

T H E European Magazine,

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

CONTAINING THE
L I T E R A T U R E , H I S T O R Y , P O L I T I C S , A R T S ,
M A N N E R S , and A M U S E M E N T S of the A G E .

By the P H I L O L O G I C A L S O C I E T Y of L O N D O N .

F O R N O V E M B E R , 1 7 8 5 .

[Embellished with, 1. A Striking Likeness of the Right Hon. FREDERICK Earl of CARLISLE
2. A View of the OLD CHURCH at HAMPSTEAD. And 3. A Plate illustrative of Two
PASSAGES in SHAKSPEARE.]

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L O N D O N :

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Crito's communications will be very acceptable.

We have no room for *Acrostics*.

Fidelis, W. Reid, Juvenis, W. G. T. M., Philo Johnson, and some others, are received, and will be taken into consideration.

The *Admirer of Virgil* shall be inserted, if he desires it, after reading the defence of him in our Magazine for September. He will there find most of his observations anticipated.

The POLITICAL STATE of the NATION and of EUROPE, for November. No. XXI

THE principal domestic object of political speculation has been the rapid rise of the funds, which began at the latter end of last month, and continued, with little variation or depression, to the conclusion of this month: various causes are assigned by various people, according to their different views, wishes, and interests, but chiefly the rich Treasury. This might be great cause of exultation to stockholders and stockjobbers, adventurers and speculators in the funds, who have all their treasure and all their hopes concentrated in that national excrement; but to the great body of the people who live by trade, agriculture, labour, and industry, the case is very different: they are the burden-bearers of that immense ponderous load of debt which hangs like a mill-stone about their necks, under which they can hardly bear up! To them it is a very poor consolation to hear and see their talk-masters exulting in the idea that they (the people) may be burdened yet more and more without sinking under their burden; yet this is the sum and substance of all that rejoicing we see on the rise of stocks, and of all that flattery and fulsome incense poured upon the head of the Minister on account of the productiveness of his taxes.

The commercial treaty with France we must leave in the same state and the same hands in which we left it in our last, that is, among our diurnal politicians, to forward it or protract it as they please. We are very fearful, however, that whenever this expected treaty comes forward, the French will have greatly the upper hand of our negotiating Ministers.

The above report of a reciprocally beneficial treaty between England and France accords but very ill with the rumoured treaty of commerce between France and Russia, said to be disadvantageous to this country.

It is equally inconsistent with the treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, just concluded between France and Holland, our quondam ally, pointed hostile to this country.

Be these things how they will, we plainly see, that by our late absurd policy the Dutch have been driven under the patronage of France; and it seems very probable that Russia is sliding into an engagement of the same nature, through the procurement of the Emperor, whose family-connection with France has ripened into a political alliance.

The definitive treaty being signed by the Emperor and the Dutch, the latter now naturally form a fourth member of this quadruple alliance; which will operate as a chain to confine the King of Prussia from meddling in the quarrel between the States of Holland and the Stadtholder; and perhaps find him sufficient employment at home to take care of his own dominions. In the mean time, it is apparent, that the States of Holland and West Friesland look upon the King of Prussia's interference respecting the Stadtholder, as quite unconstitutional, and inconsistent with the sovereignty and independency of their State.

According to all appearances, the dispute between the States and the Stadtholder will soon grow serious, to such a degree as cannot be very easily accommodated; and what makes it still worse, the matter spreads and diffuses itself through the different subordinate classes, dividing them into parties, exciting heats, animosities, riots, and tumults, which threaten to overturn the peace of the Republic. If the Stadtholder should call in the King of Prussia to his aid, then of course the adverse party would call in their new great and good ally the Grand Monarch to their assistance; consequently Holland would become the theatre of war, and a prey to the contending parties, who might think the best way of terminating the contest would be to divide the Low Countries between them, and so extinguish faction at once. It therefore concerns highly the ruling powers of the Republic to consider well the consequences of internal acrimonious discord, and to endeavour to settle matters amicably among themselves; the sooner the better.

The United States of America appear to be in a very disjointed state, falling to pieces among themselves, making more factions than there are States, all drawing different ways, and consistent and uniform in nothing but their malignity to this country!—At variance with their Indian neighbours, not very cordial with their new neighbours the Spaniards, and left to shift for themselves by their great and good ally the French Court, their case becomes every day more critical and dangerous! Before the expiration of another summer they will sorely lament their avulsion from the British Empire, and look round the Globe for such other protecting Power, but all in vain.

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

A N D

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

F O R N O V E M B E R, 1785.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An ACCOUNT of FREDERICK HOWARD, EARL of CARLSLE.

[With an ELEGANT ENGRAVING of Him.]

THE present times have afforded so few examples of our nobility dedicating any of their time to letters, or attending to pursuits which have any claim to the applause of the world, that it will excite no wonder we seize with alacrity an opportunity of celebrating one who has distinguished himself as a follower of the Muses; one who has a right to claim an honourable notice for his attention to, and proficiency in, literary acquisitions.

FREDERICK HOWARD, Earl of Carlisle, was born May 28, 1748, and succeeded his father in the title in the year 1758. His mother * was Isabel, daughter of William Lord Byron, a lady who is the author of some poetical performances. His Lordship received his education at Eton, and while there, celebrated some of his school-fellows in the following verses:

In youth, 'tis said, you easily may scan,
Strong stamp'd, the outlines of the future man.
This maxim true, how bright will St. John
shine,

Form'd by the hand of all the tuneful Nine?
If not to careless indolence a prey,
How will whole nations listen to his lay?

Say, will Fitzwilliams ever want a heart,
Chearful his ready blessings to impart?
Will not another's woe his bosom share,
The widow's sorrow, and the orphan's prayer?
Who aids the old, who soothes the mother's
cry,

Who wipes the tear from off the virgin's eye?
Who feeds the hungry? who assists the lame?
All, all, re-echo with Fitzwilliams' name.
Thou know'st I hate to flatter, yet in thee
No fault, my friend, no single speck I see.

Nor, if alike my former maxims true,
Shall e'er ill-nature tinge thy heart, Buccleugh.
Shall deep remorse thy honest bosom tear,
Disdainful anger, or corroding care?

Shall e'er ambition dissipate that smile,
Disturb that heart so free from every guile?
Sooner shall Bute to Temple bend his knee,
And **** or **** pious christians be.

How will my Fox, alone, by strength of
parts,

Shake the loud Senate, animate the hearts
Of fearful statesmen? while around you stand
Both peers and commons, listening your command;

While Tully's sense its weight to you affords,
His nervous sweetness shall adorn your words:
What praise to Pitt, to Townsend, e'er was
due,

In future times, my Fox, shall wait on you.

Mild as the dew that whitens yonder plain,
Legge shines serene 'midst our youthful train;
He whom the search of fame with rapture
moves,

Disdains the pedant, tho' the Muse he loves;
By nature form'd with modesty to please,
And join'd with wisdom unaffected ease.

Will e'er Ophally, consciously unjust,
Revoke his promise, or betray his trust?
What tho' perhaps with warmer zeal he'd hear
The echoing horn, the sportsman's hearty
cheer,

Than godlike Homer's elevated song,
Loud as the torrent, as the billows strong;
Cast o'er this fault a friendly veil, you'll find
A friendly, social, and ingenuous mind.

Witness ye Naiads, and ye guardian Powers
Who sit sublime on Henry's lofty towers;
Witness if e'er I saw thy open brow
Sunk in despair, or sadden'd into woe,
Well-natur'd Stavordale.—The task is thine,
Foremost in Pleasure's festive band to shine.
Say, wilt thou pass alone the midnight hour,
Studious the depth of Plato to explore?
To lighter subjects shall thy soul give way,
Nor heed what grave philosophers shall say?

* She wrote, amongst other things, some verses to Mrs. Greville on her Prayer to Indifference. See Pearch's Collection of Poems. It is remarkable, that the grandfather of the present Lord was also a poet, though not noticed in Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Noble Authors. See *Gent. Mag. Aug. 1739*, verses entitled "The late Earl of C——'s Advice to his Son, the present Earl of C——e. Written a few hours before his death."

The god of mirth shall lift thee in his train,
A cheerful vot'ry and the foe of pain.

Whether I Storer sing in hours of joy,
When every look bespeaks the inward boy;
Or when no more mirth wantons in his breast,
And all the man appears in him confess;
In mirth, in sadness, sing him how I will,
Sense and good-nature must attend him still.

From Eton his Lordship went to King's College Cambridge, and afterwards travelled abroad. During his travels, he was elected one of the Knights Companions of the Order of the Thistle, and was invested with the ensigns thereof February 27, 1768, at Turin, the King of Sardinia representing his Majesty on that occasion.

On the 13th of June 1777 his Lordship was sworn of the Privy Council, and at the same time appointed Treasurer of his Majesty's Household. In April 1778, he was named one of the Commissioners to treat, consult, and agree upon the means of quieting the disorders subsisting in certain of his Majesty's colonies, plantations, and provinces in North America. With the rest of the Commissioners he went to America; but the disposition of the colonies being adverse to a reconciliation, the object of his mission was defeated, and he returned without being able to render any service to his country. In November 1779, he became first Commissioner of Trade and Plantations: and in February 1780, was nominated Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; in which situation he remained until the change

in the Ministry in 1782, when the Duke of Portland was appointed to succeed him.

Since this period his Lordship has been in opposition to the measures of the present Ministry, and has exerted himself in the House of Lords with considerable ability. If we are not deceived in our conjectures, the time will come when he will stand one of the first in the political phalanx, and should he not hold some post under Government, will be a very formidable opponent to the Ministry.

His Lordship is the author of a small collection of poems, among which the story of Count Ugolino, from Dante, is the most excellent. He is also the author of a tragedy called "*The Father's Revenge*;" the plot of which is taken from Boccaccio, and may be found in Dryden's Miscellanies. It has also been employed twice on the theatre, once so early as 1592 by Robert Wilmot, in a tragedy called *Tancred and Gismunda*; and again by Mrs. Centlivre in *The Cruel Gift*; or, *The Father's Repentment*. We should have been glad to have given a further account of this performance, which we had once the happy perusal of; but it being confined to a small circle of his Lordship's friends, and not published, we have not been able to procure a copy.

On the 22d of March 1770, his Lordship married Lady Carolina, second daughter of Garville Levison Gower, Earl Gower, by whom he has several children.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

VIEW of HAMPSTEAD OLD CHURCH.

HAVING been favoured by a Correspondent with a VIEW of the OLD CHURCH at HAMPSTEAD, which was a few years ago pulled down on account of its ruinous state, and a new one erected in its room; we have complied with his request in giving it a place in our Magazine, thinking that it would not be disagreeable to many of our readers, who may be desirous of comparing the former with the present structure. To this we shall add a short description of the town, for the information as well as entertainment of such purchasers of our Magazine as live at a distance from the capital.

HAMPSTEAD is pleasantly situated near the top of a hill, about four miles to the north-west of London, and has grown from a little village almost to the size of a city. On the summit of the hill is a heath which extends about a mile every way, and affords a most beautiful prospect, the view being open to the north west as far as Hanslip steeple, within eight miles of Northampton, and to Lamdon-hill in Essex towards the east. There is a full view of London, and beyond it, as far as Bansted Downs to the south, Shooters-hill to the south-east, Red-hill to the south-west, and Windsor castle to the west; but to the north the prospect extends no farther than Barnet, which is only six miles from it.

This village used to be formerly much resorted to for its mineral waters, and the pleasantness of its situation makes it a favourite residence of the citizens and merchants of London, who form the principal part of the inhabitants.

Besides the Long Room, where the company meet every Monday to play at cards, there is an Assembly Room for dancing, 60 feet long and 30 wide, elegantly decorated. The price to non-subscribers is half-a-crown each night. Every gentleman who subscribes a guinea for the season has a ticket for himself and two ladies. There is also a handsome chapel near the Wells, built by the contribution of the inhabitants, and a Meeting house. What adds much to the beauty of Hampstead is Caen Wood, the noble seat of Earl Mansfield, which stands on the North-east side of the town, and the delightful villa of Colonel Fitzroy adjoining, who has lately enclosed several acres of ground, which he has laid out in serpentine walks and planted with clumps of trees*. At the bottom of these grounds is a neat Gothic building, with a small but fine basin of water before it, and commanding a full view of the ponds which extend over the Heath, and give a romantic air to the whole prospect.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

Mr. Boswell's Narrative of the Escape of Prince Charles has amused many of your readers; but it seems not to be known, that the principal facts have been already given to the Public, though probably in a clandestine manner. A very scarce old pamphlet, printed in 8vo, 1750, for W. Webb (a fictitious name) near St. Paul's, and entitled, "A plain, authentic and faithful Narrative of the several Passages of the young Chevalier, from the Battle of Culloden to his Embarkation for France: taken from the Mouths of the several Persons who either gave him succour, or were aiding and assisting to him in his many wonderful and unheard-of Escapes both by Sea and Land," exhibits apparently, as the title-page declares, an authentic and faithful Narrative of these transactions. By comparing the following Extract with Mr. Boswell's Account, I think the authenticity of both performances will be in some measure established; as I do not apprehend that the pamphlet from whence this is extracted has ever fallen into that gentleman's hands.

I am, &c.

C. D.

THE Prince, having lain all night on the top of a mountain, gets notice next day, the 18th (i. e. of June) that General Campbell is at Bernera*; and so finds himself surrounded with forces on both the land sides of him, without any sort of vessel wherein to put to sea. In this perplexity, Capt. O'Neill thought of applying to Miss Flora Macdonald†, who he knew was then at Milton, her brother's house in S. Uish, whither she had lately come from the Isle of Sky for a visit. Though Miss Macdonald is very justly described by an author‡, who from her own mouth relates her story, yet as we can boast the same advantage, for that very reason we dare not use the same freedom with a young lady whose modesty is equal to her merit, and consequently to her fame. Besides, it is not our design here to paint characters in a pompous show of words, which are as justly as generally believed to have no meaning, or one that should offend those they are meant to please. Our sole object is genuine narration, and actions will always speak better than words. This young lady he intreated to come to his master's aid. She objected at first to the Captain's proposal; but upon his demonstrating the necessity of her immediate going to the Prince, who could not come to her, she was prevailed with to set out, taking Neil Macochan§ with her as a servant. Being conducted by the Captain to the Prince, she concerted what was to be

done, and presently planned two schemes; that one failing, (as it did) another might be sure of success.

Pursuant therefore to the latter plan, Miss Flora set out for Clanranald's, June 21, in order to get the things necessary for disguising the Prince. In going to cross one of the fords, she and her servant, having no passports, are made prisoners by a party of militia. The lady desiring to see their officer, was told he would not be there till next morning. She then asked his name, and upon their answering, "Mr. Macdonald of Armadale" (her step-father), she chose rather to stay all night than to answer any of their questions. She was detained, therefore, in the guard-room till Sunday the 22d, that Mr. Macdonald arrived. Miss soon removing her step-father's surprize, desired a passport for herself, her man Macochan, and one Betty Burk, (the character the Prince was to assume) whom she begged he would recommend, as an excellent spinner, by a letter to her mother, knowing her great want of such a person.

Having obtained all she desired, Miss proceeded to Clanranald's, where she communicated the design to the lady, whom she found ready to do all in her power to promote it. Here she spent several days in preparing things, in receiving and returning messages by the trusty O'Neill.

* An island about two miles long and one broad, lying between N. Uish and the Harris. It belongs to the Laird of Macleod.

† This young lady is daughter of Macdonald of Milton in the Isle of Uish, descended from Clanranald's family. Her father died when she was but one year old, leaving her an only brother. Her mother afterwards married Hugh Macdonald of Armadale in the Isle of Sky; and has by him two sons and two daughters. This gentleman is esteemed one of the strongest men of the name of Macdonald.

‡ Quere, Who is the Author here referred to?

EDITOR.

§ Originally Macdonald, who had been educated in France, and was of great use to the Prince in his after wanderings.

The day appointed being come, June 27, Lady Clanranald, Miss Flora, and her man Macochan, were conducted by O'Neill to the Prince, who, at eight miles distance, waited them with some impatience, and received them with no less courtesy. While supper was preparing, a servant arrived out of breath, with intelligence, that Capt. Ferguson, with an advanced party of the Campbells, was within two miles of them. Upon which they all hurried into the boat to a farther point, where they passed the night undisturbed. Next morning, the 28th, another servant came in all haste for the Lady Clanranald, whom he informed, that Capt. Ferguson had lain all night in her bed. This news required that lady's immediate taking leave and return home, where she was scarce arrived when Capt. Ferguson began to examine her very strictly: "Where have you been?" "To see a distressed child." "Where lives the child? How far?" To all which she answered as she thought fit*.

Lady Clanranald being gone, Miss Flora told the Prince it was time to be moving. The faithful O'Neill begged hard to go with them; but to this the young lady would by no means consent; well judging that this single addition to her charge would endanger them all. Prudence, therefore, getting the better of affection, the Captain was forced to take leave †.

The Prince now putting on his female attire, they moved towards the water side, where a boat lay ready. Here they resolved to wait till night should favour their embarkation. They had, therefore, but just made themselves a fire upon a piece of a rock, as well to dry as to warm themselves, when the approach of four wherries full of armed men obliged them to extinguish it in all haste, and to squat themselves down on the heather or heath, where they lay till the enemy passed.

About eight in the evening, June 28, they embarked under a serene sky; but had not sailed a league when the fickle element be-

came tempestuous. The Prince seeing not only his fair guardian apprehensive, but the hardy boatmen themselves expressed some concern, cheered up their hearts as well as he could, and sung them *the Restoration*. At length Miss Macdonald's fatigue got the better of her fear, and she fell fast asleep in the bottom of the boat. The Prince became now guardian in his turn, and assiduously watched over his sleeping conductress. Tho' a calm returned with the morning, the boatmen having no compass were at a loss how to steer; when at last they discovered the point of Watnish, in the west corner of Sky. Here they attempted to land; but found the place possessed by a body of forces, who had also three boats or yauls near the shore. From one of these a man fired at the Prince's to make it bring to; but this soon pulled away out of reach; the ships of war that were in sight wanting wind to pursue, and the boats wanting oars to improve the calm. The Prince soon after (being the morning of the 29th) put into a creek or cleft to rest, and refresh the fatigued rowers. But he was quickly obliged to put off again, for fear of a surprize from the alarmed village.

At length the Prince landed safe at Kilbride in Trotternish, about twelve miles north from the abovementioned point, and just at the foot of the garden of Mougeffot. Miss Flora, leaving the Prince at the boat, set out immediately with her servant for Mougeffot, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald, who was then elsewhere. But here she found an Officer of Militia in quest of her charge, and had many interrogatories to answer; which the fair traveller did in a manner that gave as little suspicion as satisfaction. But seizing an opportunity, she acquainted Lady Margaret Macdonald, Sir Alexander's lady, with the Prince's situation, for which she had prepared her by a preceding message. Her ladyship, at a loss how to act in so critical a conjuncture, sent off directly

* Though the Captain could make nothing of the lady, she was soon after made prisoner as well as her husband, his brother Mr. Malcolm Macleod, and Roger Macneal of Barra, as also about the same time John Gordon, eldest son of Glenbucket, for reviewing his father's men, tho' he had been totally deprived of sight six years before. All these were carried severally to London, and committed to the custody of a messenger, till discharged in June 1747.

† Mr. O'Neill, upon parting with the Prince, met with O'Sullivan; and about two days after, a French cutter of 120 men arrived at S. Uish to carry off the Prince. Mr. O'Sullivan went immediately on board, while O'Neill set out in quest of the Prince, hoping possibly to find him before he should leave the island; but hearing that the Prince had sailed two days before, he returned three hours too late; the cutter having taken the benefit of a fair wind to escape the pursuit of two armed wherries that had been dispatched after it. Mr. O'Neill was soon after taken and put on board of a man of war; whence he was conveyed to Edinburgh Castle; and having there been confined some time, he was at length sent abroad, according to the cartel, as being a French officer.

an express to Donald Roy Macdonald,* requiring his immediate attendance. Her ladyship applied in the mean time to Mr. Macdonald of Kingsburgh,† who happened to be then in the house, and was walking in close conference with him when Donald arrived. It was then agreed, that the Prince should be conducted that night to Portree ‡ by the way of Kingsburgh; that Donald Roy should ride directly to Portree, and endeavour to find out the old Laird of Rasay, to whose care the Prince was to be intrusted; and that Neil Macochan should return immediately to the Prince upon the shore, inform him of the scheme concerted for his preservation, and direct him to the back of a certain hill, about a mile distant, where he was to wait Kingsburgh for his conductor. Kingsburgh taking therefore some wine and other refreshments, set out soon after for the place appointed. He had some difficulty at first to find the Prince, who, however, soon came up to him very briskly, with a thick short cudgel in his hand, and said, "Are you Mr. Macdonald of Kingsburgh?" "Yes, Sir, answered Kingsburgh." "All is well, then, replied the Prince; come, let us be jogging." Mr. Macdonald told the Prince he must first partake of the refreshment he had brought; which the Prince accordingly did, the top of the rock serving for a table. This done, they proceeded together; and in conversing, Kingsburgh told his fellow-traveller, with no less admiration than joy, that he could recollect no cause either of business or duty for his being at Mouggestot that day. "I'll tell you the cause, (said the Prince) Providence sent you thither to take care of me."—But now they are interrupted by some country-people coming from the kirk. Kingsburgh could no way get rid of their conversation, till at last he said, "O! Sirs, cannot you let alone talking of your worldly affairs on the sabbath, and have patience till another day?" The good people took the pious hint, and moved off. Betty Burk and her companion are no sooner rid of these, than overtaken by Miss Flora and her attendant, who had been also joined by some acquaintances. One of these could not forbear making observations upon the long strides of the great tawdry woman that was walking with Kingsburgh; and in wading a rivulet the Prince lifted his petticoats so high, that Neil Macochan called to him for God's sake to take care, else he would discover himself. The Prince laughed heartily, and thanked him for his

kind concern. Miss Flora, however, prompted her company to mend their pace, alledging, that otherwise they would be benighted. She knew that the Prince and Kingsburgh were soon to turn out of the common road by a route it was not proper the people with her should see. The riders, therefore, soon lost sight of the two on foot; who turned over the hills S. S. E. till they arrived at Kingsburgh's, about eleven at night, on Sunday June 29th, having walked seven long miles in almost constant rain. Miss Macdonald arrived about the same time, having parted from her company by the way.

Lady Kingsburgh not expecting her husband home, was going to bed, when she was informed that Kingsburgh was come with Milton's daughter and a great odd-like woman, whom he had also carried into the hall with him. The lady had scarce got this news when Kingsburgh entered the room, bid her dress again as fast as possible, get presently some supper, and soon after introduced her to her guests. The Prince after eating a hearty supper and smoking a pipe, an antidote he had learned against the tooth-ach, went to bed. Lady Kingsburgh then begged of Miss Flora, what she knew of the Prince's adventures. The story concluded, the lady asked what was become of the boatmen that brought them over? Upon being told of their return to S. Uish, "That was wrong (said she), Flora. You should have kept them on this side for some time at least, till the Prince had got farther from his pursuers." Miss told, she had taken an oath of the boatmen at parting. "What signifies that? (replied the lady) the threats of torture will force a confession." Which happened exactly according to the sagacious lady's conjecture. This hint made Miss Flora the more readily join Kingsburgh next day in advising the Prince to lay aside his female dress. Kingsburgh took care to send a message that very night to Donald Roy, acquainting him, that Miss Flora being weary could not make out Portree, as appointed, but was to sleep all night at Kingsburgh; and desiring Donald to provide a boat against next day to carry her to her mother's in Sky, Miss Flora chusing rather a fail than a journey.

The Prince having slept about nine or ten hours (thrice as long as was usual with him in his wanderings) Miss Macdonald prevailed with Kingsburgh to wake him, for fear of a pursuit. Kingsburgh then asked the Prince how he had rested? "Never better in my

* Brother to Balsar in N. Uish. Donald was at a Surgeon's house two miles off, under cure of a wound he had received through his foot at the battle of Culloden.

† A relation of Sir Alexander's, and his Factor.

‡ Or King's port, about seven miles from Kingsburgh.

life (said the Prince); 'tis long since I slept in a bed before." Kingsburgh then begged leave to tell the Prince it was high time to be preparing for another march; that though it would be proper for him to go away in the dress he came in, "yet (says he) as you are a very bad *Pretender*, and the rumour of your disguise may have taken air, I think it advisable for you to reassume your proper dress; and if you will stop at the entrance of the wood on yonder hill, I shall take care to bring you thither every thing necessary for that purpose." The Prince thanked his good landlord, and approved the proposal. While the Prince was dressing, Kingsburgh used the freedom to ask him if he suspected treachery in Lord George Murray. To which the Prince answered, he did not. When the Prince had dressed himself as well as he could, the Ladies were called in to pin his gown and cap. Upon Lady Kingsburgh's signifying a desire to have a lock of his hair, the Prince laid his head in Miss Flora's lap, and bid her cut off a little; of which she gave one-half to the lady, and reserved the other to herself.

* The female attire was deposited in the heart of a bush, and afterwards carried to Kingsburgh's house; where, upon the alarm of a search, it was burnt, except only the gown, which Kingsburgh's daughter insisted on saving as a precious relic and pattern. It was of a stamped linen, with a purple sprig.

† About six or eight days after the Prince left Sky, Captain Ferguson followed him in hot pursuit; and from the boatmen, at or in their return to S. Uist, having extorted an exact description of the gown and dress the Prince had wore, he first went to Sir Alexander Macdonald's; where after a strict search hearing only of Miss Flora Macdonald, he thence proceeded in all haste to Kingsburgh, where he examined every person with the utmost exactness. He asked Kingsburgh, where Miss Macdonald and the person who was with her in woman's cloaths had lain; Kingsburgh answered, he knew where Miss Flora had lain, but as for servants he never asked any questions about them. The Captain then asked Lady Kingsburgh, whether she had laid the young Pretender and Miss Flora in one bed? To which she answered, "Whom you mean by the *young Pretender*, I do not pretend to guess; but I can assure you, it is not the fashion in Sky to lay the mistress and maid in one bed." Upon visiting the rooms wherein each of them had lain, the Captain could not but remark, that the room the supposed maid had possessed, was better than that of the mistress.

Kingsburgh was made a prisoner; and by General Campbell's order, he went on parole, without any guard, to Fort Augustus, where he was plundered of every thing, thrown into a dungeon, and loaded with irons. When Sir Everard Fawkener examined him, he put him in mind how noble an opportunity he had lost of making himself and his family for ever. To which Kingsburgh replied, "Had I gold and silver piled heaps upon heaps to the bulk of yon huge mountain, that mass could not afford me half the satisfaction I find in my own breast from doing what I have done." While Kingsburgh was prisoner at Fort Augustus, an officer of distinction came and asked him, if he would know the young Pretender's head, if he saw it? Kingsburgh said, he would know the head very well, if it were on the shoulders. "But what if the head be not on the shoulders, do you think you should know it in that case?" "In that case, (answered Kingsburgh) I will not pretend to know any thing about it." So no head was brought him.

Kingsburgh was removed hence to Edinburgh Castle, under a strong guard of Kingston's light-horse; he was first put into a room with some other gentlemen, and afterwards removed into one by himself, without being allowed to go over the threshold, or to see any person except the officer upon guard, the serjeant, and the keeper; which last was appointed to attend him as a servant; and here he was kept till by the Act of Grace he was set at liberty on the 4th of July 1747; having thus, as an author observes, got a whole year's fine judging for affording that of one night,

female

The Prince having breakfasted, asked a snuff of Lady Kingsburgh, who took that opportunity of prevailing with him to accept a silver snuff-box.

The Prince then took leave of his kind landlady, thanking her very courteously for all her civilities. The exchange of dress was performed at the place appointed, and the Prince grasped once more the *claymore* instead of the distaff.* And now the Prince had to bid adieu to his faithful Kingsburgh, whom he embraced in his arms, assuring him in the warmest manner, that he would never forget his services. Tears fell from the eyes of both, and some drops of blood from the Prince's nose. Kingsburgh was alarmed at seeing the blood, but the Prince told the good man, this was usual with him at parting from dear friends.†

The Prince, conducted by Neil Macochan, got safe, though very wet, to Portree. Here he had the pleasure of meeting once more his female preserver, as well as Donald Roy Macdonald, who, though disappointed in his search after the old Laird of Rafay, had got a boat from that Island for the Prince's re-

ception, and three choice friends to attend him, viz. John and Murdoch Macleod, Macleod of Rafay's eldest and third sons, and one Malcolm Macleod. The two last gentlemen had been in the Prince's service. The Prince would fain have persuaded cripple Donald to accompany him. But Donald had the resolution to resist his importunities, and also to sacrifice his own inclination to the Prince's safety; for his wound did not permit him to move without a horse, which, he well judged, would have rendered him too conspicuous a companion for the Prince's privacy. To this faithful friend, therefore, as well as his female preserver, the Prince was obliged to bid a tender farewell; regretting much that he had not a Macdonald to be with him to the last.*

Early on July 1, the Prince and his company arrived at Glam in Rafay; a place six miles from Portree. All the houses in Rafay, to the number of some hundreds, being burnt, the Prince lodged two nights in a miserable hut, stretched upon the naked ground, and using a little heath for a pillow; one of the gentlemen who was at freedom to appear, going backwards and forwards, and fetching provisions in a corner of his plaid.

On the 3d of July, the Prince and his company sailed for Trotternish in Sky, in the same small boat, which could not contain above six or seven persons. Soon after, the wind rising very high, the crew were for putting back to Glam; but this the Prince opposed, and animated them to push on by a merry Highland song. About eleven at night, they landed at a place in Sky, called Nicholson's Great Rock, near Scorobreck in Trotternish, about ten miles distant from Glam. They had a steep rock to clamber up, but got at length to a byre or cow-house, belonging to one Mr. Nicholson, about two miles from Scorobreck. Here the Prince took up his head-quarters; and soon after starting from sleep that had seized him, he cried, "Ah poor England! poor England!"

The Prince being extremely desirous to have one interview more with Donald Roy Macdonald, dispatched young Rafay from the byre, to find him out if possible; which Rafay did; but poor Donald's wound being still open, he could not arrive in time to see the Prince, who having waited for him in vain till seven in the morning of the 4th, appointed Murdoch Macleod to meet him at Cammiftinnaway, another place in the same island; and set out upon a new progress, attended only by Malcolm Macleod, whose servant he was now to appear. The better to support this character, the Prince would needs carry the baggage, which consisted of two shirts, one pair of stockings, one pair of brogues, a bottle of brandy, some mouldy scraps of bread and cheese, and a stone bottle of water, which held three English pints. After walking a good way, the Prince forced his companion to take the only remaining dram in the bottle, declaring he wanted none himself; and observing his own waistcoat too fine for a servant, exchanged it with that of his supposed master. As they approached near Stratt, in Macinnon's country, the Captain suggested to the Prince, that he now run a great risk of being known, Macinnon's men having been out in his service. The Prince therefore putting his wig into his pocket, tied a dirty handkerchief about his head, and pulled his bonnet over it. This was no sooner done, than they were actually met by two or three of the Macinnons; who presently knowing their late master, burst into tears. Malcolm begged them to compose themselves, and swearing them to secrecy dismissed them. At length the Prince and his companion, after a stretch of 24 Highland miles, through the worst roads in Scotland, arrived at the house of John Macinnon, his companion's brother-in-law, who not being at home, Malcolm introduced the Prince to his sister, as one Lewis Caw, who passed for his servant. After having got some refreshment, of which

* Miss Macdonald, having taken leave of the Prince, left Portree immediately, and got safe back to Armadale. She had not been above eight or nine days there, when she was required to attend one Macdonald, whom Macleod of Taliscar had employed to examine her. She set out in obedience to the summons; but had not gone far, till she was seized by an Officer and party of Soldiers, who carried her immediately on board the Furnace, Capt. Ferguson. General Campbell was on board, and commanded that the young lady should be used with the utmost civility; that she should be allowed a maid servant, and every accommodation the ship could afford. Miss Flora finding the boatmen had blabbed every thing, was also fain to acknowledge to General Campbell the whole truth. About three weeks after, the ship being near her mother's, Miss Macdonald was permitted to go ashore with a guard, to take leave of her friends. The fair prisoner found now another protector in Commodore (now admiral) Smith; whose ship soon after came into Leith-Road; thence removed from place to place, till Nov. 28, 1746, she was put on board the Royal Sovereign lying at the Nore. After five months imprisonment on ship-board, she was transported to London; where she was confined in a messenger's house till July 1747, and then discharged without being asked a question.

they stood in great need, the washing of the stranger's feet was no less necessary; for the Prince had slumped to the middle in a bog, whence Malcolm had had difficulty to pull him out; and thus doubly refreshed, they took a few hours rest.

The Captain hearing his brother-in-law was coming went out to meet him, and told him the Prince was in his house. John hastened to welcome his guest; and was immediately dispatched to hire a boat for the continent. John applied to the old Laird of Macinnon, who undertook immediately to bring his boat. Upon John's return, Malcolm told the Prince that as he needed no other guide than the old gentleman, it would be proper for himself to return, lest his absence should rouse a suspicion in the military folks, with whom he had secured himself by a surrender. The Prince could not think of parting with Malcolm; but at last consented. Mean-time Macinnon arrived, with his lady, who had brought in the boat what wine and other provisions they were able to furnish. They all dined together in a cave, and the Prince was just about to step into the boat, when he turned suddenly to Malcolm, and said,—“Don't you remember I promised to meet

Donald Roy Macdonald and Murdoch Macleod at Cammishinnaway?”—“No matter, (said the Captain) I'll make your apology.”—“That's not enough (replied the Prince): have you pen, ink, and paper about you? I'll write then a line or two. I'm obliged in good-manners to do so.” Malcolm having supplied his demands, the Prince wrote the following words:

“God be thanked, I have got off as I intended. Remember me to all friends, and thank them for the trouble they have taken. I am your most humble servant,

Ellagol, July 4, 1746. JAMES THOMPSON.”

This letter the Prince desired the Captain to deliver; and then, at parting, twice embraced him tenderly, made him a present of a silver stock-buckle, forced him to accept of ten guineas, thanked him very warmly for his faithful services, and expressed most feelingly his regret for the loss of such a companion.

Having most gratefully taken leave of Lady Macinnon, as well as of Captain Macleod,* the Prince, old Macinnon, and John, Malcolm's brother-in-law, went on board in the evening of the 4th of July.

FRAGMENTS OF LEO. No. VI.

CURSORY OBSERVATIONS ON CRITICAL SAGACITY.

LIVING Authors often complain of the injustice they receive from the critics; but were a Shakspeare or a Milton to raise their heads from the tomb, with what aggravated justice might they arraign the labours of their numerous commentators and editors! An author no sooner outlives his century, than he is attacked by whole armies of the sagacious brotherhood of criticism, who fix on him with the same keenness with which a nest of wasps seize upon their prey, and generally with much the same purpose, to extract no honey. One picks up every syllable which in the least resembles any sentence of the ancients, and with all the sagacity and gravity of an oracle, affirms that his author had such or such a passage in his eye. Another finds a sentence where the furtive resemblance would never

have been detected by a man of *only* common sense. This affords the utmost joy and exultation to the Hypercritic, the discovery of what nobody except himself would have thought of. With a view to such discoveries, every page of his author is dissected with avidity, and every thought is restored to its original proprietor by the all-powerful chemistry of ingenious and critical conjecture. Never was poet, ancient or modern, so injured as Milton has been in this respect. That he was intimately acquainted with the ancients, was their warm admirer, and proposed their manner to himself as his model, is certain; but it by no means follows, that one-half of what his scholiasts and commentators call imitations, are in reality such. When two men of genius deliver the same sentiments, or describe the same

* Captain Macleod having followed the Prince as far as his eye could go, set out on his return home, by way of Kingsburgh; where he related the Prince's late adventures, and failed not to tell Lady Kingsburgh that the Prince having one day cast his eyes on her silver snuff-box, had asked him the meaning of its device and inscription, and that he had explained them in such words as these: “The device, Sir, of *two grasping hands*, is used in Scotland as an emblem of a sincere and firm friendship: and the inscription *ROB GIB* refers to a common Scots saying, *Rob Gib's Contract, stark love and kindness*;” that the Prince admired the design, and declared he would endeavour to keep the present as long as he lived. Captain Macleod had not been long at home before he was taken prisoner, conveyed into the Thames, and on the first of November 1746, removed to London, where he was detained in a messenger's house till July 1747.

passions and things, they must of necessity, from the sameness of their minds, fall into a sameness of thought, and sometimes even of phraseology. From many instances which might be given, allow me to produce two, which are peculiarly striking. In the discovery of Joseph to his brethren, and of Ulysses to his son, Moses and Homer have used the same repetition, and almost the same words. Ulysses tells Alcinoüs, "he that giveth to the poor, lendeth to Jove, and Jove will repay it." Solomon says, "he that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord, and the Lord will repay it." Here the sameness is surprising, yet it were a solecism to suppose that Homer and the Jewish writers borrowed from or imitated each other. To say that the Paradise Lost is one entire cento of imitation, selected from the most famous of the ancients, down to the most obscure of the moderns, as some critics have endeavoured to persuade us, is to suppose such a phenomenon of the human mind as is absolutely impossible to exist. It is to suppose that the greatest poetical abilities (for it required no less to select, to adjust, and transfuse from the originals, the true spirit of poetry into the Paradise Lost) were at the same time incapable of one original thought. It happens indeed, for the most part, that the passage which the critic produces as the fountain from which his author has drawn, is so distant from Helicon, that no good poet could ever be imagined to have wandered that way. For example:

Shakespeare, in his Merchant of Venice, having mentioned Jacob's management of Laban's sheep, gives a fine allusion to it, in Shylock's argument for usury. Antonio says,

Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or are your gold and silver ewes and lambs?
Sly. I cannot tell: I make it breed as fast.

Now, what shall we think of the genius of Shakespeare, if we can imagin: it required the following lines of an old ballad to put him in mind of Jacob?

His wife must lend a shilling,
For every week a penny:
Yet bring a pledge that's double worth,
If that you will have any.
This was the living of the wife,
Her cow she did call.

Yet we have been gravely told*, that from this passage of the metaphorical cow, Shakespeare borrowed the above old woman's allusion.

There is another disease to which the critics are extremely liable; the irresistible desire of (what they call) *restoring the text*. If Milton has suffered on the imputation of imitating and borrowing, Shakespeare has been injured no less from the *sagacity* of his *restorers*. To collect the many absurd emendations of his text which have been proposed, would be to compile a volume.—There is nothing more ludicrous, than when an ingenious restorer chances to be, according to Pope,

———— as gravely out,
As sober Lansbrow dancing in the gout.

