

THE European Magazine,

AND

LONDON REVIEW;

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

By the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

FOR OCTOBER, 1785.

[Embellished with, 1. A Striking Likeness of HENRY SWINBURNE, Esq. Author of "Travels in the Two Sicilies," and other celebrated Works. And 2. A Perspective View of the NEW BUILDINGS at the BANK of ENGLAND, taken from the Mansion-House.

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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.

T. W. Admiral, and Philo Selden, are inadmissible. The former has wit, but is too indelicate.

We are obliged to the Correspondent who has sent part of *Silius Italicus* in blank verse, but we are apprehensive that detached portions of such a work would not be agreeable to the majority of our readers.

R. B. and the epistle to Mr. Hayley, in our next.

J. C's piece is left for him at Mr. Sewell's. It was owing to misapprehension that it was not returned sooner.

W. Reid, Timothy Twisting, Constancy, Boots and Shoes, G. D. Biblicus, and the anonymous letter from Cambridge, are received.

In answer to *Liberalis*, we can only say, that we are always glad to find Gentlemen of either of our Universities amongst our Correspondents. Several have already done honour to our Magazine.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

DRURY-LANE.

- Oct. 1 **M**ACBETH—Humourist
 4 Natural Son—Critic
 6 Tancred and Sigismunda—Bon Ton
 8 Venice Preserved—Humourist
 10 Othello—Critic
 11 Maid of the Mill—Caldron
 13 Beggar's Opera—Too Civil by Half
 15 Grecian Daughter—Defester
 17 Tempest—All the World's a Stage
 18 Country Girl—Caldron
 20 Braganza—Flitch of Bacon
 22 Measure for Measure—Quaker
 24 Country Girl—Caldron
 25 Claudivine Marriage—Humourist
 26 All in the Wrong—Arthur and Emmeline
 27 Carmelite—Waterman
 28 Country-Girl—Arthur and Emmeline
 29 Macbeth—Flitch of Bacon
 31 The Wonder—Critic

COVENT-GARDEN.

- Sept. 30 **B**EGGAR's Opera—Lying Valet
 Oct. 3 She Stoops to Conquer—Rehearsal
 5 West-Indian—The Same
 7 Fontainebleau—Barnaby Rattle
 10 All in the Wrong—Maid of the Oaks
 12 New Way to Pay Old Debts—Rofina
 13 West-Indian—Magic Cavern
 14 Cattle of Andalusia—Devil on Two Sticks
 17 Roman Father—Catherine and Petruchio
 19 Way to Keep Him—Three Weeks after Marriage
 20 Roman Father—Poor Soldier
 21 Robin Hood—Magic Cavern
 22 Henry IV. Part I.—Appearance is against Them
 24 Roman Father—The Same
 26 Follies of a Day—The Same
 27 Rule a Wife and Have a Wife—The Same
 28 Grecian Daughter—The Same
 29 Hypocrite—The Same

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER for OCTOBER, 1785.

SEPTEMBER.

BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.
29—30—36	44 $\frac{1}{2}$	N.
30—30—11	52	E.

OCTOBER.

1—30—11	51	N.
2—30—10	51	E.
3—29—67	50	E. S. E.
4—29—84	52	W.
5—29—87	48	W. N. W.
6—29—93	52	S.
7—29—85	51	W.
8—29—45	59	S. S. W.
9—29—69	52	W. S. W.
10—29—50	54	W.
11—29—83	53	S. S. W.
12—29—58	60	S. S. W.
13—29—93	56	W. S. W.
14—30—20	62	W. S. W.
15—30—37	58	W.
16—30—32	56	W. S. W.
17—30—22	49	E.
18—30—32	49	N.
19—30—45	48	N. E.
20—30—35	47	N.

21—30—40	47	N.
22—30—36	47	W.
23—30—22	48	S.
24—29—89	51	W. S. W.
25—29—55	49	S. S. W.
26—29—70	38	N. N. W.
27—29—84	36	W. S. W.
28—29—93	40	W. S. W.

PRICE of STOCKS,

Oct. 29, 1785.

Bank Stock, —	Fund. Navy —
New 4 per Cent.	New Navy and Vict.
1777: 82 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	Bills 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ dif.
5 per Cent. Ann. 1784,	Long Ann. 19 $\frac{1}{16}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{1}{16}$
102 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	ys. pur.
3 per Cent. red. 64 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 years Short Ann.
a 67 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 64	1777, shut
3 per Ct. Conf. 65 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$	30 years Ann. 1778,
3 per Cent. 1726, —	13 $\frac{3}{4}$ 7-16ths yrs. p.
South Sea Stock, —	3 per Cent. Scrip. —
Old S. S. An. —	4 per Ct. Scrip.
New S. S. Ann. —	Omnium, —
3 per Cent. 1751, —	Exchequer Bills —
India Stock, 149 $\frac{1}{2}$	L. Tick. 14l. 17s. 6d.
3 per Ct. Ind. Ann. —	a 19s.
India Bonds, 32s. pr.	

T H E

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

A N D

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

F O R O C T O B E R , 1785.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An ACCOUNT of HENRY SWINBURNE, Esq.
[With an ENGRAVED LIKENESS of Him.]

HENRY SWINBURNE, Esq. is the youngest son of the late Sir John Swinburne, of Capheaton, in the county of Northumberland, Baronet, where this Roman Catholic family has been established for time immemorial. Two Adams de Swinburne sat as Barons in Edward the Second's Parliaments. Thomas gained a naval victory over the French, and was Governor-General of Guyenne in the reign of Henry the Fourth. John represented the county in Parliament in 1554; since which time their religious principles have excluded the family from all public employments. The dignity of a Baronet was conferred upon them at the Restoration.

Mr. Swinburne received his first elements of learning at Scorton school in Yorkshire; he afterwards studied at Paris and Bourdeaux, and completed his education at the Royal Academy at Turin. He then made the usual tour of Italy, and a few years after married the daughter of John Baker, Esq. his Majesty's Solicitor-General for the Leeward Islands. In 1774 he travelled with her to the Continent, in order to indulge their taste for the fine arts and antiquities. He spent six years in France, Spain, Italy and Germany, during which time he formed an in-

timacy with some of the most celebrated Literati of those countries, and received many singular marks of esteem and favour from the Sovereigns of the Courts he visited. The present Emperor honoured him with many tokens of his regard, and the Queens of France and Naples distinguished Mrs. Swinburne in a very particular manner. In 1780 the late Empress-Queen admitted her a *Lady of the Croix Etolée*; an Order founded in the last century for Noble Women, of which the Grand Duchess of Tuscany is the present Grand Mistress.

Since his return to England, Mr. Swinburne has chiefly resided, in a retired manner, at his seat at Hamsterly, in the Bishoprick of Durham, where his time has been employed in the education of his children, and in preparing for the press the Observations he had made in his travels.

His Account of Spain in One Volume in 4to. was published in 1779. The First Volume of his Travels in Sicily came out in 1783; and the Second, which completes the Work, is just published.

Note. The account of this family in Calins's Baronetage is erroneous.

THE POLITICAL STATE of the NATION, and of EUROPE, for OCTOBER, 1785.
No. XX.

THE month commenced with a proclamation announcing the adjournment of parliament to be converted into a prorogation, to be followed by another prorogation to fix the time of meeting for the dispatch

of business; a kind of a novel mode of proceeding, but nothing prejudicial or unconstitutional.

The return of our fleet into port indicated, that whatever unfriendly appearances there

there had been between our ministers and the French court, they were done away for the present, and a prospect of continuance of peace presented itself to view. How far the transactions passed and passing on the coast of Africa may overcast this pleasing prospect, we are yet incompetent to say.

Notwithstanding all the preceding appearances of cloudiness and disgust between the two cabinets, our diurnal politicians have confidently reported a treaty of commerce to be in great forwardness between Great Britain and France, mutually beneficial and satisfactory to both. This is an event very much to be desired; but if it should turn out so, it will be the first time that our cabinet have been found equal to the French in treating, either in peace or in war.

The same authors give our ministers credit for a very advanced state of a commercial treaty with Ireland. If our ministers do not mend their hands much in that business, we may ardently pray that it may never come to pass.

America too is said to be almost united to us in a treaty of commerce and friendship.—For a confirmation of this report, we refer our readers to the correspondence of Captain Stanhope and Governor Boudouin of Boston. How far our patriots will reconcile the behaviour of the mob, and even the government of Boston, with a friendly connection, or even with good manners due to an enemy by the laws of war, is not within our comprehension. To our patriots then we leave this task of explanation and vindication.

This month has changed the face of affairs in the system of Europe considerably for the present, generally as well as particularly, in respect to our nation.

In our last we left the Emperor and the Dutch proceeding from the most pacific appearances to the most vigorous preparations for warlike operations, arising from a discovery, on the address of the Dutch deputies at Vienna, that all treating for peace had been mere trifling previous to that moment; whereupon the Emperor instantly set all his troops and trains of artillery in full motion towards the frontiers. This produced a sudden transition from one extreme to the other. The Dutch, while inundating their own lands and those of their adversaries, treated in earnest, and concluded a preliminary treaty, which the Emperor thought proper to agree to; and so an immediate stop was put to the further motions of the armies on both sides.

The treaty above alluded to bears every mark of fright, hurry, and confusion, on the part of the Dutch; and indeed not much deliberation or circumspection on

the part of the Emperor. So much doubt, difficulty, perplexity, and inconsistency, appear upon the face of it! so little explicitly ascertained and defined! so much left to future discussion of the parties, and their respective commissioners! so much taken by both sides *ad referendum*! and something flatly refused by the Imperial ambassador! that we can hardly think it will be finally ratified; or if ratified, that the definitive treaty will be of very long duration; little better than a suspension of hostilities for one year or two, unless something extraneous come from some other quarter to cement the agreement. It is not our business to descend into a critical investigation of the preliminary articles, or we could shew in several instances their inconsistency, and impracticability to be carried into execution, if those articles circulated here are genuine and authentic.

In this preliminary treaty, the Dutch may see the blessed fruits of French friendship and mediation! After treating two or three years under the auspices of the French, and nothing done, at last all the business is done in fear, hurry, and confusion, under the terror of the over-hanging sword, by and between the parties themselves, in the hour of dismay and distress, when no business can be done well! So much for French and Dutch friendship.

The States General have no easy task upon their hands, to reconcile all the Presidencies of the different States to the terms of this treaty, to consent to the ratification, and to do their parts towards the performance of the terms stipulated therein. There seems to be great disquits, heart-burnings, and animosities among them about these and other matters in agitation.

Before these disgustful preliminaries are completed, the Dutch are threatened with a storm from another quarter! The King of Prussia, as determined and resolute an antagonist as the Emperor, enters the lists, and throws down the gauntlet, unless they will settle boundaries with him as well as with the Emperor, and pay due obedience to his kinsman the Stadtholder. If his Prussian Majesty interferes seriously in settling terms between the Dutch and their chief Magistrate, it may bring on very serious consequences; such as the new-modelling their constitution, under pretence of renovating or restoring their ancient fabric of civil government and political existence.—Nor do we see how he can meddle in this matter at all without assuming a power of dictating the model of their future civil internal government, unless matters are first carried so far between the Stadtholder and

the States as to take up arms against each other, as was the case with our King Charles the First and his parliament. In such case, he might properly come to the assistance of his relation, for the preservation of himself and family from violence, imprisonment, or death; and in that situation might act as a mediator to avert greater evils,—and so serve both parties.

On the other hand, the King of Prussia has something to fear from the Emperor, should he embark in any enterprize against the Dutch, as the Emperor might retaliate his good offices in favour of the Dutch against himself in his late dispute with them.—The apparent jealousy and distrust between the Emperor and Prussia opens a door of hope and consolation to the Dutch, which they would do well to avail themselves of, by all the sound policy they are masters of, and by cultivating a good correspondence with their late adversary the Emperor.

The Emperor of Germany and Empress of Russia seem to be drawing up together a very close and solemn compact, tantamount to a league offensive and defensive to enter into all one another's views, designs, and

even quarrels; and to support each other wheresoever engaged in war, attacked or attacking any enemy whatsoever. This storm may burst somewhere in Europe; and a certain potentate is certainly not without his alarms upon the occasion: but at present it points most directly to the Turk; of which the taking the Venetian Republic into the confederacy is no small proof.

If the Imperial confederacy should take that turn, it would embarrass the French court exceedingly, as it is the standing policy of that court to keep in with the Ottoman empire through all the changes and vicissitudes of European policy. This would lead to a rupture either with the Grand Seignior or the Emperor, the brother of the beloved and popular Queen of France, and with the Czarina of course; a very irksome situation for the Grand Monarch to be in.

In the mean time, the Emperor is reported to be very assiduous in detaching the Elector of Saxony from the Prussian confederacy: if his efforts prove successful, the probable consequence will be, the breaking up of that infant league.

TO the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

To compare modes of living at different periods, I believe will be admitted to be generally amusing, and often useful. I therefore send you an account of the manner in which our Country Ancestors formerly used to pass their lives. It is extracted from a Pamphlet, entitled, "Cyvile and Uncyvile Life; a discourse very profitable, pleasant, and fit to be read of all Nobilitie and Gentlemen. Where in forme of a Dialogue is disputed, what order of lyfe best becometh a Gentleman in all ages and time, as wel for education as the course of his whole life, to make him a parson fit for the publique service of his Prince and Country, and for the quiet and cumlynesse of his owne private estate and callings." 4to. 1579. Your inserting it will oblige your Correspondent G. H.

VINCENT.

VINCENT.

BUT how say you to our pleasures and pleasant exercises of the country? for that was the next I promised to praise. I trust you will allow of them, and commend your own coldly, for I thinke they be colde enough indeede.

VALLENTINE.

Well, Syr, I perceave you have a colde conceit of our courtly pleasures, but what of that? tell us yours, I pray you.

VINCENT.

Wee have in troth so great store of them, as there is no time of the yeare, no houre of the day, nor no weather, but wee have a pastime to entertaine us with.

VALLENTINE.

As how? for God's sake, say on.

In the spring time (and chiefly in Lent) we fith the carpe, the pike, the breame, the roche, and the yeele, as good meates in the eatinge, as good sportes in the ketching. In the sommer we dare the larkes with hobbies, and ketch them with day nettes. In harvest, when come is downe, our sparhaunkes bee ready to kill the partridge, the quayle, and rayle. In winter wee hauke the heron, the feafante, the ducke, the teale, and in breefe all sorts of volary. The like pleasures wee can shew you upon the ground, (for you must conceave that all these fowles doo fly) and bee it your will to hunt with your eye or eare, wee are ready for you: as if you please to see with the eye, we course the stagge, the bucke, the roa, the doa, the hare, the foxe, and the badger: or if you had rather have some musick to content your eare,

out goes our dogges, our houndes, (I should have saide) with them wee make a heavenly noife or cry, that would make a dead man revive and run on foote to heare it.

VALLENTINE.

But by your leave, if you wisht your owne good father, whose heire you are, would rise from death to life, you had rather never heare hound, then trouble his rest.

VINCENT.

Very well, Syr, you thinke I would bee lothe to trace my father's new steppes upon his olde land : I speake like a hunter, and to tell you plainly, as I never desired his death, so were it no reason I should put him to paines of receiving his arreage of rents, which I have spent these half dozen yeares past.

VALLENTINE.

Much good may it doo you, and let him rest : (God gave him rest) but tell mee if all these pleasures whereof you tolde, bee they used by day or night, in faire weather or fowle ?

VINCENT.

In good sooth, (maister Valentine) either you are wonderously pleasant and disposed, or els very ignorant in Gentlemens qualities, that will aske me these vain questions : for every man knoweth that the day time is fittest for all sports, and likewise the faire weather.

VALLENTINE.

Ah, Syr, I pray you pardon mee, for I confesse I am unskilfull ; yet, unlesse I bee much deceaved, I have hard hounds barke by night, and have seene foulers ketch woodcockes in colde weather.

VINCENT.

Indeede, it may bee you have hard sometimes hounds yorne (for so you ought to terme it) by night, and I suppose the winter weather, and hard, is fittest for ketching of woodcockes in deede.

VALLENTINE.

Well, I am glad you know thereby I have hard and seene sumwhat worthy a Gentleman : I pray you now tell us your pastimes defined for fowle weather, and how many be of them besides ketching of woodcockes ?

VINCENT.

I assure you many, and those diverse (in which I will include our exercises also) ; but because you demand of our fowle weather pastimes, I will speake of them first.

VALLENTINE.

You are full of memory and order : I pray you say on.

VINCENT.

In fowle weather, we fend for some honest neighbours, if happily wee bee with our wives alone at home, (as feldom we are) and with them we play at dice and cards, sorting ourselves accordinge to the number of players and their skill ; some to tick tack, some luche, some to Irish game or dublets. Others sit close to the cardes at post and paire, at ruffe, or Cotcheater trumpe, at mack or maw, yet there are some even so fresh gamesters, as wil bare you company at novem, quinque, at farthing trey trip, or one and thirty, for I warrant you we have right good fellows in the country. Sumtimes also (for shift of sports you know is delectable) we fall to slide thrifte, to penny prick ; and in winter nights, we use certaine Christmas games very proper, and of much agilitie. Wee want not also pleasant mad-headed knaves that bee properly learned, and will reade in diverse pleasant bookes and good authors : as Sir Gey of Warwicke ; The Four Sonnes of Amon ; The Ship of Foolles ; The Budget of Demaundes ; The Hundreth Merry Tales ; The Booke of Ryddles, and many other excellent writers, both witty and pleasant. These pretty and sirthy matters do sometimes recreate our mindees cheefely after longe sittinge and losse of money. In faire weather, when we have strangers or hollydaies, (for els in the day time wee attend our thrift) wee exercise ourselves in shooting at butttes, prickes, roovers, and rownes. We cast the bar or sledge ; leape or run, if our ages and condicion be fit for such exercise ; els (being aged) wee chat at home, and talke of *Turryn* and *Torzy*, or some other notable war wherein wee served our Prince : or if wee have continually dwelt at home, and bin Justices of Peace, we accompt what grave Judges and Gentlemen we have seene sit on our bench, and with what eloquence we have (when it was our turne) given the charge.

VALLENTINE.

Certainly, Syr, you have told mee of many proper pleasures and honest exercises ; but withall, let me aske you what neighbours these companions bee of whom you have tolde mee ?

VINCENT.

They are our honest neighbours, yeomen of the countrey, and good honest fellows, dwellers there about ; as graziers, butchers, farmers, drovers, carpenters, carriers, taylors, and such like men, very honest and good companions.

The

The HISTORY of CAROLAN, the last IRISH BARD.

Written by Dr. GOLDSMITH.

THESE can be perhaps no greater entertainment than to compare the rude Celtic simplicity with modern refinement. Books, however, seem incapable of furnishing the parallel; and to be acquainted with the ancient manners of our own ancestors, we should endeavour to look for their remains in those countries, which, being in some measure retired from an intercourse with other nations, are still untinged with foreign refinement, language, or breeding.

The Irish will satisfy curiosity in this respect preferably to all other nations I have seen. They, in several parts of that country, still adhere to their ancient language, dress, furniture, and superstitions; several customs among them that still speak their original, and, in some respect, Cæsar's description of the Ancient Britons, is applicable to these.

Their Bards, in particular, are still held in great veneration among them. Those traditionary heralds are invited to every funeral, in order to fill up the intervals of the howl with their songs and harps. In these they rehearse the actions of the ancestors of the deceased, bewail the bondage of their country under the English government, and generally conclude with advising the young men and maidens to make the best use of their time, for they will soon, for all their present bloom, be stretched under the table, like the dead body before them.

Of all the Bards this country ever produced, the last and the greatest was Carolan the blind. He was at once a poet, a musician, a composer, and sung his own verses to his harp. The original natives never mention his name without rapture; both his poetry and music they have by heart; and even some of the English themselves, who have been transplanted there, find his music extremely pleasing. A song beginning *O'Rourke's noble fare will ne'er be forgot*, translated by Dean Swift, is of his composition; which though perhaps by this means the best known of his pieces, is yet by no means the most deserving. His songs, in general, may be compared to those of Pindar, as they have frequently the same flights of imagination, and are composed (I don't say written, for he could not write) merely to flatter some man

of fortune upon some excellence of the same kind. In these one man is praised for the excellence of his stable, as in Pindar, another for his hospitality, a third for the beauty of his wife and children, and a fourth for the antiquity of his family. Whenever any of the original natives of distinction were assembled at feasting or revelling, Carolan was generally there, where he was always ready with his harp to celebrate their praises. He seemed by nature formed for his profession; for as he was born blind, so also he was possessed of a most astonishing memory, and a facetious turn of thinking, which gave his entertainers infinite satisfaction. Being once at the house of an Irish nobleman, where there was a musician present, who was eminent in the profession, Carolan immediately challenged him to a trial of skill. To carry the jest forward, his lordship persuaded the musician to accept the challenge, and he accordingly played over on his fiddle the fifth concerto of Vivaldi. Carolan, immediately taking his harp, played over the whole piece after him, without missing a note, though he had never heard it before; which produced some surprize: but their astonishment increased, when he assured them he could make a concerto in the same taste himself, which he instantly composed, and that with such spirit and elegance, that it may compare (for we have it still) with the finest compositions of Italy.

His death was not more remarkable than his life. Homer was never more fond of a glass than he; he would drink whole pints of Uquebaugh, and, as he used to think, without any ill consequence. His intemperance, however, in this respect, at length brought on an incurable disorder, and when just at the point of death, he called for a cup of his beloved liquor. Those who were standing round him, surprised at the demand, endeavoured to persuade him to the contrary: but he persisted, and when the bowl was brought him, attempted to drink, but could not; wherefore, giving away the bowl, he observed, with a smile, that it would be hard if two such friends as he and the cup should part at least without kissing; and then expired.

On the DIFFERENT SCHOOLS of MUSIC.

By the SAME.

A School in the polite arts properly signifies, that succession of artists which has learned the principles of the art from some eminent master, either by hearing his lessons, or studying his works, and, consequently,

who imitate his manner, either through design or from habit. Musicians seem agreed in making only three principal schools in music; namely, the school of Pergolesi in Italy, of Lully in France, and of Handel in England;

land; though some are for making Rameau the founder of a new school, different from those of the former, as he is the inventor of beauties peculiarly his own.

Without all doubt, Pergolesi's music deserves the first rank: though excelling neither in variety of movements, number of parts, or unexpected flights, yet he is universally allowed to be the musical Raphael of Italy. This great master's principal art consisted in knowing how to excite our passions by sounds, which seem frequently opposite to the passion they would express: by slow solemn sounds he is sometimes known to throw us into all the rage of battle; and, even by faster movements, he excites melancholy in every heart that sounds are capable of affecting. This is a talent which seems born with the artist. We are unable to tell why such sounds affect us: they seem no way imitative of the passion they would express, but operate upon us by an inexpressible sympathy; the original of which is as inscrutable as the secret springs of life itself. To this excellence he adds another, in which he is superior to every other artist of the profession, the happy transitions from one passion to another. No dramatic poet better knows to prepare his incidents than he: the audience are pleased, in those intervals of passion, with the delicate, the simple harmony, if I may so express it, in which the parts are all thrown into fugues, or often are barely uniform. His melodies also, where no passion is expressed, give equal pleasure, from this delicate simplicity: and I need only instance that song in the *Serva Padrona*, which begins, *Lo consolo a quell' ocelli*, as one of the finest instances of excellence in the duo.

The Italian artists in general have followed his manner, yet seem fond of embellishing the delicate simplicity of the original. Their style in music seems somewhat to resemble that of Seneca in writing, where there are some beautiful starts of thought; but the whole is filled with studied elegance, and unaffected affection.

Lully, in France, first attempted the improvement of their music, which, in general, resembled that of our old solemn chants in churches. It is worthy remark, in general, that the music of every country is solemn, in proportion as the inhabitants are merry; or, in other words, the merriest sprightliest nations are remarked for having the slowest music; and those whose character

it is to be melancholy, are pleased with the most brisk and airy movements. Thus in France, Poland, Ireland, and Switzerland, the national music is flow, melancholy, and solemn: in Italy, England, Spain, and Germany, it is faster, proportionably as the people are grave. Lully only changed a bad manner, which he found, for a bad one of his own. His drowsy pieces are played still to the most sprightly audience that can be conceived; and even though Rameau, who is at once a musician and a philosopher, has shewn, both by precept and example, what improvements French music may still admit of, yet his countrymen seem little convinced by his reasonings; and the *Pont-neuf* taste, as it is called, still prevails in their best performances.

The English school was first planned by Purcell: he attempted to unite the Italian manner, that prevailed in his time, with the antient Celtic carrol and the Scotch ballad, which probably had also its origin in Italy: for some of the best Scotch ballads (the *Broom of Cowden-Knows*, for instance) are still ascribed to David Rizzio. But be that as it will, his manner was something peculiar to the English; and he might have continued as head of the English school, had not his merits been entirely eclipsed by Handel. Handel, tho' originally a German, yet adopted the English manner: he had long laboured to please by Italian composition, but without success; and though his English Oratorios are accounted inimitable, yet his Italian operas are fallen into oblivion. Pergolesi excelled in passionate simplicity; Lully was remarkable for creating a new species of music, where all is elegant, but nothing passionate or sublime; Handel's true characteristic is sublimity: he has employed all the variety of sounds and parts in all his pieces: the performances of the rest may be pleasing, though executed by few performers; his require the full band. The attention is awakened, the soul is roused up at his pieces; but distinct passion is seldom expressed. In this particular he has seldom found success: he has been obliged, in order to express passion, to imitate words by sounds, which, though it gives the pleasure which imitation always produces, yet it fails of exciting those lasting affections, which it is in the power of sounds to produce. In a word, no man ever understood harmony so well as he; but in melody he has been by several exceeded.

VIEW of the NEW BUILDINGS at the BANK.

[Illustrated by an Engraving.]

AS we have taken the earliest opportunity of presenting our readers with a view of the superb additions to this important edifice, so it was our intention to inform them of the uses to which they were intended to be appropriated; but having, on enquiry, learnt that the several offices are not yet determined upon, we are under the necessity of postponing this intelligence until a future opportunity.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An ACCOUNT of the late GEORGE LORD VISCOUNT SACKVILLE.

(Concluded from page 165.)

THE sentence of the Court Martial, and the severe manner in which it was carried into execution, did not at the time pass without observation, and many persons were of opinion that Lord George's misconduct was not sufficiently proved to warrant either the sentence or the punishment. These sentiments probably prevailed at the Court of his present Majesty, who succeeded to the Crown in a few months after Lord George's disgrace. One of the first acts of this reign was the recall of Lord George to Court*.

Whether the rage of party had any influence at St. James's at this period, we are unable to determine; but the countenance Lord George received at Court extended no further than to afford an opportunity to exhibit an instance of political malice, which we have already quoted below. A few years afterwards several constitutional questions were agitated in the House of Commons, in

all which Lord George was to be found in opposition to the Court, and signalized himself with great ability. He was a very frequent speaker in Parliament, and was much suspected of having employed his pen against Administration. In December 1769 died Lady Elizabeth Germaine, and by her will devised the greater part of her property to him, charged with a condition that he should assume her name. In the next year we find him involved in a duel, in consequence of his saying in a debate in Parliament, that he greatly interested himself in the honour of the nation; to which a reply was made by Governor Johnstone, that he wondered that gentleman should interest himself so deeply in the honour of his country, when he had hitherto been regardless of his own. This rencounter ended without any mischief to either party, and contributed something to the reputation of Lord George†.

The

* At least this is one of the charges in the famous North Briton, No. 45. "Was it," says this writer, a tender regard for the honour of the late King, or of his present Majesty, that invited to Court Lord George Sackville, in these first days of peace, to share in the general satisfaction which all good Courtiers received in the indignity offered to Lord Ligonier, and on the advancement of ———? Was this to shew princely gratitude to the eminent services of the accomplished General of the House of Brunswick, who has had so great a share in rescuing Europe from the yoke of France, and whose nephew we hope soon to see made happy in the possession of the most amiable Princess in the world? Or is it meant to assert the honour of the Crown only against the united wishes of a loyal and affectionate people, founded in a happy experience of the talents, ability, integrity, and virtue of those, who have had the glory of redeeming their country from bondage and ruin, in order to support, by every art of corruption and intimidation, a weak, disjointed, incapable set of ———, I will call them any thing but *Ministers*—by whom the favourite still meditates to rule this kingdom with a rod of iron."

† The following account of this duel was published soon after it took place, and remaining uncontradicted, we presume it to be genuine.—"Governor Johnstone's speech was not at the time it was delivered heard by Lord G. Germaine, but it was soon communicated to him by his friends, and he declared he was sorry that he had missed the opportunity of making an instant replication, but that, however, he would take proper notice of it. On Monday the 17th of December, 1770, Governor Johnstone was attending the Committee who were sitting on the Petitions relative to the embankment at Durham yard, when Mr. Thomas Townsend came to him, and desiring to speak with him, took him into another room, where he told him, after making a very polite and gentleman-like excuse as to what share he had in the business he came upon, that the reflection he had cast on the character of Lord George Germaine, though not heard by himself at the time, had been communicated to him by his friends; and that in consequence Lord George had begged of him to wait on Governor Johnstone to desire he would retract what he had said; that for his own part he should be exceedingly sorry to have a quarrel happen between two gentlemen whom he knew, and for whom he had a great respect, and therefore hoped, to prevent the consequences, Governor Johnstone would retract what he had said respecting Lord George. The Governor said it was very true he had made use of such and such expressions in the House; that they conveyed his opinion, and that he would maintain and support it. Upon which Mr. Townsend said, in that case, Lord George demanded the satisfaction of a gentleman from him, which the other declared he was ready to give his Lordship at any time. Mr. Townsend then

The distracted state of politics, and the situation of public affairs respecting America soon afterwards, induced some of the Leaders in Opposition, who had supported the reasonable claims of the Americans, to desert their cause, when it was found that their demands tended to separate them from the British Empire. Of these, one of the principal was Lord George Germaine, whose abilities on this occasion were again called forth into the public service. On the 10th of November, 1775, he was appointed Secretary of State for the Colonies, and First Lord of Trade, and continued in these posts during the unfortunate war which terminated at last in the loss of America. How far he concurred in all the measures which produced that fatal event, will probably be concealed from the present times, though the authors and abettors of such complicated mischief ought to be dragged forth into the notice and detestation of mankind.

When the voice of the people became too violent to be longer neglected, an end was put to the Administration of which Lord George was a member, and he was advanced to a seat in the House of Lords, by the title of Lord Viscount Sackville. His reception there met with an unexpected opposition from the Marquis of Carmarthen*, who moved that it was highly derogatory to the honour of the House that any person labour-

ing under such a censure as that of the Court Martial which we have already stated, should be introduced therein. Some debate ensued, and a division took place, in which the opponents of Lord George were left in a minority, and he was admitted. If we are not misinformed, the circumstances of this opposition dwelt on the mind of his Lordship even to the last moments of his life.

From this period Lord Sackville interfered but seldom in public affairs. He retreated to private life with dignity, and supported his character as a man of extensive talents without descending to little arts. The last time he appeared in the House of Lords was on the 18th of July last, when he attended to give his dissent to the Irish Propositions. In the course of his speech, a very long and able one, he predicted that it would be the last time he should have an opportunity of delivering his opinion in that place, and he was not mistaken. He soon afterwards became ill, and, finding himself gradually declining, he prepared for his dissolution, and met death with singular firmness and intrepidity, the 26th day of August 1785.

Lord Sackville sat in the House of Commons in the Parliaments of 1741, 1747, and 1754, for the port of Dover; and in 1761 and whilst he continued a Member of that House, for Hythe. In September 1754 he married Diana, second daughter and coheir of

said Lord George was in an adjoining room, and if the Governor pleased they would go to him. The Governor assented, and Mr. Townsend conveyed him to the room in which Lord George was waiting. Lord George repeated the cause of quarrel, and the demand of satisfaction, which the other acquiesced in, and desired his Lordship would appoint his own time and place. Lord George then mentioned the Ring in Hyde Park, and as in affairs of this kind all times were alike, the present was in his opinion as good a one as any. Governor Johnstone entirely agreed with his Lordship as to the place; but said, that as he was now attending his duty in a Committee on a subject he had very much at heart, he hoped the meeting Lord George an hour hence would make no difference. Lord George said no, and then spoke as to seconds, informing the Governor at the same time, that he had desired Mr. Townsend to attend him in that light. Governor Johnstone said there was little occasion for seconds, and that therefore Mr. Townsend should stand in that light as to both of them. Governor Johnstone further said, that as he had at that time an open wound in his arm, and his legs were very much swelled, he could wish they would use pistols; to which Lord George saying it was equal to him what the weapons were, they separated, and Governor Johnstone returned to the Committee. In this conference, as well as through the whole affair, both the gentlemen behaved with the greatest politeness to each other, as well as with the greatest courage. At the appointed time Lord George and Mr. Townsend were in the Ring, and soon after Governor Johnstone, accompanied by Sir James Lowther, (whom he had happened to meet in his way, and had solicited to go with him) arrived. Lord George accosted Governor Johnstone, and desired he would mention the distance, declaring he was then upon his ground, and the Governor might take what distance he pleased. The Governor was taken back by the seconds about 20 small paces. The antagonists having prepared their pistols, Lord George called on the Governor to fire, which the Governor refused, saying, that as his Lordship brought him there he must fire first. Upon which Lord George fired, and then the Governor; neither of the shots took effect. Lord George then fired his second pistol, and as he was taking down his arm, the Governor's second ball hit his Lordship's pistol, broke some part of it, and one of the splinters grazed his Lordship's hand. The seconds immediately interposed, and the affair was ended.

* See Vol. I. p. 137.

John Sambrooke, Esq. only brother of Sir Jeremy Sambrooke, of Gubbins in Hertfordshire, Baronet, and by her had two sons—Charles, born August 20, 1767—George, born December 7, 1770; and three daughters—Diana, born on July 8, 1756, married

November 1777 to John Viscount Crosbie, son and heir-apparent to William Earl of Glendore in Ireland—Elizabeth, born on July 5, 1762—and Caroline, born on June 30, 1764. The mother died January 15, 1778.

TO the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

By inserting the following in your Magazine, you will oblige an occasional Correspondent.
It is a Sketch carefully copied from Nature. I am, &c.

G. C.

IT is a lamentable truth, that the generality of people in high life are so intoxicated with the pleasures and dissipations of the present age, that Virtue is really become in a manner wholly disesteemed and neglected. Fortune, Titles, and Beauty, are, alas! now, the only objects of applause or emulation; and tho' we now and then (tho' indeed but seldom) hear the good qualities of individuals hinted at in our public prints, yet it is done in a trifling and indifferent manner, and all the labours of panegyrick are bestowed upon birth-day suits and new carriages.

Indeed the public amusements crowd so fast on each other; dissipation, dress, and extravagance are so predominant, that it is almost impossible for those who move in the fashionable world, to cultivate the qualities which are amiable in private. Parents nowadays have little time, and, alas! less inclination, to inculcate in their children a virtuous or rational way of thinking; and how should their children, supposing them even to receive the most excellent lessons, profit from them, when almost every example they are presented with tends a different way?

It is in the tranquil, and comparatively obscure path of life where worth is the most likely to be found; in that path which education has beautified and enlightened, but where pleasure has never appeared under any thing like the form of dissipation.

It will not, I trust, be deemed impertinent in me to describe a character in real life who moves in this path, the ornament of her sex, and the delight of all who know her: it is a small tribute, which I feel uncommon satisfaction in paying to merit from which my chief happiness is derived; and it may possibly not be unacceptable to many, who, like myself, prefer the charms which shed a lustre over domestick enjoyments, to those which sparkle only from a side-box.

Gentleness of temper is surely the foundation of most of those virtues which adorn the female sex; never was there an unamiable woman known possessed of it: it is what hea-

ven has called peculiarly its own, and is sufficient of itself to make its owners beloved and respected. MARIA possesses this in the most eminent degree; but it is not in her the result of timidity, or want of commerce with the world, which will often give an appearance of gentleness, without the reality: it proceeds from that benignity of mind, which tho' filled with sensibility, has nothing irritable about it. She could bear disappointment or insult without emotion; but with the distress of another, every feeling is in unison, and her heart sympathetically alive all over. This amiable temper is still heightened and adorned by a charity, which not only prompts pity and relief to every temporal distress, but extends itself to the faults and frailties, as well as misfortunes of mankind. To remove any prejudice; to heal a wounded reputation; to draw a good-natured veil over the foibles of others; or kindly to turn the conversation, when tending to expose them; are duties which Maria thinks indispensibly necessary, and which she most punctually performs.

Her manners are rather meek than sprightly, but ever engagingly sweet, and attentively directed to oblige every one around her. I can declare, since I have known her, and I firmly believe before the commencement of that period, she never was engaged in controversy, or acrimonious dispute with any human being. Whenever she may have encountered sentiments opposite to her own, she has quietly passed them by, neither directly nor indirectly troubling herself about them. She is sensible, discerning, and accomplished; yet both her understanding and accomplishments are rather discovered by others, than obtruded upon them by herself. Her ideas are generous without being extravagant, and in the management of domestick affairs, economical without being mean. Her servants find her a kind and considerate mistress; her friends, a sincere and engaging companion; and her husband, a tender companion, with whom care, disgust, or satiety, can never in habit.

K k 2

Long,

Long, long, O amiable Maria! may'st thou thus live, a pattern to thy sex for all those good qualities which adorn and sweeten life; and whenever Heaven calls thee to itself, not a bosom with whom thou hast communicated,

but shall feel the throb of sorrow at thy loss; not an eye but shall stream with the gulf of sensibility.

October 10th, 1785.

G. C.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

U R B A N U S :—CHARACTER V.

THE principles which we imbibe in our infancy have in general a great influence over every action of our future lives. A towering spirit, an impatience under contradiction, which are observed in the dispositions of many children, are frequently by severe chastisement, and being kept under the continual dread of a parent or preceptor, so humbled, that all their future lives have been marked with meekness and pusillanimity.—Fictitious stories related by nurses partly to amuse and partly to frighten them into good behaviour, will frequently make such an impression on their minds, as all the efforts of experienced reason and education have not been able to supplant.

Under the above description may be classed the mind of URBANUS. He was the only son of an indulgent parent, who, sensible of the value of a good education, was resolved to spare no pains to compleat his son in the most useful branches of literature. Urbanus in his childhood always shewed an impatience under contradiction, and at the same time a degree of pride, which made him rather suppress his feelings than demean himself by making any complaint. He remained with his parents until he was seven years old, during which time he discovered a propensity for learning; the most minute things always engaged his curiosity, and he listened eagerly to every thing that bordered on the marvellous. This the servants saw and indulged: he was delighted in taking every opportunity of hearing their fictitious tales, which, at length, made such an impression on his imagination, that those things which existed only in idea he brought himself to believe were real: this occasioned such a terror in his mind, that he was under the continual dread of some supernatural agency, which soon disturbed that quiet which should ever attend privacy and repose.

