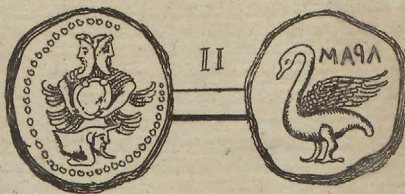
[ Illustrated by an ENGRAVING. ]

OWING to a variety of circumstances having prevented the gentleman who furnished us with the extracts which have been given of this work in some former Numbers, from bestowing that attention so absolutely necessary to execute with propriety the arduous task he had undertaken, of giving a faithful analysis of so important and extensive a performance, we have been obliged to discontinue them for some months. Happy in being able now to comply with the wishes of many of our readers, who have expressed their desire to see them completed, we proceed to lay before them an account of some very long, yet very interesting, notes, which the Author, to avoid confusion, seems to have been under the necessity of detaching from the body of the work ; they are, however, equally interesting with the work itself, as they tend to throw considerable and new light on the origin of many

nations, on the establishment of the Scythians in Asia, and on their migration into Greece, and even into Sicily.

In the late Dr. Hunter's superb Collection were some very singular medals ; singular, as bearing the names of nations whom no ancient Historians, Geographers, or Poets, either Greek or Latin, have taken any notice of. From their inscriptions in Greek characters it appears that they were struck by a people called MAPAO, an abbreviation of MAPAOI, or MARLES. As these people could not possibly mistake their own name, so it is natural to suppose that they wrote it as they pronounced it. On the other hand, they could not have been unknown to the Greeks, as they made use of the same characters that were used in Greece, and in all probability employed Greek artists in striking those medals which are still in being. The seeming silence of the Greek authors with re-









gard to these people, does not then arise from their not knowing that such a people existed, but from their having treated of them by a different name from that by which these ancient nations distinguished themselves.

We have a thousand instances of similar changes among ourselves, occasioned by the difficulty of the pronunciation, when names are translated out of one language into another. Thus, the capital of Bavaria is called by the inhabitants *Munchen*, by the *French* it is termed *Munic*, and by the *Italians* *Monaco*. These names are so totally different from each other, that they might easily be taken for those of three different towns. The *Greeks*, who frequently changed names that even were analogous to their own language, scarcely ever failed to disfigure those whose orthography being dissimilar, rendered them therefore more difficult to pronounce.

There is not a word to be found in the Greek language in which the letters *rho* and *lambda* immediately follow each other, as they do in the word *Marloi*. Though these letters are called liquids, because each of them separately taken is easily pronounced; yet when they follow each other, their pronunciation becomes very difficult; it even produces a *cacophony*, and their union seems evidently repugnant to the genius of the Greek language. "In the Northern languages they frequently occur together; as in the word *karl*, which signifies a brave man; in the Saxon word *ceorl*; in the title of *earl*; and in the word *erlik*; which among the *Tartars*, as well as the English, serves to denote an honourable distinction. The *Mardes* and *Amarδες* came originally from that quarter (the North), where these letters are still placed together. This renders it probable that they made use of them in their names. But when these letters were to be pronounced by the *Greeks*, the difficulty that occurred induced them to change them: we know that they made use of the word *Δίσκος* instead of *Δίσκος*, to signify a disk; and that the *Romans*, as *Quintilian* observes, affecting to imitate the *Æolic* and *Doric* dialects, changed the *D* into an *L*: thus the Greek name *Ὀδυσσεύς* was by them changed to *Ulysses*. Had the *Greeks* borrowed the name from the *Romans*, they would have changed the *L* to a *D*; and they therefore, with greater reason, in the present instance altered the names of the *Marles* and *Amarles* to *Mardes* and *Amarδες*, in compliance with the genius of their language. The *Dai*, and those who were called *Aparnes*, were, according to *Strabo* \*, the same people: they lived in the neighbourhood of the *Saches*, from whom they, with all the *Scythians*, were

descended. *Herodotus* places them near the *Amarδες* †. They, then, and the *Saches* were the only *Scythians* whose tribes were distinguished by the privative particle being put before their name; for they were called the *Parnes* and the *Aparnes*, like the *Mardes* and *Amarδες*. Since, then, these were the only nations thus distinguished, the medals which point out one of them, as they could not belong to the *Parnes*, must necessarily belong to the *Mardes*, whose name, as pronounced by themselves, they bear. And as *Groucafus* and *Caucasus* were names given to the same mountain; so the *Mardes* and the *Marles*, the *Amarδες* and the *Amarles*, were not different nations, although their names, like that of the mountain, were written and pronounced by foreigners in a different manner from what they were by the natives of *Groucafus*, and the country of the *Marles* and *Amarles*.

"If what has been said were not sufficient, the impressions on the money coined by the *Marles* would confirm the fact, that they lived near *Perfia*, and were descended from the *Saches*, whose cosmogony, represented, as we shall see, on their coins, they preserved; and, finally, that they inhabited that country which ancient authors describe as the residence of the *Mardes* and *Amarδες*."

The *Mardes* and *Amarδες* inhabit the north of *Perfia*, as appears from a passage of *Nearchus* quoted by *Strabo*, lib. xi. and from what *Herodotus*, *Pliny*, and other ancient authors say of them. The *Mardes* are by many considered as *Persians*; their religion and emblems must of course have been nearly similar; and on comparing the emblems which are yet to be seen on the Persian monuments with those on the medals of the *Marles* and *Amarles*, the fact is fully proved; for we find on the coins of the latter, figures exactly resembling those which have escaped among the ruins of *Persepolis*. Such, among others, is that of the *Ox* with a human face, and that of the *disk*, so frequently represented on the frieze of the temples of that city, and on the monuments of *Tschit-Minor*.

This resemblance of things, and the similitude of the emblems, added to the observations already made on the reasons which induced the *Greeks* to change the names of *Marles* and *Amarles* into *Mardes* and *Amarδες*, leaves no room to doubt who those first were, and plainly shews that they and the latter were one and the same people.

We must refer the reader to the 174, 175, and 176th pages of the work itself for the explanation the author has given of the peculiar emblems represented on the coins of the *Marles*; of which he has given copies; to

\* *Strab.* lib. xi. 511.

† *Herod.* lib. i. p. 30. 54.

gether with his proofs of the analogy existing between them and the religious emblems still in use in India, Japan, and Tartary; as also of the similitude between the religious ceremonies of these countries and those of ancient Scythia.

The *Mardes* and *Amarides* were the neighbours of the *Gelons*, or *Geleans*. These latter were the descendants of Gelon, one of the brothers of that *Scythes*, from whom the Scythians took their name. The name of *Geleans*, as also that of their founder, was found again in the southern part of Sicily, where a city and the river on whose banks it stood were called *Gela*, the inhabitants *Geleans*; and the name of *Gelon*, which was common among them, was borne by that Prince, who governed Syracuse with great moderation, and delivered Sicily from the yoke of the Carthaginians.

If it be something remarkable to find the same proper and national names in an island situated in the Mediterranean, as belonged to the inhabitants of the southern coasts of the Caspian Sea; it is still more so, to discover on the medals of the *Geleans* of Sicily, and on those of the inhabitants of *Camarina*, their nearest neighbours, impressions exactly resembling those which are to be seen on the medals of nations in Asia who formerly dwelt in the neighbourhood of the *Asiatic Geleans*. But our surprise is increased, on comparing these medals: those of the *Mardes* have not merely the *ox* with an *human face*, such as is seen on the medals of the *Geleans* of Sicily, but even the contour of the face of that emblematical figure; its expression, features, and even the cut of its beard are exactly similar in every point to those of the figure found on the coins of the *Mardes* of *Asia*.

As such a minute resemblance in absolutely the same subject, and found among people bearing the same name, though at so considerable a distance from each other, could never be the effect of chance, it necessarily follows, that their artists were obliged to copy exactly the original model of the *ox* with an *human face*, and made it a point never to deviate from it. And as we are well assured that the islands of the Mediterranean were originally peopled from the Continent, it is evident of course that the religious ceremonies which the inhabitants of *Gela* always observed were introduced from the Continent, and were borrowed from those of the *Geleans* of *Asia*, whose name they adopted, together with that form of religion which seems to have been common to the *Mardes*, the *Persians*, and other nations, and received from them by those nations who in the most remote times established themselves in Europe.

It is farther to be observed, that the fea-

tures of this human face bestowed on the *Ox* in the medals of the *Mardes* and the *Geleans* of Sicily, exactly resemble those of some entire human figures found among the pieces of sculpture of the ancient Persians. Every thing, in short, confirms the opinion, that all these figures so faithfully copied by the Greeks were originally brought from Asia; and we shall hereafter find, that the monuments still existing among the ruins of *Pertepolis* confirm all that has been said in the work, of which we are now giving an analysis, on the subject it principally aimed at, in considering these emblems of the *Ox*, whether they represented the animal in its natural form, or when an human face was given to it, or, finally, when it entirely assumed the human figure, though still preserving the features usually given to this *Androcephalic Quadruped*.

It is in this series of circumstances, this singular correspondence between them, and that connection which unites them, and points out their succession, that the principal merit of these *Enquiries* consists; for by means of this they explain to us the monuments of antiquity, by making them serve to develop each other, and filling up the breaks one might otherwise expect to find in the information they afford us. The more this work is perused, the more this concatenation will be perceived, and its utility, in explaining every thing relative to the study of antiquities, become evident.

Mr. Combe, F. R. S. was the first who remarked the difference between the inscriptions engraved on the medals of *Camarina* and those of the *Marles*, or *Mardes*. He has ranked these among the Uncertain. Several able antiquaries had been deceived in them; they thought they might add a *kappa*, which never existed on the medals of the *Marles*, without paying any attention to the *lambda*, which never could find a place in the word *Kamarina*. Their mistake took its rise from the resemblance of the reverse of these medals, on each of which a goose was represented, as well as the similitude of the winged figures represented on the face of both these coins [see the Plate prefixed to this article, Fig. I. and II.]. These figures, though different, hold each of them a disk, in the which is represented another body, of a round or oval form. Our author elsewhere observes, that the goose erected in the temples of *Priapus*, was, as *Petronius* says, the favourite bird of that deity. It is the *Anoa* of the Indians; it determines the nature of the figures it accompanies; and as it is an attribute of the symbol of generation, so is it likewise of the *Ens generans*, or *Creating Being*; for which reason it is to be seen in several



Several representations of the *Trimourti*, or three-headed divinity of the Indians, in their Pagoda at Elephanta. The winged figures which are placed on the face of the coins whose reverse bear the impression of this goose, must therefore be those of the *Creative Being*; which is the reason that on the medals of the *Marles*, as also on those of the inhabitants of *Camarina*, these figures hold a disk, the symbol of the sun, in which disk is a globe, or other spherical body; by which is typified the world, and the egg out of which it was supposed to have proceeded by the action of the *Creative Being*, and by the means of the spirit called by the Persians *Mibir*, and by the Greeks *Love*. This spirit, which, co-operating with the *Creative Being*, produced the world, and every animate being, was represented among the Indians by a *dove*, and the wings of that bird are given to the *Ens generans* on the medals of *Camarina*, and those of the *Marles*. These wings, in a religious monument preserved among the ruins of Persepolis, support the disk seen upon the medals we are speaking of, and point out the *incubation* which preceded the creation of the world, expressed by the egg of *Cabas* contained in the disk. The *Creative Being* is represented on the Coins of *Camarina* by a single figure; on those of the *Marles* by a figure with two heads, which explains the title which was given it of *Dybbies* or biform. In these latter may be traced the features of the face of the Ox with an human head, on which this double figure is placed. This same Ox is represented in a Colossal marble figure, which stands at the entrance of the ruins of Persepolis, with wings, being those of *Mibir* or *Love*.

The analogy between these monuments of antiquity, whose respective parts thus mutually develop and explain each other, evidently shews that which existed between the religion of the Indians, the Persians, and the inhabitants of Sicily and Greece.

On a Persian emblem (Fig. III.) is expressed the connection between the *Creative Being* and *Mibir* or *Love*. The wings of the latter support the figure of the *Ens generans*, whose face exactly resembles that of the winged Ox on the coins of the *Marles*, and those of the inhabitants of *Gela* in Sicily. The *Creative Being* on the Persian monument is upheld by the disk, which represents the world; and round this disk twines a serpent, the symbol of life, given by the *Creative Power* to every animated being. The same emblem is seen in Fig. IV. mentioned by Kemper. In this emblem the wings and tail of *Mibir* assume the shape of a *cross*, of which the upper part is formed by the figure of the *Creative Being*; and in order to simplify this emblem, it was

frequently represented by a plain cross. This cross is to be seen in the centre of many figures of the ruins of the temples of Persepolis specified by Sir John Chardin. It represents the *mystery of generation*, by the intercourse of the *Being* which was supposed to be the author of it with *Love*, which was considered as the means. This shews the reason of the *cross* being used by the ancients as a religious symbol many ages antecedent to our æra, and accounts for its being found on many Pagan monuments, such as those of Persepolis, which were destroyed many centuries before the birth of Christ.

This Cross became the *Tau*, or *ansuted Cross* of the Egyptians, and is the figure of the *Phallus* disguised. The Greeks used the letter *Tau* to express it. There are gems to be seen on which this letter is engraved, which from thence was denominated *obscene*: and in Greece its figure was expressed by those obscene representations of a *Priapus* with a hand and arm, whose action marked the act of generation. There are still to be seen a prodigious number of these sort of *Priapi* in bronze, and our author has given a representation of one in the Plate which contains this series of singular emblems, the progression of which will readily strike the eye.

There are *Pballi* or *Priapi* which terminate in the legs of a lion and have wings. The *Phallus* represents the *Creative Being*, whose figure terminates the *cross* on the Persian monuments: the union of this being with *Love*, is expressed by the wings of that *Phallus*; and as the *Ens generans* was the same with that whereof the suns were the symbols; the Lion, by which was represented the diurnal sun, whose heat contributes to the propagation and generation of all beings, serves to represent, in this *Phallus*, the action of the *Creative Being*. This accounts for the attitude in which these *Pballi* with lion's legs are almost always exhibited.

On one of the medals of Cyzicus there is a *cross*, on which is represented a kind of human figure, (see Fig. V.) the explanation of which has just been given. And if on the medals of *Sidon* the *cross* is seen in the hands of *Minerva*, and those of a figure representing a *Priapus* (see Fig. VI. and VII.), it is, because *Minerva* represented the *Divine Wisdom*, which presided at the generation of things, expressed by that cross seen in the hand of the *Priapus*, who holds a crown, and here represents the *Creative Power*. These two emblems are each placed on a ship, to signify the waters out of which the *Creative Being* drew the world, which swam in the egg containing it, as has been mentioned before.

This emblem of the *cross*, which we here see on the coins of Cyzicus, a city situated on the Hellespont; and on the medals of Sidon, belonging to Phœnicia; is likewise found on the ancient Persian coins; such as Fig. VIII. on the face of which we observe the lion, whose inferior parts, as we have remarked, are frequently made use of in the figure of the *Phallus*; and this *Phallus* represented by the *cross*, which points out the union of the *Creative Power* with *Love*, is seen on the reverse of these coins. This *cross* is fastened to a chaplet or rosary of the same form as those still used in many parts of Europe.

An account of the meaning of these rosaries, the use they were put to by the ancients, whence they came to us, and the re-

lation between the purposes they are applied to among the moderns, and to which they were appropriated among the Persians and other Asiatics, may be seen, together with much more uncommonly curious matter, in the 43<sup>d</sup> note of the third chapter of this work; of which, tho' for reasons before assigned, we cannot give extracts, yet we are persuaded the reader will be much pleased with the explanation there given, of a very singular monument found at *Naksebi-Ruslan*, every part of which is elucidated in a manner that cannot fail of being most interesting to those literati who wish for information on the subject of the ancient theology of Asia.

[To be continued.]