And I hope I shall be excused for pointing out from a critic, whom on the whole I greatly respect, one instance of such absurdity. In the Reliques of ancient English Poetry, there is a sonnet, written by Colonel Richard Lovelace, when under confinement in the Gatehouse, Westminster, for presenting a petition to the House of Commons in favour of the King, in April 1642. The ingenious editor tells us the following stanza stood thus in the MS.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With woe-allaying themes,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames.

The second line is undoubtedly the most beautiful of the stanza; but it unluckily happened the critic did not perceive that "woe-allaying themes" may signify either cheerful songs or conversation; and the line must be altered, or *restored*. Thus he has given it,

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames.

Such is the sagacity of conjectural criticism! In place of an elegant line, where the sense was obvious, here is one inelegant, and scarcely intelligible; the only sense it can bear being, that their cups were not allayed with any mixture of the Thames' water. How often has poor Shakespeare suffered from such criticism as this!

* See the Relicks of Ancient English Poetry.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

If in your selection for this Month you can find a corner for the following simple Tale, you will oblige

A WELL-WISHER TO INTRINSIC WORTH, &c.

The PLEASURES of TASTE and ELEGANCE. A TALE.

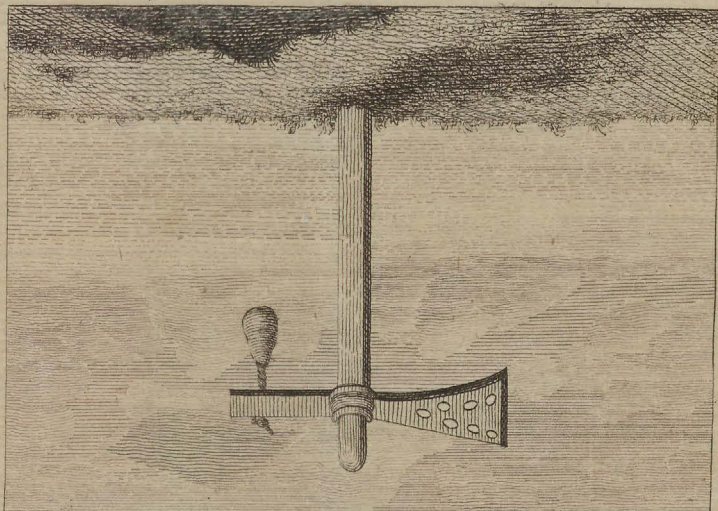
“ Rich the treasure,
 “ Sweet the pleasure,
 “ Sweet is pleasure when refin’d.”

AMONGST the many enjoyments which tend in some degree to sweeten the bitter draught of life, there are none comparable to those which arise from the mind. The springs of external gratification may dry up, but when pleasure derives its excellency from internal resources, we may then, in the language of an ancient philosopher (who being commanded on account of a dangerous storm to consign his property to the waves) make answer—“ I carry my riches about with me.”—But however great the pleasures which arise from mental accomplishments, even these, like all things else, are preferable according to the excellency of their application, or the usefulness of their effects. Not to mention the great variety of inferior springs; who, except those who never sipped of Helicon, would say that Parnassus’s top is not surrounded with delights, as well as dignified with honours; yea, that even ascending its steep, tho’ difficult, is not pleasant! And who but those to whom the precepts of vulgarity have been the rule of conduct, or from a mediocrity of desire, springing from a natural stupidity of intellect, or cloudiness of disposition, but would own the most exalted pleasures resulting from a mind refined by elegance, and modelled by the pleasing symmetry of a natural and well improved taste! The true nature of this accomplishment, like tender sensibility, is best understood by the experience of its effects upon the mind; notwithstanding which we may endeavour to convey at least a theoretical idea of it, which we shall put into the form of a definition.

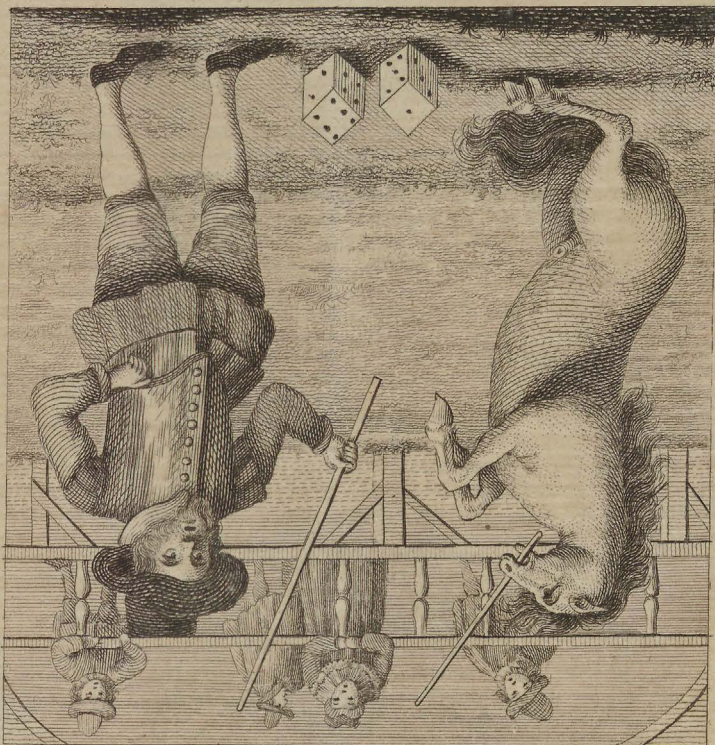
Taste is a natural or instinctive propensity to the beautiful, elegant, and sublime, disliking as much the paltry tinsel of the tawdry, as the dryness of the merely neat, or awkwardness and insipidity of the inelegant; and operating in a quick, exquisite, and habitual perception or sensibility of all things strikingly brilliant or intrinsically excellent.—Without confinement to the formality of dissertation, we shall endeavour to add beauty to excellence by contrast, and to stamp truth upon speculation by painting from reality.

Horatio was a gentleman of no inconsiderable fortune in the North of England. Having buried a beloved consort some few years, the whole of his family (except servants) were two sons, and an accomplished daughter, the latter of which has made her place vacant by disposing of her hand and her heart to a young nobleman. His two sons were but a little distant in their ages, yet in disposition diametrically opposite. Beman, who was the eldest, was from his youth mild and inoffensive:—he thought himself too much of a man to divert himself with pictures like his brother, and in short was universally called the good-natured boy. Pereleo was of a cast rather choleric and sprightly, and conceived more pleasure in an unlucky action, than either the smart of correction or shame of reproof could remedy. He would dig up a piece of ground, by means of a little spade which his own ingenuity had cut out of wood, round which he would often divert himself by placing moss in imitation of box, and planting the poppy to rival the tulip, and the white and blue violet, the colours of the pin k. Being arrived at an age when the arguments of reason and beauties of description began to unfold their sweets to his perception, (contrary to his brother, who had no relish that way) he was hardly ever seen without a book of some kind; in short, he manifested pleasure in things which the eye of the commonalty see a thousand times without an observation; and even in the features of his brother’s mind could read the difference betwixt light and darkness.

Beman and Pereleo were drawing very near to manhood, when death, with an irresistible call, knocked at the door, and veiled the beauties of the tapestry with the ensigns of mortality. The old man had long expected his fate, and therefore had long settled his affairs. His two sons having paid the tribute of nature to their father’s memory, began to think of ordering their effects and rendering life happy. Inclination being no longer under the shackles of restraint, nor actions liable to be summoned to the bar of account,



No II



I o N

account, they both gave way to their natural propensity. Beman had a great partiality for his native county, and wondered at the conduct of his brother, (who was then set out to procure a seat adequate to his fortune in or near the metropolis) that he could leave the honest simplicity of Squire Rustic, and the wholesome advice of Mrs. Tattle. Beman however, in the mean time, purchased an house about half a mile from his native town, formerly in the possession of a rich widow, just discovered in her lone retreat, and hurried away as a prize by a young buck who had come into those parts upon a visit. Here was a neat house, with a great quantity of ground laid out in a delightful garden, which led the *virtuous* Beman into a train of reflections on the great profligacy of the age, and who immediately commanded all, except what appertained to the kitchen garden, to be dug up and manured for a crop of grass the ensuing year to feed his horses. His conduct, like his furniture, was truly humble, neither superb with richness, nor altogether disgraced by penurious meanness. He did his neighbours no wrong, and sometimes, as fancy dictated, he would do them some good; but he was neither touched with pity, nor softened by sensibility. In short, after two years residence, he married a country lass in disposition like himself, and they now continue to live what is called an honest, easy, and contented life.

Pereleo on the other hand, considering this life as a boisterous sea, pregnant with rocks and quicksands of misfortune, and upon which his frail bark was daily exposed to strike, determined to enjoy whilst he might the bounties of providence, to gratify inclination, and at the same time to pay respect to prudence. To this end, he built an elegant seat in a village a few miles from the metropolis, the gardens of which terminated at the banks of Thames's gentle stream.—Here, in the language of a celebrated poet,

“ The flow'ry meads, whose purling streams
 “ Soften the soul to pleasing dreams;
 “ The woods which shelter us from heat,
 “ Where birds their various notes repeat;
 “ The rising hills and winding vales,
 “ And evening sweet-refreshing gales;
 “ The coy recesses of the grove,
 “ Those seats of innocence and love;”

all conspired to paint in living semblance their owner's mind. As the unbearable flash of light filling the eyes of the poor wretch who for years has been precluded a sight of his own miserable habitation, except by the dim rays of a small lamp; such is the power of contrast displayed, when you walk amidst the gloom of his groves, and break out upon a sudden to a scene of incredible beauty and

unbounded sweetness. As the soft and ravishing choirs which daily chaunt the song of praise in foreign nunneries; such is the harmony of the warbling songsters that incessantly delight the ear and please the fancy. As the innumerable contrariety of objects, which all tend to complete the grand landscape of nature; such in pleasing imitation is the vast variety which conspires to finish this delightful scene.

Among the many fine touches of fancy, to enumerate all of which description would be lost, as you walk down the north meander, and follow the main curve, many inferior ones of which are continually turning to the right and left, you suddenly find yourself in a gloomy labyrinth. After pursuing the way some time, your ears are struck with an hollow murmuring, adding, by its continual soothing sound, to the solemnity of the scene. Approaching the place from whence this proceeds, the sound increases, 'till you break out of a sudden to an opening, where a beautiful cascade and a small grotto fill up the scene. The water is conveyed over the cragginess of the mossy rock by art, and the grotto is distinguishable more for rural simplicity than embellishment of design. To this place Pereleo usually resorts in the morning, after an hour's walk in the fields. Here in this simple cave, which is dedicated to contemplation, he would often call in his thoughts, cast an eye of retrospection on the past, and of consideration on the future.

One morning, having enjoyed with an uncommon sweetness the blessings of gentle Somnus, he retired as usual to the cave of contemplation:

“ Mild rose the morn, in orient beauties drest,
 “ With azure mantle and a purple vest:”

—Creation smiled around: “ The sprightly pulse temperately kept time, and beat an healthful music.” Having as usual sat down, the sweetness of the air, and the murmuring water like crystal sparkling among the pebbles of the stream, he was imperceptibly footed into a train of reflections, which struggling for vent, were at length relieved by the following soliloquy. “ My soul, what is it to live? Is it merely to support animal function? Then surely the warbling songsters who float on the elastic surface of the air, were *more* happy! because they do that, and yet are free from the miseries of perception and reflection. Is it merely to drag on an existence, neither charmed with variety, touched by sensibility, moved with beauty, footed by compassion, struck with sublimity, or animated with hope? Do the boughs bend under the gentle breeze for nought? does the cooling stream invigorate the parched earth for *no* use? and is the unbounded variety of creation

of no greater end than to bloom and lose their sweets in the wide expanse of space? and are the human passions to be ever drowned by indolence, or buried in forgetfulness? Are there no objects of pity, no subjects of esteem and delight, no pleasures in imagination, and no incidents of joy? Surely, my soul, thy nature is too godlike to grovel with dust and ashes, or to moulder by age, be assaulted by death, or to submit to the ruthless hand of time! Rise then, ye powers, and soar on high, and mingle with your native spirits!" Like the grass refreshed by the gentle dew on a summer's eve, his spirits cheered, Ambition's throb beat high in his breast, and Gratitude's fount spontaneous flowed in his heart.

Thus invigorated, he went home to his family, and, having breakfasted, with redoubled pleasure to the delights of his study.—This is a small building, dedicated to Apollo, and so far distant from the cascade, as just faintly to hear its murmuring, and which is the only prospect it commands. Its entrance is supported by two pillars, upon the top of which on the right hand is Sir Isaac Newton, and on the left Dr. Samuel Johnson. The inside, besides a small but choice collection of books, is lined with a striking likeness of the most celebrated genius's of every age, with an admirable piece of painting over every one, representing their peculiar excellence. Over Milton was a representation of a large furnace continually supplied by the assistance of art; Thomson's was a sweet representation of moonshine; Shakespeare's was a pleasing landscape, with a blazing comet cutting along the air; and in design similar to these, was the nature of all the rest.—We shall dwell no longer on these Elysian scenes than just noticing an elegant orchestra, so placed amidst the grove, that the hoarseness of the instruments is refined by the gentle breezes wafting the sound in delightful symphonies to the ear. After all, however, while the elegance of nature engages attention, uniformity and compactness give the finishing stroke to the scene.—Were we to enlarge upon the beauties of the house and furniture, we should find equal scope for admiration; but let us rather go to the fountain-head, and admire the beauties springing up and ripening in his mind.

Pereleo was not one of those who will stamp puerility on science, to whatever inferior class it may belong; nor of that disposition, which, either hardened by stoicism, or blunted by wickedness, will not sympathise with distress, however aggravated the circumstances. He was a character "feelingly alive to each fine impulse." The representation of a whole city on fire, amid the gloom and silence of night—when the fierce flames

and crackling sparks climbing to heaven, joined with the shrieks of helpless misery, shade the scene with Horror's semblance—might strike the fancy of the most vulgar spectator; but honest and helpless misery, without a groan to awaken attention, and sitting upon the stone's cold couch with all the carelessness of despair, except the little watery petitioner, crystal-like, rivalling the eye's bright orb, and ready to fall;—this is a scene which would catch the eye and strike the heart of none but those with the tender sensibility of Pereleo's mind.—Nor had the buddings of a genius so sparkling, and a mind so tender, been to that degree neglected, as not to be improved by refinement, modelled by correctness, and bounded by proportion.—A large painting, daubed with all the variety of colour, and set off by the most flaming contrast of light and shade, might strike with raptures a common observer; but only the most delicate touches of the pencil, and natural casts, could merit praise from Pereleo.—Being one day in company with some gentlemen who had performed the day before in a concert of instrumental music, he was asked how he was entertained: "When the bark, answered he, glides smoothly on, and the enlivening zephyrs sooth the fancy, who would not be delighted? But when it begins to founder on sands, or grate the rock, who would not be alarmed?" His companions took the hint, canvassed the little defects of the performance, and praised his frankness, while they admired his ingenuity.—Equal to this also was the proportion he observed in all things. He was as anxious not to cloy by exuberance, or to satiate by repetition, as to be wanting in embellishment; and always remembered, when he soared on the wings of sublimity, that the flowery vale of elegance has likewise its charms.

But it will be alledged, and not without reason, what are all the pleasures resulting from Pereleo's mind without virtue? A fact this, certainly indubitable. But although the possession of the one does not necessarily include the other, yet where a disposition for the former is, with how much more resplendent brightness will the latter shine. Among the few happy proofs of this we may reckon Pereleo. He had for some time been looking out for a bosom-companion for his life, in whose happiness his own might be augmented. For it was with him a stated axiom, that real pleasure consists as much in beholding the happiness of those whose interest is near at heart, as in personal gratification. Among his valuable acquaintance then, it was not long before he found an object who, by being of a cast similar to his own ideas, gradually and imperceptibly stole his affections.

As money never was an object of his pursuit, she having no possessions of that kind, was no embarrassment to him, especially as the soft and gentle Charlotte had riches of another and superior kind. She was a lady of talents rare, and whose natural affinity to the Muses, joined with long and intimate acquaintance, was formed to paint in living colours the traits of her own mind. As the soft descending dew, such was her temper; and as the glow of affection which warmed the breast of Pereleo, such was the vigour of her passions, which gave ardour to virtue. It was when love on both sides was ripening to enjoyment, that a circumstance arose which evidently evinced the goodness of Pereleo's heart. Some length of time before he had opened his mind to Charlotte, he had been greatly struck with the charms of a certain nobleman's daughter, with whom, by frequent return of visits, he had opportunities of intimate conversation. His affection at length rose to such an height, that he had determined, notwithstanding the difference in fortune, to make an avowal of his sentiments. Musing one day on the most politic way to bring this about, he received a letter from the lady's father, informing him of an advantageous match which he was then endeavouring to conclude for his daughter. Rising with all the rage of disappointment, and uttering ten thousand curses on that glittering bar to happiness, he gave vent to passion; after which, having composed his mind, he determined to seek an object in whom *real* merit should be all the wealth, and sweetness of disposition all the title. Both of these, then, he found in Charlotte: nor was he long sensible of this, before he received another letter from the other lady's father, desiring him to come immediately, urging that his daughter Sophia's life was in danger, and that she desired to see Pereleo. When arrived, he found, by his Lordship's account, that the free access he had had to his daughter had not been without effect; as the thought of giving her hand to another, who never could have her heart, had occasioned a melancholy change in her state of health. Pereleo, with all the tenderness engrafted in his nature, comforted her, and having promised, as the *least* of his regard, eternal friendship, returned home.

In this critical juncture, however, he wanted no argument to fix his principle.—He had too great a sense of virtue to be dazzled with the splendour of riches, or charmed with the empty sound of a title. Some of his friends one day endeavouring by many arguments to prove there could be no culpability in leaving Charlotte, especially as Sophia's life was so much in danger, he started up, glowing with indignation—"What!" said he, "no harm in being the cause of misery, yea perhaps of death, to a fellow-creature, by obtaining her affections, and then to send her adrift into the wide world! Love is the *soul* of happiness; and is there no harm in stealing *that*, without which not the most advantageous match can protect from misery? no harm in breach of word, of honour, of every thing sacred!—Then betwixt moral good and evil there is no difference.—Then to save a man from death, and to assist in cutting his throat to share the spoil, is one and the same thing.—Sooner than honour, than virtue, should have no place in *my* esteem, may every delight of creation to me be dull and insipid! May I never more go behind the scenes of the World's great theatre; but may men and manners move as custom has taught them; nor may I ever know or concern myself about either the cause of events or prejudices of education! Yea, than *this* should be, may the great book of nature be open without my being able to read the characters! may the most *perfect* symphony be discord to my ears! in short, the whole circle of arts and sciences be to me but childish impertinence!"—Thus influenced, after taking some time to convince Sophia that his present engagement made the gratification of her wishes impracticable on his part, the appointed day arrives, when the Gordian knot is tied, by virtue of which Pereleo and Charlotte are made one for life.—Blessed, thrice blessed is that taste, or rather the happy possessor of it, who, supported by Sincerity, and guided by Wisdom round this wilderness of vanity and folly, alights at last for residence at the temple of Virtue.

Drifol.

R—— B——.

A Circumstantial Account of the GRAND ATTACK, by SEA and LAND, of the FORTRESS at GIBRALTAR, on the 13th of September, 1782, by the COMBINED FLEETS and ARMIES of FRANCE and SPAIN: Together with a Relation of the most REMARKABLE CASUALTIES that happened during that memorable SIEGE.

[From Captain DRINKWATER'S HISTORY of the SIEGE of GIBRALTAR, just published.]

THE ten battering ships, after leaving the men of war, wore to the north; and a little past nine o'clock, bore down in admirable order for their several stations; the

Admiral in a two-decker, moving about 900 yards off the King's Bastion, the others successively taking their stations to the right and left of the flag-ship, in a masterly manner,

the most distant being about eleven or twelve hundred yards from the garrison. Our artillery allowed the enemy every reasonable advantage, in permitting them, without molestation, to chuse their distance; but as soon as the first ship dropped her anchors, which was about a quarter before ten o'clock, that instant our firing commenced. The enemy were completely moored in little more than ten minutes. The cannonade then became in a high degree tremendous. The showers of shot and shells which were directed from their land-batteries, the battering ships, and on the other hand from the various works of the garrison, exhibited a scene, of which perhaps neither the pen nor the pencil can furnish a competent idea. It is sufficient to say, that FOUR HUNDRED PIECES of the heaviest artillery were playing at the same moment; an instance which has scarcely occurred in any siege since the invention of those wonderful engines of destruction.

After some hours cannonade, the battering ships were found to be no less formidable than they had been represented. Our bomb-shells often rebounded from their tops, whilst the 32 lb. shot seemed incapable of making any impression upon their hulls. Frequently we flattered ourselves they were on fire, but no sooner did the smoke appear, than, with the most persevering intrepidity, men were observed applying water, from their engines within, to those places from whence the smoke issued. These circumstances, with the prodigious cannonade which they maintained, gave us reason to imagine that the attack would not be so soon decided, as, from our recent success against their land-batteries, we had fondly expected. The enemy's cannon at the commencement were too much elevated; but about noon their firing was powerful, and well directed. Our casualties then became numerous; particularly on those batteries north of the King's bastion, which were warmly annoyed by the enemy's *flanking* and *reverse* fire from the land. Though so vexatiously annoyed from the isthmus, our artillery totally disregarded their opponents in that quarter, directing their sole attention to the battering-ships, the furious and spirited opposition of which served to excite our people to more animated exertions. A fire more tremendous if possible than ever, was therefore directed from the garrison. Incessant showers of hot balls, carcasses, and shells of every species, flew from all quarters; and as the masts of several of the ships were shot away, and the rigging of all in great confusion, our hopes of a favourable and speedy decision began to revive.

About noon, the mortar-boats and bomb-

ketches attempted to second the attack from the ships; but the wind having changed to the south-west, and blowing a smart breeze, with a heavy swell, they were prevented taking a part in the action. The same reason also hindered our gun-boats from flanking the battering ships from the southward.

For some hours the attack and defence were so equally well supported, as scarcely to admit any appearance of superiority in the cannonade on either side. The wonderful construction of the ships seemed to bid defiance to the power of the heaviest ordnance. In the afternoon, however, the face of things began to change considerably. The smoke which had been observed to issue from the upper part of the flag-ship began to prevail, notwithstanding the constant application of water; and the Admiral's second was perceived to be in the same condition. Confusion was now apparent on board several of the vessels, and by the evening their cannonade was considerably abated. About seven or eight it almost totally ceased, excepting from one or two ships to the northward, which from their distance had suffered little injury.

When their firing began to slacken, various signals were made from the southernmost ships; and as the evening advanced, many rockets were thrown up, to inform their friends (as we afterwards learned) of their extreme danger and distress. These signals were immediately answered, and several boats were seen to row round the disabled ships. Our artillery, at this period, must have caused dreadful havoc amongst them. An indistinct clamour, with lamentable cries and groans, proceeded (during the short intervals of cessation) from all quarters; and a little before midnight, a wreck floated in, upon which were twelve men, who only, out of three-score which were on board their launch, had escaped. These circumstances convinced us, that we had gained an advantage over the enemy; yet we did not conceive that the victory was so complete as the succeeding morning evinced. Our firing was therefore continued, though with less vivacity; but as the artillery, from such a hard-fought day, exposed to the intense heat of a warm sun, in addition to the harrassing duties of the preceding night, were much fatigued, and as it was impossible to foresee what new objects might demand their service the following day, the Governor, when the enemy's fire abated, permitted, about six in the evening, the majority of the officers and men to be relieved by a picquet of an hundred men from the marine brigade, under the command of Lieutenant Treatham, and officers and non-

commissioned officers of the artillery were stationed on the different batteries, to direct the sailors in the mode of firing the hot shot.

About an hour after midnight, the battering ship which had suffered the greatest injury, and which had frequently been on fire the preceding day, was completely in flames, and by two o'clock she appeared in one continued blaze from stem to stern. The ship to the southward was also on fire, but did not burn with so much rapidity. The light thrown out on all sides by the flames, enabled the artillery to point their guns with the utmost precision, whilst the Rock and neighbouring objects were highly illuminated; forming, with the constant flashes of our cannon, a mingled scene of sublimity and terror. Between three and four o'clock, six other of the battering ships indicated the efficacy of red-hot shot; and the approaching day now promised us one of the completest defensive victories on record.

Brigadier Curtis, who was encamped with his brigade at Europa, being informed that the enemy's ships were in flames, and that the calmness of the sea would permit his gun-boats to act, marched, about three o'clock, with a detachment to the New Mole, and drawing up his boats in such a manner as to flank the battering ships, compelled their boats to abandon them. As the day approached, and the garrison-fire abated, the Brigadier advanced and captured two launches. These boats attempted to escape; but a shot killing and wounding several men on board one of them, they surrendered, and were conducted to Ragged-Staff. The Brigadier being informed by the prisoners, that many were through necessity left by their friends on board the ships, he generously determined to rescue them from the inevitable death which seemed to impend. Some of these infatuated wretches, however, (it is said) refused at first the deliverance which was tendered them, preferring the chance of that death which appeared inevitable, to being put to the sword; which, they had been persuaded, would be the consequence, if they submitted to the garrison. Being left however some moments to the horrors of their fate, they beckoned the boats to return, and resigned themselves to the clemency of their conquerors.

Whilst the navy were thus humanely relieving their distressed enemy, the flames reached the magazine of one of the battering ships to the northward, which blew up, about five o'clock, with a dreadful explosion. In a quarter of an hour following, another, in the center of the line, met with a similar fate. The wreck from the latter spread to a vast extent, and involved our gun-boats in the utmost

danger. One was sunk, but the crew were saved. A hole was forced thro' the bottom of the Brigadier's boat, his coxswain killed, and the stroke-mate wounded; and for some time they were obscured in the cloud of smoke. After this very fortunate escape, it was deemed prudent to withdraw towards the garrison, to avoid the peril arising from the blowing up of the remaining ships. The Brigadier, however, visited two other ships in his return, and landed nine officers, two priests, and three hundred and twenty-four private soldiers and seamen, all Spaniards, which with one officer and eleven Frenchmen, who had floated in the preceding evening, made the total number saved 357. Many of the prisoners were severely, and some of them dreadfully, wounded. They were instantly, on being brought on shore, conveyed to our hospital, and every remedy administered necessary for their different cases.

During the time that the marine brigade were encountering every danger in their endeavours to save an enemy from perishing, the batteries on the isthmus (which ceased the preceding evening, most likely for want of ammunition, and which had opened again upon the garrison on the morning of the 14th), maintained a warm fire upon the town, which killed and wounded several men; and three or four shells burst in the air, over the place where their countrymen were landed. This ungenerous proceeding could not escape the observation of the spectators from the camp; and orders probably were sent to the lines for the batteries to cease, as they were silent about 10 o'clock.

Notwithstanding the efforts of the marine brigade in relieving the terrified victims from the burning ships, several unfortunate men could not be removed. The scene at this time exhibited was as affecting as that which had been presented in the act of hostility had been terrible and tremendous: Men crying from amidst the flames for pity and assistance; others, on board those ships where the fire had made little progress, imploring relief by the most expressive gestures and signs of despair; whilst several, equally exposed to the dangers of the opposite element, trusted themselves, on various parts of the wreck, to the chance of paddling to the shore. A felucca belonging to the enemy approached from the Orange-grove, probably with an intention of relieving these unfortunate persons; but, jealous of her motives, the garrison suspected that she came to set fire to one of the battering ships which appeared little injured, and obliged her to retire. Of the six ships which were yet in flames, three blew up before eleven o'clock; the other three burnt to the water's edge, the maga-

magazines having been welled by the enemy before the principal officers quitted the ships. The admiral's flag was on board the latter, and was consumed with the vessel. The remaining two battering-ships, we flattered ourselves, might be saved as glorious trophies of our success; but one of them unexpectedly burst out into flames, and in a short time blew up, with a terrible report; and Captain Gibson representing it as impracticable to preserve the other, it was burnt in the afternoon, under his directions. Thus the navy put a finishing hand to this signal defensive victory.

During the hottest period of the enemy's cannonade, the Governor was present on the King's Bastion, whilst Lieutenant General Boyd * took his station upon the South Bastion; animating the Garrison by their presence, and encouraging them to emulation. The exertions and activity of the brave Artillery in this well-fought contest, deserve the highest commendation. To their skill, perseverance and courage, with the assistance of the line, (particularly the corps in the town, the 39th and 72d Regiments) was Gibraltar indebted for its safety against the combined powers, by sea and land, of France and Spain; and though the Marine Brigade had not so considerable a share in the duties of the batteries, yet they merit the warmest praises for their generous intrepidity in rescuing their devoted enemies from amidst the flames.

Whilst the enemy were cool, and their ships had received little damage, their principal objects were the KING'S Bastion, and LINE-WALL, north of Orange's Bastion. Their largest ships (which were about 1400 tons burthen) were stationed off the former, in order to silence that important battery; whilst a breach was attempted by the rest, in the curtain extending from the latter to Mountague's Bastion. If a breach had been effected, the prisoners informed us, that "their Grenadiers were to have stormed the Garrison under cover of the combined fleet." The private men complained bitterly of their officers for describing the battering-ships to be invulnerable, and for promising that they were to be seconded by ten sail of the line, and all the gun and mortar-boats. They further told us, that "they had been taught to believe the Garrison would not be able to

discharge many rounds of hot balls: their astonishment, therefore, was inconceivable, when they discovered that we fired them with the same precision and vivacity as cold shot." "Admiral Moreno," they said, "quitted the Pastora, which was the flag-ship, a little before midnight; but other officers retired much earlier."

The loss sustained by the enemy could never be ascertained, but from the information of the prisoners, and the numbers seen dead on board the ships, we estimated it could not be less than 2000 men, including the prisoners. The casualties of the Garrison were so trifling, that it will appear almost incredible, that such a quantity of fire, in almost all its destructive modes of action, should not have produced more effect, with regard to the loss of men; there being only 1 officer, 2 serjeants, and 13 rank and file killed; and 5 officers, 63 rank and file wounded. The distance of the battering-ships from the Garrison was exactly such as our Artillery could have wished. It required so small an elevation, that almost every shot took place; and the cannon thus elevated did not require the shot to be wadded: a circumstance not unimportant; as the time which at point-blank would have been expended in doubly wadding, was employed in keeping up the cannonade with greater briskness. The damage done to our works held no proportion with the violence of the attack, and the excessive cannonade which they had sustained. The merlons of the different batteries were disordered, and the flank of Orange's Bastion was a little injured; but the latter was chiefly done by the land-fire, and was not of such consequence as to afford any room for apprehension. The ordnance and carriages were also damaged; but by the activity of the artillery, the whole sea-line, before night, was in serviceable order.

The enemy, in this action, had more than three hundred pieces of heavy ordnance in play; whilst the Garrison had only eighty cannon, seven mortars, and nine howitzers in opposition. Upwards of eight thousand three hundred rounds, (more than half of which were *hot shot*), and SEVEN HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN barrels of powder were expended by our artillery. What quantity of

* It will not be improper in this place to repeat, that General Boyd was the founder of the King's Bastion, as it will be an apology for introducing a remarkable speech of the General on that occasion. In 1773, General Boyd, attended by Colonel Green, the chief Engineer, and many Field-Officers of the Garrison, laid the foundation-stone of that work, with the ceremony usual on such occasions. Upon placing the stone, "This," said the General, "is the first stone of a work which I name the KING'S BASTION: may it be as gallantly defended, as I know it will be ably executed; and may I live to see it resist THE UNITED EFFORTS OF FRANCE AND SPAIN!"

ammunition was used by the enemy could never be ascertained.

The following are some of the most remarkable casualties that happened during the siege.

May 9th, 1781, Lieutenant Lowe of the 12th Regiment, a superintendant of the working parties, lost his leg by a shot, on the slope of the hill under the castle. He saw the shot before the fatal effect, but was fascinated to the spot. This sudden arrest of the faculties was nothing uncommon; several instances occurred, where men, totally free, have had their senses engaged by a shell in its descent, that though sensible of their danger, even so far as to cry for assistance, they have been immediately fixed to the place. But what is more remarkable, these men have so instantaneously recovered themselves on its fall to the ground, as to remove to a place of safety before the shell burst.

May 23d, Two shells fell within the Hospital wall, and a shot passed through the roof of one of the pavilions. A shell fell in a house in Hardy Town and killed three people. Another from St. Carlos battery, fell into a house near South Shed, in which were fifteen or sixteen persons: the shell burst; but all escaped, except a child, whose mother had experienced a similar fate some time before. A Soldier of the 73d, was killed in his bed by a shot; and a Jew butcher was equally unfortunate. In all, seven were killed, and twelve or thirteen wounded.

Early in the morning of the 6th of August, a shell fell into a tent behind General La Motte's quarters, at the southward, in which were two men of the 58th, asleep. They were not awakened by its fall; but a serjeant in an adjacent tent heard it, and ran near forty yards to a place of safety, when he recollected the situation of his comrades. Thinking the shell had fallen blind, he returned and awakened them: both immediately rose, but continued by the place, debating on the narrow escape they had had, when the shell exploded, and forced them with great violence against the garden wall, but miraculously did no farther mischief than destroying every thing in the tent.

On the 28th, the gun and mortar boats returned, when a wounded matross was killed by a shell in the Hospital. The circumstances attending this man's case are too melancholy and affecting to be omitted. Some time previous to this event, he had been so unlucky as to break his thigh: being a man of great spirits, he ill brooked the confinement which his case demanded, and exerting himself to get abroad, unfortunately he fell, and was obliged to take to his bed again. He

was in this situation, when the shell fell into the ward, and rebounding lodged upon him. The convalescents and sick in the same room instantly summoned up strength to crawl out on hands and knees, whilst the fuse was burning; but this wretched victim was kept down by the weight of the shell, which after some seconds burst, took off both his legs, and scorched him in a dreadful manner: but, what was still more horrid, he survived the explosion, and was sensible to the very moment that death relieved him from his misery. His last words were expressive of regret that he had not been killed on the batteries.

During the attack of the 16th of September, a shell fell in an embrasure opposite the King's-lines bomb-proof, killed one of the 73d, and wounded another of the same corps. The case of the latter was very singular, and will serve to enforce the maxim, that even in the most dangerous cases, we should never despair of a recovery whilst life remains. This unfortunate man was knocked down by the wind of the shell, which, instantly bursting, killed his companion, and mangled him in a most dreadful manner. His head was terribly fractured, his left arm broke in two pieces, one of his legs shattered, the skin and muscles torn off part of his right hand, the middle finger broken to pieces, and his whole body most severely bruised and marked with gun-powder. He presented so horrid an object to the surgeons, that they had not the smallest hopes of saving his life, and were at a loss what part to attend to first. He was that evening trepanned; a few days afterwards his leg was amputated, and the other wounds and fractures dressed. Being possessed of an excellent constitution, nature performed wonders in his favour, and in eleven weeks the cure was completely effected.

On the 18th, about ten o'clock at night, a shell fell into a house opposite the King's Bastion, where Captain Burke, the Town Major, with Majors Mercier and Vignoles, of the 39th, were sitting. The shell took off Major Burke's thigh, fell through the floor into the cellar, where it burst, and forced the flooring with the unfortunate Major to the ceiling. When assistance came, he was found almost buried among the ruins of the room. He was instantly conveyed to the hospital, but died soon after the wounded part was amputated, much lamented by his friends, as an amiable member of society, and by the Governor as an indefatigable officer. Majors Mercier and Vignoles had time to escape before the shell burst, but were nevertheless slightly wounded by the splinters; as were a serjeant of the 39th and his daughter,

ter, who were in the cellar underneath when the shell entered.

The New Year's day of 1782, was remarkable for a circumstance which is worthy of being rescued from oblivion. An officer of artillery at Willis's observing a shell falling towards the place where he stood, got behind a traverse for protection; which he had scarcely done, ere it fell into the traverse, and instantly entangled him in the rubbish: one of the guard, named Martin, observing his distress, generously risked his own life in defence of his officer, and ran to extricate him; but finding his own efforts ineffectual, called for assistance, when another of the guard joining him, they relieved the officer from his situation; and almost at the same instant the shell burst, and levelled the traverse to the ground. Martin was afterwards promoted and rewarded by the Governor, who at the same time told him, "he should have equally noticed him for relieving his comrade."

On the 25th a shot came through one of the capped embrasures on Princess Amelia's Battery, which took off the legs of two men belonging to the 72d and 73d, one leg of a soldier of the 73d, and wounded another man in both legs: thus *four* men had *seven* legs taken off and wounded by one shot. The boy who was usually stationed on the works where a large party were employed, to inform them when the enemy's fire was directed to that place, had been reproving them for their carelessness in not attending to him, and had just turned his head towards the enemy, when he observed this shot, and instantly called to them to take care: his caution was however too late, the shot entered the embrasure, and had the above fatal effect.

It is somewhat singular, that this boy should be possessed of such uncommon quickness of sight, as to see the enemy's shot almost immediately after they quitted the guns. He was not however the only one in the garrison possessing this qualification; another boy of nearly the same age was as celebrated, if not his superior: their names were Richardson and Brand, both belonging to the artificer company.

On the 11th of June in the forenoon an unlucky shell from the enemy fell through the splinter proof, at the door of the Magazine on Princess Anne's battery, and bursting communicated to the powder which instantly flew up. The explosion was so violent as to shake the whole rock, and throw the materials on both sides an almost incredible way into the sea. The Magazine near it happily escaped, tho' the door was thrown open by the explosion. Our loss by this dreadful accident was chiefly among the workmen employed on the flank of the battery: one drummer, and 13 rank and file were killed; 3 sergeants, 3 drummers, and 9 rank and file wounded.

It is singular that the first person wounded in this memorable siege was a woman: but it is almost inconceivable that during a period of THREE YEARS SEVEN MONTHS AND TWELVE DAYS, in which time 175,741 shot, and 68,363 shells were fired by the enemy on shore, and 14,283 by the gun-boats, the number of killed and wounded should be so very inconsiderable as to amount to no more than

Killed and dead of wounds	—	333
Disabled by wounds and discharged		138
Wounded but recovered	—	773

SPECULATIONS on the PERCEPTIVE POWER of VEGETABLES By Dr. PERCIVAL.

[From a Paper read before the LITERARY and PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY of MANCHESTER, in 1784. Printed and given by the Author to his Friends, and inserted in ROBINSON'S NEW ANNUAL REGISTER for 1784.]