He was now sent to a boarding-school, the master of which, though every way qualified to acquire both the love and esteem of his pupils, rather chose to rule with a rod of iron than with the pleasing sceptre of love; thinking that it was absolutely necessary to make his scholars fear him, without remembering that it was as well his duty to gain their friendship and regard. Urbanus was now under continual restraint; the natural

impatience of his temper seemed, as it were, to lie entirely dormant; the faults which he committed were treated with harshness and severity; he was continually met with a frown; he ever looked up to his master with the eye of fear, and the dread of doing wrong frequently prevented him from acting right: but that pride which was a distinguishing characteristic of his mind hindered him from making any complaint: nay, he would even meet his friends with the eye of satisfaction, when his mind was actually disquieted with chagrin and disappointment.

In this manner was he educated. When he entered upon the world, his conduct was ever marked with diffidence, and his talents, which otherwise upon many occasions would have been employed, have frequently been laid aside, because of his not having spirit enough to exert them. His mind was ever open to the impressions of friendship; he loved with ardour, yet frequently let slip many opportunities of serving his friends for want of courage in stepping forward in their behalf. His heart was replete with benevolence, which was seldom exerted; his mind was stored with useful learning, which his diffidence prevented him from employing. The inward terror of his mind, the disdain of making any complaint, still accompanies all his actions; he sits patient under many insults, and loses many advantages for the sake of remaining quiet and unnoticed. The remains of an ambitious mind will even now sometimes exert itself, yet it is immediately checked by a consciousness of his inferiority, or rather by an opinion that his abilities are not equal to the object which he has in pursuit. Thus he permits those to gain the pre-eminence over him who are only his superiors in spirit and resolution, while their abilities are by no means equal to his, over whom they always triumph, and before whom they ever succeed. It has been the united labour of all his friends to rouse him into confidence, but without effect; for those principles which he unfortunately imbibed when young, mark his progress through life, and will probably render those talents abortive which might have been exerted effectually for the good of the community.

W. H.

An INQUIRY into the PERSON and AGE of the long-lived COUNTESS of DESMOND.

By the Hon. HORACE WALPOLE, Esq.

HAVING a few years ago had a curiosity to inform myself of the particulars of the life of the very aged Countess of Desmond, I was much surprized to find no certain account of so extraordinary a person; neither exactly how long she lived, nor even who she was; the few circumstances related of her depending on mere tradition. At last I was informed, that she was buried at Sligo in Ireland; and a gentleman of that place was so kind as to procure for me the following inscriptions on the monument there; which, however, soon convinced me of that supposition being a mistake, as will appear by the observations in my letter in consequence of this which contained the epitaph.

To C. O. Esq.

Dear Sir, *Nymphsfield, Aug. 23, 1757.*

I HAVE made, I think, as accurate an extract of all the inscriptions on O'Connor's monument as can be, even to copy the faults of the carver: I was many hours on a high ladder, and it cost me much time to clear the letters. The lowest inscription is this; but you are to observe, all the letters in the original are capitals, and could not come in compass to give it to you in that manner, as you will perceive.

"*Hic jacet famosissimus miles Donatus **
 "Cornelianus Comitatus Sligie Dominus cum
 "sua uxore illustrissima Dna Elinora Butler,
 "Comitissa Desmonie, quæ me fieri fecit, An.
 "1624, post mortem sui mariti, qui obiit 11
 "Aug. An. 1609. Item ejus filia & primi
 "mariti, vizt. Comitiss Desmonie noie † Eli-
 "zabetba valde virtuosissima Dna sepulta
 "fuit hoc in tumulo, 31 Novem. anno Domini
 "1623.

Just above this is O'Connor in armour, kneeling, and his hands raised up and joined as at prayer, his helmet on the ground behind him: a tree in an escutcheon, which is the arms of O'Connor, and a trophy on one side, and over his head this inscription:

"*Sic præter cælum quia nil durabile sistit.*
 "Luceat ‡ ambobus lux diuturna Dei.
 "Donato Connor Desmond Elinora Marito—

On the west side is the countess, with a coronet and her beads, kneeling, and over her head this continuation of the preceding lines,

* Cornelianus is the descendant of Cornelius, which in Irish is Conagher, or in the shorter way, Connor.

† This word I can make no sense of, but sic originale. I take it to be a redundancy of the carver: it seems to be a repetition of the three last syllables of Desmonie.

‡ Luceat.

¶ Tendo.

"*Hunc fieri tumulum fecit amena suo.*
 "Cum Domino saxis Elinoræ filia cumbit,
 "Et Comitiss Desmond Elizabetba vires.

Between the two tablets, which contain the inscriptions, is a boar and a coronet over it of five balls, which I suppose belonged to Desmond.

On the side of the countess is an escutcheon with the arms of Butler, and under them a book open, and a rose on it, crossed by a spade and flambeaux, and an urn at bottom.

Above, there is a table with this inscription, that runs from each end, and over both the former, and ornamented with an angel's head at each end. It does not pay any respect to the poet's arrangement, as you will perceive:

"*Siccine Conatæ per quod florebat eburna*
 "Urna tegit vivax corpora bina decus!
 "Siccine Donati tumulo conduntur in alto
 "Ossa quæ monomice siccine cura jact!
 "Martia quæ bello, mitis quæ pace micabat,
 "Versa est in cineres siccine vestra manus!
 "Siccine Penelope saxis Elinora sepulta est,
 "Siccine marmoreis altera casta Judith!
 "Mater Ierne genis humidis quæ brachia
 "tenda ||.
 "Mortis ero vestris, lucibus aucta, memor.

Over this is O'Connor's arms, viz. a tree and crest, a lion crowned. The motto is, *Quo vinci, vincor.* On one side of these is a figure with a key lying on the breast, and a sword in the left. On the other is a figure, with a sword in the right, and a book in the left, lying on the breast; and the whole is surmounted by a crucifix.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

This letter having been communicated to me by the gentleman who was so obliging as to make the inquiry, occasioned my sending him the following:

To C. O. Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 17, 1757.

SIR,

I SHOULD have thanked you the instant I received the honour of your obliging letter, if you had not told me that you was setting out for Ireland: I am in pain lest this should not come to your hands, as you gave

me no direction, and I should be extremely sorry that you should think me capable, Sir, of neglecting to shew my gratitude for the trouble you have been so good as to give yourself. I cannot think of taking the liberty to give you any more, though I own the inscriptions you have sent me have not cleared away the difficulties relating to the Countess of Desmond.——On the contrary, they make me doubt whether the lady interred at Sligo was the person reported to have lived to such an immense age. If you will excuse me, I will state my objections.

I have often heard that the aged lady Desmond lived to one hundred and sixty-two or sixty-three years. In the * account of her picture at Windsor, they give her but one hundred and fifty years. Sir William Temple †, from the relation of lord Leicester, reduces it to one hundred and forty; adding, "That she had been married out of England in the reign of Edward the Fourth, and being reduced to great poverty by the ruin of the Irish family into which she had married, came from Bristol to London, towards the end of the reign of James the First, to beg relief from court."

This account by no means corresponds either with the monument at Sligo, or the New Irish Peerage by Lodge. The great particular (besides that of her wonderful age) which interested me in this inquiry, was the tradition which says, that the long-lived Lady Desmond had danced with Richard the Third, and always affirmed that he was a very well made man. It is supposed that this was the same lady with whom the old lady Dacre had conversed, and from whose testimony she gave the same account.

In the catalogue of the ancient earls of Desmond, inserted in the pedigree of Kildare, I can find no one who married an English woman near the period in question: but that we will wave; it might have been a mistake of Sir William, or his authority the earl of Leicester. Her poverty might be as erroneous, if Lodge's account be true ‡, that she left three hundred pounds to the chapel at Sligo, in which was the tomb, as the inscription says, she erected in 1624. But here is the greatest difficulty: if she was one hundred and forty in 1636, according to Lodge, the æra of her death, (which by the way was

in king Charles's, and not in king James's reign) she was born in 1496. Gerald earl of Desmond, her first husband, died according to the Peerage, in 1583. She was therefore eighty seven when she married O'Connor of Sligo—that is possible—if she lived to one hundred and forty, she might be in the vigour of her age (at least not dislike the vigour of his) at eighty-seven. The earl of Desmond's first wife, says Lodge, (for our lady Eleanor was his second) died in 1564: if he remarried the next day, his bride must have been sixty-eight, and yet she had a son and five daughters by him. I fear, with all her juvenile powers, she must have been past breeding at sixty-eight.

These accounts tally as little with her dancing with Richard the Third; he died in 1485, and by my computation she was not born till 1496. If we suppose that she died twelve years sooner, viz. in 1624, at which time the tomb was erected, and which would coincide with Sir William Temple's date of her death in the reign of James, and if we give her one hundred and fifty years, according to the Windsor account, she would then have been born in 1474, and consequently was eleven years old at the death of king Richard: but this supposition labours with as many difficulties. She could not have been married in the reign of Edward the Fourth, scarcely have danced with his brother; and it is as little probable that she had much remembrance of his person, the point, I own, in which I am most interested, not at all crediting the accounts of his deformity, from which Buck has so well defended him, both by the silence of Comines, who mentions the beauty of king Edward, and was too sincere to have passed over such remarkable ugliness in a foreigner, and from Dr. Shaw's appeal to the people before the Protector's face, whether his highness was not a comely prince, and the exact image of his father. The power that could enslave them, could not have kept them from laughing at such an apostrophe, had the Protector been as ill shapen as the Lancastrian historians represent him. Lady Desmond's testimony adds great weight to this defence.

But the more we accommodate her age to that of Richard the Third, the less it will suit with that of her first husband. If she

* See Pote's Account of Windsor Castle, p. 418.

Having, by permission of his Grace the Lord Chamberlain, obtained a copy of the picture at Windsor, called The Countess of Desmond, I discovered that it is not her portrait. On the back is written in an old hand, *The mother of Rembrandt, given by Sir Robert Carr*. In the catalogue of King Charles's collection of pictures, p. 150, No. 101, is described the portrait of the old woman, with a great scarf upon her head, by Rembrandt, in a black frame, given to the king by Lord Ancom. This was the very Sir Robert Carr, Earl of Ancom, mentioned as above, and the measures answer exactly.

† See his essay on health and long life.

‡ Vol. I. p. 19.

was born in 1474, her having children by him, (Gerald earl of Desmond) becomes vastly more improbable.

It is very remarkable, Sir, that neither her tomb, nor Lodge, should take notice of this extraordinary person's age; and I own, if I knew how to consult him without trespassing on your good-nature and civility, I should be very glad to state the foregoing difficulties to him. But I fear I have already taken too great freedom with your indulgence, and am, &c. H. W.

P. S. Since I finished my letter, a new idea has started, for discovering who this very old lady Desmond was, at least whose wife she was, supposing the person buried at Sligo not to be her. Thomas, the sixth earl of Desmond, was forced to give up the earldom; but it is not improbable that his descendants might use the title, as he certainly left issue. His son died, says * Lodge, in 1452, leaving two sons, John and Maurice. John being born at least in 1451, would be above thirty at the end of Edward the Fourth's reign. If his wife was seventeen in the last year of that king, she would have been born in 1466. If therefore she died about 1625, she would be one hundred and fifty-nine. This approaches to the common notion of her age, as the ruin of the branch of the family into which she married, does to Sir William Temple's. A few years more or less in certain parts of this hypothesis, would but adjust it still better to the accounts of her. Her husband being only a titular earl, solves the difficulty of the silence of genealogists on so extraordinary a person.

Still we should be to learn of what family she herself was; and I find a new evidence, which agreeing with Sir William Temple's account, seems to clash a little with my last supposition. This authority is no less than Sir Walter Raleigh's, who in the fifth chapter of the first book of his History of the World, says expressly, that he himself "knew" the old Countess of Desmond of Inchiquin, "who lived in the year 1589, and many" years since, who was married in Edward "the Fourth's time, and held her jointure" from all the Earls of Desmond since then; "and that this is true, all the noblemen and" gentlemen of Munster can witness." Her holding a jointure from all the Earls of Desmond would imply, that her husband was not of the titular line, but of that in possession: yet that difficulty is not so great, as no such lady being mentioned in the pedigree. By Sir Walter's words, it is probable, that she was dead when he wrote that account

of her. His History was first printed in 1614; this makes the æra of her death much earlier than I had supposed; but having allowed her near one hundred and sixty years, taking away ten or twelve will make my hypothesis agree better with Sir William Temple's account, and does not at all destroy the assumption of her being the wife of only a titular earl. However, all these are conjectures, which I should be glad to have ascertained or confuted by any curious person, who could produce authentic testimonies of the birth, death, and family, of this very remarkable lady; and to excite or assist which was the only purpose of this disquisition.

Having communicated these observations to the Reverend Dr. Charles Lyttelton, dean of Exeter, he soon afterwards found, and gave me the following extract from page 36 of Smith's Natural and Civil History of the County of Corke, printed at Dublin, 1750, Octavo.

"Thomas, † the Thirteenth Earl of Desmond, brother to Maurice the Eleventh Earl, died this year (1534) at Rathkeile, "being of a very great age, and was buried "at Youghall. He married, first, ‡ Ellin, "daughter of McCarty of Muskerry, by "whom he had a son, Maurice, who died "vita patris. The Earl's second wife was "Catherine Fitzgerald, daughter of the Fitzgeralds of the house of Drumana, in the "county of Waterford. This Catherine was "the Countess that lived so long, of whom "Sir Walter Raleigh makes mention in his "History of the World, and was reputed to "live to one hundred and forty years of "age."

This is the most positive evidence we have; the author quotes Russell's MSS. If she was of the Fitzgeralds of Waterford, it will not in strictness agree with Sir William Temple's relation of her being married out of England; by which we should naturally suppose that she was born of English blood: yet his account is so vague, that it ought not to be set against absolute assertion, supposing the Russell MSS to be of good authority enough to support what it is quoted to support in 1750.

Upon the whole, and to reduce this lady's age as low as possible, making it at the same time coincide with the most probable accounts, we will suppose that she was married at fifteen in 1483, the last year of Edward the Fourth, and that she died in 1612, two years before the publication of Sir Walter Raleigh's history; she will then have been

* Vol. I. p. 14.

† His name was James, and he was the twelfth Earl.

‡ See Lodge's Peerage, Vol. I. p. 16.

no less than * one hundred and forty-five years of age, a particularity singular enough

to excite, and I hope, to excuse this inquiry.

SKETCH of the PERSON and CHARACTER of Dr. JOHNSON,

From Mr. BOSWELL'S "Tour to the Hebrides," just published.

DR. Samuel Johnson's character, religious, moral, political, and literary, nay his figure and manner, are, I believe, more generally known than those of almost any man; yet it may not be superfluous here to attempt a sketch of him. Let my readers then remember that he was a sincere and zealous Christian, of High Church of England and monarchical principles, which he would not tamely suffer to be questioned; steady and inflexible in maintaining the obligations of piety and virtue, both from a regard to the order of society, and from a veneration for the Great Rource of all order; correct, nay stern in his taste; hard to please, and easily offended; impetuous and irritable in his temper; but of a most humane and benevolent heart: having a mind stored with a vast and various collection of learning and knowledge, which he communicated with peculiar perspicuity and force, in rich and choice expression. He united a most logical head with a most fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing; for he could reason close or wide, as he saw best for the moment. He could, when he chose it, be the greatest sophist that ever wielded a weapon in the schools of Declamation; but he indulged this only in conversation, for he owned he sometimes talked for victory. He was too conscientious to make error permanent and pernicious, by deliberately writing it. He was conscious of his superiority. He loved praise when it was brought to him; but was too proud to seek for it. He was somewhat susceptible of flattery. His mind was so full of imagery, that he might have been perpetually a poet. It has been often remarked, that in his poetical pieces, which it is to be regretted are so few, because of excellent, his style is easier than in his prose. There is deception in this: It is not easier, but better suited to the dignity of verse; as one may dance with grace, whose motions, in ordinary walking—in the common step—are awkward. He had a constitutional melancholy, the clouds of which darkened the brightness of his fancy, and gave a gloomy cast to his whole course of thinking: Yet, though grave and awful in his deportment, when he thought it necessary or proper, he frequently indulged himself in pleasantry and sportive sallies. He was prone to superstition, but not to credulity. Though his imagination might incline him to a belief of the marvellous, and the mysterious, his vigorous reason examined

the evidence with jealousy. He had a loud voice, and a slow deliberate utterance, which no doubt gave some additional weight to the sterling merit of his conversation. Lord Pembroke said once to me at Wilton, with a happy pleasantry, and some truth, that, "Dr. Johnson's sayings would not appear so extraordinary, were it not for his bow-wow way." But I admit the truth of this only on some occasions. The Messiah, played upon the Canterbury organ, is more sublime than when played upon an inferior instrument. But very slight music will seem grand, when conveyed to the ear through that majestic medium. While therefore Dr. Johnson's sayings are read, let his manner be taken along. Let it however be observed, that the sayings themselves are generally great; that though he might be an ordinary composer at times, he was for the most part a Handel. His person was large, robust, I may say approaching to the gigantick, and grown unwieldy from corpulency. His countenance was naturally of the cast of an ancient statue, but somewhat disfigured by the scars of that evil, which, it was formerly imagined, the Royal-Touch could cure. He was now in his sixty-fourth year: He was become a little dull of hearing. His sight had always been somewhat weak; yet, so much does mind govern, and even supply the deficiency of organs, that his perceptions were uncommonly quick and accurate. His head, and sometimes also his body, shook with a kind of motion like the effects of a palsy: He was frequently disturbed by cramps, convulsive contractions, of the nature of that distemper called St. Vitus's Dance. He wore a full suit of plain brown clothes, with twisted hair buttons of the same colour, a large bushy greyish wig, a plain shirt, black worsted stockings, and silver buckles. Upon this tour, when journeying, he wore boots, and a very wide brown cloth great coat, with pockets which might have almost held the two volumes of his folio Dictionary; and he carried in his hand a large English oak stick. Let me not be censured for mentioning such minute particulars. Every thing relative to so great a man is worth observing. I remember Dr. Adam Smith, in his rhetorical lectures at Glasgow, told us he was glad to know that Milton wore laces in his shoes, instead of buckles.—When I mention the oak stick, it is but letting Hercules have his club.

* Lord Bacon, says Fuller, computed her age to be one hundred and forty at least; and added, that she three times had a new set of teeth, for so I understand, *ter vices dentisse*; not that she recovered them three times after casting them, as Fuller translates it, which is giving her four set of teeth. Worthines in Northumb. p. 310.

OBSERVATIONS on the PRACTICE of ARCHERY in ENGLAND.

In a LETTER to the Rev. Mr. NORRIS, Secretary to the Antiquarian Society, London.

By the Hon. DAINES BARRINGTON.

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

(Concluded from page 181.)

CHARLES I. seems, from the dedication of a treatise, entitled, "The Bowman's Glory," to have been himself an archer (*m*), and in the eighth year of his reign he issued a commission to the Chancellor, Lord Mayor, and several of the Privy Council, to prevent the fields near London being so inclosed (*n*) as "to interrupt the necessary and profitable exercise of shooting," as also to lower the mounds where they prevented the view from one mark to another.

The same commission directs that bridges should be thrown over the dikes, and that all shooting marks which had been removed should be restored (*o*).

Charles I. likewise issued two proclamations for the promotion of archery, the last of which recommends the use of the bow and pike together (*p*).

Catherine of Portugal (Queen to Charles II.) seems to have been much pleased with the sight at least of this exercise; for in 1676, by the contributions of Sir Edward Hungerford and others, a silver badge for the marshal of the fraternity was made, weighing twenty-five ounces, and representing an archer drawing the long-bow (in the proper manner) to his ear, with the following inscription: *Reginæ Catharinæ Sagittarii*. The supporters are two bowmen with the arms of England and Portugal.

In 1682 there was a most magnificent cavalcade and entertainment given by the Finsbury archers (*q*), when they bestowed the titles of Duke of Shoreditch, Marquis of

Islington, &c. upon the most deserving. Charles II. was present upon this occasion, but the day being rainy, he was obliged soon to leave the field.

I do not find any thing relative to the state of archery during the short reign of James II. but it continued after this to be used for a manly exercise, as appears by the following epitaph on the south side of Clerkenwell church, which is still very legible.

Sir William Wood lies very near this stone,

In 's time of archery excell'd by none;

Few were his equals, and this noble art Hath suffer'd now in the most tender part.

Long did he live the honour of the bow,

And his long life to that alone did owe:

But how can art secure, or what can save,

Extreme old age from an appointed grave?

Surviving archers much his loss lament,

And in respect bestow'd this monument,

Where *whistling-arrows* (*r*) did his worth

proclaim,

And eternize his memory and name.

Obit Sept. 4. A. D. 1691. æt. 82.

There is a very good portrait of this famous archer, belonging to the Artillery Company, at a public house which looks into the Artillery Ground (*s*).

Archery, however, did not entirely die with Sir William Wood; for in 1696, a widow named Mrs. Elizabeth Shakerley (*t*) left by her will thirty-five pounds to be distributed in prizes to this fraternity. Possibly she had attended the Finsbury archers, from

(*m*) It hath been before observed that his elder brother Prince Henry was so. See also Baker's Chronicle.

(*n*) In the fifth year of Henry VIII. such inclosures were levelled by an insurrection of the archers. See Grafton's Chronicle.

(*o*) Under these last clauses, a cowkeeper named Pitfield was so late as 1746 obliged to renew one of these marks, on which the Artillery Company cut the following inscription, viz. *Pitfield's Repentance*. I am informed also that Mr. Scott (the great brick-maker) hath been under the necessity of making his submission.

(*p*) See Rymer's *Fœdera* in the years 1631 and 1633.—In the latter, Charles grants the office of bow-bearer in Sherwood Forest.

(*q*) See the Art of Archery, by Gervas Markham, 1634, 12mo.

(*r*) These arrows are still sometimes used, the horn work being hollow, as also filled with holes. The air passing through these arrows makes a whistling both in the ascent and descent.—They are supposed to have been used by the piquet guards, to give notice to the camp of the enemy's approach during the night.

(*s*) The Blue Anchor, Bunhill-row.

(*t*) See MS. penes the Artillery Company.

EUROP. MAG.

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the same curiosity which Ovid ascribes to Penelope (*u*).

In the succeeding reign of Queen Anne, I have been informed by General Oglethorpe, that together with the Duke of Rutland, and several others of considerable rank, he used frequently to shoot in the neighbourhood of London. I do not presume to guess the General's age, but he must be advanced in years, as he was Aid-de-camp to Prince Eugene of Savoy, and still continues to handle his bow in such a manner, that there is little doubt but that he would distinguish himself in this manly exercise.

I do not find in the archives of the Company any memoranda of consequence during the reign of George I. but till the year 1753 targets were erected in the Finsbury Fields, during the Easter and Whitsun holidays, when the best shooter was styled captain for the ensuing year, and the second lieutenant. Of these there are only two now surviving, viz. Mr. Benjamin Poole and Mr. Philip Constable, who have frequently obtained these titles. The former of these is now rather aged and infirm, but the latter hath been so obliging as to shew me most of their marks in the Finsbury Fields, as well as to communicate several anecdotes and observations relative to archery.

Having now deduced the history of the long-bow even to the present times, when it ceases to be used by the chartered Company (*w*), I shall now endeavour to suggest the reasons why this military weapon was so decisive in the battles of preceding centuries.

Before the introduction of fire-arms the enemy could only be struck at a distance by slings, the bow used by the ancients, or the cross-bow; to all which the English long-bow was infinitely superior.

As for slings, they never have been used in the more northern parts of Europe by armies in the field (*x*): for which as there must have been some fundamental reasons, I will

venture to suggest two, though possibly there may be many others.

It should seem, in the first place, that slingers cannot advance in a compact body, on account of the space to be occupied by this weapon in its rotatory motion; and in the second place, that the weight of the stones to be carried must necessarily impede the slingers greatly in their movements.

The bow of the ancients, as represented in all their reliefs, was a mere toy compared with that of our ancestors (*y*); it was therefore chiefly used by the Parthians, whose attacks (like those of the present Arabs) were desultory.

As for the cross-bow, it is of a most inconvenient form for carriage, even with the modern improvements; and, in case of rain, could not be easily secured from the weather. After the first shot, moreover, it could not be recharged under a considerable time, whilst the bolts were also heavy and cumbersome.

The English long-bow, on the other hand, together with the quiver of arrows, was easily carried by the archer, as easily secured from rain, and recharged almost instantaneously. It is not therefore extraordinary, that troops who solely used this most effectual weapon, should generally obtain the victory, even when opposed to much more numerous armies.

But it may be urged, that these losses having been experienced by our enemies, must have induced them to practise the same mode of warfare, which was actually attempted both by the French (*z*) and Scots (*a*), though too late in the day.

I have endeavoured already to prove, that the long-bow was not commonly used even in England till the time of Edward III. when the victory at Cressy sufficiently proclaimed the superiority of that weapon.

It required, however, so much training before the archer could be expert, that we

(*u*) Penelope juvenum vires tentabat in arcu,

Qui latus argueret corneus arcus erat.

(*w*) It revives, however, under the auspices of our worthy member Sir Ashton Lever.

A silver arrow used till within these few years to be shot for by the young gentlemen of Harrow School. Annual prizes are also still given at Edinburgh to those who excel in this exercise.

(*x*) Sometimes perhaps in sieges.

(*y*) The bow used by the natives of George's Sound, N. Lat. 50, on the N. W. coast of America, is in form very similar to the Roman bow. See a specimen at Sir A. Lever's Museum.

(*z*) In 1444 an establishment in France was at least intended, of no less than four thousand archers, and every parish was obliged to furnish one. See Pasquier's *Recherches de la France*, p. 133.

(*a*) See the statute of James I. of Scotland, A. D. 1424. the title of which is, "That ilk man busk them to be archeres." They are therefore to begin this exercise at twelve years old. See likewise other Scotch acts, viz. in 1457, 1474, and 1491.

must not be surpris'd if soon afterwards this military exercise was much neglected, as appears by the preambles of several ancient statutes which I have already cited.

Whilst the military tenures subsisted, the sovereign could only call upon his tenants during war, who therefore attended with the weapons they had been used to, and which required no previous practice.

On the other hand, the English archers were obliged by acts of parliament, even in time of peace, to erect butts in every parish, and to shoot on every Sunday and holiday, after repairing perhaps to these butts from a considerable distance, whilst the expence of at least a yew bow is represented as being a charge, which they were scarcely equal to (b).

The King and Parliaments of this country having thus compelled the inhabitants to such training, the English armies had (it should seem) the same advantage over our enemies, as the exclusive use of fire-arms would give us at present.

It appears also by what hath been already stated, that the long-bow continued to be in estimation for more than two centuries after gunpowder was introduced, which probably arose from musquets being very cumbersome and unwieldy. It is well known that rapid movements are generally decisive of the campaign, and for such the archers were particularly adapted, because, as they could not be annoyed at the same distance by the weapons of the enemy, they had scarcely any occasion for armour. The flower of ancient armies likewise was the cavalry, against which the long-bow never failed to prevail, as man and horse were too large objects to be missed; and hence the great number of French nobility who were prisoners at Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt; for being dismounted (if not wounded) whilst they were also clad in heavy armour, they could not make their escape.

The same reason accounts for our obtaining these signal victories with so inferior numbers, for the nobility and gentry thus becoming prisoners, the other parts of the French army made little or no resistance.

Having mentioned so many advantages on the side of the English archers, I cannot but observe, that if the enemy gained the wind against them, it must have been almost as decisive in favour of our opponents, as when it is obtained in a sea-fight: I conclude,

however, that our Generals avoided engagements if possible, when the wind was not favourable.

I shall now conclude this essay by a few anecdotes and general observations relative to the subject.

Though we hear of arrows at Cheviot Chase which were a yard long, yet it is by no means to be supposed that the whole band made use of such, or could draw them to the head.

The regulation of the Irish statute of Edward IV. viz. *that the bow shall not exceed the height of the man*, is allowed by archers to have been well considered; and as the arrow should be half the length of the bow, this would give an arrow of a yard in length to those only who were six feet high. A strong man of this size in the present times cannot easily draw above twenty-four inches, if the bow is of a proper strength to do execution at a considerable distance. At the same time it must be admitted, that as our ancestors were obliged by some of the old statutes to begin shooting with the long-bow at the age of seven, they might have acquired a greater sleight in this exercise than their descendants, though the latter should be allowed to be of equal strength.

As the shooting with the long-bow was first introduced in England, and practised almost exclusively for nearly two centuries, so it hath occasioned a peculiar method of drawing the arrow to the ear, and not to the breast.

That this is contrary to the usage of the ancients (c) is very clear from their *reliefs*, and from the tradition of the Amazons cutting off one of their paps, as it occasioned an impediment to their shooting (d).

As for Diana's not having suffered the same amputation, it must be remembered that she was not only a goddess, but most active huntress, and professed the most perfect chastity; she therefore could not be supposed to have been impeded by such an obstacle to archery, as Juno or Ceres.

The Finsbury archer is therefore represented in this attitude of drawing to the ear, both in the Bowman's Glory, as also in the silver badge given by Catherine (Queen of Charles II.) to the Artillery Company.

Several years ago there was a man named Topham who exhibited most surprizing feats of strength, and who happened to be at a public-house near Islington, to which the Finsbury archers resorted after their exercise.

(b) By one of the ancient statutes a bow of foreign yew may be sold for no more than six shillings.

(c) *Ναῦριν μὲν μάζω πελάσεν, τόξω δὲ σιδήρον.*

HOMER.

(d) *Unum execta latus pugnæ, pharetrata Camilla.*

VIRGIL.

(e) Viz. from the mark of Lambeth to that of Westminster-hall.

Topham considered the long-bow as a play-thing, only fit for a child; upon which one of the archers laid him a bowl of punch, that he could not draw the arrow two-thirds of its length. Topham accepted this bet with the greatest confidence of winning; but bringing the arrow to his breast, instead of his ear, he was greatly mortified by paying the wager, after many fruitless efforts.

As to the distance to which an arrow can be shot from a long-bow with the best elevation of forty-five degrees, that must necessarily depend much both upon the strength and sleight of the archer; but as the longest distance I can find is eleven score and seven yards (e), I conclude that such length is not often exceeded (f).

There is indeed a tradition that an attorney of Wigan in Lancashire (named Leigh) shot a mile in three flights; but the same tradition states, that he placed himself in a very particular attitude, which cannot be used commonly in this exercise (g).

The archers consider an arrow of an ounce weight (h) to be the best for flight or hitting a mark at a considerable distance, and that ash also is the best material of which they can be made.

As to the feathers, that of a goose is preferred; it is also wished that the bird should be two or three years old, and that the feather may drop of itself (i).

(f) "He'll clap you in the clout at *twelve* score." Shakespear. This, however, seems to be mentioned as an extraordinary feat.

It must be admitted, however, that by 33 Henry VIII. no one aged twenty-four is to shoot at any mark under eleven score.

(g) He is supposed to have sat on a stool, the middle of his bow being fastened to one of his feet, to have elevated that foot forty-five degrees, and drawn the string of a strong bow with both his hands.

(h) They generally speak indeed of an arrow's weighing so many shillings.

(i) Edward III. indeed, directed the sherives to pluck the proper feathers from the geese in every county. His Majesty however wanted these upon the *spur* of an occasion, and could not wait till the feathers dropped.

Acham in his *Toxophilus* breaks out into the following panegyric on a goose, because this bird supplies feathers for arrows.

"How well does she make a man fare at his table, how easily does she make a man lye down in his bed, how fit even as her feathers be for shooting, so be her quills only fit for writing."

Julius Scaliger hath also given us "*Laudes Anseris*."

(k) Lord Herbert observes, that in 1544 Henry VIII. had himself invented small pieces of artillery to defend his waggons; as also that he took an account of all the ordnance then in the Tower, and sent much of it to Tilbury, Gravesend, Dover, and Portsmouth. That he availed himself of the artillery destined for the last of these places, appears by an engraving lately published by the Society.

(l) See Stowe.

(m) Bowman's Glory.

(n) In the time of Charles I. the gunners styled those who contended for the use of archery, *King Harry's Captains*. See the *List of Archery* by Gervas Markham, 1634, 12mo.

And here it may not perhaps be improper to explain the *grey goose* wing in the ballad of Cheviot Chase.

Two out of the three feathers in an arrow are commonly white, being plucked from the gander, but the third is generally brown or grey, being taken from the goose; and from this difference in point of colour, informs the archer when the arrow is properly placed. From this most distinguished part, therefore, the whole arrow sometimes receives its name.

Though archery continued to be encouraged by the king and legislature for more than two centuries, after the first knowledge of the effects of gunpowder, yet by the latter end of the reign of Henry VIII. it seems to have been partly considered as a pastime (k).

Arthur, the elder brother of Henry, is said to have been fond of this exercise, inasmuch that a good shooter was styled Prince Arthur (l).

We are also informed (m), that he pitched his tent at Mile-End, in order to be present at this recreation, and that Henry his brother also attended.

When the latter afterwards became King, he gave a prize at Windsor to those who should excel in this exercise (n); and a capital shot having been made, Henry said to Barlow (one of his guards), "If you still win, you shall be Duke over all archers." Barlow

therefore

therefore having succeeded, and living in Shoreditch, was created Duke thereof (o).

Upon another occasion Henry and the Queen were met by two hundred archers on Shooter's Hill, which probably took its name from their assembling near it to shoot at marks.

This King likewise gave the first charter to the Artillery Company in the twenty-ninth year of his reign, by which they are permitted to wear dresses of any colour except purple and scarlet (p), to shoot not only at marks but birds (q), if not pheasants or herons, and within two miles of the royal palaces. They are also enjoined by the same charter not to wear furs of a greater price than those of the marten. The most material privilege however is that of indemnification from murder, if any person passing between the shooter and the mark is killed, provided the archers have first called out *fast* (r).

As it appears by what hath been stated, that both Henry VIII. and his Queen sometimes attended the archers when they were shooting at marks, it is not at all extraordinary that their dresses began to be expensive, and that they studied much the gracefulness of the attitude.

Ascham therefore, who wrote his *Toxophilus* at the end of this reign, hath several chapters on this head, in which he begins by ridiculing the awkwardness of some archers in this respect, as in the following citation :

"Another coureth downe, and layeth out his buttocks, as though he should *shoot at arrows* (s)."

Which last part moreover explains a passage in Shakespeare's *King Lear*, Act IV. Sc. VI.

"That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper."

(o) This title, together with that of Marquis of Ilington, Earl of Pancridge, &c. were kept up even so late as 1683, these being all villages in the neighbourhood of the Finsbury Fields.

(p) Many statutes of this reign restrain expence and colours of the dress.

(q) Though we hear that Indians shoot both birds and beasts, it is believed that this is effected by the archers stealing very near to them. Nor are animals so shy of man in an American wilderness, as they are in countries better inhabited. In the Falkland Islands, therefore, when first settled by the English, the birds suffered themselves to be knocked down with sticks. De Pages also informs us, that the birds between Surat and Bombay do not avoid man, because the country is peopled by Hindoos, who never molest them. A horse or cow is larger, and therefore would probably be more formidable to the feathered creation, did not they soon experience that they are liable to more attacks from man.

(r) Possibly an abbreviation of *stand fast*. It appears that Dr. John Rainolds was nearly killed by such an accident. See Holland's *Herologia*, Part XI. p. 229.

(s) *Toxophilus* 29. B.

(t) This county hath long been famous for this exercise, as appears from the following line, to be found somewhere in Leland's *Collectanea* :

"*Lancashire faire archere.*"

From the words above quoted it is to be inferred, that when gunpowder was yet very dear, fields were kept from crows by unskilful archers, who had no grace in their attitudes, and were therefore spoken of by the expert with the greatest contempt, so that to shoot like a crowkeeper had become proverbial.

Ascham mentions another particular with regard to archery in his time, which is, that (as it commonly happens in other pastimes) the bets at these shooting matches began to be considerable.

I shall conclude this essay by mentioning, that the long-bow continues to be used as a manly exercise by the inhabitants of Geneva, and in many parts of Flanders; nor is it totally neglected in Great Britain, particularly Lancashire (t), and London, where a society (of which our worthy Member Sir Ashton Lever is the President) frequently use this manly recreation.

I take the liberty also of presenting for the perusal of the Society a MS. treatise on the same subject addressed to Sir Ashton Lever, which, though compiled by a fadler at Manchester, contains some particulars which may deserve attention, as likewise drawings of the different sorts of arrows, which must always exceed mere verbal descriptions.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

DAINES BARRINGTON.

P. S. Upon looking over more carefully the plan of the archers marks, I find a greater distance than from Lambeth to Westminster-hall (see a former note) viz. from Turks Wharf to Absoley, being thirteen score and five yards.

DEO and BETTINA: A VENETIAN STORY.

[From the Countess of ROSENBERG'S MORAL and SENTIMENTAL ESSAYS, lately published.]

(Continued from page 206.)

NANE DEO, a young gondolier, aged about twenty-two, of a most advantageous figure and agreeable countenance, very able in his profession, inured to fatigue, full of honour and sentiment, was in love with a young girl of his own station in life; an orphan, who had lived from her infancy with her mother, a brother and his wife. This brother, called Momolo Vendetta, is descended from one of the most distinguished families among this class of people. His ancestors are celebrated for the number of glorious prizes they have gained at the great *regattas*; and the humble roof of his house is decorated with the flags carried off by their victorious hands. Momolo also, to shew himself worthy of being the heir, and to imitate the valour of his father, had added three to the family acquisitions. A good father, a good husband, an excellent servant, he was the confidant and friend of his master, and an honour to the race of faithful gondoliers.

A little trait of resemblance to ancient Greece is found in a custom among the Venetian people, and especially among the gondoliers, of singing Tasso and Ariosto. The Greeks knew Homer by heart, and the rhapsodists ran about the Grecian cities declaiming his poems. In the same manner the Venetian gondolier, seated at the poop of his boat, or gently pushing along his bark, makes the palace-walls resound with his manly and sonorous voice, whilst he sings the beautiful odes of the Italian Homer. The Venetians have an ancient musical rhythm for that purpose, which expresses all the fine cadences of these majestic and harmonious verses.