AN ACCOUNT of MR. CROSBIE'S ATTEMPT to CROSS the CHANNEL in a BALLOON from DUBLIN, JULY 19, 1785.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

AT about five o'clock, the morning appeared to very unfavourable, that it was determined by the Gentlemen of the Committee, after due consideration, not to hazard the experiment; the wind was almost due south, and heavy squalls blew every moment. About eight o'clock it began to shift more to the westward, and at length to settle in one of the points mentioned in the advertisements; it was, notwithstanding, still thought imprudent to attempt filling the balloon, as the squalls, which were likely to continue, might do it some material injury, and be productive of a disappointment. The populace that were gathered outside of the lawn in great numbers seemed to grow impatient, and the balloon was brought out in order to hoist between the masts, to try how far it was possible to begin the inflation with safety, and make an experiment on my apparatus, to convince myself that all was right before I gave the appointed signals: about this time, near ten o'clock some officious person in town fired a gun, which was immediately answered by others, and at length the signals became general. I had promised two hours notice, to which I was determined to be punctual, had it not been for the circumstance I have mentioned, which, I fear, rendered the spectators impatient. This I think necessary to mention, in order to plead my excuse, and claim their forgiveness. I judged the balloon would be ready to ascend by two; but from some little delay, the barometer I intended to have taken with me being broken, and the difficulty at that time of procuring another, it was twenty minutes past two before her Grace the Duchess of Rutland did me the honour of committing me to the air by cutting the cord.

At first my ascent was slow and rather difficult, from having been misinformed as to the ascending power of the balloon, some of my friends thro' their eagerness pushing it up, while others, according to my prior directions, kept it down when trying it. As I wished to have reserved all the ballast I could for so interesting a voyage, I threw it out so slow that it did not prevent the returning impetus, and my carriage struck with considerable violence against the Ha Ha wall which incloses the lawn on the side of Merrion-street: here, with the assistance of the people, and discharging more ballast, I again ascended; but the balloon not yet being in sufficient equilibrio with the circumambient air, I struck against the ground in one of the fields opposite Merrion-square, then gradually ascended, slowly throwing out sand until I thought I had acquired sufficient power of ascent to gain a proper altitude.

I now took a view of the astonishing scene I was quitting, and after returning the salutations of the innumerable spectators along the fields, strand, &c. to the sea-shore, I was highly entertained with a race composed of hundreds of horsemen, stretching with full speed along the Pigeon-house wall, as if their course could not be terminated. I was now over the bay, and as I imagined from the diminution of objects that I was still ascending, I cast my eye on the barometer, which, to my mortification, I found had lost a considerable quantity of mercury, from the two concussions I had received against the wall and ground on my ascent. I however examined it, and as I found it fluctuate to the top of the tube, and of consequence proved the vacuum, I considered that it would answer for what at that time I was most



most interested in, merely to inform myself whether I was ascending or descending, that when I found a favourable current of air, I might be able to keep myself at the same elevation, I marked the height of the mercury with my pencil; and some time after one of the bladders that was in the carriage with me bursting with a considerable explosion, I looked to the barometer and found it had fallen some inches. I marked the fall, and for a considerable period seemed to move in a favourable direction. I took up my pen, ink, and paper, to write down such observations as I could make, and to entrust to a more faithful record the thoughts which the glorious and unbounded scene around me inspired me with.

I had written about a page when I felt myself grow very chilly, and put on an oiled-silk wrapper, which soon brought on a glow of heat. I had two thermometers, one with mercury, and the other with spirits of wine; both had at this time fallen so low, that the mercury and spirits had entirely descended into their respective bulbs\*. My ink was so frozen that I could not use it, until holding the bottle some time in my hand, its contents again became fluid. I at this time found the great advantage of my lower valve; for perceiving the smell of the gaz, I was for a moment roused from the subject I was then committing to paper, and, looking up to the balloon, observed the valve open at short intervals with a sort of pulsation, and at each discharging the inflammable air in considerable quantities. The balloon was expanded to its fullest extent, and a number of bladders that were attached to my carriage exploded one after another, in some measure resembling hedge-firing.

Though the height was now so considerable that every cloud in the atmosphere was far below me, and nothing above but a blue expanse, I felt no sort of inconvenience or difficulty in breathing; but taking an observation from the line which the light-house wall formed, though indistinct, and the Wicklow shore, which had appeared to my view beyond Bray-head, I found I was stationary, or nearly so, what little way I was making being to the southward; I was nevertheless so charmed with the enchanting scene below me, that for a while I forgot my enterprize; but the appearance of the British shore soon recalled me to myself, and observing the rack flying to eastward, as it seemed over the sur-

face of the water, I opened my lower valve only, both to assist the efforts of the superabundant or compressed air to release itself, and to descend into the favourable current: in this I succeeded, and as yet had not parted with any ballast from the time of my ascent, tho' nearly half channel over. I attentively watched the rise of the mercury, and observing it to arrive at the mark I had before made, when in the same stratum of clouds, I was in hopes it would stop there; but rising still higher, and the balloon consequently descending, I threw out four pounds of sand, when the mercury became settled, and afterwards gradually rose to about the mark I mention. I now moved forward with considerable velocity, as I could perceive from passing some vessels that were holding the same course. I encountered a light shower of hail, and flying in all directions, which, however, soon passed off. Some humid vapour that had ascended with the gaz into the balloon in the inflation, fell in large drops from the bottom, which wetted my paper and blotted my notes while I marked them down. I attentively watched my time-keeper, that I had laid on a bag of ballast in the bottom of my carriage †. My course now bid me fair for success, that I experienced more happiness and transport in the idea than I believe ever before fell to the lot of man. My mind, that was hitherto voluptuously fed, made me inattentive to the cravings of my appetite, which at length grew rather pressing, and, with my pen in one hand, and part of a fowl in the other, I wrote as I enjoyed my delicious repast. A shower of hail darkening the surrounding air now attracted my notice, as after some short period it seemed to ascend like a shower on earth reversed: from this I judged I was again descending, and examining my barometer, the mercury had risen but a few tenths, which, after the shower had blown over, gradually resumed its former station, and I continued to move as before. I now had a distinct view of the two shores, and was drawing a rude sketch of the grandest and most awful scene that human eye ever beheld before, when the report of a gun just under me induced me to look over, and I observed a vessel plowing through the surge with all her sails crowded: she appeared to me (only from the foam before her bow) to make little or no way. but looking exactly in the same direction with myself, I waved my flag and shouted, but was much surprized to find that

\* N. B. The mercurial thermometer had a temporary scale constructed in a hurry, and the freezing point appears to be about twenty degrees above the bulb.

† My descent was so unexpected and sudden, that I never thought of securing my time-keeper and my notes, the latter of which were washed away, and the former (my own construction and work) effectually spoiled.

my voice founded to me as if my ears had been stopped. I afterwards felt some pain in each, which continued as long as I remained at the elevation I then was, tho' not considerable, and tho' I did not feel any at a much greater.

I passed this vessel, which proved afterwards to be the Dunleary barge, commanded by captain Walcott, which had been kindly and obligingly sent out by the right hon. and hon. the Board of Commissioners to attend me; and for about two leagues I continued to move nearly horizontally; but another shower of hail coming on, and hearing the noise of the sea again, I cast my eyes off my paper on the barometer and found the hail was again depressing me: but not willing to waste any ballast, as I could not perceive that the balloon had lost any of its power unless when affected by these showers, and fearing the loss of weight might raise me to the same altitude wherein I had before missed my course, I reserved it until the increasing hail, or some influence unaccountable to me at present in any other manner, had brought me so near the water that I took up a bag of 10 lb. gradually spilling it out until the balloon again ascended a little, its motion appearing like a vessel on sea in a heavy swell; but at every *send*, notwithstanding my incessant discharge of more ballast, it appeared nearer to the surface of the sea, until just as I seemed to overcome its descent, the increasing hail shower and a violent squall of wind in a moment precipitated me into the water. I was convinced I could ascend again, from the peculiar construction of my carriage, when the shower was over; therefore was but little alarmed, as my legs only were wet; but unfortunately the cord that was attached to the lower valve was pulled out, which being of considerable dimension, and the repeated and violent squalls acting on the balloon like a hurricane, so much of the inflammable air was forced out, and of the atmospheric air got in, that after heaving out every bag I could get at, I found my efforts to rise ineffectual. In groping for ballast I found my cork jacket, which, from my reliance in my safety, I had not before thought of: I, however, now put it on.

My only hopes of rising were in heaving out my chain. As I knew the balloon would

not suffer the same agitation, if I could once ascend; I was resolved to try how far the loss of the chain's weight would effect it, at the same time not to lose it, unless necessary: to this end I took the chain in one hand, (the other being engaged in holding the rope by which I was towed, that passed through a block opposite my rudder) and flung it out, letting the cord to which it was fastened run out with it at the same time. This, even before it could have descended to the extent of the cord, had no other effect than lightening the machine a few inches out of the water, but not sufficient to raise her completely. I therefore, though with undefinable mortification at not being able to *fly*, reconciled myself to the idea of being ignominiously *towed* to the other side, as I was drifting through the water with astonishing celerity. However, looking behind me, I observed a vessel crowding sail after me; but as I watched her a good while, I perceived she was losing way. The wind before this seeming to have spent all its fury, and being now become very moderate, it would have been ridiculous to have persisted in the idea at that hour of getting across the channel, especially as I was not entirely in the direction for Holyhead. I therefore, in order to lie-to, paid out a considerable length of cord with my chain; which stayed me so much, that at 47 minutes past three o'clock, the barge (the same I had passed some time before and had fired the gun) came up with me, after being at perfect ease (but from wet) upwards of 26 minutes in the water, and about ten leagues from Howth. Having secured my balloon and carriage to one of their hawfers, I got on board, and discharging the remaining gaz from the balloon, we got it upon deck, and steered our course for Dunleary, where, as we were becalmed some hours, we did not arrive until four o'clock on Wednesday morning. The mortification I felt at not accomplishing my intended voyage, was greatly mitigated by the almost undoubted certainty and safety which I have every reason to conceive there is in crossing the channel, on any particular occasion, with a proper wind and in good weather, and by the flattering hopes of again being able to attempt and succeed in my undertaking on a future day.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

AS your MAGAZINE has been one of the channels through which I have communicated to the Public my Commentaries upon the inimitable Poem of THE ROLLIAD, I seize the earliest opportunity of acquainting you, that I have lately had the good fortune to discover another work of the same incomparable Author, which has hitherto, I know not from what reason, been carefully concealed from the public eye.—Whatever may be the



the inclinations or wishes of the Author in this respect, I hold myself indispensibly bound, by a duty paramount to all moral obligations, to gratify the Literary World with the communication of this inestimable treasure; perfectly coninciding in opinion with my worthy and ingenious friend Mr. Wyndham of Salisbury, who has, in his publication of *Lord Melcombe's Diary*, given an example highly deserving of imitation by all persons possessed (no matter by what means) of curious and valuable manuscripts. As the conduct of that gentleman has met with universal approbation, in having published papers reflecting no great credit upon the character of their noble Author, upon the ground of their appearing to have been written with a view to future publication; it may surely be permitted to me to lay before the Public a work, which unquestionably does the greatest honour to its Author, although he himself may have been peculiarly solicitous to conceal it. And here give me leave to suggest a distinction in my favour, viz. that by the mode of communication I adopt, in transmitting this work to your MAGAZINE, my only motive is evidently a desire of enriching the Republic of Letters; whereas it has been insiduously insinuated, that Mr. Wyndham's inattention to the last will and testament of a deceas'd relation, might possibly have arisen from a desire to enrich himself. Far be it from me, however, to give the smallest sanction to a calumny so injurious to the character of my respectable friend; being myself fully persuaded that his principal inducement to become an Editor, was the opportunity afforded by it, of presenting to the Public a most ingenious, witty, sarcastic, and novel species of dedication; reflecting equal lustre upon the pure patriotism and literary abilities of the Writer. — But to the point. — My Commentaries upon the Epic Poem of THE ROLLIAD were certainly not wanting to point out to the judicious Reader, that *Virgil* has been the model of the Author, throughout the whole of that stupendous performance. But, it seems, he has not confined his imitations of his favourite Poet to the Epic only, having extended them likewise to the Pastoral, in which his illustrious Prototype has equally excelled; in short, he has in a collection of what he entitles POLITICAL ECGLOGUES, made an admirable improvement in that species of poetry, by a most judicious and well-conceived variation of the characters. It must indeed be admitted by the warmest admirers, whether of *Theocritus*, *Virgil*, or *Mr. Ambrose Phillips*, that the conversation of shepherds, goatherds, neatherds, twincherds, and the loves of reapers, plough-boys, hay-makers, and milk-maids, afford but a low and ignoble scope for the effusions of poetical fancy. Our Author has, therefore, happily contrived to ennoble his subject by the introducing Statesmen, Ministers, Politicians, Courtiers, and Members of Parliament; in which he has not only given an additional proof of the excellence of his taste, but has surely deserved well of his country, in making the beauties of poetry subservient to what, in a free government, ought ever to be the principal study of the community, political and constitutional information. Nor can it be doubted but the patriotic and laudable Society for promoting the latter, will publish and distribute, gratis, a sufficient number of copies of our Author's Eclogues, with a commendatory Preface, in the same manner that they have so judiciously printed Mr. Wyvill's Exposition of Mr. Pitt's substantial plan of Parliamentary Reform. It is not material, nor perhaps might be prudent, to mention the means by which these beautiful compositions have fallen into my hands; I trust the Public will commend the zeal with which I endeavour to contribute to their entertainment.

I am, &c. THE COMMENTATOR ON THE ROLLIAD.

P. S. I think it necessary to inform the Public, that this communication is by no means intended to interfere with the occasional progress of my Criticisms on the Author's great and immortal work, THE ROLLIAD.

## P O L I T I C A L E C C L O G U E S.

### E C C L O G U E I.

#### The LYARS.

[IN Downing-street, the breakfast duly set,  
As B—ks and P——n one morn were met,

A strife arising who could best supply,  
In urgent cases, a convenient lie;  
His skill superior each essay'd to prove  
In verse alternate—which the Muses love;  
While *Billy*, list'ning to their tuneful plea,  
In silence sipp'd his *Commutation* Tea,

*The Lyars.*] This eclogue is evidently an imitation of the third Bucolic of *Virgil*, which, as is observed by Dr. Joseph Warton, brother of our incomparable Laureat, is of that species called *Amœbœa*, where the characters introduced, contend in alternate verse; the second always endeavouring to surpass the first speaker in an equal number of lines.

V. 6. Amant alterna Camenæ—*Virg.*

And heard them boast how boldly both had  
ly'd,

The Priest began, the Layman thus reply'd.

P———N.

Why wilt thou, *Banks*, with me dispute the  
prize?

Who is not cheated when a Parson lies?

Since pious Christians, ev'ry Sabbath-day,

Must needs believe what'er the *Clergy* say!

In spite of all you Laity can do,

One lie from us is more than ten from you!

B———S.

O witless lout! in lies that touch the state,

We *Country Gentlemen* have far more weight;

Fiction from us the public still must gull,—

They think we're honest, as they know we're  
dull!

To our assertions yield at once assent,

And trust to Nature that we don't invent!

P———N.

In yon Cathedral I a Prebend boast,

The maiden bounty of our gracious host!

Its yearly profits I to thee resign,

If *Pitt* pronounce not that the palm is mine!

B———S.

A Borough mine, a pledge far dearer sure,

Which in St. Stephen's gives a seat secure!

If *Pitt* to *Prettyman* the prize decree,

Henceforth *Cosse Castle* shall belong to thee!

P—T.

Begin the strain—while in our easy chairs,

We loth, forgetful of all public cares!

Begin the strain—nor shall I deem my time

Mis-spent, in hearing a debate in rhyme!

P———N.

Father of lies! by whom in *Eden's* shade

Mankind's first parents were to sin betray'd;

Lo! on this altar, which to thee I raise,

Twelve *bloes*, bound in red Morocco, blaze.

B———S.

Blest pow'rs of falsehood, at whose shrine I  
bend,

Still may succeed your vot'ry's lies attend!

What prouder victims can your altars boast,

Than honor stain'd, and fame for ever lost?

P———N.

How smooth, persuasive, plausible, and glib,

From holy lips is dropp'd the specious fib!

Which whisper'd slyly in its dark career,

Affails with art the unsuspecting ear.

B———S.

How clear, convincing, eloquent, and bold,

The bare-fac'd lie, with manly courage told!

Which, spoke in public, falls with greater  
force,

And heard by hundreds, is believ'd of course.

P———N.

Search through each office for the basest tool

Rear'd in *Jack Robinson's* abandon'd school;

*Rose*, beyond all the sons of dulness, dull,

Whose legs are scarcely thicker than his scull;

Not *Rose*, from all restraints of conscience free,

In double-dealing is a match for me.

B———S.