IN all our enquiries into truth, whether natural or moral, it is necessary to take into previous consideration, the kind of evidence which the subject admits of; and the degree of it, which is sufficient to afford satisfaction to the mind. Demonstrative evidence is absolute, and without gradation; but probable evidence ascends, by regular steps, from the lowest presumption to the highest moral certainty. A single presumption is, indeed, of little weight; but a series of such imperfect proofs may produce the fullest conviction. The strength of belief, however, may often be greater, than is proportionate

to the force and number of these proofs, either individually or collectively considered. For, as uncertainty is always painful to the understanding, very slight evidence, if the subject be capable of no other, sometimes amounts to credibility. This every philosopher experiences in his researches into nature, and the observation may serve as an apology for the following jeu d'esprit; in which I shall attempt to shew, by the several analogies of organization, life, instinct, spontaneity, and self-motion, that plants, like animals, are endued with the powers both of perception and enjoyment.

I. Vegetables bear so near a similitude to animals in their structure, that botanists have derived from anatomy and physiology, almost all the terms employed in the description of them. A tree or shrub, they inform us, consists of a cuticle, cutis, and cellular membrane; of vessels variously disposed, and adapted to the transmission of different fluids; and of a ligneous, or bony substance, covering and defending a pith or marrow. Such organization evidently belongs not to inanimate matter; and when we observe, in vegetables, that it is connected with, or instrumental to the powers of growth, of self-preservation, of motion, and of seminal increase, we cannot hesitate to ascribe to them a living principle. And by admitting this attribute, we advance a step higher in the analogy we are pursuing. For, the idea of life naturally implies some degree of perceptivity: and wherever perception resides, a greater or less capacity for enjoyment seems to be its necessary adjunct. Indefinite and low, therefore, as this capacity may be, in each single herb or tree, yet, when we consider the amazing extent of the vegetable kingdom, "from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop upon the wall," the aggregate of happiness produced by it, will be found to exceed our most enlarged conceptions. It is prejudice only, which restrains or suppresses the delightful emotions resulting from the belief of such a diffusion of good. And because the framers of systems have invented arrangements and divisions of the works of God, to aid the mind in the pursuits of science, we implicitly admit as reality, what is merely artificial; and adopt distinctions, without proof of any essential difference. *Lapides crescunt; vegetabilia crescunt et vivunt; animalia crescunt, vivunt, et sentiunt.* This climax, of Linnæus, is conformable to the doctrines of Aristotle, Pliny, Jungius, and others. But none of these great men have produced sufficient evidence, to support the negative characteristics, if I may so express myself, on which the three kingdoms of nature are here established. That a gradation subsists, in the scale of beings, is clearly manifest; but the higher advances we make in physical knowledge, the nearer will the degrees be seen to approach each other. And it is no very extravagant conjecture to suppose, that in some future period, perceptivity may be discovered to extend, even beyond the limits now assigned to vegetable life. Corallines, madrepores, millepores, and sponges were formerly considered as fossil bodies: but the experiments of count Marfigli evinced, that they are endued with life, and led him to class them with the maritime plants. And the observations of Ellis, Jussieu and

Peyronel, have since raised them to the rank of animals. The detection of error, in long established opinions concerning one branch of natural knowledge, justifies the suspicion of its existence in others, which are nearly allied to it: and it will appear, from the prosecution of our enquiry into the instincts, spontaneity, and self-moving power of vegetables, that the suspicion is not without foundation.

II. Instinct is a propensity, or movement to seek, without deliberation, what is agreeable to the particular nature actuated by it; and to avoid what is incongruous or hurtful. It is a practical power, which requires no previous knowledge or experience; and which pursues a present or future good, without any definite ideas or foresight; and often, with very faint degrees of consciousness. The calf, when it first comes into the world, applies to the teats of the cow, utterly ignorant of the taste, or nutritious quality of the milk, and consequently, with no views either to sensual gratification, or support: and the duckling, which has been hatched under a hen, at a distance from water, discovers a constant restlessness and impatience; and is observed to practise all the motions of swimming, though a stranger to its future designation, and to the element for which its oily feathers, and web-like feet, are formed. Instincts analogous to these, operate with equal energy on the vegetable tribe. A seed contains a germ, or plant in miniature, and a radicle or little root, intended by nature to supply it with nourishment. If the seed be sown in an inverted position, still each part pursues its proper direction. The plumula turns upwards, and the radicle strikes downward, into the ground. A hop-plant, turning round a pole, follows the course of the sun, from south to west, and soon dies, when forced into an opposite line of motion: but remove the obstacle, and the plant will quickly return to its ordinary position. The branches of a honey-suckle shoot out longitudinally, till they become unable to bear their own weight; and then strengthen themselves, by changing their form into a spiral. When they meet with other living branches, of the same kind, they coalesce for mutual support, and one spiral turns to the right, and the other to the left; thus seeking, by an instinctive impulse, some body on which to climb, and increasing the probability of finding one, by the diversity of their course: for if the auxiliary branch be dead, the other uniformly winds itself round, from the right to the left.

These examples, of the instinctive economy of vegetables, have been purposely taken from subjects, familiar to our daily-observation.

fervation. But the plants of warmer climates, were we sufficiently acquainted with them, would probably furnish better illustrations of this acknowledged power of animality: and I shall briefly recite the history of a very curious exotic, which has been delivered to us from good authority; and confirmed by the observations of several European botanists.

The *Dionæa Muscipula* is a native of North Carolina. Its leaves are numerous, inclining to bend downwards, and placed in a circular order: they are jointed, and succulent: the upper joint consists of two lobes, each of which is semi-oval in its form, with a margin furnished with stiff hairs; which embrace each other, when they close from any irritation. The surfaces of these lobes are covered with small red glands, which probably secrete some sweet liquor, tempting to the taste, but fatal to the lives of insects: for, the moment the poor animal alights upon these parts, the two lobes rise up, grasp it forcibly, lock the rows of spines together, and squeeze it to death: and, lest the struggles for life should disengage the insect, thus entangled, three small spines are fixed amongst the glands, near the middle of each lobe, which effectually put an end to all its efforts: nor do the lobes open again, while the dead animal continues there. The dissolution of its substance, therefore, is supposed, by naturalists, to constitute part of the nourishment of the plant. But as the discriminative power of instinct is always limited, and proceeds with a blind uniformity when put into exertion, the plant closes its leaves as forcibly, if stimulated by a straw or a pin, as by the body of an insect: nor does it expand them again, till the extraneous substance is withdrawn.

III. If the facts and observations, which have been produced, furnish any presumptive proof of the instinctive power of vegetables, it will necessarily follow, that they must be endued with some degree of spontaneity. For the impulse to discriminate and to prefer, is an actual exertion of that principle, however obscure the consciousness or the feeling may be, with which it is accompanied: and such volition presupposes an innate perception, both of what is consonant, and of what is injurious to the constitution of the individual, or species directed by it. But it is the design of this little essay, rather to investigate nature, than to appeal to metaphysical considerations: I shall proceed, therefore, to point out a few of those phenomena, in the vegetable kingdom, which indicate spontaneity.

Several years ago, whilst engaged in a course of experiments to ascertain the influence of fixed air on vegetation, the following fact repeatedly occurred to me. A sprig

of mint, suspended by the root, with the head downwards, in the middle glass vessel of Dr. Nooth's machine, continued to thrive vigorously, without any other pabulum, than what was supplied by the stream of mephitic gas, to which it was exposed. In twenty-four hours, the stem formed into a curve, the head became erect, and gradually ascended towards the mouth of the vessel; thus producing, by successive efforts, a new and unusual configuration of its parts. Such exertions in the sprig of mint, to rectify its inverted position, and to remove from a foreign to its natural element, seems to evince volition to avoid what was evil, and to recover what had been experienced to be good. If a plant, in a garden-pot, be placed in a room which has no light, except from a hole in the wall, it will shoot towards the hole, pass through it into the open air, and then vegetate upwards, in its proper direction. Lord Kaimes relates, that "amongst the ruins of New Abbey, formerly a monastery in Galloway, there grows on the top of a wall, a plane-tree, twenty feet high.—Straitened for nourishment, in that barren situation, it several years ago directed roots down the side of the wall, till they reached the ground, ten feet below; and now, the nourishment it afforded to these roots, during the time of descending, is amply repaid; having every year, since that time, made vigorous shoots. From the top of the wall to the surface of the earth, these roots have not thrown out a simple fibre, but are now united into a pretty thick hard root."

The regular movements by which the sun-flower presents its splendid disk to the sun, have been known to naturalists, and celebrated by poets, both of ancient and modern times. Ovid finds upon it a beautiful story; and Thomson describes it as an attachment of love to the celestial luminary. But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray:"

Summer, line 216.

IV. Nature has wisely proportioned the powers of motion to the diversified necessities of the beings endued with them. Corallines and seapens are fixed to a spot, because all their wants are there to be supplied.—The oyster, during the afflux of the tide, opens to admit the water, lying with the hollow shell downwards: but when the ebb commences, it turns on the other side: thus providing, by an inconsiderable movement, for the reception of its proper nutriment; and

and afterwards discharging what is superfluous. Mr. Miller, in his late account of the island of Sumatra, mentions a species of coral, which the inhabitants have mistaken for a plant, and have denominated it lalan-cout, or sea-grass. It is found in shallow bays, where it appears like a straight stick, but when touched, withdraws itself into the sand. Now, if self-moving faculties, like these, indicate animality, can such a distinction be denied to vegetables, possessed of them in an equal or superior degree?—The water-lily, be the pond deep or shallow in which it grows, pushes up its flower-stems, till they reach the open air, that the farina fecundans may perform, without injury, its proper office. About seven in the morning, the stalk erects itself, and the flowers rise above the surface of the water: in this state they continue till four in the afternoon, when the stalk becomes relaxed, and the flowers sink and close. The motions of the sensitive plant have been long noticed with admiration, as exhibiting the most obvious signs of perceptivity. And if we admit such motions as criteria of a like power in other beings, to attribute them, in this instance, to mere mechanism, actuated solely by external impulse, is to deviate from the soundest rule of philosophizing, which directs us not to multiply causes, when the effects appear to be the same. Neither will the laws of electricity better solve the phenomena of this animated vegetable; for its leaves are equally affected by the contact of electric and non-electric bodies; shew no change in their sensibility, whether the atmosphere be dry or moist; and instantly close when the vapour of volatile alkali, or the fumes of burning sulphur are applied to them. The powers of chemical stimuli to produce contractions in the fibres of this plant, may perhaps lead some philosophers to refer them to the *vis insita*, or irritability, which they assign to certain parts of organized matter, totally distinct from, and independent of, any sentient energy. But the hypothesis is evidently a solecism, and refutes itself. For the presence of irritability can only be proved by the experience of irritations, and the idea of irritation involves in it that of feeling.

But there is a species of the order of decandria, which constantly and uniformly exerts a self-moving power, uninfluenced either by chemical stimuli, or by any external impulse whatsoever. This curious shrub, which was unknown to Linnæus, is a native of the East Indies, but has been cultivated in several botanical gardens here. I had an opportunity of examining it, in the collection of the late Dr. Brown. It is tri-

folious, grows to the height of four feet, and produces, in autumn, yellow flowers.—The lateral leaves are smaller than those at the extremity of the stalk: and all day long, they are continually moving either upwards, downwards, or in the segment of a circle: the last motion is performed by the twisting of the foot-stalks; and whilst one leaf is rising, its associate is generally descending: the motion downwards is quicker and more irregular than the motion upwards, which is steady and uniform. These movements are observable during the space of twenty-four hours, in the leaf of a branch lopped off from the shrub, and kept in water.—If, from any obstacle, the motion be retarded, upon the removal of that obstacle, it is resumed with a greater degree of velocity. I cannot better comment on this wonderful degree of vegetable animation, than in the words of Cicero. *Inanimum est omne quod pulsū agitatur externo; quod autem est animad, id motu cietur interiore et suo.*

I have thus attempted, with the brevity prescribed by the laws of this Society, to extend our views of animated nature; to gratify the mind with the contemplation of multiplied accessions to the general aggregate of felicity; and to exalt our conceptions of the wisdom, power, and beneficence of God. In an undertaking never yet accomplished, disappointment can be no disgrace: in one, directed to such noble objects, the motives are a justification, independently of success. Truth, indeed, obliges me to acknowledge, that I review my speculations with much diffidence; and that I dare not presume to expect they will produce any permanent conviction in others, because I experience an instability of opinion in myself. For, to use the language of Tully, *Nescio quomodo, dum lego assentior; cum posui librum, assensio omnis illa elabitur.*—But this scepticism is perhaps to be ascribed to the influence of habitual preconceptions, rather than to a deficiency of reasonable proof. For besides the various arguments which have been advanced in favour of vegetable perceptivity, it may be farther urged, that the hypothesis recommends itself, by its consonance to those higher analogies of nature, which lead us to conclude, that the greatest possible sum of happiness exists in the universe. The bottom of the ocean is overspread with plants, of the most luxuriant magnitude. Immense regions of the earth are covered with perennial forests. Nor are the Alps or the Andes destitute of herbage, though buried in depths of snow. And can it be imagined, that such profusion of life subsists without the least sensation or enjoyment? Let us rather, with humble reverence, suppose, that vege-

tables participate, in some low degree, of the common allotment of vitality: and that our Great Creator hath apportioned good, to

all living things, "in number, weight, and measure."

DEO and BETTINA: A VENETIAN STORY.

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

(Concluded from page 265.)

MOMOLO's house consisted of a pretty large hall, two bed-chambers, and a kitchen, all on the ground-floor, and most delightfully clean and neat. They went forwards into the kitchen. Nane trembled from head to foot. Momolo perceived the embarrassment of the youth, and asked the old man in what he could be of service to him. "*Liberi sensi in libere parole*," answered Mark. "You have, I am told, a charming daughter, of a proper age to be settled in the world: here is my godson, who asks her in marriage. He has no vices; he has never been seen either at taverns, or gaming-houses. He earns fourteen ducats a month of his young master, (with whom he is a favorite) without reckoning his dinners, his midnights, and many perquisites and presents. Behold his hands, adorned with jaspers and rings of gold: they are the marks and fruits of his oeconomy. Look at his person; observe his arms, worthy of Sampson: with strength of body to challenge the Philistines, there is no fear of his ever wanting a place. I will answer for his character: I have known him from his infancy, been careful to inform myself of his deportment, and to examine his actions closely: I have never heard any ill reports of him. I think your sister will be easily convinced of his merit, and may live very happy with him. He will promise to marry her in a twelvemonth; thus allowing himself sufficient time to establish such a household as shall become the wife of Deo, and the sister of Vendetta."

During this discourse, Momolo had cast his eyes often upon the young man, and had measured him several times from head to foot with a tolerably satisfied air. Nane had not missed a single movement, or change on the countenance of him, whose answer was to decide his fate: he dared to encourage some degree of hope; and he had great need of it, to support him under the cruel agitation he suffered. All of a sudden, Momolo, rising from his chair, and taking old Mark by the hand, said to both of them, "Come along with me, my friends, and you shall have my answer." He led them to the vestibule of his house; then stopping, with a

voice of dignity and complacency addressed them thus: "Look up, my friends, fix your attention upon the objects which surround you." This vestibule was ornamented with the portraits of his father and mother, and their fore-fathers, and generations before them, with the names of each person at the bottom, and the dates of such transactions as reflected honour on their characters. The painting, to say the truth, was not exquisite, but the characters were curious. They were large heads, strongly coloured, and dressed in laced bonnets, after the mode of the gondoliers; some with pipes in their mouths, and others with the end of an oar sticking up on one side of them. In the spaces between the pictures, the walls were covered with flags of all colours, half consumed by time, and ranged all round in the manner of trophies. "Behold," said he to them, "my forefathers; read their records, and mine also. Yes, Nane is a young man, whom I esteem and love: but it shall not be said, that the sister of Vendetta married a man, who had not served his prince, or brought off some honourable mark of victory. Such is the unalterable law of my family, and which my ancestors have constantly observed. We have never given, nor received, a woman in marriage, without joining her hands to hands made glorious by such exploits as do credit to the rank in which God has been pleased to place us." Mark, astonished, made no reply: Nane stood motionless and overwhelmed, as if a thunder-bolt had fallen upon him; when Momolo, assuming once more his heroic air, and laying one hand upon the young man's shoulder, said, with an animating tone of voice, "Courage, Deo: such is the affection that I bear my old friend, and the opinion I have of yourself, that I am going to propose a method which may satisfy us all; and the only one which will convince you of my desire to render you happy, and to cherish your hopes. May Heaven, which suggested it to me, bless the thought, and hear the vows, which shall be common between us! Yes, my friend, the opportunity is favourable, the career of glory is open. In three days our patrons † are go-

* Honest thoughts in open speech.

† An affectionate and flattering title, expressive of submission, which the gondoliers often use to the nobility, who are the sovereign body.

ing to give a *regatta* to the archduke of Austria. Enter thy name in the list of competitors. Go, contend, conquer, and Bettina shall be thine. But it is just, while giving you my advice, I should give you, too, some proof of my zeal. Come, Deo, I offer to row with thee, to partake of thy fatigues and thy dangers. My intention never again to enter into competition, being now in my fortieth year——” Nane understanding the generous proposal, half expressed, threw himself at Momolo’s feet, which he watered with his tears. Mark’s eyes moistened with sympathetic drops, he flung his arms about Momolo’s neck: then both, embracing the young man, raised him up, and went together into one of the other rooms; where Momolo, calling in the women, addressed his sister thus: “Here, my love, is a youth who comes to ask you in marriage: he has my good wishes, and I do not reject his demand. Though he be not yet worthy of you, I trust he will be in three days. Assure him (since I know your heart) you have no dislike to him; encourage him to do you honour, and recommend him to the Holy Virgin. I have proposed to row with him, to be his comrade and brother in the race, as he will soon become mine in a more solemn manner. It is upon the condition of his returning victorious from the *regatta* that his happiness depends: thou knowest thou ought’st to aspire to a husband crowned with honour, and that no other must enter into our alliance.” Bettina’s eyes were fixed on the ground; her countenance was all on fire, her whole person in confusion. Poor Nane began to stammer out a few words which could not be heard: he kissed Vendetta’s hand with a silent transport, and cast an eager look upon the troubled maiden, deeply affected with her situation. The sister-in-law and Mark wept for joy, and both, approaching Bettina, consoled her upon the uncertainty of the event upon which her fate depended.

The children of the family, as soon as they heard the mention of a *regatta*, and of a course, began to sing *civivas*; the whole house was animated, the joy became general, the flame of honour burned in every heart. A glass of wine drank all round, to the success of the enterprize, put an end to this interesting conference; and the three men agreed to go together to the masters of the combatants, to obtain their permission to row in the *regatta*. Mark Toscan was the speaker. The circumstance of the compact between the two future brothers-in-law was expressed in high terms, as well as the noble proceeding of Momolo Vendetta. Their masters, delighted with the proposal, and

warmed in turn by that interest which the heart of every Venetian takes in a *regatta*, and all the circumstances relating to it, highly applauded their resolution, and, promising to pay all the necessary expences, encouraged them with many assurances of their protection. The two candidates went immediately to inscribe their names as competitors in the race of the two-oared boats, and shewed themselves on that day, at the trial (a kind of rehearsal of the *regatta*), in a manner that gave some apprehensions to their opponents. The third day was fixed for the grand contest, before the republic and the royal guests. Momolo permitted Nane to dine at his house every day. The happiness of seeing his beloved Bettina, could not fail to excite his utmost ambition, and to inspire him with invincible courage. The youth burned with the most ardent desire of entering the lists, and felt the utmost impatience for the day of combat, when he should receive the oar from the hands of his mistress.

Momolo, as an experienced hero, gave this advice to young Deo: “As soon as thou hearest the signal, hasten to distance thy companions: but bear not with too much weight upon thy oar; the smallness of the boat will not admit too violent a pressure, and may endanger its upsetting. Gently slacken thy course, when thou seest the others behind thee, that thou mayest not exhaust thy strength. Thou wilt have occasion for it, when thou hast attained the middle of the course. Then exert it all to arrive first at the end. Observe me, and adopt, from my way of rowing, a sort of address, not less necessary than strength. When thou remarkest any boat endeavouring to cross thee, always keep where the canal is deepest. Indulge no abuse of thy rivals, either in words, or actions: victory is the only vengeance we are permitted to take.” Thus schooled, Momolo made him often repeat the round which they had to run, pointing out every shallow in the canal, as well as those parts where the tide flows in with the greatest rapidity.

At last the great day arrives. The women interested in the fate of our champions, denied themselves all kinds of amusement, which this gay and noisy festival offered them on all sides. They did not even cast their eyes upon the great canal, already peopled by the crowd, and embellished by the great barges of parade, with their trains. In trembling agitation they went to church at the break of day, and, prostrating themselves at the foot of the altar, implored the predilection of Heaven in their favour, with the same ardor, as if they were asking the salvation of their country, or victory over a public enemy. Bettina, the tender Bettina, repeated every prayer

prayer she knew by heart; she sighed, and looked with suppliant eyes, red and moistened with tears, upon the images of the saints, on every object and instrument of worship with which she was surrounded. She made vows for the success of her brother's instructions: her lips pronounced them, whilst her heart breathed much warmer wishes in behalf of her lover. These she dared scarcely express in words, and found a sort of satisfaction in believing them confounded with the others.

The relations in common were now all assembled at Vendetta's house: a priest was among them, who came to celebrate a mass, particularly directed to the great object of the moment. Muffled up in his surplice, and followed by a boy, holding the holy water, he at length took the basin in his hands, and sprinkled both ends of the boat, afterwards fixing to it the image of *Nostra Dama della Salute*. Momolo's wife gave the oar to her husband, with the recollection of his past triumphs: Bettina, with a trembling hand, next presented one to her lover, and fell back into a chair, overcome by the agitation of her spirits: unable to speak, she cast upon him the most expressive look. What tenderness and eloquence, what prayers, what vows, did not that look convey! Deo exclaimed, "I go to contend for thee, and shall I not conquer?" Observing a white ribband, which tied her flowing tresses, he requested it of her. She gave it. Deo, first killing it, pressed it to his heart, and then tied it round his cap. The whole mansion now echoed with exclamations of joy, with the happy omens and wishes of the numerous relations. The good people of their party, being assembled in an open place near the house, followed the two champions, dressed in their uniform, to the boat. They both leaped vigorously into it, and darted along the water to gain the place from whence they were to start. The intrepid air and determined confidence which their countenances manifested, inspired their rivals, whom they overtook on their way, with something like doubt and apprehension.

The women had not courage to behold a contest in which they were so nearly interested. They remained at home with some friends, too kind to leave them in their uneasy situation. The experienced valour of Momolo, the strength of Nane, were happy prognostics. But Bettina seems rivetted to the ground upon her knees, her eyes lifted up to heaven, and her hands clasped. The report of the cannon, the signal for beginning the course, made her start and shiver: unable any longer to keep the attitude of prayer, behold her extended upon the ground, without strength or utterance! She is lifted

up and placed in a chair; whilst perfumes and vinegar are applied to her nostrils. She articulates a few broken words: the passion which hitherto had lain concealed in her heart, can no longer bear its confinement; her lover, her Nane, and sometimes her brother, were the only words she was able clearly to pronounce.

In the mean time, our champions were among the foremost in the course, and exerting themselves to get before three others, who were just even with them.

The striking beauty of the spectacle at that moment, is beyond description. It is no longer simply a magnificent diversion, but a national and very interesting affair. All the different classes of spectators are moved and agitated—the crowd of boats ranged so thick on both sides, as to have the appearance of being heaped on one another; those which follow the race in confusion, with the greatest eagerness—the ornamented barges, which rise above the rest, by the brilliancy of rich stuffs, feathers, and streamers, still more relieved by the sable ground of the gondolas—bands of music, dispersed about in barges upon the terraces and quays, interrupted by the shouts of applause and encouragement to the foremost, or by the hooting of the populace to those that were behind—the columned fronts and balconies of the palaces and houses, thronged with the most brilliant company—the waving of fans and hats, by which thousands of spectators indicate the lively interest they take on the occasion—all these objects and circumstances together form a whole, whose parts it would be impossible to unite elsewhere; the local situation of Venice being absolutely original and singular, and the animation and vivacity of its inhabitants truly extraordinary.

Deo's boat began already to gain ground on those of his competitors: as soon as he had got before the temple of *Nostra Dama della Salute*, Nane recollected the protection for which he had prayed: he renewed his prayers with the greatest fervour, and all at once threw his bonnet, with his mistress's ribband, into the water, on that side next the church. The spirit of this action was a fit of the greatest devotion, carrying with it, like many of those fits, some degree of inconsistency and contradiction. He pretended to sacrifice to his patron-saint, his passion, and his mistress; whilst by this offering he sought to obtain the saint's assistance but in order to recover his sacrifice. But how interesting are the transports of a heart affected at once with love and devotion! The populace, who followed Deo with their eyes, edified by such a trait, lifting up their voices and arms to heaven, clapped their hands. This trifling

circumstance, so much *apropos*, added interest to the spectacle, and gave Deo fresh strength and spirits. He had now visibly left his competitors behind, and might almost have assured himself of possessing an invincible advantage, when, by an unlucky but adroit manœuvre of the second boat, which followed him close, at the instant of doubling the picket, in order to return, by keeping too much out, he lost time, and was crossed; so that the second in turning round, reached him, and, keeping as close as possible to the picket, gained ground, and became the first. This accident caused prodigious vociferation: he that got the advantage, had his protectors and partizans: but the greatest number pitied Deo. He was sensible of his fault; but, animated by the cry and encouraging gestures of his colleague, he was not disconcerted. Momolo had made great efforts to avoid this misfortune: but though he did not succeed, as a prudent man, he saw this was not the time to grumble at, or chide his unexpert companion. No body foresaw then, that this very misfortune would be productive of the greatest glory to our young hero, in furnishing him with an opportunity of signalizing himself by a most generous action. In darting forwards towards the goal, which they now approached, each kept his station, and Deo was unable, by any exertion, to gain his former place. They were now on the point of leaping, each according to priority, out of his boat, on the stairs of the Temple of Glory, where the flags were planted, when, all of a sudden, the man in the first boat, through too much ardour to seize the prize, fell into the water. Nane taking advantage of the accident, at one nervous push gained the shore, leaped upon the steps; and what did he? seized, with both hands at once, the first and second flags, pulled them down, entered again his boat, and deposited them in it. He then approached his competitor, who was still struggling in the water, pulled him out, and, as soon as he had replaced him in his boat, he presented him with the first flag, and modestly retained the second for himself. According to the laws of the *regatta*, he had every right to appropriate the first to himself: but Nane was too generous, humane, and disinterested, not to disdain the rigour of a privilege, which appeared to him unjust, although so highly to his advantage. This instance of heroic delicacy created an universal sensation, and affected many people even to tears. Indeed, I think it an action worthy of the best times of Rome and Sparta. With sonorous and consecrated names, and the varnish of antiquity to set it off, it

would justly have figured among the brightest records of ancient virtue.

Neither the applause, nor the rewards, which the spectators near the spot showered upon our conquerors, could one instant detain them. Nane, the happiest of mortals, seconded by his colleague, after having hoisted the flag at the prow of the boat, turned about directly towards Vendetta's house, and, darting with infinite rapidity along the water, and through the crowd, followed by a numerous train of friends, he arrived there out of breath through fatigue and joy. Shouts and acclamations had already announced to Bettina the victory of her lover: he runs and throws himself at her feet, with the trophy in his hand.—Alas! Bettina neither hears nor sees him: she had fainted away: the agitation caused by fear and suspense had weakened her so much, that she was unable to support the torrent of joy. Momolo's wife ran into his arms; his mother, his children, all crowded round to caress him: he embraced them one after another. "Nane is victorious," he cried; "Nane is the husband of my sister, and my brother." He turned his eyes, and saw him at the feet of Bettina, in the attitude of despair: she yet shewed no sign of life. The little piazza, and the neighbouring streets, were filled with people, drawn together by Deo's fame. The noise of drums and trumpets stunned the house and that quarter of the city. "Bettina, my dear sister," cried Momolo, "behold thy husband in despair: embrace him, wipe the sweat off his forehead; thy brother allows, he commands thee to do it." A little recovered, by degrees she opened her eyes, and looked round her, not knowing yet whether her friends consoled or congratulated her. Deo was eager to receive the first look: she perceived it, and fixed her eyes tenderly upon him. No longer able to contain himself, he stifled her with his kisses. She tried in vain to defend herself, but wanted strength to resist. At length, withdrawn from her lover's caresses, she looked at her brother, quite ashamed of her weakness. Momolo had so confidently expected Deo's success, that, unknown to the lovers, he had obtained a licence to marry them that very evening. "Come, my children," said he, "represents no longer your mutual tenderness. Deo, receive thy wife from my hands, on the day of thy glory: enjoy the reward which thou hast so worthily merited. Live under my roof till we procure a more ample house, so that our two families may be one. Deposit thy trophy near those of my ancestors, who will shortly be thine also: and give to our patrons new subjects from our blood, who, emulous of our
glory,

glory, may always serve them with fidelity, and preserve the honour of the *regatta* in the republic, and in our own families."

Nave, at the height of his happiness, pressed his wife and his brother together in his arms. They begged him to retire into another room, to take a moment's repose, and the refreshment of changing his dress. He went, and, in an instant, with a very sharp-pointed needle, traced the initials of his mistress's name, and above them the figure of a heart, on his right arm. Whilst the blood was spinning out, he rubbed the punctures with some kind of black powder, which insinuated itself into them in such a manner,

that the characters can never be effaced. This is an ancient custom among the common people of Venice, by which they fix a lasting remembrance of particular events, whether they relate to gallantry, or to devotion: and it must be an idea inspired by nature into the breasts of impassioned men; for we find it practised among many savage nations of the islands and continent of America, who have never had the least intercourse with the Venetians. The former, from the custom of going naked, have ornamented their whole bodies in the same manner; but the operation is owing to the same motive in the inhabitants of both hemispheres.

CHARACTERS, ANECDOTES, and OBSERVATIONS, by the late
Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

[From Mr. BOSWELL'S "TOUR to the HEBRIDES," lately published.]

BEATTIE—HUME.

OF Dr. Beattie, Dr. Johnson said, "Sir, he has written like a man conscious of the truth, and feeling his own strength. Treating your adversary with respect, is giving him an advantage to which he is not entitled. The greatest part of men cannot judge of reasoning, and are impressed by character; so that, if you allow your adversary a respectable character, they will think, that though you differ from him, you may be in the wrong. Sir, treating your adversary with respect, is striking soft in a battle. And as to Hume—a man who has so much conceit as to tell all mankind that they have been bubbled for ages, and he is the wise man who sees better than they—a man who has so little scrupulosity as to venture to oppose those principles which have been thought necessary to human happiness—is he to be surpris'd if another man comes and laughs at him? If he is the great man he thinks himself, all this cannot hurt him: it is like throwing peas against a rock." He added *something much too rough*, both as to Mr. Hume's head and heart, which I suppress. Violence is, in my opinion, not suitable to the Christian cause. Besides, I always lived on good terms with Mr. Hume, though I have frankly told him, I was not clear that it was right in me to keep company with him. "But (said I) how much better are you than your books?" He was cheerful, obliging, and instructive; he was charitable to the poor; and many an agreeable hour have I pass'd with him. I have preserved some entertaining and interesting memoirs of him, particularly when he knew himself to be dying, which I may some time or other communicate to the world. I shall not, however, extol him so very highly as Dr. Adam Smith does, who says, in a letter

to Mr. Strahan the printer (not a confidential letter to his friend, but a letter which is published with all formality): "Upon the whole, I have always considered him, both in his life-time, and since his death, as approaching as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit." Let Dr. Smith consider: was not Mr. Hume blest with good health, good spirits, good friends, a competent and increasing fortune? and had he not also a perpetual feast of fame? But, as a learned friend has observed to me, "What trials did he undergo, to prove the perfection of his virtue? Did he ever experience any great instance of adversity?"—When I read this sentence, delivered by my old Professor of Moral Philosophy, I could not help exclaiming with the Psalmist, "Surely I have now more understanding than my teachers!"

BURKE, WHITEFIELD, WESLEY, and
COOKE.

We talked of Mr. Burke—Dr. Johnson said he had a great variety of knowledge, store of imagery, copiousness of language. —; Robertson *. "He has wit too." Johnson, "No, Sir! he never succeeds there. 'Tis low, 'tis conceit. I used to say, Burke never once made a good joke. What I most envy Burke for, is his being constantly the same. He is never what we call hum-drum; never unwilling to begin to talk, nor in haste to leave off."—Boswell. "Yet he can listen." Johnson. "No, I cannot say he is good at that. So desirous is he to talk, that if one is speaking at this end of the table, he'll speak to somebody at the other end. Burke, Sir, is such

* Dr. Robertson, the Historian, Author of the History of Scotland, Charles V. &c.

such a man, that if you met him for the first time in a street where you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside to take shelter but for five minutes, he'd talk to you in such a manner, that, when you parted, you would say, this is an extraordinary man. Now, you may be long enough with me, without finding any thing extraordinary." He said, he believed Burke was intended for the law; but either had not money enough to follow it, or had not diligence enough. He said, he could not understand how a man could apply to one thing, and not to another. Robertson said, one man had more judgement, another more imagination.—Johnson. "No, Sir; it is only one man has more mind than another. He may direct it differently; he may, by accident, see the success of one kind of study, and take a desire to excel in it. I am persuaded that, had Sir Isaac Newton applied to poetry, he would have made a very fine epic poem. I could as easily apply to law as to tragic poetry."—Boswell. "Yes, Sir, you did apply to tragic poetry, not to law."—Johnson. "Because, Sir, I had not money to study law." Sir, the man who has vigour may walk to the east, just as well as to the west, if he happens to turn his head that way."—Boswell. "But, Sir, 'tis like walking up and down a hill; one man will naturally do the one better than the other. A hare will run up a hill best, from her legs being short; a dog down."—Johnson. "Nay, Sir, that is from her mechanical powers. If you make mind mechanical, you may argue in that manner. One mind is a vice, and holds fast; there's a good memory. Another is a file; and he is a disputant, a controversialist. Another is a razor; and he is sarcastical." We talked of Whitefield. He said, he was at the same college with him, and knew him before he began to be better than other people (smiling); that he believed he sincerely meant well, but had a mixture of politics and ostentation; whereas Wesley thought of religion only. Robertson said, Whitefield had strong natural eloquence, which, if cultivated, would have done great things. Johnson. "Why, Sir, I take it he was at the height of what his abilities could do, and was sensible of it. He had the ordinary advantages of education; but he chose to pursue that oratory which is for the mob."—Boswell. "He had a great effect on the passions."—Johnson. "Why, Sir, I don't think so. He could not represent a succession of pathetic images. He vociferated, and made an impression. There, again, was a mind like a hammer." Dr. Johnson now said, a certain eminent political friend of ours was wrong in his maxim of sticking to a certain set of men on all occasions. "I can see

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that a man may do right to stick to a party (said he); that is to say, he is a Whig, or he is a Tory, and he thinks one of those parties upon the whole the best, and that, to make it prevail, it must be generally supported, though in particulars it may be wrong. He takes its faggot of principles, in which there are fewer rotten sticks than in the other, though some rotten sticks to be sure! and they cannot be well separated. But, to bind one's self to one man, or one set of men (who may be right to-day, and wrong to-morrow) without any general preference of system, I must disapprove."

He told us of Cooke, who translated Hesiod, and lived twenty years on a translation of Plautus, for which he was always taking subscriptions; and that he presented Foote to a club, in the following singular manner: "This is the nephew of the gentleman who was lately hung in chains for murdering his brother."

SWIFT.

He seemed to me to have an unaccountable prejudice against Swift; for I once took the liberty to ask him if Swift had personally offended him, and he told me, he had not. He said to-day, "Swift is clear, but shallow. In coarse humour, he is inferior to Arbuthnot; in delicate humour, he is inferior to Addison; so he is inferior to his cotemporaries, without putting him against the whole world. I doubt if the "Tale of a Tub" was his; it has so much more thinking, more knowledge, more power, more colour, than any of the works which are indisputably his. If it was his, I shall only say, He was *impar sibi*."

VANE and SEDLEY.

In Dr. Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes," there is the following passage:

"The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
"Begg, for each birth, the fortune of a
"face;
"Yet VANE could tell what ills from Beauty
"spring;
"And SEDLEY curs'd the charms which
"pleas'd a King."

Lord Hailes told him he was mistaken, in the instances he had given of unfortunate fair-ones; for neither Vane nor Sedley had a title to that description. His Lordship has since been so obliging as to send me a note of this, for the communication of which I am sure my readers will thank me.

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"The lines in the tenth Satire of Juvenal, according to my alteration, should have run thus :

"Yet SHORE* could tell."
"And VALIERE † cursed."

"The first was a penitent by compulsion, the second by sentiment; though the truth is, Mademoiselle de la Valiere threw herself (but still from sentiment) in the King's way.

"Our friend chose Vane, who was far from being well looked; and Sedley, who was so ugly, that Charles II. said his brother had her by way of penance."

BUDGELL.

We talked of a man's drowning himself.—Johnson. "I should never think it time to make away with myself."—I put the case of Eustace BudgeLL, † who was accused of forging a bill, and sunk himself in the Thames, before the trial of its authenticity came on. Suppose, Sir, (said I) that a man is absolutely sure, that, if he lives a few days longer, he shall be detected in a fraud, the consequence of which will be utter disgrace and expulsion from society?—Johnson. "Then, Sir, let him go abroad to a distant country; let him go to some place where he is *not* known. Don't let him go to the devil where he is known!"

LORD MANSFIELD, ADDISON, SPENCE, &c.

At Lord Colvill's, an officer observed, that he had heard Lord Mansfield was not a great English lawyer—"Sir, said Johnson, you may as well maintain that the pack horse driver for these thirty years, between Edinburgh and Berwick, does not know the road, as that Lord Mansfield does not know the law of England."

Addison's learning in his Remarks tumbles down—the passages from the classics, are in Alberti, and another Italian.

We have no such book as Moreri's Dictionary—Boswell. The French Ana are good. Johnson. Yes, a few of them—but Selden's Table Talk is better than any of them—Cornelle, Racine, and Moliere, go round the world—Boswell. They have Fenelon.—Johnson. Why, Sir, Telemachus is pretty well.—Boswell. And Voltaire?—Johnson. He has not stood his trial yet—and what makes Voltaire circulate his collection is his Universal History.

What do you say to the B. of Meaux?—Sir, nobody reads him.

Pope's Spence—He was a weak conceited man—Boswell. A good scholar.—No, Sir,—

he was a pretty scholar—Johnson. You have about reach'd him.

DR. CAMPBELL.

I think well of Campbell—He has parts—extensive reading—not perhaps what is properly called learning—but his Tory politics, and that popular knowledge which makes a man useful—and he has learnt much by the vox viva. He talks with many people.