Momolo possessed this talent in a superior degree; and, as every gondolier is ambitious of some advantage on which to challenge his brethren, he would provoke the ablest among them to give proof of the best voice and the happiest memory. He knew by heart all the Jerusalem Delivered, a great part of Rolando, some chapters of the *Reaux de France*, several scenes of Goldoni, without mentioning a number of histories in the style of romances, and many miracles, which the Venetian people learn by heart, and declaim, or sing with their families. Loved and esteemed by his neighbours and his comrades, Momolo has often been created a judge in the disputes which happen among the gondoliers: and they would sooner be determined by his judgment, than that of a higher tribunal. His house was generally

the place of reconciliation, the temple of peace. A glass of wine at his house often put an end to all rivalry and dispute; but wine was never given in his dwelling but as a sign of peace. It is an inviolable seal, which the Venetian people set to all acts of peace and reconciliation. When it is known that two enemies have finished an *eclaircissement* by drinking together, one may be certain that all is quiet.

It was at one of these reconciliations between two rivals, that the young Deo first saw the beautiful Bettina. It was his duty to be of the party, in quality of sponsor, or sworn brother. It is still a custom with these people to form, one amongst another, in consequence of some strict friendship, or some relation as to age, or service, a sacred tie, which consists, according to their expression, in being sworn brothers. From that moment they make a common cause in all affairs of honour or pleasure: one embraces all the quarrels of the other, and would sacrifice his life in his defence for what would be esteemed sufficient cause. This custom is derived from the ancient *Freres d'Armes* in the times of chivalry.

Bettina had that day the office of helping round the wine. A napkin as white as snow hung upon her arm, not less white. She approached Nane, and presented him the cup of peace. He could not without emotion behold the prettiest figure, the most lively and modest countenance, the graces of her smile, the fire of her large black eyes, the beauty of her hair, the freshness and brilliancy of her complexion, and all the charms diffused about her person. The young Deo looked upon her with an air of surprise and affection: his imagination took fire, which communicated itself to his heart as every moment he observed her, whether near, or at a distance. He would often feign some pretext or other to stop her as she passed near him on this occasion: she blushed, and hung down her head: he scarcely knew how to contain himself, yet dared not to come to an explicit declaration of his passion. With the glass in his hand, he had recourse to his Tasso, and gallantly sung an ode; the application of which was understood by Bettina: she answered in singing the verse which followed. This put the company in train: each in his turn sung a stanza, until the impatient youths joined all at once in chorus, and thus joyfully ended the feast of friendship.

Deo alone, at parting, found himself melancholy and thoughtful: the flame which he felt lighted up in his heart, deprived him of repose; and from that time he was continually meditating means by which he might again see his fair Bettina, whose first reception had not discouraged him. But how put them into execution? The Venetian girls, who are educated in good moral principles, are shut up in their houses, always occupied at their work; having at the most no greater liberty than to run now and then for an instant to their windows. They never go out but to hear masqs upon holidays, preceding their mothers, or some old relation.

A custom of so much constraint, so austere a system, with regard to daughters and young girls, in the greatest part of Italy, at first sight appears to be very wrong, and is generally much condemned by strangers. One cannot deny, that it is attended with inconveniences; but the pretended remedy, of educating young women in a convent, has many more. Every thing well considered, I am sincerely of opinion, that the opposite system, practised in other countries, on the west and north of Italy, to the great satisfaction of the inhabitants and of strangers, would here have consequences still more prejudicial to society, than such as may arise from that severe restraint under which the Italian parents keep their children. Till a young woman is committed to the care of a husband, it would generally be dangerous, among these fiery people, to shew too easily those objects, which are of themselves of very combustible matter. It must be allowed, that manners in Italy are much more relaxed than in England, France, or Germany: and it is not to be wondered at, if we consider its climate, or indeed its legislation. Marriage being here little respected, what should we not have to fear from enterprizes against young persons without defence, and perhaps without any great desire to defend themselves?

Our young lover never experienced a longer week, and never thought a Sunday or a holiday so slow in coming. At the very first festival, he posted himself at the door of his parochial church, for the purpose of catching a sight of his fair mistress as she came thither. At last she appeared, with her mother. Deo went before, entered the church, and, with a trembling hand, offered holy water to the mother and daughter, with a respect mixed with tenderness and devotion. The daughter blushed as usual, and fixed her eyes on the ground: the mother honestly thanked him: and the lover kept behind them, at some distance, all the time of the masq; and then quitted the church first. He did not fail to pass and repass every

day under Bettina's window, praying for a glance, which he obtained very seldom, and then by stealth. Now and then he contrived, with his musical comrades, to take his evening walks about the environs, where he excited them to sing, whilst his own voice predominated over all the rest. He observed on these occasions with the greatest delight some trifling innuendoes; but they were of infinite value to a lover, and flattered him that his passion was approved and even returned. He knew not, however, by what means to assure himself of this important point, nor how to advance his interests with the idol of his heart. He could not find any pretext whatever to go to Momolo's house: and, provided he could have done it, he very much feared, that when his intention was known, it might be the means of troubling the sweet domestic repose that his dear Bettina enjoyed in the bosom of her brother's family. Luckily, the feast of the tutelary saint of the parish was near, and Nane forebaw that day might produce something favourable to his wishes.

On this anniversary, the young girls of the parish are permitted in the afternoon to go out, and assemble in certain places to dance together. Here we see one with a *tambour de basque* in her hand, accompanying her voice, and regulating the dance; there another with the castanets at her fingers, turning round the finger, and every now and then running about the place in the middle of the dancers. Before the house of the most considerable parishioner, which is decorated with festoons and tinsel ornaments, a table is spread, and served with wine and fruits, where the good parents of the families drink round to each other's health, and to that of their matters, applauding the mirth of their children, and relating their former exploits. The mothers, aunts, and old grandmothers, dispersed about in groups, keep a watch upon the young persons, as much as their own chat and amusement will allow. Each boasts the merit of her daughter, or niece; deplores the badness of the times, which are so changed; talks scandal of those who are absent; and commends the curate's sermon. Persons passing by, and particularly those of the same parish, are allowed to stop, to throw out a *bon mot*, or some awkward compliment to the fair dancers; but it is very rare, that any one of them is ever invited to take part in the diversion. Sometimes this favour is however granted to some young fellow who is distinguished for dancing the *furlana*, and can keep it up a long time. This is a charming national dance for two persons, regularly figured, and confined to a certain air, which is always the same. Be-

sides the merit of dancing it with grace and agility, the boast of the man consists in beginning it again many times, one after another, without repose, and with different girls, supporting, as well as he can, the exercise which each partner in her turn affords him.

Those girls who are promised in marriage, or who have avowed lovers approved of by their friends, adorn their hair, upon holidays, with some agreeable flower, the present of their future husbands; and it is understood by that sign, that their hearts are no longer at liberty. Deo would have given half his life to have presented a garland to his fair-one. The evening before the holiday, he placed himself again at his old station, the church-door, with a rose in his hand; and the moment that Bettina entered to assist at vespers, he wished to present it to her; but his arm, half-stretched out, was with-held, partly by that timidity which passionate love inspires, and partly by respect to the presence of her mother, who, according to the Venetian custom, followed her daughter. In the afternoon of the following great day, he was one of the first upon the place before Momolo's house. He saw the joyful assembly gathering together by degrees, without once taking his eyes from the door or windows of his mistress's abode. At last she appeared. A rose-coloured corset, a short white petticoat, rose-coloured slippers, and a muslin neck-handkerchief, formed, trinkets excepted, all Bettina's dress. Her fine black hair was twisted, and gathered round behind her head, and fastened by a large gold pin. Some little curls, falling from the fore hair, shadowed her forehead, and set off the whiteness of her complexion: larger ones fell negligently down her cheeks, which were animated by the most lively carnation. Bracelets of a small gold twist, or sort of chain-work, about her hands, with the same ornament about her neck in several rounds, from which hung a gold medal—were all her jewels; and these every woman and girl among the Venetian people generally possess, and look upon as a very necessary part of their attire. This is a relic of ancient luxury, at the time this city, the depository of all the commerce of Asia and the money of Europe, swam in opulence.

But what was the situation of the lovesick Nane, whilst running over the charms of his mistress, he perceived in her hair a rose like that which he meant to have offered her the preceding day! He trembled, turned pale; he dared no longer fix his eyes upon her. Without doubt, some more happy rival had engaged her heart.—It must be so.

—Momolo, who was sitting at a table with

his mother and his wife, quietly eating a salad, a dish of fresh pilchards, some ham, and a plate of cherries, surrounded with cheese, having observed Nane dejected, absent, and motionless, called him from amongst the middle of the crowd: "Come, my friend, drink a sup with us, and partake of our repast. Momolo never sees his friends without making them partake of what he thinks may give them pleasure." Deo, recovering himself, accepted the invitation; but a cruel jealousy gnawed his heart, and eluded his countenance, generally so gay and open. Wholly taken up with his object, he could not refrain from extolling the ardour and activity of his friend's young sister, who had been dancing a long while without stopping, and had already tired several of her partners. "Oh! as to that qualification," says Momolo, "my sister has not her equal: dancing is her predominant passion; and I am happy to see the poor girl amused; particularly as she can enjoy this pleasure very rarely; only upon this day, and two or three times in the carnival, throughout the whole year.—But what is the meaning of that flower which Bettina wears upon her head?" The good mother fell a-laughing, and said: "Don't be alarmed, my son; it is an artificial flower. Your sister will never have any other lover but him who is to be her husband. I was this morning almost in despair of finding her an artificial rose, with which she might dress herself without giving handle to slander: luckily I met with one at her god-mother's, who lent it me." At these words the heart of our young lover beat with pleasure: the delicate attention of his mistress overwhelmed him with joy: after this he could no more keep his eyes from her. These trifles in love are events in our lives which excite more interesting sensations than the most important and serious affairs. Bettina in her turn, having perhaps guessed, from her lover's countenance, his alarm, and the eclairsissement which had followed it, looked at him now and then in the tenderest manner; but she dared not approach the table. At last her brother called her, and made her drink a glass of wine and water, desiring her to repose a little, by taking the tambour. She took it, and played with great grace, and sung so agreeably a few couplets, modestly gallant, that Nane was quite in rapture. He now soon perceived, with as much grief as surprize, that the day was drawing to its close, and the company beginning to separate: he, too, was obliged to take his leave. He awkwardly thanked his friend; cast a tender look at his mistress,

passing

passing as close to her as he possibly could; received a glance and a sigh from her, and ran away.

He felt that his situation was no longer supportable. "Bettina has no engagement; Bettina surely will consent to make me happy: her eyes, her attentions, have told me as much: I burn, I am consumed with anxiety: I will continue no longer in this hell; I will go this instant and seek my godfather, he will make my request: to-morrow, even to-morrow, I will ask Bettina of her brother."—A lover of this temper seldom finds much rest, and less than ever after such a resolution. Very early in the morning he rose, and went to Mark Toscan, his godfather, an old gondolier, respectable for the merit of his younger days: he enjoyed his salary out of service, a family he had served during forty years contributing generously to his subsistence. This is constantly the custom of the Venetian nobles, to support the invalid gondoliers who are grown old in their service. Mark, having heard the proposition of his godson, approved it, and did not refuse to employ his good offices. He acknowledged that the parties were well matched: he knew the reputation of Momolo, and of his family, and doubted not the merit of the young woman brought up under such relations. Besides, considerations of interest never cause obstacles among these people. A strong pair of arms, and prudent conduct, will always insure the husband such a place as will support his family, assisted by the labour and care of an honest and good wife.—"But, my son," said Mark, "it is yet too early: Momolo is still at council with his master: till he returns, let us go together to church and hear mass." They accordingly went to *Nostre Dama della Salute*, and Nane gave alms to the priest, that he might apply the mass to his purpose. These are refinements of popular devotion, which passion inspires. The piety with which the young man assisted at the service was composed of love, fear, and desire; all which had an equal share in his devotion. I should not have wondered, if, after leaving the church, he had had recourse to a forcerefs.

They made their way, however, towards Momolo's house. "I commend thee, my son," said Mark, as they were walking along, "for having addressed thy prayers to the holy Virgin. Formerly this temple was always full of people: the Venetians then paid a singular devotion to their patroness. Ah, my son! manners are much changed at present; they would not then have failed hearing mass every day: now they are contented if they do not frequently miss the councils and sittings

of the magistrates. They pass their nights at casinos, in gaming and in pleasures. Our wages are augmented; it is true; and, when I was young, I knew nothing of the extraordinary presents which are now given you, when you are kept waiting with your gondolas till past midnight: but, on the other hand, the reputation we had with our masters cost them some complaisance; from which we drew more advantage at once, than you do, at present, in many months. We were merry and contented: the great canal resounded every night with our songs and ferenades. Taffo was in the mouth of all my comrades: they taught his poems to the young gondoliers, who got them by heart. Upon certain days, the most expert amongst us assembled the others together, read to them, and explained the most difficult passages. There were then a much greater number who could read and write than at present: I have known some, who have even composed songs, which our masters have not disdained to read. Their confidence, familiarity, and goodness towards us, gave us importance in our own eyes: we were better subjects, and better servants. The liberty of modern manners has lessened the necessity they had for our services, and our condition has lost much of its consequence: you young people have no idea of all this.

"There happened once an election for the office of major: I then served Madam Begno. I myself presented, to the procurator Calergi, an old Dalmatian officer, a man of merit, but who had no protector. My mistress, said I, recommends him to your excellency.—It was sufficient: the procurator took the interests of this worthy man to heart; he obtained the place, and did honour to her recommendation and to mine. How much our ladies have been to blame to lose their ancient reserve! Their power is destroyed: they have no longer any influence in affairs: and what they have gained on the side of amusement, they have lost in their influence with the chiefs of the republic."

Whilst the good old man was regretting the times past, he arrived at the door of Momolo's house, with his godson, who had been silent all the while. He had preserved the attentive countenance of a listener, although his mind was occupied with other ideas. Momolo was himself at the threshold, and, seeing his old friend Mark, exclaimed, "What good luck has brought you to me, and what do you in the company of that young man?"—"This, my dear friend, is my godson: I have something to say to you; let us go in, and beg the women to retire a little." They all three went in.

(To be concluded in our next.)

An AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT of the DISTRESSES and ESCAPE of the GRANDSON
of KING JAMES II. in the Year 1746.

From the JOURNAL of a TOUR to the HEBRIDES, with SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

By JAMES BOSWELL, Esq.

PRINCE Charles Edward, after the battle of Culloden, was conveyed to what is called the Long Island, where he lay for some time concealed. But intelligence having been obtained where he was, and a number of troops having come in quest of him, it became absolutely necessary for him to quit that country without delay. Miss Flora Macdonald, then a young lady, animated by what she thought the sacred principle of loyalty, offered, with the magnanimity of a heroine, to accompany him in an open boat to Sky, though the coast they were to quit was guarded by ships. He dressed himself in women's cloaths, and passed as her supposed maid by the name of Betty Bourke, an Irish girl. They got off undiscovered, though several shots were fired to bring them to, and landed at Mugfoot, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald. Sir Alexander was then at Fort Augustus, with the Duke of Cumberland; but his lady was at home. Prince Charles took his post upon a hill near the house. Flora Macdonald waited on Lady Margaret, and acquainted her of the enterprise in which she was engaged. Her ladyship, whose active benevolence was ever seconded by superior talents, shewed a perfect presence of mind, and readiness of invention, and at once settled that Prince Charles should be conducted to old Rasay, who was himself concealed with some select friends. The plan was instantly communicated to Kingsburgh, who was dispatched to the hill to inform the Wanderer, and carry him refreshments. When Kingsburgh approached, he started up, and advanced, holding a large knotted stick, and in appearance ready to knock him down, till he said, "I am Macdonald of Kingsburgh, come to serve your Highness." The Wanderer answered, "It is well," and was satisfied with the plan.

Flora Macdonald dined with Lady Margaret, at whose table there sat an officer of the army, stationed here with a party of soldiers, to watch for Prince Charles in case of his flying to the Isle of Sky. She afterwards often laughed in good humour with this gentleman, on her having so well deceived him.

After dinner, Flora Macdonald on horseback, and her supposed maid and Kingsburgh, with a servant carrying some linen, all on foot, proceeded towards that gentleman's house. Upon the road was a small rivulet which they were obliged to cross. The Wan-

derer, forgetting his assumed sex, that his clothes might not be wet, held them up a great deal too high. Kingsburgh mentioned this to him, observing, it might make a discovery. He said, he would be more careful for the future. He was as good as his word; for the next brook they crossed, he did not hold up his clothes at all, but let them float upon the water. He was very awkward in his female dress. His size was so large, and his strides so great, that some women whom they met reported that they had seen a very big woman, who looked like a man in women's clothes, and that perhaps it was (as they expressed themselves) the Prince, after whom so much search was making.

At Kingsburgh he met with a most cordial reception; seemed gay at supper, and after it indulged himself in a cheerful glass with his worthy host. As he had not had his clothes off for a long time, the comfort of a good bed was highly relished by him, and he slept soundly till next day at one o'clock.

The mistress of Corrichatichin told me, that in the forenoon she went into her father's room, who was also in bed, and suggested to him her apprehensions that a party of the military might come up, and that his guest and he had better not remain here too long. Her father said, "Let the poor man repose himself after his fatigues; and as for me, I care not, though they take off this old grey head ten or eleven years sooner than I should die in the course of nature." He then wrapped himself in the bed-cloaths, and again fell fast asleep.

On the afternoon of that day, the Wanderer, still in the same dress, set out for Portree, with Flora Macdonald and a man servant. His shoes being very bad, Kingsburgh provided him with a new pair, and taking up the old ones, said, "I will faithfully keep them till you are safely settled at St. James's. I will then introduce myself, by shaking them at you, to put you in mind of your night's entertainment and protection under my roof."—He smiled, and said, "Be as good as your word!"—Kingsburgh kept the shoes as long as he lived. After his death, a zealous Jacobite gentleman gave twenty guineas for them.

Old Mrs. Macdonald, after her guest had left the house, took the sheets in which he had lain, folded them carefully, and charged her daughter that they should be kept unwashed, and that, when she died, her body should

should be wrapped in them as a winding-sheet. Her will was religiously observed.

Upon the road to Portree, Prince Charles changed his dress, and put on man's clothes again; a tartan short coat and waistcoat, with philibeg and short hose, a plaid, and a wig and bonnet.

Mr. Donald McDonald, called Donald Roy, had been sent expressly to the present Rafay, then the young laird, who was at that time at his sister's house, about three miles from Portree, attending his brother, Dr. Macleod, who was recovering of a wound he had received at the battle of Cul-loden. Mr. McDonald communicated to young Rafay the plan of conveying the Wanderer to where old Rafay was; but was told that old Rafay had fled to Knoidart, a part of Glengary's estate. There was then a dilemma what should be done. Donald Roy proposed that he should conduct the Wanderer to the main land; but young Rafay thought it too dangerous at that time, and said it would be better to conceal him in the island of Rafay, till old Rafay could be informed where he was, and give his advice what was best. But the difficulty was, how to get him to Rafay. They could not trust a Portree crew, and all the Rafay boats had been destroyed, or carried off by the military, except two belonging to Malcolm McLeod, which he had concealed somewhere.

Dr. McLeod being informed of this difficulty, said he would risk his life once more for Prince Charles; and it having occurred, that there was a little boat upon a fresh-water-lake in the neighbourhood, the two brothers, with the help of some women, brought it to the sea, by extraordinary exertion, across a Highland mile of land, one half of which was bog, and the other a steep precipice.

These gallant brothers, with the assistance of one little boy, rowed the small boat to Rafay, where they were to endeavour to find Captain Macleod, as Malcolm was then called, and get one of his good boats, with which they might return to Portree, and receive the Wanderer; or, in case of not finding him, they were to make the small boat serve, though the danger was considerable.

Fortunately, on their first landing, they found their cousin Malcolm, who with the utmost alacrity got ready one of his boats, with two sturdy men, John McKenzie and Donald McFriar. Malcolm, being the oldest man, and most cautious, said, that as young Rafay had not hitherto appeared in the unfortunate business, he ought not to run any risk; but that Dr. McLeod and himself, who were already publicly engaged, should go on this expedition. Young Rafay answered,

with an oath, that he would go at the risk of his life and fortune.—“In God's name then (said Malcolm) let us proceed.” The two boatmen, however, now stopped short, till they should be informed of their destination; and McKenzie declared he would not move an oar till he knew where they were going, upon which they were both sworn to secrecy; and the business being imparted to them, they were keen for putting off to sea without loss of time. The boat soon landed about half a mile from the inn at Portree.

All this was negotiated before the Wanderer got to Portree. Malcolm McLeod and McFriar were dispatched to look for him. In a short time he appeared, and went into the publick house. There Donald Roy, whom he had seen at Mugshot, received him, and informed him of what had been concerted. Here he wanted silver for a guinea. The landlord had but thirteen shillings. He was going to accept of this for his guinea: but Donald Roy very judiciously observed, that it would discover him to be some great man; so he desisted. He slipped out of the house, leaving his fair protectress, whom he never again saw; and Malcolm McLeod was presented to him by Donald Roy, as a Captain in his army. Young Rafay and Dr. McLeod had waited, in impatient anxiety, in the boat. When he came, their names were announced to him. He would not permit the usual ceremonies of respect, but saluted them as his equals.

Donald Roy staid in Sky, to be in readiness to get intelligence, and give an alarm in case the troops should discover the retreat to Rafay; and Prince Charles was then conveyed in a boat to that island in the night. He slept a little upon the passage, and they landed about day-break. There was some difficulty in accommodating him with a lodging, as almost all the houses in the island had been burnt by the soldiery. They repaired to a little hut, which some shepherds had lately built, and having prepared it as well as they could, and made a bed of heath for the stranger, they kindled a fire, and partook of some provisions which had been sent with him from Kingburgh. It was observed, that he would not taste wheat-bread, or brandy, while oat-bread and whisky lasted; “for these, said he, are my own country bread and drink.”—This was very engaging to the Highlanders.

Young Rafay being the only person of the company that durst appear with safety, he went in quest of something fresh for them to eat; but though he was amidst his own cows, sheep, and goats, he could not venture to take any of them for fear of a discovery, but was obliged to supply himself by stealth. He therefore caught a kid, and brought it to

the hut in his plaid, and it was killed and dressed, and furnished them a meal which they relished much. The distressed Wanderer, whose health was now a good deal impaired by hunger, fatigue, and watching, slept a long time, but seemed to be frequently disturbed. Malcolm told me he would start from broken slumbers, and speak to himself in different languages, French, Italian, and English. I must however acknowledge, that it is highly probable that my worthy friend Malcolm did not know precisely the difference between French and Italian. One of his expressions in English was, "O God! poor Scotland!"

While they were in the hut, M'Kenzie and M'Friar, the two boatmen, were placed as sentinels upon different eminences; and one day an incident happened, which must not be omitted. There was a man wandering about the island, selling tobacco. Nobody knew him, and he was suspected to be a spy. Mackenzie came running to the hut, and told that this suspected person was approaching. Upon which the three gentlemen, young Rafay, Dr. M'Leod, and Malcolm, held a council of war upon him, and were unanimously of opinion that he should be instantly put to death. Prince Charles, at once assuming a grave and even severe countenance, said, "God forbid that we should take away a man's life, who may be innocent, while we can preserve our own." The gentlemen, however, persisted in their resolution, while he as strenuously continued to take the merciful side. John M'Kenzie, who sat watching at the door of the hut, and overheard the debate, said in Erse, "Well, well; he must be shot. You are the king, but we are the parliament, and will do what we choose."—Prince Charles, seeing the gentlemen smile, asked what the man had said, and being told it in English, he observed that he was a clever fellow, and notwithstanding the perilous situation in which he was, laughed loud and heartily. Luckily the unknown person did not perceive that there were people in the hut, at least did not come to it, but walked on past it, unknowing of his risk. It was afterwards found out that he was one of the Highland army, who was himself in danger. Had he come to them, they were resolved to dispatch him; for as Malcolm said to me, "We could not keep him with us, and we durst not let him go. In such a situation, I would have shot my brother if I had not been sure of him."—John M'Kenzie is alive. I saw him at Rafay's house. About eighteen years ago he hurt one of his legs when dancing, and being obliged to have it cut off, he now was going about with a wooden leg. The story of his being a *Member*

of Parliament is not yet forgotten. I took him out a little way from the house, gave him a shilling to drink Rafay's health, and led him into a detail of the particulars which I have just related.—With less foundation, some writers have traced the idea of a parliament, and of the British constitution, in rude and early times. I was curious to know if he had really heard, or understood, any thing of that subject, which, had he been a greater man, would probably have been eagerly maintained. "Why, John, said I, did you think the King should be controuled by a Parliament?"—He answered, "I thought, Sir, there were many voices against one."

The conversation then turning on the times, the Wanderer said, that, to be sure, the life he had led of late was a very hard one; but he had rather live in the way he now did, for ten years, than fall into the hands of his enemies. The gentlemen asked him what he thought his enemies would do with him, should he have the misfortune to fall into their hands. He said he did not believe they would dare to take his life publicly, but he dreaded being privately destroyed by poison or assassination.—He was very particular in his inquiries about the wound which Dr. M'Leod had received at the battle of Culloden, from a ball which entered at one shoulder, and went cross to the other. The doctor happened still to have on the coat which he wore on that occasion. He mentioned that he himself had his horse shot under him at Culloden; that the ball hit the horse about two inches from his knee, and made him so unruly that he was obliged to change him for another. He threw out some reflections on the conduct of the disastrous affair at Culloden, saying, however, that perhaps it was rash in him to do so.—I am now convinced that his suspicions were groundless; and I have had a good deal of conversation on the subject with my very worthy and ingenious friend, Mr. Andrew Lumfden, who was Under Secretary to Prince Charles, and afterwards Principal Secretary to his father at Rome, who, he assured me, was perfectly satisfied both of the abilities and honour of the Generals who commanded the Highland army on that occasion. Mr. Lumfden has written an account of the three battles in 1745-6, at once accurate and classical.—Talking of the different Highland corps, the gentlemen who were present wished to have his opinion which were the best soldiers. He said, he did not like comparisons among those corps: they were all best.

He told his conductors, he did not think it advisable to remain long in any one place; and that

that he expected a French ship to come for him to Lochbroom, among the M'Kenzies. It then was proposed to carry him in one of Malcolm's boats to Lochbroom, though the distance was fifteen leagues coastwise. But he thought this would be too dangerous, and desired that at any rate they might first endeavour to obtain intelligence. Upon which young Rafay wrote to his friend, Mr. Mackenzie of Applecross, but received an answer, that there was no appearance of any French ship.

It was therefore resolved that they should return to Sky, which they did, and landed in Strath, where they rested in a cow-house belonging to Mr. Nicolson of Scorbuck. The sea was very rough, and the boat took in a good deal of water. The Wanderer asked if there was danger, as he was not used to such a vessel. Upon being told there was not, he sung an Erse song with much vivacity. He had by this time acquired a good deal of the Erse language.

Young Rafay was now dispatched to where Donald Roy was, that they might get all the intelligence they could; and the Wanderer with much earnestness charged Dr. McLeod to have a boat ready, at a certain place about seven miles off, as he said he intended it should carry him upon a matter of great consequence; and gave the doctor a case, containing a silver spoon, knife, and fork, saying, "Keep you that till I see you," which the doctor understood to be two days from that time. But all these orders were only blinds; for he had another plan in his head, but wisely thought it safest to trust his secrets to no more persons than was absolutely necessary. Having then desired Malcolm to walk with him a little way from the house, he soon opened his mind, saying, "I deliver myself to you. Conduct me to the Laird of M'Kinnon's country."—Malcolm objected that it was very dangerous, as so many parties of soldiers were in motion. He answered, "There is nothing now to be done without danger."—He then said, that Malcolm must be the master, and he the servant: so he took the bag, in which his linen was put up, and carried it on his shoulder; and observing that his waistcoat, which was of scarlet tartan, with a gold twist button, was finer than Malcolm's, which was of a plain ordinary tartan, he put on Malcolm's waistcoat, and gave him his; remarking at the same time, that it did not look well that the servant should be better dressed than the master.

Malcolm, though an excellent walker, found himself excelled by Prince Charles, who told him, he should not much mind the parties that were looking for him, were he

once but a musket-shot from them; but that he was somewhat afraid of the Highlanders who were against him. He was well used to walking in Italy in pursuit of game; and he was even now so keen a sportsman, that, having observed some partridges, he was going to take a shot; but Malcolm cautioned him against it, observing that the firing might be heard by the tenders who were hovering upon the coast.

As they proceeded through the mountains, taking many a circuit to avoid any houses, Malcolm, to try his resolution, asked him what they should do, should they fall in with a party of soldiers? He answered, "Fight, to be sure!"—Having asked Malcolm if he should be known in his present dress, and Malcolm having replied he would, he said, "Then I'll blacken my face with powder."—"That," said Malcolm, "would discover you at once."—"Then," said he, "I must be put in the greatest delubille possible." So he pulled off his wig, tied a handkerchief round his head, and put his night-cap over it, tore the ruffles from his shirt, took the buckles out of his shoes, and made Malcolm fasten them with strings: but still Malcolm thought he would be known. "I have so odd a face," said he, "that no man ever saw me but he would know me again."

He seemed unwilling to give credit to the horrid narrative of men being massacred in cold blood, after victory had declared for the army commanded by the Duke of Cumberland. He could not allow himself to think that a General could be so barbarous.

When they came within two miles of M'Kinnon's house, Malcolm asked if he chose to see the laird. "No," said he, by no means. I know M'Kinnon to be as good and as honest a man as any in the world, but he is not fit for my purpose at present. You must conduct me to some other house; but let it be a gentleman's house."—Malcolm then determined that they should go to the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. John M'Kinnon, and from thence be conveyed to the main land of Scotland, and claim the assistance of Macdonald of Scothoufe. The Wanderer at first objected to this, because Scothoufe was cousin to a person of whom he had suspicions. But he acquiesced in Malcolm's opinion.

When they were near Mr. John M'Kinnon's house, they met a man of the name of Ross, who had been a private soldier in the Highland army. He fixed his eyes steadily on the Wanderer in his disguise, and having at once recognized him, he clapped his hands and exclaimed, "Alas! is this the case?" Finding that there was now a discovery, Malcolm asked, "What's to be done?" "Swear him

him to secrecy," answered Prince Charles. Upon which Malcolm drew his durk, and on the naked blade made him take a solemn oath, that he would say nothing of his having seen the Wanderer, till his escape should be made public.

Malcolm's sister, whose house they reached pretty early in the morning, asked him who the person was that was along with him. He said, it was one Lewis Caw, from Crieff, who being a fugitive like himself for the same reason, he had engaged him as his servant, but that he had fallen sick. "Poor man! said she, I pity him. At the same time my heart warms to a man of his appearance." Her husband was gone a little way from home; but was expected every minute to return. She set down to her brother a plentiful Highland breakfast. Prince Charles acted the servant very well, sitting at a respectful distance, with his bonnet off. Malcolm then said to him, "Mr. Caw, you have as much need of this as I have; there is enough for us both; you had better draw nearer and share with me."—Upon which he rose, made a profound bow, sat down at table with his supposed master, and eat very heartily. After this there came in an old woman, who, after the mode of ancient hospitality, brought warm water, and washed Malcolm's feet. He desired her to wash the feet of the poor man who attended him. She at first seemed averse to this, from pride, as thinking him beneath her, and in the periphrastic language of the Highlanders and the Irish, said warmly, "Though I wash your father's son's feet, why should I wash his father's son's feet?"—She was however persuaded to do it.

They then went to bed, and slept for some time; and when Malcolm awaked, he was told that Mr. John M'Kinnon, his brother-in-law, was in sight. He sprang out to talk to him before he should see Prince Charles. After saluting him, Malcolm, pointing to the sea, said, "What, John, if the Prince should be prisoner on board one of those tenders?"—"God forbid!" replied John.—"What if we had him here?" said Malcolm.—"I wish we had," answered John; we should take care of him."—Well, John, said Malcolm, he is in your house."—John, in a transport of joy, wanted to run directly in, and pay his obeisance; but Malcolm stopped him, saying, "Now is your time to behave well, and do nothing that can discover him."—John composed himself, and having sent away all his servants upon different errands, he was introduced into the presence of his guest, and was then desired to go and get ready a boat lying near his house, which, though but a small leaky one, they resolved to take, rather than go to the Laird of M'Kinnon. John M'Kinnon, however,

thought otherwise; and upon his return told them, that his Chief and Lady M'Kinnon were coming in the Laird's boat. Prince Charles said to his trusty Malcolm, "I am sorry for this, but must make the best of it."—M'Kinnon then walked up from the shore, and did homage to the Wanderer. His lady waited in a cave, to which they all repaired, and were entertained with cold meat and wine.—Mr. Malcolm M'Leod being now superceded by the Laird of M'Kinnon, desired leave to return, which was granted him, and Prince Charles wrote a short note, which he subscribed *James Thompson*, informing his friends that he had got away from Sky, and thanking them for their kindness; and he desired this might be speedily conveyed to young Rafey and Dr. M'Leod, that they might not wait longer in expectation of seeing him again. He bid a cordial adieu to Malcolm, and insisted on his accepting of a silver stock-buckle, and ten guineas from his purse, though, as Malcolm told me, it did not appear to contain above forty. Malcolm at first begged to be excused, saying, that he had a few guineas at his service; but Prince Charles answered, "You will have need of money. I shall get enough when I come upon the main land."

The Laird of M'Kinnon then conveyed him to the opposite coast of Knoidart. Old Rafey, to whom intelligence had been sent, was crossing at the same time to Sky; but as they did not know of each other, and each had apprehensions, the two boats kept aloof.

These are the particulars which I have collected concerning the extraordinary concealment and escapes of Prince Charles, in the Hebrides. He was often in imminent danger. The troops traced him from the Long Island, across Sky, to Portree, but there lost him.

Here I stop,—having received no farther authentic information of his fatigues and perils before he escaped to France.—Kings and subjects may both take a lesson of moderation from the melancholy fate of the House of Stuart; that Kings may not suffer degradation and exile, and subjects may not be harrassed by the evils of a disputed succession.

Let me close the scene on that unfortunate House with the elegant and pathetic reflections of *Voltaire*, in his *Histoire Generale*.—"Que les hommes privés (says that brilliant writer, speaking of Prince Charles) qui se croient malheureux jettent les yeux sur ce prince et ses ancêtres."

In another place he thus sums up the sad story of the family in general:—"Il n'y a aucun exemple dans l'histoire d'une maison si longtemps infortunée. Le premier des Rois d'Ecosse, qui eut le nom de *Jacques*, apres avoir été dix-huit ans prisonnier en Angle-

terre, mourut assassiné, avec sa femme, pour la main de ses sujets. *Jacques II.* son fils, fut tué à vingt-neuf ans en combattant contre les Anglois. *Jacques III.* mis en prison par son peuple, fut tué ensuite par les revoltés, dans une bataille. *Jacques IV.* perit dans un combat qu'il perdit. *Marie Stuart*, sa petite fille, chassée de son trone, fugitive en Angleterre, ayant languï dix-huit ans en prison, se vit condamné à mort par des juges Anglois, et eut la tête tranchée. *Charles I.* petit fils de *Marie*, Roi d'Ecosse et d'Angleterre, vendu par Ecossois, et jugé à mort par les Anglois, mourut sur un échafaut dans la place publique. *Jacques*, son fils, septième du nom, et deuxième en Angleterre, fut chassé de ses trois royaumes; et pour comble de malheur on contesta à son fils la naissance; le fils ne tenta de remonter sur le trone de ses peres, que pour faire périr ses amis par des bourreaux; et nous avons vu le Prince *Charles Edouard*, reunissant en vain les vertus de ses peres, et le courage du Roi *Jean Sobieski*, son ayeul maternel, executer les exploits et essuyer les malheurs les plus incroyables. Si quelque chose justifie ceux qui croient une fatalité à laquelle rien ne peut se soustraire, c'est cette suite continuelle de malheurs qui a persecuté la maison de *Stuart* pendant plus de trois-cent années."

The gallant Malcolm was apprehended in about ten days after they separated, put aboard a ship, and carried prisoner to London. He said, the prisoners in general were very ill treated in their passage; but there were soldiers on board who lived well, and sometimes invited him to share with them: that he had the good fortune not to be thrown into

jail, but was confined in the house of a messenger of the name of Dick. To his astonishment, only one witness could be found against him, though he had been so openly engaged; and therefore, for want of sufficient evidence, he was set at liberty. He added, that he thought himself in such danger, that he would gladly have compounded for banishment. Yet, he said, "he should never be so ready for death as he then was."—There is philosophical truth in this. A man will meet death much more firmly at one time than another. The enthusiasm even of a mistaken principle warms the mind, and sets it above the fear of death; which in our cooler moments, if we really think of it, cannot but be terrible, or at least very awful.

Miss Flora Macdonald being then also in London, under the protection of Lady Primrose, that lady provided a post-chaise to convey her to Scotland, and desired the might choose any friend she pleased to accompany her. She chose Malcolm. "So (said he, with a triumphant air) I went to London to be hanged, and returned in a post-chaise with Miss Flora Macdonald."

Mr. M'Leod of Muiravonside, whom we saw at Rasay, assured us that Prince Charles was in London in 1759, and that there was then a plan in agitation for restoring his family. Dr. Johnson could scarcely credit this story, and said, "There could be no probable plan at that time. Such an attempt could not have succeeded, unless the King of Prussia had stopped the army in Germany; for both the army and the fleet would, even without orders, have fought for the King, to whom they had engaged themselves."

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

FRAGMENTS by LEO.

NUMBER V.

On SIMPLICITY of WRITING.

TO please every taste is impossible; nay, there are many tastes which it is an honour to displease. Shaftesbury imagines that he has said a great deal against Milton when he tells us, that he wants *conceit* and the *fashionable turn of modern wit*. A higher compliment, however, cannot be paid to the genuine Attic simplicity of the diction of the Paradise Lost, than the snarls of a critic, who had, in this case, such absurd ideas of poetical excellence.

Mr. Pope has said,

"While expletives their feeble aid do join,
"And ten low words oft creep in one dull
line;"

from whence the whole race of *petits-maitres* in criticism have imagined, whenever they found the auxiliary verb *do* or ten monosyllables in one line, that they had discovered an egregious blunder. But a true critic will enquire into the reason of Mr. Pope's rule; which he will find is, that the verb *do* is for the most part inelegant and feeble, and that ten monosyllables are for the most part harsh and unmusical; but when these reasons do not remain, the rule is by no means applicable. Ten monosyllables, properly disposed, may make a very harmonious line, and accordingly we find many such lines in the writings of Mr. Pope himself. The verb *do* has fallen almost into disuse, (tho' other expletives have

not); but one may venture to say, it is from not understanding the rule that would exclude it. Maſon has given us ſeveral fine inſtances of its retention; and that beautiful line of Gray,

The moping owl *does* to the moon complain,
can never be too much admired for its true ſimplicity; tho', with ſome critics, the *does* were enough to damn his whole Elegy; for it will always be found, that there are no parts of writing which a falſe and finical taſte is ſo apt to blunder on, as thoſe which have the beſt title to the character of true ſimplicity.