Step from St. Stephen's up to Leadenhall,

Where Europe's crimes appear no crimes at  
all;

Not *Major S—t*, with bright pagodas paid;

That wholesale dealer in the lying trade;

Not he, howe'er important his design,

Can lie with impudence surpassing mine.

P———N.

Sooner the afs in fields of air shall graze,

Or *Warton's* Odes with justice claim the bays;

Sooner shall mackrel on the plains disport,

Or *Mulgrave's* hearers think his speech too  
short;

Sooner shall fence escape the prattling lips

Of Captain *Charles* or Col'nel *Henry Phipps*;

Sooner shall *Campbell* mend his phrase un-  
couth,

Than Doctor *P—y—n* shall speak the truth!

B———S.

When *Fox* and *Sheridan* for fools shall pass,

And *Jemmy Luttrell* not be thought an afs;

When all their audience shall enraptur'd sit

With *Marwby's* eloquence, and *Martin's* wit;

When fiery *Kenyon* shall with temper speak,

When modest bluthes dye *Dundas's* cheek;

Then, only then, in *Pitt's* behalf will I

Refuse to pledge my honour to a lie.

P———N.

While in suspence our Irish project hung,

A well-framed fiction from this fruitful  
tongue

Sooth'd Britain's cares, bad all her terrors  
cease,

And lull'd her Manufacturers to peace:

The tale was told with so demure an air,

Not wary Commerce could escape the snare.

[*O witless lout.*] Our poet here seems to deviate from his general rule, by the introduction of a phrase which appears rather adapted to the lower and less elevated strain of pastoral, than to the dialogue of persons of such distinguished rank. It is, however, to be considered, that it is far from exceeding the bounds of possibility to suppose, that, in certain instances, the epithet of "Witless," and the coarse designation of "Lout," may be as applicable to a dignitary of the church, as to the most ignorant and illiterate rustic.

V. 10. Hos Corydon, illos referabat in ordine Thyrsis.—*Virg.*

V. 31. Dicite; quandoquidem in molli confedimus herbâ.—*Virg.*

V. 63. Ante leves ergo pascenter in æthere cervi

Et freta destituent nudor in litore pisces.—*Virg.*



B—s.

When Secret Influence expiring lay,  
And Whigs triumphant hail'd th' auspicious  
day,

I bore that faithless message to the House,  
By *Pitt* contriv'd the gaping 'squires to chouse;  
That deed, I ween, demands superior thanks:  
The British Commons were the dupes of

B—s.

P——N.

Say in what regions are those fathers found,  
For deep-diffembling policy renown'd;  
Whose subtle precepts for perverting truth,  
To quick perfection train'd our patron's  
youth,

And taught him all the mystery of lies?  
Resolve me this, and I resign the prize.

B—s.

Say what that mineral, brought from distant  
climes,

Which screens delinquents, and absolves their  
crimes;

Whose dazzling rays confound the space be-  
tween

A tainted trumpet and a spotless Queen;  
Which Asia's Princes give, which Europe's  
take;

Tell this, dear Doctor, and I yield the stake.—  
P—T.

Enough, my friends—break off your tuneful  
sport,

'Tis levee-day, and I must dress for Court;  
Which hath more boldly or expertly lied,  
Not mine th' important contest to decide.

Take thou this *mitre*, Doctor, which before  
A greater hypocrite sure never wore;  
And if to services rewards be due,

Dear B—s, this *coronet* belongs to you:  
Each from that Government deserves a  
prize,

Which thrives by shuffling, and subsists by  
lies.

[To be continued.]

## TO THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

INSTEAD of pursuing my remarks on the  
traits of modern imitation, by a compari-  
son of similar passages, I shall confine my  
attention, at present, to a few striking images  
in our modern poetry, which, if they be not  
absolutely original in themselves, discover  
certain features of originality, perhaps from  
the peculiarity of their attitudes, or the more  
distinctive colouring of their minuter parts.  
In my next communication, 'tis my purpose  
to revert to my former plan.

The image of the ROSE, as delineated in  
the following sonnet, will come, perhaps,  
within this description:

“Survey, my Laura, yonder *Rose*,

Its *central folds* so sickly pale;

While round its *outward leaves* disclose

A lively crimson to the gale!

Yet as the secret canker-worm

Preys inly on its fainting heart;

From the cold floweret's fallen form

Shall all that glow of colour part!

Ah! on thy lover turn thine eyes—

The blooming cheek may Laura see,

Yet know this pining bosom dies,

And read the *Rose's Fate* in me.”

See “Pictures from Nature.”

[*Gaping 'Squires.*] The ingenious and sagacious gentlemen, who, at the period of the glo-  
rious revolution of 1784, held frequent meetings at the St. Alban's Tavern, for the purpose  
of bringing about an union, that might have prevented the dissolution of parliament; which  
meetings afforded time to one of the members of the proposed union to concert means  
throughout every part of the kingdom, for ensuring the success of that salutary and constitu-  
tional measure, which, through his friend Mr. B—ks, he had solemnly pledged himself not  
to adopt.

[*Whose dazzling rays.*] It must be acknowledged that there is some obscurity in this passage,  
as well as in the following line,

“Which Asia's princes give, which Europe's take:”

of which certain seditious, malevolent, disaffected critics have taken advantage, and have en-  
deavoured, by a forced construction, to discover in them an unwarrantable insinuation against  
the highest and most sacred characters; from which infamous imputation, however, we trust,  
the well-known and acknowledged loyalty of our author's principles will sufficiently pro-  
tect him.

V. 91. Dic quibus in terris, &c ———*Virg.*

V. 106. Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites ———*Virg.*

V. 111. Et vitula tu dignus gæhic. ———*Virg.*

EUROP. MAG.

T

Were

Were the leaves or foldings of the *Rose* ever before particularised in this manner? In the eleventh sonnet, the seeming innocence and yet quarrellsome disposition of the Red-breast are contrasted. The latter circumstance is striking enough in the nature of the Red-breast, yet was it ever before introduced into poetry? If I am not mistaken in my ideas of these two passages, it must naturally be concluded, that there are still even *obvious images or properties* in nature, very well calculated for poetic imitation, which (admitting that they have been generally represented) have never been clearly painted in all their little forms of beauty. Such a conclusion should induce the poet to look accurately into Nature herself; for even the imagery of still-life, the theme of every poet in almost every age, is not yet exhausted. I cannot dismiss the "*Pictures from Nature*" without quoting one passage more, as containing the marks of originality. Describing *simplicity*, the poet says,

"From thence no spicy clouds involve the skies,  
Her humbler offering are yon vernal wreaths;  
And all the *incense* of her sacrifice  
Is but the *incense* that a *field-flower* breathes."

Yet, in another place, I have detected what almost amounts to a plagiarism:

"For ah, more sweetly eloquent we feel  
The language of the *never-silent eye!*"

Both the sentiment and expression are taken from *Armine* and *Elvira*—(I forget the sentence)

"Flow'd from the *never-silent eye!*"

Mr. Pope beautifully sings of his *poor Indian*—

"Yet simple Nature to his hopes has giv'n  
Beyond the *cloud-capt hill* an *bumbler-beav'n!*"

But may not the following attitude of the *hoary father* of his tribe be almost pronounced original?

"———Or points, while Nature glows  
Thro' all his artless gestures, to the *hills*  
*Whose horizontal azure screens his beav'n!*"  
"Art of Eloquence."

The last line contains a *clear picture* of an image before indistinctly expressed.

As I have seven or eight poetical pamphlets lying before me, I shall now take up

another, the more striking passages of which (according to my usual custom) I have marked with my pencil. The following very pleasing description from Mr. *Crabbe's Village* may (I can pronounce almost with confidence) lay claim to the praise of being original:

"For yonder see that hoary swain, whose age  
Can with no cares, exact its own, engage;  
Who, propt on that rude staff, looks up to see  
The bare arms broken from the withering  
tree;  
On which, a boy, he climb'd the loftiest  
bough,  
Then his first joy, but his sad emblem now."

As to the production in general I must observe, that the impressions left on the mind by that most beautiful poem *The Deserted Village*, will not suffer us to applaud what must appear, on comparison, a feeble imitation.

Possibly a part of my quotation may have rather a questionable claim to originality; I will not detain you, therefore, much longer, on so equivocal a subject. I shall only present you then with two additional instances of original sentiment, from the *Follies of Oxford*, (a pretty severe satire on that University). In the description of the academic precluded by college-discipline from his amusements on the water, it is observed,

"While many a fun with checquer'd dyes  
At eve illumines the summer-skies,  
In memory's eye he views the day  
*Light as his skiff* that danc'd away,  
When bent to *Medley's* lov'd retreat,  
Or *Binzey's* shade-surrounded seat;  
Or antique *Godflowe's* mouldering walls,  
Where oft the hoary fragment falls;  
Where wild o'er buried Beauty's grave  
The hollow trees their branches wave,—  
And all in gloomy dirges hail  
*The passing Genius of the gale!*"

The lines marked in *Italics* seem to contain original images; for me, at least, they have novelty.

Whether these observations will be acceptable or not, I will not presume to say; I think the propriety of them is less questionable than that of my last, which had the honour (of which I am not insensible) of obtaining a place in your very excellent Magazine

I am, Gentlemen, with great respect,  
Your humble admirer,  
IMITATOR.

N. B. In my last I should have written  
*Miss* for *Mrs.* Williams.



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

HOUSE OF LORDS.

JULY 1.

**A**FFIRMED the judgment of the Court of King's-Bench, in the case of Mr. Atkinson. The Lord Chief Baron Skynner spoke at some length, declaring the opinion of the Judges.

JULY 4.

The royal assent was given by commission to the following bills, viz. the Servants Tax, Coach-makers Licence, Pawnbrokers Licence, Public Accounts, Post-horse Duty, Glove Duty, Transfer Duty, Duke of Gloucester's Stipend, Coal and Culm Duty, Game Duty, Indemnity, Bristol Church, and other private Bills.

JULY 9.

Several petitions were presented against the Irish resolutions, praying for further time, after which the order of the day for going into a Committee for the further consideration of the said resolutions was read, and the House having resolved itself into a Committee, Lord Scarfdale in the chair,

Lord Sydney opened the business, by stating that the subject had for some time been the object of much discussion with their Lordships, and the public in general. In the course of the long examination that had taken place in consequence of the several petitions which had been presented, much apprehension had been entertained of the injuriousness of their tendency to the commercial interests of this country. His Lordship said, such fears were merely visionary, and not founded upon solid grounds; for, from the amendments that had been made in the other House, he was convinced the resolutions went no farther than more firmly to cement that unanimity which ought to subsist between the countries, so nearly allied to each other; and he trusted, that in accomplishing this great purpose (which he doubted not was the wish of every noble Lord present) their Lordships would that day be unanimous. After a few other prefatory remarks, Lord Sydney stated the necessity there was of losing no time in carrying into execution a plan of so important a nature. In order to destroy the general prejudices entertained against the propositions, it would be necessary, he said, for him to mention the situation in which Ireland stood in point of commerce, and which his Lordship did in pretty nearly the same language as on former occasions. With respect to what had been urged on behalf of the West-India merchants and planters against the resolutions, he would only say, that Ireland was at present in possession of the liberty

of importing into this country, in Irish bottoms, the produce of those islands. It was, therefore, only by a circuitous trade from the colonies, that any danger was to be apprehended to this country. The particular resolutions which appeared to militate against the interest of that class of men, were, by the amendments made, totally done away, and that without injury to the Irish interests. His Lordship further observed, that Ireland was precluded from trading to the East-Indies; which he thought a most just and equitable measure. The Irish ought not, he said, to deem it a hardship to be thus restrained from trading to Asia, as it was well known that the natives of Great Britain who acted not under the authority of the East-India Company's charter, laboured under a similar restraint: however, provisions were made, by which the produce and manufactures of Ireland were to be exported to the East-Indies. In respect to the manufacturers of both countries, much had been said about them in the evidence given at their Lordships' bar, and great difference of opinion had appeared during the examination. Great apprehensions were entertained of the dangers to which this country was exposed, on account of the low price of labour in Ireland; but he saw very little reason for such fears. If a poor country, from the cheapness of labour, can surpass a great and opulent one, Ireland ought to be the richest and most flourishing part of the empire: but she is not rich, though the price of labour is small; and though she did not pay a proportionable share of taxes, yet she was far, very far from rivaling England in point of commerce, though the latter was loaded with heavy burdens and imposts. This served to shew their Lordships, that great capitals have greater advantages to the people in carrying on manufactures, than the cheapness of labour. After dwelling on this part of the subject for some time, his Lordship proceeded to make some observations on the fourth proposition, which appeared to have given rise to much noise and tumult in Ireland. He said, that the confusion was chiefly occasioned by a very erroneous judgment formed of this proposition, as tending to subvert the right of Ireland to legislate for itself. His Lordship here adverted to the act of parliament passed in 1782, recognizing that right in Ireland, as introduced in the Irish parliament by Mr. Grattan. He dwelt some time on this, asserting that the fourth proposition did not go so far

as the fears of the people made them think. The noble Lord then observed, that the resolutions, if they passed into a law in the shape in which they now stood, would not be so injurious to the interests of this country as the people seemed to think they would, at the same time that they would be productive of some good to the people of Ireland. The noble Lord then stated the compensation which Ireland was to give in return for the extension of commerce now granted her. This compensation was the surplus of the hereditary revenue of that country, which would increase with the growing prosperity of that kingdom. He stated this increase at different periods, from the year 1687 to the year 1784. After dwelling a short time upon this head, he observed, that any further comment from him on the subject was unnecessary, as their Lordships were already in possession of every circumstance relative to it.— He concluded with moving, as the opinion of the Committee, “That it is consistent with the essential interests of the manufactures, revenue, commerce, and navigation of Great-Britain, that a full participation of commercial advantages be permanently secured to Ireland, whenever a provision equally permanent and secure shall be made by the parliament of that kingdom towards defraying, in proportion to its growing prosperity, the necessary expences in time of peace, of protecting the trade and general interests of the empire.”

Lord Carlisle rose next, and, in a speech of some length, endeavoured to prove the futility of the noble Lord's arguments: he began by observing, that he expected to hear from the noble Lord who had just sat down, something in support of the resolutions, and against the evidence given at their Lordships' bar, in order to prove the necessity of adopting the present proposed measure; but he had been disappointed, and could not help thinking that the noble Lord was wanting in his duty, particularly from the high situation which he held in this government, to omit the stating in his speech so essential a part as the evidence. He spoke the sense of the people, and was delivered in a language bold, nervous, and energetic; a language which merited their Lordships' attention. The manufacturers who appeared at their Lordships' bar only wanted time, and for that they called with a voice that ought to be heard and attended to. Their Lordships should consider, that this measure was to be final, conclusive, and irrevocable; that in such case too much time could not be given to consider of the resolutions which were to be the basis of such a measure; a measure of so much consequence and importance, and which involved in it the interests of the greatest part of the people of this

country. When a business of this nature was submitted to their Lordships, it ought not to be hurried through with precipitation, but time should be given for the due consideration of it. His Lordship here entered into the body of the evidence which had been given, and with great ability applied it to the resolutions, contending, that much time ought yet to be given for making an adjustment that would be more acceptable to both countries, the present propositions being execrated in Ireland as much as here. His Lordship wished, therefore, for time to strike out, if possible, some line for forming an adjustment that might be more acceptable to the wishes of both countries. His Lordship then aimed at the fourth proposition, which he deemed highly injurious to Ireland, in respect to her right of legislation, as by that proposition this country could enact such laws as she chose for Ireland, and bind her to the same regulations as England, however prejudicial or injurious they might be to Ireland. Such a proposition, he said, would again revive the act of the sixth of George the First, which was repealed in 1782, by the bill of Mr. Grattan. Lord Carlisle next entered very fully into the evidence delivered at the bar, and pleaded with great ability the cause of the different manufacturers that were heard. He took particular notice of the iron manufactory, as a branch of commerce that deserved the most serious attention, and stated the hardships they must suffer, should the present propositions pass into a law, from the inequality there was between the duties upon the importation of iron into both countries. In England they paid a duty of 21. 16s. while the manufacturers of that article paid for the importation of it into that kingdom, a duty of only 5s. and a fraction. This he thought an object of very great importance to that branch of commerce, especially when taken with the great capital employed in it, to the amount of at least ten millions sterling, and four millions in the different works for carrying on the trade. Besides which, there were many other circumstances to be considered, such as the number of hands employed in that article, amounting to near three hundred thousand, with the very considerable sums of money paid by it to the revenue. These things his Lordship pressed upon the Committee, as objects deserving the most serious attention; for should the resolutions pass into a law, ruin and destruction must follow to that branch. It could not, he observed, be said that the cause of party or faction actuated those who had appeared at their Lordships' bar to oppose the resolutions; nothing but the interest of themselves and their families, and many thousand others to whom they gave an opportunity of gaining livelihoods, could have induced them



them to come forward. It was the cause of those persons, as well as of the people of England in general, that he wished to support from impending ruin, which, in his opinion, was coming on fast, if not prevented. His Lordship combated with great success the arguments of the noble Lord (Sydney) on the necessity of pushing forward the measure, and concluded with moving, "That the Chairman leave the Chair, report progress, and have leave to sit again."