LAWYERS.

We talked of the practice of the law.—

Sir William Forbes said, he thought an honest lawyer should never undertake a cause which he was satisfied was not a just one.

"Sir (said Mr. Johnson), a lawyer has no business with the justice or injustice of the cause which he undertakes, unless his client asks his opinion; and then he is bound to give it honestly. The justice or injustice of the cause is to be decided by the Judge. Consider, Sir, what is the purpose of courts of justice?

It is, that every man may have his cause fairly tried, by men appointed to try causes. A lawyer is not to tell what he knows to be a lie; he is not to produce what he knows to be a false deed; but he is not to usurp the province of the Jury and of the Judge, and determine what shall be the effect of evidence—what shall be the result of legal argument. As it rarely happens that a man is fit to plead his own cause, lawyers are a class of the community, who, by study and experience, have acquired the art and power of arranging evidence, and of applying to the points at issue what the law has settled. A lawyer is to do for his client all that his client might fairly do for himself, if he could. If, by a superiority of attention, of knowledge, of skill, and a better method of communication, he has the advantage of his adversary, it is an advantage to which he is entitled. There must always be some advantage on one side or other; and it is better that advantage should be had by talents than by chance. If lawyers were to undertake no causes till they were sure they were just, a man might be precluded altogether from a trial of his claim, though, were it judicially examined, it might be found a very just claim."—This was found practical doctrine, and rationally repressed a too refined scrupulosity of conscience.

MANNERS.

We talked of change of manners.—Dr. Johnson observed, that our drinking less than our ancestors was owing to the change from

* Mistress of Edward IV.

† Mistress of Louis XIV.

‡ Poet-Laureat.

ale to wine. "I remember (said he) when all the decent people in Lichfield got drunk every night, and were not the worse thought of. Ale was cheap, so you pressed strongly. When a man must bring a bottle of wine, he is not in such haste. Smoaking has gone out. To be sure it is a shocking thing, blowing smoke out of our mouths into other people's mouths, eyes, and noses, and having the same thing done to us. Yet I cannot account why a thing which requires so little exertion, and yet preserves the mind from total vacuity, should have gone out. Every man has something by which he calms himself: beating with his feet or so.* I remember when people in England changed a shirt only once a week: a Pandour, when he gets a shirt, greases it to make it last. Formerly, good tradesmen had no fire but in the kitchen; never in the parlour, except on Sunday. My father, who was a magistrate of Lichfield, lived thus. They never began to have a fire in the parlour, but on leaving off business, or some great revolution of their life."—Dr. Watson † said, the hall was as a kitchen, in old Squires houses.—Johnson. "No, Sir. The hall was for great occasions, and never was used for domestic refection."—We talked of the Union, and what moneys it had brought into Scotland. Dr. Watson observed, that a little money formerly went as far as a great deal now.—Johnson. "In speculation, it seems that a smaller quantity of money, equal in value to a larger quantity, if equally divided, should produce the same effect. But it is not so in reality. Many more conveniencies and elegancies are enjoyed where money is plenty, than where it is scarce. Perhaps a great familiarity with it, which arises from plenty, makes us more easily to part with it."

MISCELLANEOUS REMARKS.

Sir John Dalrymple quaintly said, the two noblest animals in the world were a Scotch Highlander and an English Sailor. Why, Sir, said Dr. Johnson, I shall say nothing as to your Scotch Highlander; but as to the English sailor, I cannot agree with you. Sir John said, he was generous in giving away his moneys. Johnson. Sir, he throws away his money without thought and without merit. I do not call a tree generous that sheds its fruit at every breeze!

Johnson was conversing on the private life of a Judge, which in England, he maintained, was not required to be particularly decorous. Why then, said Boswell, an English Judge may live like a gentleman.—Johnson. Yes Sir, if he can.

M'Leod started the subject of making women do penance in the church for fornication.—Johnson. "It is right, Sir. Infamy is attached to the crime, by universal opinion, as soon as it is known. I would not be the man who would discover it, if I alone knew it, for a woman may reform; nor would I commend a person who divulges a woman's first offence; but being once divulged, it ought to be infamous. Consider, of what importance to society the chastity of women is. Upon that all the property in the world depends. We hang a thief for stealing a sheep; but the unchastity of a woman transfers sheep, and farm and all, from the right owner. I have much more reverence for a common prostitute than for a woman who conceals her guilt. The prostitute is known. She cannot deceive. She cannot bring a strumpet into the arms of an honest man, without his knowledge."—Boswell. "There is, however, a great difference between the licentiousness of a single woman, and that of a married woman."—Johnson. "Yes, Sir; there is a great difference between stealing a shilling, and stealing a thousand pounds; between simply taking a man's purse, and murdering him first, and then taking it: but when one begins to be vicious, it is easy to go on. Where single women are licentious, you rarely find faithful married women."—Boswell. "And yet we are told that in some nations in India, the distinction is strictly observed."—Johnson. "Nay, don't give us India. That puts me in mind of Montesquieu, who is really a fellow of genius too in many respects; whenever he wants to support a strange opinion, he quotes you the practice of Japan or of some other distant country, of which he knows nothing. To support polygamy, he tells you of the island of Formosa, where there are ten women born for one man.—He had but to suppose another island, where there are ten men born for one woman, and so make a marriage between them."‡

* Dr. Johnson used to practise this himself very much.

† At St. Andrews, author of the History of Philip II.

‡ What my friend treated as so wild a supposition, has actually happened in the Western Islands of Scotland, if we may believe Martin, who tells it of the Islands of Col and Tyr-yi, and that it is proved in the British registers.

Why are we angry at a trader's having opulence?—Why, Sir, we see no qualities in trade to entitle a man to superiority only.—We are not angry at a soldier's getting riches, because he has qualities we have not. If a man returns from a battle, having lost one hand, and with the other full of gold, we feel he deserves it, but we cannot think that a fellow, by sitting all day at a desk, is entitled to get above us.

Dr. Solander said he was a Swedish Laplander.—Johnson, Sir, I don't believe it. He is as tall as you, and has not the copper colour of a Laplander.—He must mean the word Laplander in a very extensive sense, or mean a voluntary degradation of himself.—For all my being the great man you now see me, I was originally a Barbarian—as if Burke should say, I came over a wild Irishman, which he might say in his present exaltation.

Johnson was afraid of no dog. He said he would take him by the hind legs, knock his head against a stone, and beat his brains out.

Topham Beauclerk said, there were two ferocious dogs fighting. Johnson looked at them steadily; and then he went up to them and cuffed their heads till he drove them asunder.

Cadogan and his book—It is a good book in general, but a foolish one in particulars; it is good in general as recommending temperance, exercise, and cheerfulness, and so far it is Dr. Cheyne's book told a new way; there should be such a book every thirty years, in the mode of the times. It is foolish in maintaining that the gout is not hereditary, and that one fit, when gone, is like a fever when gone.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM DR. JOHNSON TO
MR. JAMES ELPHINSTON.

DEAR SIR, SEP. 25, 1750.

YOU have, as I find by every kind of evidence, lost an excellent mother; and I hope you will not think me incapable of par-

taking of your grief. I have a mother now eighty-two years of age, whom therefore I must soon lose, unless it please God that the rather should mourn for me. I read the letters in which you relate your mother's death to Mrs. Strahan*; and I think I do myself honour, when I tell you, that I read them with tears. But tears are neither to me nor to you of any farther use, when once the tribute of nature has been paid. The business of life summons us away from useless grief, and calls us to the exercise of those virtues of which we are lamenting our deprivation. The greatest benefit which one friend can confer upon another is, to guard, for so surely it must be, and incite, and elevate his virtues. This your mother will still perform, if you diligently preserve the memory of her life, and of her death; a life, so far as I can learn, useful, wise, and innocent; and a death, resigned, peaceful, and holy. I cannot forbear to mention, that neither reason nor revelation denies you to hope, that you may increase her happiness, by obeying her precepts; and that she may, in her present state, look with pleasure upon every act of virtue, to which her instruction and example have contributed. Whether this be more than a pleasing dream, or a just opinion of separate spirits, is indeed of no great importance to us, when we consider ourselves as acting under the eye of God; yet surely there is something pleasing in the belief, that our separation from those whom we love is merely corporeal; and it may be a great incitement to virtuous friendship, if it can be made probable, that that union has received the divine approbation, and shall continue to eternity.—There is one expedient by which you may, in some degree, continue her presence. If you write down minutely what you can remember of her from your earliest years, you will read it with great pleasure, and receive from it many hints of soothing recollection when time shall remove her yet farther from you, and your grief shall be matured to veneration. To this, however painful for the present, I cannot but advise you, as to a source of comfort and satisfaction in the time to come; for all comfort and all satisfaction is sincerely wished you by, dear Sir, yours, &c.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

An ACCOUNT of JOHN BASKERVILLE, PRINTER.
By WILLIAM HUTTON, Author of the "History of Birmingham," lately published.

THE pen of an historian rejoices in the actions of the great; the fame of the deserving, like an oak tree, is of sluggish

growth; and, like the man himself, they are not matured in a day. The present generation becomes debtor to him who excels;

* Sister to Mr. Elphinston.

but the future will discharge that debt with more than simple interest. The still voice of Fame may warble in his ears towards the close of life, but her trumpet seldom sounds in full clarion, till those ears are stopped with the finger of death.

This son of genius was born at Wolverley, in the county of Worcester, in 1706; heir to a paternal estate of 60*l.* per annum, which 50 years after, while in his own possession, had increased to 90*l.* He was trained to no occupation; but in 1726, became a writing-master at Birmingham.—In 1737, he taught school in the Bull-ring, and is said to have written an excellent hand.

As painting suited his talents, he entered into the lucrative branch of japanning, and resided at No. 22, in Moor street.

He took in 1745, a building lease of eight acres two furlongs, north-west of the town, to which he gave the name of *Easy Hill*, converted it into a little Eden, and built a house in the center: but the town, as if conscious of his merit, followed his retreat, and surrounded it with buildings.—Here he continued the business of a japanner for life: his carriage, each pannel of which was a distinct picture, might be considered the *pattern card of his trade*, and was drawn by a beautiful pair of cream-coloured horses.

His inclination for letters induced him in 1750, to turn his thoughts towards the press. He spent many years in the uncertain pursuit, sunk 600*l.* before he could produce one letter to please himself, and some thousands before the shallow stream of profit began to flow.

His first attempt in 1756, was a quarto edition of Virgil, price one guinea, now worth several. He afterwards printed *Paradise Lost*, the Bible, Common Prayer, Roman and English Classics, &c. in various sizes, with more satisfaction to the literary world than emolument to himself.

In 1765, he applied to his friend Dr. Franklin, then at Paris, and now Ambassador from America, to found the literati, respecting the purchase of his types; but received for answer, “That the French, reduced by the war of 1756, were so far from pursuing schemes of taste, that they were unable to repair their public buildings, but suffered the scaffolding to rot before them.”

In private life he was a humourist, idle in the extreme, but his invention was of the true Birmingham model, active. He could well design, but procured others to execute: wherever he found merit he caressed it: he was remarkably polite to the stranger, fond

of shew: a figure rather of the smaller size, and delighted to adorn that figure with gold lace.—Although constructed with the light timbers of a frigate, his movement was solem as a ship of the line.

During the twenty-five years I knew him, though in the decline of life, he retained the singular traces of a handsome man. If he exhibited a peevish temper, we may consider good-nature and intense thinking are not always found together.

Taste accompanied him through the different walks of agriculture, architecture, and the fine arts. Whatever passed through his fingers, bore the lively marks of John Baskerville.

His aversion to Christianity would not suffer him to lie among Christians; he therefore erected a mausoleum in his own grounds for his remains, and died without issue in 1775, at the age of 69.—Many efforts were used after his death, to dispose of the types; but to the lasting discredit of the British nation, no purchaser could be found in the whole common-wealth of letters. The Universities coldly rejected the offer. The London booksellers understood no science like that of profit. The valuable property therefore lay a dead weight till purchased by a literary society at Paris in 1779 for 3700*l.*

It is an old remark, that no country abounds with genius so much as this island; and it is a remark nearly as old, that genius is no where so little rewarded: how else came Dryden, Goldsmith, and Chatterton, to want bread? Is merit like a flower of the field, too common to attract notice? or is the use of money beneath the care of exalted talents?

Invention seldom pays the inventor. If you ask what fortune Baskerville ought to have been rewarded with? The most which can be comprised in five figures. If you farther ask what he possessed? The least; but none of it squeezed from the press. What will the shade of this great man think, if capable of thinking, that he has spent a fortune of opulence, and a life of genius, in carrying to perfection the greatest of all human inventions, and that his productions, slighted by his country, were hawked over Europe in quest of a bidder.

We must *revere*, if we do not *imitate*, the taste and economy of the French nation, who brought by the British arms in 1762 to the verge of ruin, rising above distress, were able, in seventeen years, to purchase Baskerville's elegant types, refused by his own country, and expend an hundred thousand pounds in printing the works of Voltaire!

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

I YESTERDAY saw a letter in your Magazine for July last, which I had accidentally overlooked—it was on the subject of Plagiarism. Great, in these days, is the absurdity with which the most palpable falsehoods are given to the public. The writer of the above-named letter accuses Miss Seward of copying from her ingenious sister in the poetic science, the young and lovely Helen Williams; instancing a passage in that lady's beautiful poem, *Peru*, between which and a couple of lines in Miss Seward's *Louisa* there is a resemblance: but unfortunately for the conjecture of this ill-informed commentator, *Louisa* was published the week before *Peru*; and the passage in question is from the juvenile part of the first epistle, written when Miss Williams must have been an *infant*. Now, the passages in *Peru* which manifestly imitate Miss Seward's *Elegy on Cook*, and her *Ode to the Sun*, are numerous. I shall select some of them, that the public may judge which of these two Ladies is the imitator, and which the original. The *Elegy on Cook*, with the *Ode to the Sun* annexed, were printed in the year 1780, within a month after the death of that truly great man had been announced to the public.

BRING the bright plumes that drink the
torrid ray.

El. on Cook.

The bright Macaw expands his glossy plume,
While as he soars it drinks a warmer bloom.

Peru, 1st Canto, 27th and 28th lines.

But * *Thou*, on the green wave's capacious
bed,

Hast light and life and gladness shed;
Thro' liquid mountains as they roll,
Darting the beautiful beam, the vivifying
soul.

Ode to the Sun.

And as o'er nature's form the solar beam
Sheds life and beauty, as th' effulgent stream
Of radiant light her fragrant bosom warms.

Peru, 1st Canto, lines 75, 76, and 77.

Not for himself the sighs unbidden break
Amid the horrors of the icy wreck.

Elegy on Cook.

Not for himself that tear his bosom steeps,
It falls for his lost child, for me he weeps.

Peru, 2d Canto, 347 and 348.

† But this highly favour'd year

From thee with gifts peculiar sprung;
At thy command Autumn fair
Her golden vest o'er shiv'ring Winter flung,
And bid him his pale ling'ring hours
Gayly deck with fragrant flow'rs;
For his hoar brow matur'd the violet wreath,
From his wan lip bid pleasure breathe.

At length they reach luxuriant Chili's plain,
Where end the bounds of Winter's drear
domain;

* The Sun.

† This *Ode to the Sun* was written at the end of that remarkably fine year 1779, during which there was scarce any winter.

‡ These are the resembling passages instanced by the letter-writer as a proof of Miss Seward's having taken ideas from Miss Williams, though the *Louisa* was published first; but the two poems coming out so near together, the resemblance was probably accidental.

Where Spring in blossoms bid his haggard form,
Bade her mild soul his shiv'ring bosom warm,
On his wan lip her tender smile impress,
And smooth'd, with soften'd touch, his ruffled
vest.

Peru, 4th Canto, beginning at line 597.

Barb'd with the fleeted snow, the driving hail
Rush the fierce arrows of the polar gale.

Elegy on Cook.

Shuns Ande's icy shower, its chilling snows,
The arrowy gale that on its summit blows.

Peru, 4th Canto, lines 715 and 716.

Climes where fierce suns in cloudless ardours
shine,

And pour the dazzling deluge round the line.

Elegy on Cook.

And roaming o'er a burning desert vast,
Meets the fierce ardors of the fiery blast.

Peru, 4th Canto, lines 717 and 718.

‡ While the fierce skies flam'd on the shrink-
ing rills,

And sultry silence brooded o'er the hills.

First Epistle of Miss Seward's Louisa.

‡ For Nature sickens in th' oppressive beam,
That shrinks the vernal bud and dries the
stream.

Peru, 4th Canto, lines 723 and 724.

'Tis the vex'd billows that insurgent rave,
Their white foam flows yonder distant wave.

Elegy on Cook.

The rolling torrent, dashing down the steep,
Its white foam trembling on the darken'd deep.

Peru, 5th Canto, lines 789 and 790.

Fill the fair Months, with faded charms,
Sink in the chilly grasp of Winter's icy arms.

Ode to the Sun.

While soft the deep'ning shadows roll, till light

Sinks in the veil of Winter's closing night.

Peru, 5th Canto, lines 831 and 832.

From the rude summit of yon frozen steep

Contrasting glory gilds the gloomy deep;

Lo! deck'd with vermeil youth and laughing grace,

Hope in her step and gladness in her face,
Light on the icy rock, with outstretch'd hands,
The goddess of the new Columbus stands.

Elegy on Cook.

Gilds the dark horrors of the raging storm.

Peru, 6th Canto, line 1365.

Light on the hollow'd rock I see her stand,
And pensive wave in air her snowy wand.

Peru, 6th Canto, lines 1381 and 1382.

Lo! on the *Ande's icy steep* she glows.

Peru, 6th Canto, line 1491.

Ye who ere while for Cook's illustrious brow
Pluck'd the green laurel, and the oaken bough,
Hung the gay garlands on the trophied oars,
And pour'd his *fame along* a thousand shores,
Strike the slow death-bell!

Elegy on Cook.

While on the string of extacy it pours
Thy future *fame along* unnumber'd shores.

Peru, the concluding couplet.

Peru is a beautiful and astonishing production for the pen of a young woman of twenty. Manifest as are the above proofs of its imitation of Miss Seward's writings, yet the harmonious, picturesque, and truly original passages which it contains are of sufficient number and excellence to ascertain the claims of its author to great poetic genius, and to afford the probability that she may in time become the first female poet our nation has produced; but the assertion that Miss Seward has taken images from a work whose appearance was subsequent to her publications, could proceed only from some personal ene-

my: probably the same curious critic who, with a malice as evident as it is impotent, accuses her *Elegy on Cook* and her *Louisa* of immorality and obscenity.

The author of the Letter in question is as just a decider upon the *merit* of poetic composition, as upon its *originality*, since he calls Mr. Mason's Ode on the Fate of Tyranny spiritless, and mentions its great inferiority to Miss More's poetry on the same subject in her Sacred Dramas. The Ode which contains the following stanzas spiritless! You are a bold man, Mr. Critic; your spleen or your folly flies at lofty game.

O Lucifer! thou orient star,

Son of the morn! whose rosy car

Flam'd foremost in the van of day,

How art thou fall'n, thou son of light!

How fall'n from thy meridian height,

Who saidst, The distant poles shall hear me
and obey,

High o'er the stars my sapphire throne
shall glow,

And as Jehovah's self my voice the heav'ns
shall bow.

And farther on in the Ode:

Is this the man whose nod

Made the earth tremble? whose terrific rod

Levell'd her loftiest cities? where he trod

Famine pursu'd and frown'd,

Till Nature, groaning round,

Saw her rich realms transform'd to deserts dry;
While at his crowded prison's gate,

Grasping the keys of fate,

Stood stern Captivity.

Perhaps it is impossible to find poetry more truly sublime than these stanzas. Our female poets diffuse considerable grace and spirit thro' their works; but I am afraid we must look in vain thro' the writings of a Barbauld, a More, a Seward, or a Williams, for poetry, whose excellence shall rival that of the above stanzas from Mr. Mason's Ode, so curiously accus'd of sameness. I am, Gentlemen,

Your humble servant,

Essex-street, Strand,

VERITAS.

Nov. 5, 1785.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

Mr. Boswell has printed in his *Tour to the Hebrides*, some fragments of an Inscription to the Memory of Dr. Smollett, corrected by Dr. Johnson. As it may entertain many of your Readers to see the whole of it compleat, I send you a perfect Copy, in which I have marked Dr. Johnson's Additions, in order that they may be printed in Italicks.

ABERDEEN,

Nov. 1st, 1785.

I am, &c.

SCOTUS.

SISTE viator!

Si lepores ingenique venam benignam,
Si morum salidissimum pistorem,

Unquam es miratus,

Immorare paululum memorice

TOBIÆ SMOLLETT, M. D.

Viri virtutibus hinc

*Quas in homine et civis
Et laudes et imitatoris,
Haud mediocriter ornati ;
Qui in literis variis versatus,
Postquam felicitate sibi propria
Sese posteris commendaverat,
Morte acerba raptus,
Anno ætatis 51.
Eheu ! quam procul a patria !
Prope Liburni portum in Italia,
Jacet sepultus.
Tali tantoque viro, patriuelli suos,
Cui in decursu Lampada
Se potius tradidisse decuit,*

*Hanc Columnam,
Amoris, eheu ! inane monumentum,
In ipsius Levinicæ vîpîs,
Quas vericulis sub exitu vitæ illustratas,
Primis infans vagitibus personuit,
Ponendam curavit
Jacobus Smollett de Bonhill.
Abi et reminiscere,
Hoc quidem honore
Non modo defuncti memoriæ,
Verum etiam exemplo, prospectum esse ;
Aliis enim, si modo digni sint,
Idem erit virtutis præmium !*

NATURAL HISTORY.

Curious Particulars relative to the ELEPHANT, and the Method of Catching that Animal in the ISLAND of CEYLON.

[From the German of "The Life and Adventures of John Christopher Wolf, late principal Secretary of State at Jaffanapatnam in Ceylon," lately published.]

THE largest Elephant I have seen was six ells high (or twelve feet). That they are not all of this size, it is needless to inform the reader. A young cub does not measure more than one ell in height, but goes on thus increasing proportionably till it arrives at its full growth. This animal is not only the largest, but likewise the most acute of any. Had it the gift of speech, it would be found equal to many of our dull race of blockheads, in point of understanding; at least, such is the opinion and open declaration of all those who are thoroughly acquainted with the nature and properties of the elephant, and have had to do with him for a number of years. Even in the business of generation, he imitates man; and, indeed, considering the particular frame of the females, it could not be otherwise. For this purpose, the male makes a pit or hollow in the ground, and assists his consort to lay herself on her back; and, in case he finds her perfectly compliant and agreeable, very complaisantly helps her up again after the business is finished, (for she cannot possibly rise of herself) by throwing his trunk round her neck. But if she at first stood shilly-shally, and gave herself prudish airs, he then even lets her lie, and goes about his business.

How long the female goes with young, is not as yet ascertained. I have been at some pains to come at the truth in this point, but without success. That this animal is capable of arriving at a great age, I am very well assured, from what I have myself observed in the case of a tame one, which was caught on the island in the year 1717, and was still living in 1768, and was even then used with advantage for the breaking in of the wild elephants that were just caught. They keep together in great droves; and every male has his peculiar female belonging to him, which

none of the others dare approach. On the other hand, the males always quarrel and fight together, till each has his appropriate female. If it so happens that one of these is beat out of the field, and is obliged to go without a consort, he instantly becomes furious and mad, killing every living creature that comes in his way, be it man or beast. One in this state is called a ronkedor, and is a greater object of terror to a traveller than a hundred wild ones. It is generally affirmed, that the elephants of Ceylon are the best and the first in point of rank, as they hold their heads as well as necks higher than those that come from other parts; and it is reported that when they chance to meet together, these latter give them the pass, and shew evident tokens of submission and respect. But of this last report I can say nothing from my own experience. These animals are distributed into three classes, males, majanis, and females. The two former are of the masculine gender, and differ only in this circumstance, that the first of these have two large and long tusks, while those of the majanis are but small. The females have none at all: on the other hand, they have two breasts between their fore-feet; by which means they suckle their young. They do not walk or run in a diagonal manner like other quadrupeds, but rather sideling, lifting up the two feet, which are on the same side, from the ground at once: in consequence of which they do not run very fast. It is almost superfluous to mention here, that the elephant's skin is of an ash-grey colour, smooth and without scales, that there is only one part of him in which he is vulnerable by a musket shot, and that is between the eye and the ear. But the manner in which he is caught and tamed, is, I believe, not so well known; for which reason I shall give a de-

description of the different methods in this place.

I. A certain korahl* has been used for these many years past, in which most of the elephants in Ceylon are caught. In order to have some idea of this korahl, you must imagine to yourself a large fishing net, with two flaps standing out wide from each other, and terminating in a bag. Now this snare consists of a collection of stout and vigorous trees, partly growing wild on the spot, and partly planted there for the purpose. These trees stand very close and near to each other; and where there is any gap, very strong palisades are brought to fill it up, so that the elephants cannot by any means get out. As soon as the hunters have given information that they have discovered a tolerably numerous troop of elephants, the principal people of Ceylon are obliged to bring together several thousand men. By means of these, the whole drove, thus inclosed, is driven slowly towards the first opening of the korahl, that takes up an enormous space. When they have got them thus far, the game is, as it were, in their hands. The whole train of huntmen and country people now unite, and draw up close into this opening, and making a great noise and uproar, as well by their cries as instruments, which they carry with them for the purpose, they contrive to get the elephants, who keep together in one drove, like a happy and peaceful family, into the smaller space, which is called the sporting korahl.—Here there is likewise formed a palisadoe (as it were) of six or seven thousand men, who make a large fire, and at the same time an intolerable din with shouting, drumming, and playing on the hautboy of that country, so that the elephants are frightened; and, instead of going backwards, move forwards towards the smallest space, called the forlorn hope. This strait is closed likewise with a large fire, and a great clamour is made as before; by which means the elephant being seemingly stunned, (as it were), looks round about him on all sides, to see if he can obtain his freedom, which he hopes to arrive at by means of his great bodily strength. He tries each side of the korahl's fence, but finds, that with his strong trunk he is not able to fell the stout trees that are planted there; in consequence of which he begins to be in a passion, inflating his proboscis with all his force. He now observes, that the fire comes nearer and nearer to him: accordingly he ventures into the small out-let of the korahl, and seeing the tame elephants stand at the end of it, imagines that he has at length obtained his

freedom. This narrow passage, through which one of these animals only can pass at a time, is covered at top: on this top are placed some expert huntmen, who drive the elephant to the end of the passage with a stick, to the top of which is fastened a sharp-pointed hook. As soon as they have got him here, they take away the beams which close the end of the passage, and leave the opening free. Now the elephant rejoices like a prisoner just broke out of his confinement. Accordingly he takes a pretty large leap; but just at that moment he finds, standing by his side, the two tame elephants (called hunters, and more commonly crimps) who oblige him to stand still, and keep him fast between them. If he refuses to stand and be obedient, they begin to discipline him with their trunks; and by their master's orders, thresh him with these flagellatory instruments in such a manner, that from the mere pain he is forced to evacuate the contents of his body. Now, when at length he finds that he cannot escape from the power of these unrelenting beads, he gives the affair up, and with a good grace allows himself to be led to a tree, at a small distance; to which he is bound by the hind leg, with a stout thong of untanned elk or buck-skin, and where they leave him, and take the tame animals back again. When one of these beasts has thus been led out of the korahl, the others follow more willingly, being all in hopes of obtaining their liberty, as they have seen nothing to make them suspect the fate of the first that went out.—When the hunt is quite finished, all the elephants are seen fast bound to trees. In that manner they are to stand several days, being all the while kept low in point of food, in order that they may know that they are not now their own masters, but subject to the will of others. Attendants are placed by the side of each animal, who give him his food by little and little, to the end that he may learn to distinguish and grow acquainted with mankind. At first he looks very froward on an attendant of this kind; in the course of a few days, however, he becomes more resigned to his fate, and allows the former to come near him and handle him. He likewise soon comes to understand what his governor says to him, and even suffers a strong rope to be thrown round his neck, with which rope he is coupled to a tame elephant, and so led into the stable. This is performed in the following manner:—A tame elephant has, on either side of him, a wild one; and, if he is of a great size, he has even two smaller ones

* This word, according to Salmon and Goch [Present State of Indostan and Ceylon] means, in the language of Ceylon, "Toils for elephants."

on each side. The kornack fits on the tame animal with his sharp-pointed hook, with which he turns the creature by the head the way he would have him to go, and thus leads his captured elephants to their stables, in which are driven down stout poles or trunks of trees. To these they are fastened by the hind leg, at some distance from each other, so that they cannot come together; and thus they are suffered to stand, being fed daily with cocoa nut leaves, and once a day led to water by the tame ones, till the proper time arrives for taking them to market and selling them. It is easy to imagine, that this kind of hunting is attended with more trouble, noise, and tumult, than those which are set on foot by our princes and great people in Germany, as neither dogs nor fire-arms can be used here. But what is most to be admired in this affair is, the great boldness of the huntsmen, who know how to manage this animal, in itself so terrible, as readily as a skilful huntsman in our country manages his hounds. These kornacks, or huntsmen, have a trifling pension; but the country fellows that help to drive the elephants together, have only that one day taken off from the number of days on which they are obliged to labour (as vassals) on ordinary services.

II. Another method of taking these animals, is that which is practised (in the countries respectively subject to them) by the orders of the seven tributary princes, whom I mentioned in a cursory manner, when I was treating of the extensive power of the governor. They have pits, some fathoms deep, in those places whither the elephant is wont to go in search of food. Across these pits are laid poles covered with leaves, and in the middle baited with the food of which the elephant is fondest. As soon as he sets eyes on this, he makes directly towards it, and on a sudden finds himself taken unawares. His new situation at first sets him almost mad; at length, however, he becomes cooler, and bethinks himself what he shall do in these disagreeable circumstances. Accordingly, having first thrown from him the materials of his snare, which had fallen in with him, he makes some endeavours at getting out; but finding himself too heavy to accomplish this, he cries out for some of his own species to come to his assistance. At length he sees some of them coming towards him, and flatters himself that they are come to help him out. This in fact they do; but, being of the same domesticated kind, as soon as they

have pulled him out by means of ropes, they make him prisoner, and deliver him up into the hands of their leader. If he appears discontented at this treatment, and endeavours to regain his liberty, he gets well thrashed, and is disciplined in this manner till he submits with a good grace to be fettered and led any where, just as his driver pleases. That he may be got out the easier, the pit is made rather shallow, and shelving on one side, so that he can in some measure help himself out; otherwise it would not be possible to draw out such a large and heavy animal, without doing him some damage.

III. The third and last species of capture is that practised by the Moors, (as they are called in those parts, from their following the doctrines of the Koran *) who by these means are enabled to pay their rents to the Lords of the Manor, the Dutch East-India Company. It consists of the following manoeuvres: in times of drought, when the elephants, being in want of water, are used to haunt certain particular spots, where they know they shall find water to quench their thirst; these people (a strong and hardy race of men) go a hunting in parties, consisting of four men each, accompanied by some stout young lads, their children, whom they have brought up to this business; and in this manner search the wood through, till they have found a herd of elephants. Having attained this point, they pitch on the largest of these animals, and keeping continually hovering about him, endeavour to get him away from the rest. The elephant, on his part, wishes for nothing so much as to get rid of these troublesome visitors, and accordingly strives to drive them out of the wood. On the other hand, the boldest and most expert of these fellows, with an ebony stick which he carries with him, about two feet long, begins a sham fight with the elephant, who bangs the stick heartily with his proboscis. But the Moor parrying the strokes, and taking care to avoid coming to close quarters, by leaping nimbly from one side to the other, the elephant grows extremely angry, and does every thing in his power to disarm this strange fencing-master, and take his life. But besides this more adventurous enemy, he finds he has two more to cope with, one on each side of him; and while he is engaged with these, comes a fourth behind him, and watching his opportunity, throws a rope, made into a noose, round one of his hind legs. At this instant, the lads, knowing that the

* These people are not Moors, but natives of India, professing the Mahometan Religion. This name seems to have been a legacy left them by the Portuguese: for after the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, these looked for their old antagonists even in Asia, and called all the Mahometans they found there Arabians, or Moors.

animal has work enough cut out for him before him, and that his whole attention is taken up by the stick, approach him with the greatest boldness, and fastening the noose as quick as possible round his leg, drag him on till they find a tree fit for their purpose, to which they fasten him, and let him stand. In the mean time, two of the men run home, and bring a tame elephant, to which having coupled the wild one, they lead them together to the stable.

By one of these three methods, are all the elephants taken in Ceylon; and he who thinks otherwise of this matter, is certainly very much out in his judgment. It is not my custom to dispute with any man, for I would have every man enjoy his own opinion; and am not in the least hurt if others consider as suspicious, what from experience I know to be fact; or think otherwise of me, than I am conscious that I deserve. However that be, as I have had occasion for the space of twenty years, not only to see a great number of elephants in their wild state, but have likewise been in the way to observe closely and accurately the methods of capturing them, the management of them, the methods of felling them, and the various uses they are put to, I make no scruple of pretending to as much knowledge in these animals, as the best jockeys in Germany can possibly have in horse-flesh; and shall therefore take the liberty of mentioning some more particulars relative to them, which have come within the compass of my own experience.

There is a sale for these animals in the Kingdom of Jassanapatnam every year, in the month of July. The merchants of the coast of Malabar and Bengal are invited to it by advertisements, in which the size and sex of the animals that are put up to sale are specified. On the appointed day, all the beasts are brought into the market, distributed into certain lots, each lot containing the different sizes, great, middling, and small. Each lot likewise is numbered, and the numbers are drawn by the merchants out of a golden or silver basin. This being finished, the whole amount of each lot is reckoned up according to a table of the current prices laying before them, and a proper deduction at the same time is made for defects; in one beast perhaps a nail, of which when the number is complete there are eighteen, being wanting on the foot; another having a cleft or ragged ear; another a short and stumpy tail, &c.

In the course of all these transactions, the Secretary and his clerks never meet with the least contradiction or opposition of any kind from the merchants, as these former are known to be thoroughly acquainted with the

current prices and the customary abatements. This business being finished, and the respective sums of money, which have been previously paid into the Company's coffers, being counted over, the governor, by way of conferring a particular honour on the merchants, after having sprinkled them with rose-water from a golden font, presents each of them with a nosegay with his own hand; and orders his porter, who is a native of the country, to rub them with powder of sanders-wood. In return, and by way of shewing their deep sense of the honour done them, the merchants make each of them a low bow; and in this manner the fair is finished. In some years above a hundred elephants have been sold at once; by which the Company has been a great gainer: for one of these animals that is twelve feet high and has no blemish, and at the same time has two tusks of an equal size, will fetch above 2000 dollars.

The decoy-elephants are never sold; and throughout the whole island, none are used for this purpose but such as are blemished. The natives of the country never buy any elephants, as they cannot make use of them; and the purchasers of them come from other countries, where these animals can be of more service. One of the uses to which they are put, is to keep up the state and pomp of the nobility, who have always one or two of them standing before their palaces. These yeomen of the guards are generally clad in a costly covering of tapestry; and their tusks are tipped with gold or silver, set round with jewels.

They are likewise used for the purpose of war, by the inland princes, in which case they are generally brought into the field coupled together, and having heavy chains fastened to their trunks. The Indians are wont with this view to make them furious and almost mad with a drink prepared from amfium*, so that they are afraid of nothing that can possibly be opposed to them; and they have this advantage, that neither darts, nor even bullets from small-arms, have the power to wound them. This animal is likewise made use of as the public executioner; and it must be owned, that he performs this office to perfection, when he is properly educated for it. He usually executes his commission by taking the criminal (supposing this latter to be condemned to death) up with his proboscis, and throwing him up in the air, in which case he catches him on the point of his tusks, and thus makes an end of him. But if the malefactor is not decreed to suffer torture, he then lays him down on the ground, and with one of his fore-feet treads him to pieces at one

* Amfium is the Indian name of opium.

smash. When the sentence does not amount to death, he then takes the criminal, and tossing him up in the air, gives him a fair fall, without interposing any farther; in this case the poor delinquent sometimes gets off safe and sound; but it is an equal chance if he is not a cripple for life.— This animal is used likewise for labour. He is made to drag the heaviest pieces of timber fastened to one of his hind legs; and in general, to carry on his back all kinds of heavy burthens.

He is also frequently made use of for riding. I have myself made some trials of him in this way; but cannot say that I experienced any pleasure in it, as by his sidling way of going, he jolts one excessively.

The elephant may even be taught tricks; and in this point he far excels all other animals. With the greatest astonishment, I have often been a witness to the consummate grace and dexterity with which he manages his proboscis, using it with as much ease and readiness as a man does his right hand. He will untie a handkerchief, or undo any other kind of parcel, that contains any delicacy that suits his palate, and take out the contents of it as well and as neatly as any human being; and will even pick your pocket with amazing dexterity. He will throw up a ball into the air, and catch it again; with many other feats too tedious to mention at present.

I will now take my leave of this uncommon creature with relating two extraordinary stories, which to my certain knowledge are true; but which, I must confess, I should scarcely credit, were they told me by another person.

I was present when the vidan (or overseer of the elephants) was, according to annual custom, ordered by the governor to go with his men and decoy elephants, and fetch away those that were newly captured, and turn them into their stables. The governor gave strict charge to this officer, to take every precaution that the whole drove might be brought home safe and in good condition. Accordingly the vidan having set out on his journey homewards, it so happened that in his convoy of elephants, one of them was driven away by the rest; proving, in short, an arrant runkedor, as I have explained the matter above. Without delay he turns loose his best decoy-elephant, which he called schilli, (or darling) saying to her, "Go thy way and make this honest man happy; but be sure to bring him back again." With these words he let the tame female depart. The runkedor directly marched off with her, away from the rest of the drove; which, after baiting a few hours, were taken farther on. In the evening they came to a fortress,

where they passed the night, and found fodder prepared for them. The next day the commander of the fort (a German) expected that the vidan would go forward on his march; instead of which, he staid and requested to have some more fodder, as he must wait a little longer for his schilli. Upon this the commanding officer was curious to know the particulars of this affair: being let into the secret, he only laughed at the poor vidan for his pains, telling him that he supposed he was out of his senses; but that, at all events, he must shift his quarters. The vidan, however, begged hard to stay till the following morning, and at length obtained his request. In the night his schilli came back safe and found with her gallant: the next day they were coupled together without the least opposition on the part of the male, and were thus brought without any farther accident, on the third day, to the end of their journey.— Here the story was heard by every one with the greatest astonishment, and the vidan was obliged, with his kornacks, to confirm the truth of it. It may well be supposed that there was not a man, woman, or child, that did not go in crowds to see this runkedor. He was found to be twelve feet and one inch in height, and to have very fine tusks. He was sold for two thousand five hundred dollars. The other anecdote is as follows: A peasant that lived near the spot where some elephants were daily taken to water from the stable, and who about that time was generally sitting at the door of his hut, had taken a particular fancy to one among them, and used now and then to give him a few fig leaves (a food of which this animal is particularly fond), and which the elephant used to eat out of his hand, to the fellow's great satisfaction. One day having taken it into his head to make a fool of his old friend, he wrapped up a stone in a fig-leaf, at the same time saying to the kornack, "For this once I'll treat this beast of yours with a good solid stone, that will stay long enough in his stomach, I'll answer for it." The kornack replied, "He will not be fool enough to swallow it; do not imagine that he is quite so stupid." The boor was tickled with the fancy, and offered the stone to the poor beast, which he accordingly took; and having brought it with his proboscis to his mouth, let it fall directly. "Ha! called out the kornack, did I not tell you he would not swallow it?" at the same time driving his beasts on; and having watered, returned immediately. The countryman was still on the same spot; in the mean time the elephant, as quick as thought, steps out of the road, throws his proboscis about the man, drags him after him, and throwing him down, at one dash treads his bowels out of his body.