Dr. Young, tho' poſſeſſed of great genius, is often very far from this ſimplicity; his character is happily touched by Brown—"the briſk ſallying fire of Young;"—and in this he claims the higheſt palm, and is truly an original; his other parts are often unequal, puerile, and ſtrangely affected, and his expreſſion is ſometimes a ſtrange mixture of the turgid and low. As the idea of a thing is ſometimes very properly conveyed by pointing out what it is not, ſo the true ſimplicity in writing may be exemplified by a citation or two of its reverſe. Dr. Young ſhall ſupply the firſt:

How *various nature!* Turgid grain

Here nodding floats the golden plain;

There worms weave filken webs; here glowing vines

AN EXTRAORDINARY

A POOR labouring man's wife, in the pariſh of Dabinghoe, near Wickham Market, in Suffolk, whoſe name is MARY BRADCOCK, in the ſevere winter of 1783, was ſeized with a pain in moſt of her limbs, which ſhe attributed to cold and the rheumatism; when one day walking acroſs the houſe, ſhe tripped her foot ſlightly againſt a brick, and was ſurpriſed to find her leg broken near the ankle.—Before ſhe was perfectly recovered from this accident, ſhe became pregnant; and, growing weak and infirm, was aſſiſted by her huſband in getting out of bed, when her left thigh bone snapped in pieces, without any other force than its own weight falling againſt his back; ſhe was ſafely delivered by an experienced gentleman of the faculty; after which her left arm was fractured near the ſhoulder, by putting it over an aſſiſtant's neck to get out of bed.—This likewiſe formed a callus, and grew well. She then found her right thigh bone broken as ſhe lay in bed, very high up near the hip; as it was alſo, ſome time after, lower down towards the knee.—Her collar-bone has likewiſe ſeparated, without any accident or violence. Her right arm has met with the ſame miſfortune, by only liſting a pint baſon off a table. She now lies with the third fracture of her right thigh,

Lay forth their purple to the ſun,
Beneath the ſoil *there* harveſts run,
And Kings revenues ripen in the *mines*.

How affected is the above picture of Nature!

Cowley, who wrote in much the ſame brilliant ſpirit as Young, is ſtill more diſtant from ſimplicity in his deſcriptions, &c. He was a great admirer and a careful reader of the antients; but tho' he had the fineſt reliſh of their wit, delicacy, and glow of thoughts, their grand ſimplicity ſeems to have been either miſunderſtood or overlooked by him. A fuller proof of this cannot be given than ſome parts of his works which he profeſſes to be imitations of Virgil, and in which he has given us the very reverſe of that Simplicity ſo beautiful in his author. Virgil ſays, Audiit, et voti Phœbus ſuccedere partem Mente dedit, partem volucres diſperſit in auras.

Backward the winds his *active* curſes blew,
And fatally round his own head they flew.

The idea contained in *active curſes*, and their fatally returning to fly round the head of the perſon that ſpoke them, has an evident alluſion to a flight of winged vermin attacking a man in a hot climate, and contains a fort of wit or punning entirely different from the elegant Simplicity of Virgil, who only ſays, "Part of his prayer was granted, and part of it diſperſed by the ſwift winds."

CHIRURGICAL CASE.

which happened lately, from being gently raiſed in her bed, at or near the part by her knee, before broken and calluſed. The bones are permitted to grow together in an irregular manner, with the aſſiſtance of bathing and bandage only, as an extension of her limbs would endanger breaking them into twenty pieces. So deplorable is this unhappy woman's ſituation, that they dare not move her to make the bed, for fear of breaking her bones. She is thirty-two years old, of a delicate make, lax fibre, fair complexion, and pale brown hair; has had eight children, and always lived a ſober temperate life, and never took medicines of the mercurial or any kind; but has generally enjoyed a fair ſhare of health. There does not appear any evident cauſe of this ſingular phenomenon.—Before the bones break, ſhe always complains of pain on the very ſpot ſeveral weeks, which keeps increaſing till they ſnap, and then goes off in a few days, and the bones unite in five, ſix, or ſeven weeks. She has now a freſh pain ſeized one arm, that ſhe expects will terminate in a broken bone. This poor woman has had eight fractures within a year and half, ſeven of which beſet her in the laſt twelve months; and all without any external cauſe to attribute them to.

THE
LONDON REVIEW,
AND
LITERARY JOURNAL.

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

Travels in the two Sicilies, by Henry Swinburne, Esq. in the Years 1777, 1778, 1779 and 1780. Vol. II. London. P. Elmsly, 1785.

THE former Volume of this instructing and entertaining Work, which was published in 1783, having by some means escaped our notice, we flatter ourselves, that a short account of the contents of it will not be disagreeable to the generality of our readers, previous to our review of the present one.

Mr. Swinburne in his Preface, after apologizing for offering to the public a description of a country, which not only our earliest education has made us acquainted with; the topography of which Poetry and History have rendered so familiar to us; but which has so often already been described by travellers, justifies himself upon this principle, That part of his route is fresh land; and that, even where he has been under the necessity of treading in the footsteps of his predecessors, he has thrown some new light upon the subject, or hit on something that has escaped their penetration.

With a modesty that does him honour as an author and a gentleman, he disclaims impugning their authority, or detracting from their merits: "I only wish to insinuate, he says, that two persons seldom consider any object in the same point of view, and are still more rarely led to a combination of ideas exactly similar, and that therefore many openings may be left for the remarks of subsequent observers."

Tho' our author, whenever his opinions differ from those of his predecessors, has studied to convey his dissent in the most diffident terms, he has preserved his undoubted right of judging for himself, and has preferred pursuing the dull plain track of truth, to condescending to keep the attention of his readers alive with fiction, however agreeable. He has, to use his own words, "chose rather to imitate the satisfactory dryness of an *authentic Gazette*, than like a *sprightly Morning Paper*, amuse and mislead, by interweaving a thousand pleasing impostures with half a dozen real facts!"

It has been objected to our author, and perhaps not altogether without reason, that

he has fallen too much into historic digression: we cannot, however, suppose him to have been actuated by the sordid motives assigned to "the herd of modern travellers, that they generally sell their travels to booksellers at so much per printed sheet." It has been farther remarked, "that a book of travels into any country is not the place where we are prepared to look for its history."—Admitted; yet Mr. Swinburne has, by the same parties, been censured for introducing too many descriptions of churches, abbeys, convents, and other edifices; tho' they acknowledge, that "a description of cities, kingdoms, and towns, is all we are to expect in books of this kind." For our own parts, tho' in this work we have been able to discover some blemishes, we readily join the poet in declaring,

"—Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non
ego paucis
Offendar maculis."

Upon the whole, we think these volumes possessed of considerable merit, abounding in picturesque descriptions of a variety of views that presented themselves to our traveller, happily blended with judicious remarks political as well as historical, and highly deserving the perusal of the curious reader. We shall therefore now give a general account of the first volume, and make such extracts from it as may tend to confirm the opinion we have given.

After giving a chronological table of the Sovereigns of the Two Sicilies, tables of coins, weights and measures, necessary to elucidate the work, and a geographical view of the kingdom of Naples, our author presents his readers with a sketch of its history, from the fabulous times down to the present. On the 17th of December, 1776, he embarked at Marseilles for Naples, not chusing to cross the Alps. Being becalmed the second day, he was obliged to be towed into the harbour of Porto Ferrajo, in the Island of Elba. Of this place he gives the following account. "It is a pretty town, built on a shelving rock, that closes in a large circular bay; the land

all around is high and woody ; the entrance of the bay wide and easy to hit ; but so open to the N. E. winds, that, when they blow with violence, there are few anchoring-places where a ship can ride securely. The streets and fortifications rise one above another, like rows of seats in an ancient amphitheatre, and present a most beautiful view from the water. In the centre of the semi circle is a smaller port, or *darfena*, for boats and galleys, defended by a couple of bastions, and shut up every evening with a boom. A commodious quay communicates with all the streets, by means of large flights of steps."

The inhabitants of this island amount to about 7000, but the corn produced on it is not more than sufficient for their maintenance six months. The property of it is divided between the Prince of Piombino, the King of Naples, and the Great Duke of Tuscany. The climate is rather milder than that of the adjacent continent. The gates of Porto Ferrajo are decorated with sculpture, and the rings for fastening cables to are of carved bronze.

Being detained here by contrary winds, Mr. Swinburne visited the iron mines at Rio, which produce annually upward of 17,000 ton weight.

On the 22d, he sailed from Porto Ferrajo, and arrived at Porto Longone. In the afternoon of the 24th, they descried the little island of Pianosa, the ancient Planasia, remarkable for the exile and death of Agrippa Caesar, the posthumous son of Marcus Agrippa and Julia, who, together with his superannuated grandfather Augustus, fell a sacrifice to the intrigues of Livia in favour of Tiberius. They soon after passed between the main land and the islands of Giglio and Giannutri, and, after some danger, arrived on the 28th at Naples.

So many descriptions having been given of Mount Vesuvius and its eruptions, we pass over our author's account of it, and proceed to what he says of the customs, characters, and mode of life of the Neapolitans. "In Christmas time, he informs us, all quarters

of Naples resound with *Pastorali* or *Siliciane*, a kind of simple rural music, executed by Abruzzese or Calabrian shepherds, upon a species of bag-pipes, called in Abruzzo, Zampagna, and in Calabria, Ciaramelli. The tunes vary according to the provinces : in the south, they have three different airs ; the northern shepherds know only two, to which they add what variations the boldness of their own genius inspires. The boys learn of their fathers to play upon this instrument as the means of subsistence. At other seasons it is rare to hear any agreeable sounds in the streets of Naples, tho' it is the nursery of musical professors ; a school where the greatest masters have imbibed their principles, and acquired that knowledge of composition which has enchanted the ears of all Europe. There is no such thing as a national music, unless we give that name to a monotonous drawling *seguidilla*, that serves the nurses * as a lullaby to put their children to rest, and seems borrowed from the Spaniards, who, I believe, learnt it of the Moors. I never resided in any Italian town where there was a less musical turn in the populace : few songs, guitars, vielles, or organs, enliven the evenings, as in the northern States of Italy, unless they be sent for to entertain the parties that in summer sup on the shore of Posilipo. †

"They do not even dance to music ; but perform the Tarantella to the beating of a kind of tambourine, which was in use among their ancestors, as appears by the pictures of Herculaneum. The Tarantella is a low dance, consisting of turns on the heel, much footing and snapping of the fingers ‡. It seems the delight of their soul, and a constant holiday diversion among the young women, who are in general far from handsome, altho' they have fine eyes and striking features. Their hands and feet are clumsy, their shapes neglected, their necks flabby, and their skins discoloured by living so much in the sun without bonnets. Amongst them we may find almost every kind of hair-dressing seen on the Greek and Roman coins. ||

* "To second its narcotic influence, they administer to them copious doses of Venice treacle, of which such quantities are used, as to render it a material article of importation. The Neapolitans have tears at command, and are very easily moved to shed them. Neither blows nor caresses can stop their children, when once they begin to cry : they must roar till they are tired."

† "I have been told, that before the famine and calamities of 1764, the populace of Naples was more chearful and musically inclined than at present."

‡ "Persons of all ranks here dance very low, but mark the time as perfectly with their steps, as other nations do by springing from the ground."

|| "The coiffure of the younger Faustina, with the coil of plaited hair on the crown of the head, occurs frequently in the old town : that with the coil lower down, which may more properly be styled Lucilla's head dress, is common among the younger part of the sex in the suburbs of Chiala, and Plotina's among the women more advanced in years. I do not recollect to have seen any with the roll or tresses so high up as it appears on the head of Faustina the elder."

"The

"The women are always fighting and scolding; but never resist their husband's authority, when he comes to separate the combatants and carry home his dishevelled spouse, who seems to stand as much in awe of her consort as the Russian wives do of theirs, and suffers herself to be beaten by him with as little murmuring. I was shewn a woman here, who, during the life of her first husband, was a pattern of modesty and evenness of temper to the whole parish; but, upon contracting a second marriage, surprised and scandalised the neighbourhood with her perpetual riots and obstreperousness. On being reprimanded for her behaviour by the curate, she very frankly acknowledged, that her former husband understood the management of a wife, and used to check her intemperate bursts of passion by timely correction; but that her present help-mate was too mild to apply the proper chastisement which every (Neapolitan) wife requires. Men seldom interfere in feminine brawls; and if they do, generally content themselves with abusing, threatening, or shaking a cudgel or pitchfork at their antagonist, till the crowd comes in to part them. Sometimes a man is stabbed; but this is a rare event among the fishermen, the class of inhabitants I have had most constantly under my eye.

"Manners vary with the districts: in some they engage with bludgeons, and those are the true Lazaroni of Massaniello; in others, the attack is made with knives and other deadly weapons; but the Neapolitans are by no means so bloody and revengeful a people as they are represented by many travellers. It requires more than a slight provocation to drive them to extremities. During the prodigious hurry and confusion of the races in carnival, not the least tumult or quarrel was heard of; and even in the cruel famine in 1764, the only act of violence committed by a hungry populace, increased to double its number by the concurrence of peasants from the provinces where all crops had failed, was to break open and pillage a single baker's shop. Can as much be said for the temper of the mobs at London and Edinburgh?"

Drunkenness does not, from our author's account, appear to be a common vice in Naples; and tho' there be nothing but a mere nominal police, and the forms of a criminal process are so slow, that, upon a final determination of a trial, the gaoler, being ordered to bring the culprit into court to receive sentence, made affidavit, that the prisoner had died, after a long fit of sickness. The Christmas twelvemonth before; yet burglaries and riots are unknown, and assassinations rare.

The quantity of rain at Naples is much more considerable than that which falls on the same

space of ground in England; whole months of drought being compensated by the deluge of a day: and the south winds are frequently in winter so boisterous as to burst open the bolts both of doors and windows. So great and general is the passion for iced water, that none but mere beggars will drink it in its natural state; and a failure of snow would almost be as severely felt as a scarcity of bread. The Jesuits, with their usual spirit of enterprise, had purchased the exclusive privilege of supplying the city with it.

"Expense and extravagance," Mr. Swinburne observes, are here in the extreme. The great families are oppressed with a load of debt; the working part of the community spend the price of their labour before they receive it; and the citizen is almost reduced to penury in his housekeeping, in order to answer the demands of external show: short commons at home whet his appetite when invited out to dinner; and it is scarcely credible what a quantity of victuals he will devour.

"The establishment of a Neapolitan grandee's household is upon a very extensive plan; the number of their servants, carriages, &c. would suffice for a sovereign prince; nor is the wardrobe of their wives upon a less magnificent scale; yet it is a fixed rule, that all ladies, whatever be the circumstances of their husbands, have an hundred ducats (18l. 15s) a month, and no more, allowed them for pin-money."

The quantity of corn consumed in the city of Naples annually, is said to amount to 2,830,000 tomoli, about 514,540 quarters; their number of horned cattle to 25,000; Sorrento calves 3,000, hogs 45,000, and 60,000 eggs per diem, exclusive of what are produced in the city. The consumption of oil is calculated at 600,000 stars, about 1,500,000 gallons per ann.

Our author has not given any estimate of the number of inhabitants in Naples itself; but allowing each person to consume 5 tomoli of wheat, which, as he has elsewhere calculated, they nearly do, they should amount to upwards of 500,000. The whole kingdom contains about 4,500,000 souls, not above half the population that so fertile a country might support. Mr. Swinburne has here given an accurate account of the exports and imports of this kingdom, the former of which in the articles of oil, silk, and wine, might be infinitely more considerable than they are, were it not for the high duties, and the many vexations and impositions of the administrators of the excise, particularly in the article of silk.

From Naples our author made an excursion to Stabia, to be present at the opening of
N p 2 some

some of the lately discovered rooms there, of which he gives the following account.

"We traversed the rich plain that lies between Vespuvius and the Sorrentine branch of the Appennines, and came by a gentle ascent to the excavations. Stabia was a long string of country houses, rather than a town; for it had been destroyed by Sylla, and before the reign of Titus, all its rebuilt edifices were overturned by an earthquake. In the catastrophe of —79 the wind, blowing furiously from the north, brought the ashes of Vespuvius upon it; all the country was covered with cinders and rapilli, or small pumice stones, many yards deep. Towns, houses, and trees were buried, and their situations remained marked in the plains by hillocks like barrows. Stabia, though six miles from the mountain, was overwhelmed and lost, till it was casually discovered about twenty-eight years ago. The earthquake had so damaged the buildings, that none of them can be preserved, and therefore, as soon as every thing curious is taken out, the pits are filled up again. The ashes penetrated into all parts, and consumed every thing that was combustible.

"On our arrival, the workmen began to break into the subterraneous rooms; and, as the soil is all a crumbling cinder, very little labour was requisite to clear them. When opened, the apartments presented us with the shattered walls, daubed, rather than painted, with gaudy colours in compartments, and some birds and animals in the cornices, but in a coarse style, as, indeed, are all the paintings of Stabia. In a corner we found the brass hinges and lock of a trunk; near them part of the contents, viz. ivory flutes in pieces, some coins, brass rings, steel-yards, and a very elegant silver statue of Bacchus, about two inches high, represented with a crown of vine leaves, buskins, and the horn of plenty."

Our author next gives a relation of a coasting voyage he took from Stabia, by Sorrento, to Capo de Terra, or Puolo, the point that divides the bay of Sorrento from that of Massa, from whence he returned to Naples.

His next excursion was to Taranto. Among other places which he visited in this tour, is the city of Avellino, belonging to the family of Caracciolo, whose history he thus relates.

"The foundation of the grandeur of this family was laid by the unshaken fidelity of John Caracciolo, who, being besieged by the rebels in the castle of Ischia, of which he had been appointed governor by the Emperor Frederic, chose rather to perish in the flames that consumed the fortress, than surrender his trust. His master was not insensible to such a proof of attachment, but expressed the

warmest sentiments of gratitude for his memory; and conferred such honours and riches on his sons, as raised them to great consequence in the state. The family has ever been much considered by its sovereigns; and the branches, set off from the main stock, have become as wealthy and powerful as itself, and are, at this day, upon a par with the noblest and richest houses in the kingdom. Five of these branches are proprietors of a very singular bank, called *Il Monte Carletto*, which secures a noble portion to their daughters, and, of late, to their younger sons. The story of its foundation is as follows:—Charles Caracciolo had an only daughter, whom he was determined to marry to one of his kinsmen, that his rich inheritance might remain in the family. This match was contrary to the inclinations of the young lady, who positively refused to acquiesce in it. Her enraged father shut her up in a convent, where she took the veil by compulsion; but soon after, in a fit of despair, put an end to her existence. Charles, distracted with remorse and grief, did not long survive the child he had used so cruelly; and, by way of atonement, determined, if possible, to prevent any Caracciola from becoming a nun, at least from a want of fortune: he therefore established a fund to accumulate for them. When any daughter of the family marries, she receives the interests and savings accruing from the bank since the last person was endowed. It never has been more than 100,000 ducats (18,750*l.*) A change has lately taken place, thro' the address and management of a lady married to one of the Caraccioli. The marriage portion of the women is limited to 70,000 ducats, and the remainder of the produce is to be appropriated to the education and maintenance of the younger sons. The director of this bank has a house, table, and equipage provided for him."

"Avelino is a considerable city, extending a mile in length, down the declivity of a hill, with ugly streets, but tolerable houses. The churches have nothing to recommend them. The cathedral is a poor building, in a wretched situation, with little to attract the eye, except some uncouth Latin distichs, and shapeless Gothic sculpture. The only edifice of note is a public granary, of the Composite order, adorned with antique statues, and a very elegant bronze one of Charles II. King of Spain, while a boy, cast by Cavalier Cossimo.

"The number of inhabitants amount to eight, some say ten thousand. The bishop's revenue is about 6,000 ducats (1,125*l.*) a year. The magistracy consists of a Syndic and four Eletti, all annual, which offices are engrossed by a certain number of families of some distinction.

distinction, that neither intermarry nor associate with the rest of the burghers.

"The prince has estates here to the yearly value of 20,000 ducats, two thousand of which arise from duties on the dye of cloth. The clothing business is carried on here pretty

(To be continued.)

A Voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, towards the Antarctic Polar Circle, and round the World; but chiefly into the Country of the Hottentots and Caffres, from the Year 1772 to 1776. By Andrew Sparrman, M. D. Professor of Physic at Stockholm, Fellow of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Sweden, and Inspector of its Cabinet of Natural History. Translated from the Swedish Original. 2 vols. 4to. London, G. G. J. and J. Robinson. 1785.

(Concluded from page 187.)

AFTER spending his winter at the Cape, Dr. Sparrman, accompanied by a Mr. Immelman, set out in the month of July, on an expedition into the interior parts of the country. Their first excursion was to the Warm Baths, in Hottentots' Holland. The accommodations on the road seem, from our Author's account, to have been but indifferent; in general the travellers were reduced to the bare ground for a bed, and their saddles for pillows; their great-coats were their only covering, and a bush the only shelter from the wind. In case of rain, they retired to their waggon, and sometimes under it. When an opportunity offered of lodging in a peasant's house, they were rather worse off. The houses consisted of two rooms only, the interior of which was occupied by the *boor* and his family. The outer one composed the kitchen, in a corner of which a mat was spread on the floor for their guests. The Hottentot servants of the *boor* always slept in the chimney, and "an *boft of fleas*" completed the group.

Among the shrubs our naturalist found, was a *superb protea*, to which, in honour of the King of Sweden, he gave the name of *Gustavus's Scepter*. This shrub, which is from two to four feet in height, sometimes grows up undivided as a rod, and at others, throws out two or three spiral branches, terminating in tufts of flowers of a silver colour. What is most remarkable in this plant is, its producing two sorts of leaves, totally different from each other, viz. the upper ones, on the stalk, from one to two inches long only, cuneiform and undivided; the lower ones, several inches long, and divided into

largely. The second article of trade is *macaroni* and *paſto* of many kinds, which are in high repute all over the country. Provisions of every sort are abundant; each street is supplied with wholesome water; but the wine is but indifferent."

many parts, in the form of branches. The roads, we are informed, are generally steep, and the rivers, over which there are no bridges, frequently dangerous to pass, even after a day's rain. In his road, our Author saw some Ostriches in their wild state. "I sometimes," says he, (or the translator for him) came within a couple of gun-shots of some of them, *inasmuch* that I took it into my head to pursue them, but always without success."—We much doubt of the Translator's success, where *his head* is concerned.—"With their long legs, and huge strides, they scoured away as fast again as an untutored horse and hunter could follow." We are next favoured with a description of the Bath: "In its neighbourhood, a stone building, consisting of a hall, a kitchen, two large and one small chambers, is *run up* against the declivity of a hill, without any kind of sewer or dyke: *hence it comes to pass*, that the water making its way into one of the chambers, renders it very damp and unhealthy. At the distance of about an hundred paces from this dwelling is the bathing-house itself. This is a cottage, two sides of which are for the greater part under ground, into which the light enters only by a few small *peeping-boles*. Its length is from three and a half to four fathoms, and its breadth a fathom and a half.

"The method of bathing is, for the patient to sit or lay himself down in the cistern till the water is up to his chin. The water then feels quite warm without scalding, and a kind of * SUGILLATION from the internal to the external parts of the body is observed. The velocity of the pulse is increased, *as well as that of the pulsation of the heart*." The

* We have been at no inconsiderable pains to discover our learned translator's meaning (if he has any) in this passage; but after the most attentive search cannot find the word SUGILLATION. We suppose it is intended to be a derivative of the verb to fuggillate, which signifies to beat black and blue, in which sense it is used by Butler, who makes Hudibras say,

—There is one Sidrophel

Whom I have fuggill'd.

We almost wish the translator had been the soothsayer's locum tenens, for thus misapplying words.

Doctor

Doctor, from the experiments he had an opportunity of making with a solution of sugar of lead, solution of silver, oil of tartar per deliquium, &c. concludes, that the water of this bath, contrary to the received opinion on the spot, is not impregnated with sulphur, but vitriol. He here found, he tells us, "two new species of the genus of *tetrans*, one of which is called *partridge*, and the other *pheasant*, either sort being nearly of the size of our partridges. They live in flocks, and are not hard to come at, especially in the mornings and evenings; at which times chiefly they discover their abode by a shrill *kurving* noise, by no means *pleasant*, yet not *disagreeable* to hear;"—because—"partly it (the *pleasant, disagreeable sound*) takes off a little from the wildness and desolateness with which the *sight* of so many extensive and untilled fields (this part of Africa we presume must be inclosed) cannot fail to strike the imagination; and partly, as particularly, at *break of day*, as well as at the *ruddy opening of the morn*, it prognosticates"—What?—Why no less *iban*—"the approach of the sun to *vivify* all nature."—Unfortunate Dr. Sparrman, how art thou *translated*!—what a happy *distinction* have we here without a difference!

We shall only here add our author's description of what he calls the *Secretaries Bird*, the *Sagittarius* of M. VOSMAER. The Hottentots give it a name more suitable to its nature, viz. the *Serpent-Eater*. "This bird is much larger than our Crane; its legs are two and a half feet long, the body is in proportion less than the Crane's. Its beak, claws, stout thighs covered with long feathers, and its short neck, are like those of the Eagle and Hawk kind. The head, neck, beak, the lesser *coverts* of the wings, and the greater part of the tail, are of a grey leaden colour; the longer quills of the latter are marked a little way from the tips with a black spot; the middle quills are the longest, and white at the tips; its breast is of a yellowish white (*sordide albidum*); the vent feathers, wing-quills, *thighs*, claws, pupil, and the retroverted feathers under the eyes, are black; its *thighs* are of a flesh colour. its eyes large and prominent; the iris of an orange yellow; the *coræ*, and the region of the eyes, naked and yellow: a tuft or comb composed of about twelve feathers, placed in two rows, with which this bird is adorned, lies down mostly on the hind part of the neck.

"This bird has a peculiar method of seizing upon serpents. When it approaches them, it always takes care to hold the point of one of its wings before it, in order to parry off their venomous bites; sometimes it finds an opportunity of spurning and treading upon its

antagonist, or else of taking it up on its pinions and throwing it into the air; and when by this method of proceeding it has at length wearied out its adversary, and rendered it almost senseless, it then kills and swallows it at leisure, without danger."

From the Warm Bath Dr. Sparrman continued his journey to Zwelendamd. On the road his Hottentot driver got drunk with the brandy the author had brought with him for the purpose of preserving animals in, and the Doctor and his friend were near being murdered by him and his companions in their liquor. In order to prevent this in future, he put a live serpent into the liquor. He proceeds to describe the persons, clothing, ornaments and arms of the Hottentots, and rectifies some vulgar errors relative to the supposed defect in the organs of generation in one sex, and the superfluity of those parts in the other. They do not, he says, wear the intestines of animals, but a number of leathern rings about their arms and legs. Their garments generally consist of sheep-skins with the woolly side inwards. The men, in general, go bareheaded; the women sometimes cover their heads with a cap in the form of a truncated cone, made without any seam of a *segment* of some animal's stomach, and as black as foot mixed with fat can make it. Over this is worn occasionally an oval wreath, or kind of crown, made of a Buffalo's hide with the hair outwards. The Hottentots do not wear ornaments either in their ears or noses, as other savages do. The necks of the men are bare; those of the women decorated with a thong of undressed leather, on which eight or ten beads are strung.

The Hottentots who live within the boundaries of the Dutch Colonies, seldom make use of any weapons. Their dwellings are merely huts with the fire-place in the center. A number of these huts erected in the form of a circle, with the doors inwards, constitute a *Kraal*, in the area of which the cattle are kept by night. The milk, as soon as it is drawn from the cow, is put to other milk which is curdled, into a leathern sack, with the hairy side, as being considered the cleanest, inwards, so that it is never drank sweet.

The *Bosbeis Men*, or wild Hottentots, are sworn enemies to a pastoral life; they live by hunting and plunder, and never keep an animal alive for the space of a night. By this means they are become odious to the rest of the inhabitants, and are pursued and exterminated like wild beasts. Their weapons are poisoned arrows, which, shot out of a small bow, will hit a mark with a tolerable degree of certainty, at the distance of fifty or even one hundred paces. At this distance they will, such is the virulence of the poison, kill so large

large and tremendous a beast as a lion. The dwellings of these Barbarians resemble their manners. Bushes and clefts of rocks serve them instead of houses; they go mostly naked, and live on wild roots, berries and plants: among their delicacies may be reckoned the larvæ of insects, caterpillars, a sort of white ants, (the *termes*) grasshoppers, snakes, and some sorts of spiders.

None of the Hottentots, our author observes, have any conception of a Deity. Rain they always consider as an evil: they *bully* the thunder, have great faith in sorcery, and are frequently the dupes of their forcerers, who are at the same time their physicians, and cure them by threshing them. They do not worship the moon, as was supposed by KOLBE. "The fact is," says the Doctor, "that they merely take the opportunity of her beams, and at the same time of the coolness of the night, to amuse themselves with dancing; and consequently have no more thoughts of worshipping her than the Christian Colonists, who are seen at the same time strolling in great numbers about the streets, and parading on the stone steps with which their houses are usually encircled."

M. Sparrman describes a species of wild horse, he saw here, called by the Natives and Colonists *Quagga*: it much resembles the *Zebra*, the difference consisting in this, that the *Quagga* has shorter ears, and no stripes on its fore-legs, loins, or any of its hinder parts.

This partial resemblance occasioned Mr. EDWARDS's delineating the *Quagga* under the title of female *Zebra*; whereas the females of both species, which are totally different from each other, are marked like their respective males, only the colours are somewhat more lively and definite in the latter.

The following account is given of the Hottentot music. "One of their instruments is a bow, like a *springe-bow*, a foot in length, with a fine string of thread, to the end of which there is fixed in the same line, a *cloven* quill half an inch long. This instrument is played on in this manner: The musician, applying his mouth to the quill, draws in his breath very hard, so as to put it into a quivering motion, which produces a grating sound. This instrument is called a *t'Goorra*, a name which corresponds tolerably well with the sound of the instrument."

"*T'Guthe* is the name of another instrument, probably first made in imitation of our violin. It consists merely of a piece of board, with three or four strings screwed on to it, on which they scrape with a bow.

"*T'koi-t'koi* is a kind of drum, composed of a skin stretched over a calabash or

hollow block. Their vocal music is singing a few notes, without annexing any words to them, at least any that have any meaning."

From Zwellendam our author and his companion proceeded to Muske-Bay. In the *Groot Vader's Bosch*, a wood which lay in their road, they saw a great number of beautiful tall trees, the major part of which our botanists were unacquainted with: among the shrubs they discovered several sorts of the prickly *asparagus*, and a new species of *Calophyllum*. He next gives a description of a Hottentot Captain named RUNDGANGER. In the neighbourhood of Dayvenhook's-River he first saw the *Dorn Boom*, or *Mimoza Nilotica*, which produces the Gum-Arabic; several sorts of *Mesembryanthemum*, which grow in clusters, with white, red, blue, but chiefly yellow flowers; and various species of *Cotyledon*, *Stapelia*, and *Euphorbia*, upon all which the sheep feed, and thrive uncommonly. From Muske-Bay they continued their journey to Houtniquas. In this chapter the author describes the various animals found in that district, particularly the *Bosch-Bok*, or Wood-Goat, which, he says, he did not meet with any where else in his journey. Of the feathered tribe, he here found a new species of *Tantalus*, called by the Colonists *Hagedaſch* or *Hadelde*. The bill of this bird was five inches long, black at the tip and lower nib, at the upper nib red. The neck was of an ash-colour; the back the same, with a cast of green, with a little yellow. The wings were dark beneath, and above of a blue colour, inclining to black. The tail, which was *wedge-shaped*, was about twice the length of the bill, and the body somewhat larger than that of a hen.

From Muske-Bay our travellers road lay through *Lange-Dal*. Among other shrubs, he found here the *Ganna*, a new species of *Subula*, the ashes of which, when burnt, are very strong, and fit for making soap. The country hereabouts takes its name from it, and is called *Ganna's*, not *Canaan's Land*, as Mr. MASON, our author says, has called it in the Philosophical Transactions. "From the extreme drought that prevails here, instead of the land of *promise*, Mr. Mason would have done better to have called it the land of *affliction*." Dr. Sparrman here gives an account of the curious mode of treatment of the dying and dead among the Hottentots. Near *Wagenboom's River* he saw a Lizard, as black as a coal, about a foot in length, and supposed to be very venomous.

Sitficanma was their next stage, and from thence they went to Sea-cow River. Among other articles, this chapter contains a circumstantial account of the method of shooting elephants, as practised by the Colonists.

and some enquiries relative to the position in which those animals copulate; without, however, satisfactorily settling the point. Some anecdotes of this animal's sagacity are likewise introduced. The Doctor has also given an account of a Hottentot Ball *al fresco*, and of the funeral ceremonies of those people. From Sea-cow River they went to Little-Sunday River. On its banks they found a herd of wood, or wild swine, which are described as most dangerous animals, as, when hunted, they will often turn short, and with their tusks (which are four in number, and those proceeding from the upper jaw turning up so as to resemble horns) strike at the horse's legs, and afterwards kill both him and his rider. Here too the author was entertained with a *concerto* of lions, of whose roaring the following curious description is given. "It consists," we are told, "in a hoarse inarticulate sound, which at the same time seems to have a hollowness in it, something like that (hollowness) proceeding from a speaking-trumpet. The sound is between that of a German *u* and an *o*, being drawn to a great length, and appearing as if it came out from the earth; at the same time that, after listening with the greatest attention, I could not exactly hear from *what quarter* it came."—If our readers can understand this account of an *appearing sound*, we congratulate them on their superior abilities, as we do the Doctor, or his *translator*, on the probability of their succeeding hereafter in the arduous task of "penning a whisper." Our musical friends will no doubt be much delighted with an equally curious account of a different concert, in which an elderly matron "chaunted repeatedly *piano* the words *Maijema, Maijema*, while the young men and maids sung *staccato*, by way of *chorus*, *hub, hub, hub*."—We are for want of room obliged to omit descriptions of various other animals and birds which our author met with in his perilous peregrinations through this desert country, and shall therefore conclude this article with that of the Rhinoceros. Their Hottentots one day shot two of these animals: "the lesser," Dr. Sparrman says, was "eleven and a half feet long, seven feet high, and twelve feet in the girth. In the hide of this beast there were none of those plaits and folds which we find in the descriptions and figures published of the *Rhinoceros Bicornis*, and which give it the appearance of being covered with a harness. On the hide of this animal we could only discover a small plait or fold at the nape of the neck, which seemed to proceed from the position it was found in, viz. with the head leaning against the ground, by which it was carried some-

what backwards. In *other respects*, the hide was half an inch thick on the back, but somewhat thicker on the sides, tho' less compact there. The surface of it was scabrous and knotty, not much differing from that of the elephant, but of a closer texture, and when dry, extremely hard. It was of an ash colour, excepting about the groin, where it was thinner, quite smooth, and of the colour of human flesh.

"The muzzle converges to a point, not only above and beneath, but on the sides, like that of the tortoise; the upper lip is longer than the lower; the eyes small, and sunk in the head.

"The horns, which have been diffusely described by others, are of the same shape and nearly of the same size in both sexes: but their size is not always in proportion to that of the body; neither is there any constant proportion observable between the foremost and hindmost horn, though the foremost is always the largest.

"The hindmost, especially in the older animals, is generally worn away in different parts, which is never the case in the foremost. This confirms the assertion of the Hottentots, that the Rhinoceros makes use of the shorter only for the digging up the roots which compose the greater part of its food; it being able to turn the larger horn, at that time, on one side out of the way. I have been even informed, that their horns are so *mobile*, that when they walk carelessly along one may see their horns *waggle* about, and hear them *clash* and *clatter* against each other. The substance of these horns consists of parallel horny fibres, the extreme points of which on the lower parts are full of inequalities, and in some places feel as rough as a brush; the upper part is smooth and plain. The anterior horn belonging to the lesser animal was a foot long, and five inches over at the base: that belonging to the larger was as long again, and seven inches in diameter measured at the same part. The Rhinoceros may be said to be totally destitute of hair, there being only a few bristles about an inch long about the edges of its ears, and at the tip of the tail. The feet are not much wider than the legs"—This account of the Rhinoceros we have been under the necessity of curtailing considerably, and must refer the reader to the book itself for farther information. We shall only add, that we are confirmed in our former opinion, that tho' the Doctor, in the arrangement of his materials, has not displayed much judgment, yet he has suffered considerably by his translator, and appears to great disadvantage in his English dress,

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.

(Concluded from page 190.)

AFTER laying before our Readers such parts of Mr. Necker's excellent Introduction to this work, as from their universal utility seemed most deserving of their attention, we shall now conclude this article by concisely enumerating the various subjects he has so amply and judiciously treated of in the work itself. He begins with giving an account of all the Taxes annually paid by the French nation, amounting to the amazing sum of 585,000,000 of livres, upwards of 24 millions sterling per annum. Such an immense revenue, our author observes, only conveys to indifferent observers, and mere politicians, an idea of the great resources of the nation; "but I would wish the Administration of the Finances not only to see in this statement the political power of the Monarch, but that it would also with heart-felt sorrow perceive the frightful extent of the self-denials that are required from the people. I could wish that it might be inspired with pity, by casting a look at the unhappy inhabitants of the country; and that, giving way to a beneficent emotion, it might consider the immensity of the public charges as a noble and wide field for the continual exercise of the wisdom and beneficence of the Sovereign." He in the next place compares the taxes paid in France with those paid in Great-Britain; and afterwards remarks, that in England that aggravation of taxes which consists in arbitrary assessments, or equally arbitrary interpretations of the laws, is not known: the universal knowledge of their true meaning, in consequence of their being discussed in parliament, confines the authority of the revenue officers within positive bounds, from which they dare not depart: That another great alleviation of our taxes is, that the price of labour does not here depend so much on the caprice of the rich, as it does in France; that there is a great difference between the contributions required from the people by the sole authority of a Monarch, and those imposed by a nation on itself, for the public exigencies, of which it is likewise to judge. He says, "Yet I will own that those of Great-Britain are now carried to an excess, which must injure the trade and manufactures of that kingdom; and may produce the most dreadful misfortunes"—and concludes with the following eulogy on the British constitution. "It is not the errors of our neighbours we should desire to imitate; we should rather take notice of those

guardian institutions, which secure their civil liberty in the highest degree; of the lenity shewn by the laws to persons accused; of that immense credit which is supported in the midst of the greatest distractions; of that reunion of the efforts of all parties, when the country is in danger; of that enlightened and real patriotism; of the influence of the nation over those by whom it is governed; of the respect they are obliged to have for the people; and of the numberless efforts of that constitution, the only one in the universe, which has left individuals in full possession of their natural strength and dignity, and society of its power."——This is an highly finished portrait; the colouring is strong, but is it not too flattering a likeness?