Lord Coventry spoke in favour of the motion made by the last noble speaker, contending for further time to consider of the propositions before they passed into a law.

Lord Dudley also declared himself for Lord Carlisle's motion.

Lord Walsingham rose next, and in a speech of considerable length, went over the same ground with Lord Sydney, but in a more extensive point of view. His Lordship confined his arguments to the principle of the resolutions, and concluded with giving Lord Carlisle's motion his negative.

Lord Dudley replied, recapitulating the evidence given at the bar, which he thought alone sufficient to induce their Lordships to postpone the business to a future day.

Lord Camden followed. — If the present resolutions were so injurious to the interests of Great Britain, he thought they ought to be postponed *ad Calendas Græecas*; or if any noble Lord had any other plan that would better answer the end proposed, let it be brought forward; he might depend upon having his support. If any further information could be procured on the subject, he should be very happy to receive it; but in the course of five or six months, which the resolutions had taken up in discussing, such information had been obtained, as, in his opinion, was sufficient to enable their Lordships to give a decided vote that day.

Lord Stormont very ably supported Lord Carlisle's motion. He was on his legs two hours, and was followed by the Marquis of Lansdown, who spoke largely in favour of the resolutions.

Lord Loughborough spoke in answer to Lord Lansdown, observing on something that had fallen from his Lordship, which caused the noble Lord to rise again in reply.

The Lord Chancellor, Lord King, Lord Derby, and Lord Stormont spoke; after which the question was put on Lord Carlisle's motion, when there appeared,

|                                 |   |   |    |
|---------------------------------|---|---|----|
| Contents                        | - | - | 27 |
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| Majority against the Chairman's | - | - |    |
| leaving the chair,              | - | - | 31 |

The original question was then put, and carried without a division.

July 11.

Their Lordships proceeded to examine the

various clauses of the Irish bill, in a committee of the whole House.

Lord Loughborough objected to the wording of the first and second proposition, as defective not only in point of principle, but also of style and grammar. He could not allow, "That it was highly important to the general interests of the British Empire that" all the concessions intended to be made in these two resolutions should be granted. Neither did he approve of the *indicative* and *sub-junctive* modes being coupled in the same sentence: to do so, he said, was to commit an error which any school-boy would despise. He was of opinion, therefore, that the two first propositions ought to be restored to the form they had in the House of Commons; that is, that the words above quoted ought to be left out, and made a motion to that purpose.

Lord Sydney argued, the general assent, which stood in the beginning of the first proposition, was an eligible one; and proper to run through all the propositions. He insisted also upon the necessity of mutual advantage to the sister kingdom; and defended the steps which had been taken by the Ministry to support the two first resolutions as they then appeared.

Lord Stormont gave the history of the two resolutions. He shewed the form in which they first appeared; the shapes they afterwards assumed; and how very defective they were at that moment, to those who viewed them impartially. He had not a shadow of doubt, that several of the advantages proposed to be granted to the Irish would be prejudicial to England. As an instance, he adduced their superiority to the British in the linen manufacture. He proved also, a poor country may, in some articles, not only rival, but even excel a richer; and on the whole, felt no sort of hesitation in approving of the motion of his noble and learned friend.

Lord Thurlow adverted to every circumstance taken notice of by the noble and learned Lord, and by the Viscount. The grammatical part of the resolutions did not appear so faulty to him as it had been represented. At all events, the sentiments they contained were just and highly commendable; and that, in his idea, was no unimportant feature.

Lord Loughborough observed, that the proposition was still objectionable on various grounds. The participation was stated as a full one. This, however, was by no means the case. Ireland could not be said to enjoy a full participation of commercial advantages, so long as Great Britain claimed a monopoly in any single article, yet this was the case at present. Great Britain claimed an exclusive right to the commerce of the East Indies. It might indeed be said, that great part of the East-Indies was her's by conquest. But did this general observation apply to China?

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The trade there was also exclusive; and he had never heard that China was in any respect dependent on this country. Why not admit Ireland then to a participation of that trade, provided the commercial participation was to be a full one? The proposition, without some restriction, was contradictory and absurd. He moved therefore, That instead of *full* the word *fair* be inserted.

The Lord Chancellor hoped their Lordships would not be misled by the noble Lord's animadversions. It was neither fair nor just to reason from particular circumstances. The trade of both countries was to be taken together; they were to be put in opposite scales, and a judgment was to be formed from thence of the general advantages and mutual compensations of each. This was the fair way of deciding the question; and he was convinced that, in this view, it would be found that Ireland was admitted to a *full* participation of commercial advantage.

Lord Fitzwilliam spoke in favour of the amendment.

Lord Stormont also contended for it.

The motion was then put by the chairman, that the word "*full*" continue part of the proposition, which was carried without a division.

Lord Loughborough expressed his regret at being once more under the necessity of soliciting the attention of the committee. There were still several circumstances, which struck him as connected with the proposition in its present shape. The contribution of Ireland, as settled by it, and the equivalent this country was to receive from her on account of the *full* participation of her commerce, were by no means accurately ascertained as at all adequate to the value of the object given away. In the first place, Ireland, pursuant to the tenure of the proposition, was under obligation to contribute to the relief and supply of this nation only in time of peace. The rest was left to her own spontaneous decision in time of war. If therefore the war was not pleasing to her—if it was not conducted agreeable to her own ideas of propriety, she might refuse contributing at all. In such event, this country would have no resource. And as to the hereditary revenue, the boasted equivalent for the trade of this country, what was it? Would any person in that House presume to set a value upon it? Would they estimate its surplus at a thousand pounds? or would any one adventure to farm it even at five hundred? It had been asserted, that the hereditary revenue had increased in proportion to the growing prosperity of Ireland. This, however, was not the case; a comparison of it with the state of Ireland for thirty years past shewed the contrary. Lord Loughborough then entered into a minute detail of the subject, and shewed that the growing

prosperity of Ireland bore no respect to the hereditary revenue, but was perfectly distinct from it. It was absurd therefore to presume on that ground, as it was entirely fallacious. His Lordship moved, therefore, that instead of the word *whenever*, in the proposition under consideration, the words *and that*, should be inserted.

The Lord Chancellor contended, that the contribution was sufficient, and well secured. The hereditary revenue was a productive and growing fund; and he made no doubt, notwithstanding all the cavils of the noble Lord, that it would prove a full compensation to this country.

Lord Stormont was persuaded, that their Lordships would not allow a proposition to pass, which in its nature was so hostile to the interests of this country in time of national war and disaster. The generosity of any country was not to be relied on. It was not enough that the sovereign of this country was also the sovereign of Ireland, and that he possessed this prerogative of making war. Every person knew that prerogative was nothing, if parliament were to withhold the supplies. It was proper, therefore, that Ireland should be bound in the event of a war, to contribute to the support of the common cause. This was what might be exacted; and if it were not done, this country would be injured. It belonged to her to make war. This was her *imperial right*; and if she was not supported in her exertion of this privilege, it would be of no avail. He was the more zealous in this point, as it was his firm opinion, that if ever this country went to war with any foreign and neighbouring state, the hostility would commence by offering a neutrality to Ireland.

The question was then put, that the word *whenever* continue part of the proposition, which was carried without a division.

The conversation afterwards continuing irregular, it will be sufficient to say, that the chief points in discussion were the exports and imports of Britain and Ireland; and that about ten o'clock their Lordships adjourned.

JULY 12.

The House, in a committee on the Irish resolutions, proceeded to debate the third resolution, and some amendments which were proposed by Lord Loughborough, were negatived without a division.

The fourth resolution was next read by the Chairman, and agreed to without any debate.

The fifth proposition gave rise to a conversation of no considerable length. Lord Loughborough and Lord Thurlow, Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord Stormont, and the Duke of Richmond, were the principal speakers. The point on which they spoke was a motion of Lord Loughborough's, by which the articles



of "arrack, brandy, and all sorts of strong waters," were to be added to the list of articles to be charged with duty on being imported into Ireland. The motion was vigorously opposed; and on a division there were contents 12, non-contents 27, majority 15.

Nothing worthy of particular notice occurred, till their Lordships had come to the 8th proposition, when Lord Stormont made a very long and masterly speech in favour of the

iron manufacturers. He moved, "That the Irish exports and imports to and from the United States of America, be the same as in Great Britain."

Lord Stormont, Lord Thurlow, Lord Hopetoun, and the Duke of Richmond, delivered their sentiments. A division at length took place on Lord Stormont's motion, and the numbers stood as follow: contents 15, non-contents 41, majority 26. Adjourned.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

JULY 1.

THE House having resolved itself into a committee on the bill for imposing an additional duty on the licences of hawkers and pedlars,

Sir Adam Ferguson stated the very obvious iniquity that would ensue of extending this bill to Scotland, contrary to the original intention. It would, he said, be taking the pedlars and hawkers there unawares, without giving them the same opportunity of exercising their profession as in England.

Mr. Dempster was convinced, that the extension of this tax to Scotland would destroy the hawkers and pedlars there altogether, as few of their packs were worth the duty intended to be imposed.

Mr. Grenville did not see how Scotland could plead an exemption.

Sir Adam Ferguson remarked on the original progress of the tax. It had been originally imposed by king William for a specific purpose, and during a particular period. The act of Queen Anne, which continued the duty, was not posterior to the union of the two kingdoms, and consequently could not influence the sister kingdom. He read the act.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer owned, that the regulation of the 5th of Queen Anne did not extend the duty to Scotland. It was to be in force for ninety-six years from the year 1710, consequently Scotland would not be subjected to that duty till the year 1806, when it would be included in consequence of a posterior act of Geo. I. which perpetuated all acts imposing duties for particular periods. He could not, however, conceive any reason for exempting Scotland at the present period.

Mr. Dundas differed from his Right Hon. friend; he was satisfied that the duty extended to Scotland would ruin many people in trade. He did not mean the great shopkeepers in Edinburgh, but the little merchants in remote villages, who were commonly supplied by hawkers and pedlars. They would, by the proposed regulation, be entirely deprived of resource. He thought they should have an

opportunity of being heard, and doing themselves justice. He declared his firm persuasion that the shopkeepers of Edinburgh would not complain of the tax, their shops being generally detached from their houses.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer owned, he did not lay any considerable stress on the productiveness of the tax.

Mr. Grenville moved, that the chairman leave the chair.

Mr. Dempster seconded the motion, as wishing the whole business might be postponed for the purpose of enquiry.

Col. Phipps spoke against the motion.

Sir James Erskine said, he was instructed to support the bill for imposing additional duties on hawkers and pedlars, by his constituents, and was happy that their sentiments and his concurred on the subject.

The Hon. Edward Norton condemned the principle of the bill.

Mr. M. A. Taylor spoke in support of the bill.

Sir James Johnstone spoke against the bill; as the advocate of the unfortunate he could not, he said, be silent on the present occasion.

Sir Adam Ferguson spoke against the bill. He had it from good authority, that in a district where 230 of these traders now existed, not above thirty would be able to continue their business, if the present bill passed.

The question being then put, that the chairman leave the chair, a division ensued, when there appeared Ayes 12, Noes 40, Majority 28.

After going through the remaining clauses of the bill, the House adjourned.

JULY 4.

The House, in a Committee to consider of the British Fisheries, came to the following resolutions:—

"That every bus, or fishing vessel, properly fitted out, and furnished as by law required, shall be allowed to clear out of any port in Great Britain between the first of June and the first of October, to proceed to their fishery station, to cast their nets, with-

out being obliged to rendezvous at any other port or place.

“ That the masters of buffes or fishing yeffels, employed in the herring fishery, shall be at liberty to purchase fresh herrings of boat-fishers, and to land them on oath at any port in Great Britain.

“ That for reviving and encouraging the cod fishery in the North Seas, and in Ireland, the owners of any yeffels employed there, shall be at liberty to use in the said fishery, British-made salt, duty free, &c.

“ That buffes, and other fishing yeffels, shall in future be permitted to be entered for the bounty, without limitation of their burthen or tonnage; except that no vesel of less than 30 tons shall be intitled to any bounty; and except that no bus, or other yeffel, shall be intitled to the bounty for more than 80 tons, although of a larger burden.

“ That all yeffels employed in the herring fishery shall be allowed, during their continuance at sea, to catch and cure cod, ling, and hake, as well as herring, and be subject to the same regulations, and to have the same privileges of curing fish with salt, duty free, &c.

“ That duties payable on fish caught and cured by British subjects, such fish being entered and landed as by law required for fresh fish for home consumption, shall cease and be discontinued. The said resolutions to be reported next day.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer observed, that much harm was likely to result from the practice of exporting the tools used in the iron manufactory. This improper practice had given great and just alarm, in his opinion, especially to the parties more immediately concerned. He should therefore move for leave to bring in a bill for preventing the exportation of tools made use of in the iron manufactory.

The motion passed unanimously, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and others, were accordingly named to prepare and bring in a bill to that purpose.

#### JULY 5.

On the order of the day being read for going into a Committee on the Bill for shortening the duration of Polls, and limiting the time for Scrutinies at future Elections,

Mr. Fox rose to object to the Speaker leaving the chair, as the preamble stated that difficulties MIGHT arise for the want of the returns of writs in due time, &c. which, in his opinion, was meant chiefly to refer to and justify the proceedings of the late election for Westminster.

The Attorney-General said a few words in support of the Bill; after which the ques-

tion was put for leaving the chair; when there appeared Ayes 72, Noes 32.

After much entreaty, the Solicitor-General was prevailed on to take the chair, and the blank for the time when the Bill should take place was filled up with the FIRST DAY OF AUGUST, 1785, and the hours of polling to be not before eight in the morning, nor later than four in the afternoon. When they came to the blank to fix the number of days for an election to last,

The Attorney-General proposed to make it ten days for counties, and eight days for cities and boroughs; but before he sat down, altered his opinion to fifteen clear days for counties, and ten days for cities and boroughs.

Mr. Fox, Lord North, and several others, attacked the principle of the bill, and contended, that as there was no appearance of a general election, there was no necessity of altering the law of the land in so material a point, especially at so late a period of the year; but might defer the bill until early in the next sessions, and then bring it forward in a more perfect shape; for which purpose Mr. Fox moved, that the Chairman do leave the chair.

This brought on a conversation of considerable length, in which Mr. Pitt, the Attorney-General, Mr. Sheridan, and Mr. Eden, were several times up in reply, and in explanation.

About half past nine o'clock the question was put, that the Chairman do leave the chair, and the Committee divided, ayes 44, noes 39.

#### JULY 6.

The order of the day being read for the House to go into a Committee for resuming the consideration of the bill brought in by the Attorney-General for limiting the duration of polls and scrutines,

Mr. Courtenay rose, and expressed his aversion that a subject of such magnitude and importance should come under discussion in so thin a house; and as he did not believe there were forty members present, he would suggest the propriety of the Chairman's leaving the chair, though, by giving that intimation, he was not to be understood as pledging himself to move any question on the subject.

Mr. Pitt expressed his surprize that the Honourable Gentleman should signify a desire that the Chairman should quit the chair, and endeavour to protract the business on the plea of a thin house, after it had been agreed, in a preceding stage of this business, that the clause should be gone through, in order that the bill might be printed; to allow of which gentlemen had agreed to postpone their objections.

The House then resolved itself into a Committee on the above bill; and after the blanks had been filled up, and several amendments introduced, the House resumed itself, and received



ceived the report, which was ordered to be printed, and appointed for consideration on Friday next.