THE
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AND
LITERARY JOURNAL.

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

A Collection and Abridgement of celebrated criminal Trials in Scotland, from A. D. 1536, to 1784; with Historical and Critical Remarks. By Hugo Arnot, Esq. Advocate, Edinburgh. For the Author. 1785.

THIS curious collection, in the selecting and arranging of which Mr. Arnot must have bestowed much labour and studious application, contains great variety. The trials are divided under the following heads: treason, leasing-making, parricide, murder, tumult within burgh, piracy, forgery, breaking of gardens, incest, adultery, fornication, blasphemy, irreligion, and witchcraft. The criminal records of any country serve as an historical picture of the manners of its inhabitants, and point out their gradual advances from ignorance, and its inseparable companion, superstition, to reason, and that enlightened and liberal mode of thinking which is the effect of philosophic disquisition, emancipated from the manacles of bigotry and intolerance.

“The materials” of this volume, says our author, “while they gratify curiosity, they also afford useful information. They shew what bitter fruits are the produce of the gloomy climate of a tyrannical government, and a superstitious priesthood; and they afford us ample ground of consolation, when we compare those bitter fruits with the blessings we enjoy under a free government, and an enlightened age.”

Mr. Arnot has considerably abridged these trials, to avoid disgusting the generality of his readers with the unvaried prolixity of judicial proceedings; and has, at the same time, to render the work more improving and entertaining, subjoined remarks of his own, tending to illustrate the subject, and throw light upon many difficult and important cases. In doing this, he has shewn himself the champion of truth, divested of all prejudices national or religious; and has stood forth the strenuous assertor of the rights of mankind, which he has defended with zeal against the equally oppressive gripe of tyranny and fanaticism.

Among the most important of these trials, is that of the earl of Gowry and Mr. Alexander Ruthven, for conspiring against the life of James VI. and that of Robert Logan, of Restalrig, for accession to Gowry's conspiracy. To give any of the trials at length, would exceed our limits, and to re-abridge them would be impossible; we shall therefore content ourselves with selecting such striking circumstances in some of them as cannot fail, with the assistance of the author's observations on them, to impress us with horror at the dreadful effects of uncontrolled power on the one hand, and blind barbarous superstition on the other.

The following, to use our author's words, “is a nonpareil.”

“Archibald Cornwall, town officer, *delated* (accused) of the ignominiously dishonouring and defaming of his majesty, in taking off his portrait, and laying of the same and setting thereof to the floops and upbearers of the gibbet, pressing to fix up the same thereupon.”

“Pursuer, Mr. Thomas Hamilton, * advocate to our sovereign lord.”

Of this crime he was convicted by the assize (jury), and “the justice depute, by the mouth of Robert Galbraith, dempster † of the said court, decerned and ordained the said Archibald Cornwall to forfeit life, land, and goods, and to be taken to the said gibbet, whereupon he *pressed* to hang his majesty's portrait, and there to be hanged *quibill* ‡ he be dead, and to hang thereupon by the space of twenty-four hours, with a paper on his forehead, containing that vile crime committed by him, which was pronounced doom!”

———“A man,” says Mr. Arnot, “hanged for attempting to fix up a paultry daubing, or a halfpenny print, upon the gallows, or even a halfpenny itself; for that also bears “the image and super scription of Cæsar; ———
Dii boni! —

* Rec. of Just. 25 April, 1601.
haps from the Latin word *demo*, *dempfi*.

† Executioner, from the word doom; or perhaps
‡ until.

“But

"But this," continues he, "bad as it is, is not the worst point of light in which this trial must be viewed: for to hang a man on account of transgressing a law, annexing a capital punishment to the knotting of straws, is not so repugnant to liberty and justice, as the hanging him upon no law at all, but merely at the caprice of a tyrant. Now, there is nothing in the Scottish statutes upon which this indictment could have been founded. The idea, indeed, must have been borrowed from the Roman law; yet, even upon the Imperial edicts, this man could not have been legally convicted: for there is hardly an analogy between the images of the Roman emperors and a modern picture; emperors who themselves were deified, and whose consecrated statues were the objects of religious adoration. Nay, were the analogy complete between the Imperial images and the picture of a modern prince; and were the sanguinary edicts that guarded the majesty of Rome suitable to a limited monarchy, still the prisoner must, by law, have been acquitted; for, *Non videri contra majestatem fieri ob imagines * Cesaris nondum consecratas venditas.*"

On the trial of Mr. Andrew Crichton for declining the authority of the king and privy council, our author makes, in the true spirit of freedom, the following remark:

"In reading the judicial proceeding of those wretched times, our surprize is divided between the mulish conceit of individuals in declining the royal authority, and the tyranny of government in the exercise of that authority. This mode of calling people before the privy council, and requiring them to make oath, that they should answer every question that might be put to them, is as high a stretch of tyranny as any tribunal on earth, I presume, ever attained. That no rude breath might pollute the majesty of the throne, a capital punishment had been annexed, even to the hearing of slanderous speeches against the king, without informing upon the authors; and the unsocial spirit of the reformed religion had guarded its *monopoly of the mind*, by annexing the like penalty to those who gave food or lodging to a popish priest. To call people before the council and oblige them to *give* (take) an oath, that they should answer every question which might be put to them, was laying them under the necessity of becoming public informers, in a case where the pain of death was annexed

to the exercise of an act, perhaps, of hospitality or charity."

Among the trials for murder, that of George Cumming, writer in Edinburgh, for the murder of Patrick Falconer, soldier in Lord Lindeſay's regiment, in 1695, affords our Author an opportunity of expressing his sentiments on the subject of Juries being judges of law as well as fact, and of reprobating the absurd proposition, that there is no distinction between murder and manslaughter, between deliberate assassination and killing of a suddenly, which, however, he says, was not part of the old law of Scotland, but introduced after the Restoration; "at which period," he observes, "our Courts of Law became highly tyrannical, and those who possessed a criminal jurisdiction, displayed what, indeed, was no novelty in this country, a very sanguinary spirit. The mode of proceeding in our criminal courts, in the tyrannical and turbulent reign of Charles II. by the address of the King's Counsel, underwent a material innovation. Previous to that era Juries returned a general verdict of *Guilty* or *Not Guilty*; the words were, "*fylit culpable and convict*;" or "*clean and acquit*." But after the Restoration his Majesty's Advocate introduced a doctrine, that Juries, in every case, were to decide merely upon the fact; it being the province of the Judges to determine the import of their verdict, in the scale of guilt, from a capital crime down to pure innocence; that it was not the business of the Jury to find *guilty* or *not guilty*, but *proved* or *not proved*.

"The Lawyers for the Crown devised another expedient, which degraded jurymen from the *palladium* of liberty to a senseless instrument of tyranny; an expedient which vested the power of convicting in the Judges, when the Jury doubted not only of the *criminality of the fact*, but even of the *fact itself*. For this purpose they drew up their indictments very circumstantially, not only stating the crime, but also the minute facts, trifling or important, from which they inferred the prisoner's guilt; and upon these indictments the Court used to pronounce an interlocutor, finding either the crime in general, or the facts and circumstances specially libelled, relevant to the pains of law. When it was suspected that a Jury would scruple to find a crime in general proved, they were required to return a *special verdict*. Accordingly, they were often weak enough to

* Digest. lib. 48. tit. 4. lex 5. § 2.

† It is strange that the *true religion*, which is the only *direct* road to salvation, will not content itself with the endless spiritual consequences it presents to mankind, but that it will also deal out fire and faggot to those who are so far mistaken, as to pursue their course to heaven by any other road.

return a verdict finding proved a long chain of circumstances specified in the indictment, leaving it entirely in the breast of the Judges to determine whether those circumstances did establish the fact libelled.

"It is obvious, that, from the moment these *iniquitous* doctrines were acquiesced in, the *palladium* of liberty was gone. *Facts* might be charged, of which the guilt or degree of guilt depended solely upon the *intention* which directed them. A fact might be indisputable, yet the intention of the accused might be justifiable, or at least not amount to the degree of criminality charged in the indictment; yet by this doctrine the Jury would be mere cyphers—the Court alone would decide.—Facts of the most criminal nature, circumstances trifling or indifferent, might be blended in one indictment; and in such a case, a *special* verdict would leave the prisoner at the mercy of the Court, which it is the grand purpose of trial by Jury to prevent.

"Thus, in the abovementioned case the Jury returned this verdict: "They all in one voice find proven, that some words falling out between George Cumming, the pannel (prisoner), and three soldiers, in the West Port, in the month of September last, *the soldiers drew their bayonets, and advanced to the said George, who, when the soldiers were within the length of his sword, drew the same, and, defending himself, Patrick Falconer, one of the three soldiers, was killed; whereby the Assize finds the pannel guilty of Manslaughter.*" The Court sentenced THE PRISONER TO BE HANGED, AND HIS PERSONAL ESTATE TO BE FORFEITED.

"To condemn an innocent man to death," says Mr. Arnot, "by the sentence and forms of law, has ever been looked upon as one of the greatest moral evils. From the general aversion of mankind to inflict undeservedly the pain, and, what is infinitely worse, the ignominy of a public death, I hope it is a case which has rarely happened, except thro' the bloody ministers of clerical superstition and imperial power; the last of which makes a sport of life and liberty, while the first claims a still wider dominion, over life, liberty, and understanding—over liberty not only of *action* but of *thought*.

"In Cumming's case the Jury found, that the prisoner, *in defending himself, killed the deceased.* The Court condemned the prisoner—*therefore the Court condemned a man to be hanged for defending himself.* The same Judges who sat on this trial pronounced the dreadful doom on a youth about 20 years of age, who atoned with his blood for entertaining, on religious matters, opinions dissimilar from those of the times."

Our Author observes on this trial, that the only prosecutions for blasphemy that he has discovered, were commenced during the reign of "the *pious* Charles II. whose *upright* administration set themselves about the great works of *religion* and *morality.*"

(We were surpris'd at not finding among the trials for murder, that of Mungo Campbell for the murder of the Earl of Eglington.)

The trial of Mr. George Henderson, merchant in Edinburgh, for a forgery on the Duchess of Gordon, in 1726, is very remarkable; the most profound scheme of fraud that ever was invented, and which was as dexterously executed as it was ingeniously contrived, being detected by a singular coincidence of circumstances, which was the means of vindicating Henderson's innocence, and which his Majesty's Advocate and Solicitor-General in their pleadings publicly attributed to Providence. Its length prevents our taking farther notice of it.

Among the trials for incest we find those of William Drysdale and Barbara Tannahill. The crime libelled was, that the prisoner William Drysdale, a widower (whose wife, a sister of the other prisoner, had been dead two years), had lain with the said prisoner, Barbara Tannahill; and that by an Act of James the VIth, and by the xviiiith chapter of Leviticus, the crime inferred the pain of death. The charge against Barbara Tannahill was the same, *mutatis mutandis.*

The woman confessed the fact, the man disavowed the charge, and the Court on her confession adjudged her to be hanged, and Drysdale to be banished for life.

"Even according to the *Mosaic law,*" Mr. Arnot justly observes, "these unfortunate persons could not have been legally convicted; and the Scottish statute for determining incest is built on that law. In the information for his Majesty's Advocate against the prisoner Drysdale, an unwarrantable and absurd extension of this crime was attempted.—That as it is there commanded, Thou shalt not lie with *thy brother's wife*; so, from degrees of affinity being the same, the command must likewise be *understood* to be, Thou shalt not lie with *thy wife's sister.* To this it may be answered—1mo, That to suppose a penal law reaching life not to be *express* but *implied*, is to deem us to be governed not by law but by despotism. 2do, To lie with a brother's wife occasions an uncertainty as to the progeny. 3tio, To do so is not only incest but adultery. 4to, It is not commanded, Thou shalt not lie with thy brother's *widow.* 5to, This connection by affinity is dissolved, and the survivor is loosed by the death either of husband or wife. 6to, This argument

argument is completely illustrated by the command in a subsequent verse in the same chapter, Thou shalt not vex thy wife by lying with her sister in her—*life-time*. 7mo, To marry a brother's widow, was an express injunction of the law of Moses; and if the surviving brother declined the match, the widow was entitled by that *elegant* and dignified system of jurisprudence to—*spit in his face*.—These arguments, however, were either omitted or over-ruled.

“A rancorous detestation of irregular commerce between the sexes has distinguished those religious sects which pretend to an uncommon degree of spiritual purity, and in a peculiar manner the rigid disciples of Calvin. Indeed the apostle to whose mysterious doctrines they are peculiarly attached, has barely tolerated the giving obedience to that impulse, by which Nature has directed every animal to the propagation of its species.

“The instructive page of history, and the fatal warnings recorded in criminal courts, sufficiently evince what public mischief, what private conflict, what dark and atrocious crimes have proceeded from a mistaken notion of religion, inculcating a perpetual warfare with the duties of nature.

“The preservation of morals by debarring an union between persons whose frequent opportunities pave the way to debauchery; the preventing a perplexity in the degrees of kindred; perhaps also, the preserving a strong and healthy breed, have induced civilized nations to prohibit as incestuous commerce between persons nearly connected by *consanguinity*. It does not appear that the same reasons apply to the debarring such union to those who are connected by *affinity*. After the husband is dead, the wife surely is not guilty of adultery by entering into a second marriage; for *if the husband be dead, she is loosened from the law of her husband*. If so, I do not perceive how the connexion thus dissolved by death can imply against the survivor the crime of *incest*, any more than that of *adultery*.

“A more rigid Calvinism than what now prevails was established in the reign of William. The judicatories of the church possessed a jurisdiction. The slightest informalities between the sexes excited zealous abhorrence. To avoid the disgrace of the *repenting-school*, many a wretch dared a guilt which was to be expiated by the pain and ignominy of the *gallows*. The presbyterian clergy, in matters of scandal and witchcraft, arrogated to themselves the office of public prosecutors, of inquisitors general; and so late as the year 1720, the ministers, *in behalf of themselves and their kirk-sessions*, publicly exercised the office in our courts of justice.

Their busy zeal in hunting after young women whom they suspected of being with child, and after old women who lay under the imputation of witchcraft, was productive of the most dismal consequences. In the one case, their persecution was directed at unhappy women *who had obeyed the impulse of Nature*; in the other, at those who incurred the imputation of doing what *Nature rendered it impossible for them to do*. In both, the pains and the piety of the clergy were productive of the same issue—the driving miserable creatures to the gallows. And the recorded convictions before the Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh of *twenty-one women for child-murder*, and three men *pro venere nefanda cum brutis animalibus*, in the space of seven years (from 1700 to 1706), afford a melancholy proof that the insulted dictates of Nature, when checked in their regular course, will burst forth in a torrent that will sweep away every feeling of humanity, and every sentiment of virtue.”

The trials for witchcraft are numerous: among others, we find ten miserable women prosecuted by his Majesty's Advocate, convicted by a jury on their own confession, condemned by the judges, and burned by the executioner, *for having had carnal copulation with the Devil*.

The pleasure we have received from this spirited and sensible publication has already hurried us beyond our bounds: we cannot, however, omit one more quotation, with which he concludes.

“Locke had written upon government, Fletcher had been a patriot statesman, Bolingbroke had been a minister in the Augustan age of Queen Anne, ere this system of legal murder and torture was abolished. This was an honour which the tardy humanity of their countrymen reserved almost at the middle of the present century (1735); for Mr. CONDUIT, ALDERMAN HEATHCOTE, and Mr. CROSSE, brought in a bill into the House of Commons, which passed into a law, repealing the former statutes, as well Scots as English, against witchcraft. On the enactment of this statute vanished all those imaginary powers so absurdly attributed to women oppressed with age and poverty.

* * * * *

“These pages, concludes our author, while they state facts deeply interesting, they at the same time give a melancholy display of human nature. If they present with the *outrageous crimes of the prisoners*, they exhibit what is much more shocking—the *legal murders of the Court*. Let us enquire whence proceeded a system of penal law so repugnant to justice, humanity, and policy.

“The

"The want of science and of civil liberty is the fundamental source of those proceedings where tyranny and superstition, masked in the solemn garb of law and justice, stride horrible with all their ghastly train. On the want of science has been erected the monstrous fabric of superstition. The want of civil liberty has enabled tyrants to sport with the most sacred rights, the most tender feelings of mankind. The same want of science and of liberty which gave occasion to the

enactment of sanguinary laws, introduced carelessness into the forms of judicial proceedings, and injustice into the measure of legal evidence.

"Beyond all her other qualifications, then, let Science be revered as the antidote of superstition, the friend of liberty, and the true philosopher's stone, which in an arbitrary government transmits the iron rod of a tyrant into the golden sceptre of a king, the father of his people."

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

(Continued from Page 277.)

MR. Swinburne observes, that it is easy to discover many traces of ancient customs in the modes and habits of the modern Italians. "Attentive observation will make a person, familiar with the Classics, sensible of this resemblance every day he passes in the southern parts of Italy, especially if he has opportunities of studying the manners of the lower class of people, whose character has as yet received but a slight tinge from a mixture with foreigners. He will recognize the *præfixæ* of the ancients, in the appearance and actions of the old women that are hired in Calabria to howl at burials. The funeral behaviour and measure of grief in the Calabrese are regulated by the strictest etiquette. The virtues as well as vices of a deceased father of a family are recapitulated by the oldest person in company. The widow repeats his words, adds comments of her own, then roars out loudly, and plucks off handfuls of her hair, which she strews over the bier. Daughters tear locks, and beat their breasts, but remain silent. More distant relations repeat the oration coolly, and commit no outrage upon their persons. When the kinsman of a baron or rich citizen dies, a number of old women are hired to perform all these ceremonies for the family."

"At Naples," continues our author, "the forms are rather different. I was one day witness of the funeral of an old fisherman. The actions of his widow were so overstrained as to be truly ridiculous: she tore off her hair and clothes, and yelled in the most hideous manner, till her step-sons appeared to take possession of the goods; she then turned her fury upon them, and beat them out of the house. The priests now came for the body, and she opposed their entry for a decent length of time; but at last, suffering herself to be overpowered by numbers, flew to the windows with her daughters and her mother (who having outlived many relations, had scarce a hair left on her head) and there beat her breasts, scratch-

ed her cheeks, and threw whole handfuls of hair towards the bier with the frantic gestures of a demoniac. The procession was no sooner out of sight than all was quiet, and in five minutes I heard them laughing and dancing about the room, as if rejoicing to be rid of the old churl."

"The verse in Virgil,

"*Hinc altâ sub rupe canet frondator ad auras,*"
Ec. I.

naturally occurs, when, in our walks under the rocky cliffs of Posilipo, we see the peasant swinging from the top of a tree on a rope of twisted willows, trimming the poplar, and the luxurious tendrils of the vine, and hear him make the valley ring with his rustic ditty.

"A classic scholar cannot stroll under the groves of the plain without calling to mind Horace's

"*Durus*

"*Vindemiator & invictus, cui sæpe viator*
"*Cessisset, magnâ compellens voce cucullum,*"
SAT. 7.

if he attend to the vine dresser sitting among the boughs, lashing raw lads and bashful maidens, as they return from market, with the same gross wit and rough jokes that gave such zest of old to the farces of Atella.

"If an antiquary longs for a Roman dish, Sorrento will supply him with the paps of a sow dressed in the antique taste by the name of *Verrina*.

"To this day, the rigging of small vessels on the Neapolitan coast answers the description lest us of ancient sailing."

Our Author next visited Atripalda, and in his way back called at the convent of Monte Virgine. In Pagan times this mountain was sacred to the mother of the gods, but was in 1119 rescued from her patronage and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The concourse of votaries is prodigious on the 8th of September, the feast of the nativity of the patroness.

The rule of the Order allows neither fresh nor salt meat, eggs, milk, butter, nor cheese: "and surely," says our Traveller, "nobody will venture to bring up any of these prohibited viands, when he is informed of the catastrophe of 400 pilgrims burnt in their beds in 1611, because one of them had brought up a luncheon of cheese in his pocket."—*Risum tenetis?*

His next visit was to Trigento, a ruinous place, wretchedly built, and scantily provided with the necessaries of life. From thence he went to the *Moffetta*, supposed to be the same as the *Anjanèi Valles*, through which Virgil makes the fury *Alecto* descend to Hell. Ariano was his next stage, a poor place without trade or manufactures, having declined since the effects of an earthquake in 1456, though it still contains 14,000 inhabitants, and no less than twenty parishes and convents.

From Ariano, after passing over a very high champaign country, the road falls into a deep valley of considerable length, at the extremity of which the Puglian Plains and the Adriatic Sea are seen. Two small towns, Savignano and Greci, stand loftily on each side of the defile; and in the centre of the extensive Plains of Puglia, Foggia appears, a principal town of the province of *Capitanato*, though without walls, citadel, or gates.

Our Author next proceeded to Manfredonia, twenty miles through a flat pasture covered with asphodels, thistles, wild artichokes, and fennel-giant, of the last of which beehives and chair-bottoms are made; the leaves are given to asses, and the tender buds eaten by the peasants as a delicacy. As they approached the sea, the soil became more barren. A mile from the shore stood the city of Sipontum, supposed to have been founded by Diomed, of which scarce a vestige remains, except a part of its Gothic cathedral. On the top of the mountain that overhangs the Bay of Manfredonia, is situated the little town of St. Angiolo, where Mr. Swinburne visited the chapel of the Archangel Michael, and the crossed the plain to Lucera, which stands on a knoll detached from the Appennine, and commands a boundless view of sea and land. From thence, proceeding along the south side of the Ofanto, he visited the plain on which stood the city of Cannæ, famous for the signal victory obtained by Hannibal over the Romans, under the conduct of the Consuls *Æmilius Paulus* and *Terentius Varro*. Mr. Swinburne here takes occasion to vindicate Livy from the charge brought against him, of having misinterpreted a passage in Polybius, and, from the scene around him, to moralise on the instability of human grandeur. "My eyes," says he, "ranged at

large over the vast expanse of unvariegated plains. All was silent; not a man, not an animal, appeared to enliven the scene. We stood on ruins and over vaults; the banks of the river were desert and wild. My thoughts naturally assumed the tint of the dreary prospect, as I reflected on the fate of Rome and Carthage. Rome recovered from the blow she received in these fields; but her liberty, fame and trophies have long been levelled in the dust. Carthage lies in ruins less discernible than those of the paltry walls of Cannæ: the very traces of them have almost vanished from the face of the earth. The daring projects, marches and exploits of her Hero, even the victory obtained on this spot, would, like thousands of other human achievements, have been long ago buried in oblivion, had not his very enemies consigned him to immortality; for the annals of Carthage exist no more; one common ruin has swallowed all."

Next day the travellers hired a guide to conduct them to the ruins of Salapia. Their road for nine miles was over a fine down, which brought them to the edge of a long lake, near which are the ruins, consisting of a square fortification of earthen ramparts, with many divisions and fosses, resembling rather a camp than a town, as there is not a stone left near it, had not the tradition of the country and the coins found there, marked with the name of Salapia, determined the situation of that place.

Through a rich arable country, they rode to the mouth of the Ofanto, and crossing a bridge into the Terra de Bari, arrived at Barletta; the external appearance of which is ruinous, the walls tumbling down, and the ditches filled with rubbish: but the inside of the city is magnificently built, though thinly peopled. Frequent changes of masters, bad administration, and decay of commerce have blasted its prosperity. The streets are wide and well paved; the houses large and lofty, built with hewn stone, which, from age, has acquired a polish little inferior to that of marble. Some of these venerable mansions have the stones cut after the Tuscan manner, in angular shapes. The style of building fixes their date at the first emergence of the arts out of the chaos of barbarism, many of the houses still retaining pointed arches, short twisted columns, and other remains of Saracenic taste; while others are decorated with pillars, entablatures, and members characteristic of the ancient Grecian architecture.

"In the market-place stands a colossal bronze statue, seventeen feet three inches high, representing, as it is supposed, the emperor Heraclius, who began his reign in 610. He is standing dressed in a military habit,

habit, crowned with a diadem; a short cloak hanging from his left shoulder, across his breast, and thrown over his left arm, which holds a globe; his right is raised above his head, and grasps a small cross; the drawing is rude and incorrect, the attitude awkward.

“The citadel is spacious, and commands the port, which is at present a mere labyrinth, consisting of several irregular piers, where ships are moored; but without any shelter from the north wind, which sweeps the whole basin.”

On leaving Barletta, the Travellers went to the city of Trani, distant six miles, through an exceeding rough road, running partly along the rocks impending over the beach, and partly in narrow lanes, through vineyards, between dry stone walls. They spent their evening with the archbishop, a worthy conversable prelate: he told them he had taken great pains to introduce a taste for study and literature into his diocese, but without success; the Tranians being a merry race, *gente molto allegra*, but born with an unconquerable antipathy to application. It is a rule established by custom immemorial, to do no work in Trani after dinner; a blacksmith could not be prevailed on to shoe one of their horses in the evening. Vegetables are abundant here, and most exquisitely flavoured, and the wine sweet, strong and tawny.

The town is tolerably well built of stone, upon uneven ground; the harbour is encircled by the town, but the water is so shallow that the ships are obliged to come to an anchor two miles off, and take in their lading by lighters.

The cathedral is in a very mean taste, and the ornaments preposterous.

Under the walls of this city was fought, in 1502, a trial of skill between eleven Spaniards and as many Frenchmen, in support of the honour of their respective nations; the Venetians sat as umpires; the combatants fought till there remained only six Spanish and four French knights; the latter then alighted, and defended themselves behind their horses, as behind a rampart, till night put an end to the contest.

From Trani Mr. Swinburne continued his route through Besceglia and Giovenazzo to Bari, defended by double walls and an old castle. It is built on a rocky peninsula of a triangular form, about a mile in circumference. The streets are narrow, crooked, and dirty; the new rampart above the harbour is the only clean walk, and few are more pleasant, every turn presenting a different view of the sea and coast, stretching from the mountains of Garganus to the hills of Ofuni.

The towns that rise along this line, in various degrees of shade, produce a beautiful effect; nor can any thing be more picturesque than the fleets of fishing-boats steering to their respective harbours on the approach of night.

“I saw no monuments of antiquity,” says our author, “at Bari, except a military column, some inscriptions, and a lion of barbarous sculpture, placed in the great square, by the citizens in 1662, as an offering of thanks to the republic of Venice and its Doge, Peter Vescolo, who came with a powerful fleet, and obliged the Saracens to raise the siege of this city.”

From Bari Mr. Swinburne continued his tour alone, his companion returning to Naples. Passing through Mola di Bari and Monopoli, a dark disagreeable town, he came to the ruins of Gnatia, the last stage but one of Horace's journey to Brundisium, and now called Torre d'Agnazzo: little remains except part of the ramparts. Sixteen courses of large stones are still complete, and the thickness of the bulwark is exactly eight yards. After dinner he proceeded to Francavilla, where, by the prince's orders, he was received and treated with extraordinary respect. For the account of our traveller's reception and entertainment here, which is extremely laughable, we must refer our readers to the book itself, and accompany him through Oria, a city romantically situated on three hills in the centre of the plains, to Casalnuovo, thro' an open country, abounding with corn and cotton, prettily divided by rows of olive and almond trees. Casalnuovo contains about four thousand inhabitants, noted for nothing but their taste for dogs flesh. An animal of the canine species is not to be seen in the streets; “and woe be to the poor cur,” says our author, “that follows his master into this cannibal settlement! I could not prevail upon my conductor to own whether they had any flocks of puppies as of sheep, or took any pains, by castration or particular food, to fatten and sweeten the dainty before they brought it to the shambles. I have since procured some information on the subject, from impartial persons, and find that the people of this neighbourhood are looked upon by the rest of the kingdom as dog-eaters; and that it is certain that both at Lecce and Casalnuovo, many of the lower sort relish a slice of a well fed cur. At Bari and Francavilla, horse flesh is said to be publicly sold in the market, and the tail left on to shew the wretched purchasers what beast the meat belonged to. The wits among the populace nick-name these shamble horses *caprio ferrato*, i. e. a shod deer.

“On this side stood Manduria, the greatest curiosity

curiosity here is a well mentioned by Pliny*. In a field within the ancient inclosure, we descended several steps into a large circular cavern, lighted from above by a spacious aperture; the water comes from the north-west, and may be heard very distinctly under the rock; it issues out with force, and after running along a short channel, loses itself in a round basin by some subterraneous conduits.

“What excites the admiration of the neighbours, as it did that of their forefathers, is, that at no time the water either rises above or falls below a certain mark. If you throw in as much rubbish as will fill it half way up, this accession will have no effect upon the level; even should you heap up the dirt above the mark, the water will not rise, but remain totally hidden; clear away the mud to the bottom, you will come to a hard smooth floor, without any sign of a chasm for the water to run off by. As too much curiosity, if indulged in examining the construction of this well, might endanger the loss of the only supply of good drinking water in the township, all experiments and removals are strictly forbidden.”—Though we are not altogether satisfied with Mr. Swinburne’s solution of this phenomenon, we here submit it to the opinion of our readers. “The rock,” he says, “is of a very porous nature, and the water carried off by a quick filtration: as the stream is, no doubt, formed by the overflowings of some under-ground lake or river, coming from the vast reservoir in the bosom of the Appennines, and has other passages for its discharge, the well is probably filled with the back-water only, and therefore the dirt thrown in must of course prevent the water from entering the basin.”

From Francavilla our Traveller went to Taranto, which rises beyond the Mare Piccolo, or Little Sea. Mr. Swinburne here gives an account of a conversation with a shepherd, relative to the Tarentine sheep, and the opinion that no white ones would now live in those pastures; enlarges upon the subject, and recapitulates what we read of the flocks of the ancient Tarentines: he also gives a description of the testaceous fishes that furnished the ingredient for the celebrated purple dye, and of the methods used in extracting and preparing it: but as our limits will not permit us to insert either these or his historic relation of the foundation, rise, and decay of the ancient Tarentum, we must content ourselves with saying before our readers his account of the beds of Cuzzendro, or Mussels, the greatest and most constant supply of the mar-

ket. “Their spawn,” he says, “is dropt in the mud. About the twenty-first of March, little mussels begin to rise up, and cling to long stakes driven by the fishermen into the water under the city wall, and in the castle ditch. There they thrive and grow in still water, while the washings of the street supply them with rich and copious nutriment. In August they are as big as almonds, and are then drawn up with the poles, and sown on the opposite side of the Mare Piccolo, among the fresh-water springs.—About the middle of October they are again dragged up, separated, and scattered over a larger space. In spring, they are brought to market, long before they arrive at their full growth, owing to the avidity of the officers of the revenue, who receive a duty of four carlini acantaro for them, whether old or young.”

When a long continuance of heavy rains swells the little streams that discharge themselves into this gulph, the waters become muddy, and these fish are then observed to grow ditedpered, rotten, and unwholesome. The cause of this malady lies in the noxious fragments of animals, putrid vegetables, oily, bituminous, and sulphureous particles washed from the earth by the showers. They cut the tender fibres or fingers which the fish stretches out, mistaking them for wholesome food. The wounded parts fester, and poison the whole body. It is an observation made here, and confirmed by long experience, that all the testaceous tribe is fuller, fatter, and more delicate during the new and full moon, than in the first and last quarters. The difference is accounted for by the tides and currents setting in stronger in the new and full moon, and bringing with them larger quantities of fattening nurture. I was assured, that nothing causes fish to spoil sooner than leaving them exposed to the beams of the moon; and that all prudent fishermen, when out by night, cover what they catch with an awning. If they meet with any dead fish on the strand, or in the market, they can always tell by its colour and flabbiness, if it be *allunato*, or moon-struck; and except in cases of necessity, abstain from it as unwholesome. Not having an opportunity of verifying this assertion, I give it as doubtful; for I know the Italians are apt to attribute to the baneful influence of the moon, many strange effects, which philosophers of other nations do not ascribe to it. No Italian will lie down to sleep, where moon-shine can reach him.”

[To be continued.]

* Juxta oppidum Manduriam lacus ad margines plenus, neque exhaustis aquis minuitur, neque infusus aegretur.

The Antiquities of England and Wales, by Francis Grofe, Efq. F. A. S. Vol. V.
London, S. Hooper.

IN our Review for November laft, we took notice of the firft two volumes of this interesting and intruſtive publication. We then cheerfully beftowed that degree of praife and commendation on the work, which it fo juſtly merited, and at the ſame time expreſſed our hopes, that the continuation of it would give us no reaſon to change our opinion. The third and fourth volume, which were publiſhed ſome time ſince, and of which we have alſo given an account in a former Number, only tended to confirm our favourable impreſſions; and the volume now before us has fully convinced us, that our expectations were well founded. Little more therefore remains for us now to do, than to give our readers a general view of the contents of this volume, and ſome few extracts which appear moſt deſerving their notice.

This volume contains an account of the antiquities of the fix following Counties, illuſtrated by 90 plates, elegantly engraved, viz. Shropſhire 6.—Somereſethire 8.—Staffordſhire 4.—Suffolk 16.—Surrey 17.—and Suſſex 39.—together with a ſuperb Frontſpiece, by Sparrow, being a view of Roch Abbey, Yorkſhire. Among the few monuments of antiquity in Shropſhire, Ludlow Caſtle ſeems to be the chief. This caſtle, which was formerly the reſidence of the Lord Preſident of the Marches, and from its ſituation fit for a Royal Palace, is now, ſays our author, “in the very perfection of decay; at which the reader will not wonder, when he is informed, that the preſent inhabitants live upon the ſale of the materials. All the fine courts, the royal apartments, halls, and rooms of ſtate, lie open and abandoned, and ſome of them falling down; for ſince the courts of the Preſidents of the Marches are taken away, here is nothing that requires the attendance of public perſons; ſo that time, the great devourer of the works of men, begins to eat into the ſtone walls, and to ſpread the face of ruin upon the whole fabric.”

The following account is given of Farley Caſtle in Somereſethire.

“At what time this caſtle was erected, or who was the builder, is not certainly known; indeed, conſidering its importance, (at leaſt if one may judge from the extent of its ruins) it ſeems ſurpriſing ſo little ſhould be ſaid of its hiſtory.

“The firſt account of it is no farther back than the ſixteenth of Edward III. when Farley, or Farleigh, appears to have been the property of Bartholomew Lord Burgherſh, who then obtained a charter of free warren

for all his demeſne lands here. It was ſold by his grand-daughter, the ſole heir of his ſon Bartholomew; with other eſtates, to Robert Lord Hungerford; who, for his attachment to the Houſe of Lancaſter, was attainted by parliament, when Edward IV. was ſettled on the Throne. His lands being confiscated, this manor, with ſeveral others, was given to Richard Duke of Glouceſter, brother to the King, in whoſe poſſeſſion it continued till his acceſſion to the crown.

“Richard, among the many honours he beſtowed on John Lord Howard, Duke of Norfolk and Earl Marſhal of England, in conſideration of his faithful ſervices to the Houſe of York, granted him the Caſtle and Lordſhip of Farley, in ſpecial tail. It ſeems afterwards to have returned to the Hungerfords; but whether it was reſtored to them, or they re purchaſed it, does not appear. By Camden’s manner of expreſſing himſelf, it looks as if it did not belong to them when he wrote: his words are, “Farley, once a caſtle on a hill (but now pulled down) belonging not many years ſince to the Hungerfords;” and yet from the date of ſome monuments in the chapel, it appears to have been the burial-place of that family as late as the year 1613. It was afterwards the property of the Earl of Huntingdon, and has ſince been purchaſed by ———Frampton, Eſq. the preſent proprietor.

“An old woman who ſhews the ruins ſays, that her grandfather was game-keeper to the laſt of the Hungerfords that poſſeſſed this caſtle, who ſold 28 manors, and lived to be 115 years of age; but that owing to his great extravagance, the laſt 30 years of his life he was reduced to ſubſiſt on charity.

“The chapel of this caſtle conſiſts of a ſingle aiſle, having a receſs or ſmall chantry on its north ſide, the ceiling of which is ornamented with (what was once) a fine painting of the reſurrection, in many parts now deſtroyed; but though expoſed to the injuries of air and weather, the roof being decayed and gone, the remaining part is remarkably freſh. In a border next this ceiling are repreſented ſeveral ſaints.

“This chapel was (as has been before obſerved) the burial-place of the Hungerfords; though many other perſons were probably interred here, as a great number of human bones are placed up in one corner of the building, and through every aperture of broken pavement more appear.

“Here are four monuments of the family in the receſs, which is paved with black and white

white marble; one very elegant, representing a man and his wife, carved in white marble, recumbent on a black marble slab.

"Among many *memorandums* of the Hungerfords, the following has rather a pretty turn, particularly in the four last lines. It is engraved on brass.

If birth or worth might add to rareness life,
Or teares in man revive a vertuous wife,
Looke in this cabinet, bereav'd of breath,
Here lies the pearle inclos'd; she which by
death,

Sterne death subdu'd, slighting vain worldly
vice,

Achiuing Heav'n with thoughts of Paradise.
She was her sexes wonder, great in blood;
But what is far more rare, both great and
good.

Shee was with all celestiall virtues storde,
The Life of Shaa, and Soul of Hungerforde."

AN EPITAPH

Written in memory of the late right
Noble and most truly virtuous

Mrs. Mary Shaa,

Daughter to the Right Hon. Walter Lord
Hungerford, sifter and Heyre General to the
Right Noble Sir E. Hungerford, Knt. deceased,
And wife unto Thomas Shaa, Esq. leaving
Behind, Robert Shaa her only sonne.

She departed this life in the faith
Of Christ, the last day September,
Anno Domini 1613.