The three next chapters treat of the expences attending the collection of all the taxes, the salaries, and emoluments of the officers concerned, and the different savings that might be made in the several departments. Chap. VI. contains observations on the conversion of all the taxes in France into one land tax; as does Chap. VII. similar ones on their conversion into a poll-tax: among others, the following seem highly deserving of attention.

"Taxes, says Mr. Necker, on the produce of lands are an advance required from the proprietors: those on articles of consumption are restraints laid on expences.

"The riches of those who pay taxes on their landed income, consist only of that income. The riches of those who pay the duties on articles of consumption are drawn from the incomes of each individual in the kingdom, and even from those of foreigners residing in it.

"We cannot but be sensible of the great difference between these circumstances and positions in the levying of taxes.

"The division of the Taxes, by laying them partly on the produce of lands, and partly on articles of consumption, renders their collection more independent of the produce of the crops. When they are sufficiently abundant to cause a diminution in the price of commodities, the taxes on articles of consumption are so much easier to collect; when, on the contrary, the crops are in a proportion that allows a considerable profit on their sale, then the Taxes on the income of land are more readily collected. But as Government cannot alternately have recourse to either of these two kinds of tax, they

imperfectly make up for it by usually dividing them into two classes, whereof the one bears on the landed income, and the other on the expences of the subject.

"This precaution would be less essential, if the Taxes of a nation bore a reasonable proportion to its riches; but when the calamities of the times have obliged Administration greatly to extend the public burdens, it then has been obliged to turn its attention towards the possibility of collecting these Taxes in times of scarcity, as well as of abundance; and of being able to depend on them in times of war as well as peace. Melancholy research and fatal science! But since every nation at present makes use of *revenue knowledge and inventions*, we can no longer deviate from the path."

After considering the hypothesis, that every Tax ultimately falls on the produce of the earth, which is the origin of every commodity, he proceeds: "But it is not sufficient, in order to suppress one Tax and double another, that there should exist an arithmetical equality between them: there is also a moral conformity required, which ought to be considered and appreciated. For example, let the Tax on Tobacco be changed into an augmentation of thirty millions assessed on the Land Tax and the Twentieths; the contributions paid by the nation will still be the same, but its effects on the public opinion will be very different; for the landholders or their farmers will scarcely believe, that the class of labouring men would lessen the price of their daily labour, in consideration of the saving they should make on that article of indulgence. It is the diminution of the Taxes on the articles of indispensable necessity, that has an influence on the price of labour; and even this influence is imperceptible; for there are some duties on the articles of consumption that are hardly ever thought of. The price of a commodity, and the Tax to which it is liable, strikes the reflection *only* at the moment it is to be bought; that idea is far distant at any other time, and the liberty which we enjoy to regulate and direct our expences as we please, still helps to take it off. This is not the case when a deduction is made on our income: very far from not taking notice of that privation, the remembrance of it is *continually* renewed, because we *continually* have desires to indulge, plans to realize, and expectations to cherish."

Our author very justly remarks, that there is a great defect in all abstract calculations of political œconomy, which is, that the consequences of opinion and imagination are never taken into the account, and that the present moment and futurity are considered

in the same light. Ministers generally consider kingdoms in a collective view, and look forward into the immensity of time: if one generation does not suffice for the execution of their ideas, they carry their views still farther, and in their own minds subject posterity to their plans. But though such ideas easily captivate the mind, there is a general opinion not undeserving of attention, which strongly opposes them; it is, that when the operations of Administration are divested of those two important considerations *Morality and Time*, every duty instantly disappears. To a Government acting without any regard to these principles, little would it signify that the Taxes were exorbitant and unskilfully assessed; prodigality of pensions and superfluous expences would be no object; it would pay no regard to the disorder and ruin of private fortunes, if by calculating the various transfers of the circulation of the specie only for future times, it should think it sufficient to let a long series of successive years imperceptibly retrieve the equilibrium it would destroy. An Administration like this would be little concerned about the poverty of the people, war, and its devastations, while it could comfort itself with the reflection, "that after a *flated* time population augments in proportion to the abundance of provisions:" despising to be cramped in its calculations by the public opinion, and confounding men and things together, it would pay little attention to the maintenance of public tranquillity. "What a dreadful moral," says our author, "what inhuman carelessness would result from this way of feeling and judging! How dangerous to give way to these general notions, which destroy the sense of every duty, because the principles by which they are connected, no longer subsist!"

The arguments with which Mr. Necker concludes this chapter, deserve to be written in letters of gold; they display the most consummate abilities, without ever losing sight of what ought to be the primary object of every good King's and every able and upright Minister's views,—the good of the people. "What then," says this profound Statesman, "is requisite to enable us to form a sound judgment on the leading questions of political œconomy? Our speculative ideas, and our plans of administration, must be suited to the weakness of our nature; we must proportion them to our duration, and to those moral affections which constitute the essential part of happiness or unhappiness: then the present time will no longer be sacrificed to the future, in our plans; then we shall not imagine that every thing is equal, because similar causes produce similar effects; we shall cease to be-

lieve

lieve that all may be retrieved by that circulation which gives to one what it takes from another; then, more especially, the life of Men, that sacred deposit entrusted to the care of Sovereigns, will not appear to them as a property which they may slightly stake against uncertain future advantages, loosely held out by politicians: then the unheard-of sufferings of unhappy wretches expiring on the field of battle, and in prisons, where they are huddled up together; sufferings which only belong to those who experience them, if I may so express myself; shall not appear to Sovereigns in the light of calamities that may be collectively considered, or estimated, without remorse or anxiety. He who reflects on Administration ought to consider with attention the weakness of man; and when he sees that the enjoyment of physical pleasures are limited to a few moments every day; when he sees that during the longest life, man's happiness or misery depend on the nature of the emotions of his mind, he will easily acknowledge, that confidence and peace are among the greatest benefits that can be expected from the cares of Government. Sovereigns, sensible of these various truths, will say to the generation of men which surrounds them: "To you I owe all my attention; your happiness is uppermost in my thoughts; and, as you are all born with certain rights, connexions and habits, I will better your condition without violent measures, and will give the preference to the good I may effect by moderate but efficacious means, rather than to those dazzling systems that diffuse care and diffidence, and to which the happiness and quiet of the present generation are almost always sacrificed in the first instance." How different would be the conduct of princes, how widely different the general lot of mankind, could their rulers be prevailed on to pay due attention to these truths! Ye monarchs of the world, study them for your own happiness, for that of the people committed to your care—*Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.*

Chap. IX. treats of the Population of the kingdom of France. The calculation least liable to error, Mr. Necker thinks, is that which results from the number of births: epidemical diseases, emigrations, &c. may occasion slight differences in the Bills of Mortality.

The number of marriages has ever been considered as a very incorrect rule of comparison, and the depravity of manners strengthens this opinion.

The number of Births, upon the nicest calculation, has been found to be in proportion to that of the inhabitants, as 1 to 23, and 24 in districts not particularly favoured by Nature. In the greatest part of France, it is as 1 to 25, 25½ and 26, and in cities is nearly as 1 to 28, 29, and 30. The completest statement that came to our author's knowledge was that made in 1780.

In 1780 the Births amounted to	989,306
1779 ——— ——— ———	956,667
1778 ——— ——— ———	932,800
1777 ——— ——— ———	998,191
1776 ——— ——— ———	939,074
1775 ——— ——— ———	934,480
1774 ——— ——— ———	939,608
1773 ——— ——— ———	900,438
1772 ——— ——— ———	905,580
1771 ——— ——— ———	913,214
	<hr/> 9,409,358

which, upon the average for ten years, makes *per year* ——— 940,935

The number of Deaths during that period amounted to ——— 8,184,918

This, on an average, is *per year* 818,491

The number of Marriages during these ten years amounted to 2,137,740

On an average, *per year* ——— 213,774

The Births, multiplied by 25½, produce Souls ——— 24,229,075

The Deaths, multiplied by 29½, and the marriages by 113½, give nearly the same result.

From the whole Mr. Necker draws this conclusion: That the whole extent of the kingdom of France consists of 26,951 square leagues, 25 to a degree.

That its Population amounts to 24,676,000 inhabitants, or 916 individuals for every square league.

The Taxes amount to 584,400,000 livres*, which is 21,684 livres *per square league*, or 23 livres, 13 sols, 8 deniers, or nearly 11. os. 9d. sterling *per head*, for all persons of every age and sex.

Chap. XI. contains a concise account of the Taxes, Immunities, Population, Extent, and principal Resources, of each Generality in the kingdom.

Chap. XII. and XIII. treat of the Extent, Population, and Contributions, of Corsica and the French Colonies.

Chap. XIV. contains general Observations on a Reform of the Taxes.

The contents of the first two Chapters of the Second Volume are relative to a Reform

* The taxes paid by Corsica amount to 600,000 livres, which compleats the 585,000,000, as mentioned before.

of two of the principal Taxes in France, viz. those of Salt and Tobacco. The third consists of Observations upon the Duties on Importation and Exportation, with Researches and Reflections on the Balance of the Commerce of France. To enter minutely into this business would carry us beyond all bounds; we can barely take a general view. According to our author, before the last War the exportations of France exceeded its importations, *communibus annis*, about 70,000,000 of livres, the result of an annual exportation to the amount of about 300,000,000, and of an importation amounting to about 230,000,000.

Chap. IV. regards the Reform of the Customs. The four following Chapters relate to the Arrangements to be adopted by the Provincial Administrations; of the Election of Members of those Assemblies; of the Introduction of the Clergy into them; and an Enquiry whether it was the Interest of the several Parliaments to oppose their Establishment. This plan was our author's favourite, and he spared no pains to bring it to perfection: as far as he went, its success exceeded even his own most sanguine expectations; but on his retiring it was dropt, to the unspeakable injury, in our opinion, of the country. As its effects are entirely confined to that kingdom, it, as we before observed, is much more interesting to the French nation than it can be to any other.

Chapters VIII. and IX. contain an Account of the Taxes paid by the Clergy, and some Strictures on the Disposal of Ecclesiastical Benefices.

In Chap. XI. are Researches and general Reflections on the National Debt, and the Means of paying it off. To attempt to abridge this Chapter would be doing considerable injustice to its merits, and at the same time the extracts would scarcely be intelligible in their detached state; we must therefore refer to the book itself.

The last Chapter in this volume states the Public Expenses of France, amounting, including civil and military establishments, to nearly 610,000,000 *per ann.* which apparently exceeds its annual income by 25,000,000. From a variety of circumstances which we cannot recapitulate, Mr. Necker, however, reduces the sum by which the expenditure exceeds the receipt to 10,000,000 *per ann.* and finishes the Chapter by recommending economy, the surprising effects of which are not badly illustrated by the following description.

"Economy, says Mr. Necker, is followed by these its consequences; peace and tranquility are restored: the retrenching of

useless expences multiplies the means of public power and felicity: the influence of a good Administration has no longer any obstacles to conquer, and the State becomes prosperous on every side.

"We then imagine we see a long-neglected forest, in which all the noxious weeds have just been rooted up, and all exuberant branches and suckers lopped off by skilful hands; by which beneficial operations, the useful trees extend their boughs, their trunks rise with greater vigour, a free circulation of wholesome air vivifies the languid sap, and exhausted Nature is again re-animated."

The first nine Chapters of the Third Volume contain a Discourse on the current Coins of the Kingdom; on the Standard Weight of the Coins in France; of the Sovereign's Profit on the Coinage of Specie; on the Advantages or Inconveniencies resulting from the Profit made by the King on the Coinage; on the Cession made by the Sovereign of this Profit to Individuals; on Alterations in the Standard Weight and numery Value of the Specie; on the Exportation and Melting of the National Specie*; on the Quantity of Specie in France; and on the progressive Increase of the Specie circulating in it. The remaining contents of this Volume are multifarious: an Inquiry into the Advantages or Inconveniencies resulting from an Abundance of Specie in Circulation; Considerations on Luxury, and its progressive increase; Reflections on the Fortunes of Financiers; on the Solicitations of the Great; on the Places that ennoble their Possessors; Reflections on Asylums for Mendicity, on Hospitals, on the internal Regulations of Prisons, and a particular Arrangement for one Class of Prisoners; [the last two Sections deserve particular attention] on the Corn Trade, and Cultivation of Waste Land; Observations on the Interest of Money and the Maintenance of Public Credit; on the Establishment called Mont de Pieté, instead of Pawnbrokers; on Life Annuities; on the Droit d'Aubaine; of the Caisse d'Escompte; of Regularity in the Exchequer; Ideas on the Establishment of a general Board for Researches and Informations; Remarks on the Economy of Time, on the Spirit of System, on the Appointment of Intendants of the Provinces, on the Change of Principles and Persons in the Administration of the Finances; and lastly, Thoughts on War. In each of these Sections the author has displayed his usual perspicuity and knowledge, and uniformly shewn himself not only the consummate Statesman, but also the Friend of Humanity. We are sorry our limits will not

* For an Account of these two Articles see the General Table

permit us to make extracts from several of them, particularly those on War. The difference between the feelings of an ambitious and a beneficent monarch are, under this last article, so strikingly contrasted, that we cannot resist the temptation of inserting an abridged, and of course an imperfect, sketch of it.

“What anxieties, what remorse, says our author, attend on victories and conquest! A name indeed springs up and is recorded in history, from the midst of battles and devastations, from those heaps to which flourishing cities have been reduced by fire, from those fields in which armies have found their graves; but it is the name of that Sovereign, who, to satisfy his insatiable ambition, commanded those ravages, and willed those devastations. I fancy I see such a Sovereign, in the most splendid moment of his glory and triumph, after having hearkened to the adulation of his courtiers, retiring to his closet with the particulars of the horrors of an engagement in his hand, considering himself as the author of so many evils. How many melancholy reflections must occupy his mind, what gloomy ideas assail him! He wishes to recal the crowd that surrounded him; he does not even know the traces of his former sentiments; his joys are fled, his glory is vanished! In the mean while night comes on apace; darkness and silence cover the earth; peace seems to reign every where but in his heart; the plaintive cries of the dying, the lamentations of the widow and fatherless, the various calamities of which he is the author, occur to his remembrance, and trouble his imagination: he unwillingly exclaims, ‘Who am I, to order so much devastation? Born to be the benefactor of mankind, I am become their scourge!’ In vain does he endeavour to exculpate himself, and to attribute his successes to the Supreme Being; he thinks he feels an invisible hand that repels him, and seems to reject his gratitude. Distracted with these ideas, he endeavours to bury them in sleep, impatient till the return of day; the splendour of his court, and the multitude of sycophants who surround him, approach to dispel his anguish and renew his illusions.

“What a different scene is the life of a beneficent Sovereign! We seem as if passing from a stormy and tempestuous night to one of those pure and serene days, in which the calmness of nature animates and awakens in every being the sentiment of happiness. A beneficent Sovereign finds a continual source of agreeable reflections; nothing in the order of society is indifferent to him, as being connected with that measure of happiness of which mankind are susceptible. By putting himself on a par with his subjects, and by learning not to think only of himself, but to

live for others, a beneficent Sovereign lengthens the duration of his pleasures; and old age, habit, and satiety, which extinguish the passions of men, make a respectful exception to his. He who makes every thing subservient to his ambition, is like a pilot who steers his ship through a ridge of rocks, and at every instant hears the timbers cracking and detaching themselves from its sides; whereas the beneficent monarch sees his days glide smoothly along; and when old age informs him of the approach of that moment in which his power will be of no avail, he looks forward to that inevitable period with tranquility; and when no longer able to act or advise, he takes a retrospective view of his reign, and, satisfied with the prudent use he has made of it, he gives himself up to those hopes which virtuous and sensible minds alone can entertain.”

We wish our limits would permit us to continue the description; but, reluctantly obliged to quit this amiable and instructive writer, we are, however, determined to give him an opportunity of taking his leave of the reader in his own expressive words, which conclude the work. “In fact, what am I, who have so few years to live! what am I, in comparison with a single useful truth, or a single instructive information, which if it chance to fall on a fertile soil will produce for a long time the most salutary consequences! All personal calculations are erroneous; and sooner or later Time unveils the most seducing illusions: man finds trouble where he looked for nothing but content; weariness where he flattered himself with habitual enjoyments; and disgusts where he expected to find nothing but glory: he sees the phantoms of his imagination appear and vanish in the same instant: the accomplishment of his hopes, the triumphs of his vanity, the successes of his ambition, set these passions in their true light; and he stands in need of a continual renewal of tastes, wishes, and inclinations, in order to enable him to get thro’ the short space of his life. It is therefore necessary, on this tumultuous stage, to rely on some principle; and the only one that can be applied to all events, that can serve as a guide to personal interest in its doubts, and that can resist its temptations, is, a deeply inculcated consciousness of our social duties, and a noble idea of order and of virtue. We must firmly adhere to that great chain by which man is united to society, his mind to the knowledge of the public good, his soul to every generous sentiment, and his feeble existence to the most sublime of all ideas: then we may securely trust ourselves; then we may believe we are safely moored, and in the midst of the illusions of this world, our

G E N E R A L T A B L E

Of the gross Sums enumerated in the Body of Mr. Necker's Work, and of their Amount in English Money.

	French Livres.	Sterl. English, according to Mr. Mortimer.			Real Amount in Sterl.		
		£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Total Amount of the TAXES annually levied on the Inhabitants of France (1)	585,000,000	24,375,000	0	0	25,593,750	0	0
Annual Expences of the State, including the civil and military Establishments,	610,000,000	25,416,666	13	4	26,387,500	0	0
Expences in collecting the Taxes — — — — —	58,000,000	2,416,666	13	4	2,537,500	0	0
Annual Amount of the IMPORTATIONS — — — — —	230,000,000	9,583,333	6	8	10,062,500	0	0
Ditto of the EXPORTATIONS — — — — —	300,000,000	12,500,000	0	0	13,125,000	0	0
Ditto Balance of Commerce — — — — —	70,000,000	2,916,666	6	8	3,062,500	0	0
Annual Interest of the National Debt (2) — — — — —	207,000,000	8,625,000	0	0	9,056,250	0	0
Annual Charge of the Army (3) — — — — —	124,650,000	5,193,750	0	0	5,433,437	10	0
Annual Charge of the Navy — — — — —	45,200,000	1,883,333	6	8	1,977,500	0	0
Amount of Gold and Silver Coin supposed to be actually in the Kingdom	2,203,000,000	91,666,666	13	4	96,250,000	0	0
Supposed annual Increase — — — — —	40,000,000	1,666,666	13	4	1,750,000	0	0

"The Estimate in English Money is made at the rate of 24 Livres to the Pound Sterling; and as this is the exact par of Exchange, it will be an easy operation to divide any of the inferior sums contained in the details, in order to know their amount in English money." We have inserted this Table for the reader's information, and at the same time with a view to rectify a glaring mistake of Mr. Mortimer's. We cannot conceive how a man who professes himself to be acquainted with mercantile matters, could commit a blunder that a clerk in the first year of his clerkship would blush to be guilty of. The exact par is 22 Livres, 17 Sols, and 6 Deniers, per Pound Sterling, and not 24 Livres. The difference arising from this error will appear in the third column of this Table. The accuracy of Mr. Mortimer's calculations can only be equalled by the elegance of his diction.

(1) Mr. Necker adds the revenue of the Royal demesnes, and some other incomes, to the Taxes, in order to bring this article nearer to a balance with the next.

(2) The amount of the Debt is not given.

(3) The Ordnance expences are included in this and the next article.

opinions will acquire stability: then, more especially, we shall feel ourselves eager to apply our faculties to the objects that increase the use made of them, and which seem to augment our worth in our own eyes: then also, we shall become acquainted with true rewards and heart-felt consolations: and when the end of all vanities approaches, when the time arrives in which the shades of the inevitable night of death begin to surround us, we shall find ourselves more reconciled to that obscure future, we shall approach it with more tranquility; and the feeling mind, at last, will not have its anxieties increased by regrets for lost time, for hours trifled away, and for talents either neglected or abused."

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(Continued from page 206.)

THE uncommon length of the elaborate and interesting note of M. D'Hancarville, of which we gave part in our last Number, having prevented our giving the whole, we now proceed to lay the remainder before our Readers.

“The Scholiast of Callimachus, continues our Author, unacquainted with the analogy we have been mentioning, thought that this title was given to the Celtæ, because, by attacking the temple of Delphos, they had imitated the Titans supposed attack on Heaven. (Τιτῆνες δὲ διὰ τὸ ἐπικίεσθαι). But when we consider, that the Celtæ issued from a branch of the *Agathyrsian Scythians*, who peopled the north of Asia, and that the Titans inhabited that part of Caucasus which belonged to the same Scythians; when we recollect that they had the same gods, from whom they took their name, and pretended they were descended; when we remark that the Titans were represented with the legs of *Serpents* like the *Fo-hi* of the Chinese, and *Echidne*, the mother of the Scythians; we can no longer doubt, that they were related to the *Agathyrsiæ*, among whom the was held in the highest estimation. The Commentator of Pindar, upon the authority of an ancient poet called Phérénicus, asserts that the Titans were the ancestors of those Hyperboreans who settled near the sources of the *Ister* and the *Danube*: (Schol. ad Pind. Olymp. iii. p. 38 and 39.) As the sources of these rivers were in a country inhabited by the Celtæ, we can account for the poet Callimachus saying these people were descended from the Titans. The Greeks, who in the sequel conferred the honours of divinity on the Titans, considered them as the *fathers of their fathers*. (Orph. Hymn. 36. v. 2.) The Greeks and the Celtæ, then, were somehow related; and that this relation did exist, is confirmed not only by the names of *Teutons* and *Titans*, which they respectively bore, but also by their religious worship, to which their names bear reference. This evidently points out to us the origin of the Greeks; by this appellation they were distinguished previous to the reign of Amphictyon at Athens; and from the *Arundelian Marbles* we learn, that they then changed it for that of *Hellenes*,

which they have borne ever since. (Marm. Oxon. Epoch. lin. 10 and 11. Καὶ Ἕλληνες ἀνομασθήσαντο πρότερον Γραικοῖ καλοῦμενοι). The Hellenes, though they considered themselves as a distinct people from the Pelasgi, whom they expelled from Greece, never made any distinction between themselves and the Greeks. They were one and the same nation, though known by different names; and by acknowledging the *Titans* for their ancestors, they, at the same time, acknowledged, that they migrated into Greece from the same country, viz. that part of Caucasus inhabited by the Titans. This mountain, in the Scythian language, was called *Graucalus*, which signifies *white with snow*. (Plin. lib. vi. p. 181. *Scythos appellaverit et Caucasum montem Graucalum, id est, nive candidum*). The name of *Graian*, given to that ridge of the Alps which extends itself from the *Cottian* to the *Penine Alps*, between *Mount Cenis* and *Petit St. Bernard*, could never be derived from the Greeks, as that people never crossed these mountains. Even admitting that *Hercules* had crossed them, as was believed in Pliny's time, (Plin. lib. iii. p. 146. *Graius Alpius Herculem transisse memorant*) he could not have called those Alps *Graicæ* or *Graian*, because even at that time the Greeks had quitted that name, and taken that of *Hellenes*. But as the *Cottian Alps* took their name from the Scythian language, so those of *Grand St. Bernard* derived theirs from the same source. It is derived from the Saxon word *Græg*, of which the English have made *Gray*, and which among the Saxons signified the same as *Græu* among the Danes; the French have changed this word to *Gris*. Now the Danish word *Grau* is exactly the same with that the Scythians made use of to express the colour of *Graucalus*. For that word is compounded of *Grau*, expressive of that colour which we call *Gray*, and of *Cap* or *Kep*, which among the Celtæ and the Latins signified the *Head* or *Summit* of any thing. The name of the *Grisons*, which was supposed to be of Etruscan origin, (Plin. lib. iii. p. 128.) is derived from the same source. They call themselves *Graw-Pundtner*, or *Graw-Bundtner*; and as the appellation of *Graian* given to the Alps was derived from the word *Grau*, so that of

Graia

Graians or *Greeks*, borne by the people who came from those mountains in Scythia into that country, which took from them the name of *Greece*, and then that of *Helladia*, was derived from the word *Graucasus*. Eusebius, as well as Stephanus the Geographer, traces the origin of this name from a certain Prince called *Græcus*, (Eutec. Chronic. lib. post.) who, according to some accounts, was said to be the father, according to others the son, of a King of the Pelasgi in Thessaly: this King could never have given his name to the Alps, which they however bore; so that, in case such a King ever did exist, we must conclude he was so called from being originally of that country near *Graucasus*, from whose name at all events that borne by the *Greeks* was derived. The literati, who have ever been in search of a different origin for this word than that of this supposed King, will judge how far we have succeeded in discovering it.

"The names of *Greeks* and *Greece* were so far lost even in *Greece* itself, that no author before Aristotle has mentioned them: he is the first, I believe, in whose writings they are to be met with. Though almost totally forgotten even in the very country which had borne it, this name had always been preserved in Italy. It must therefore have been carried thither at a time prior to that of the Greeks assuming the name of *Hellenes*. This time is, by the Arundelian Marbles, fixed at an Epoch which answers to 1521 before the present *Æra*. (Marm. Oxon. Epoch. vi.) *Cenotrus*, according to Pausanias, was the leader of the first Colony that migrated from Greece into Italy: (Pausan. lib. viii. chap. 3.) and Dionysius Halicarnassensis fixes the time of the settlement of this Colony at seventeen generations before the Trojan War, (Dionys. Halicar. lib. i. cap. 3.) which is about two centuries before that in which the *Greeks* gave up that name, and the *Cenotrians* brought it into Italy about the year 1719 before our *Æra*.

"Cato, Sempronius, and several other historians quoted by Dionysius, (lib. i. sect. v.) asserted that the Aborigines from whom the Latins descended, were of Grecian origin. The latter of these authors is of opinion, that they were descended from the *Cenotrians*: by these people, then, was introduced the worship of *Tho*, or *Theo*, which, as we have seen, existed among the Aborigines by the names of *Thus* and *Dis-Pater*, as it did among the Etruscans by those of *Tus*, or *Mantus*. These *Cenotrians* came from Peloponnesus, where, we find, there was a city called *Teuta*, which name was given

to that of *Pyss* in Etruria. The inhabitants of this Province were called *Thuscæ*, which signifies the Sons of *Tho*, or *Tho*. Their names, which distinguished them as worshippers of that God, is the same as that of the Titans of Greece, from whom *Cenotrus* sprang, being the son of *Licaon*, whose grandmother was *Nubé*, the daughter of *Phoroneus*. This *Nubé*, who was of the family of the Titans, had by *Jupiter*, who was of the same race, *Pelagus*, the father of *Licaon*. It is from this, probably, that the *Thuscæ* took their name. They were then of the same stock as the Aborigines, and traced their descent back through the *Cenotrians*, to the same people they were descended from, and of course to the Scythians, from whom, we have made it appear, the Greeks originally came. It is now, therefore, easy to discover, why these people had the same Gods in common with the *Celtæ*, the *Greeks*, and all the nations of the East, as well as the origin of those of Italy and its first inhabitants.

"Although the Greeks, as has been said, made a distinction between themselves and the Pelasgi, they nevertheless had one common origin; for we have shewn, that the Pelasgi introduced into Greece the worship of *Tho*, or *Theo*, which was that of the Titans also, from whom the Greeks pretend they are descended; and the Titans, like the Pelasgi, were taught that worship by their ancestors the Scythians. Herodotus, after having spoken much of the Pelasgi and the *Hellenes*, leaves his reader in a doubt, whether these people were of the same or a different origin: He, however, seems to have said every thing that could tend to settle that point: he acknowledges that the Ionians who came from Peloponnesus had originally been called Pelasgi, (Herodot. lib. vii. Sect. xciv. p. 413. Ἴωνες—καὶ πρὶν ἢ Δανείοντε καὶ Εὐθὺν ἀπικέσθαι ἐς Πελοπόννησον, (ὡς Ἕλληνες λεγούσι) ἐκαλέοντο Πελασγοὶ Ἀιγυαῖες. The *Æolians*, before they assumed that name, were in like manner called Pelasgi (Idem. *Æολῖες—καὶ τὸ πάλαι καλεόμενοι Πελασγοὶ ὡς Ἕλληνας λεγούσι*.) and the Lacedæmonians, who, according to the same author, were Dorians, were originally Pelasgi (Herod. Hist. lib. i. Sect. lvi. p. cxi. Ἰστορεῖν δὲ εὕρισκε Λακεδαιμονίους καὶ Ἀθηναίους προέχοντας τοὺς μὲν, τοῦ Δωρικῆς γενεῆς, τοὺς δὲ, τοῦ Ἰωνικοῦ. Ταῦτα γὰρ ἦν τα προκεκριμένα ἑῶνα τὸ ἀρχαῖον τὸ μὲν, Πελασγικὸν τὸ δὲ Ἑλληνικὸν ἔθνος.) But as the *Hellenes* formed one people, composed of Dorians, Ionians, and *Æolians*, all of

of whom were originally *Pélasgi*, we must perceive that the Hellenes, or Greeks, known by that name, were not a different people from the *Pélasgi*; they must both have inhabited one and the same country, before their arrival in Greece; and as we have demonstrated that the Greeks came from Caucasus, it is also certain, that the *Pélasgi* came from the neighbourhood of that mountain, and were descended from the Scythians.

“The inhabitants of Attica gave the name of *Hyperacrians* to such of them as dwelt on the mountains, and that of *Parbhalians* to those who lived near the sea. (Dionys. Halic. lib. i. sect. v. p. 14.) This seems to have been the case likewise among the people from whom the Greeks were descended: those who dwelt on the mountains of Caucasus were called *Graucassians* or *Graians*, whence the name of Greeks; those, on the contrary, who lived in the vicinity of the sea, which extends itself at no great distance from Caucasus, appear to have been distinguished by the name of *Pélasgi*. On their arrival in Greece, the latter, preserving the customs of the Scythians, encamped themselves under tents; and Strabo observes, that the word *Argos*, which was the name of a city in Thessaly, signifies a *Camp* (Strab. Geog. lib. viii. p. 372. *Ἀργὸς δὲ καὶ τὸ πᾶσιον λέγεται*). This word, says that author, seems to belong to the Macedonian and Thessalian languages: to the latter belonged the city of *Argos*, which Homer surnamed *Pélasgian*; and the Thessalian language, of which Strabo speaks, had preserved the name of *Argos*, from the *Pélasgian*, of which it certainly was a dialect.

“The Greeks seem, early, to have abandoned the wandering way of life of their Scythian ancestors: they appear to have settled on the spots they first fixed upon, and to have cultivated the land, and built cities, in order to defend themselves from the incursions of the Scythian *Pélasgi*, who continued to bear the name of *Nomades*; for in every part, they who embraced a *pastoral* life, seem to have been inimical to those who gave themselves up to *agriculture*. The inhabitants of Samarcand and Bochara, though of the Tartar race, have been obliged at different times to build walls for the protection of their lands against the wandering hordes of Tartars, from whom they originally descended, who lead a *pastoral* life, and, like the ancient Scythians and *Pélasgi*, fancy the land belongs to him

who can first occupy it. This different mode of thinking first induced the *Greeks* to distinguish themselves from the *Pélasgi*. “The former,” says Herodotus, “never changed their habitations; the latter were perpetually moving and wandering about.” (Herodot. lib. i. sect. lvi. p. 21. *Καὶ τὸ μὲν, οὐδαμῶτε καὶ ἐξεχώρησε τὸ δὲ, πολυπλάνητοι καὶ ἄστατοι*.) The language of the Greeks collected together in cities easily acquired a smoothness, and became very different from that of the *Pélasgi*; and then it was that the Greeks considered as strangers those people, from whom they differed both in manners and language; and they thus became enemies, in consequence of that mutual distrust which the invasions of the one and the resistance of the other gave birth to, and constantly kept alive.

“To these motives of division, which thus separated nations derived from the same origin, were added those of religion. We have shewn, that the religion of the *Pélasgi* and first Greeks was *Scythiism*, a worship antecedent to that of the Gods substituted by the Greeks. These Gods, of the family of the Titans, were the princes of their nation and that of the *Pélasgi*. In the war between them, the latter seem to have been on the side of the vanquished; but the Greeks, who were attached to the victorious party, bestowed divine honours on them. This gave rise to *Hellenism*, or that new religion substituted by them in place of the ancient, and afterwards adopted by some of the *Pélasgi*.

“The *Ænotrians*, descended from the *Pélasgi*, carried this new-fangled religion into Italy, and with it, the language of the country from which they came. Hence we may account for the Aborigines who were descended from these *Ænotrians*, speaking a language originally the same with the Greek, and for the Latin, formed from that mother tongue which gave birth to the Greek, having that great affinity which Dionysius Halicarnassensis and Quintilian discovered between it and the *Æolian* dialect. The Etruscan language seems to have been still more homologous to the *Pélasgian*; that is to say, the latter underwent less alteration in Etruria, whither, we have clearly shewn, the Scythians certainly penetrated, and who must have been the same people as the *Ænotrian Pélasgi*, from whom every circumstance corroborates the proof that the Etruscans were descended.”

[To be continued.]

As you like it, a Poem addressed to a Friend. 4to. 1s. Stockdale.

THE Poet's friend must be very partial to him, to *like* such poetry. When dulness is the *vehicle* of abuse, without some grains

of wit *ad gratum saporem*, it must be a noxious draught indeed.

Letters of Literature, by Robert Heron, Esq.

(Continued from Page 200.)

WE profess high admiration of the genuine poetical talents of Tasso, but it is not founded on such reasons as Mr Heron gives for Dryden's Ode being worth all that Pindar ever wrote, "because it was a dithyrambic, and not a lyric one," (*see our last Number*) nor on *all* the citations which our wonderful Critic gives as the beauties of that poet.

That Virgil's characters are feeble copies from Homer, is urged as a heavy charge against the Roman bard by our Critic; but "Tasso, he says, yields only to Homer for the variety of his persons." Yet strange as it may seem, he instantly adds, "of their strength I cannot say so much," and owns they might have been greatly heightened. What then becomes of the "yields *only* for variety?" Why, good reader, our Critic likes to be oracular, and you may amuse yourself with unriddling him.

In the same Letter (LV.) he pretends to characterise Tasso's heroes, but is most woe-fully superficial in doing it.

"Godfrey," he says, "is prudent with courage, pious with generosity"—and perhaps he is too perfect.—But tho' Godfrey is exactly a *Christian* Eneas, Tasso must not be accused of imitation; for then he must have no genius.

"Rinaldo," he says, "is an admirable character, new to epic poetry"—yet he adds, "he is as different from Achilles as may be, tho' the general idea of his part in the poem is evidently hinted by Homer."—Poor Virgil, how has thy invention been denied for imitations not half so evident!

"Tancred again is a most distinct personage from any other in the poem, tho' to deduce the marks of distinction might require more room than we can now spare." Oh, the wonderful depth of sagacious and oracular criticism!

"The old warrior Raymond hath nothing to do with Nestor. His old age makes his part fully as interesting, as the youth of Rinaldo doth his." Yet Virgil, in his worst imitation of Homer, never fell so much beneath his master, as Tasso has done in this most evident imitation of Nestor.

"The hermit Peter is a very fine and new personage, and might have given occasion for admirable painting, had Tasso but known how

to avail himself of his fable to the utmost."—Here an old zealot priest is a *new* character, because Tasso *might* have made it so. All he has done is, however, in direct imitation of Homer's priest, who orders sacrifices and the restoration of Briseis, as near as Paganism and its sister Christian magic can be brought. And who cannot see that Peter's sending the heroes who were to recover Rinaldo from the enchantment of Armida, to a magician who shews them the centre of the earth, evidently alludes not only to Virgil's Sybil, who assists Eneas in visiting the nether regions, but is also clearly copied, in part, from Virgil's cave of Cyrene, of which by and bye?

"If we pass to the Mahometan (*heroes*) we shall find equal variety with much more strength. Tasso seems to have thought that the Christian system prevented any deep shades of discrimination being thrown round a character; while the Mahometan, more indulgent to human frailty, left ample scope for the natural man to shew himself. In this view Aladin, Soliman, Altamora, Ismeno, Argantes, Emireno, Tiphernes, are all characters of as much strength as variety.

"That of Soliman, the dethroned king of the Turks of Asia Minor, combating against the Christians who had dethroned him, is particularly strong, new, and interesting.

Good heaven, what are you about now, Mr. Heron! You "*seem to forget that epic only means narrative, and may with great justice be applied to a tale of Fontaine.*"—These are your own words in Letter XLI. What then are the tales of Ariosto, Boyardo, and Pulci, and of all the elder Italian and Provençal Romances? The plan and conduct of some of these have been pointed out, and justly declared truly Epic, even in unity of action, by Dr. Percy, whom you often commend. Yet all these Epics are full of enchanters, and have enchantment in the wildest and grandest scenery. Yet, notwithstanding all these, you gravely tell us, that "the part of *Ismeno* the magician is *new* to epic poetry! ! !!" And a wonderful stretch of invention it is to suppose a King dethroned by the Christians should fight against them! Ay, ay, such *invention* shews the poet, and is "particularly strong, new, and interesting."—

Having thus lightly skimmed over the characters of Tasso, our author proceeds to a very easy task, to point out some of his particular beauties, and this he does in a wonderfully clever manner; e. g. "This description of the young Rinaldo is delicate—This simile is fine—No description can surpass this of the army on their march—This maxim is a most just one—This brief description of a timid lover well deserves all the admiration it hath gained :

Brama assai, poco spera, e nulla chiede.

In the next stanza save one this line,

Le negligenze sue sono artifici,

is one of the most happy antitheses ever written.

Such lines as,

Pur maggior sente il duol, per chi non duolse;

and,

L'alte non temo, e l'umili non sdego;

are worth whole pages of common poetry. Sentimental axiomatic beauties are certainly the most difficult of any of the smaller graces of poetry, and ought to be highly valued."