Mr. Rose having moved for the House to resolve itself into a Committee for considering a clause to be added to the Hawkers and Pedlers bill, by way of rider, the Committee was accordingly formed, and Mr. Rose brought up the clause; which being received, the Speaker resumed the chair, when the report of the above clause being brought up,

Mr. Gilbert rose to express his disapprobation of the bill for the better regulation of Hawkers and Pedlers, and mentioned, that it would, if passed into a law, tend to the ruin of a great number of honest and industrious people, resident in a part of the country which he had the honour to represent, and therefore he would suggest to the Right Hon. Gentleman (the Chancellor of the Exchequer) the propriety of inserting in the bill an exempting clause in behalf of the inhabitants of the particular place to which he had alluded. No answer was given.

JULY 7.

In a Committee to consider of the Act relating to Medicines, came to the following resolutions: That the duties imposed by an Act of the 23d of his present Majesty do cease and determine.—That for every and upon all packets, box, bottle, phial, or other inclosure, containing drugs, oils, essence, tinctures, powders, or other preparations used for the relief of the human body, which shall be vended in Great Britain, there shall be charged a stamp duty as follows: Where the contents exceed not 1s. a stamp duty of 1½d. and of that value and not exceeding 2s. 6d. a stamp duty of 3d. and above 2s. 6d. and under 5s. a stamp duty of 6d. and of the value of 5s. a stamp duty of 1s.—That every person vending the above drugs, oils, &c. if resident within the cities of London, Westminster, and the borough of Southwark, or city of Edinburgh, shall take out a licence, chargeable with a stamp duty of 20s. and in other parts a stamp duty of 5s.

JULY 8.

The bill to prohibit the exportation of tools, &c. used in the iron manufacture, and for preventing artificers in those branches from being seduced out of the kingdom, being then read a first time,

Mr. Sheridan wished to be informed whether the Gentleman who had been nominated to bring in the bill, was apprised that it was drawn in such a manner as to comprehend Ireland.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer whispered across the table, that he was not informed precisely of the contents of the bill, as not having yet read it.

EUROP. MAG.

Mr. Sheridan expressed himself extremely surpris'd at receiving this answer from one of his Majesty's Ministers. He had perus'd the bill, and to his great astonishment had found that it did extend to Ireland. It particularized fifty-six kinds of implements used in the manufacture of iron and steel, none of which, nor the models of them, could, according to the present bill, be sent to Ireland, without heavy penalties being incurred.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said, it was not intended that the bill should extend to Ireland; its object was to protect a particular branch of trade, by enacting provisions similar to those which the wisdom of parliament had established in favour of other manufactures. If it appeared that Ireland was put upon the same footing with foreign countries, he would only declare, that such intention had never existed, or that the error in wording the bill must have been the result of inadvertency.

Mr. Rose also avowed that he had not read the bill. If shame on this account was his due, he would take it to himself; but he must be permitted to add, that he had no design of including Ireland. He meant to have read and maturely considered the bill before it was brought into the House, but from an unavoidable circumstance he had been prevented from coming down so early as usual, and by what means it was brought in in his absence he knew not. He had given instructions to the Solicitor of the Customs for drawing up the bill, and had intimated that the case of Ireland was to be particularly adverted to; the defect pointed out by the Hon. Gentleman must therefore have been a mistake.

Mr. J. H. Browne said, the bill had its origin in the application of a number of respectable inhabitants of Birmingham, and other places, where iron and steel were manufactured, in consequence of the apprehension of injury to their trade, from the tools and utensils used therein being sent to foreign countries, particularly into Germany, and their artizans seduced to settle abroad.

Mr. Sheridan moved that it be printed for the use of the Members.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer opposed Mr. Sheridan's motion. The Hon. Gentleman, he said, who affected so tender a concern lest the bill should give rise to discontent and alarm in Ireland, instead of giving the House time to correct an error of inadvertency, which the bill was, on both sides, admitted to contain, wanted to realize the discontents he had predicted.

Sir James Erskine was persuaded that his Hon. Friend (Mr. Sheridan) had been prompted to move for the bill to be printed, by no other motive than that of giving the

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Houfe an opportunity of deliberately confidering it, and of guarding againft the mifchievous effects which his Majesty's Minifters feemed not inclined to avert.

Mr. Eden lamented that the matter had been agitated with fo much warmth. The bill, however, as it now flood, did not include Ireland; yet he hoped his Hon. Friend would not perfift in his motion for having it printed, as it was clearly underftood that the objections were to be done away.

Mr. Sheridan agreed to withdraw his motion, provided it was to be underftood that the defects he had pointed out fhould be rectified.

The motion being accordingly withdrawn, Mr. Sheridan faid it had occurred to him that the more eligible way of proceeding with the bufinefs would be to read the bill a fecond time, and introduce the amendments in a committee.

The bill was then read a fecond time, and referred to a Committee of the whole Houfe.

The Speaker having next put the queftion, that the bill for laying an additional duty upon Hawkers and Pedlers be then read a third time,

Mr. Coke rofe, and after obferving that the bill would be very oppreffive to a numerous clafs of honeft and induftrious people, faid he had a claufe to propofe in order to give them fome relief. The Speaker told the Hon. Member, that when a claufe was propofed to be added to a bill by way of rider, the practice of the Houfe was, that the claufe could not be received unlefs it was engroffed.

The Attorney-General ftated it as his opinion, that there would be no impropriety in poftponing the third reading of the bill till Monday, by which time the claufe might be engroffed.

Mr. Coke then read the claufe, which purported, that all perfons in poffeffion of Hawkers licences fhould be permitted to follow their refpective trades and occupations in all cities and towns, notwithstanding any charters, privileges, or eftablifhed ufages to the contrary. He faid he had taken precifely the words of the act of parliament for granting to failors and foldiers the privilege he meant to extend to hawkers and pedlers; and concluded with an appeal to the humanity of the Houfe to adopt this claufe.

Mr. Charles Robinfon oppofed the claufe, as calculated to defeat and render ineffectual the principal object of the bill.

Mr. M. A. Taylor declared himfelf averfe to hawkers and pedlers being permitted to travel about the country, to the injury of the refident trader; but he did not fee any inconvenience that could arife from the claufe propofed by the Hon. Member.

Mr. Popham oppofed the claufe, as tending to give the hawkers advantages over the eftablifhed fhop-keeper.

Mr. Gilbert fpoke in favour of the claufe, obferving, that fuch hawkers and pedlers as might fettle in cities or corporate towns would be fubject to all the parochial and other burthens upon other houfeholders.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer thought it unneceffary to protract a debate upon this bufinefs, as the only point the Houfe had to decide upon was, whether it was expedient to poftpone the third reading of the bill till Monday, that time might be afforded to confider the claufe.

The Speaker obferved, that the bill was not to create a new, but to make additions to an old tax, therefore could only affect thofe who were objects of the tax before. In this he was joined by Mr. Robinfon.

The queftion was then put and carried for deferring the third reading of the bill till Monday.

#### JULY II.

The order of the day for the further confideration of the bill relative to polls and ferutinies being then read, the feveral amendments were fubmitted to the Houfe, and agreed to; during the courfe of which, a fhort defultory converfation took place between Mr. Popham, Mr. Sheridan, the Attorney-General, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Sir James Erskine reprobated the principle of the bill, and ftated many deficiencies as arguments for its recommitment; after which he moved, that it be recommitted.

Mr. Sawbridge feconded the motion.

The Attorney-General oppofed it, pleading the urgency of the bufinefs for their immediate procedure.

Mr. Sheridan pointed out feveral improprieties in the bill, and argued for its recommitment.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer ridiculed the Hon. Gentleman's inconfiftency, adding ironically, that he would agree to the motion of the recommitment, provided he was certain of the affiftance of fuch abilities. But as he was doubtful of his opinion, and uncertain how long he might remain in the humour of impartiality, he would oppofe the motion.

Mr. Sheridan retorted on the Right Hon. Gentleman, obferving, that he had forgot how much he had, on feveral important occafions, been obliged to him and his friends for the affiftance given to his new fyftems in the different committees.

The queftion being then put, Sir James Erskine's motion was negatived.

Mr. Brickdale then moved for leave to bring in a claufe, particularly fpecifying thofe who



who come under the denomination of paupers.

Lord Mahon objected to it.

Sir George Younge, Mr. Pitt, and the Solicitor General, opposed the motion.

Mr. Alderman Sawbridge and Mr. Eden, &c. supported it.

The question being then put, the House divided, and there appeared Ayes 12, Noes 28, the motion was of course rejected. Sir James Erskine next proposed a clause for regulating the conduct of the returning officer, respecting the majority and minority of votes on the poll books.

On this clause the House was about to divide, and strangers were ordered to withdraw; but an agreement took place; after which several amendments were proposed, some of which were agreed to, and others rejected.

JULY 12.

The Speaker having put the question, that the bill for imposing an additional duty upon hawkers and pedlers be now read a third time,

Mr. Eden contended that the bill was worded, as to attach upon people whom it could not be in the intention of the House to be affected by it; for it stated that no persons whatsoever, except resident householders, should be permitted to sell goods in market-towns, or within two miles thereof; so that the restriction would not only extend to hawkers and pedlers and petty chapmen, but to people of every other description, and consequently would include auctioneers, who were authorized by law to carry on trade, and paid an annual sum to Government for that privilege.

[To be continued.]

## I R I S H P A R L I A M E N T,

### H O U S E O F C O M M O N S.

ON Thursday the 11th of August the Irish House of Commons having met pursuant to their last adjournment, after some debate it was agreed to adjourn till the next day, the 12th. On that day Mr. Orde moved for leave to bring in a bill, founded upon the Propositions, which, after a very long and vehement debate, was carried by a majority of nineteen. In this debate Mr. Flood, Mr. Monk Mason, and all the great speakers bore a part. Mr. Grattan was on his legs two hours and a half. —The gentlemen on the minority side having then expressed an intention of moving some resolutions declaratory of the independence of Ireland, to prevent this, a motion was made to adjourn, and carried by a majority of sixteen.

Mr. Attorney-General agreed with the Hon. Gentleman, that there was an inaccuracy in wording the second clause; however, he conceived it would be removed by the insertion of the word *such*, which would be relative to the hawkers and pedlers and petty chapmen, specially named in the preceding clause, and the operation of the act would be confined to the persons so described.

Mr. Coke brought up a clause to be added to the bill by way of rider, for extending to persons possessing hawkers licences, at the time of passing this bill, the privilege of following any trade or occupation in cities and corporate towns, and putting them in this respect upon a footing with persons who have served his Majesty by sea or land.

Mr. Popham opposed the clause, because the object of the bill was to give some compensation to the shop-keepers for the severe tax lately imposed upon them; and therefore, if the clause was adopted, that object would be in a great measure defeated: besides, he thought the House ought not to countenance the clause in this stage of the business; for by its being offered on the third reading, the shop-keepers were precluded from the opportunity of being heard against it by counsel.

The Attorney-General wished to relieve the hawkers and pedlers from the great severity of this bill; and said it was extremely hard, that after depriving men of one lawful occupation, they should not be permitted to follow some other their talents might suit.

Mr. Gilbert supported the clause, and soon after he had begun to speak, strangers were ordered to withdraw. Adjourned.

Mr. Grattan's speech may be considered as the voice of the Antiministerial side of the Irish Parliament, and as the voice of the people of Ireland; we therefore present it to our readers:

“ In 1779, (said Mr. Grattan) you asked for two things, a foreign trade and a plantation trade: by the settlement of the year 1779, you obtained a plantation trade, a right to trade to the colonies of Great Britain, and you got it upon conditions; but then you had an election, you were not confined; if you chose to deal with the British Colonies, Britain had a right to tell you upon what conditions you should deal with them. In the year 1782, you were declared by the virtue of the peo-

ple independent; you had a right as an independent nation to trade with every foreign state; but, by the present system, you are to restrain your plantation trade; you are to restrain your foreign trade; you are called upon to barter your free constitution for a restraint of commerce: you are to restrain your trade to the East; you are to restrain your trade to the West; you are to give a preference to the British islands, where you purchase dear; and you are not to trade with other islands, where you might obtain the same articles cheaper, and where you might establish in every one of them a market for your own manufactures. You are told you must not pass the Cape of Good Hope; and for this you are to barter your constitution. You are to open the settlement of 1779; you are to open the settlement of 1782; and you are called upon to make a new settlement, which is to destroy your freedom as a nation; it is to barter the constitution—it is to barter the rights of the people, and destroy what God and Nature gave them!

“I ask you, do you come prepared—have you authority to do so? Is the Address of this House an authority? Are the Eleven Propositions an authority? Have you the power, sitting here in a delegated capacity, to guard the rights of the people? Have you the power to relinquish them? I say you have not, and I say it from authority; I say it from Mr. Locke. That great man declares, that whenever the legislature of a country gives up its legislative capacity to another, it is an abdication of their power, and the people have a right to form a new Government. The people may submit, it is true, but they may also resist. You are proscribed from going further than the Cape of Good Hope—you are to give up Indostan, the borders of China, and even China itself. What power on earth can say to an independent nation, Thus far shall you go, and no farther? It has more the appearance of the resentment of God, than of an act of Parliament, and bears in it no human trait, save its presumption: but if you had the power, would you be wise in doing so?—Would you be wise, when you are asking for trade, to put that trade into other hands to regulate—into the hands of a rival? Who can tell what benefits you might receive, if you have received some, though not as extensive as perhaps you might have expected; and who can tell how many more you might receive in time? But the English laws are to be equally beneficial, and to contain equal restraints on both countries.—Why, equal restraints would ruin us. Can a poor country contend with a rich one? If Great-Britain with all her heavy fund of debt and heavy taxes, but with all her excellence, large ca-

pitals, and experience, can vie with you, can surpass you—can Ireland expect, though not labouring under near so heavy a debt, but with all her poverty and inexperience, to vie with her, when loaded with equal taxation? But see what the Right Hon. Gentleman has said relative to the East-Indies, when the Company's charter shall expire. If they remain the property of Great-Britain, or if they become the property of any other nation, you will have a right to trade with them on the same footing with Great-Britain; that is, while they are the monopoly of the Company, you must leave them that monopoly; but if Great-Britain shall at any time refuse to renew the charter, then you are to trade with them under any restraints which Great-Britain shall think proper to propose. Should you at any time excel Great Britain in any article, she has only to raise the duty upon that article, and she for ever shuts her ports against it: you must see then how absurd it is to think of possessing trade, if you give up the regulation of that trade. The folly, the evils are so evident, that it looks as if God, a friend to the constitution of Ireland, had annexed those pains and penalties to deter you from destroying it. If you agree to the present bill, you will exhibit a phenomenon to the world; you will exhibit at one time the glorious achievement of your constitution, by the greatest magnanimity and virtue, and in three years afterwards the relinquishment of your liberty, and a decline into the most abject slavery. But what is it at best? It is the barter of constitution for commerce.

“I know it is said, whenever you chuse to have your constitution, you may have it; but then you must give up your commerce. Now, either it is to be beneficial, or it is not. If it is not, why make the settlement at all? and if it is, why leave us the only means to liberty, when the interest of individuals, and the increased power of the Crown, may render us unable to effect it? But, Sir, will the people, high-spirited and virtuous as they are, consent to such a relinquishment? Sir, this is not the means to establish peace: to do that, you must inspire the people with a confidence in your integrity. We have seen the people interfere: we have been sometimes proud to see them take the lead. Let us now precede them, and shew them the Parliament will support that independence which the people for the Parliament obtained. These are the ways of pleasantness, and all their paths are peace!—It is true, Sir, the Right Hon. Gentleman has opened his business with great delicacy: he has not wounded our ears—but the bill is destructive of our rights. The fourth Proposition, that has been so much censured, is not more reprehensible,



in my opinion, than the fifth, sixth, and the ninth: these all equally tend to legislation; and if you agree to the principle, you open the settlement of 1779; you open the settlement of 1782; you restrain your foreign trade, which, as an independent nation, you have no right to do, and Ireland is undone.

“The poverty and distress of our manufacturers made a clamour of protecting duties, that they might have a preference in their domestic markets: their demand laid the first foundation of the Commercial Regulations; it made the partial explanation of the Navigation Act take place, and brought on an unequal compact respecting the West-India trade, by which the commerce of Ireland began to be again bound by British regulations. Ireland had, indeed, ceased to be a province of Great Britain in 1782, but the provincial regulations still remained; and now those regulations, and all others that Great Britain may think proper to make, must be perpetual. You are to be for ever bound to the East-India monopoly; you are to be restricted in your trade to every part. But let me ask, what right has one nation to say to another, “Thus far you shall trade, and no further.” The command is like a judgment of God — its preclusion has immensity in point of space, and eternity in point of duration.