"In a vault beneath this chapel, to which the descent is from without, are several leaden coffins, (six I think) exactly resembling those enclosing Egyptian Mummies, having the representation of an human face raised on them, a swelling about the shoulders gradually tapering to the feet. Upon the upper lids of two of them, are placed similar small coffins, containing the bodies of children; they are kept from the ground, being laid on pieces of stone, squared like large beams. Here is likewise an urn, containing the bowels of some person who was embalmed.

"Near the entrance into the chapel, stands a chest of old armour, formerly belonging to the Hungerfords, and brought from the castle; on opening of which were found three original letters, written by Oliver Cromwell. Two of them, it is said, were lent to a gentleman, who never returned them. The third is preserved in a frame, by the woman who shews the monuments.

"Although this letter really contains nothing interesting, yet from a writer of Oliver's rank, even trifles become important; a copy of it is therefore here under given.

"Sir, I am very sorryd my occasions will not permit mee to return to you as I would. I

have not yett fully spoken with the gentleman I send to wait upon you; when I shall doe itt, I shall be enabled to be more particular, being unwilling to detain your servant any longer. With my service to your Lady and Family, I take leave and rest your affectionate servant,
July 30th, 1652. O. CROMWELL.

"For my honnerd frind Mr. Hungerford the elder at his house.--These.--"

Our author's account of the celebrated Abbey of Glastonbury in this County, his relation of the execution of Richard Whyting the last Abbot, and his description of the Abbot's Kitchen there, are well worthy of notice, but are too long to be inserted here; we must therefore refer to the book itself, and proceed.

Among the ruins of time in Staffordshire, is Carefwall, or Caverfwall Castle, which, after passing through many families, at length came into that of Hastings, Earls of Huntingdon, in whose possession it still remains. "The castle in the beginning of the last century," says Mr. Grose, "was in reasonable good repair; but was suffered to run to decay (if not ruined on purpose) by the farmer of the lands about it, lest his Lord should be at any time in the mind to live there, and take the demesne from him.

"In the church is a monument for William de Carefwall, the builder of the castle, with this inscription about it:

"Willelmus de Carefwellis," at the head.

And then about it this distich:

"Castri structor eram, dominus fossisq;
cemento,
"Vivis dans operam, nunc claudor in hoc
monumento."

In English thus:

"I built this castle, with its ramparts round,
"For the use of the living, who am under
ground."

"Erdswick says, that the following lines were since written under this monument:

"William of Carefwell, here lie I,
"That built this castle, and pooles hereby.
"William of Carefwell, here thou mayest
lie:
"But thy castle is down, and thy pooles are
dry."

"The first part was an imperfect translation of his epitaph; the second, a sort of jeering answer, occasioned by the state of the castle, written perhaps to excite the owner to an enquiry into the misbehaviour of his tenant Brown before-mentioned.

Suffolk contains many curious remains of ancient feudal as well as monastic magnificence!

ence: among these, Framlingham Castle and the Abbey of Bury St. Edmund's are well worth notice. Of each of these, our author has given us two views; he has however omitted one view of the latter, superior, in our opinion, to either of those he has inserted, viz. that of the Abbey-gate, on the Angel-hill, at Bury, which is in high preservation, and which we are surprised escaped the notice of so attentive an observer and so able a judge.

Surrey also abounds in venerable monuments. The archiepiscopal palaces at Lambeth and Croydon, and that belonging to the see of Winchester at Farnham in this county, have afforded Mr. Grose opportunities of displaying his abilities: the following account of *Mother Ludlam's Hole*, near the latter place, is, we think, deserving our readers notice.

"This Grotto," says our author, "although not strictly that kind of object which comes within the plan of this work, is here inserted in compliance with the request of several of its admirers. Indeed it merits attention not only as a solemn and picturesque scene, and a striking instance of ancient industry, but it is also respectable, as having served for the retirement of the great Sir William Temple, to whom the park and adjoining feat formerly belonged; and who so much esteemed this spot, that in obedience to his last will, his heart, inclosed in a silver box, was buried under a funeral in the garden.

"Mother Ludlam's Hole lies half way down the west side of a sand-hill, covered with wood, towards the southernmost end of Moor Park, and is three miles south of Farnham, and about a quarter of a mile north-east of the ruins of Waverley Abbey, which were, when standing, visible from it. Moor-Park, though small, affords several scenes most beautifully wild and romantic.

"The excavation at the entrance is about eight feet high and fourteen or fifteen broad, but decreases in height and breadth till it becomes so low as to be passable only by a person crawling on his hands and knees: farther on it is said to heighten. Its depth is undoubtedly considerable, but much exaggerated by the fabulous reports of the common people. It does not go straight forward, but at some distance from the mouth turns towards the left hand or north.

"The bottom is paved, and the widest part separated by a marble frame, with a passage for a small stream of clear water, which rising within, is conducted by a marble trough through the center of the pavement, into a circular basin of the same materials, having

an iron ladle chained to it, for the convenience of drinking. From hence it is carried out by other troughs to the declivity of the hill, where, falling down seven steps, it is collected in a small reservoir. Four stone-benches, placed two on each side, seem to invite the visitor to that meditation for which this place is so admirably calculated. The gloomy and uncertain depth of the receding grotto, the gentle murmurs of the rill, and the beauty of the prospect seen through the dark arched entrance, shagged with weeds and the roots of trees, all conspire to excite solemn contemplation, and to fill the soul with a rapturous admiration of the works of the Great Creator.

"This place derives its name from a popular story, which makes it formerly the residence of a *subite* witch, called Mother Ludlam or Ludlow; not one of those malevolent beings mentioned in the *Dæmonologia*, a repetition of whose pranks, as chronicled by Glanville, Baxter, and Cotton Mather, erects the hair, and closes the circle of the listening rustics round the village fire. This old lady neither killed hogs, rode on broom-staves, nor made children vomit nails and crooked pins; crimes for which many an old woman has been sentenced to death by Judges, who, however they may be vilified in this *sceptical* age, thereby certainly cleared themselves from the imputation of being either *wizards* or *conjurers*.

"On the contrary, Mother Ludlam, instead of injuring, when properly invoked, kindly assisted her poor neighbours in their necessities, by lending them such culinary utensils and household furniture as they wanted for particular occasions.

"The business was thus transacted: the petitioner went to the cave at midnight, turned three times round, and thrice repeated aloud, "Pray, good Mother Ludlam, lend me such a thing (naming the utensil), and I will return it in two days." He, or she, then retired, and coming again early the next morning, found at the entrance the requested moveable. This intercourse continued a long time, till once, a person not returning a large cauldron at the stipulated time, Madam Ludlam was so irritated at this want of punctuality, that she refused to take it back, when afterwards left in the cavern; and from that time to this, has not accommodated any one with the most trifling loan. The story adds, that the Cauldron was carried to Waverley Abbey, and after the dissolution of that Monastery deposited in Frensham church.

"In fact, a monstrous cauldron was kept in the vestry of that church, according to Sal-

mon, who seems to hint, that some such ridiculous story was told concerning it as that above recited." "The great cauldron," says he, "which lay in the vestry beyond the memory of man, was no more brought thither from Waverley, than, as report goes, by the Fairies. It need not raise any man's wonder for what use it was, there having been many in England, till very lately, to be seen, as well as very large spits, which were given for entertainment of the parish, at the wedding of poor maids; so was, in some places, a sum of money charged upon lands for them, and a house for them to dwell in for a year after marriage. If these utensils of hospitality, which drew the neighbourhood to contribute upon so laudable an occasion, had committed treason, as the property of a convent, they had not been too heavy to be carried off.

"It appears from the annals of Waverley, that this cavern was digged in order to collect the several adjacent springs of water, for the use of the monastery. In the year 1216 (says the annalist) not without the great admiration of many, the spring of our Lavatory, called Ludwell, was almost totally empty and dried up. This spring had during the course of many years, copiously supplied the different offices of our Abbey with water; its failure therefore caused a great inconvenience. A

certain monk of this house, named Brother Symon, reflecting on this misfortune, took it seriously into consideration by what contrivance it might soonest and most conveniently be rectified; and after much thought, he formed a plan, which though difficult he set about with great industry: it was to search for new springs of running water. This being done, they were, not without much labour, collected together; he by his industry causing them all to descend to one place, by means of a certain subterraneous duct, and then to form, as is apparent to the beholders, not by nature but by art, a perpetual running spring, which should never cease, to serve the afore-mentioned offices of the Abbey with large quantities of water. This was called St. Mary's Spring."

Suffex is a most fruitful soil for the antiquarian; it has accordingly furnished our author with no less than thirty-nine views, and their concomitant explanations. Of these Arundel Castle, Battle Abbey, Hastings, and Herstmonceaux Castles, Lewes Priory, and Mayfield Place, are the most capital; but our limits will not permit any thing more than this general mention of them; we shall therefore here take our leave of this amusing publication, which has afforded us great satisfaction, till the appearance of the sixth volume.

Supplement to our former Account of Letters of Literature. By Robert Heron, Esq.

AS we said in our Review for August last, it is not Mr. Heron's best abilities which claim one-third of the attention we have bestowed upon his dogmatical decisions. The frivolous taste of the day delights in paradoxical novelties in history, philosophy, poetical criticism, in every thing. The present taste for poetry is indeed bad enough, as bad perhaps as Mr. Heron calls it; but that is no reason why it should be rendered ten times worse by his unjust and absurd criticisms, the direct tendency of all which is to cultivate frivolousness into the most wild and dogmatic caprice, and to teach our youth to despise in one author the very same conduct and manner they are to admire in another.

In our former Numbers the reader has seen ample specimens of Mr. Heron's stile. He says, that he is a poor author indeed who cannot vary his stile an hundred different ways. But we will venture to defy Mr. Heron to vary his stile so as to conceal the wretched pedant, and to assume the simple and easy dignity of the real gentleman and modest writer.

Sheffield Duke of Buckingham, in an epistle to Pope, has these contemptible lines:

One moral or a mere good-natur'd deed
Does all desert in sciences exceed.

The greatest rascal that ever existed has at times been capable of a mere good-natur'd deed; but what is *desert* in science but the most moral of all the endeavours of men? Whether is the thief that will give a cup of wine to a brother-thief wounded by a shot from a carriage he had attacked, or a Newton or a Locke blessing mankind with their *deserts* in sciences, the greatest friend to mankind? Mr. Heron, in one of his fits of praising, says, it was Homer who gained the great victories of the Greeks, that is, by his forming and raising the minds of his countrymen; yet the false and involved sentiment of Sheffield had its hour of triumph in Mr. Heron's brain, who thus makes it his own. "There is (says he, Letter XIII.) certainly more genuine merit in doing one good action, than in writing an Iliad." Now, in direct contradiction to the above wonders done by Homer, according to this school-boy cant and pedantry, doing a good action and writing the Iliad are quite different things; and as to their comparability, taking them with Mr. Heron as utterly apart, that puts us in mind of an old story of a honest ostler, who was asked by a gentleman, no farther being near, if he could shoe a horse. "Ay, please your honour, says the fellow, I wish I had as many

money as I can shoe a horse." Now, when Mr. Heron can calculate how much money the ostler wished for, it may be hoped he will explain the above wonderful sentence of his; for at present it appears to our common apprehensions as full-brother, in wisdom and depth of observation, to the following sage remark: That "there is more genuine merit in a good jump than in the best Cremona fiddle."

Many are the other instances of our author's want of precision in style; but these have appeared, and will appear, in our citations. We shall now hasten to a cursory view of some of the most prominent features of his other absurdities. In Letter IV. he says, he is possessed of a copy of the *Pleasures of Imagination*, with corrections in Dr. Akenfide's own hand. Of this treasure he gives about eleven pages of extracts; a few of which we shall lay before our reader:

"Book I. verse 364. for
 ————*the generous glebe*
Whose bosom smiles with verdure,
 read
 ————*the glow of flowers*
 Which gild the verdant pasture.

Verse 570, for
Of all heroic deeds and fair desires—
 read
 Of generous counsels, of heroic deeds—

Book II. verse 223, for
A purple cloud came floating thro' the sky,
 read
 Came floating thro' the sky a purple cloud.

Book III. verse 72, for
I sing of Nature's charms, and touch well
pleas'd,
 read
 I sing of good and fair, touching well pleas'd."

Many are the less material alterations; as for *lovely*, read *pleasing*; for *gracious*, read *righteous*; for *that*, read *which*; and not one of all which alterations have more merit than the above. And it is indeed curious to see with what satisfaction Mr. Heron, like a true son of dulness, spreads these poor and pitiful alterations as a valuable treasure before the public. Of all the modes of poetry, that of sentimental inflated blank verse, such as Akenfide's, admits the easiest of endless variation. Not one of those ascribed to the Doctor require one ray of genius to make; and according to the spirit they are in, the *Pleasures of Imagination* may be jumbled about hundreds and hundreds of ways; and after all such pains, like the labour of a

child's hobby-horse, a great deal of jumbling backward and forward, yet not one inch os ground gained. In a word, Mr. Heron has only proved, that Dr. Akenfide was certainly in his dotage before he died.

In Letter XIV. Mr. Heron asserts, that it is all a mistake that real poets have been poor. "Modern times, he says, afford no real poets who were poor, except Spenser and Tasso;" and of the first, he says, "we have no proof." So Spenser's own numerous and bitter complaints of disappointment and dependence are no proofs at all; and thus Otway, and Butler, and Thomson (who lived in poverty till his last two years), and Collins, were not *real* poets; in which class we must suppose Mr. Heron also places Camoens and Cervantes, who were both notoriously poor: and indeed we shrewdly suspect that Mr. Heron's only and most *real* claim to genius lies in his pocket.

Three long Letters of remarks on Mr. Steevens's edition of Shakspeare, 1778, help to fill up Mr. Heron's volume; but without that edition on the table before him, the reader will find these Letters almost totally unintelligible. The foul-mouthed pedant, however, appears sufficiently. The respectable name of Mr. Steevens he treats, as naughty boys often do their betters, with a contempt most truly applicable to himself. Who could think that Mr. Heron, who abounds in

All such reading as was never read,
 should have the front to apply that line to Mr. Steevens, and thus to insult him: "See what it is to be on the watch to shew a little musty reading and *unknown* knowledge." Yet just in the page before, Mr. Heron thus upbraids Mr. Steevens: he "would not have asserted so positively that the surname of Hrolf, king of Denmark, signifies a *boy*, had he read that rare book *Historia Hrolfi Krattii, per Thormodum Torfaenum, Hafniae, 1715. 12mo.*" And what would Mr. Steevens have learned from Torfaenus? Why, nothing but that Torfaenus "leaves us in uncertainty, says Mr. Heron, and tells us that Saxo interprets it a *trunk of a tree*; Magnus Olafseus, a *dagger*; and Stephanus, a *crow*." Bravo, Mr. Heron; but were Mr. Steevens a mere pedant in musty reading, which in truth he is not, your spite could only recal to our mind what the poet said to the *kettle* in the old proverb. Besides, it is the *duty* of a commentator on Shakspeare to be acquainted with musty reading; but you make a great parade of it, without any such apology. Indeed Mr. Heron seems so absorbed in it, that he seems to have had no leisure for Aristotle and other elegant moderns, otherwise he must have seen Tasso's many servile imitations, but of which he seems to have known nothing. And who was

on the watch for the purpose of shewing musty reading, when Mr. Heron derived Tasso's *Clorinda* from the unread Ethiopic History of Heliodorus, and wholly forgot Virgil's *Camilla*, and all the female warriors of Ariosto and the other Italian poets? "In the name of Scriblerus, good Mr. Steevens, pray give us your notes on Virgil to publish an edition *cum notis variorum*, i. e. *stultorum*. Among them will shine your remark on *Venus and Dea*." What school-boy insulence! But if Mr. Steevens does publish a *Virgil cum notis stultorum*, it is recommended to him by no means to neglect the ample fund pointed out in the course of these remarks, with which Mr. Heron has very kindly furnished him.

As we have not Mr. Steevens's Shakspeare at hand, and cannot without it rightly comprehend Mr. Heron's remarks, we shall hasten to a conclusion by giving a specimen of that gentleman's wonderful improvement he means to introduce into the English language. He is for turning it upside down at a fine rate. But take a view, good reader, how he would ennoble and melodeize it. Shaké and spoké are more melodious, he says, than shake and spoke; but as all our fair readers may not attend to the accented é, we shall turn it into y, that so charming an improvement may be lost by none, in pronouncing the following extract, in which not another letter is altered. Mr. Heron (Letter XXXIV.) thus introduces it: "I shall beg leave to subjoin a paper of the Spectator in the improved language which I would propose." It is the Vision of Mirza he gives, of which the following will be enough for a specimen:

"He then led me to the hieft pinnacle of the roco, ando placing me on the topo of ito: Cast thina eyea eastwardo, said he, ando tell me wha thou seezt. I see, said I, a hugy valley, ando a prodigiouz tidy of watero rolling thro ito. The valley tha thou seezt, said he, iz the valley of misery; ando the tidy of watero tha thou seezt iz parto of the great tidy of eternity. Wha iz the reason, said I, tha the tidy I see riseth ou of a thic misto ato ony endo; ando again lozeth it self in a thic misto ato the other? Wha thou seezt, said he, iz tha portion of eternity whico iz callen timy, measuren ou by the sun, ando reacing fro the beginning of the worldo to the consumation of ito. Examiny now, said he, this sea tha is thuf bounden with darkny ato botha enda, ando tell me wha thou discoverzt in ito. I see a bridgy, said I, standing in the mido of the tidy. The bridgy thou seezt, said he, iz human lify; consider ito attentively. Upo a mory leifureli survey of ito, I found tha ito consistid of threekora ando tena entira archea,

with several broken archea, whica, adden to thosy tha wery entira, mady up the numbero abou an hundred. Az I waz count'ng thea archea, the genius told me tha this bridgy consistid ato first of a thouzand archea, buto tha a great flood sweeped away the resto, ando left the bridgy in the ruicouz condition I now beheld ito. Buro tell me further, said he, wha thou discoverzt on ito? I see multitudea of peopel pasing ovy ito, said I, ando a blac cloud hanging on eaco endo of ito. As I looked mory attentively, I saw feveral of the pasengera dropping thro the bridgy into the great tidy tha flowid underneath ito; ando upo further examination, perceived they wery innumerablea trapogora tha lay concealid in the bridgy, whica thea pasengera no sooner trod upo buto they fell thro them into the tidy, ando immediately disappeared. Thesy hidden pito-falla wery fet very thica ato the entranco of the bridgy, so tha thronga of peopel no sooner broky thro the clouda buto man of them fell into them. Thei grew thinnera towardo the middel; buto multiplid, and lay clofiera togethero towardo the endo of thea archea tha wery entira."

The laughable absurdity of the above requires no comment, though we cannot avoid saying, that it puts us in mind of the common jest on Irish and Scotch masters coming to teach the English to pronounce their own language. These good people may now go home again, for children, and negroes fresh from the West-Indies, will be best qualified to teach the new tongue. A friend long resident in the West-Indies, on seeing this improved language at a coffee-house, along with the writer of this, burst into a laughter, and exclaimed, "Why, this is the very talk of our negro slaves;"—and as a proof, gave the following dying speech of a poor fellow who was hanged for conuting his master: "Youa tella poory negro-man no doa whata maffa bidda; anda whata missa bidda, thena be flogga. I doa whata missa bidda, and now you hanga poory negro manna." But though Mr. Heron has not the smallest claim to the *invention* of this improvement of our language, he has great merit in introducing it to the learned. But there is one thing he seems to have totally forgot; that is, however dignified and melodious it renders our prose, what will become of our poetry under it? Surely we may pronounce, that not one of our common measures will suit it, nor exist under it. And as we have received certain information since our last Number appeared, that Mr. Heron and Mr. Pinkerton are inseparable, we would beg Mr. Heron to prevail upon Mr. Pinkerton to give us some poems in this same improved English.

glish. No hand can possibly be so proper or able. And as new metrical feet must be found for it, to introduce such will be an infinite better claim to invention than Mr. Pinkerton's giving new names to divisions of wretched Odes, as we mentioned in our last *, before we knew that Mr. Heron and Mr. Pinkerton had the smallest acquaintance. Similarity of their sentiments recalled Mr. Pinkerton to our minds; and we find we hit more than we aimed at. Nor can we now close, without remembrance of the doctrine of some antient philosophers, who held that every man had two souls; by which they accounted for a man's not always agreeing with himself. And certainly this doctrine is now verified. For example, Soul-Pinkerton in the preface to his Rimes, puffs his own work in the very strongest terms and most nauseous manner, and abuses every one as a dunce and an ass who dared to hint a dislike to them. Now, Soul-Heron execrates as the vilest vermin those poor devils of authors who puff their own works in news-papers; but he says not one word of prefaces, though every coffee-house waiter would cry *Puff!* were he to see Soul-Pinkerton's preface in a news-paper. Again, Soul-Pinkerton threatens the critics

with a new *Assiad*, in which he will let them know that the spirits of Boileau and Pope are not yet laid. Now, we find Soul-Heron also threatens; but Soul-Heron will not surely call the spirit of Boileau to his aid, for he has (Letter XXXIII.) thus characterised him: "Boileau, a writer of the meanest talents, whose genius was imitation, and whose taste was envy," &c. and has every where mentioned him with contempt. Now, when Soul-Pinkerton and Soul-Heron unite to give us their *Assiad*, we can have no doubt but that the spirit of Boileau, but only as above described, will most certainly be the only inspiring muse of the brat, whose birth has been foretold with so much gaconade.

We now take our leave of Mr. Heron, presuming to give him one advice: That if he cannot get cured of the *cacoethes scribendi*, he would confine himself to translations from Georgius Gentius's translations from the Per of *Muhammad Saadi*, and to works of that kind his six-and-twenty pages of Apologues, thro' the above medium being the only valuable part of his Letters on Literature, the only pages in which he appears without disgusting, and without absurdity.

The Task: a Poem. In Six Books. By William Cowper, of the Inner Temple, Esq. To which are added, by the same Author, An Epistle to Joseph Hill, Esq. Tirocinium, or a Review of Schools, and the History of John Gilpin. London. J. Johnson. 1785.

AN advertisement prefixed to this Poem informs us, that a lady, an admirer of blank verse, requested the author to write a poem of that kind, and gave him the *SOFA* for a subject. He obeyed, and having much leisure, connected another subject with it; and pursuing the train of thought to which his situation and turn of mind led, brought forth at length, instead of a trifle, which he at first intended, a serious affair—a volume.

This Poem is divided into Six Books, the first of which bears the name of *The SOFA*; though after the first 150 lines we hear no more of it through the whole poem, till nearly the conclusion of the Sixth Book. The author begins with an humorous historical deduction of seats, from the three-legged stool on which

— — — "immortal Alfred sat,
And sway'd the sceptre of his infant realms,"
thro' the various gradations of convenience in plain and elbow chairs to the luxury of the accomplished *Sofa*. He now digresses, and gives an account of his rambles when a school-boy, and expresses the satisfaction he still receives from a walk in the country.

The mole hills which he meets with in his perambulations suggest to him the following simile, which for the novelty of the thought deserves notice:

"We feel at ev'ry step
Our foot half sunk in billock green and soft,
Rais'd by the mole, the miner of the soil.
He, not unlike the great ones of mankind,
Disfigures earth, and plotting in the dark
Toils much to earn a monumental pile,
That may record the mischiefs he has done."

He next describes the objects which present themselves to his view in lively but not glaring colours; points out the necessity and benefits of exercise; shews that the works of Nature are superior to, and in some instances inimitable by, art; gives a faithful tho' disgusting account of the what is commonly called a life of pleasure, and the weariness which attends it; recommends a change of scene; and in describing a common, introduces this striking picture of one of those unhappy lone-lorn wanderers who roam about the country:

"There often wanders one, whom better
days

* For ample specimens of Mr. Pinkerton's poetry, see our Magazine for July 1782.

Saw better clad, in cloak of fatten trimm'd
With lace, and hat with splendid ribband
bound.

A serving-maid was she, and fell in love
With one who left her, went to sea and died.
Her fancy follow'd him thro' foaming waves
To distant shores, and she would sit and weep
At what a sailor suffers: Fancy too,
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
Would oft anticipate his glad return,
And dream of transports she was not to
know.

She heard the doleful tidings of his death,
And never smil'd again. And now she
roams

The dreary waste; there spends the live-long
day;

And there, unless when charity forbids,
The live-long night. A tatter'd apron hides,
Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides a gown
More tatter'd still; and both but ill conceal
A bosom heav'd with never-ceasing sighs.

She begs an idle pin of all she meets,
And hoards them on her sleeve; but needful
food,

Tho' press'd with hunger oft, or comelier
cloaths,

Tho' pinch'd with cold, asks never.—"Kate
is craz'd.

His Gypsies is a more finished piece.

"I see a column of slow-rising smoke
O'ertop the lofty wood that skirts the wild.
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
Their miserable meal. A kettle slung
Between two poles upon a sick transverse
Receives the morsel, flesh obscene of dog
Or vermin; or at best, of cock purloin'd
From his accustomed perch. Hard-faring race!
They pick their fuel out of ev'ry hedge,
Which kindled with dry leaves, just saves un-
quench'd

The spark of life. The sportive wind blows
wide

Their flutt'ring rags, and shews a tawny skin,
The *vellum* of the *pedigree* they claim.
Great skill have they in palmistry, and more
To conjure clean away the gold they touch,
Conveying worthless dross into its place.
Loud when they beg, dumb only when they
steal.

Strange! that a creature rational and cast
In human mould, should brutalize by choice
His nature; and tho' capable of arts
By which the world might profit and himself,
Self-banish'd from society, prefer
Such squalid sloth to honourable toil.
Yet even these, tho' feigning sickness oft
They twathe the forehead, drag the limping
limb,

And vex their flesh with artificial sores,
Can change their whine into a mirthful note
When safe occasion offers, and with dance

And music of the bladder and the bag,
Beguile their woes and make the woods re-
found."

The author here takes occasion to enume-
rate the blessings of civilized life, at the same
time productive of happiness and virtue.
This leads him to compassionate the inhabi-
tants of the islands of the South Sea, particularly
Omai, whom he thus addresses:

"Rude as thou art (for we return'd thee rude
And ignorant, except of outward shew),
I cannot think thee yet so dull of heart
And spiritless, as never to regret
Sweets tasted here, and left as soon as known.
Methinks I see thee straying on the beach,
And asking of her forlorn and abject state,
If ever it has wash'd our distant shore.
I see thee weep, and thine are honest tears,
A patriot's for his Country. Thou art sad
At thought of her forlorn and abject state,
From which no power of thine can raise her
up.

Thus Fancy paints thee, and tho' apt to err,
Perhaps errs little, when she paints thee thus.
She tells me too, that daly ev'ry morn
Thou climb'st the mountain top, with eager eye
Exploring far and wide the wat'ry waste
For sight of ship from England. Ev'ry speck
Seen in the dim horizon turns thee pale
With conflict of contending hopes and fears;
But comes at last the dull and dusky eve,
And sends thee to thy cabin well prepar'd
To dream all night of what the day denied.
Alas! expect it not. We found no bait
To tempt us in thy country. Doing good,
Disinterested good, is not our trade.
We travel far, 'tis true, but not for nought;
And must be brib'd to compass earth again
By other hopes and richer fruits than yours."

Our author, though he supposes civilized
life propitious to virtue, by no means thinks
great cities the proper soil for it to flourish in.
After bestowing a due degree of praise on
London, he censures its vices, and concludes
the first book with condemning the severity
exercised against petty robbers, whilst

—————"he that puts
Into his overgor'd and bloated purse
The wealth of Indian provinces escapes."

This outline of the first Book, and the
specimens here given, may serve to shew that
our author, tho' he be sometimes *in par sibi*,
upon the whole is possessed of more original-
ity of thought, more genuine satire and solid
argument, than falls to the share of most of
our modern Juvenals: a kind of gloom,
however, pervades the whole work, tho'
sometimes a gleam of sunshine breaks thro'
when it is least expected. His colouring
partakes more of the *sombre* stile of Young's
Night Thoughts, than the lively tints of Na-
ture's

ture's favourite son. The work abounds with religious and moral reflections; but the author seems to see the vices of the age, numerous and great as they are, thro' a very magnifying medium. He has fallen into the error (for such we must think it) of all his predecessors who have lashed the vices of mankind, that of considering the age they respectively lived in as more iniquitous than all that preceded it. We cannot agree with

our author on this subject, tho' supported by the opinion of Horace, that

*Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiore.*

But as we intend to continue our account of this publication in a future Number, we shall for the present quit the *task*.

Eleonora: from the Sorrows of Werter. A Tale. 2 Vols. 12mo. Robinson, 1785.

THIS is a catch-penny title: this work is from *The Sorrows of Werter*, in the same manner as the late Dr. Kenrick's comedy, *Falstaff's Wedding*, was from Shakspeare; that is, has not the least affinity but in name. In our Review for February last we expressed our ideas of the pernicious and very immoral tendency of that otherwise ingenious work, and, induced by the name of *Werter*, we supposed that the novel now before us was another attempt to bestow on a scoundrel capable of the blackest actions, every noble and endearing sentiment, and every virtue. But we were deceived: the present work, consisting of letters from Eleonora to Maria, is evidently the production of some well-meaning young female; but whether milliner's apprentice, boarding-school-miss, or a right hon. lady in her teens, we will not pretend to decide. In morality it is well intended; yet in execution it is mostly the very syllabub of girlish *chit-chat*; but it would be cruel to be too severe, after the modesty of its unassuming preface. The first volume contains, literally, nothing. The first half of the second consists of a very pretty little novel, and bating the style of the Fairy Tales, where all lovers are most perfectly engaging and beautiful, it has much more merit and interest than is usually to be found in Circulating Library Romances. But a wretched plagiarism which soon follows it, leads us to suspect that this episode is borrowed from some French novel: if we are wrong, our commendation of it will plead our excuse with the fair authoresses.

Werter, throughout these volumes, appears a most silly, insignificant, blubbery, over-grown school-boy. It seems beyond the power of the authoress to give him any character farther than fine epithets will convey. He is mighty sentimental, mighty dull, and the very *thing* whose *small-talk* would captivate all the good little misses at a boarding-school. How prettily could he read to them, as he reads to *Eleonora*, a very silly but very close plagiarism from the popular ballad of Auld Robin Gray. (For remarks on which see our Review for August, 1784.) Ellen, it seems,

had been in a sentimental melancholy fit, when Werter paid one of his visits. "He found me in tears," says she, "and anxiously enquired the cause:—Your tears distressed me; and could I help wishing to know the cause? I cannot tell you, cried I, sobbing—indeed, I cannot tell you; but have the goodness to leave me—I am not well, or perhaps I am capricious, and ———. I will not go, Ellen, he replied, I must stay with you: let us read—I have brought with me a little French pamphlet, and I want your opinion of it: but it may affect you—shall I keep it till to-morrow? No, read it, read it; said I; I am just in the humour to listen to a piece of that kind. I took my work and began. The story was pathetic, and described with all that elegant simplicity which the French know so well how to render interesting."

Then follows the story: "Claude and Isabelle were tenderly attached to each other; they were poor, and agreed to wait patiently till industry and œconomy allowed them to marry." Claude here is *Jamie*, and Isabelle *Jenny*, and a rich Guillaume is *Auld Robin Gray*, and Isabelle's parents are exactly circumstanced like those of Jenny, and favour Guillaume. But there are some variations, which, perhaps, some readers would call improvements. Guillaume has his rival, Claude, pressed and sent to sea; and Isabelle's parents are sent to prison for debt, where Guillaume maintains them; and Isabelle, like Jenny, out of exalted filial piety, breaks her vows to poor Claude, and marries rich Guillaume: then Isabelle shuts herself up in her house, and would never go out but when she went to church. "At those times she would always walk round by the water side, and look wishfully at the sea. One morning in her way by the quay, she observed that a vessel was just arrived, and the passengers were landing—she stopped to look at them—a young man came on shore—" 'Tis Claude," she cried out. "My Isabelle," he exclaimed, and they rushed to each other's embrace. The sudden tide of joy was too much for her, she felt it, and would have disengaged herself;

self; he gently put her hand against his bosom. He cast his eyes upon her wedding-ring; and in the same moment they both expired."

Dear, sweet, pretty turtles! O, what a fine, sweet thing is this exalted filial piety, which by trampling on vows, only fit to bind vulgar souls, produces such dear, sweet, pretty, catastrophes!!!—It is amazing, indeed, and the work before us is a new proof of it, how deep the sentimental nonsense of sacrificing and trampling upon one duty that another may be exalted, has taken hold of the imaginations of our sentimental, sobbing and sighing girls. Our bombastical tragedies have been well ridiculed in Tom Thumb and other satirical farces. A novel equally in burlesque of the mad sentimental nonsense and the absurd situations of those dear *Jennys* and *Eugenios*, and the whole gang of them, who break the most solemn vows for the sake of a more exalted virtue, is a work at present much wanted; and which, if executed with humour, could not fail of being well received.

The tale of *Eleonora* is wound up by the abrupt departure of the dear sentimental *Werter*, who thinks no more of his *Ellen*, and

A History of the late Siege of Gibraltar, with a Description and Account of that Garrison, from the earliest Periods, by John Drinkwater, Captain of the late 72d Regiment, or Royal Manchester Volunteers. London. J. Johnson, J. Egerton, &c. 1785.

THIS Work is a compilation from observations daily taken on the spot by the author, assisted by the observations and remarks of several respectable characters, who were on the spot, and witnesses of the transactions here related.

An accurate detail of so extraordinary a siege, in which every effort of military science was called forth, as well on the part of the besieged as of the besiegers, cannot fail to be not only of singular utility to gentlemen in the military line, but must also afford amusement to readers of a different class.

The author has endeavoured, not without success, to diversify the narrative, as much as the nature of it would permit, by such observations and anecdotes as may occasionally relieve or awaken the attention of his readers.

He begins with a general history of Gibraltar, from the time of its being first noticed in 712, when *Tarif Ebn Zaria*, the general of the Caliph *Al Waled Ebn Abdalmalic*, landed with an army of 12,000 men, on the Isthmus between *Mons Calpe* and the Continent; and in order to secure an intercourse with Africa, gave orders to erect a castle on the face of the hill, which might not only answer the original purpose, but also cover

by *Ellen's* being informed of his attachment to *Charlotte*, a married woman; and that because he cannot put the happy husband into a situation which, had he himself been married to *Charlotte*, his affection would have esteemed worse than hell, he therefore, to complete his exalted and virtuous character, blows his own brains out with a pistol. On this information *Eleonora* makes some sensible remarks, though not the deepest we have read, on the crime and folly of self-murder; and concludes by composing her sorrows by the consolations of religious resignation; in which last letters the authoress rises greatly superior in common sense to the idle girlish *chit-chat* which runs through all the rest of her novel.

The writer of the above has often wondered that none of the numerous writers in newspapers have ever remarked, that it is solemnly recorded in the *Sorrows of* (the original) *Werter*, that when he shot himself, he was dressed in a buff waistcoat and blue coat, and bad boots on; from which great example, no doubt of it, came the buff and blue uniform; and that no wicked wit has been tempted to wish, that some of our buff and blue gentry would imitate *Werter* a little farther than in his dress.

his retreat, in case of his being unsuccessful in his operations. Part of this building still remains; and from an inscription discovered over the principal gate, it appeared to have been finished in 725.

Its name was changed from *Calpe* by the Saracens to *Gibel Tarif*, or the mountain of *Tarif*, in compliment to their general, which has since been corrupted to Gibraltar.

Little mention is made of this fortress from that time till the beginning of the 14th century, when *Ferdinand King of Castile* recovered it (with a small detachment) from the Infidels.

Gibraltar continued in the possession of the Spaniards till 1333, when, after a siege of five months, it was obliged to surrender to *Abomelique*, son of the Emperor of *Fez*, who was dispatched to the assistance of the Moorish King of *Granada*.

In 1349, *Alonzo*, King of *Castile*, attempted to retake it; but after a siege of several months, in the course of which it was almost reduced to a capitulation, a pestilential distemper breaking out among the besiegers, which swept away numbers of them, and among the rest *Alonzo* himself, the Spaniards raised the siege.

After this, it continued in the possession of the descendants of Abomelique till 1410, when Jusaf III. King of Granada took possession of it.

In 1435, Henry de Gusman, Conde de Niebla, formed a design of attacking it by sea and land, but, owing to his imprudence, was defeated, forced to a precipitate retreat, and slain.

In 1462 it was again besieged, and after a gallant defence taken by John de Gusman, Duke of Medina Sidonia, son of the above-mentioned unfortunate nobleman.

From that period it has remained in the hands of the Christians, after having been in the possession of the Mahometans 748 years.

It was surpris'd and pillaged in 1540 by Piali Hamet, one of Barbarossa's Captains, and many of the principal inhabitants made prisoners: but being met on his return by some Sicilian Gallies, the Corsairs were all killed or taken, and the prisoners redeemed.

The Frolics of Fancy, a familiar Epistle, characteristic of Tristram Shandy, by Rowley Thomas. Printed at Shrewsbury for the Author, and Sold in London by T. Longman.

THE Author's Fancy is very far from brilliant. His frolicsome Pegasus is as dull a jade as ever was bestrode. *Characteristic* of Obadiah's coach horse, he dashes through thick and thin, and the unfortunate reader that comes within his vortex, is in a

In the reign of Charles V. the fortifications of the town were modernised, and several additions made; after which it was thought to be impregnable. "From this time there appears," says our author, "a chasm in the History of the Garrison till 1704, when Gibraltar was wrested (most probably for ever) from the dominion of Spain by the English, under Sir George Rooke."

It was attempted to be retaken the same year, but without success; after which it remained unmolested till 1726, when it was again besieged, the siege continuing till peace was concluded.

After this historical account, the Captain proceeds to a description of the place and its fortifications, illustrated by several maps and plates; and then begins his journal of the late ever memorable siege. For an account of the general attack, and most remarkable casualties that happened during that time, see page 339, &c. of this month's magazine.

Poems on Subjects, sacred, moral, and entertaining. By Luke Booker. 2 Vols. Robinson.

THESE Poems are possessed of some merit, but the author is too fond of new-fangled and compound epithets, such as cloud-bruised mountains,—indign desarts,—sympathizing harebells, &c.

more pitiable plight than ever Dr. Slop was. Mr. Rowley Thomas has such a "wonderful *alacrity* in sinking," that had he lived in Pope's time, he would have been a most formidable rival to the hero of the Dunciad.

He even sacrifices sense to sound, when he says, "*embronzes* o'er with gold;" he might as well have said, *gilds* with brass.

The Swindler. A Poem. 4to.