These four lines, so highly praised by our Critic, are hardly intelligible, as they stand in his page. They are from the romantic episode of Olindo and Sophronia. The first line, spoken of Olindo, is literally thus; *He desired much, hoped little, and asked nothing.* This is pretty; but its only merit lies in its conciseness. The earnest affection, the diffidence and silence of the lover are as common in verse as the subject of love. Shakspeare expresses the last circumstance, "*She never told her love*," &c. with a wonderful spirit of poetry: but in this line of Tasso is none. The second line is, *Her negligence was artificial.* The third is unintelligible without the context, which is thus: Olindo and Sophronia are bound to the stake to be burnt. Sophronia is all heroism; Olindo mourns aloud, yet not for himself, but for his companion. Clorinda comes and views their condition with sorrow; but *grieved most for her, who did not grieve.* Such is the third line. In the fourth, Clorinda offers to undertake any adventure, and says, *I fear not a high one, and disdain not a low one.* And these, says Mr. Heron, are beauties "that ought to be highly valued:" but pity it is he has not told us for what; for more commonplace quaintness can hardly be produced from any writer.

A late writer talking of the sameness which the numerous and forgotten epic poems on battles and sieges naturally fall into, thus justly characterises the Jerusalem: "Happy for Tasso, the variation of manners, and his masterly superiority over Homer in describ-

ing his duels, have given his Jerusalem an air of novelty. Yet with all the difference between Christian and Pagan heroes, we have a Priam, an Agamemnon, an Achilles, &c. armies slaughtered, and a city besieged. In a word, we have a handsome copy of the Iliad in the Jerusalem Delivered."

But this most obvious and just view of the Jerusalem, appears never to have entered the ideas of Mr. Heron. No, the maggot's bite was, "be wiser than ages," and Virgil must not therefore possess one ray of invention, and therefore have not the smallest claim to poetical genius. All in him must be imitation, and that of the most inferior bungling kind. Such is the result of all said on Virgil by our tremendous Critic; it behoved him therefore to steer clear of these objections, when the Jerusalem was to be honoured with his highest praises for true poetical genius, invention, and originality. The numerous and egregiously open imitations of Tasso must not be hinted at; or if at all, one or two little ones may be gently touched, that the rest may not be thought to exist. "Soliman's introduction to Aladin, in the Tenth Book, is a very great improvement on that of Ulysses to Alcinoüs in the Seventh Book of the Odyssey."

So Tasso never thought of Virgil's Camilla, or the many female warriors of Ariosto, Boyardo, &c. when he introduced his heroine Clorinda. No, no, our Oracle must bring that warlike Lady from Heliodorus (oh, what a fine thing is deep reading!). Yet this "work of the very first merit" happens to be full sister to Barclay's Argenis, and Sydney's Arcadia; all works of genius indeed, but unread; of warm and lively imagination, but that imagination often most wildly absurd, and the style and incidents most unmercifully prolix; a downright pittance for some grievous sin, unless, like Mr. Heron, the reader has such patience as to sum up the exact number of words contained in the various dictionaries of six or seven languages; a noble plodding task, in which Mr. Heron seems to glory, (Lett. XXXIV.) and of which we heartily wish him every joy. And if the crazy excentricity of his Letters should bring them to a second edition, (for nothing else will) we presume to beg the favour, that he would drop for once his constant *ego dico*, and condescend to point out "the great improvement on Homer," mentioned above. Both passages are before us, but much too long to transcribe. The reader who will turn to them, will soon see and feel how much more picturesque and interesting is Homer, where the reader is held in anxious suspense for the desperate fate of the Hero of the poem.

"The incident of Olinda and Sophronia, the"

tho' one of the most detached, is infinitely more a part of the Gerusalemme, than the adventure with Dido is of the Eneid; and were it much less so, its eminent beauty must preclude it from all censure: if we condemn it, we must crown it with laurel. Most of the incidents have moreover that pleasing air of miracle, which offends not probability, and affords the genuine pleasure of poetry to the reader." But in Tasso, God himself sends the archangel Michael armed with his own power, and the enchanter *Ismeno* opposes him, and a long battle we have of it. But this is "a pleasing air of miracle, and offends not (*magic*) probability." Be it so, Mr. Heron, we pretend to no magical secrets, but would be glad you would point out, in all the elder magical romances, (in which magic is always defeated by a charm given by magic) one instance of such an impious extravagance as this in Tasso.

From the proofs in our last, we trust it is evident, that not one of the shores visited by Ulysses, and the adventures thence arising, form more a part of the Odyssey, nor one of the shores on which Eneas is thrown, is more essential to his wanderings, or to the rage of Juno, the cause of his troubles, than the episode of Dido. In Tasso, the old story of the Trojan Palladium is most servilely copied. An image of the virgin, strange to tell, was to preserve Jerusalem against the Christians, and magic had played that trick. But this Palladium is stolen, and Olinda and Sophronia, two lovers, are to be burned for the theft, but in the nick of time are saved by the Camilla of the Mahometan party. The warlike Lady, indeed, appears afterwards in the poem; but the poor lovers, the image, or one incident concerning them, are never more heard of!!! We shall make no remarks farther, than that Mr. Heron seems to think he possesses the apostolical power of being able to cast what mountains into the sea he pleases; of saying to Virgil, Be thou a vile imitator of no genius; and to Tasso, Be thou a glorious original.

Homer and Virgil hold councils of the Gods, and Tasso opens with a grand one of the Devils. But you know this is no imitation at all, Mr. Heron. You know, that Homer, Virgil, and Ariosto muster their armies, and so does Tasso; but hush, let us not name it; "*Virgil's** *muster is Homer's*," but Tasso's muster is all his own.—Surely you thought so, Mr. Heron, or totally forgot that such measure as is meted to one epic writer, ought to be meted to another. Many are the smaller imitations of Tasso from Virgil, and other

ancient and modern writers. We shall only here select a few great ones, which all hang together in the justly admired adventures of Rinaldo and Armida. Peter the hermit, the very priest of the Iliad, in taking upon himself to explain the will of heaven, converts a pagan magician to the Christian faith, yet allows him to continue his magical arts; and to this magician Peter sends the heroes who are to rescue Rinaldo from the Paradisaical gardens and enchantment of Armida.

About three or four years before Tasso published his *Jerusalem*, Camoens published his *Lusiadas* on the discovery of India, and Tasso complimented the old Portuguese poet in an elegant sonnet, and Camoens had just before him copied Virgil's cave of the nymph Cyrene. This cave is a glorious palace under the earth and ocean, where the visitors, among other things, see the fountains of the great rivers. Tasso has the same incidents, and his imitation of Virgil (the other is not at our hand) is here almost a translation, and is a capital passage; but Mr. Heron knew nothing it would seem of this imitation, tho' he assumes the airs of the utmost intimacy with the Classics.

The palace and gardens of Tasso's Armida have been long held in the highest admiration, and contain, indeed, the very finest effusions of poetical luxuriance in description. "The palace of Armida," says Mr. Heron, tho' the scene of enchantment, is not adorned with decorations of glass, but of diamond, "as strong as it is brilliant"—But to whom, Mr. Heron, do those brilliant diamonds belong? Not to Tasso; no, not even the best of the polishing. Love scenes in luxurious gardens and fairy palaces is a darling subject among the old epic romance writers. Ariosto seems to have vied with all his predecessors, and has excelled them all in these delightful paintings. Tasso's Rinaldo, absent from the wars, is deluded by Armida, and leads a life of voluptuousness with her, from which he is rescued by some of the first heroes of the poem. But every circumstance of this is copied from Ariosto, whose Rogero is thus captivated in the palace and gardens of Alcina, and is thus rescued by Melissa. And Camoens, delighted no doubt with these beautiful passages, has, in his *Lusiad*, greatly improved upon Ariosto, in the manner in which "none but original writers can imitate." In his admirable episode of the island of Venus, he has combined the scattered beauties of elder poets, and worked into one piece almost all that can be painted of fairy bowers and goddess-nymphs; and Spenser's description

* See Lett. XXIII. where this is objected to Virgil, with several others of the kind, equally applicable to Tasso.

of the gardens of Acrasia, in imitation of the gardens of Tasso's Armida, part of which is direct translation, is hardly more near the Italian poet, than the Italian's Armida is to the island of Venus. But Tasso does not imitate, as "none but original writers can do." In the luxuriance of landscape colouring, and in the glowing description of the love scenes, Tasso has not reached his Portuguese master; and his Rinaldo, with Armida, a most fervile copy of Ariosto's Rogero and Alcina, does not excel the original. And to close all this groupe of most open imitations, who can think of Tasso's bird which sings a love song, without recollecting Virgil's bird, Cœno, who prophesies evil to the Trojans?

But our tremendous Critic seems totally ignorant of all these broad imitations; otherwise how could he have the brazen front to assert, that Virgil had not one ray of poetical genius, because he was an imitator, and yet hold up Tasso as a most exalted original poet! That his reading is mostly confined to the rubbish of ancient and modern literature, is evident from his total ignorance of what poetical Pagan piety was, (*See our last Number*) and from the many instances we have given in the course of these remarks (and many more are in his book) that he misunderstood, and was exceedingly superficial even in his knowledge of Virgil. Of his wretched *tasteless* taste, with pardon to the expression, we have given the most striking instances, instances that indicate the very insanity of dulness. Dryden's Ode, he says, is worth all ever Pindar wrote, "because it is a dithyrambic poem, not a lyric one." Good heaven! Blue is better than red, because it is not red, is exactly the same logic. But we need not repeat the other instances, already cited, of his depraved taste, or rather *no taste* at all. He seems totally ignorant of what poetry is. A most horrid poetaster, one Pinkerton, talks exactly like our author of invention, as the sole test of poetical genius, and then thinks he has attained it, by giving new names to the divisions of some execrable trash he calls Odes. In the same manner Mr. Heron often finds invention, and thence true poetic genius, in circumstances, to imagine which requires not the smallest gleam of poetical conception. We have seen him in raptures with passages of Tasso, and others, which have not the most distant pretence to poetry. A quaint turn, a conceit, and a tiny knick-nack prettynefs are suited to his taste, and of such we have produced many instances of his admiration. An allusion to armorial bearing seems to him to be poetic inspiration itself, tho' nothing is so

frequent in the old ballads of Percy's collection. Casimir's ode *Ad apes Barberi* as, to the Barberinian bees, puts him in raptures. He cites it, and thus comments on it in the very style of dulness herself. "Need I tell you that the arms of Urban VIII. of the house of Barberini, then the reigning Pontiff, were three bees? Urban was himself no mean poet in the Latin way; and must have been much pleased with this fine allusion to his armorial bearing; indeed the happiest of the kind which I remember to have read." And to put the charge of partial selection utterly out of his power, we shall conclude our remarks on Mr. Heron's taste, by citing his translation of another ode of Casimir, which he calls "superlative," and talks of in the highest terms as one of his first-rate favourites. Thus it is:

"To his Harp.

Sonorous daughter of the pliant boxen stem,
On the high poplar, O my harp, thou shalt
depend;

While laughs the sky, and the gale
Softly revives the listless leaves.

The western wind will solicit with gentlest
breath

The music of thy charming strings; I the
mean while,

Lost in sweet ease, will recline
Along the green of this fair bank.

Alas! what sudden clouds invade the sunny
sky!

What unexpected showers in sounding haste
descend!

Let us be gone. Ah how soon
Will happiness still pass away!"

The style of the Latin original is indeed exceedingly elegant, but where is the image or the thought that requires the smallest portion of poetical feeling to inspire it? Thousands of such things, in point of thought, may be written by receipt, and have been written by the meekest book worms. And the concluding turn, for which the ode was written,

— — — *Hæc semper fugaci
Gaudia præteritura passa!*

thus humbled—"Ah how soon will happiness still pass away!" is the most common of all the common-places bewailings of the human race. Yet such is the *poetry* which Mr. Heron, who can never look into Virgil without disgust, delights to honour, and to immortalize with his most respectable approbation.

(To be concluded by a Supplement in our next.)

Apologia

Apologia secunda: or, a Supplementary Apology for Conformity, 8vo. 6d. Biadon.

THE Rev. Mr. Newton, rector of the united parishes of St. Mary Woolnoth and St. Mary Woolchurch, having quitted the dissenters, and conformed to the Church of England, published some time since an apology for his conduct, which drew a reply from a dissenting minister. This second apology consists of two ironical epistles to the "*awakened clergy*," a term unluckily applied by Mr. Newton to the conforming ministers in his publication. The intention of it is to point out some seeming contradictions in the ceremonies of the established church, in some of which it is thought to approach too nearly to those of the church of Rome, and to place them in a ridiculous point of view. But admitting ridicule to be the test of truth, we do not think that this *facetious* performance, in which neither genius nor poetical talents are displayed, will make any sensible impression

on its readers. Ridicule, in the hands of a skilful master, is a keen two-edged sword; in those of a bungler, a meer dagger of lath. Half a dozen lines will suffice to determine the nature of our author's weapon. Speaking of the rules enjoined by the Church of England relative to the dress of the clergy, he *wittily* observes,

"She wife directs both to colour and shape,
"And instead of gay lace will allow only
"tape;

"And tho' upper garb shift from sable to
"white,

"Supporters must always be dark as the
"night.

"Then pray, *honor'd* clergy, regard your
"strict vows;

"Take heed that most decently black are
"your hose."

Sentimental Memoirs, by a Lady. 2 Vols. Hookham.

NOTWITHSTANDING the predilection of the day for every thing that is *sentimental*, we will venture to declare, that had these Memoirs been more interesting, tho' less *sentimental*, they would have been better received. In their present shape they cannot be said *omne tulisse punctum*. Instruction

and entertainment should go hand in hand. Our fair author seems to have had her attention so invariably fixed on the former, as totally to have lost sight of the latter. We are sorry to be obliged to speak unfavourably of a Lady's first effort, but—"tho' Dinah were our aunt, truth is our sister."

The History of New Hampshire, Vol. I. by Jeremy Belknap, A. M.

THIS volume, which contains the history of this province from its settlement to the year 1715, is written with much perspicuity. Its author, who, we learn, is a native of the province, has an evident advantage over many other writers, in having had an opportunity of consulting records, and examining many manuscripts which tend to elucidate the subject of his work; his narrative bears every appearance of fidelity, and contains no inconsiderable share of information. Among other curiosities, is the following petition:

"Portsmouth, the 7th of Sept. 1687.
"To the much honord cort now siting in
"said Portsmouth, for the prouinc of New-
"hampshir,

"The humbel petishon of William Houchins, on of his magesty subgiets belonging to said prouinc, humbly seueeth for aduic, ade and releff in his deplorabell estat and condition.

"That whareas it has plesed God to lay his hand uppon him, and that hee is in such a condition not being abell to help himselfe,

to the geting a lining or proquering help or remedy for my destemper, being low in the world, and hauing useed all the menes and aduic posabell for nere fise year past; hauing bin informed by som that it is a destemper caled the king's euell, so can not be quered but by his magesty. Hauing littell or nothing in this world, if my liiff should go for it am not abell to transport my selff for England to his magesty for releff; thareffor humbly and hartly beg the help, ade and assistanc of this honord cort, that thay would so far commiserat my deplorabell condition as order som way ether by breff or any other way that youer honers shall think most meet to moue the harts of all cristen people with compation to besto somthing uppon mee, to transport me for England, whar, God willing, I intend forth with to goo iff posabell, but without help not posabell. This humbly leuing my self in the sad condition I am in, trusting in God and youer honers for help and aduice, subscrib youer por deplorabell seruant,

WILLIAM HOUCHINS."

A Narrative of Facts, supposed to throw Light on the History of the Bristol Stranger, known by the Name of the Maid of the Hay-Stack. Translated from the French. rs. 6d. Gardner. 1785.

THE infancy of this unfortunate young creature rendering it impossible to obtain from herself any information who she is, the object of the translator of the present work is, to investigate whether she may not possibly be the same person who some years since appeared on the Continent, and whose story is related in the French pamphlet under the name of *L'Inconnue*. It is briefly as follows:

This lady, who signed herself *La Freulen*, in 1768, applied by letter to Count Cobenzel, Imperial Minister at Brussels, soliciting his good offices for a person whom he would not repent having attended to.—The Count about the same time received a letter from Prague, signed *Le Comte de Wiefendorf*, requesting him to give Madame La Freulen his best advice, and to advance her to the amount of one thousand ducats. After this he received a letter from Vienna, signed *Le Comte de Dietrichstein*, requesting every possible attention to Mad. *La Freulen*. The Count answered both the letters, but no notice was taken of the reply to either.

The next year the wife of a tradesman at Bourdeaux, having occasion to come to Brussels on business which introduced her to the Count, spoke of *La Freulen* in terms of the highest praise: That from her mode of living, which was magnificent, the attention paid her by Marshal de Richelieu, and from the extreme resemblance of her features to those of the late Emperor Francis the First, strange conjectures had arisen: That tho' often questioned on the subject, she always observed the most scrupulous silence as to her family. Her correspondence with the Count continued, and she sent him her miniature, which Prince Charles of Lorraine thought bore a strong resemblance to the late Emperor his brother.

In the beginning of the year 1769, the Count received some dispatches from Vienna, containing several extraordinary circumstances relative to this stranger. In August 1769, in consequence of an application from the Court of Vienna to that of Versailles, she was arrested at her own house, and carried prisoner to Brussels. At the same time the Empress wrote to Prince Charles as follows: "This wretch wishes to pass for the daughter of our late Royal master.—If there was the least probability in the story, I would love her and treat her as my own children; but I know that it is an imposture, and I wish every possible effort to be made, that this unhappy creature may no longer profane the name of our dear departed lord." On her arrival at Brussels, she underwent several examinations, in which she materially contradicted herself; from thence she was conducted to the fortress of Monterels, and was at last set down as an impostor. The Count died soon after, and four days after his decease she was conducted to Quicorain, a small town belonging to Mons and Valenciennes—fifty louis d'ors were put into her hands, and she was abandoned to her destiny.

From these circumstances the translator wishes to establish the idea, that this foreign lady and the Maid of the Hay-Stack may be the same person: of this, however, there does not appear any proof, nor is it even probable. One material objection occurs, viz. that *La Freulen*, if now alive, must be about 37, being about 20 when she left Bourdeaux in 1768; whereas Louisa, when found in 1781, was described as "extremely young, and strikingly beautiful;" it is therefore certain that the Maid of the Hay-Stack and *L'Inconnue* only resemble each other in one circumstance—that of being both *unknown*.

Maria. A Novel. In Two Volumes. 6s. Cadell.

THE author of this Novel, who, we are told, is a young lady, seems possessed of many, tho' not all the necessary qualifications for the work she has engaged in. She is not void of humour, nor does she, upon the whole, want judgment; her language is above mediocrity; and when she aims at being pathetic, her endeavours are frequently successful. There are, however, from whatever cause they may arise, some little inconsisten-

cies, which take away from the general merit of this novel, and render it less interesting. In novels, as in plays, the under-plot should never take off the attention from the main business: the conclusion, too, of this novel has something tragi-comical in it, which leaves the mind of the reader, like Mahomet's Tomb, suspended—between sorrow and joy.

The Omen; or, Memoirs of Sir Henry Melville and Miss Julia Eastbrook. Two Volumes. 6s. Lowndes.

THE very title of this novel is *ominous*. It by no means abounds in characters well delineated; nor are its situations interesting, tho' they sometimes border on the mar-

vellous: the remarks are trite; it possesses, however, a negative kind of merit, that of being as harmless as it is insipid.

A Fragment of the History of that illustrious Personage, John Bull, Esq. compiled by the celebrated Historian Sir Humphry Poleworth, lately discovered in the repairs of Grub-hatch, the ancient Seat of the Family of the Poleworths: Now first published from the original Manuscript, by Peregrine Pinfold, of Grub-hatch, Esq. 2s. 6d. Bew.

THO' Mr. Peregrine Pinfold, like the rest of his numerous family, the *Imitatores servum pecus*, falls very short of his original Dr. Arbuthnot, yet, upon the whole, he is not totally void of humour; and some of his sketches bear a more than faint resem-

blance of that skilful delineator's manner. The dialogue between Trim and Mrs. Herenhausen, the nurse; and the character of Paddy, John Bull's cousin, by no means discredit Mr. Peregrine.

Urim and Thummim, a Poem inscribed to the Dukes of Devonshire. 4to. 2s. 6d. Macklew.

FULSOME flattery, and illiberal abuse, so laid on as to defeat its end. It can neither serve the one, nor injure the other party;

the only sufferer, in such cases, is the publisher.

The Knight and Friars; an Historic Tale. By Richard Paul Jodrell, Esq. F.R.S. and A.S.S. 4to. 2s. Doddsley.

OUR author may be said to have written this Poem *plans pede uno*. It is the work of three mornings in the Christmas holidays, and, as such, hardly deserving critical censure. The subject is taken from Haywood's *ΤΥΧΑΙΟΛΟΓΙΟΝ*, printed in 1624, and containing, under the appellation of the Nine Muses, the various Histories of Women. It is by no means a bad subject for a tale; but the pruning knife might have been used with advantage, as it abounds in indelicate excrescences.

"It has happened even in the annals of criminal jurisdiction, that jurymen have been impanelled to hear and decide on those very crimes, of which they themselves have been guilty; and have rescued the supposed culprits from the most imminent danger of death, when circumstances have wonderfully conspired to demand the penal verdict, and the judge has recommended conviction. But I do not remember to have ever heard of a fact, parallel to this story, where a guiltless man has been so situated as to imagine himself the author of a supposed murder, and to stand condemned by his own conscience as well as by the formal trial of a court."

The following may serve as a specimen of the poetry.

"There liv'd in days of warlike yore
A valorous Knight, who weapons bore,

When our fifth Harry fought to gain
His English spoils on Gallia's plain:
Sir Thomas Erpingham he hight,
Of vast eclat and glory bright:
His single arm bad squadrons yield
In Agincourt's immortal field;
Like Mars, he storm'd at Harfleur's siege,
There bled to crown his scepter'd Liege.
When Peace in Britain's favour'd Isle
Saw Victory, sweet Sister, smile,
He reap'd the harvest of renown,
Was titl'd Steward of the Crown,
High Warden of the English Sea,
And ribband grac'd his garter'd knee.
Yet dazzling Pomp arrays in vain,
Unless the Fair reward our pain.
To heal the wounds of martial life
Sir Thomas solac'd in a Wife.
But this was only earthly joy,
An idle dream, a vacant toy;
So to secure eternal pleasure,
Where Moths can't gnaw our endless trea-
sure,

For good of his celestial soul,
Knight took the hint to guard the whole.
Hence built a Convent for twelve men
To roar out anthems—now and then," &c.

There is a better versification of this Tale in Ned Ward's Works.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

The CLUB of AUTHORS. An ANECDOTE.

"One science will alone one genius fit,
 "So vast is knowledge, narrow human wit."

POPE.

AMONG the many amiable and the many ridiculous qualities which distinguished the manners of the late Dr. Goldsmith, such a share of self-sufficiency predominated, that his best friends could not help considering this as the most striking feature in his motley character. To the vanity of the Doctor it was a paltry gratification, to tell him that he was one of the most beautiful poets of the age, if, at the same time, a doubt seemed to remain, that, as a *professor*, his abilities were not equally conspicuous.

Not satisfied with pretending to *know* every science, it was his firm persuasion, that in every science he was qualified also to *shine*. It was this circumstance, added to the *res angusta domi*, which rendered him so convenient and so useful a tool in the hands of the booksellers—those illustrious Mæcenæ's, who, as his friend Dr. Johnson has with so negative a grace observed, "are neither the worst judges nor the worst rewarders of literary merit."—Be this as it may, *semper paratus* and in *utrumque paratus* were the invaluable maxims of Dr. Goldsmith, when his native *indolence* would permit him to put them in practice; and, accordingly, no subject ever presented itself amiss to the *multifarious* pen of the *all-accomplished* author of the *Traveler* and *Deserted Village*.

One evening, happening to sup in a promiscuous company of wits and wittings, bards and bardlings—a heterogeneous assemblage, in fine, of literati, either real or pretended—the above lines were quoted, and declared *non con.* to be destitute of truth.

"What!" exclaimed one of the party, a very *toad-eater*, however, to poor Goldsmith, "one science will alone one genius fit!—It is plain, that Pope himself possessed no genius, or, at least, that what genius he did possess was miserably contracted.—Yes, added he, our friend the Doctor here exhibits a proof, that many sciences may unite in adorning the brows of one genius."—

Goldsmith bowed and smiled; and yet, while he *modestly* disclaimed all title to the compliment, with another bow and another smile he plainly intimated, that it would be unjust to consider the encomium of his friend as a *compliment merely*.

Genius being the subject started, a debate followed on the nature of the mental powers, and the possible degrees of their universality in works of literature and science.

At length (waving all *mutual* compliments)

it was admitted as an unqualified fact, which no unprejudiced man of *taste* could deny, that *Voltaire* was the only author who had, in any age, laid a just claim to the epithet *universal*; he was even, *una voce*, pronounced a *walking encyclopedia*; an encyclopedia possessed of more *knowledge*, more *wit*, nay more *wisdom*, than all the academies of Europe united.

To this curious debate succeeded a conversation not less curious.

"It is very true," said Goldsmith, "Voltaire is certainly a wonderful man; but still his poetry—what a pity he did not confine himself to humble prose, for then he would have known no rival—at least upon the CONTINENT."

"There I differ from you," cried a certain civilian who shall be nameless. "In all the fields of poetic as of prosaic composition the talents of M. de Voltaire are unbounded; and in history, in the belles-lettres, in mathematics, in ethics, in physics, in every other science you can name—he was born to excel, nor will leave behind him his equal. In touching upon matters of *jurisprudence* indeed," added our civilian, "he rather betrays a weakness; but that is a trifle, nor ought it to diminish the fame we have allowed him of being an *universal genius*."

What the civilian thus alleged against his knowledge in jurisprudence, an historian affirmed to be alone applicable to his ignorance of *history*; a mathematician, to his ignorance of *mathematics*; a physician, to his ignorance of *medicine*; a divine, to his ignorance of the *scriptures*; and thus, for at least half an hour, our club of authors continued on the one hand to extol Voltaire, in their *collective* capacity, as an *universal genius*, and on the other, (author-like) to deny him, *individually*, any merit in the particular science, or branch of literature, which they severally professed themselves, or had endeavoured to illustrate by their writings.

Sensible, at last, of the absurd lengths they had gone, they began to look at each other; and a general laugh ensuing, Kenrick (who was also of the party, but had till now remained *perdu* in a corner) put an end to the subject by recommending it to the company, with a significant *mum!* never to open their lips on what had passed, and by filling a bumper, with his usual Falstaffian hilarity, to the health of that *universal genius*, and yet no genius, M. de Voltaire.

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

H O U S E O F L O R D S.

JULY 20.

THE Royal Assent was given by commission to the following bills, viz. the Bank postponing, the Game Duty, Ship Assurance, Sinking Fund, Lottery, Duke of Gloucester's Stipend, Mail Carriage, Pilchard Fishery, Salt Duty, Cotton Duty, British Fishery, Iron and Steel Tools, Mr. Webster's Turpentine Manufactory, Brick and Tiles Duty, Lord Chamberlain's Bounty, Gold and Silver Plate, Flask Duty, Poultry Compter, Brewer's Allowance, and several other public and private bills.

A motion being made for the commitment of the bill for granting to Mr. Phillips the sum of 1000*l.* for the discovery of his new-invented powder to destroy weovils, &c.

The Lord Chancellor opposed it pretty nearly on the same grounds as he did the former bill; as did also the Duke of Chandos.

Lord Viscount Dudley and the Lords Effingham and Hawke spoke in favour of the bill.

The question being put, a division took place, when there appeared for the commitment, Contents 7—Non-Contents 5. The bill was committed for Monday next. Adjourned.

JULY 21.

Lord Derby having moved a second reading of the Insolvent Debtors Bill,

The Lord Chancellor rose and said, that there were two Insolvent Bills now in that House, which were founded on principles diametrically opposite to each other. That which was immediately under consideration, was, in his Lordship's opinion, pregnant with mischief, and, if passed into a law, would tend to annihilate the internal trade and intercourse of this country: it was founded on a principle destitute of common justice and equity, by liberating those, who at any future period may become insolvent either from profligacy, dissipation, or other wanton extravagance, and thereby defraud the industrious creditor from receiving that which he had a just right to obtain. His Lordship dwelt upon this part of the bill some time, and urged many arguments to prove how injurious the enacting such a law would be to the trading part of the community.—The noble and learned Lord next stated the mischief that would arise from that part of the bill which fixes no limitation to the debts of the insolvent, from which he was to be discharged under such bill. His Lordship con-

cluded with moving, "that the bill be rejected."

Lord Derby said, if it was the wish of the noble and learned Lord to have those objections rectified, which his Lordship stated in the course of his speech to lie against the bill, he was of opinion the proper time would be in a committee. He should therefore hope, that their Lordships would concur in giving it their support in order to commit it, and to have those objectionable clauses, if possible, amended, by inserting others in their stead. His Lordship stated the wretchedness of those who were confined in the different prisons, pining in misery and want, as one great motive to induce their Lordships to agree to the second reading, in order to have it committed.

Lord Effingham spoke in favour of the bill, as did Lord Ferrers, who seemed to agree in opinion with the noble and learned Lord respecting the discriminating between the different debtors who were now confined; that such a bill would be preferable to any that as yet has been brought forward.

Lord Sydney said, that he had endeavoured all that lay in his power to make such regulations with respect to unfortunate debtors as came within his province. Many, he said, surrendered themselves to prison under an idea that an insolvent bill would pass, who otherwise would have kept themselves out. He was of opinion that it was better to reject the bill at once, than leave the unfortunate objects of it in suspense, when it was not probable that it could be attended with any success.

Lord Derby said, that as their Lordships seemed to be averse to it, it was better to reject it at once, than keep the objects of it in suspense and doubts of its success.

The question was put for the second reading of the bill, when it was negatived without a division.

The House having resolved itself into a committee of the whole House, Lord Hawke in the chair, on Lord Effingham's Insolvent bill, the clerk proceeded to read the bill clause by clause.

The Lord Chancellor objected to the second clause relative to vexatious arrests, as being an innovation of the most dangerous tendency. In his opinion, every subject of this kingdom was by the laws now existing sufficiently protected against the exertion of oppression; and he was an enemy to the multiplying of unnecessary statutes. At any rate, he thought the Judges should have been

consulted in a business that involved consequences so important. He was also against any alteration in the form of the affidavit, which obliged the person to swear that he believed the debtor to be *in meditatione fugæ*. This was an oath which did not involve in it any of the consequences of perjury, because the creditor was obliged to swear only to the best of his knowledge or belief; and as this was the case, it became nugatory, and consequently absurd.

Lord Effingham was sorry the bill did not meet the approbation of the noble and learned Lord, for whose opinion he had the highest deference; he, however, must remain of opinion, that something was absolutely necessary to be done, to prevent the enormous abuses that were daily practised under the sanction of the law.

The Duke of Richmond spoke in favour of the bill; and on the question being put, that the clause with its amendments stand part of the bill, the committee divided, Contents 6—Non-contents 4.

After some conversation, the further consideration of the bill was postponed.

JULY 22.

The second reading of the Hawkers and Pedlars bill taking place, a short conversation ensued; which was supported by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Sydney, Lord Stormont, and Lord Hopetoun.

On a division there appeared for reading the bill, Contents 14—Non-contents 5—Majority 9.

A motion being made for the commitment of the bill, a debate ensued, when the same Lords, with Lord Ferrers, spoke on the question. On a division there appeared for the commitment, Contents 13—Non-contents 7—Majority 6.

A conference next took place between the two Houses, on the subject of the Irish Resolutions; after which their Lordships withdrew into the House, and after a short debate gave their assent to the same.

HAY.—The bill which had been moved for, and passed in the Commons within half an hour, was read a first and a second time, committed, reported, and passed without any amendments—Adjourned.

JULY 25.

Agreed to three new resolutions on the Irish trade.—Adjourned.

JULY 26.

Held a conference with the Commons.

In a committee went through the Insolvent Debtors bill, with amendments.

The order of the day being then read, for the second reading and hearing counsel on the bill "for laying a toll upon all horses and

carriages passing on a Sunday through any turnpike at or near the Circus in St. George's Fields, in the county of Surrey, towards increasing the fund for watching, lighting, cleaning, watering, and repairing Blackfriars-bridge," Mr. Garrow spoke in support of the bill, and Mr. Milne was examined in support of the allegations. These gentlemen being withdrawn, the Lord Chancellor came forward, and stated his reasons why the bill should not proceed. His Lordship concluded with moving, "That the bill be read a second time on that day four months." Lord Hawke spoke in favour of the bill; and the question being put upon the Lord Chancellor's motion, the House divided, when there appeared,

Contents 4	Non Contents 4
Proxies 3	Proxies 2
—7	—6

The bill is therefore lost for this session.

JULY 27.

Previous to the second reading of Lord Mahon's bill,

Lord Thurlow rose, and apologizing for opposing the bill in that stage, took a summary view of its principle, which he observed might be founded on justice, but he could only look on it as a mere voluminous production to answer no effect; for by the present laws, elections were under as good, if not the same regulations in fact, as the bill meant to impose: it contained also some difficulties with respect to freeholders, which he thought ought not to be admitted; so far as respected their being registered, it was throwing difficulties in the way of elections which should be carefully avoided, as a man ought to be permitted to give his suffrage with the greatest freedom possible. There were many other clauses which appeared to him highly reprehensible, but he would not now enter into the discussion of them. As he had so many objections to it, he would at once move that the order be discharged.

The Duke of Richmond spoke in favour of the bill, defending it on the principle of its having been sent up from the House wherein the regulation was to be made, which he thought was to be considered as the best judge of its propriety. He was of opinion the House should at least go into the committee, when, if there appeared any clauses that were very-exceptionable, alterations might be made in them.

The question being put on the Lord Chancellor's motion for discharging the order, on a division there appeared, Contents 14—Non-Contents 6.—Majority 8.

The bill was therefore rejected.—Adjourned.

JULY 28.

Lord Effingham's bill relative to debtors, and the Attornies licence bill, were read a third time and passed.

A motion was made to discharge the order for the second reading of the bill relative to creditors of bankrupts. The same was upon the question discharged, and the bill ordered to be read a second time on that day three months.

JULY 29.

This day the Right Hon. the Lord Chancellor, with a great number of Peers (and the Speaker and Members of the House of Commons) waited on his Majesty at St. James's, with the following joint Address of both Houses relative to the proceedings on the Irish commercial business:

"WE, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in Parliament assembled, have taken into our most serious consideration, the important subject of the intercourse between Great Britain and Ireland, recommended in your Majesty's Speech at the opening of the present Session; and the Resolutions of the two Houses of Parliament in Ireland, which were laid before us by your Majesty's command on the 22d of February last; and after a long and careful investigation of the various questions necessarily arisen out of this comprehensive subject, we have come to the several Resolutions which we now humbly present to your Majesty, and which we trust will form the basis of an advantageous and permanent commercial settlement between your Majesty's Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland.

"We have proceeded on the foundation of Ireland; but, in considering so extensive an arrangement, we have found it necessary to introduce some modifications and exceptions, and we have added such regulations and conditions as appeared to us indispensably necessary in establishing the proposed agreement as just and equitable, and for securing to both countries those advantages, to an equal enjoyment of which they are in future to be entitled. Your Majesty's subjects in Ireland being secured in a full and lasting participation of the trade with the British colonies, must, we are persuaded, acknowledge the justice of their continuing to enjoy it on the same terms with your Majesty's subjects in Great Britain; and it is, we conceive, equally manifest, that as the ships and mariners of Ireland are to continue and enjoy the same privileges with those of Great Britain, the same provisions should be adopted in Ireland as may be found necessary in this country for securing those advantages exclusively to the subjects of the empire.

"This object is essentially connected with

the maritime strength of your Majesty's dominions, and consequently with the safety and prosperity of both Great Britain and Ireland. We therefore deem it indispensable, that those points should be secured, as may be considered necessary to the existence and duration of the agreements between the two countries, and they can only be carried into effect by laws to be passed in the Parliament of Ireland, which is alone competent to bind your Majesty's subjects in that kingdom, and whose legislative rights we shall ever hold as sacred as our own.

"It remains for the Parliament of Ireland to judge, according to their wisdom and discretion, of those conditions, as well as of every other part of the settlement proposed to be established by mutual consent, as the purpose of these Resolutions is to promote alike the commercial intercourse of your Majesty's subjects in both countries; and we are persuaded, that the common prosperity of the two kingdoms will be thereby greatly advanced; the subjects of each will, in future, apply themselves to those branches of commerce which they can exercise with most advantage and wealth, as will operate as a general benefit to the whole.

"We have so far performed our part in this important business; and we trust, that in the whole of its progress, reciprocal interests and mutual affection will insure that spirit of union so essentially necessary to the great end which the two countries have equally in view. In this persuasion we look forward with confidence to the final completion of a measure which, while it tends to perpetuate harmony and friendship between the two kingdoms, by augmenting their resources, uniting their efforts, and consolidating their strength, will afford his Majesty the surest means of establishing a lasting foundation in the safety, prosperity, and glory of the empire."

After the return of the House from presenting the above address, the Lord Chancellor reported his Majesty's answer to the same to be as follows:

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I receive with the greatest satisfaction these Resolutions, which, after so long and diligent an investigation, you consider as affording the basis of an advantageous and permanent commercial settlement between my Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland. Nothing can more clearly manifest your regard for the interests of both my Kingdoms, and your zeal for the general prosperity of my dominions, than the attention you have given to this important object. A full and equal participation of commercial advantages, and a similarity of laws in those points which are necessary

necessary for their preservation and security, must be the surest bond of union between the two kingdoms, and the source of reciprocal and increasing benefits to both. The same spirit in which this great work has begun and proceeded, will, I doubt not, appear throughout the whole of its progress; and I concur with you in thinking that the final completion of it is of essential importance to the future happiness of both countries, and to the safety, glory, and prosperity of the empire."

After this, the House resolved itself into a committee, Lord Galway in the chair, for levying an addition on the licences for hawkers and pedlars, and for putting them under certain restrictions.

Lord Hopetoun, after a few words in their favour, when they came to the clause appointing it to take place on the first of August, moved to leave out the first and insert the 15th.

This occasioned a short debate, and a division took place, when there appeared for Lord Hopetoun's motion,

Contents	—	4
Non-Contents	—	8
Majority	—	4

The Clerk then proceeded till he came to the clause for restricting the opening their packs within two miles of a market-town.

Lord Hopetoun here rose again and said, this was so particular a hardship on that set of men, whom he had ever looked upon to be as useful as any members of the community, that he should conceive himself totally wanting in his duty if he sat there and suffered it to pass in silence. His Lordship then took a general review of the hawkers, from their first setting off to vend a few buttons of their own manufactory, until the present state of importance unto which they had arrived; and, after speaking very strongly in their favour, moved to leave out the clause.