“And what is the consideration for all this? I am almost ashamed to mention it—The ships of the East-India Company may, if they please, when outward-bound from London to Asia, come out of their way to take goods on board here! What a pitiful and absurd condition?”

“When, in order to equalize the duties on the produce of the British Plantations, to prevent smuggling, we are told we raised the duty on the articles to what it was in England, it was, no doubt, a heavy tax on the consumers; but now that we are for ever bound to deal only with the British Plantations, that tax becomes a grievous oppression, as we are tied to the West-India monopoly of England. And what does the Minister offer us for all this? A visionary reciprocity, which we find really consists in an equality of burdens, which England may bear, but Ireland cannot.

“I call upon the House, I call upon the Treasury Bench, to know what authority you have to surrender the free trade of 1779? for what you are going upon now is not a settlement, but a doing away of all settlement. I still repeat, that no trade can exist, which you cannot govern: this truth every man, though he is not a merchant, must know. Now as to the great question—Will you give up the independence of your legislature, and accede to a virtual union with England, differing only from what Scotland agreed to, in

that your Parliament is to survive its authority?”

“The principles of this bill are, that any authority in the Irish Parliament is incompatible with the British empire. Let me tell you, however, once more, that you are the delegated, but limited trustees of the nation, and cannot surrender its constitution. And should you now admit and pass this bill, the constitution of Ireland, not subject, like man, to casual mortality, shall, ere one year passes, raise again its honoured head, and flourish in native splendor.”

On Monday, August 15, Mr. Secretary Orde rose, and said, that he hoped the plan which Ministers were determined to pursue in the very important business of the commercial regulations, was so candid and equitable, that it would not only preclude the necessity of the motion which a Right Hon. Gentleman had intimated for this day, but would also render the debate unnecessary. It was his intention after presenting the bill, to move that it should be read a first time—then to move that it should be printed—and afterwards move for an adjournment, to give the Members of that House, and their constituents in the country, time to examine and discuss its merits. Having brought up the bill, he then moved that it be read a first time. This was accordingly done, and the bill ordered to be printed.

Mr. Flood said, there was nothing in the plan of the Right Hon. Gentleman which satisfied his mind, or ought to satisfy the minds of Gentlemen. He had given notice of a motion, by which that House had it in their power to guard the nation against the consequences of the bill which was now on their table. The resolution he meant to move would declare, that no authority could take from the Irish parliament its exercise of the power of legislating for Ireland commercially, and externally as well as internally. That declaration he conceived to be indispensable, and it was still his purpose to move the resolution.

Mr. Secretary Orde said, he wished to satisfy the House, that the motion was unnecessary—at least it was unreasonable—not provoked by any thing which Ministers were then urging—and to do away effectually all show of argument on the necessity or the expediency of such a motion, he now stood up, he said, “to pledge himself to the House, that Government should not agitate the bill “further in the present session.” He had confidence in the House, that after so explicit a declaration, they would not oppose a motion, “That the House do now adjourn “to this day three weeks.” He accordingly concluded with moving this question.

A debate of between seven and eight hours now took place, which was conducted with much heat and acrimony.

The Attorney-General warned Gentlemen of the danger of rejecting the scheme. He hinted at the insecure quality of the Irish tenures, their internal dissensions from difference of religion, the probability that the natural and observant rival of the British empire would be quick in fomenting discord between the sister kingdoms, and strain every nerve to bring it to a rupture. In case of a rupture, what must be their fate? England was a lion not easily provoked; but when aroused, not easily subdued—Ireland was a whelp, easy to provoke, and easy to quiet—Here he was called to order.

Mr. Flood reprobated his language—He had never heard a speech more maliciously charged with inflammatory and infectious matter—He had never witnessed such wanton and dangerous aspersions on the honour and integrity of his country. It was a speech of rank and unjustifiable inflammation, and of faucy folly. The Attorney-General called him to order, complained of the personalities—and moved that the words should be taken down.

Mr. Flood would not retract them, and

the Attorney-General insisted on their being taken down if he would not. A long and warm altercation ensued on the point of order, in which Sir Henry Cavendish was involved; and the Attorney-General and Mr. Curren had also a dispute, in which the latter retorted on the former with so much point, that the Attorney-General left his seat. [A duel was the consequence, but happily without any hurt to either.]

Mr. Secretary Orde finding the sense of the House so strongly and emphatically against the bill, again rose and said, that as Gentlemen were so pointed and warm in their opposition to the bill, he would now give them an assurance in the name of Ministers, which he trusted would satisfy them. He was authorized to say, "That Government never would, neither in the present Session, nor in any future period, agitate the bill, or present it again to the House, unless it was called for by the parliament and people of Ireland."

After some further debate, in which this declaration of the Minister was treated as a total abandonment of the system, and as the funeral knell of the bill, it was resolved to agree to the motion of adjournment for three weeks.

## THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

ON the 26th of July, All's Well That Ends Well, by Shakspere, altered by Mr. Pilon, and reduced to Three Acts, was performed for the benefit of Mr. Bannister, jun. This alteration was made with little judgment. The parts of Bertrand and Helena were left without any importance or interest; and the character of Parolles, represented by Mr. Bannister, lost much of its effect by injudicious omissions. If any thing can be offered to palliate such mangling of Shakspere, we apprehend it must be looked for in the liberty usually indulged at benefits. Previous to the performance, the following

### PROLOGUE,

By Mr. PILON,

Was spoken by Mr. BANNISTER, jun.

AS wary Generals, ere they risque a fight,  
Send spies to range the hostile camp at night;  
Or as pioneers clad in grotesque array,  
Before an army march their grimly way;  
So ere the Piece, the Prologue still is found  
To mark the ambush, or to clear the ground,  
With laughter-loving whim to cheer the town,  
And calm the terrors of the Critic's frown.  
But where shall much-lov'd Novelty be  
found?

London seems buried in a sleep profound;

Oh! for electric Graham's aid once more,  
Our paralytic feelings to restore;  
His giants now methinks before me rise,  
Gilt on their hats, and famine in their eyes,  
Great as tall Patrick, though not quite his  
size.

Were we but blest to see return again  
The short-liv'd splendours of his Pall-Mall  
reign,

In vain would yelping armies cities sack,  
By General Jackoo led to the attack,  
And e'en the vocal Duck would dive be-  
neath the Quack.

But far from town must Fancy stretch her  
wing,

For something new before this House to  
bring:

Now, for Brighthelmstone posts the town-  
bread spark

(That kind of sea and land St. James's Park),  
Where Venus to her native ocean flies,  
With livelier bloom from out the waves to  
rise;

Now azure skies and summer's heats pre-  
vail,

And hoys, in fleets, to well-throng'd Margate  
sail:

The Margate hoy! well-freighted—what a  
scene

For Hogarth's pencil, in a laughing vein!

Stew'd



Stow'd'twixt two hen-coops, Moses Ephraim  
cries,

My Got! my Got! how high the waves do rise;  
How oft to Margate in a hoysh I'd go,  
If stocksh and interestsh wou'd rise up so!  
Arrah! be easy, said an Irish blade,  
I thought all Jews were of the stocks afraid;  
I never saw you sure, when first we met,  
Or in the hoy my foot I ne'er had set;  
Put into port, and leave this thief behind,  
His very look's enough to turn the wind;  
If you refuse me, Captain, by this hand,  
I'll quit your ship, though twenty leagues  
from land.

With leering eye, replied a Cheapside wife,  
I like the proposition, on my life.

You do, said Bull her spouse, dispos'd to joke,  
Wrapt in a cloud of politics and smoke;  
From you I thought nought came but oppo-  
sition,

But this, forsooth's an Irish proposition.

But from our hoy—a mightier charge we  
boast—

'Tis Shakspeare steers to-night upon your  
coast:

To cut him down from first-rate size we've  
dar'd,

Finding some planks and beams by time im-  
pair'd;

The heart of oak of genius is the same;  
You send the gale that blows him on to fame.  
One glowing bold, energetic golden line,  
Drawn with the fire of Shakspeare's pen  
divine,

Genius and taste can never prize too high,  
For whilst he lives, those twins can never die.

29. Mr. Nunns, husband of the Lady who performed Clarissa, appeared for the first time at the Hay-market, in the character of Pepper, in Captain Topham's farce called "The Fool." Mr. Nunn's walk seems to be the old men in low comedy, in which he promises to be a useful actor. If not excellent, he was at least decent.

August 4. was represented, for the first time, a comedy called, *PLL TELL YOU WHAT*.

*THIS* comedy is avowedly the production of Mrs. Inchbald, and consists of a happy combination of humour and passion, sentiment and pleasantry, equally sustained by affecting incidents and comic situations.

The Characters are as follow;

|                     |                     |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| Mr. Anthony Eufston | Mr. Bensley         |
| Sir George Eufston  | Mr. Williamson      |
| Major Cyprus        | Mr. Palmer          |
| Mr. Eufston         | Mr. Parsons         |
| Charles Eufston     | Mr. Bannister, jun. |
| Sir Harry Harmless  | Mr. R. Palmer       |
| Col. Downright      | Mr. Aickin.         |

Lady Cyprus

Lady Eufston

Bloom

Mrs. Eufston

Mrs. Bates

Mrs. Bulkeley

Mrs. Reily

Miss Farren.

The comic part of the plot is founded upon the divorce of Sir George Eufston from his former wife Lady Harriet, now Lady Harriet Cyprus, in consequence of finding Major Cyprus concealed in a closet in his house; from which very closet it is contrived Sir George himself should afterwards make his appearance; a situation which, though he is not criminal with Lady Harriet, gives at first view every reason to suppose he has an intrigue with his discarded wife again.

The serious part, which is highly interesting, is simply this:—Mr. Anthony Eufston is supposed to have disinherited his only son Charles Eufston, for marrying a beautiful young girl without a fortune. The piece opens with Mr. Anthony Eufston's arrival from the West-Indies: he accidentally meets his own daughter-in-law, driven by extremity of want, having two infants to support, to assume the similitude of a prostitute, in order to gain the ear of some man of feeling and honour, to make known her distresses to him. The person in whose company Mr. A. Eufston is at the time of his meeting with his daughter-in-law, feels no sentiment for her but what her beauty inspires; and she is, without knowing her deliverer, saved by her own father from violation. The consequent eclaireissement may be easily imagined, and in working it up it is but strict justice to say, that the Author has touched the finest chords that awaken the heart to sensibility.

The two first acts, as well as the last, abound with happy strokes of satire on separate maintenances, divorces, licentious intermarriages; and all the train of fashionable gallantries: the intermediate scenes disclose a tale artfully interweaved with the main subject of *I'll Tell You What!* and we know not, whether the audience were more diverted with the comic parts, or affected by the pathetic; for at some moments the house was convulsed with bursts of laughter, and at others dissolved in tears. The seam that divided the partitions of the plot was perhaps, in some places, wrought too inartificially; but, on the whole, the piece hung well together, and promises much future entertainment from the same pen, which has before entertained us with that excellent farce *The Mogul Tale*; a circumstance which, not being generally known, rendered the Prologue somewhat less intelligible and amusing than it would otherwise have appeared to many of the audience. The Epilogue, being founded on a main incident in the play, was universally felt and admired;

and Miss Farren, as well as the Writer, very *critically* managed *the critical minute*. The performers acquitted themselves much to their own honour, and the advantage of the piece.

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P R O L O G U E

To the Comedy of I'LL TELL YOU WHAT!  
Written by Mr. COLMAN.  
Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

LADIES and Gentlemen, *I'll tell you what!*  
Yet not, like Ancient Prologue, tell the plot—

But, like a Modern Prologue, try each way  
To win your favour tow'rs the coming play.

Our Author is a woman; that's a charm  
Of pow'r to guard herself and Play from harm.  
The Muses, Ladies-Regent of the Pen,  
Grant women skill, and force, to write like men:

Yet they, like the Æolian maid of old,  
Their sex's character will ever hold;  
Not with bold quill too roughly strike the lyre,

But with the *feather* raise a soft desire.  
Our Poetess has gain'd sublimest heights—  
Not Sappho's self has soar'd to nobler flights.  
For she, bright spirit, the first British fair,  
Climb'd, unappall'd, the unsubstantial air:  
And here, beneath the changes of the moon,  
Wond'ring you saw her launch a grand balloon;

While she, with steady course, and flight not dull,

Paid a short visit to the Great Mogul.  
Shrink not, Nabob! our Poetess to-night  
Wakes not the genius of Sir Matthew Mite.  
Beyond our hemisphere she will not roam,  
Keeps in the line, and touches nearer home;  
Nay will not, as before, howe'er you scorn her,

Reach e'en the turnpike-gate at Hyde-park-corner.