IF to impose on the public by false appearances he swindling, the title page of this poem has not its name for nought: it professes to give a list of the most noted

The Author in the Old Bailey.

swindlers in town, with striking traits of their several characters. It does however no such thing, and is equally void of information and poetry.

Poems by a Literary Society. 12mo. 1s. Becket.

THIS Literary Society has assumed the appellation of the "*Council of Parnassus*." Were we to judge from the present publica-

tion, we should hardly suppose that Apollo ever took his seat among them.

Memoirs and Adventures of a Flea, 2 Vols. Axtell.

THESE volumes are by no means deficient in humour or originality; but the *Ad-*

venturer sometimes finds himself in awkward and indelicate situations.

Defultory Reflections on the Police. By William Blizard, F. S. A. Dilly.

THE remarks contained in this pamphlet are judicious, and well deserving of attention. The defects of our police, especially in the metropolis, call loudly for amendment; and the hints suggested for its improve-

ment by Mr. Blizard, such particularly as tend to promote industry and discourage idleness, if carried into execution, would, we doubt not, effectually contribute to forward so desirable a change.

History of the Westminster Election. 4to. ros. 6d. Debrett.

THE little fugitive pieces which in general make their appearance at elections, seldom survive the day. The intention of this publication is, to rescue the numberless effusions which that celebrated election gave birth to, from such hasty oblivion.

An Invocation to Melancholy. A Fragment. Oxford, 1785.

THIS Fragment bears evident marks of a strong and vigorous fancy. A kind of soothing sadness which, while it melts upon the ear, imperceptibly winds its way to the heart, is one of its characteristic features, and plainly shews the Author to be a favourite of the Muse. The following description of the inhospitable coast of New Zealand, as seen with Fancy's eye, is truly poetical.

“ Lo, at her call, New Zealand's wastes arise,
 “ Casting their shadows far along the main,
 “ Whose brows cloud-capt in joyless majesty
 “ No human foot hath trod since time began.
 “ Here death-like Silence ever brooding dwells,
 “ Save when the watching sailor startled hears,
 “ Far from his native land, at darksome night,
 “ The shrill-toned petrel, or the penguin's voice,
 “ That skim their trackless flight on lonely wing
 “ Through the bleak regions of the nameless Main.
 “ Here Danger stalks, and drinks with glutted ear
 “ The wearied sailor's moan, and fruitless sigh,
 “ Who, as he slowly cuts his daring way,
 “ Affrighted drops his axe, and stops awhile
 “ To hear the jarring echoes lengthened din,
 “ That ring from pathless cliffs their fullen found.
 “ Oft here the fiend his grisly visage shows,
 “ His limbs of giant form in vesture clad
 “ Of drear collected ice and stiffen'd snow,
 “ The same he wore a thousand years ago,
 “ That thwarts the sun-beam, and endures the day.”

The Life of Cervantes, together with Remarks on his Writings. By M. De Florian. Translated from the French, by William Walbeck. Bew, 1785.

“ THE mountain in labour !”

A Letter from Omai to the Right Hon. the Earl of ————. Bell, 1785.

MOST execrable stuff, destitute of wit and humour, and only fit to be carried ———— in vicum vendentem thus et odores.

The Adventures of George Maitland, Esq; in Three Volumes. 12mo. Murray.

THESE volumes are very much above the ordinary run of novels. They have history, incidents, and characters. The attention of the reader is immediately fixed; and he advances through the work with those emotions which the Author meant to excite. The diction is polite; the manner easy. Nature is every where studied; and here we have nothing of that romantic wildness which raises in the same moment surprize and contempt.

P O E T R Y.

A PICTURE of SUICIDE.

Sketched in November, 1782.

By Mr. HARRISON.

(Never before published.)

A H! see, beneath yon Abbey-wall,
 Where thick the mantling ivy grows,
 Crown'd by wide yew and cypress tall,
 Which shade the stream that mournful flows;

There, prone on the bare, joyless bank,
 A fullen spectre listless lies:
 Nor heeds bleak winds, nor vapours dark,
 But earth, and air, and Heav'n defies.
 In tatter'd garb the fiend appears,
 With felon cordage firmly bound;
 And in the bandage vile he wears
 Pistols and sheathless blades hung round.

One wither'd hand a cup sustains,
 Drugg'd to the brim with liquid fire ;
 That spreads like lightning thro' the veins,
 And instant makes the wretch expire.
 The other grasps beneath his vest
 A dagger of envenom'd steel ;
 Whose slightest touch might pierce the breast,
 Whose slightest wound no art might heal.
 Around his blood-stain'd eye-balls glare,
 Each wildly bent to quit its sphere ;
 Nor will the ardent orbits bear
 The moisture of a single tear.

Now upward would the monster scowl,
 But that each dark impending brow,
 Still spreading as the loud winds howl,
 Confines the impious sight below !

O shield me, Heav'n !—What means that
 light
 Which pours such radiance o'er the stream ?
 —It is Religion's banner bright ;
 The fiend is vanish'd—like a dream.

An Epistle to WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.

ON high Parnassus' highest summit plac'd,
 With every Muse's choicest dowry grac'd,
 Dost thou, O Hayley ! hear the voice of
 Fame

Spread o'er the land the honours of thy
 name ?

While, with applauding voice, the learned
 throng

Rehear the various beauties of thy song ;
 Ev'n snarling critics join the friendly train,
 And dwell with rapture on each pleasing
 strain ;

The nation hails thee as its last great hope,
 As strong as Milton, and as soft as Pope.

Tho' still we envy George's golden reign,
 When Pope and Thomson rul'd the nu-
 merous train

Of noble bards ; who tun'd the living lyre
 To strains that only Phœbus could inspire ;
 Yet many a bard, with radiant lustre bright,
 Hath cheer'd our darkness with a beam of
 light.

Mason's chaste muse shews the unthank-
 ful age

Such scenes as once adorn'd th' Athenian stage ;
 His strains harmonious claim the public love,
 And bid the beauteous and the wise approve.
 In vain satiric wits, with envious aim,
 Launch'd their keen darts to wound his
 growing fame ;

Time's liberal hand in Glory's dome shall
 place

His name, high honour'd with the tuneful race.
 Long shall the sons of freedom mourn the fate
 Of Valour, falling with a fallen state ;
 Long shall the sacred tears of Beauty flow
 For Evelina, and Elfrida's woe :

EUROP. MAG.

While time endures his Garden's flowers shall
 bloom,
 And shed rich fragrance round the Poet's
 tomb.

Gray reigns the master of the British lyre ;
 And soars through azure skies on wings of fire :
 The shade of Pindar hears the mighty song,
 Like his own numbers, boundless pour
 along ;

His plaintive strains shall still unrival'd stand,
 While plaintive strains the feeling breast
 command.

Tho' taste on Gray has stamp'd the seal of
 fame,
 Yet Collins' Muse no common praise may
 claim ;

The various Passions own his master-hand,
 And Freedom hails him of her noble band.

In classic pride bold Akenfide may claim
 A place distinguish'd on the roll of Fame.
 What splendid diction dignifies the lay
 That paints Imagination's pleasing sway !

But when the lyre's sweet chords his fingers
 press'd,
 The flame of Fancy seem'd to leave his
 breast :

Not Pindar, glowing with celestial fire,
 But sober Solon seems to strike the lyre.

Satire with triumph boasts her Churchill's
 page,

But mourns his candour lost in party rage :
 Poets and Peers his random arrows hit,
 While Truth lies bleeding by the shaft of wit.

Still shall the gentle bosom own the sway
 Of pleasing numbers in a Goldsmith's lay.
 As Nature warbles in the linnet's song,
 So pours his stream of harmony along.

Tho' fickle taste regards not Glover's lays,
 Candour must own he well deserves our
 praise ;

No common Muse inspir'd the classic strain
 That paints the Spartan, and his patriot train,
 Who the proud tyrant's numerous host with-
 stood,

And seal'd their country's freedom with their
 blood.

Nor can our age, with cold neglect, refuse
 Her share of praise to Whitehead's laureate
 Muse ;

Tho' unfair satirists with partial rage
 Have with their gall defac'd his blameless
 page,

Yet still with pleasure shall his verse be
 read,

When the keen critic and his works are
 dead.

But what strong numbers shall the poet find
 For the great object that now fills his mind ?
 He bows with reverence to the honour'd
 name

Of hoary Johnson, great high-priest of fame.

Hail sun of science! whose unbounded skill
Makes every Muse subservient to thy will;
Tho' great in merit shine thy manly lays,
The powers of verse are but thy second
praise.

The British Muse hath rais'd to Warton's
name

A small neat monument of lasting fame,
Due to the man, who in his learned page
Hath trac'd her beauties through each darker
age.

What breast devoted to the Muses train,
But feels with rapture learned Beattie's strain!
Sweet as the notes that Philomela pours
To soothe the lover in the midnight hours.
O deign, sweet Bard! again to strike the
lyre,

And charm the world with true poetic fire!
O let the Muses still engage thy mind,
And with their noble works enrich mankind.

In numbers such as Pæan's self might use,
Armstrong invokes Hygeia for his Muse;
To sweeten human life his friendly plan,
He sings wise precepts for the health of man.

Anfley with Satire's dreaded weapon plays,
But hides its shining edge with hum'rous lays:
While Folly reads, on Pleasure's vain pre-
tence,

The Muse is there, and laughs her into
sense.

While Pity in the human breast remains,
So long, O Pratt! shall last thy tender strains;
Long shall the sympathetic tear be paid
To thy poor Hermit, and thy frantic Maid.

Thee too, mild Jermyingham, the Muses
love,

And through their various waiks have bid
thee rove:

The public favour consecrates thy lays,
And crowns thy temples with the wreath of
praise.

The favour'd Bard of Claverton shall long
Remain distinguish'd in the tuneful throng;
Various his themes, on each ordain'd to shine,
Satiric, tender, humorous, or divine.

With no weak voice we hear learn'd Ro-
berts sing

The power and goodness of th' Eternal King;
Proud to confute the atheist's daring plan,
"And justify the ways of God to man."

Nor must I here forget thy modest strain,
O gentle master of fair Amwell's plain!
Tho' not to thee the splendid powers belong,
Good sense and virtue dignify thy song:
Thy mournful muse shall soothe the pensive
mind,

And ev'ry page please or instruct mankind.

Here may I mention thy unequal strain,
O Cawthorne, master of a pleasing vein!
How has cold negligence deform'd thy lays,
And from thy temples snatch'd the poet's bays!
Yet midst thy pebbles brightest diamonds lie,
Well worth the search of each poetic eye.

A nobler praise is due to Dyer's strain,
Whose friendly muse instructs the careful
swain.

Altho' with wool his artful hands were bound,
Yet his strong lyre emits a pleasing sound;
And lasting praise shall to the verse be paid,
That paints fall'n Rome, and Grongar's plea-
sing shade.

Tho' last not least in love, a bard, whose
name

On Merit's roll an honour'd place may claim,
An Ogilvie demands my honest praise,
And pleads just title to the crown of bays.
Oft have his strains beguil'd the painful hour,
And sooth'd my sorrows by their magic
pow'r;

His page the sole companion of my grief,
When tears and sighs afforded small relief,
When Death's cold hand had sunk to sense-
less clay

The lov'd companion of my youthful way.

Praises well-earn'd to those bold bards belong,
Who bring from foreign shores the noble song:
To Hoole, who brought from gay Italia's
plain

To British ears great Tasso's epic strain;
With the wild story of Orlando's rage,
And tuneful Metafastio's pleasing page.

He, too, who brought from Lusitania's
clime

The splendid beauties of Camoens' rhyme,
Shall gain a place among the sons of Fame,
And with his fav'rite poet join his name.

Unskill'd in Greek, each author claims my
praise,

Who opens the tuneful springs of ancient days;
"How by Medea's love the golden fleece
"Was borne from Colchos to the realms of
Greece"—

I read with pleasure, and the bard adore,
From whom great Virgil drew his sweetest
store.

By West's sweet skill the Man of Thebes
appears,

The lofty wonder of two thousand years;
To British strains, with matchless force and
fire,

He tunes the chords of his melodious lyre:
We see the wide Olympian plains arise,
And demi-gods contending for the prize;
Behold each hero of distinguish'd name
Snatch, with bold hand, the sacred wreath of
fame;

While all around the eager list'ning throng
Drink the rich nectar of the poet's song.

By Franklin's aid I feel the pow'ful strain
That rous'd each passion in th' attentive train,
When learned Athens fought the splendid
stage,

To hear her noblest poet's tragic rage.

Around thy brows a radiant wreath shall
shine,

O learned Potter! fav'rite of the Nine!

Thine

Thine is the pleasing praise t' enrich our tongue

With the bold beauties of the Grecian song ;
By thee stern Eschylus revives again,
And bids Britannia praise his lofty strain ;
And Pity's bard, in thy just language dress'd,
Still holds his empire o'er the feeling breast.

But let not tyrant man usurp the bays,
And snatch from Beauty's brow the crown of praise ;

Italia's clime her tuneful dames can boast,
Boccage and Dacier grace the Gallic coast :
Thy daughters, Albion, nobler honours claim,
The first in beauty, and the first in fame.

A wreath unfading Carter's head shall bind,
The pride and pleasure of the beauteous kind ;
Ev'n lordly man shall praise her pleasing strain,

And place her high among the learned train.

Near her's shall gentle Seward's name appear,

Who deck'd with lasting verse brave Andre's bier,

Who trac'd bold Cook the Southern Isles among,
And to his memory rais'd the noble song.

Fair Barbauld's muse glows with a seraph's fire,

And tunes to strains of wisdom Beauty's lyre ;
Religion's self with added lustre shines,
Deck'd in the radiance of her happy lines.
Pride of your sex, and worthy of our praise,
By Phœbus crown'd with never-fading bays ;
On Fame's eternal roll your names shall stand,
Ye three chaste Sappho's of the British land.

Sweet pœsy ! thou gift by heav'n design'd
The noblest pleasure of the virtuous mind ;
'Tis thine to bid the streams of rapture flow,
And soothe the mind oppress'd with worldly woe.

'Tis thine, O Muse ! eternal fame to give ;
Tho' dead, 'tis thine to bid the poet live !
When kings and princes in oblivion rest,
He reigns the monarch of each feeling breast ;
The warrior's fame, the statesman's praise,
may die,

The poet's meed is immortality.
Two thousand years have pass'd since Homer sung,

Yet still we hear the music of his tongue ;
And Virgil's strain, that charm'd majestic Rome,

Shall live the praise of ages yet to come.
Thousands unborn shall feel our Shakspeare's fire,

And the strong harmony of Milton's lyre ;
And Hayley, if a right my muse divine,
A long eternity of fame is thine :

Our eager sons shall banquet on thy song,
Thou last great master of the tuneful throng !
In these late days how arduous to explore
Paths by poetic feet untrod before !
The wilds of wit, and ev'ry bower of love,
Each field of battle, and each fairy grove,

Have oft been ranack'd by the Muses train,
And made the theme of many a noble strain ;
But thy keen eye paths unexplor'd hath found,
And round thy brows the freshest bays are bound ;

A crown, of all thy toils the bright reward,
Claim'd by no ancient, by no modern bard.
To fill the honours of these later days,
Thy noble muse aspires to ancient praise :
Sublime on eagle wing she sails along,
And leaves below the sons of modern song.
O may she still on all thy labours smile,
And deathless fame reward thy pleasing toil !
May peace and love thy graver hours unbend,
And Health's gay train thy happy steps attend !

Accept, O Hayley ! from a youth unknown

The verse that seats thee on the poet's throne :
No flatterer he, no prostitute of praise,
But as he loves so he commends thy lays.
As the fond lover can no faults espy
In the fair form that captivates his eye ;
So if all beauty shines not in thy song,
The lover's eye hath led his judgment wrong.
O were my wit but equal to my will,
I'd mount the summit of th' Aonian hill ;
Thence bear a chaplet of the freshest bays,
Bright as thy mind, and lasting as thy praise,
Wove by the fingers of the sacred Nine,
Upon thy brow the honour'd wreath should shine.

H. S.

The SUMMIT of HAPPINESS.

THE Pow'rs who watch o'er mortals' fate,
Gave me a small undipp'd estate,
Value some few odd hundreds clear ;
The rents forth-coming twice a-year.
Hygeia saw my little wealth,
Nor envied aught, but added health ;
And Friendship sweet, with open palm,
Shed round my heart her gen'rous balm.
Apollo too was pleas'd t' inspire,
And lent me, now and then, his lyre ;
Whilst Nature gave a little taste,
And Flatt'ry said my muse was chaste :
But more these blessings to endear,
My bosom own'd a conscience clear.
Thus, blest by Fortune o'er and o'er,
Who'd have suppos'd I wanted more ?
Yet something still remain'd behind,
Tho' what I strove in vain to find ;
Till Heav'n (to whom I pray'd for life)
Discover'd what, and gave a wife.

G. C.

EPIGRAM on Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

COME dæmon sure, (says wond'ring Ned)
In Newton's brain has fix'd his station.
True, Dick replied, you've rightly said ;
And more, his name is *Demon—stration*.

The HALCYON.

WHEN wintry blasts have ceas'd to blow,
 And summer brightens all the scene,
 Where limpid streams unruffled flow,
 The peaceful Halcyon dwells unseen.
 To cope with adverse storms too wise,
 She keeps her rocky cell secure,
 Till gentler gales, and cloudless skies,
 Her azure plumes from harm insure.
 Yet still she loves in haunts to bide
 Remote from each obtrusive guest,
 Where the green willow's shade doth hide
 The lonely spot that holds her nest.

For there no plotted snares betray ;
 No envious hands her joys invade ;
 But peace descends with brightest ray,
 To bless her calm sequester'd shade.

Learn hence, O ! thoughtless man, to prize
 The tranquil tho' obscure retreat,
 Where no delusive prospects rise
 To lead astray thy wand'ring feet.

Life's busy scenes, which seem so fair,
 Are stor'd with many a treach'rous thorn ;
 And nights of pain, and grief, and care,
 Succeed to pleasure's brightest morn.

But wouldst thou true content obtain,
 Pure and unmix'd—ah ! seek it not
 In aught beyond the rural plain ;
 In aught above the humble cot.

G. C.

P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by WILLIAM FECTOR, Esq.

At his private Theatre at DOVER in KENT,
 October 13, 1785, on the Performance of
 The SIEGE of DAMASCUS.

Written by Mr. PRATT.

*Enter in haste, after a flourish of Warlike
 Music.*

PREPARE, good Sirs, prepare, a battle's
 near,
 Anon in arms our plumed Chiefs appear ;
 Soon shall our swelling scene a siege unfold
 Of savage Arabs and of Christians bold ;
 And I the herald chosen by the band,
 Am come to spread the tidings thro' the
 land ;
 An Herald now, but soon a Christian youth,
 Devotion's champion in the cause of truth.
 In due array my little army speeds,
 Smit with the love of honourable deeds ;
 They come as volunteers at Friendship's call,
 Resolv'd for you to conquer or to fall.
 Since last I took the field, my new allies,
 Like faithful friends, have voted fresh sup-
 plies ;

My new-made cohorts pant the war to
 wage,
 And my brave general glows with patriot
 rage ;

On *Dover Cliffs* Damascus seems to stand,
 And Syria rises on our chalky strand.

A *siege*, a *siege*, is now the martial cry ;
 A *siege*, a *siege*, our cloud-capt hills reply !
 (*flourish—alarm.*)

And hark !—O hark ! yon instruments—you
 hear—
 Roll war's proud clangor on the list'ning
 ear.

(*to the audience.*)

Now then, ye rang'd spectators of our fray,
 Umpires and patrons of the glorious day,
 Not for Damascus but for you we fight—
 Be yours the trophies of this votive night.
 You, Sirs, must prove our bulwarks and our
 tow'rs,

And you, ye fair, our *tutelary powers* :
 Like Iliion's *Helen* you shine forth our prize,
 Our brightest glory beaming from *your eyes*.
 For you this night sharp wounds and death I
 bear,

Your tears my recompence, your smiles my
 prayer :

You, only you, can soothe *Eudocia's* woe,
 And *Pbocys'* laurels on your altars grow :
 Then the fierce *Daran* beauty's empire feels,
 And at your shrine our hardy general
 kneels ;

Christians and Saracens confess your charms,
Soul of our courage, guardians of our arms ;
 T'is your applause must bid our *colours fly*,
 And make us proud—to conquer or to die.

E P I L O G U E

TO

The SIEGE of DAMASCUS.

Spoken by W. FECTOR, Esq. October 13,
1785, and written by another Friend.

WHEN, torn with civil feuds from side to
 side,

And sunk in ease, in luxury and pride,
 Forlorn, expos'd, the Grecian empire lay,
 In splendid weakness an inviting prey,
 The warrior Prophet rose ; he call'd his bands
 Far from their wretched tents, their barren
 sands,

And the wild Arab, lur'd by lust and gain,
 A venal convert, join'd the spoiler train :
 O'er each fair province, like the lightning's
 blast,

From hill to hill the rapid ruin past,
 Till nought th' enfeebled Monarch's empire
 own,

Save the few fields that girt th' Imperial town.
 Confin'd within Byzantium's bulwarks old,
 The ruins of Cæsarean pow'r behold !
 But tho' the country's genuine splendors fade,
 Mark the long title and the vain parade ;

The livery'd Baron waiting at the gate,
The proud procession and the pageant state;
These left alone, for nought remain'd beside,
Dishonest relics of Imperial pride.
Whilst thus the Prophet's growing greatness
spread,

And the proud van his conqu'ring *Galeds* led,
In *Grecia's* Court, in long and loud debate
Immers'd, from year to year the Senate fate:
But not to cross the Conqueror in his course
The lips of Learning tried their magic force;
Nor in smooth periods, each of measur'd
length,

Did Eloquence exert her giant strength;
Not patriot warmth inflam'd the redd'ning
eye,

Urg'd the black charge, or form'd the keen
reply;

On other cares was each mean mind intent,
The rich appointment or sequester'd seat;
Or idly lost in visionary schemes,
The pedant's quibble, or the churchman's
dreams,

They talk'd, they toil'd, they turn'd, and
turn'd again;

Uncheck'd the victor rushes on amain,
Till o'er Byzantium's walls in evil hour,
Stream'd the proud crescent from the topmost
tow'r.

Britons, attend! nor be for you in vain
The historian's page explor'd, the poet's strain;
And whilst you weep, to gen'rous impulse
just,

O'er worldly greatness humbled in the dust,
From woes long past oh turn the pitying
eye,

A nearer sorrow claims a Briton's sigh;
O'er your own country's fate one tear bestow,
For what Byzantium was, is Britain now.
But though alike the thirst of power and
gain,

Foul feuds and guilt, the Greek and Briton
stain;

Though Interest's impious shrine alike revere
Byzantium's Baron and Britannia's Peer;
Yet in our chief a better fate we own,

No weak Heracles fills the British Throne;
Heav'n yet may view him with propitious
eyes,

Bid from his loins some *Belifarus* rise;
Bid some proud youth a gallant *Phocyas* prove,
With happier omens both in war and love:
So shall our isle, at Victory's jocund call,
Rise like *Antæus*, strengthen'd from its fall:
So valour join'd with wisdom hand in hand,
Shall ward Byzantium's fate from Britain's
land.

E P I L O G U E,

Spoken at Midhurst, by a Young Man of
good family, who having committed some

imprudences in the early part of his life,
has been abandoned by his relations, and
with a wife and four or five children, been
obliged (as the only resource to procure
bread for his family) to join a Company of
Strolling-Players.

WRITTEN by Mrs. SMITH, of Bignor Park.

FILL'D with true gratitude, I dare appear,
My warm, my heart-felt thanks to offer
here,

To you!—who ev'n in this enlighten'd age,
Vouchsafe with candour to protect our stage;
While Taste, by Pity prompted, deigns to
stoop,

Nor scorns the efforts of our wand'ring troop.
In this improving world while all advance,
When men have learn'd to fly—and dogs to
dance;

When from the pond the quacking songstress
mounts,

And learned pigs can write and cast accounts;
Shall we—tho' now of *Thespis'* humblest
train,

Despair hereafter greater heights to gain?

Amidst our band—tho' yet unknown the
lies,

Your gen'rous aid may bid a *Farren* rise:
Some future *Abington*, of smiles the *Queen*,
Or a new *Siddons* grace the tragic scene:
For she—whose moving tones—in pathos
deep,

Make statesmen feel, and flatter'd beauties
weep,

Was once—ere time matur'd her wond'rous
powers,

The patch-work Princess of a stage like
ours.

Ah! when the happy fav'rites of the Town
Find Fame and Fashion mark them for their
own,

Well may they glorious attitudes obtain,
From *Covent Garden* launch'd—or *Dury-*
Lane,

Inflated—full—with praise and with
Champaign.

WE cannot soar as *THEY* do; for, alas!
Vapid small-beer affords but little *CAS*!

But the more humble all we strive to do,
The more we feel how much we owe to you.
What then shou'd be the gratitude impress'd
For this night's favour—on my anxious
breast?

Deeper—ah! deeper far than I cou'd
know,

Did for myself alone that favour flow.

* For see! a little helpless train appears,
Children of sorrow—from their early years;
From *Fortune's* garden, where they MIGHT
have grown,

On the wide common of the world they're
thrown.

But as young plants, by chance capricious
 driven,
 Still bloom in sheltering woods—fed by the
 dews of Heav'n!
 So that kind shelter they obtain from you,
 And in your pity find that heavenly dew!
 Ah! language fails sensations to impart,
 That swell the husband's and the father's
 heart.
 My silent—breathless thanks—you must al-
 low,
 I FEEL too much to be an ACTOR now!

E P I T A P H.

IF modest frankness, if unfully'd truth,
 In childhood planted, and matur'd in
 youth;
 If meek-ey'd Charity adorning age,
 Deserve a record on Religion's page;
 If rigid Chastity, if artless Love,
 If calm submission to the God above,
 Are faithful tokens of a heart sincere,
 Then, sinner, blush with shame—and take
 thy pattern *here!*

Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

J. DAY.

The WINTER'S EVENING.

WHEN the trees are bereft of their leaves,
 And bright Phœbus no warmth can
 bestow;
 When rude icicles drop from the eaves,
 And the ground is all cover'd with snow;
 Then at night, round the crackling blaze,
 All the Villagers merrily sing;
 With festivity lengthen the days,
 Nor repine at the state of a King!

E. T. PILGRIM.

SHAKSPEARE.

[Illustrated by an ENGRAVING.]

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

YOU have lately admitted into your work some criticisms which have been received with distinguished approbation by the public. I know not the extent of your plan; but if it be consistent with it, I shall occasionally send you some observations on the ever-fruitful subject, as Dr. Farmer * truly expresses it, of Shakspeare and his commentators. As a revision of the last edition of this author, by Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens, is said to be ready for publication, the Drawings † I now transmit, and which I wish to see engraved, may be anti-

* Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare, 8vo. 1767. p. 95. a work now very scarce, and of which the public has long desired a new edition.

† See the *Plate* annexed, marked No. I. and No. II.

LINES on a PUBLICAN of the NAME of
 DEATH, on the Wandsworth Road.

O! call not here, ye fottish wights,
 For purl, nor ale, nor gin;
 For if ye stop, whoe'er alights,
 By *Death* is taken in!

Where having eat and drank your fill,
 Should ye (O hapless case!)
 Neglect to pay your landlord's bill,
Death stares ye in the face!

With grief sincere I pity those
 Who've drawn themselves this scrape-in;
 Since from his dreadful gripe, heav'n knows,
 Alas! there's no escaping!

This one advice, my friends, pursue,
 Whilst yet ye've life and breath;
 Ne'er *pledge* your lust; for if you do,
 You'll surely—drink to *Death!*

E. T. PILGRIM.

SONG.

I.

YE winding waters, passing clear!
 That gurgling thro' the wild brake roam,
 O bear! in pity bear this tear
 To faithless Strephon's peaceful home.

II.

How oft beneath this alder's shade,
 At rising morn and sinking day,
 "E'er I forsake these arms, he said,
 This wand'ring stream shall die away."

III.

And you, sweet Echo, deign to hear,
 Awake, dear sylph, and bear thy part;
 Convey the sigh to Strephon's ear,
 That bursts his Emma's bleeding heart.

IV.

Tell him that heart, where he presides,
 Next setting sun shall beat no more;
 The stream that by his cottage glides
 Shall leave me lifeless at his door.

J. Q.

ipated. If they should not, and can afford any amusement to your readers, or any information to future editors, the end of this application to you will be fully answered.

I am your constant reader,

S. J.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. ACT I. Scene I.

And how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the Dancing Horse will tell you. The allusion here is evident to Banks's famous horse, whose exploits are fully set forth in the notes by Dr. Grey and Mr. Steevens. The fame of this extraordinary animal was so great, that he and his keeper were the subjects of a pamphlet, in the front of which is the Drawing marked No. I. It is called "Maroccus "Extaticus, or Bankes's bay-horse in a trance: "a discourse set downe in a merry dialogue "between Bankes and his beast, anatomizing "some abuses and bad trickes of this age. "Written and entituled to mine Host of the "Belsavage, and all his honest guests. By "John Dando, the wier-drawer of Hadley, "and Harry Runthead, ostler of Blofomes "Inne." Printed for Cuthbert Busby, 1595, 4to. Mr. Steevens observes, "The fate of this man (Bankes) and his very docile animal is not exactly known, and perhaps deserves not to be remembered. From the next lines, however, to those last quoted, it should seem as if they had died abroad.

—————Both which

Being beyond sea burned for one witch,
Their spirits transmigrated to a cat.

I cannot but differ with this gentleman in his opinion, that the fate of these unfortunate beings is not deserving of remembrance. Perhaps a more striking proof of human folly, ignorance, barbarity, and superstition, is not to be pointed out in the annals of mankind. An author of the last century, not immediately within recollection, records, that these ill-fated wretches, journeying to Rome, were seized by order of the Pope and burnt for magicians.

It is remarkable, that a like catastrophe happened to another horse and his keeper in Portugal in the last century, which I shall give in the words of the author who relates the fact.

"Hoc tempore (i. e. anno 1697) Angli
"quidam per totam fere Europam curio-
"sitate ergo peragrantes cum equo, quem
"inter plures alias artes etiam pedibus hora-
"rum intervalla designare edocuerant. Cum
"venissent cum bruto hoc in Portugalliam,
"statim abreptum est et ductum in carcerem,
"quasi cum diabolo rem haberet et magicas
"artes exerceret. Hinc ab Inquisitoribus
"damnatus miser equus est et vivus crema-
"tus. En Lector pro religione Catholica

"zelum Catholicis Inquisitoribus dignum!"
*Compendium Historiæ Reformationis a Zuinglii
et Lutheri temporibus ad noscra usque tempora
deductæ. Auctore D. Johan. Angelo Berniera.
8vo. 1707, p. 213.*

AS YOU LIKE IT. ACT I. Scene II.

————— My better parts
*Are all thrown down; and that which here
stands up
Is but a quintaine, a mere lifeless block.*

On this passage are two notes by Dr. Warburton and Mr. Guthrie, explaining what is meant by a *quintaine*. Perhaps a better idea may be received of it from the Drawing No. II. which, with the following account of it, is extracted from Hasted's History of Kent.

"At Otham-green there stands a thing now rarely to be met with, being a machine much used in former times by youth, as well to try their own activity, as the swiftness of their horses in running at it. The following is the figure of it.

"The cross piece of it is broad at one end, and pierced full of holes; and a bag of sand is hung at the other, and swings round, on being moved with any blow.

"The pastime was for the youth on horseback to run at it as fast as possible, and hit the broad part in his career with much force. He that by chance hit it not at all, was treated with loud peals of derision; and he who did hit it, made the best use of his swiftness, lest he should have a sound blow on his neck from the bag of sand, which instantly swung round from the other end of the *quintain*. The great design of this sport was, to try the agility of both horse and man, and to break the board, which whoever did, he was accounted chief of the day's sport.

"When Queen Elizabeth was at the Earl of Leicester's at Kenelworth Castle, among other sports for her entertainment, the running at the *quintain* was exhibited in the castle-yard, by the country lads and lasses assembled on that day to celebrate a rural wedding.

"Dr. Plot, in his Natural History of Oxfordshire, says, this sport was used in his time at Deddington in Oxfordshire; and Dr. Kennet, in his Parochial Antiquities, says, it was at Black-thorne. It is supposed to be a Roman exercise, left in this island at their departure from it."*

† See Strype's Stow's Survey, B. I. p. 249. Spelman's Gloss. p. 477.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

COVENT-GARDEN.

THURSDAY evening, Nov. 10, was performed, for the first time, a comic Opera called *The Choleric Fathers*.

Mr. Holcroft, the writer of this Opera, is a man of enterprize. He has twice encountered the dangers of the Stage, relying on his own strength; and in the business of *Figaro* he imitated Prometheus, with this difference, that he went to Paris instead of the residence of the Gods.

The fable of the Choleric Fathers has less invention, novelty, and interest, than any of Mr. Holcroft's former plays. Two passionate old men sacrificing the inclination and happiness of their children to their own humours, is a circumstance too common for the production of a comedy in the present state of the Theatre. The stratagems of the servant to delude them into reconciliation, and his detection widening the difference and heightening the embarrassment, constitute the nerves and sinews of the play. But here the imagination of Mr. Holcroft has failed; and it is at this point that true genius must have discovered itself; for the artifices which had amused the expectations of the audience having proved unfortunate, the reconciliation should have been a complete relief, and not a paltry transaction, of magnitude only in a Spunging-house.

The characters want novelty, notwithstanding the philosophical turn given to one of the old men. The sentiments are strong; but those of love, both in the dialogue and songs, want the melting fascination of genuine tenderness. The language is rather sprightly than elegant; and the songs, while they have many pointed and happy passages, abound with such prosaic lines as could never escape a poetical ear. We descant thus largely on Mr. Holcroft, as he affords us something to blame and something to commend.

Monday evening, Nov. 14, Miss Brunton appeared for the first time in the part of Juliet.

The general opinion of dramatic judges pointed out this character as suited to the age, voice, sensibility, and manner, of Miss Brunton, and it is pronouncing a high degree of praise to say, that she has not disappointed their expectations.

With all the disposition imaginable to afford our utmost encouragement to genius, especially in a lady, justice obliges us to observe, that her attention in private is too much directed to declamation, and to the concealment of a natural imperfection in her powers of articulating. If Miss Brunton fails of a high degree of excellence, it will be owing to her advisers and teachers, and not to the want of judgement and taste in herself. And if she declaims the most interesting passages of her parts for a few years, on the authority of others, her judgement will arrive too late to correct the habits she has formed.

DRURY-LANE.

FRIDAY, Nov. 18, after the play of *The Winter's Tale*, *The Jubilee* was brought forward with great splendor. We need not enter into any detail of a performance with which the public are so well acquainted. On the present occasion it was exhibited with great brilliancy and effect. In the song of the Mulberry-Tree a new verse was introduced, complimentary to Mr. Garrick, and which is said to be written by Mr. Birch.

The words are,

"The cypresses and yew-tree, for sorrow re-
"now'n'd,
"And tear-dropping willow shall near thee
"be found;
"All Nature shall droop, and united complain,
"For Shakepeare in Garrick hath died o'er
"again."

The Comic Muse was represented by Mrs. Cayler—the Tragic Muse by Mrs. Siddons, and her car was fitted up exactly in the stile of the picture of the Tragic Muse by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Waisson, in Hungary, OE. 10.

THE Emperor has given a fresh proof of his fixed resolution to humble the pride of the dignitaries of the church, by putting a stop to their all-devouring covetousness. The case is, that Cardinal Migazzi was the Bishop of this see, which is

of a considerable revenue, and was at the same time Archbishop of Vienna. The Emperor thinking that this was too much for one man, had insisted on his keeping only the latter, having appointed another person Bishop of Waisson. The Auick Chamber of Hungary has thought proper to interfere in favour of the

the Cardinal. Here follow their objections, and the Emperor's answers.

In the first place, say the Members of the Aulick Chamber in their exposition—Her Imperial Majesty the Queen, of glorious memory, had conferred the above Bishopric on the Cardinal, for him to enjoy during his natural life, and the Pope confirmed it by his Bull.

Answer—My predecessors were at liberty to act as they thought fit; so am I; the bull of confirmation had then a real object, which no longer exists.

Secondly, The Cardinal, during his embassy to Spain, was obliged to contract very heavy debts, to the great detriment of his family's fortune.

Answer—Every body knows that neither the Cardinal, nor any of his family, ever had any thing to lose.

Thirdly, The Cardinal has laid out 600,000 florins, in repairing the episcopal palace and beautifying the city.

Answer—I have not examined whether the Cardinal has actually laid out the stated sum; but this I know, that his bishopric has brought him in above two millions of florins per annum.

Fourthly, The Cardinal is a Magnate or Grandee of Hungary, and cannot be deprived of his bishopric without being first brought to a trial.

Answer—And I—am King of Hungary, and know how I am to act with my Magnates.

Fifthly, The Council of Trent, it is true, expressly forbids any Prelate holding two bishoprics *in commendam*. But there is an exception made in favour of illustrious personages and men of eminent learning (*veros illustres & summos doctos*).

Answer—The Cardinal has no right to be comprised amongst those for whom the exception is made; it regards only persons of high birth, sons of Sovereigns. As for the eminent learning of the Cardinal, I refer to his diocesan within the archbishopric of Vienna.

Leghorn, Oct. 11. From the little town of Azcylaon we are informed of a rare instance of a married couple; the husband is still living, aged 120 years; his name is Joseph Rodriguez; his wife Josepha Therefa died on the 22d of last August, aged 110 years and thirteen days.

Venice, Oct. 17. We have received a confirmation that the fleet under Chevalier Emo has bombarded Sfax, a town situated to

the south of Sufa, and hitherto looked upon as inaccessible for ships of war, by reason of the shallows; however, the Chevalier took the soundings himself, and came safely within two miles of the place, which he bombarded so as, according to the report of a Triopolitan, almost entirely to destroy it, and nothing but the plague raging in the town prevented the admiral sending out boats to set fire to all the vessels in the harbour. Sfax is one of the most flourishing towns in Africa, and carries on a vast trade in oil, corn, wool, pistachio nuts, dates, and other products of the country.

Florence, Oct. 22. Letters from Rome mention that several shocks of an earthquake have been felt in that city and its environs, though no damage happened to the buildings there; but that many houses and churches had been considerably injured at Narni, Spoleto, Rieti, and Terni*. *Gazette.*

Copenhagen, Oct. 22. His Royal Highness the Hereditary Prince of Denmark received this day the frigate, or rather the English yacht, which the King of Great-Britain, his uncle by the mother's side, hath made a present to him. The beauty and neatness of it is much admired. The Captain who conducted the yacht hither and delivered it to the Prince, has been received at Court with great distinction and kindness. He hath received a present of a gold snuff-box enriched with brilliants, and ornamented with the portrait of the Prince-Royal. This rich snuff-box was also filled with 1000 ducats.