Lord Walsingham defended the bill, insisting, that the privileges allowed hawkers of

setting up in any corporation town was more than a compensation for the restriction in the bill.

Lord Sydney also spoke in favour of the bill, and said, that as an alteration in the bill would prove fatal to it, he should oppose the noble Lord's motion; if, however, there was any part which by experience was found injurious, it might be amended in a future session.

Lord Ferrers declared himself an enemy to the bill; he observed it was a revenue bill, but the sum it was to raise was too contemptible to be an argument in its favour; the whole it was proposed for was 6000*l.* and there were more than that number of persons who would be deprived by it of the means of getting a livelihood.

Lord Sydney said a few words in reply, and was answered by Lord Hopetoun, after which a division took place, when there appeared,

Contents,	—	5
Non-Contents,	—	10

Majority for the clause 5

Lord Hopetoun afterwards stated his objections to several other clauses, and particularly to that for admitting one justice to be able to convict on the evidence of one witnesses; but observing the disposition of the House he should forbear, he said, any motion, resting himself satisfied with having pointed out those parts which appeared to him highly objectionable.

The bill then went through the committee and was reported.

AUGUST 2.

The royal assent was given by commission to the following public bills, viz.

Acts imposing duties on Medicines, Hawk-ers and Pedlars, and Attornies; the Act to limit the duration of polls and scrutinies, in the election of Members to serve in Parliament, &c. &c. after which the House adjourned to the 27th of October.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

JULY 25.

THE Attorney-General brought up an additional clause to the bill for appointing Commissioners to enquire into the claims of the American Loyalists, purporting, that two Commissioners should be empowered to go to Nova-Scotia, for the purpose of settling the claims of such of the residents in that colony as had suffered in their circumstances by their attachment to his Majesty during the war. The clause being added by way of rider, the bill was read a third time and passed.

The Lords having sent a message, requesting another conference on the subject of the late Irish Resolutions, the same persons who had been appointed to manage the two former, repaired to the Painted Chamber, and on their return the Chancellor of the Exchequer reported, that the Lords had concurred in the amendments.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer then moved, that the Resolutions for settling a commercial arrangement between Great Britain and Ireland on terms of reciprocity and mutual

mutual advantage, be now read; which being done, the Chancellor moved, that the Address the copy of which is inserted in page 300, be presented to his Majesty.

Lord Beauchamp said, he could not give his assent to the Address, on account of its being couched in too strong terms of panegyric. He thought it would not be safe to the commercial interests of this country to vote such an Address, as he was of opinion it would be as unfavourably received in Ireland as the Eleven Resolutions originally transmitted from that country had been by the House. Though he had in some degree given those Resolutions his sanction, he did not think he should expose himself to the charge of inconsistency, if he opposed them in their present state. He had voted for their being received, not because he approved them, but because they were on a subject of such vast importance as to call for deliberate enquiry. The business of the commercial arrangement, he said, had been opened in so dark and unintelligible a manner, that the very persons who were connected in the several branches of trade that would be affected by it, were at a loss to know to what extent the proposed plan would go, and how it would operate on the various branches of manufacture. He was persuaded that the English traders in beer, wine, and sugar, would sustain essential injury, if the Propositions were adopted; and he insisted that they were by no means calculated to effect what was proposed, viz. to establish a system of reciprocity. Lord Beauchamp concluded with opposing the motion.

Mr. Jenkinson said, that the Resolutions, as they had passed the Irish Parliament, were not unfavourably received here, at least not by a majority of the Members of that House. Great Britain was now going to signify to the sister kingdom what were the modifications in the original plan which would make the system completely answer the purpose for which it was designed; and these Resolutions, as amended, he thought would form the best possible foundation, short of an actual union, for a permanent and advantageous agreement between the two countries.

Mr. Eden acknowledged the plan was essentially amended, but was persuaded much still remained to be done to make it what it ought to be.

Mr. Fox was persuaded there was no necessity for precipitately adopting a plan of regulation so extensive in its object, and so minute and complicated in its detail. The original Eleven Resolutions, transmitted from the Irish Parliament, were so different from those now under the consideration of the House, that there might, on the first view, appear something like inconsistency in ob-

jecting to both the systems, which so directly and strongly militated against each other. By the second list of Resolutions, demands were made upon Ireland, which could not fail to sow the seeds of jealousy between the two countries. But if the Hon. Gentleman would not recede from prosecuting his scheme, let him, said Mr. Fox, have the candour to acknowledge that a sacrifice of the manufacturing and trading interests of Great-Britain is to be made in order to purchase the friendship of Ireland. The many thousands of people who have presented petitions to the House, and the great and respectable numbers who have been heard at the bar, and whose assertions there have been confirmed by the solemnity of oaths, administered at the bar of the House of Lords, had afforded much necessary information; but yet all the information the House had been able to obtain in the many and long discussions of this important business, was by no means sufficient to enable it to appreciate the mischiefs that must result from the adoption of this system of commercial arrangement, one tendency of which was to surrender the execution of the laws for the collection of the revenue, into the hands of officers, over whom the legislature of this kingdom had no controul. Declamations on reciprocity and mutual advantage were idle and ridiculous; the diminution being only with respect to merchandise imported into this country from Ireland; while in return, the advantages to be secured to England were so inconsiderable, as not to admit comparison. He had hoped the time would never arrive, when this country should entertain the most distant idea of refusing the power of legislating for the other kingdom; but the treaty of agreement had for one of its objects the direct resumption of that power of legislation: for if it should be adopted, England would enact those laws which Ireland would be bound to recognize. As to himself, he was a determined enemy to the whole system, which had been so vigorously opposed to its last stage by the manufacturers. Had it not been for the information of those respectable and intelligent manufacturers, the House would not have been able to have put the Resolutions into a form that made them in some degree less exceptionable than they were originally; but notwithstanding that, from their repeated transformations, they retained very little of their original complexions, he had not, among all the various people he had the honour of conversing with on the subject, been able to learn, that the manufacturers were better satisfied with them than when in their former state. Ireland will not bear, under the colour and pretext of negotiation, to relinquish the privilege obtained

gained by the strong and irresistible voice of the people, which is the great security of modern liberty, and in which all popular assemblies must ultimately acquiesce; for were she to yield in this respect, she would resign the essence of her independence. The sister kingdom is to be restrained from lessening the tribute exacted from her by this country, however loudly the state of her finances may call for a diminution; and to yield to this condition would be to surrender the first ensign of her liberty; for however aggrieved, she would have no power of revocation, or of adopting such modifications as might be necessary to alleviate her own distresses. The idea of a House of Commons naturally involves the idea that the redress of grievances should precede the grant of supplies; Ireland, therefore, will never subject herself to become an object of ridicule, by abandoning the power of exercising so invaluable a right. This measure might create a dispute, the most of any circumstance to be deprecated; it was not desired by either country, but was dreaded by both, as was manifest from the petitions which had been presented, and the resolutions passed at the numerous public meetings in both kingdoms. The voice of the people had been loud against the system; and such as should induce the House to deliberate ere it adopted a plan so universally execrated and dreaded. Mr. Fox again urged the House to postpone the further consideration of the Propositions to next year, and concluded with giving his negative to the motion for the Address.

Mr. Pitt replied to the Noble Lord, and the two Gentlemen who spoke after him. He took a retrospective view of the evidence of the manufacturers, and after comparing the relative situations of the manufacturers of both countries, contended, that the importation of Irish goods into this country was nothing more nor less than the importation of them subject to the low duties payable here; but on the increase of the internal duties in this country, there was to be a countervailing duty laid on such commodities in Ireland. He said, it was clear to every understanding, that the security of every free subject consisted in enacting such laws as would affect those for whom they were made, as well as those who had made them. In the present case Great-Britain does not assume the right of legislating for Ireland, or that of making such regulations to bind her as bind this country, which shall not appear to the people of Ireland to be for the mutual benefit and advantage of both countries. With respect also to the arrangement being final and permanent, if it could be so formed as to meet with the unanimous approbation of

both countries, it would be for the interest of each to render it as permanent as the nature of things will admit. With respect to the unity and equality of commercial interests between the two countries, sound policy required that the foreign trade of Ireland be put upon the same footing as the foreign trade of this country; and that the duties laid upon the produce and manufacture of both be reciprocal. This system, therefore, had all the permanency that any human compact can have, viz. the faith of both countries pledged for the mutual benefit of each other. Ireland, he hoped, was possessed of too much good sense to be led away by high-sounding words to oppose a measure which was calculated to secure to both countries the prosperity and welfare of each other, and to conciliate them in the closest bonds of amity and friendship; to effect which was the only wish he had in view when he first proposed the commercial system. He admitted indeed, that many great and respectable bodies of men were at first apprehensive of suffering by this proposed plan; but the more it came to be understood, the more their fears and apprehensions appeared to diminish. At the present period he was certain, that the majority of the people of England were not against the system; and with respect to Ireland, the people of that country had not as yet had the Resolutions properly before them, that they might see whether they were so injurious to them as represented. It could not, therefore, be argued, with any degree of propriety, that the people there are averse to them, till they have them before them; and to accomplish this end, he had that day been induced to move the Address which was then before them. He concluded with giving the motion his hearty concurrence.

Mr. Sheridan followed, and in a speech of considerable length condemned the whole of the system, as inadequate to the purposes it was intended to effect. He argued against the measure with great ingenuity, and created much mirth and laughter by his remarks, which were very facetious.

Strangers were now ordered to withdraw, under the idea that a division was to take place; but the motion was carried in the affirmative without any division.

Mr. Pitt then moved for leave to bring in a bill for settling the commercial intercourse between both countries on equitable and permanent grounds.

Mr. Fox opposed it, contending, that it was absurd, nay even an insult to the Irish, to bring in a bill for the purpose of carrying into law the Resolutions agreed to, and for which the Address of that day had been moved, before it was known how they would

would be received in Ireland. And in case alterations were to be made in those Resolutions in Ireland, which it was probable might be the case, such a bill as that now moved for would be downright farcical and ridiculous.

Mr. Dundas argued for the bill, as necessary to explain more fully the nature and meaning of the Resolutions, which he thought the more necessary on account of the opposition they had received from a party who dared not face a division that day. Mr. Dundas also spoke much in praise of the great number of Members who had attended, as a proof of the attention and care given to a subject of so much importance and interest to both countries.

The question for leave to bring in a bill was then put, and carried without a division.
—Adjourned at twelve o'clock.

JULY 26.

The Commissioners who had managed the former conferences on the subject of settling a commercial intercourse between Great-Britain and Ireland, were nominated again to meet the Lords in the Painted Chamber, on the subject of the Address agreed to yesterday. After an interview of a few minutes, they returned to the House, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer reported, that the Commissioners had presented to the Lords the copy of the Address agreed to yesterday.

Sir Herbert Mackworth took notice, that a bill had been brought in for manning the Royal Navy without having recourse to the odious and unpopular method of pressing men into the service, but after being printed, that bill had lain dormant. If it was not meant to be revived, he would give notice that he should next session bring in a bill on the same subject.

Mr. Hopkins hoped, that whenever a bill of so important a nature as that mentioned by the Hon. Member should be brought forward, care would be taken that it should be discussed in a full House.—Adjourned.

JULY 28.

Deferred their order for hearing undue election petitions from October to December next.

Received their Address from the Lords, with the blanks filled up.—Adjourned.

JULY 29.

Went up with their joint Address with the Lords to his Majesty on the Resolutions for regulating the commercial intercourse with Ireland; a copy of which with his Majesty's Answer are given in page 309.

AUGUST 2.

Ordered out a new writ for Steyning, in the room of Sir J. Honeywood, who hath accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.

Mr. Pitt brought in his bill for a commercial arrangement between Great-Britain and Ireland, founded on the Twenty Resolutions which passed both Houses. The bill was read a first time without producing any conversation, and ordered to be printed for the use of the Members.

The Speaker then, after saying a few words to Mr. Pitt, put the question that the House adjourn to Thursday the 27th of October; on which

Mr. Sheridan requested to be informed by the Right Hon. Gentleman, whether he intended to move for a Call of the House immediately after the adjournment, as he believed no one would contend that the importance of the subject was unworthy of the most numerous attendance, and the most attentive consideration.

Mr. Pitt replied, that from the general and respectable attendance which this business had hitherto procured, there was little reason to suspect that attention being relaxed in any future stage. But should gentlemen fail to attend their duty, (which however he little expected) he certainly should give no opposition to a Call of the House.

After this the question being put, was carried without opposition.

In the London Gazette of October 1, the following Proclamation appeared:

GEORGE R.

"Whereas our Houses of Parliament are adjourned to the twenty-seventh day of October next; We, judging it not requisite that they should sit at that time, have, with the advice of our Privy Council, thought fit to issue this our Royal Proclamation, hereby declaring and publishing our will and pleasure, that our Parliament shall, on the said twenty-seventh day of October next be prorogued unto Thursday the first day of December following. And we do hereby further declare, That due notice shall be given by Proclamation of the time when our Parliament shall meet and sit for the dispatch of business, to the end that the Members of both Houses may order their affairs accordingly. Given at our Court at St. James's, the thirtieth day of September, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-five, in the twenty-fifth year of our Reign.

GOD Save the KING.

We insert the following *EPITHALAMIUM*, as having every reason to believe it the production of the Writer of the *CRITIQUE* on the *ROLLIAD*.

THE following lyric composition is said to be the work of Mr. Pitt's private secretary, the same respectable Divine whom his Majesty has lately been most graciously pleased to collate to the living of *Sudbourn cum Capella de Orford*. It was written to celebrate the marriage of the Hon. *Edward James Elliot* with *Lady Harriet Pitt*; and was performed on the night of the nuptials, at Mr. Pitt's house at Putney (the newspaper having misinformed the public, which indeed is rather an uncommon thing for a ministerial print, that this happy couple were joined together in *Downing-street*).

Shakespeare, in exhibiting the heroism of Henry V. insinuates that his loftiest ambition would be to have "Princes to act, and Monarchs to behold the swelling scene." In the representation of this Epithalamium, its incomparable author has actually been gratified even to the tip-top of Shakespeare's reveries. The audience who heard his Ode, were the most illustrious this country boasts; the singers who performed it, the noblest personages of the nation; and the composers of the music (which by the way was superlative) the most renowned of all our honourable amateurs; the greater part indeed was contributed by the Duke of Queensbury, the Earl of Uxbridge, and Sir Richard Jebb. His ———, in person, attended the celebration of this great event, accompanied by some of his most favourite courtiers, selected from the chosen few who stand distinguished for their capacity of softening the indispensable anxieties of royalty, and of exalting the frictions of social life, by their superior wit, vivacity and humour. On the first of this list appeared the Dukes of Chandos and Montague, the Lords of Salisbury, Brudenel, and Aylesbury. Of lesser constellations, were the Lords Denbigh, Onslow, Amherst, Galoway, and Galway, a most splendid circle of the nobility of both sexes not immediately employed in the Court, besides Bishops and Bank Directors.

His ——— (who is greatly beloved even in his own neighbourhood, and whose popularity, as he has been graciously pleased lately to inform us in his own Royal Gazette, extends all the way to Oxford) arrived at Mr. Pitt's house, in the most private manner, and came in the back-way, on purpose to escape a visit from "the heads of houses" at Barnes, Putney, and the neighbouring

towns; a demonstration of loyalty and attachment, which a more public *entrée* had infallibly compelled him to endure. Upon some future occasion, perhaps, we may sketch the order in which the company sat down, as well as relate some of the numberless events which occurred during the evening, all of them curious, and worthy being transmitted to posterity. Suffice it to say at present, that all matters were completely arranged by nine o'clock, and that this flow of soul, and feast of reason, commenced immediately after, in the following course.

PART I.

TRIO, sung by Lord Graham, Mr. Rose, and Mr. Aubrey.

AVAUNT each grief! away each care!
Let no man wear a face of sorrow,
Let Treas'ry Clerks their gigs prepare,
Let Treas'ry Suitors call to-morrow.

Dr. Prettyman and Demy Chorus.

This day these pious hands in nuptial bands
have brac'd

The youth of nose erect! the maid of taper
waist!

RECITATIVE accompanied, Lord Mulgrave.

Thrice hath the year its course gone
through,

Since love first caught them in his toil;
But fraught with prudence, each well
knew,

"That love won't make the pot to boil."

Resign'd to wait

The chance of fate,

This crafty son of Cornish Lord

Put off his blits,

Like a true Swiss,

Who, till he's paid, will ne'er unsheath
his sword.

Thrice three years more had heedless pass'd
away,

And shewn their patient faith, their virgin
truth,

Had (a) *Hervey's* death not mark'd the wed-
ding-day,

And in the Exchequer fix'd the cautious
youth.

CHORUS.

Matchless couple! peerless pair!

The gelid swain! the frigid fair!

AIR. By the Lord Chancellor.

Not with such modish zest

Stout *Steele* put forth his prayer,

When lovely *Lindsay's* cheek he press'd,

And clasp'd the clinging fair;

(a) It is hardly necessary to inform the reader, that this worthy couple, after a three years wooing, were married on the very day that Mr. Elliot was appointed to the office which had been occupied by the unfortunate gentleman here alluded to.

By rugged rampant love his suit he carried,
He lik'd the girl, he kiss'd her, and he married.

AIR. By Lord Trentham,

But gentler Elliot scorns such clumsy aid,
More pleas'd his skill to show,
To nod the head, and point the toe,
He snirk'd and toy'd, and trifled with the maid.

TRIO, by Lord Trentham, Lord Graham, and Mr. Banks, with a Chorus of new-married Men.

Accomplish'd pair, whom no rude throbs
impel,
Whose passions ne'er disturb, nor pulses
swell;
Whose thoughts obedient raptures never fire,
Whose guarded wishes never give desire;
Whose souls subdu'd, no pantings discom-
pose,
Whose fondness freezes, and whose longings
dote;
Oh, may no rebel blood your quiet natures
move
From the sweet apathy of philosophic love!

PART II.

DUET, by Col. Barre and the Bridegroom.

Bless'd times, when placemen to the shades
descend,
Their death's the life of many a statesman's
friend.

TRIO, by Three Maids of Honour.

The cunning prude, who, slyly coy,
With pompous air one lover flies,
Falls but to feast on daintier joy,
And glut on fav'rite lecheries.

AIR, Mr. Pitt.

The Minister who throws away
One lucky boon which haps to fall,
Gives but to get another day;
And in good time to swallow all.

CHORUS by the whole Company, his ———
beating time with great exactness and ani-
mation.

Hail sacred fraud! imposture holy!
Eternal be the reign of folly!
May England's wits be steep'd in blear
confusion,
And the land ne'er know respite from de-
lusion!

TRIO, by Lord Lonsdale, Lord Elliot, and the Duke of Northumberland.

From *Boroughs*, grand the things that grow;
From *Mines*, divine the streams that flow;
Hail Cornwall, richer than Potosi!
Hail Cumberland, a fairer quarter!
Hail Liskeard, Appleby, and Launceston,
Hail Cockermouth! and hail Beeralston!
May no rude hand invade our charter,
—Titles to buy, and burgrave rights to bar-
ter.—

PART III.

RECITATIVE, by Dr. Prettyman, accom-
panied by a Lute.

But now, even now, as the rich revel
thickens,
My sad soul sickens;
Through the gay dome I hear the plaintive
notes
Of my sweet lamb, whose rending strain
denotes

(b) The early death of our dear boy,
First-fruit and *usufruct* of all our am'rous
joy!

Alas, like young Marcellus,

He only came to tell us,

(And tho' he was my son, 'tis sure no lie)

"That we are mortal all, and that we all
must die!"

Gone to that scene where, through her thrifty
fan,

(c) His mother first espied her darling Pretty-
man!

FUGE, by the same Performer.

But still protecting Heaven

In mystic ways befriends us,

And now an ill, and now a bounty sends
us,

And so of bliss and pain preserves the bal-
ance even.

Even now, while sunk, I sit in sad despair
To think I must beget another heir,—

He comes!—he comes! behold! be-
hold!

The King's Gazette this radiant fact un-
fold!

I am, in spite of Fate and Faction's bellow,
Thy Rector, happy Sudburn *cum* Capello!

Here—there's the Parchment with the Signet
dread

Of Mother Church's sacred sapient head!
'Tis thus the power divine

(d) The growth of *Isaac* built on *Ned's*
decline.

So

(b) The amiable author of this excellent composition lost his new-born child about this time.

(c) Mrs. Prettyman first saw her accomplished husband in Westminster-Abbey, at one of the Musical Meetings, and fell incontinently in love with him, whilst he was gazing through an opera-glass at the Princess Elizabeth.

(d) In this line, it is not improbable the Reverend Poet had his thoughts on Col. Barre's obtaining the Pells on the demise of Sir Edward Walpole, by that master-stroke of un-matched magnanimity in our excellent Premier. Indeed the morality of this whole passage is admirable; and the conclusion that Mr. Bond will fill the vacant seat of Mr. Gilbert, is the happiest compliment to the discerning patronage of Mr. Pitt and Lord Sydney, who, after

So Elliot blooms in health, as Hervey
 bleeds,
 So Conway dies, and Prettyman succeeds.
 Accomplish'd Bond thus mounts on Gilbert's
 fall,
 And this eternal justice we may call!
 On bended knees
 The sacred gift I seize,
 And thus in prayer I pay the Royal
 fees!

*The INVOCATION, by the Archbishop of
 York.*

Oh thou, of Europe's Kings the leading star!
 More great thyself than All her Monarchs are;
 Who in thy sacred person dost contain,
 Without his pride, the probity of Spain;
 The prop, like Cath'rine, of a graceless state,
 More firm by far—and not so obstinate;
 Like Fred'rick wife, experienc'd, deep, and
 bold,
 —And just as free from fordid love of gold;
 His worth surpassing, and his vices shunning,
 All Sweden's craft thou hast—without his
 cunning;
 Like Joseph, straight and clear—who never
 trims,
 Whose planning soul thou shew'st—without
 his whims;
 Like Louis, great and good—but not as
 vain—
 Him thou hast drubb'd, and doubtless wilt
 again;
 Thou Arbitrer of Realms! thou Lord of
 Fate!
 Who holdst the balance of each trembling
 state;
 (c) Great Miracle of Chiefs!! Immortal
 King!!
 Oh! may thy will be done in every thing.

Phœbus oracular! bowman divine!
 Solar sublimity! propitious shine!
The BLESSING.—A Chorus of Bishops.
 [A Great Personage's eyes raised up to the
 plinth of the wainscot.]
 May ev'ry thing take place that gives thee
 joy!
 May thy first-born his manly frame destroy!
 May Royal York those useful arts acquire,
 That nerve the Prince, and quench the
 people's fire!
 May he, in time, command this headstrong
 nation,
 And prove the blessings of his education!
 May England still be dup'd by ev'ry knave,
 May Ireland yield, and soon become a slave!
 May Scots their new-born love of rights
 give o'er;
 And soon again be what they were before!
 May blest prerogative in-splendor rise,
 And Tudors times and Stuarts realize!
 May priv'lege never gain a greater weight,
 Than just the useful farce of a debate!
 Whene'er the crowd one grievous ill de-
 plores,
 May they be tax'd, great Monarch, o'er
 and o'er!
 To shew thy power, and keep thy honour
 clear,
 Still may't thou break thy promise twice a-
 year!
 May law be guided by the soldier's hand,
 And Juries sink, and Freedom fly the land!
 May the whole hated race of Whigs be curst,
 And Fox, to crown the whole, his windpipe
 burst.
Dr. Prettyman and Chorus.
 And if hereafter, through thy sacred call,
 I ever live to mount a mitred stall,
 May I be d—mn'd myself, if I don't d—n
 them all.

after having raised Mr. Justice Wright to the dignity of Knighthood during their former Administration, want only the accomplishment of this prediction, to stamp an everlasting grace on the already honoured Magistracy of the City of Westminster and County of Middlesex.

(c) The poetical turn of the two last lines of this glorification of the august Sovereign, (which it should be observed were capitally sung as a duet, by Sir William Dolben and Sir Harry Houghton) seems to have been borrowed from Mr. Cumberland's invocation to Apollo, in his excellent opera of Calypso.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

OCTOBER 17th, Miss Brunton, from Bath, appeared for the first time at Covent Garden, in the character of Horatia, in the Roman Father. This young Lady's figure is rather of the under size, but she is nevertheless elegant in her person, and graceful and easy in her action and deportment. Her voice is beautifully feminine and extremely melodious, when exercised in what is termed level speaking. Its powers seem not yet to have arrived at sufficient maturity

to accommodate themselves adequately to the more violent exertions of the violent passions. Her countenance is agreeable, and her features regular and tolerably expressive; happily so, where the situation demands a smile. She speaks naturally, and lays her accent and emphasis with critical correctness. Her performance was interesting, and fairly entitled to great commendation. Mr. Henderson also, on this occasion, obtained from the audience a considerable portion of just applause. Previous

vions to the play, the following Prologue, said to be written by Mr. Murphy, was spoken by Mr. Holman :

THE Tragic Muse long saw the British stage
Melt with her tears, and kindle with her
rage ;

She saw her scene with varied passions glow,
The tyrant's downfal, and the lover's woe :

'Twas then her *Garrick*—at that well-known
name

Remembrance wakes, and gives him all his
fame.

To him great Nature open'd Shakespeare's
store,

" Here learn, she said, here learn the sacred
lore ;

" His fancy realiz'd the Bard shall see,
" And his best commentator breathe in thee."

She spoke : Her magic powers the actor tried ;
Then Hamlet moraliz'd, and Richard died ;

The dagger gleam'd before the murd'rer's eye,
And for old Lear each bosom heav'd a sigh !

Then Romeo drew the sympathetic tear,
With him and *Gibber* Love lay bleeding here.

Enchanting *Gibber* ! from that warbling throat
No more pale Sorrow pours the liquid note !

Her voice suppress'd, and *Garrick's* genius
fled,

Melpomene declin'd her drooping head ;
She mourn'd their loss, then fled to western
skies,

And saw at *Bath* another Genius rise.
Old *Drury's* scene the goddess bade her
choose—

The actress heard, and spake herself a muse.
From the same nursery, this night appears

Another warbler, yet of tender years.
As a young bird as yet unus'd to fly,

On wings expanded through the azure sky
With doubt and fears its first excursion tries,

And shivers ev'ry feather with surprize ;
So comes our chorister.—The Summer's ray

Around her nest call'd forth a short essay :
Now trembling on the brink, with fear she
feels

This unknown clime, nor dares to trust the
breeze.

But here, no unfeig'd wing was ever crush'd ;
Be each rude blast within its cavern hush'd !

Soft swelling gales may waft her on her way,
Till, eagle-like, she eyes the fount of day ;

She then may, dantless, soar her tuneful
voice,

May please each ear, and bid the grove re-
joice.

Saturday Oct. 22, a farce called *Appear-*
ance is against Them, was performed for
the first time at this theatre; the characters

of which are,

Mr. Walmley,	-	-	Mr. Quick,
Lord Litchfield,	-	-	Mr. Palmer,
Mr. Townley,	-	-	Mr. Kennedy,
Humphry,	-	-	Mr. Edwin,
Servant to Lord Lighthhead,	-	-	Mr. Thompson,
Miss Angle,	-	-	Mrs. Morton,
Lady Loveall,	-	-	Mrs. Bates,
Lady Mary Magpye,	-	-	Mrs. Webb,
Fish,	-	-	Mrs. Wilton,
Miss Audley,	-	-	Miss Stuart.

Mr. Walmley, an old uncle of Lord Lighthhead, finding himself exceedingly hurt at the conduct of his nephew, determines to enter into the connubial state, notwithstanding his great aversion to marriage, merely in hopes of having a more prudent heir than his Lordship ; upon which he pays his addresses to Lady Mary Magpye, and, in the zeal of his courtship, presents her with various curious trinkets, together with an elegant Indian shawl. Lady Mary no sooner receives the shawl, than she goes and shews it to Miss Angle, desiring her to keep it for her. Miss Angle being in love with Lord Lighthhead, complains to her maid Fish, that she has no opportunity of acquainting the object of her heart with her residence. On this the artful maid hits on the following expedient : She advises her mistress to send the shawl of Lady Mary to Lord Lighthhead with a letter, setting forth, that the shawl had been presented to her by some unknown person ; and as she had reason to suppose, that it might come from his Lordship, she took the earliest opportunity of returning it : Miss Angle approves of the scheme, and the shawl is dispatched to his Lordship. But far from answering the intended purpose, which was to extort an answer from Lord Lighthhead, his Lordship, on receiving the shawl, thinks that he had actually sent it to Miss Angle. A thought, however, occurs to him of making it a present to another mistress ; he therefore sends it to Lady Loveall. Lady Mary afterwards enquires for her shawl, which throws Miss Angle and the maid into great perplexities : the latter repairs to Lord Lighthhead, and tells him the shawl was sent to him by mistake, and begs he will return it ; but having parted with it, he gives five guineas to the maid. Lady Loveall being seen with the shawl, is taken up for a thief ; when all parties meet, and a proper explanation taking place, the piece winds up with wedlock in the usual style.

This farce is the production of Mrs. Inchbald, author of *The Mogul Tale* and *I'll tell you What*, a farce and comedy produced with success at Mr. Colman's theatre in the Haymarket. The latter the reader will recollect

was exceedingly popular, and if the public have not lost their good taste, we have no scruple to say the present piece will prove equally popular; for though in point of plot, incidents and character, it is a trifle, it is altogether as pleasant a levity, as palatable a dramatic syllabub, its ingredients as well imagined, as congenial in nature, as contemporaneous in taste and flavour, and as adroitly mixed, and their effect, considered all together, as agreeably poignant, as those of any mixture dramatical we have tasted for many seasons. —It was preceded by the following

PROLOGUE,

Written by Captain TOPHAM,

Spoken by Mr. WROUGHTON.

BEFORE this Court our Authore'ss you'll allow
Must feel—a simile shall tell you how—
And doing what good 'Squires would do of
course,
Compare we thus our Lady to a horse—
Suppose some Poney, then, of make and
blood,
In jockey phrase—"a little Tit, but good;"
Who, beating all competitors in pace,
Had won the whip at many a country race;
Urg'd by its master for the hope of gain,
Shou'd this our Poney seek Newmarket's
plain,
How soon might all its little honours fade,
Sunk on the Flats, or sticking in Gboak Jade!
Fancy Newmarket then the scene you see,
You are the *Knowing Ones*—the Poney she;
Has she not then well-founded cause for
dread?
Speak, would you bett the odds upon her
head?

P O E T R Y.

An ELEGY.

Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.

VIRG.

WHY droops my soul, or why this pen-
sive gloom,
Which damps each hope, and heaves the
mournful sigh,
Which shades the lustre of the vernal bloom,
And blasts each object to the sick'n'd eye?
No care invades the humble peasant's breast,
No bitter sigh prevents his rustic mirth,
No haunted fancy e'er disturbs his rest,
But lives the happiest tenant of the earth.
And yet to me more means of bliss are giv'n,
As nought I fear from treach'rous fortune's
frown;

But, simile apart, the fact is this,
The day has been she has not done amiss;
But praise has made her tim'rous more than
vain,

And late success augments the present pain.
A woman—there's indulgence in the name—
A widow too—that gives a stronger claim!
If she shou'd fall, she falls as women do,
Like stars—successful, she may rise anew.

The Ladies then will not their aid with-
draw,

Whose smile is triumph, and whose looks
are law:

The Beaux, if wits there are amongst such
men,

May gladly claim acquaintance with her pen:
Some Bard perhaps, who thrives by opposi-
tion,

Might form a kind of scribbling Coalition;
Her aid in Odes Probationary cite—

Those Odes which Poets Laureat never
write—

Whose soft Court small-talk flows in numbers
bland,

And gently sports at question and command.
Here, law, with open hand and ready mouth;
There, Scotch, that never reach beyond the
South;

Great Indian names, that mock articulation,
And Irish wit of English fabrication.

If wit and beauty then for us unite,
Who will deny their pow'rful aid to-night?

Will you, gay Gods, refuse your broad-
grin smile,

From painted skies and stars of patent oil?
Or you, who boast below a snigger birth—

Ye midway Deities 'twixt heav'n and earth?
I see you're kind, our thanks are due for
that;

I find you've not forgot—I'll Tell You What.

Why then am I denied that gift of heav'n,
Which makes the monarch envious of the
clown?

No more the festive dance can give delight,
The social converse, nor the cheerful
bowl,

These like aerial vapours wing their flight,
And hate to dwell with the desponding
soul.

All Nature's works with one consent rejoice,
The fragrant flow'rets hail the vernal ray,
The feather'd songsters raise their tuneful
voice,

And in sweet chorus adoration pay:

To

To man of all creation's works alone
 The general joy can no delight afford ;
 But he must still his dreary fate bemoan,
 While yet of all he boasts himself the lord.

But yet accuse not the decrees of heav'n ;
 Tho' deep the wound that galls the trem-
 bling heart,
 Sure the great hand by whom that wound
 was giv'n,
 Will yield a balm to ease its poignant
 smart.

Man too endow'd with a reflecting mind,
 Tastes sweets to an inferior race unknown ;
 Why then lament if in life's path he find
 In equal portion grief with pleasure fown ?

Perhaps the darkness may the evening shroud,
 And gloomy terrors veil the sable night,
 The morning's sun may break the dismal
 cloud,
 And peace return with the returning light.

Alas ! not so the woe-empassion'd breast,
 Who long hath held society with grief,
 Can find a sudden, tho' much wish'd-for rest,
 Or in the course of time can hope relief.

Say, shall the tear forsake the widow's eye,
 Or can it be that she should cease to
 mourn,

As oft remembrance heaves the tender sigh
 At scenes long past, and never to return ?

Or can the man to ruthless war a prey,
 Banish'd from all that Nature bids him love,
 Forget to sorrow thro' the tedious day,
 Or force a smile his heart can ne'er approve ?

Or look thro' yonder dismal dungeon's grate,
 See what a group of woe-worn sprites
 appear !

Hear thousands cursing their unhappy fate,
 And acting all the frenzy of despair.

Some hapless born ne'er knew hope's cheer-
 ful ray,
 But talk'd of pleasure only as a name ;
 Like men born blind who never saw the day,
 But think that light and darkness are the
 same.

Such is the hungry wretch, who wan and
 pale,
 Seeks from the pitying few precarious
 food,
 Who tells the pamper'd rich some mournful
 tale,
 And asks that bounty which does them do
 good.

Oft may we see the parent droop his head,
 Weigh'd down with labour and excess of
 grief,
 An hapless offspring clam'rous call for bread,
 Yet, Oh ! he knows not where to seek
 relief.

Think how he feels as oft he hears their cry ;
 He knows not how to keep the life he
 gave ;
 No hope appears on which he dare rely,
 No pitying hand is stretched out to save.

Others not happier under sickness pine,
 Strangers to all that vig'rous health can
 give,
 Who wish a hated being to resign,
 And think the heaviest curse must be to
 live.

Or search for Grief amidst the lonely shade,
 E'en there her num'rous friends an altar
 rear ;
 Like poor Maria, some forsaken maid
 Or frantic raves, or sheds the pearly tear.

Or in the pensive solitary grove
 Some lover's doom'd a hapless fate to
 mourn,
 His breast the temple of unspotted love,
 Yet adverse fates deny a kind return.

Perhaps two souls in sweetest union join'd,
 Each in the other centers ev'ry joy,
 Heav'n makes them one, but human pow'rs
 unkind
 Their perfect bliss in nuptial bands deny.

Here too the wretch depriv'd of Fortune's
 smiles,
 On whom she once had lavish'd all her
 store,
 In silent grief the tedious day beguiles,
 Happy in this, she can betray no more.

Or view the madman in his gloomy cell,
 How chang'd the beauties of the human
 mind !
 That breast where reason once had lov'd to
 dwell,
 In that no traits of reason can we find.

One with fell rage and bitter curses fraught,
 Threatens destruction in his angry frown ;
 Another, happier in romantic thought,
 Can all his cares in fancied greatness drown.

See too the love-lorn maid in careless vest,
 Sure Languor keeps its evils in her eye,
 Hapless she droops her head with woe op-
 press'd,
 And lost in grief almost forgets to sigh.

Those

Those cheeks where once the bloom of roses
glow'd,
Are furrow'd now with many a forrowing
tear,
But long since dry the founts from whence
they flow'd,
Like the parch'd soil in summer's heats
appear.

Thus men enur'd to mis'ry from their birth,
Feel years of sorrow for one transient joy;
Each boasts himself the sov'reign of the earth,
And on its follies ev'ry thought employ.

Such is our life, like some dark winter's day,
Scarce thro' the mist can shine the cheer-
less light,

Perhaps thro' clouds may gleam a wat'ry
ray,

Which quickly sets in an impervious night.

Yet from the box of ills one good we draw,
Hope sheds its balm on the woe-worn
breast;

Hope cheers the captive on his bed of straw,
And sweetly lulls his throbbing heart to
rest.

Hope too to happier worlds conveys the soul,
Where tears ne'er flow, nor gloomy death
affright,

Where tides of endless joy successive roll,
And all our griefs are drown'd in delight,

S. H.

THE VAIN RESOLVE.

BY Heaven, this tyranny no more I'll bear,
But break these fetters that my soul
restrain;

No more my sighs shall load the passing air,
From my fond heart I'll tear this galling
chain.

At large I'll smile at all thy little arts,
Thy proud divinity no more I'll own;
Go spread thy subtle nets for other hearts,
Bid other souls beneath thy bondage groan.

For me, in sweet serenity I'll rest,
No more my muse shall sing of Delia's
charms;

The tyrant Love no more shall fire my breast,
Nor Beauty fill my soul with soft alarms.

The time has been when its extatic power
Thrill'd with sweet rapture thro' my wil-
ling frame,

But the stern God of Love shall never more
Among his fetter'd slaves enroll my name.

Should even the Syrens tempt me with their
strains,

Ulysses' hands I'd to my soul apply;
Unmov'd I'll tread where Love's soft magic
reigns,

And look on Beauty with a careless eye,

Thus did I sing in spleenful hour,
Rebellious to Love's gentle power;
Just then, in radiance heavenly bright,
Fair Delia stood before my sight.
When her angelic form I view'd,
In wild suspense a while I stood;
In vain against her charms I strove,
My bosom own'd superior love.
Behind the maid young Cupid came,
Attendant on the lovely dame;
His features glow'd with heavenly bloom,
His purple pinions shed perfume;
A myrtle crown adorn'd his head,
Celestial splendors round him play'd;
I saw his bow and golden darts,
With which he wounds the proudest hearts;
His quiver rattled as he trod.