But hold!—I say too much—I quite forgot,  
And so I'll tell you—no—SHE'LL *tell you what!*

~~~~~  
E P I L O G U E

To the Comedy of I'LL TELL YOU WHAT!  
Written by Mr. COLMAN.  
Spoken by Miss FARRÉN.

M A L E critics applaud to the skies the male scribblers;

When a woman attempts, they turn carpers  
and nibblers:

But a true patriot female there's nothing so vexes,

As this haughty pre-eminence claim'd 'twixt  
the sexes.

The free spirit revolts at each hard proposition,  
And meets the whole system with loud opposition.

Men, 'tis true, in their noddles huge treasures may hoard;

But the heart of a woman with *passions* is stor'd;

With passions, not copied from Latin or Greek,

Which the language of Nature in plain English speak.

Girls who grieve, or rejoice, from true feeling, as I do,

Never dream of Calypso, or Helen, or Dido.

To the end of our life, from the hour we begin it,

Woman's fate all depends on *the Critical Minute!*

A minute unknown to the dull pedant tribe,  
And which never feeling, they never describe.

'Tis no work of science, or sparkle of wit,  
But a point which mere Nature must teach us to hit;

And which, in the changes and turns of my story,

A weak woman's pen has to-night laid before ye.

And say, ye grave prudes! gay coquettes too,  
ah, say,

What a *Critical Minute* was mine in the play!

Here poverty, famine, and shame, and reproach!

There plenty and ease, and a Lord, and a coach!

But perhaps our bard held Mrs. Euston too mean,

And conceiv'd her disgrace would but lower the scene:

Let us then, better pleas'd to acquit than convict her,

On the ground of high-life sketch the very same picture.

Imagine some Fair plung'd in modish distress,

Her wants not less than mine, nor her agony less!

At Hazard, suppose, an unfortunate cast  
Has swept her last guinea, nay more than her last!

Her diamonds all mortgag'd, her equipage fold,

Her husband undone, genteel friends looking cold!

At her feet his sweet person Lord Foppington throws,

The most handsome of Nobles, the richest of Beaux!

At once too his love and his bounty dispenses,  
Soothes with thousands her grief, lulls with flattery her senses!



Alas! what a minute! ah! what can be done?  
 All means must be tried; and our drama shews one.  
 Let papa, in that minute, that so frowns upon her,  
 Redeem the vile debts that encumber her ho- [nour!  
 Let papa in that minute, that teems with un-  
 doing, [woeing!  
 Step in, like my father, and mar a Lord's

Let her know, as I've known, all the horror that's in it,  
 And feel the true force of *the Critical Minute!*

Thus wishes our Bard, and she bids me declare;  
 And such is my wish — by mine *honour* I swear!

## P O E T R Y.

## SONNET,

Written extempore, on seeing an antique Mansion in a most romantic and retired Situation, near the River T. in Devonshire.

O! Mansion, suited to the mind sublime,  
 Here could I bid this valued world adieu;  
 Here sweetly wait the silent lapse of Time,  
 And bend on Heaven my soul-directed view.

Nor Pleasure's siren voice should hence allure;

Nor all the charms that riches could impart;

Nor all that honours, titles, could procure,  
 Should raise one longing impulse in my heart.

For ah! the bloom of youth is quickly o'er,  
 Short is the triumph of each transient grace;  
 E'en life itself, the pageant of an hour,

The chilling breath of Time shall soon efface.

But here would sweet Reflection learn to soar,

And lift my soul from earth to something more. G. C.

Ah! then to climb the mountain's side,  
 And wander o'er the braky way,  
 Where fancy leads, or chance may guide,  
 Will well the early task repay:  
 For in each flow'ry path will be  
 The charm of sweet Simplicity.

Or deep within the silent shade,  
 Where Solitude delights to dwell,  
 Where many a moss-grown couch is spread,  
 And many a wild note heard to swell;  
 There, fainting from noon's scorching beam,  
 'Tis bliss, one's "lifeless length" to lie,  
 Close where some cool refreshing stream

In dimpling eddies bubbles by;  
 The grove, the bank, the stream will be  
 All charming through Simplicity.

When modest Eve, with gentle pow'r,  
 "Shall weave her robe of twilight grey,"

By yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
 Still will I find an hour to stray;

For there will Philomela's note  
 Steal sweetly o'er my raptur'd ear,

And many an echo far remote,  
 The soft heart-foothing sound shall hear:  
 Thus may each hour be spent with thee,  
 And thee alone, oh! sweet Simplicity.

G. C.

## SIMPLICITY.

LET others sing of proud alcoves,  
 Of lofty domes, and gilded spires,  
 To primros'd vales and verdant groves  
 My muse with jocund step retires;  
 The opening flow'r, the murmur'ing stream,  
 The woodlark's wild untutor'd strain,  
 To me a more inspiring theme

Than all the brightest courts contain:  
 For there Simplicity alone  
 Makes every artless scene her own.

When orient blushes hail the dawn,  
 And mildness breathes in every gale;

When dew-drops glitter o'er the lawn,  
 And labour echo's through the vale:

EUROP. MAG.

## PROLOGUE

To the ORPHAN of CHINA,

Written by J. S. PRATT, Esq.

And spoken by WILLIAM FECTOR, Esq.  
 At his private Theatre at Dover, in Kent, last March.

FROM Herfchell gazing on his Georgian Star

To daring Jeff'ries ballancing in air,  
 The law supreme that governs human kind,  
 Pleasure to give and take we still find;  
*Social* the source whence all our passions flow,  
*Mutual* is every joy and every woe;  
 And ne'er to *self* we stint the lib'ral flame,  
 Which gilds the paths of glory or of fame.

X

Hence,

Hence, Sirs, each glowing purpose of the  
soul,

And parts, as sung the Bard, but serve the  
whole :

Hence issues forth, "indebted and discharg'd,"  
The generous feeling and the thought en-  
larg'd :

Hence young Ambition spreads her proudest  
sail,

Power climbs the mountain, and Peace decks  
the vale :

Hence Sculpture bids the soften'd marblewarm,  
And Painting emulates life's vivid form :

Music her voice, and Poesy her lyre,  
With equal incense feed the social fire :

Love breathes his vow, Compassion drops her  
tear,

Pleasure and Pain both pay their homage here :  
The world's great drama this fair truth can  
tell,

Not for *themselves alone* would men excel.  
To night, not less obedient to the power  
Of social pleasure, we devote the hour ;

To cheer the gale that chills the coming spring,  
To melt the snow yet lodg'd on winter's wing ;

Like lovers *we* by moon-light woo the heart,  
And try the powers that grace the scenic art !

Friendship for this calls Candour to our stage,  
Who brings no catcall, bids no party rage :

The shining rows that grace this little round  
Will fright our heroes with no fearful sound.

Arm'd with no terrors do *our* Critics sit,  
To roll the thunders of a London Pit ;

No awful phalanx, sedulous to blame,  
Blasts the fair rose-buds of our *private* fame :

The full grown flowers which on her summit  
grow,

Conscious we knit, to crop the shrubs below.  
All our *kind Gods*, too, are from malice free,

Here Members ne'er *divide*, but all *agree* ;  
And tho' both sexes on our edicts wait,

In a *full house* we dread no harsh debate.  
A zeal to please ye *animates us all*,

And should we fail, your smiles would break  
our fall :

Yet if we please not, our best hopes we  
maim,

"Self-love and social" *we* shall "feel the  
"fame."

### EPILOGUE,

Spoken by WILLIAM FECTOR, Esq.

And written by J. S. PRATT, Esq.

**W**ELL, Dames and Sirs, we've had rare  
doings here,

Princes in van, Conspirators in rear !

To-night you've seen what Patriots were of  
yore,

Tyrants you've heard declaim, and Tartars  
roar,

Nor dare ye now deny *they* were indeed  
A race of mortals *wond'rous apt to bleed*.

The Dames of China were so fond of death,  
Maids on their wedding-day gave up their  
breath,

And husbands (Ladies, how unlike your own)  
Stole off before the honey-moon was down.

Your Eastern bridegrooms offer'd up their  
wives,

Whene'er the general welfare claim'd their  
lives ;

Each beauteous victim, at her Lord's command,  
Took the dire instrument of fate in hand,

Amidst the red-hot pile undaunted stood,  
*Burnt, hung, or drowned, for the public good.*

"Do die, my dear," the tender husband said ;  
"This for thy country !" then struck off her  
head.

Untimely deaths were then indeed so common,  
Woman for sport kill'd man, and man kill'd  
woman :

A bowl of poison was the *virgin's* end,  
She *drank it off*, and call'd it *Virtue's* friend ;

Bent her white bosom to the patriot blow,  
And saw the streams of life unheeded flow ;

Then whisper'd her kind Lord—but not to  
save her,

Gave *him* the blade—He thank'd her for the  
favour :

"Take it, my dearest"—softly—you know  
the rest,

The good man seiz'd and plung'd it in his  
breast ;

Then side by side still man and wife they lie,  
Kiss and expire, *without one dastard sigh*.

To Britons turn we from such tribes as these,  
Britons who please to live, and live to please ;

Our English Dames *such* killing customs hate,  
And, born to conquer, ne'er submit to fate.

Should some deep ruin on *their* country press,  
Too gen'rous they—to *leave her in distress*

Instead of *dying*—they, like patriots stout,  
Boldly live on—and *tire the mischief out* :

Or if some off'ring the stern fates require,  
They nobly spare their *husbands* to the fire :

"Yes, ye lov'd Lords, we give ye up—*they*  
cry,

"'Tis for the general good ye all should die."  
"Alas, sad widows ! sure our hearts will break !

"But we will bear it for our country's sake."  
"Yes, oh dear Martyrs, what we still must  
"dread,

"Is, lest the state again should bid us wed."  
Ye pride of Albion, yours the graceful art,  
To point with nicer skill the potent dart ;

Yours the soft privilege whole ranks to kill,  
And make death lovely, tho' no blood ye  
spill :

Ye like the chalky cliffs that guard our coast,  
Assert your skies, and are yourselves an host,

Tho' of young roses are *your* fetters made,  
In vain would lion man their force evade

Tho'



Tho' your triumphant car is drawn by doves,  
 And captives tied to the proud wheels by  
 Loves,  
 Not vex'd Ixion e'er was bound so fast,  
 And while you frown the punishment must  
 last.  
 Fame, life, and death, are in your conquering  
 eyes,  
 And of each polish'd art your smiles the prize :  
 O, for our toils in every beauteous face,  
 Those fair rewards of pleasing may we trace !

## THE FATE of COQUETRY.

## A P O E M.

Inscribed to Miss ———.

*Vera reedit facies, dissimulata perit.* P. Arb.

NOW smiling leisure crowns the passing  
 day,  
 And favouring muses chide my long delay ;  
 Fly, shall my lyre unheeded wave in air,  
 To catch the murmurs evening zephyrs bear ?  
 Perish the thought ! I'll wake each quiv'ring  
 string,  
 And scenes unwelcome to a lover sing ;  
 Coquetteish scenes, which I can well display,  
 Since *Laura* reigns the heroine of my lay.  
 I once conceiv'd—('twas phrenzy fir'd my  
 breast !)  
 Her well-known form each peerless grace  
 possess ;  
 That such perfection in her face appear'd  
 As skilful painters to express despair'd ;  
 That heaven had form'd her with peculiar  
 care,  
 Fair as the first-born flow'rets of the year ;  
 Sweet as the dew-drop that impearls the  
 rose,  
 And free from blemish as untrodden snows :  
 Then, what she urg'd, tho' doubtful, I believ'd ;  
 Then, while she err'd, no errors I perceiv'd ;  
 But thought *Minerva* beam'd upon her brow,  
 And *Folly* shunn'd her as his deadly foe.  
 I scorn'd the crowd who wish'd me (but in  
 vain)  
 To cease my visits which might end in pain ;  
 And swore, lest scoundrels shou'd her conduct  
 blame,  
 I'd gladly perish to support her fame :—  
 Blind to her foibles, I with madness heard  
 The seeming falsehoods which my friends  
 averr'd ;  
 And still relying on the muses' power,  
 Her praises chaunted in each leisure hour ;  
 Pleas'd too, I sung ! for never did I seem  
 To want another, or an ampler theme.  
 Scarce did I think beneath a form so fair  
 Cou'd lurk a heart beneath a lover's care ;

Much less believe her smiles, that cheer'd my  
 soul,  
 Were feign'd my future pleasure to controul ;  
 That pride and avarice revell'd in her breast,  
 That cursed Coquetry was her daily guest ;  
 That e'en so selfish was a *Laura's* aim,  
 She'd flatter *Albert* to obtain her fame.—  
 Too true the tale ! She play'd a treach'rous  
 part,  
 And won by stratagem my wandering heart,  
 But tho' conviction rushes on my mind,  
 And swears that *Laura's* a coquet refin'd ;  
 Tho' I, by Heav'n ! no longer can retain  
 For her one symptom of a lover's pain ;  
 Yet must I own, with pity I behold  
 Her mind mere tinsel, which I fancied gold.  
 Now while reflection with her cheering  
 pow'r  
 Beguiles the dullness of the passing hour,  
 Fond memory pencils with her silent aid  
 Those wond'rous changes which a month has  
 made.—  
 Once *Laura* seem'd celestial in her mien  
 As fam'd *Calypso*, or the *Cyprian Queen* ;  
 But, since her follies are unveil'd to view,  
 Her beauties vanish like the morning dew—  
 The gems that sparkled in her eyes so bright,  
 Are robb'd for ever of their wonted light ;  
 The rose, that blossom'd on her cheek, grows  
 pale  
 As untouch'd lillies in the lonely vale ;  
 And all her smiles, which taught me to adore,  
 Seem form'd for mischief, and allure no more.  
 The scene thus chang'd, those gifts \* I priz'd  
 so much,  
 That hands profane ne'er soil'd them with a  
 touch,  
 Are now return'd !—They've lost the pow'r  
 to please,  
 And injur'd *Albert* boasts a mind at ease.  
 Shou'd some fond Bard, by passion's dictates led,  
 Now wake the lyre, and swear her cheeks  
 are red,  
 Pleas'd with the thought, she'd listen with  
 delight  
 From morn's first glimm'ring 'till returning  
 night ;  
 Then, with a smile, wou'd court him for a  
 song  
 Which hail'd her fairest of the female throng.  
 Blush, *Laura* ! blush ! when you these strains  
 peruse,  
 That spring unpolish'd from an honest muse,  
 Whose aim is ever, with impartial hand,  
 When justice calls, to censure or commend ;  
 More pleas'd, I own, when brilliant virtues  
 claim  
 The tuneful tribute, as a wreath of fame.  
*Norwich.* ALBERT.

\* Some trifles, intrinsically of no value, given by *Laura* to the author.

## COURTSHIP.

*Hinc illæ lacrymæ.*

**A**LARM'D and jealous at the herd  
Which still pursued my life,  
I swore, yet think me not absurd,  
To prove my future wife,  
And narrowly observe each spark  
At morn, noon, twilight, and the dark ;  
So that at length I might discover  
The charm which caught each ardent lover.

Our *morning* suitor prais'd her eyes ;  
Our *noon* admired her breast ;  
The *twilight* swain in rapture cries,  
Her shape excels the rest.  
At length when darker grew the night,  
My sudden entry with a light  
Into a private shady bower,  
Shew'd me a youth who found it lower.

## APOLLO'S ROUT.

By the COUNTESS TEMPLE.

**A**POLLO, facetious and merry, no doubt,  
The Muses to please had a mind to a rout ;  
Wing'd Hermes was order'd to tap at each  
door,  
Who smil'd at commands never given before :  
" Let the Deities know that Apollo's at home,  
" And begs they will do him the honour to  
" come."

Upon hearing the news, mark Diana the  
prude—  
" What, go to the man who to Daphne was  
" rude !  
" My compliments make—I'm engag'd on  
" that day,  
" And have business below that can't be said  
" nay."

The house put in order, the chairs in a row,  
Apollo, as fine and perfum'd as a beau,

Put on his white gloves, and conducted the  
guests in ;  
The Goddesses all came, dress'd out to a pin.  
The tea carried round to the ladies, if dry,  
To Juno the first—to the rest by and bye ;  
The nectar I mean—for a goddess, d'ye see,  
Sips nectar, when thirsty, instead of green tea.  
The card-tables plac'd, and the parties all made,  
At games most in fashion the company play'd ;  
When, lo, Venus was mis'd !—" Why,  
" where is the frown,"

They cry out all at once—" She can ne'er be  
" alone :  
" And what is still stranger, the men are all  
" here,  
" She's come to some dreadful disaster we fear."  
These words were repeated again and again,  
When a rap at the door put them out of their  
pain ;  
Fair Venus comes laughing—" I'll tell you  
" fine news,  
" I'm just come from earth, so my dress you'll  
" excuse.

(But first, my respects to Apollo I'll pay,  
" And apology make for my keeping away )  
" You know that I'm curious, I thought it was  
" odd,  
" That Diana alone should refuse the bright  
" God.  
" At a distance I follow'd, and what did I  
" see, [tree, }  
" But Endymion with her playing under a  
" The maid was so fond, you 'ad sworn it  
" was me.  
" She had business you see ; she has told you  
" no lie,  
" She's no better than me, but a little more  
" sly."

The company parted all ready to burst ;  
And happy was she who could tell it the first,  
To suspect you, ye prudes, cannot now be  
thought rude ;  
Diana herself, till found out, was a prude.

## MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

AUGUST I.

**T**HE coal lighters and coal gangs, which  
have stopped above a fortnight on account  
of the dispute between the persons in the coal  
trade, went to work for the first time ; the  
interference of the Lord Mayor, supported  
by government, having had the desired effect  
of breaking through a combination which was  
dangerous to the town in the article of fuel.  
A number of ships began to clear out that  
day, and deliver their cargoes as usual ; the  
matter in dispute between the two parties  
having been settled by mutual concession, and  
the arbitration of friends.

4. Seven malefactors were executed at  
Kennington Common, viz. Philip Gibson,  
John Mutton, and Henry Wiggs, for a burg-  
lary ; Thomas Hudson, for a highway rob-  
bery ; Charles Jenkins, for a footpad robbery ;  