I prostrate own'd the present God;
While anger in his face appear'd,
These words of just reproof I heard—

“How durst thy bosom entertain
A thought repugnant to my reign?
Wou'dst thou with wild unnat'ral strife
Take arms against the joys of life?
When cares disturb thy troubled breast,
And rob thy weary soul of rest;
'Tis I who, with soft skill, impart
Those tender joys that cheer the heart,
That gently smoothe the rugged scene,
And make life's moments glide serene:
Each polish'd nation owns my sway,
The great, the wise my laws obey:
On Greenland's frozen coast I reign,
My power is own'd on Lapland's plain;
Each social tie by me is made,
What brutes were men without mine aid!
Behold, where in one form and mind
Each mortal excellence is join'd!
Then strive no more with fruitless pain
To free thy heart from Delia's chain.”
The virgin smil'd with charming look,
Her hand in extacy I took;
To Cupid swore allegiance true,
And seal'd on it the binding vow.

H. S.

IMITATION of HORACE, Book IV. Ode 3.

THE man whose brows the muses bind
With myrtle wreaths, shall never shine
In high ambition's lofty seat;
No worldly plans shall vex his mind,
No cares disturb his peaceful state.

Nor shall he seek thro' toils of war
The victor's glorious meed to share;
The muse shall guide his raptur'd eyes,
Where softer, sweeter, prospects rise;
Where sister Graces lead the choir
Of Hope, of Joy, and young Desire:

There

There in sweet peace the bard shall rest,
Nor feel the torturing pangs that rend the
miser's breast.

With careless eyes he views the proud
In splendid robes profusely gay ;
Nor heeds the dull censorious crowd,
Who impious vows to Plutus pay.
The shady groves shall hear his song,
Where Thames majestic rolls his stream ;
His lays shall please the beauteous throng,
Whose charms compose the tender theme.
He feels not Homer's deathless praise,
Nor emulates the Theban's fire ;
To love he consecrates his lays,
To beauty tunes the Sapphic lyre.

H. S.

VERSES addressed to Miss S. P. H. G.
of Aylsham, Norfolk.

CEASE, lovely girls, at us to rail,
Who in this busy city dwell ;
We've pleasures here that never fail,
Which language feeble cannot tell.
Here *Shakespeare's* morals genuine flow
From *Henderson's* judicious tongue ;
And, *Siddons*, here thy power we know,
Nor lose thy varied beauties, *Tounges*.
Here Laughter bursts his straining sides
At *Edwin's* mirth-inspiring song ;
And *Wilson's* humour freely glides
Gay Pleasure's tempting stream along.
Here concerts, balls, and promenades,
Invite the nymphs of cultur'd taste ;
Mars calls us to the gay parades,
Then hither, lovely girls, pray haste.
Leave then the lonely country shades,
Where nought but rustic dullness dwells ;
Remember summer shortly fades,
And vallies change to dreary cells.
Come then and strike this busy town
With beauty's sweet enchanting view ;
Give to bright *Venus* just renown,
And we'll give honest praise to you.
But cease the muse to longer play,
And bless us with your cheering sight ;
As kindly I'll bid you good day,
As you to me did wish good night.

12th Oct. 1785.

RETSBEW.

I M P R O M P T U,

To a young Lady terrified with the apprehensions of a storm of Thunder and Lightning.

CEASE, cease your fears, they're idle,
vain ;
Resume your wonted ease again :
No thunders roll in yonder skies,
Nor lightnings play—but in your Eyes !

E. T. P.

E P I G R A M.

On seeing a Gentleman with two Watches,
FIRIBBLE, alas ! I fear it much,
In some foul crime is catch'd !—
“ Why so ? ”—Because his Guilt is such,
You see he's double watch'd !

E. T. P.

EPITAPH in Bath Cathedral.

Near this monument are deposited the remains
of *LADY MILLER*,
Wife to Sir J. Miller, Bart. of Bath Easton
Villa.
She departed this life at the Hot-wells of Bristol the 24th June, 1781, in the 41st year of her age.

DEVOTED stone ! amidst the wrecks of
time,
Uninjur'd bear thy Miller's spotless name ;
The virtues of her youth and ripen'd prime,
The tender thought, th' enduring record
claim.
When clos'd the numerous eyes that round
this bier
Have wept the loss of wide-extended worth,
O gentle stranger, may one gen'rous tear
Drop as thou benedest o'er this hallow'd earth !
Are Truth and Genius, Love and Pity, thine,
With lib'ral Charity, and Faith sincere ?
Then rest thy wand'ring step beneath this
shrine,
And greet a kindred spirit hov'ring near.

When Jacobitism received its death's-wound,
the following *THRENODIA* was composed,
it is said, by the late celebrated Dr. J——n.
The elegance of the composition may, per-
haps, make amends for the virulence of
the matter ; as at any rate it shews the spi-
rit of the party for whom it was com-
posed.

G. T.

M. M. C. S. E. S.

SI STE Viator, lege et luge
Miraculum Nequitiae.
Sub hoc Marmore condantur Reliquiae
Matris admodum venerabilis,
(Secreto jaceat, ne admodum profuturatur !)
Quae mortua fuit dum viva,
Et viva dum mortua.
O Facinus impium et incredibile !
Defensore nequissime orbata,
Tyrannis miserrime oppressa,
Proceribus vicini regni insulatis
(Referens tremisco) nefarie obruta,
Aulicis impie afflicta,
Filiis nonnullis perfide deserta,
Spuriis omnibus pessime calcata, trucidata,
ludibrio habita :
Sacrificium suffragiis τῶν πολλῶν,
(Ne dicam τῶν παντῶν)
Votivum, et phapaticorum furore !

Milites

Rogas,
 Quanam in Terra hoc ?
 In Infula
 Ubi Monarcha contra Monarchiam,
 Ecclesiastici contra Ecclesiam,
 Legislatores contra Legem,
 Judices contra Iustitiam,
 Concionatores Atheistice contra Veritatem,
 Milites audaciter, impudenter, Wilhelmo Ne-
 roniano Duce,
 Contra Honorem, contra Humanitatem
 Agunt.
 Pudet hæc opprobria nobis !
 Nam propter execrationem, perjurium, lu-
 get hæc Terra.
 In cujus testimonium multi equidem sunt tes-
 tes vivi et recentiores.
 Apage ! Apage !
 Ægrotavit prohi dolor ! Mater charissima be-
 atæ memoriæ,

Anno MDCLXXXVIII.
 Tum manibus, tum pedibus (væ mihi) clauda
 fiebat
 Anno MDCCVII.
 Tandem per multis flagellis, ærumnis, mise-
 rere mei Deus ! exhausta
 Obiit Anno MDCCXLVII.
 Vos omnes, Seniores, Filii Filizque
 Orate pro ea, ut quiescat in pace, et tandem
 beatam obtineat
 Resurrectionem.
 Amen.
 Cum temerata fides, pietasque inculta jaceret,
 Defereretque suam patria nostra patrem ;
 Illa Deum, patriamque suam, patrisque pa-
 rentem,
 Sincera coluit religione, fide :
 Tramite nam recto gradiens, nova dogmata
 spernens,
 Servavit fines quos posuere patres.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Hague, Sept. 16.

THE Prince Stadtholder set out yesterday morning for Breda. The life-guards are not gone with him ; it is said the States of Holland would not agree to their leaving the Hague, this corps being, they say, as much for the honour of the Sovereignty, as for that of the Stadtholder. The Prince Stadtholder will, it is said, remain at Breda, and Comte de Maillebois, who is appointed General in Chief under him, will stay at Bois-le-duc. The General du Moulin will command in Dutch Flanders, which whole district he says he can defend with 10,000 men.

[The removal of the Stadtholder from the Hague to Breda is a singular step, and may well give rise to conjectures,—*That his Highness no longer can trust his person among the boobybrained scots who head the Republican party in Holland.* Breda is the principal city in Dutch Brabant, and belongs to the House of Orange. Here the Prince is secure, the town being particularly attached to him. Being there in the neighbourhood of the Austrian territory, under pretext of watching the motions of the foreign enemy, he secures himself from the villainy of his countrymen.]

Sept. 30. On Saturday last a courier arrived here from Paris, with the news that a preliminary convention was signed there the 20th instant, between the Imperial Ambassador and the Ambassadors of the Republic, the principal articles of which are, that their High Mightinesses shall pay the sum of nine million five hundred thousand florins, as a compensation for Maestricht, &c. and five hundred thousand for the damage occasioned by the inundations. Dahlen is to

EUROP. MAG.

be ceded to the Emperor, with its dependencies (except Oost and Cadier) for an adequate exchange in the district of Outre-Meuse. The limits of Flanders to remain as in 1664. The sovereignty of the Emperor upon the Scheldt is acknowledged from Antwerp to the extent of the territory of Saftingen, according to the line of 1664. The forts of Kruisichans and Frederick Henry to be evacuated and demolished, and the soil ceded to his Imperial Majesty. Lillo and Liefkenshoek are also to be evacuated and delivered up to the Emperor in their present state, who renounces his claims to the villages of Bladel and Reusel ; and all pecuniary pretensions on either side are reciprocally annulled.—*London Gazette.*

The following is an authentic copy of the Preliminary Articles of Peace between their High Mightinesses the States General and the Emperor of Germany ; concluded under the mediation of France, and by the care, as the Amsterdam Gazette expresses, of the Count de Vergennes, who, without flattery, says the Hollander, may be called the Minister Pacifier of Europe.

ARTICLE I.

It is agreed, that the States General shall pay 9,500,000, florins, current money of Holland, for the indemnity of Maestricht and its territory, the Ban of St. Servais included, as also the county of Vroenhoven ; and 500,000 florins, same currency, for a compensation of the damage caused by the inundations. Three months after the ratification of the treaty, the States General shall pay into the Imperial Chest of Brussels, the sum

ss

ef

of 1,250,000 florins of Holland, six months after, a similar sum: and thus, every six months, until the total extinction of the said two sums, making together that of ten millions of florins, current money of Holland.

II. Their High Mightinesses shall cede to his Imperial Majesty the Ban of Aulne, situated in Dutch Dahlen, and its dependencies, and the Lordship or Chief Ban of Bligay-le-Trembleur, with St. Andre, the Ban and Lordship of Bombay, the City and the Castle of Dahlen with its appurtenances, except Oost and Cadier; under a reserve that a compensation shall be made for them in the exchanges of respective convenience to be made in the country of Outre-Meuse.

III. The limits of Flanders shall remain on the terms of the convention of 1664, and if, through the lapse of time, there should have been, or be now any of them obscured, Commissioners shall be appointed on one side and the other to re-establish them.

IV. Their High Mightinesses shall regulate, in the most convenient manner, to the satisfaction of the Emperor, the draining of the waters from his Majesty's country in Flanders, and on the side of the Meuse, in order to prevent, as much as possible, the inundations, by consenting for that end, that use shall be made, on a reasonable footing, of the land necessary, even under the dominion of their High Mightinesses. The sluices that shall be constructed for that purpose, on the territory of the States General, shall remain under their Sovereignty; and none shall be made in any place that might obstruct the defence of their frontiers. Commissioners shall respectively be appointed, who shall be charged to determine the most convenient site for the said sluices.—They shall agree together about those that are to be subject to a common rule.

V. Their High Mightinesses having declared, by one of their Resolutions, that their intention was to indemnify those of his Imperial Majesty's subjects, who have suffered by inundations, they appropriate to that object the 500,000 florins of Holland mentioned in article I.

VI. Their High Mightinesses acknowledge the full right of absolute and independent Sovereignty of his Imperial Majesty over all the part of the Escaut from Antwerp to the end of the country of Saftingen, conformably to the line of 1664, which it is agreed shall be cut, as the yellow line S. T. indicates, which falls back in T. on the limit of 1664, on the side of Brabant; as is indicated by the chart signed by the respective ambassadors. The States General renounce, in consequence, the receiving and laying of any tolls and imposts in that part

of the Escaut, on any title, or under any form whatsoever; as also the obstructing, in any manner, the navigation and trade of his Imperial Majesty's subjects; nor shall the latter be permitted to extend it farther than is granted by the treaty of Munster of the 30th of Jan. 1648, which shall, in that respect, remain in full force and vigour.

VII. Their High Mightinesses shall evacuate and demolish the forts of Krois-Schand, and of Frederick Henry, and cede the soil to his Imperial Majesty.

VIII. Their High Mightinesses, willing to give his Majesty the Emperor, a fresh proof of their desire to re-establish the most perfect harmony between the two states, consent to evacuate and give up to the disposal of his Imperial Majesty, the forts of Lillo and of Liefkenshoek, with their fortifications, in the state they are now in; the States General reserving to themselves, to withdraw from thence the artillery, and the ammunition of every kind.

IX. The execution of the two articles above-mentioned, shall take place six weeks after the exchange of the ratifications.

X. The States General having yielded to the desire which the Emperor had intimated to them, of having the forts of Lillo and Liefkenshoek in their present state; their High Mightinesses except from the friendship of his Imperial Majesty, that he will be pleased to cede and give up to them, all the rights he may have formed on the village's called of Redemption, other than those of which he may already have disposed by exchanges with the principality of Liege. The Count de Mercy, not being sufficiently instructed, was pleased, at the request and prayer of the mediator, to take this proposal *ad referendum*.

XI. His Majesty renounces the pretensions he had formed on the Ban and villages of Bladel and Reussel.

XII. The Count de Mercy demands, that the village of Postel, which, he says, is already subject to the dominion of the Emperor, be ceded to his Imperial Majesty by the States General, who, to that effect, shall renounce all pretensions; be it understood, that the effects of the Abbey of Pestol, secularized by the States General, shall not be claimed. The Ambassadors of Holland have been pleased, on the prayer of the mediator, to take this article *ad referendum*.

XIII. It is agreed, that the pecuniary pretensions from Sovereign to Sovereign, are compensated and abolished: as to those which individuals may claim on one part and the other, commissioners shall be appointed to liquidate them.

XIV.

XIV. Commissioners shall also be nominated, to reconnoitre the limits of Brabant, and to agree in a friendly manner about such exchanges as might be of mutual convenience.

XV. The treaty of Munster of the 30th of January, 1648, shall be the basis of the future definitive treaty, which is to be concluded in the space of six weeks; and all the stipulations of the said treaty of Munster shall be retained, so far as nothing has derogated from them. The ambassadors of the States General demand the repeal of the treaty of 1751, and namely of the article V. The Count de Mercy has not thought proper to yield thereto.

"The above articles have been digested in the presence of the Count de Vergennes, nominated by his Most Christian Majesty to fill the function of Mediator, and have been subscribed by the Ambassadors, under the approbation of the Emperor and of the States General."

Done at Paris, the 20th of September, 178.

Oct. 6. The States General are again sitting. A very particular circumstance has happened, which has not occurred for near a century before, *i. e.* on the first day of the meeting, the deputies of the province of Utrecht, after giving a solemn protest against the articles preliminary to peace with the Emperor, took their leave and set off for their own country, and it is whispered that the deputies of Zealand and Groningen are about to follow their example: warm contentions are expected on debating this business.

Breda, Oct. 10. By express order of the province of Holland, which has the chief sway in the Dutch Republic, the command of the garrison of the Hague, a post of great dignity, and always invested in the Stadtholder, has been taken out of the hands of his Serene Highness and conferred on Mons. Sandos, an old Swiss officer. An affront more insulting was never experienced by a prince in that high station. It was in consequence of this indignity that his Serene Highness immediately quitted the Hague with his consort and family. No sooner were letters dispatched to the King of Prussia with a detail of the treatment offered to his niece and her husband the Stadtholder, than his Majesty determined to restore them to their privileges and consequence in the republic; for which purpose his Majesty has addressed the States General of the United Provinces, calling upon them to reinstate the Prince of Orange and his family in their rights and privileges; alledging, "that we cannot be indifferent, respecting the cruel and unmerited fate of persons so nearly re-

lated to us; but, on the contrary, that we shall watch over the preservation of the welfare due to them, and to which we ought to contribute by every possible means."

Oct. 12. Their Noble and Great Mightinesses the Lords States of Holland continue this day their usual deliberations. In their last sitting, it was unanimously resolved to ratify the Preliminaries of Peace; and that resolution having been resumed the day before yesterday, has been confirmed, but under the express condition, and *sine qua non*, "that the Emperor shall acknowledge the sovereignty of the Republic over the Elscant from Saftingen to the Sea, by virtue, and in confirmation of, the Treaty of Munster; that moreover, the mouths of the Sas and the Swin shall remain shut; with an injunction that the Ministers of the Republic at Paris do not conclude the definitive treaty without the express stipulation of these conditions."

The province of Guelders has just transmitted to the Generality a resolution, by which they declare, "That they leave the ratification of the Preliminary Articles to the account of the provinces who have resolved the instruction sent last to the Ambassadors at Paris, and to which the Deputies of the said province could not concur, not having been charged with decisive orders on that head; but that, nevertheless, the province does not mean to retard nor stop the conclusion."

Petersburgh, Oct. 16. The Prussian minister having notified to the Empress the conclusion of the Germanic league, the Chancellor of Russia returned the following answer to the Prussian Ambassador, &c.

"I have made the Empress acquainted with the confidential declaration you were ordered by your court to communicate to me; her Imperial Majesty, truly sensible of the attention of the King of Prussia, thinks she cannot answer the overture made on the part of his Majesty in a more proper manner, than by owning, with that frankness which she uses on all occasions towards her friend and ally, that she does not see the Germanic constitution threatened with any danger; and believing it to be sufficiently guarantied by the treaties of Westphalia and Teschen, as well as by the solemn assurances given both by the Emperor and herself, her Imperial Majesty cannot persuade herself that the league in question, which may so easily spread distrust among the States themselves, can contribute to consolidate the maintenance of the constitution and the liberty of the German States."

The following is the answer given by order of the Cabinet to the Prussian Minister by M. de Facciola, Secretary to the French Em-

bassy at Berlin, viz. "That the King of France was of opinion that a constitutional league tending only to preserve the constitution and peace of Germany, was a work

worthy of the King's wisdom: that his Majesty's ardent prayer was for the preservation of tranquillity in the empire, as well as through all Europe."

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

SEPTEMBER 26.

AT the desire of the Lords of the Treasury a tour was undertaken last year by James Anderfon, L. L. D. a gentleman of distinguished talents, to make researches into the soil and productions of the islands on the west coast of Scotland, and to examine the seas and harbours, with a view to promote the establishment of the fisheries. This indefatigable man, in his report made to the House of Commons, mentions, that in the island of Tiree there has been lately discovered a quarry of marble of a quality superior to the finest Italian marble yet known: and in the island of Skye they have discovered a vein of statuary marble, which, when polished, possesses all that rich softness so much admired in the ancient statuary marble, and which has been searched for in vain by the moderns for several ages. At Easdale they have found a quarry of the finest slate; and in Isla lead ore of the richest quality; copper and iron are also discovered upon that island. Mr. Anderfon states, that during seven or eight weeks last year as many herrings were caught in a small loch called Loch Urn, as would have sold for 36,000*l.* sterling, if they could have been brought to market; and had the natives had command of salt and casks, double that quantity might have been caught.

The following extraordinary fact relative to herrings, but which often happens, was particularly observed in Loch Urn, Invernesshire, on the 13th of September, 1782. It is extracted from the appendix to the third report of the Committee appointed to examine into the state of the British fisheries:—A considerable number of herrings had come into the Loch before this date, of which many had been taken from the 6th of August to the above date (the 13th of September) when, in the evening of that day, there appeared in the outer Loch a fresh shoal of herrings driving up against the ebbing tide, and pressing and crowding towards the little Loch which was within—at this time it was about half-ebb. Before it was low water both sides of the outer Loch were immediately seen covered with heaps of herrings, left dry by the tide; but this was but a little mischief, compared to what was above the narrow neck between the two Lochs. For upon going up there to the little Loch, where the water might have ebbed about a quarter of a mile,

the quantity was immense—computed at above 36,000 lafts of herrings (about 54,000 tons) lying dead upon the beach, amongst which were also vast numbers of other kinds of fish. The cause of this accident seems to have been, that the whole outer Loch, which was the largest, being full of fish, those that were within the inner Loch, which must have been filled from the bottom to the surface, when the water was at the highest (suppose fifty feet deep for example) being prevented from returning along with the tide, of consequence must be left dry when the water they were contained in should fall to 30 feet, as at low water.

27. A meeting was held of the Commissioners of the Shop-Tax, at Guildhall. The Court of Common Council having refused the use of the New Common Council Chamber, till the opinion of the Recorder and Common Serjeant should be given on the legality of their proceedings, they assembled on the hustings, where they proceeded on business, till they were interrupted by Mr. Merry, who, after enquiring what right they had to meet there, threw the books and papers into the Hall; in consequence of which a scuffle ensued, and Mr. Merry was taken into custody by the City Marshal, for interrupting the Commissioners in the discharge of their duty. Being carried before the Lord-Mayor, and his Lordship having sent for the Recorder, a hearing commenced. Mr. Fielding attended as counsel for the Commissioners; Mr. Garrow for Mr. Merry. After much altercation among the parties, the Lord-Mayor dismissed Mr. Merry.

29. At the election of a Lord-Mayor of the city of London for the year ensuing, when the name of Alderman Skinner was proposed, every hand in Guildhall was held up in his favour; and in favour of Alderman Wright about one fourth of the hands were up. Skinner and Wright were therefore proposed to the choice of the Court of Aldermen, who returned Alderman Wright, who was declared duly elected Lord Mayor for the year ensuing.

Oct. 1. By a gentleman lately arrived in town from Berlin, we are informed, that his Prussian Majesty, speaking of Bailloons, jocosely said, "That as the French claimed and deserved the empire of the Air, the English had proved themselves Kings of the Sea, and

and the Emperor aimed at the sovereignty of the LAND, the sole element that remained for him was FIRE, the effects of which he believed he should soon be obliged to try."

For the sting of a Goat.—Quid laudanum, in a small quantity, just enough to supple the wound, is a known cure.

This night's Gazette contains the ceremonial of the knighthood and investiture of Sir Frederick Haldimand, Lieutenant General of his Majesty's Forces and Governor of Quebec; and of Sir Archibald Campbell, Major-General of his Majesty's Forces, and Governor of Fort St. George in the East-Indies, Knights of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath.

Yesterday a meeting of the Commissioners of the several duties on houses, windows, or lights, for the city of London, and to consider the act for granting to his Majesty certain duties on shops, was held at Guildhall; when the opinion of the Recorder was read, which confirmed the legality of the proceedings of the Commissioners who have qualified and acted; and, after some debate, they adjourned *sine die*.

Mr. Sadler has at length found his Balloon, at Middleton, near Durham, distant from Worcester upwards of 250 miles.

6. This day a wheelwright at Hatfield, in Hertfordshire, completed the 100th year of his age, on which occasion Lord Salisbury, by whose family the old man had been employed from his youth, caused the neighbouring inhabitants to be invited into his park, where a very numerous company was regaled with roast beef and two huits of London porter. The family of this venerable man consists of himself, a daughter 79, another 76, and a son 75 years of age. The common earnings of the father, by working at his trade, are 3s. 6d. per day.

The schooner Dart, belonging to Liverpool, was commanded by James Haslem, the property of Messrs. Tarletons and Backhouse, and was consigned to Mr. John Ormond, on the coast of Africa; Capt. Haslem paid the great debt of nature on the coast, and William Griffiths commenced master. Left the coast on the 2d of April, bound to Barbadoes, and about four o'clock in the morning of the 16th of the said month, in lat. 11. N. long. 34. W. was overfet in a sudden squall of wind; had on board 143 slaves, Mr. Harrison, passenger (who perished in the cabin) and eleven of the crew: fortunately the boat, being lodged on the booms as the vessel overfet, floated; the Captain, upon first seeing his situation, leaped upon the booms, and floated with the boat; about eight o'clock he took in Mr. Dickinson, Mate, James Robinson, Henry Morecroft,

Peter McAllister, Thomas Cheshire, Thomas Morris, Richard Whitney, Edward Guile, James Matthews, Richard Cheshire, and a black boy, who all immediately left the wreck, with nothing to subsist on but four monkies and a small quantity of palm-oil, for nineteen days: they ate of the monkies as fast as they died, and such was their melancholy situation, that when the boy died they cut off his head to suck his blood, took out his heart, liver, and kidneys, and divided it among them: They died very fast, and one, upon dying, requested his comrade to endeavour, after he was dead, to draw some blood from him to moisten his (comrade's) mouth, which they attempted without effect. On the 8th of May those that were left alive made the land, which was uninhabited; and now their difficulties were as great as were their distresses in the boat; here they had a large tract of unknown land to travel over, without any subsistence than what the trees and bushes afforded, wild beasts to encounter, and the few that breathed daily decreasing: at length on the 24th of June (thirty-seven days after they left the boat) arrived at Cayenne, where they were humanely treated by the inhabitants; and on Friday last Henry Morecroft arrived at Liverpool in a debilitated state, and now in want of many necessaries to render even life comfortable, and to enable him to return to his friends.

10. A correspondent informs us, that on Thursday the 29th ult. being the day on which the Bailiffs of Bridgnorth are annually elected, the fourteen electors after dinner were locked up (as juries often are) till twelve of them should agree in their choice, and were kept from fire, candle, meat, drink, &c. all the while. It was six o'clock on Friday evening before they agreed and the election was made.—This shews the sincerity, or rather fury, of each party!

There is now living in Worcester, a man who is near 90 years old, 63 of which he served in the army; he had 28 children, all of whom were soldiers or married in the army; his eldest son and himself were admitted pensioners on the Irish establishment the same day; and when quartered in Dublin, some years since, the commander in chief provided a supper for the old man and his family, to gratify the officers of the garrison with a sight as pleasing as it was novel, a father, mother, and twenty children seated at one table.

Extract of a letter from Chatham, OF II.

"Advice was this morning received here from Sheerness, that the Rambler cutter, commanded by Lieut. Lawley, was overfet yesterday afternoon by a sudden gust of wind, not far from the Little Nore; by which accident

cident the Lieutenant, pilot, seven seamen, three women, and a child, were drowned; among them was the master's wife. It is said this misfortune was owing to their carrying too much sail. When the cutter sunk, the rest of the crew with much difficulty saved themselves by taking to the boat. The Rambler had failed from Sheerness about two hours before the accident happened."

14. Their Majesties returning from London, lately, to Windsor, in their post-chaise, at their being set down, a number of children surrounded the carriage to see the King and Queen; and amongst them was a very fine boy, that morning put in breeches for the first time. His Majesty instantly fixed his eye on the cheerful countenance of the child, and asked him, "Whose boy he was?" The lad replied, "My father is the King's beef eater." "Then, said the King, down on your knees; and you shall have the honour to kiss the Queen's hand;" to which the boy replied, "No! I won't kneel down, because I shall dirt my new breeches." This extempore repartee had such a pleasing effect on their Majesties, that they made the boy a present of five guineas.

15. This day the Duke and Duchesse of Cumberland unexpectedly arrived in town from the Continent.

Extract of a letter from Edinburgh, Oct. 5.

"This being the day appointed for Mr. Lunardi's ascending in his balloon from the garden of Heriot's hospital, the car was affixed, and Mr. Lunardi having taken his seat, and his apparatus, ballast, &c. being properly adjusted, the balloon was carried into the middle of the garden, and precisely at ten minutes before three, Mr. Lunardi gave the signal, and he ascended in a N. N. W. direction. He went over the city at a very great height, directly across the Frith. When about half over, he descended pretty low, and then discharging some of his ballast, he rose rapidly, and then disappeared: he alighted at a place called Calinch, within three measured miles S. E. of Cupar."

21. On Wednesday last Mr. Sadler made his eighth aerial excursion from Stroud in Gloucestershire: the process of filling the balloon commenced a little before one o'clock, in which Mr. Sadler was assisted by Mr. Wheeler of Worcester; and the balloon being sufficiently inflated by forty minutes past two, Mr. Sadler took his seat in the car attached thereto; in which he ascended with great dignity, amidst the acclamations of an immense multitude of spectators, it being calculated that there could not be fewer than forty thousand. The day proving calm and serene, the balloon rose gradually, and con-

tinued in flight, at a vast elevation, for near half an hour, and descended the same evening near Stanley in Gloucestershire.

Extract of a letter from Bury, October 19.

"Saturday being the day appointed for the ascension of Mr. Poole's balloon from this place, and the balloon being sufficiently inflated the car was suspended, and Mr. Poole got in, quite collected and composed. After having been in the air one hour and eleven minutes he alighted in a small piece of ground at Harl Soham, in this county, about twenty-eight miles distance from Bury, without injury either to himself or balloon, and was very hospitably received by Major Dade, who lives in that neighbourhood."

24. This day the sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when twelve convicts received judgment of death.

27. This day both houses of parliament met pursuant to his Majesty's proclamation, when the Lord Chancellor, by virtue of his Majesty's commission, prorogued their sitting till the first of December.

By letters received from Nova Scotia, we are informed, that a number of small vessels were sent by Commodore Sawyer, under the convoy of the Mercury frigate, from Halifax to Boston for cattle and live stock; that Capt. Stanhope waited on Governor Boudoin, at Boston, attended by his officers, in their uniforms, and immediately after the Captain and his officers left the government-house, they were insulted and stoned by the populace, who desired them to leave off their uniforms, d——d the K—— their master, and nearly killed Capt. Stanhope, and two of his boat's crew, with stones. Captain Stanhope, in a very gallant manner, went through the mob to the government-house, and made his complaint to Governor Boudoin, who assured Captain Stanhope that he and his people should have satisfaction, and not be offended in future; but in returning to his boat again he was mobbed, and the following day the Boston news-papers were filled with low and scurrilous abuse on the K—— of G. B. his ministers, and servants.— Capt. Stanhope, therefore, wrote to Governor Boudoin, desiring him to correct the scandalous libels published in the papers; but the Governor having given an evasive answer, Captain Stanhope, in a very spirited and becoming manner, went on shore again, and remonstrated with Governor Boudoin, and assured his Excellency, that if any further insult was offered to the King's flag, or his officers, he would lay part of the town about his ears: and accordingly had placed his ship in a situation proper for that purpose, when the last advices left Boston.

28. In the late hurricane in the West-Indies, the principal damage has been confined to the Island of St. Kitts, where the crop has suffered with incredible severity.

In the Isles of Grenada and St. Vincent not the least damage was done; Barbadoes, Dominica, Antigua, and Montserrat, suffered a little; St. Christopher's and Nevis greatly among the canes, but most of the buildings escaped. The Danish Island of St. Croix is almost totally ruined, the hurricane appearing to have raged there with very great fury, sweeping all before it with an irresistible force, and levelling whole rows of houses, to the destruction of many of the unfortunate inhabitants; but it is remarkable that the Island of Tortola, which almost joins it, has

scarcely received any damage, which shows that the tempest moved in a direction from North to South; and many ships are arrived in England that were in the Western Seas on the 26th of August, some of them not far from Jamaica, which then felt nothing of the hurricane.

It is not the West-Indies alone that have been visited with tempestuous weather; they have had violent storms on the American coast.

29. By a packet just arrived from Jamaica, advice is received that that Island has experienced great damage in every part of it (as well as a number of shipping lost) from the devastations of a violent hurricane in the beginning of September last.

PREFERMENTS, OCTOBER, 1785.

THE Hon. Edward James Elliot, to the office of Remembrancer in his Majesty's court of Exchequer, vice Felton Lionel Hervey, Esq; dec.

The Rev. Robert Blair, Doctor in Physic, to be Professor of Astronomy, in the University of Edinburgh.

MARRIAGES, OCTOBER 1785.

THE Hon. George Augustus North, to Miss Hobart.

The Hon. George Petre, second son of Lord Petre, to Miss Howard, daughter of Philip Howard, Esq; of Corby Castle, Cumberland.

Sir Robert Burnet, of Leys, bart. to Miss Margaret Dalrymple, daughter of Lieutenant General Horn Elphinston.

Sir George Augustus Shuckburgh, to Miss Evelyn.

Thomas Velley, Esq; of Burlington-street, to Miss Hammond, of Harley street.

The Rev. Alexander Radcliffe, Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, to Miss Caroline Matilda Bennet, second daughter of Sir William Bennet, of Fareham, Hants.

Henry Smith, Esq. merchant, to Miss Hester Carter, of Edmonton, daughter of the late Richard Carter, Esq. banker.

Major Moore, of the Bedford Militia, to Mrs. Reynal.

At Wakefield, the Reverend Michael Bacon, D.D. (vicar of that place) to Miss Scott, sister of the late F. Scott, Esq. Captain in the service of the Hon. East India Company.

At Denton, Lincolnshire, Dr. De Butts, physician, of Grantham, to Miss Mary Welby, of Denton.

The Rev. Dr. Richard Chandler, of Worldham, Hants. to Miss Benigna Dorrien, of Charles-street, Cavendish-square.

MONTHLY OBITUARY, OCTOBER 1785.

SEPTEMBER 13,

THE Rev. Richard Matthews, Rector of Fitherton Anger, near Salisbury.

18. Mrs. Lamb, in Broad-street, Oxford, daughter of Sir Thomas Tyrrell, Bart. and sister of Viscountess Say and Sele.

Charles Morton Plydell Brune, Esq. of Plumber, Dorsetshire.

At Wellingborough in Northamptonshire, in the 107th year of her age, Mrs. Hannah Sparke, widow, mother of Harvey Sparke, late of Knuston, deceased.

19. John Lowther, Esq. of Durham.

Mrs. Carr, of Key-side, Newcastle upon Tyne, aged 100.

26. Rob. Bodle, Esq. Wolfston Hall, Essex.

Lately, at Wotton in Surry, Miss Evelyn, sister of Sir Frederick Evelyn, Bart.

27. Thomas Goofrey, Esq. in Sherrard-street.

Lately, at Haigh in Lancashire, Lady Bradshaigh, widow of Sir Roger Bradshaigh, and sister of the late Countess of Derby.

28. At Ankerwyke near Staines, aged 75, John Harcourt, Esq. first cousin of the late Lord Harcourt. He was grandson of Sir Philip Harcourt, by his second wife Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of John Lee, Esq. of Ankerwyke.

Lately, at Somerton in Somersetshire, the Rev. Mr. Martin, vicar of Inglish-combe, near Bath.

Lately, at Cockney near Workshop, Nottinghamshire, the Rev. Edward Otter, Vicar of that village, as also of Upper Langwith, Sarscliffe, and Belfover in Derbyshire.

6. Peter

Oft. 1. At Cambridge, Dr. Charles Colignon, physician, professor of anatomy at that University, to which post he was elected in 1752. He was the author of several ingenious performances, and at the time of his death, his works were about to be printed in 4to. by subscription.

4. John Greene, Esq. of Doctors Commons.

Lately, at Enfield, Mr. Taylor, formerly a butcher in the Strand. He was often heard to say he made his fortune by two maxims; in selling to the rich at his own price, and to the poor at theirs.

6. Peter Player, Esq. Customer of Cloth and Petty Customs, and Deputy Comptroller of Great Customs.

At Hampstead, Mr. John Foster, coach-maker of Long Acre.

Lately, at Applethaw in Somersetshire, the Rev. William Ford, rector of that parish above 30 years.

Lately, at Great Neston in Cheshire, Abel Ward, A. M. Archdeacon of Chester, and 40 years Rector of St. Ann's, Manchester.

7. Mr. Vernon of the Navy Office.

At Lewisham, aged 98, John Jolly, Esq. upwards of 40 years one of the elder brethren of the Trinity House.

At his seat near Warwick, in the 95th year of his age, the Right Honourable Lord Dormer of Grove Park.

Margaret Countess Dowager of Caithness.

9. At Hardwicke house, near Bury, the Rev. Sir John Cullum, Bart. He was born 21st June, 1733, and educated at Bury School; whence he went to Catherine-hall, Cambridge, of which, after having taken the degree of Bachelor and Master of Arts, he was elected Fellow 7th December, 1759. In March, 1774, he became a member of the society of Antiquaries; in December that year, he was instituted to the living of Great Thurlow in Suffolk; and in March 1775, was elected Fellow of the Royal Society. He was author of the History and Antiquities of Hawsted in Suffolk.

At Plumstead, in Hants, the Rev. Dr. Richard Thompson, for more than 49 years Rector of that living.

At Bath, Dr. Francis Woodward, many years physician in that city, and brother to the Bishop of Cloyne.

14. The Honourable Mr. Legge, son of the Earl of Dartmouth.

At Bath, Charles Hay, M. D. late of Ipswich, in Suffolk.

15. The Rev. George Wakefield, Rector of East Kent, in the County of Lincoln, and Vicar of Flintham, Nottinghamshire.

Lately, at Harding, near St. Alban's, Margaret Stone, who had entered into her 107th

year, and was never known to have a day's illness.

16. At Greenwich, Capt. William Grant, aged 98, many years in the Russia trade, but had retired for some time.

Lately, at Leghorn, Theodore Luders, Esq. of Bath, late in the dragoons.

17. At Hendon, Walter Shropshire, Esq. formerly a Bookseller in Bond street.

The Rev. Rowland Bradstock, Rector of Peopleton, and 50 years Curate of Breedon, in Worcestershire.

19. At Etwell in Derbyshire, the Rev. Mr. Burlien, many years vicar of that place.

The Rev. Mr. Popham, curate and lecturer of St. Clement Danes, Strand.

At his apartments in Clerkenwell, Mr. James Berry, formerly a contractor to the Victualling Office, in which situation he amassed a considerable fortune; but the liberality of his disposition inclined him to freely to supply the wants of others, that, in a series of years, he experienced the fatal truth of having nothing left for himself, and expired a striking example of the remark made long since by the Roman satyrists:

*Quantum quisquis sua nummorum servat in arca,
Tantum habet et fidei.*

Lately at Tauworth in Warwickshire, Mr. William Tasker, aged 113.

20. At Huntingdon, the Rev. Dr. Smith.

Lately, the Rev. Mr. Shellard, Rector of Rendcomb and Tytherington, in Gloucestershire.

21. Thomas Gurnall, Esq; at Great Ealing.

Robert Trevor, Esq; receiver general of the post-office, son of the late Lord Hampden.

22. In the 88th year of his age, Mr. Davis, who was originally bred a seal engraver, but was afterwards placed in the box-office in Covent Garden theatre, where he remained near fifty years.

23. At Ashton Malherbe, Kent, Thomas Richard Yong, Esq; who was possessed of a large estate in Maryland, during the late troubles in America, the greatest part of which he lost.

In the Clofe, Salisbury, in the 75th year of his age, the Rev. Dr. William Dodwell, Archdeacon of Berks.

The Right Hon. Robert Henley Ongley, Lord Ongley; to which title he was advanced in 1776. He represented the county of Bedford in the four last Parliaments; but at the general election in 1784, he lost his election, notwithstanding he expended an immense sum of money. He has left several children, and some of them very young. His eldest son was born in September, 1764.