Oowen M'Carthy, for housebreaking ; and  
William Shearman, for horie-stealing. They  
all behaved very penitent, and owned the  
justness of their sentence.

8. A most melancholy affair happened on  
board the *Sampton* of 64 guns, the Admiral's  
ship, lying in Hamoaze. Captain Douglas of  
marines having dined at the mess of one of the  
regiments quartered at Dock Barracks, re-  
turned



turned rather in liquor on board the Sampson (with three officers of the regiment), at whose mess he dined, at ten o'clock at night. They fupped in the ward room. After supper some conversation arose respecting under whose command the ship would be in time of action, if the captain and lieutenants of the ship should be killed. The master, Mr. Walton, said, of course the command would devolve on him. A dispute on this commenced, and proceeded with acrimony on both sides till near one o'clock in the morning; when Captain Douglas said something rather provoking to Mr. Walton, which he returned with a very slight blow. This irritated Capt. Douglas to madness; he ran into his birth, and though some of the officers endeavoured to keep him in it, he burst out into the ward room again, made up to Mr. Walton, struck him on the head with his bayonet, and stabbed him in the belly.—Mr. Walton fell, and died in a few minutes. Captain Douglas instantly jumped overboard, and swam to a boat at some distance; he was taken up and delivered to the ship's boat, which rowed off at the same moment. When he came on board he was put under an arrest: the next morning when reason resumed her seat, Capt. Douglas felt all the horrors of his lamentable situation; he refused sustenance, and declared he had killed a man he regarded as a sincere friend. The Coroner's Inquest sat on the body, on Wednesday the 10th instant, and brought in their verdict, *Wilful Murder*. Capt. Douglas was delivered over to the civil power, and sent to Launceston gaol on Thursday the 11th inst. to take his trial at the next Lent assizes. Mr. Walton was universally respected as a good officer and worthy man, and was buried with naval honours at Stoke Damarel.

*Extract of a Letter from Halifax, in Yorkshire, Aug. 11.*

“Mr. Joseph Binns, of this town, has discovered a certain method in the steering of balloons, which will astonish the scientific part of the world.

“Yesterday this gentleman, accompanied by Messrs. Newmarch and Frobisher, of the same place, ascended from the Beacon-hill, a prodigious eminence in this neighbourhood, and, to the pleasure of some thousands of spectators assembled on this occasion, he conducted the balloon for twenty miles in a horizontal direction against the wind.”

15. This morning the prisoners in the King's-Bench assembled in a most riotous manner, and by their threats and behaviour made it necessary for the guards to be sent for, and even then the Marshal found it absolutely requisite to have some of the ringleaders seized, and sent to the New Gaol, before peace and quiet could be restored.

A remarkable execution took place this month in Paris. The criminal was named Francis Gaudron, and lived as valet to a gentleman in La Rue de Notre Dame St. Nazareth. On the 15th of July last, he broke open his master's serutoire, took out money to a considerable amount, and deposited it in a lodging which he had taken in a fictitious name, previous to the robbery. His next step was to place fifteen pounds of gunpowder under the serutoire, with a view of blowing it up when his master was writing at it. To this a train was laid, at one end of which a parcel of tinder was placed, contrived, by its slowness in communicating fire to the train, to favour his escape.—This diabolical design was discovered at the instant the villain was attempting to put it in practice. He was secured, brought to trial, and condemned to be burnt. On the morning of execution, he was conveyed in a cart to the door of the church of Notre Dame. His head and feet were bare: he was in his shirt, with a halter round his neck, and a lighted torch in his hand—He there begged forgiveness of God, the King, and the people. He was thence carried to the Place de Greve; but the execution was delayed till half past six in the evening, owing to a violent fall of rain, attended by thunder and lightning. At the above-named hour he was laid prostrate on a pile of wood, and tied fast to stakes placed for that purpose, covered with straw and faggots, and in that state the pile was set fire to; after which his ashes were scattered to the wind by the executioner.

The peasant at Zevenhuyzen, against whom an action had been brought for damages done to Mr. Blanchard's balloon, in his defence proved, that he understood *logic* better than *Aerostation*. He thus addressed his judges: “Gentlemen, it is an established point in law, that whatever falls from the clouds becomes the property of the owner of the land on which it falls:

“Mr. Blanchard and his balloon fell in my field:

“Ergo, Mr. Blanchard and his balloon both became my property, which I permitted him to re-purchase for ten ducats, to which I am justly entitled.”

This curious syllogism, which appeared irrefragable, diverted the court exceedingly; and Mr. Blanchard was one of the first to join in the laugh.

Letters from Paris mention, that there are no less than four hundred divorces now pending before the Parliament, and eight hundred more before the *Chancery*. A striking proof to what a height the corruption of morals is arrived in that kingdom, where divorces were unknown till 1621.—*O tempora! O mores!*

17. The following malefactors were executed on a scaffold facing the debtors door,

Newgate, viz. Richard Jacobs, for breaking into the house of Edward Thompion, at Iflington, and stealing a quantity of silver plate, &c. John Reboult, alias Prescott, for robbing Mr. Edward Henry Jump, on the highway, near Hornsey, of a gold watch, two gold seals, two guineas, &c. Thomas Bailey, for breaking into the dwelling-house of Mr. Bates, in James-street, Westminster, and stealing 15 silver table spoons and other plate; John Morris and James Gathrie, for robbing John Marthal on the highway in St. James's Park, of a silver watch and three guineas; James Lockhart, for stealing a diamond ring, a quantity of pearls, 19 rough diamonds, and two handkerchiefs, value 150l. the property of Major Bewley, his master; Martin Taylor and Elizabeth Taylor, brother and sister, for a burglary in the house of Mr. Samuel Hooker, at Highgate, and stealing lace, ribbands, &c.

George Olive, a boy, convicted of setting fire to the house of his master, Mr. Parsloe, of the White Hart Tavern, St. James's, was ordered to be executed with the above malefactors, but is respited during his Majesty's pleasure.

*Extract of a Letter from Dublin. Aug. 17.*

"Our city was yesterday evening illuminated throughout (a few houses only excepted), and there were bonfires in most of our streets, in exultation of the triumph which the generality of the people imagine their House of Commons have obtained, in consequence of the fate that has attended the bill brought in by Mr. Orde on Monday last, on the subject of the Irish propositions, or rather the resolutions of the two Houses of the British Parliament. The crowds in the streets acted peremptorily, and insisted upon lights being put to the windows, where none appeared at first. The houses that came under this description, however, were but very few, and

of those who refused to obey the mandate still fewer. Mr. Forster, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, had some of his windows broken, and here and there a few panes of glass were sacrificed, but in general peace and good order prevailed."

18. Mrs. Lane of Goswell street having purchased a pennyworth of liquid for destroying flies, half of which she placed in the shop, leaving the rest on the kitchen table; her daughter, a child of about four years of age, seeing the cup, dipped her finger into the mixture, and tasting it, and finding it sweet, drank the whole. Mrs. Lane going into the room a few minutes after, and seeing the cup had been emptied, questioned her daughter, who said she had drank the contents. Upon this, an apothecary was sent for, but notwithstanding all his endeavours, the child died in great agonies within four hours. The Coroner's Jury have sat on the body, and brought in a verdict of accidental death.

*Extract of a Letter from Tunbridge Wells, Aug. 20.*

"On Tuesday last his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales honoured this place with a visit; he dined at Mr. Delme's, and afterwards accompanied him and his family to the ball, where his Royal Highness joined in the dancing, which continued till one in the morning. The ball room was crowded with company, and distinguished by many families of the first distinction. On his Royal Highness's arrival in the place, he was saluted with a discharge of 18 pieces of cannon; and the shops and parade (along which his Highness passed in his way to the rooms) were illuminated in the evening. The condescension of his Royal Highness, in walking on the public parade the next day for three hours, was a gratification to hundreds, who flocked in from the adjacent villages.

## MONTHLY OBITUARY, AUGUST 1785.

**J**UNE 23, at Madeira, Samuel Sills, upwards of 40 years consul of that island.

In Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, viscountess dowager Powercourt, in the 78th year of her age.

20. At Bishop Auckland, Mrs. Agnew, widow of the late general Agnew, killed in America.

22. William Weatherall, esq. of Lincoln.

23. At Nutwell-house, Devon, the seat of Sir Francis Drake, Mr. Rowe, in the 106th year of his age.

Mr. John Buckler, of Warminster, Wilts.

27. Mrs. Gertrude Snell, daughter of Mr. Snell, canon of Exeter.

In the Fleet prison, the countess Charlotte Potocka, a native of Poland.

Lately at the Hollings, near Bury, Lancashire, Mr. Edmund Meddowcroft, aged upwards of 90.

28. At Winchester, in the 86th year of her age, Mrs. Jenkinson, mother of Charles Jenkinson, and of Mrs. Cornwall, wife of the Speaker.

In Maid-lane, Southwark, Mr. Robert Brooke, aged 70 years.

At Edinburgh, John Carmichael, esq. formerly one of the magistrates of the city, and treasurer of Herriot's Hospital.

Lately at Tunbridge, Nicholas Halhead, esq.



Esq. register of the diocese of Dutham, and governor of Greatham Hospital.

The reverend Richard Lumley, rector of Dalby, in the North Riding of Yorkshire.

29. Mrs. Cockayne, widow of colonel Cockayne, and sister to sir Wm. Mildmay, bart.

Robert Dalton, esq. of Turnham-hall, in the county of Lancafter.

Mr. Vezey, in partnership with Mess. Bradney and Roebuck, drug-merchants, in Lawrence-lane Cheapside.

At Heytesbury, Mr. John Snellgrove, of that place.

Lately at Heaton-house, Lord Grey de Wilton.

Lately at Ryegate, Surrey, William Cholmley, esq.

Lately at Southampton, A. L. Collins, esq. late lieutenant-colonel of the first regiment of dragoon guards.

Lately Mark Cephas Tutet, esq. fellow of the Antiquarian Society.

Lately, in the 68th year of his age, the reverend John Fitzherbert, M. A. forty years vicar of Doveridge, in Derbyshire.

Lately, at Bassenthwaite, near Keswick, in Cumberland, the reverend John Wilson, A. B. vicar of Wilkirk.

Lately, at Loughton, Bucks, the reverend Mr. Goodwin.

Lately, Dr. Richard Huck Saunders, formerly physician to the army, and to St. Thomas's Hospital. He was the author of two papers in the Medical Observations, Vol. III. and other pieces.

Aug. 1. Mrs. Berkeley, relict of the late hon. Charles Berkeley.

At Chester, Thomas Doe, esq.

2. At Dorchester, Mr. Nathaniel Strickland, apothecary, and one of the coroners for the county of Dorset.

At Bramford, in Suffolk, the reverend Robert Hudson, vicar of that place, rector of Brockley, and perpetual curate of St. Nicholas, Ipswich.

Miss Payne, of Walker's-court, Soho. On the very day she died, being in perfect health, her nuptials were fixed upon for Sunday, which, by a melancholy reverse, became the day of her burial.

Benj. Roebuck, Ocean street, Stepney.

3. Mrs. Lomax, wife of John Lomax, Esq. Hackney.

4. Mr. Rowland Page, of Ilington, late a distiller in Bread-street.

At Bristol, Joseph Stringer, Esq. adjutant in the Oxfordshire militia.

At Camberwell, Mr. Richard Lawrence.

At Hadley, near Barnet, major Peter Grant, formerly of the East India Company's service.

Thomas Brock, Esq. town clerk of Chester.

5. In Dublin, alderman Darragh. At Bristol, lieutenant James Bengough, commander of the Rose tender.

6. At Lambeth, John Wilson, Esq. captain of an independant company of Invalids at Plymouth.

Lately, Mr. Parry, rector of Wolverly, and prebend of Worcester.

7. Mrs. Strahan, relict of the late William Strahan, Esq.

Mr. Richard Holms, looking-glass manufacturer, in Barbican.

Mrs. Bury, wife of Mr. Bury, chymist, of Newgate-street.

Lately, George Arnold, Esq. of Brompton near Chatham, Kent, formerly of the navy-office.

8. In Welbeck-street, Lady Moor, relict of admiral Sir J. Moor.

9. Mr. Addington, wholesale haberdasher, in Milk-street, Cheapside.

At Bath, in an advanced age, Mrs. Mackworth, widow of Herbert Mackworth, Esq. deceased.

Mrs. Feast, wife of the late William Feast, Esq. in the city road.

Mr. George Burnfal, of Great Marybone-street.

10. In Manchester-buildings, Westminster-bridge, John Applebee, Esq.

11. Mrs. Stephens, a widow lady, at Chatham.

Lately, Joseph Longley, Esq. father of the recorder of Rochester.

13. Edward Leades, Esq. at Melford, Yorkshire.

At York, aged 76, Davison Toplady, Esq. The war before last he was captain in the 72d regiment of foot (the duke of Richmond's, which regiment was on the unfortunate expedition to St. Cas, and afterwards at the reduction of the Havannah, previous to which he lost an arm in the service.

14. Jonathan Goodman, of Clerkenwell-green, horse-salesman.

Mrs. Paul, wife of the Rev. G. H. Paul, at Highbate.

The Rev. John Fletcher, vicar of Madeley, Shropshire. He was the author of several pieces in defence of the principles of Mr. Wesley.

At Hull, Mr. Richard Mitchell, captain of the Swallow cutter.

16. Mr. William Parrat, of Barton-street, Westminster.

Philip Allen, Esq. comptroller of the bye and cross-road letter-office.

18. Samuel Richardson, Esq. of Ludlow, Shropshire.

22. Mr. Humphreys, master of the Hercules eating-house, Royal Exchange.  
At Stourhead, Wiltshire, Mrs. Hoare, wife of Richard Colt Hoare, Esq.

23. Mr. Henry White, steward of Bethlem hospital, formerly a gold-beater in St. Mildred's alley.

## MARRIAGES, AUGUST 1785.

**T**HE hon. Mr. Barnet, nephew to the marquis of Buckingham, to Miss Moulin, of Grosvenor-street.

Sir James Tilney Long, Bart. to lady Catherine Windfor, sister to the present earl of Plymouth.

George Hewett, Esq. major of the 43d regiment of foot, to Miss Johnson, of Bennet-street, Bath.

The Rev. Mr. Rennels, one of the prebendaries of Winchester, to Miss Blackstone, eldest daughter of the late Sir William Blackstone, one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas.

Richard Greaves Townley, Esq. M. A. of Trinity College, and nephew of William Greaves, Esq. of Fulbourne, to Miss Gale, sister of Wilson Gale Braddyll, Esq.

The Rev. Mr. Taprall, to the only sister of the late Rev. Mr. Lucas, M. A. vicar of Milborne-Port, and fellow of Winchester College.

Vincent Newton, Esq. late of Great Ormond-street, to Miss Savage, sister to Dr. Savage, of Conduit-street, Hanover-square.

Mr. Richard Butterfield, to Miss Jenny Vian Ward.

William Hallet, Esq. of Cannons, in Middlesex, to Miss Stephens, of Breakspere, in the same county.

Robert Taylor, Esq. of Eyre in Suffolk, to Miss Sambrook, of Mansion-house Street.

Abdy Maw, Esq. of Lambeth, to Miss Jane Troutbeck, of Blencowe, in Cumberland.

Capt. Boucher, of the navy, to Mrs. Hawkins, of George-Street, Hanover-Square.

The Rev. Mr. Blyth of Solihull, to Miss Birch of Leadenham-Hall, Lincolnshire.

Mr. Richard Hurst, of Pontefract, to Miss Hirst, of Musfield.

At Preston, Lancashire, Thomas Winkley, Esq. to Mrs. Heiketh, widow of Thomas Heiketh, Esq. of Rufford in the same county.

Stephen Rawlinson, of Grosvenor-Place, London, Esq. to Miss Wright of Sandbach, Cheshire.

William Henry Crowder, Esq. of the Middle Temple, to Mrs. Brome, late from the East-Indies.

Sir Carnaby Haggerstone, bart. to Miss Frances Smythe, of Brambridge in Hants.

Mr. Richard Roberts, of Manchester, to Miss Werat, of Trowbridge.

Capt. Honeywood, to Miss Sophia Long, of Bury.

Mr. Charles Mann, of Norwich, to Miss Maguire, late of Denver in Norfolk.

Mr. Shirley, merchant, of Warwick-court, to Miss Henderson, of Strealey in Berks.

Mr. John Cowderoy, of Woolhampton, to Miss Jane Baker, of Littlestoke in Oxfordshire.

Thomas Sparke, Esq. captain in the royal navy, to Miss Fletcher.

Mr. Welton, of Fenchurch-street, to Miss Mary Stiles, daughter of William Stiles, Esq. Secretary to the Commissioners of his Majesty's Customs.

## PREFERMENTS, AUGUST 1785.

**J**ULY 29. Hugh Seton, Esq. was presented to the King, and had the honour to kiss his Majesty's hand, as hereditary royal armour bearer, and esquire of his Majesty's person.

30. Joah Bates, Esq. appointed one of the commissioners of customs in England, in the room of Sir William Musgrave, Bart.

— Cherry, Esq; late secretary to Lord Howe, commissioner to the victualling-office, in the room of Mr. J. Bates.

The Rev. John Burrel Blount, M. A. was instituted to the rectory of Barrow, in the county of Chester, void by the death of the Rev. Samuel Williamson.

The Rev. Samuel Partridge, M. A. to hold the South Mediety of Leveton, with the vicarage of Boston, both in Lincolnshire.

The Rev. Richmond Full, to the living of Warcop in Westmoreland.

The Rev. Tho. Gadsby, A. M. to the vicarage of Wooton in Bedfordshire.

The Rev. Philip Papillon, M. A. of Oriel College, Oxford, rector of Eyethorpe, to hold the rectory of Kennington, in Kent.

The Rev. John Askew, senior fellow of Emanuel College, to the rectory of North Cadbury, vice — Wragge, deceased.