Madrid, Nov. 1. Letters from Carthagena in South America, give an account of an earthquake which was felt in the city of Santa-Fe, on the 12th of July last, at eight o'clock in the morning. Two churches were entirely destroyed, and many public and private buildings greatly damaged. The shock was felt in the neighbouring towns and villages of Yugativa, Caxica, and others, where the churches have also been left in ruins. Fortunately the number of lives lost appears to have been small. In Santa-Fe the persons killed amounted only to fourteen.

The Archbishop, who is also Viceroy of Santa Fe, has made over the whole revenue of his diocese for the relief of the sufferers, and has received on this occasion the thanks of his Catholic Majesty, with liberty to draw from the Royal Treasury what further assistance he may judge necessary.—*L. Gaz.*

Berlin, Nov. 3. The Duke of Deux Ponts has formally acceded to the Germanic league, to which the preservation of the Electorate

* These are towns in the pope's dominions, on the road to Loretto. Terni is a very populous place. Spoleto was once a fine city, but was nearly destroyed by an earthquake before, in the year 1703.

and the Duchy of Bavaria for his house has given rise. This Prince has even made some family arrangements which indicate, that he is far from falling in with the designs of the Court of Vienna, and that the Court of Russia is influenced by gratitude, and with a view of uniting herself more firmly with the Emperor to obtain her ends against the Ottoman Porte.

The Elector of Saxony remains immovable in the design of adhering to the Germanic confederacy, of which our Monarch has the most positive assurances.

Hague, Nov. 8. The States of Holland and West Friesland, after a very long session, adjourned to the 24th of this month. This adjournment shews that the necessity there was for their sitting almost daily for months past, no longer exists: this relaxation, it is hoped, is the forerunner of peace both abroad and at home. The day that their Noble and Great Mightinesses adjourned there was a long and warm debate, the subject of which was, the last letters from his Prussian Majesty to the States-General. There was great difference of opinion relative to the answer that should be returned. The Anti-Orangists were for sending a spirited one, calling in question the right he assumed to interfere in the domestic concerns of an independent commonwealth. The more moderate, however, prevailed in a motion for rejecting this proposition, and for sending an answer, of which the following is the substance:—"That there is no intention any where in the States to trench on the real prerogatives of the Prince Stadtholder—That there exists no subject of serious dissent between his Serene Highness and the States—And that consequently the mediation offered by his Majesty, is absolutely without an object."—This answer having been agreed to by the States of Holland and West Friesland, was carried the same day to the States-General; and the other provinces, according to the dilatory system of the Republic, took it *ad referendum*.

Paris, Nov. 15. The town of Neuilly in Champagne, which was nearly consumed by fire on the 6th of September, experienced a similar disaster on the following day. The town was composed of 192 houses, of which 127 were reduced to ashes.

Hague, Nov. 15. After the signature of the definitive treaty between this Republic and the Emperor*, which took place at Fontainebleau on the 6th, at ten o'clock at night, the treaty of alliance between their High Mightinesses and the King of France was also signed on the 10th, by which the possessions of their High Mightinesses, both in and out of Europe, are guaranteed by the French Monarch.

* This Treaty shall be given in our Magazine, as soon as it is published by authority. It differs very little from the *Preliminary Articles* inserted in our last Number.

The following are the heads of the Articles of Treaty and Alliance between the King of France and the States of the United Provinces, signed at Fontainebleau the 10th instant:

Article I. There shall be a sincere and constant amity and union between his Most Christian Majesty, his heirs and successors, and the United Provinces; the high contracting powers shall, in consequence, take every measure to preserve a good and reciprocal correspondence between their subjects, and to prevent the commission of any act, on any pretence whatever, that might interrupt the harmony established between them; on the contrary, they shall do their utmost endeavours to promote the mutual advantage and honour of each other.

II. The Most Christian King and their High Mightinesses promise and engage to contribute every thing in their power for their respective safety, and mutually to preserve tranquility, peace, and neutrality, as well as the possession of their several dominions, against every attack in any part of the globe, and his Most Christian Majesty guarantees the observance of the treaties of Munster and Aix-la-Chapelle, as far as they remain in force.

III. In consequence of the above Article, the high contracting powers will always act in concert to preserve peace, and whichever is threatened to be attacked, the other shall endeavour, by its good offices, to prevent hostilities, and bring about a reconciliation.

IV. But if this interposition should not have its proper effect, they engage mutually to assist each other by sea and land. His Most Christian Majesty engages, in such case, to furnish the States with 10,000 infantry, 2,000 cavalry, 12 ships of the line, and six frigates. Should France be attacked, the States agree to assist her with six ships of the line and three frigates, and shall either furnish 5000 infantry and 1000 cavalry, or allow a sum of money to be stipulated in a separate Article.

V. Specifies, that the ships and troops sent to the assistance of either party, shall be paid by the party sending, but be at the disposal and under the direction of the party requiring such assistance during the war.

VI. Both parties shall have a number of ships and troops in readiness, to supply any deficiency occasioned by the chance of war in the number specified.

VII. In case the assistance hereby agreed upon is found to be insufficient, the contracting parties shall, if-necessary, assist each other with all their forces. The States shall, however, not be obliged to furnish above

20,000 infantry and 4,000 cavalry, subject to the clause in Art. IV.

VIII. In case of a war at sea in which neither of the contracting parties shall be concerned, they mutually guaranty each other the liberty of the sea, according to the 19th and 20th Articles of the Treaty of Commerce signed at Utrecht 1713.

IX. In case of a war in which both parties shall be engaged, they agree to cooperate to distress the enemy, and not to disarm, or enter into treaty or negotiation of peace, without the consent of each other, and to communicate whatever may occur during such negotiation.

X. The better to be able to fulfil these engagements, both parties agree to keep up their military establishments, and communicate, if required, a state of them.

XI. They further engage to lay open *bona fide* to each other, all treaties now existing between them and any other Powers of Europe, which are to be inviolably observed.

XII. As the object of the present treaty is not only to secure the tranquillity of the contracting parties, but that of Europe in general, they shall have liberty to invite what other Powers they please to accede to it.

XIII. That till a treaty of commerce can

be regulated, the subjects of the States shall enjoy the same privileges as the most favoured nation in all the harbours of France.

SEPARATE ARTICLES.

I. In case either power wishes to employ the force to be furnished by the other out of Europe, it shall be obliged to give notice of it in three months at latest.

II. The allowance of money mentioned in Art. IV. shall be at the rate of 10,000 Dutch florins per month for every 1,000 men infantry; and 30,000 florins for every 1,000 men cavalry.

III. The contracting parties shall consent to no negotiations that may injure either party, but shall assiduously endeavour to prevent them, and give each other every information.

IV. This Treaty especially guarantees the arrangements agreed upon between the Emperor and the States under his Most Christian Majesty's mediation.

V. These separate Articles shall be of equal force, as if they had been inserted in the body of the Treaty of Alliance signed this day.

Signed,

L. S. Gravier Comte de Vergennes.

L. S. Lestevenon de Berkenroode.

L. S. Gerard Brantfen.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

OCTOBER 28.

MR. MACKAY, upholsterer in Piccadilly, had paid a woman of the name of Mary Barle de Chameron 30l. per ann. which was left her for a term of years; but having paid her 50l. in advance, which he had often pressed her for the repayment of, she last Friday morning told him, if he would go with her to Walworth, she would pay him the money. About ten o'clock he went, when the door was opened by a man named Lewis de Chameron, who is said to have been an officer in the French army.—Mr. Mackay was no sooner in the room, and the door shut, but the foreigner produced a large knife and a pair of pistols, with which he menaced him with instant death if he offered to cry out or alarm the neighbours. He then demanded his immediately writing an order on his bankers (Messrs. Drummonds) for three hundred guineas, and was very pressing that it should be written in his usual and customary manner of drawing drafts, for if the money was not produced, instant death should be the consequence of a refusal. The draft was written by Mr. Mackay, and Mrs. de Chameron was dispatched with it. On her return the villain produced the bank notes to Mr. Mackay, and told him there was the money. He then insisted on his

drawing another draft on Mr. Walpole the banker, where the money was kept for the payment of Mrs. de Chameron's annuity. This Mr. Mackay refused, stating, that he would suffer death rather than do it; that if he was suffered to have his choice, he, for the sake of his wife and family, should prefer life; but that at all events he was determined not to draw another draft. Finding he was fixed in his determination, the villain ceased importuning him. He then bored holes in the wainscot of the room, and passed ropes through them; afterwards he compelled Mr. Mackay to sit down on the floor, to which he bound him, having first tied his hands behind him. Previous to his leaving Mr. Mackay, he informed him, that in the corner cupboard was placed a barrel of gunpowder, and in order to prevent his endeavouring to pursue him in his flight, told him that he had placed ropes to each of the windows, which had a communication with a loaded and cocked pistol pointing into the powder, and that the instant either of the windows were touched or opened, the powder would go off and blow the house up. They afterwards left him; and it was four in the afternoon before Mr. M. could make any person hear, the house being empty, and only taken for the above purpose; by the help of a ladder some

people cut the ropes, got into the window, and released him.

The villain and the woman it appears took post chaise for Harwich, where they arrived by day-break on Saturday morning, and hired a boat for Holland, in which they immediately embarked.

The following is said to be an authentic copy of the letter which was written and read by de Chameron to Mr. Mackay, when he had him in his power.

"It is now time I should think of my retreat, consequently I am going to let you know the precautions that I have judged necessary for my safety. I'll answer for it you will not find them badly imagined—It is indispensable (and you will soon be convinced of it) that I should tie your hands behind you against the wall; that position is not commendous I confess, but it must absolutely be; however take comfort, you will not remain more than one or two days, at most, in that situation: as soon as I arrive at a place of security (it is the affair of a few hours) I have a letter ready (I will give it you to read in a moment) which I will send with the keys of the house, to one, who, I'll answer for it, will soon come and deliver you from your uneasiness; but be very attentive to what I am going to explain to you: I am going the second time to make you the judge of your own fate; I have a barrel of gun-powder quite ready; you are going to be the witness in what manner I shall dispose of it; it will be in such a position that if you make the least noise to call for help, whether they enter by the window or the door, the house will blow up at the very same instant—your shortest part is then (you see it clearly) to wait in silence for the arrival of your liberation—otherwise do just as you please.

"It is indispensable, I think, for your own safety, that you should not speak nor move, so as to give the least suspicion that any living creature is in the house, till your deliverer arrives.

"After what you have read, you'll agree, without doubt, that such precautions are equally indispensable in regard to you: I must tie you in the same manner till the Jew arrives—bear it with a good grace, that I may not be forced to hurt you."

29. A woman about fifty years of age laid a complaint before Alderman Le Mesurier, that she belonged to a workhouse, and had leave to go out; that a man near Aldersgate street called her up into a room; that she was no sooner entered but he stripped her naked, and forcibly abused her, took all her cloaths and linen, locked her in the room naked as she was, where she remained two days and a night before she could force

the lock to get the door open; that she then alarmed some women, who seeing her in that condition brought something to cover her, and conducted her home. The master of the workhouse to which she belonged confirmed the account of her being absent two days and a night, and of her being brought home in the condition as above described.

Nov. 1.

Jamaica, Sept. 10. This island has been again visited by a hurricane, equally violent, of much longer duration, and it is feared much more general than that of the last year. It commenced about six o'clock in the evening of Saturday the 27th ult. and continued with very little intermission, during the greatest part of the night. The damage sustained by the inhabitants has been immense, and must be the more severely felt by them, as they had not recovered the heavy losses occasioned by the last. The island was fortunately full of provisions, which were selling at a low price; and, to prevent the exportation of them, an embargo has been laid upon the shipping for six weeks.—*London Gaz.*

3. The Recorder made his report to his Majesty of 22 convicts under sentence of death, when sixteen unhappy wretches were ordered for execution on Thursday next.

4. In consequence of a requisition made to the Lord Mayor for convening a Common Hall, about 3000 of the Livery attended at Guildhall.

Alderman Skinner came forward, and informed the Livery, that he held in his hand eight resolutions, which he trusted they would adopt. They were chiefly relative to the shop-tax, which he considered as oppressive to trade in general, but particularly cruel to the city of London. In two wards he said he found the taxes, exclusive of the shop-tax, amounted to more than 15s. in the pound, and in Queenhithe to full 16s. 6d.; of course there was but little room for any additional taxes.

Alderman Watson confessed himself an enemy to the tax, and was confident, that had the minister foreseen how unpopular the tax was, he never would have brought it forward.

Alderman Wilkes reprobated the tax, and promised to use every endeavour to have it repealed.

Alderman Hammet stated, that he was the first person in the House of Commons who had opposed the tax; and he said he did so, not because it affected him, but just the reverse; he did it because it was partial, and he protested that he never would consent to that or any other tax, of which he was not himself to pay a part. He declared himself

an enemy to partial taxes, and was confident the landed interest was mistaken, if they thought it was for their benefit that trade should be oppressed. The Alderman entered pretty fully into the nature of the tax, and concluded a most animated and captivating speech with saying, that no modification of the tax would do, but a thorough repeal must take place.

After which these among other resolutions passed :

THAT it is the indispenfible duty of every Liveryman of this city to protect by every constitutional exertion, the general interest of his fellow-citizens.

That those interests are inseparably connected with, and entirely dependent upon, the trade of the metropolis.

That every measure which tends to subvert this invaluable foundation of our trade and subsistence, is not only in the highest degree unwise and impolitic on the part of Government, from whence it proceeds, but such as calls for the exercise of every legal endeavour on the part of the citizens, to resist and oppose to the utmost.

That the Shop-tax is precisely such a measure as is described in the preceding resolution, and that therefore the opposition to it is a point in which all descriptions of men ought to unite, and with which prejudice ought to have no concern; and that it is the duty of every conscientious citizen to join, as against an impost not only partial and inequitable in its principle, but in the highest degree dangerous and oppressive in its operation.

That, therefore, we most earnestly recommend to our fellow-subjects at large strenuously to persevere in the exertion of every constitutional means for obtaining a repeal of that most oppressive Act; and to unite in one firm, sober, and deliberate opinion, as to the necessity of the immediately adopting such measures as may afford a rational expectation of security to their trade, and a well-founded hope for the return of public prosperity.

Marrow, the young man formerly a clerk of Messrs. Drummonds, the bankers, and who was convicted a few sessions ago for stealing a bag of money containing 1000*l.* their property, has received a pardon, on condition of being transported to the Bay of Honduras for life.

Captain Mackenzie has received his Majesty's pardon for the murder of the soldier at Fort Moree, by shooting him from a cannon, but is now detained in Newgate, and it is expected will be tried at the next Admiralty sessions, for piracy, in cutting out (with a detachment of his men) from under the guns of a Dutch fort on the coast of Africa, a Portuguese ship, with Dutch co-

lours; in consequence of which a complaint has been made against him by the Portuguese Ambassador. Government detain 11,000*l.* worth of his gold dust till he gives an account of the King's stores which were intrusted to his care.

A singular genius for arithmetical calculation has lately discovered itself in the son of a forgerman at Merthyr in Wales, a boy about nine years of age. This remarkable talent was first made known by the child's hearing a workman say he had performed some task in four days and four hours, *Then I can tell you*, said the boy, *how many minutes you were about it*, and, revolving it in his mind, he presently solved the question, without putting down any figures. Other questions far more difficult and intricate have been proposed to him since, to which he has given solutions in the same manner, with the utmost accuracy. There is reason to think that this boy may become equal to the famous calculator, *Jedediah Buxton*.

9. Tho. Wright, Esq. the new Lord Mayor, with the late Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, attended by the Stationers Company, and a numerous train of the City Officers, went to Blackfriars-bridge in procession, and proceeded in the city barges belonging to the city corporations, to Palace-yard stairs, where they landed, and went in form into Westminster-hall, where the customary oaths were administered to the new Lord Mayor. They then returned by water to Blackfriars, and went in state to Guildhall.

The cavalcade was this year signalized by three men in armour: the first was in a complete suit of burnished copper, the second in a suit of high polished brass, and the third in iron.

The entertainment was remarkably splendid. Upwards of 900 guests were present, whose appearance, with the rich and beautiful variety of coloured lamps, formed one of the grandest *Coup d' Oeil*s ever remembered. Amongst the nobility were the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Caermarthen, the Right Hon. William Pitt, and a great number of Judges.

Mr. Pitt on this day experienced the uncertain tenure of a Minister's popularity; for as he passed thro' the city he was greatly insulted and abused, the mob continually hissing, hooting, and shouting *No Shop Tax*, and there was some alarm for the security of his person.

10. The Spiritual Court has commenced a process against the Right Hon. Lord George Gordon. A process verbal was delivered into his Lordship's house on Friday last by one of the spiritual officers of the High Pre-rogative Court of Canterbury. This process verbal is issued against his Lordship in the
name

name of "JOHN, by Divine Providence, Archbishop of Canterbury, &c. &c.

11. Lieutenant General Sir Robert Boyde has obtained his Majesty's permission to wear the victorious word GIBRALTAR on the colours of his regiment, as an honourable distinction for the important services of that gallant officer and his corps during the memorable siege of that important fortress.

12. Thursday morning were executed, pursuant to their sentence, 18 of the convicts who were condemned in September session; one of whom (George Reynolds) was not more than 14 years of age.

Joseph Banning, who suffered at the same time for a forgery, left two letters in the hands of a particular friend, which were not to be opened nor delivered until after his death, and contained a confession of two other forgeries which he had committed upon two other bankers for fifty pounds each.

A very singular Anecdote—Very near thirty years ago a remarkable execution happened no further off than Kingston upon Thames, in Surrey: One Gregory was hanged for horse-stealing, and at the same time no less than eleven of his own sons were hung by his side on the same gallows, for repeated crimes of the same nature; and, what is yet more singular, one Coleman, with his five sons, were hung on the same gallows the same moment, in all eighteen in number.

14. At a late hunt at Fontainebleau, the Duke de Bourbon, related to the Royal family, was in the most imminent danger of his life. A furious bear having attacked his horse, his Royal Highness the Comte d'Artois, seeing the perilous situation of his friend, nimbly alighted, and courageously attacked and killed the bear, whose tusks must have proved fatal to the Duke, had it not been for this timely rescue.

At a sitting of the Court of King's Bench, a report from Mr. Campbell, the supervisor of the convicts at Woolwich, was read, stating, that there were now between 700 and 800 convicts on board the hulks at Woolwich, besides a great number sentenced for transportation; and that from enquiries which had been made, it appeared, that Newgate, and the several other goals of this Kingdom, were full of convicts and felons, who were liable to be discharged into the hulks: That there was not work sufficient to employ the convicts now on board. Lord Mansfield remarked on this information, as being of the most alarming and dangerous tendency to the public, and recommended it to the consideration of the Attorney-General, who was in court, to take some steps in order to endeavour to prevent the mischief likely to arise from such a situation. The Attorney Gene-

ral promised to consult his Majesty's Ministers accordingly, and apply some remedy for the security of the public, and the punishment and employment of the felons.

15. This evening a courier arrived at Carleton-house, with accounts of the safe arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland at Boulogne, who left out on their return from London to Avignon on the 13th.

16. A correspondent desires us to communicate the following method of dressing potatoes, which he says may be depended on as a certain way to prevent the wetness which at present prevails in them generally; and which, as it makes them extremely unwholesome, is a matter of importance. Wash the potatoes clean, and put them into a covered pot, without water, on a slow fire; the heat very soon draws out sufficient water to stew them in, and the potatoes so managed are dry and mealy, though the very same, boiled in the common way, are so wet as to be scarcely eatable.

Saturday a fire broke out in the house of a Venetian blind-maker, in the Haymarket, which consumed the same, and damaged three other houses; and this night a fire broke out at a bookfeller's, the corner of the Talbot Inn gateway, in the Strand, which in a very short time burnt down that and the adjoining house.

The capital manor called Cannons, near Stanmore, in the county of Middlesex, was lately sold by Mr. Skinner, at Garraway's, for the sum of 26,000l.

A letter from Berlin, dated Oct. 18, says, "The Author of a parricide libel, intitled *Les Matinées du Roy de Prusse*, in which the King has been treated with great acrimony, was lately taken into custody here. It was thought the scribbler would have been severely punished; but Frederick, with that greatness of mind peculiar to his character, directed the magistrates to set the poor fellow at liberty, and make him a present of a bundle of new pens, "as his last," the King, with his usual poignancy, said, "were in very bad order."

20. The Hague Gazette, after a just encomium on General Elliott for his defence of Gibraltar, gives an account of his Excellency having sent to Feldt-Marechal de Rehden, the silver medals struck off for perpetuating the memory of so glorious an event. They are destined for the officers and soldiers of the Hanoverian brigade who served under him, and to whose conduct the General does ample justice in the following letter to the Feldt-Marechal.

"SIR,

"I take the liberty of applying to your Excellency in a circumstance, which to me appears

appears very remarkable in many respects. The King, my master, having been graciously pleased to permit that a silver medal should be struck, in order to convey to posterity the remembrance of a military event, which, in my opinion, has been hitherto unprecedented; by this alone your Excellency will comprehend, that I mean to speak of that renowned brigade of his Majesty's Electoral troops, who have displayed the highest courage during so long a time, and in circumstances which would have proved a test for the virtues of the most sublime Heroes. Your Excellency, no doubt, will not suspect me to be capable of thus publishing praises, so well deserved, with a view of taking for myself any part of their merit.

"A General is fully secured from all manner of anxiety, even amidst the horrors of war, when he can depend on the courage and attachment of such troops, who, to the strictest observance of military discipline, join zeal, patience, and bravery—who cannot be daunted by the hardest and most unremitting labours—who fearless can bear sickness and wounds—who have familiarised their eyes to the almost constant prospect of famine, and never enjoyed plenty. Your Excellency knows them well; I should never have done were I to say of them all I feel in my heart. His Majesty having condescended to accept, on this event, a golden medal, as well as the Queen and Royal Family, I took this opportunity to have several more struck upon silver. Deign, Sir, to accept one for yourself, another for Lieutenant General De La Motte, and a third for General Sydow. My wish is, that one of those medals be presented to each of the officers and soldiers who served at Gibraltar from the month of June 1779, and did not leave the place till the whole brigade returned to Hanover. I hope they will look upon it as a token of my friendship and gratitude, which will last as long as I live. If, contrary to my expectations, there should not be a sufficient quantity of medals, I shall take care to have more struck, and send them by the first opportunity. My old friend General Freytag, with whom I have kept up a constant correspondence during all that time, will certainly not refuse a medal, which has been struck under the auspices of his Majesty.

"Your Excellency will, I trust, forgive this freedom. The medals, being presented by you, will increase in consequence and value.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed)

G. A. ELLIOTT.

The subject of the medals given by order of Gen. Elliott to the Royal Family, and to each of the officers and soldiers who served

at Gibraltar:—On the face of the medal is a representation of the rock; motto on the legend is, *Per tot discrimina rerum; exergue XIII Sept. MDCCCLXXXII.* On the reverse, is a crown of laurel, with a German motto, *Bruderschaft*, signifying brotherhood; within the wreath are the names of the four principal officers, *Rehden, Lamotte, Sydow, Elliott.* The dies were executed by Mr. Pingo, and upwards of twelve hundred have been struck in gold and silver, for perpetuating the memory of so glorious an event.

The last advices from America mention, that the inhabitants of the United States are quite at variance with each other, and quarrelling upon the question, "Whether Congress shall, or shall not, be vested with powers and authorities sufficient to act as the exigency of the moment may require?"—some proposing to give them a power to make treaties of commerce with foreign states, to revive their drooping trade, which is daily becoming worse and worse; and some being as strongly averse to their intermeddling at all in public affairs. Disputes on this point are said to have run so high, that one party threatens to employ force to compel the other to yield to the *first* proposition, if they continue to oppose it; being persuaded, that unless there is a ruling principle somewhere, the whole country will speedily be in arms, or in confusion.

The following particulars of a young Gloucestershire Giant are said to be authentic: He is the son of Mr. Collett, at Upper-Slaughter, near Stour on the Wold, and was only twelve years of age last April, is five feet nine inches high, measures four feet one inch and an half round the waist, two feet nine inches round each thigh, and two feet four inches round the calf of his leg. He is very healthy, but so burthened to himself, that he is unable to raise himself from the ground.

21. Came on before the Right Hon. the Earl of Mansfield, and the rest of the Judges of the Court of King's-Bench, at Westminster Hall, a cause wherein one William Henley was plaintiff, and Michael Jacob, of Goodman's-Fields, defendant. It was an action brought to recover the sum of 78,000*l.* on the stock-jobbing act. The plaintiff's declaration was 2506 sheets. It came on by motion made by the plaintiff for time to enter his issue, when, on many learned arguments by the Counsel on both sides, the plaintiff's rule was discharged, by which decision the defendant gained his cause, and the plaintiff was non-suited.

22. Mr. Poole ascended this day at one o'clock, from Cambridge, with a balloon. After being in the air an hour and five minutes, he descended at Wickhambrook in Suffolk,

Suffolk, about twelve miles from Newmarket and twenty-four from Cambridge.

A few days ago came on a question in the Court of King's Bench at Westminster, by way of hearing, on a rule before the Court, whether a person's acquiring a certificate under the last game act, went any length towards indemnifying him under any prior penalties. The Court clearly were of opinion, that it did not, and that the last act was intended merely to raise a tax upon unqualified persons in the exercise of the sportsman's right.

23. On Saturday last the housekeeper to the Princess Amelia was unfortunately burned to death, at Gunnerbury. She was sitting near the fire in one of the rooms, when it is supposed that a spark flew out of the fire upon some of her linen, and communicated to the rest of her cloaths, as they were all burnt. When this accident was discovered, a physician, &c. were sent for, but she died before they came. She had lived with the Princess a great many years.

This morning about four o'clock, a house in Well-street, in which about fifteen persons lived, fell down, and they were all buried in the ruins: an old woman and her son were killed, eight were dug out alive, and carried to the hospital, without hopes of recovery; the rest remain under the rubbish till it can be removed.

The Dutch mail which arrived this day, mentions a very gross insult offered to the Prince and Princess of Orange, at Meppel, in the county of Drenthem, on their arrival there with their children from Groningen; and that the tumult was so great that several riot were fired, and one person killed; and had not an armed party, which was appointed to escort them, hastily retired, much blood must have ensued. Their Highnesses were happily housed when the riot begun, which was occasioned by some of the populace.

24. We hear from East-Grinstead, that on Saturday morning the 12th inst. about eight o'clock, a large quantity of stone fell from the north-west buttress of the tower of the church, which drew many spectators to the spot; but so far were they from apprehending any sudden fall of that large fabric, that Mr. Palmer, the master of the grammar-school, which is immediately under the tower, taught as usual that morning, and did not quit the school till twelve o'clock, and would have been there again at one, had it not been Saturday. About five minutes before two the whole tower divided and came entirely down; and that large and much-admired Gothic structure the church is totally destroyed. There were in the tower six very

large bells, the tenor of which weighed 26 cwt. Five now appear upon the ruins, and seem to have received no hurt. Happily no lives were lost.

25. This day, Christ. Atkinson, Esq. was put in the pillory, erected close to the Corn Exchange in the Corn Market, Mark-lane, and stood for one hour, according to his sentence for perjury. He was exposed more than has been known by any person, as his arms were in quite to the shoulders, which made his face more exposed. Labels were stuck upon the pillars of the Corn Market, "Christopher Atkinson, Esq. for Perjury."

We hear from Philadelphia, that Dr. Franklyn, late Minister from the United States of America to the court of Versailles, arrived there from Europe on the 21st September, in the London Packet, Thomas Truxton, after a passage of 38 days from land to land.

The following curious facts took place before a Westminster quorum in the last week: A servant having been discharged with some circumstances of aggravation, immediately informed against his quondam master for driving a jockey cart without name or number. He then informed against him for omissions of entry, both as to his coach and livery servant. The coach appeared not to have paid the wheel-tax for 13 years. The penalties were all paid.

A wonderful chain of cells have been lately discovered under the cellar of a house in Long-lane, in the Borough. The descent is through a trap-door of iron, which has long remained unknown; but the house being lately taken by a new tenant, in cleaning the cellar this door was discovered; the width, as far as those who went down have ventured, is about twenty feet; the length unknown, fear having prevented the curious from going farther than about half a mile. There seems to have been regular apartments for some religious purposes, as over the entrance at the door there is a large stone cross; and a few little images, particularly one of David playing upon his harp, were found: The whole appears arched with large hewn stone, and extends perhaps several miles. Numbers of skulls and parts of human skeletons appear dispersed throughout the place.

26. The Court of King's Bench lately gave judgment in the long litigated cause of Parker *versus* Wells, which was an action brought by Mr. John Dewy Parker, of Carlshilton, in Surrey, against a messenger of bankrupts, to determine the validity of a commission of bankruptcy sued out against Mr. Parker, who having a lease of a farm of 800 acres from the Archbishop of Canterbury,

had made bricks for sale of the soil of one of the fields. The commission was against him as a brickmaker. The cause, which was originally in the Common Pleas, was tried at Guildhall, when the Jury found a special verdict, stating, that Mr. Parker had so made bricks for sale, and subject to the opinion of the Court of Common Pleas, upon a point of law, whether such brick-making made Mr. Parker liable to the bankrupt laws as a trader.

After the case had been solemnly argued in the Court of Common Pleas, the Court were unanimously of opinion, that the commission would not lie, he not being a trader, within the meaning of the bankrupt laws.

The creditors brought a writ of error to the King's Bench, where the case again underwent a solemn argument of counsel, and when Lord Mansfield delivered the unanimous opinion of the court, that Mr. Parker was, to all intents and purposes, within the bankrupt laws. The consequence was, that they reversed the judgment of the Court of Common Pleas.

A writ of error has been since brought returnable in parliament, to receive the ultimate decision of the House of Lords in this cause.

28. A proclamation appeared in Saturday's

Gazette, summoning both Houses of Parliament to meet at Westminster on January 24 next, then to sit for the dispatch of public business.

Intelligence has been received from France, that De Chaméron and his wife had come to that capital. Two of the hundred pound notes were cashed at the house of Sir John Lambert, who justifies his having taken them by saying that he had not seen the advertisement. The Police, however, having traced them, the woman was taken at her apartments, and about 300 livres of the money found upon her; but no menaces nor intreaties could prevail on her to discover De Chaméron. A letter from him, however, was intercepted, in which, not knowing her situation, he desired a meeting in the garden of the Thuilleries—She was accordingly carried to the spot, in order that the officer might identify him. He was seized—but drawing a concealed dagger, he stabbed the officer, and flew to the river-side, where leaping into a boat, he threatened the watermen with death if they did not instantly ferry him over. By this means he escaped for the time—but the officers of the police are in such strict search of him, that there is no doubt of his being apprehended. The officer whom he stabbed is not dead.

P R E F E R M E N T S, NOVEMBER, 1785.

JOSEPH EWART, Esq; to be his Majesty's Secretary of Legation at the court of Berlin.

Hugh Elliot, Esq; his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary at the court of Denmark, to be his Majesty's Plenipotentiary at the same court.

The dignity of a Baronet of Ireland to George Leonard Staunton, of Gargin, in the county of Galway, Esq.

Augustus Pechell, Esq; to be Receiver-General of the Post-office, *vice* Robert Trevor, Esq; deceased.

Richard Tyson, Esq; to be Master of the Ceremonies at the Upper Rooms, Bath, in the room of Mr. Dawson; and Captain King Master of the Ceremonies at the Lower Rooms, in the room of Mr. Tyson.

Mr. T. R. Spence, of Hanover-square, to be senior Surgeon-Dentist to his Majesty, *vice* Mr. Berdmore, dec.

Mr. William Rae, of Hanover-square, to be second Surgeon-Dentist to his Majesty, *vice* Mr. Spence,

The Deanery of the Cathedral Church of Ardferit in Ireland, to the Rev. Thomas Greaves, A. M.

The Hon. and Rev. Edward Venables Vernon, Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, to a Prebendal Stall in Gloucester Cathedral, *vice* Dr. Benfon, dec.

The Rev. William Welfitt, D. D. Chaplain of the House of Commons, to a Prebend in Canterbury Cathedral, *vice* Dr. Sutton, dec.

The Rev. Dr. Turner, to be Vice Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, *vice* Dr. Peckard, resigned.

The Rev. Dr. Onslow, Canon of Christ Church, to the Archdeaconry of Salisbury, *vice* Dr. Dodwell, dec.

The Rev. Mr. Taylor, rector of Aldford, to the Archdeaconry of Chester.

The Rev. Robert Price, LL. D. to the prebend of South Grantham, in the cathedral church of Sarum, *vice* Dr. Dodwell.

The Rev. William Paley, A. M. Archdeacon of the diocese of Carlisle, to succeed Dr. Burn; as Chancellor of that diocese.

MARRIAGES, NOVEMBER 1785.

SIR JOHN CHETWODE, Bart. to the Right Hon. Lady Henrietta Grey, daughter of the Earl of Stamford.

Miles Smith, of Sunderlandwick, Yorkshire, Esq; to Miss Legard, daughter of the late Sir Digby Legard, Bart.

Henry Gore Wade, Esq; of Fetcham-Grove, Surrey, to Miss Catharine White-locke, daughter of John Whitelocke, Esq; of Marriage-hill, Wilts.

John White, Esq; to Mrs. Beetham, widow of the late Edward Beetham, Esq.

Cornelius Smelt, Esq; of York, to Miss Mary Trant Otley, of Richmond.

—— Addington, Esq; son of Dr. Addington, of Reading, to Miss Mary Unwin.

Captain John Hamilton Dempster, in the service of the East India Company, to Miss Ferguson, of Red Lion-square.

George Hatton, of the county of Wexford, Ireland, Esq; to the Hon. Lady Isabella Seymour Conway, youngest daughter of the Right Hon. the Earl of Hertford.

The Rev. Alexander Radcliffe, M. A. Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, to Miss Caroline Bennett, youngest daughter of Sir William Bennett, of Hampshire.

Lieut. William Rochford, of the 64th regiment, to Mrs. Burgoin, a widow lady possessed of a personal fortune of 400l. per annum.

The Hon. Mr. Watson, son of Lord Sondes, to Miss Mills, of Harley-street.

At Monyash in Derbyshire, the Rev. John Coxon, near 70 years of age, to Miss Eliz. Eykin, of Nottingham, aged 25, being his fourth wife.

The Hon. and Rev. Mr. Lumley, brother to the Earl of Scarborough, to Miss Anna Maria Herring, daughter of Julines Herring, Esq; in Brunwick-square.

Robert S. Milnes, Esq; to Miss Charlotte Bentinck, second daughter of the late Captain Bentinck, of the navy.

Major Scott, of Ripon, to Miss Blackett, daughter of Sir Edward Blackett, Bart. of Matfen, Northumberland.

Lieut. Col. Strickland, of the first regiment of foot guards, to Miss Rolfe, daughter of Edmund Rolfe, Esq; of Heacham, Norfolk.

M. Brickdale, Esq; son of M. Brickdale, Esq; member for Bristol, to Miss Foster, of Colchester.

Sir Alexander Purves, Bart. of Purves-hall, to Miss Magdalen Edmonston, daughter of James Edmonston, Esq.

Nathaniel Gosling, Esq; of Doctors Commons, to Miss Elizabeth Theodosia Vaillant, daughter of Paul Vaillant, Esq; of Pall-mall.

BIRTHS, NOVEMBER, 1785.

THE Lady of James Everard Arundell, Esq; and eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Arundell of Wardour, dec. of a son and heir.

The Lady of Sir John Doyly, of a daughter.

The Lady of the Right Hon. Lord St. John of a daughter.

Lady Duncannon of a daughter.

The Duchess of Gordon of a son.

MONTHLY OBITUARY, NOVEMBER 1785.

OCTOBER.

AT Upper Pierpoint, Northamptonshire, in an advanced age, John Beafely, Esq. formerly a gentleman commoner of Christ-Church College, Oxford; to which society he hath left 1000l. towards completing their grand library.

At Norwich, aged 29 years and 2 months, Catharine Kelley, who has lately been exhibited there under the name of the Irish Fairy. About six hours before her death, she was delivered of a full-grown dead child, of which she went to the full term of nine months. This extraordinary diminutive of the human species, tho' without deformity, was but 34

inches high, and in every other respect, proportionably small, and yet her children exceeded in length the usual measure of a new born infant, being, when extended, 22 inches and a half from the top of the head to the extremity of the toes, and its weight equal to that of most children at birth, viz. 7lb.

At Huntingdon, the Rev. Dr. Smith.

At Lancaster, aged 88, Mr. Miles Birket, merchant.

At Tamworth, in Staffordshire, Mr. William Tasker, aged 113; this ancient veteran maintained his mental faculties till within a few days of his death.

Aged 103, Mr. Smith, a farmer of Dolver, Montgomeryshire,

Montgomeryshire, who was never known to drink any thing but butter-milk.

At Bramhill, Hants, the lady of Sir Richard Cope, Bart.

15. At Burnt Island, Scotland, the Hon. Lord Rutherford, of the navy.

At Naples, where he had resided some years, Humphrey Morice, Esq. one of his Majesty's Privy Council, member for Launceston in five successive parliaments, and many years Comptroller of the King's Household, and Lord Warden of the Stannaries in Cornwall and Devon.

24. Harry Verelst, Esq. This gentleman was formerly governor of Bengal, from whence he returned to England, possessed, as was supposed, of a very ample fortune.

26. Lately, at Conisburgh near Doncaster, Lieut. Col. Downes, late of the 1st regiment of dragoons, in which he had served 30 years.

27. At Beverley, in Yorkshire, in the 69th year of his age, Brigadier General Oliver De Lancey, late of New York, North America.

28. Thomas Lander Smith, Esq. head distributor of stamps for Warwickshire, and one of the Aldermen of Coventry. He had spent a cheerful evening with some company at his own house, on the preceding night, and went to bed in seeming good health, where he was found dead.

At Streatham, Mrs. Dalrymple, wife of the Hon. General Dalrymple, and daughter of Sir Robert Harland, Bart.

Lately, Captain Thomas Sadler of the South Hants militia.

Lately, Hugh Parnell, Esq. of Hadham, Hertfordshire.

29. His Serene Highness the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel was suddenly taken ill whilst he was at table at his palace of Weissenstein, and immediately expired. He was born the 14th of August, 1728, and very early in life married the Princess Mary, daughter to his late Majesty George the Second, by whom he had one son, William, the hereditary Prince, the present Landgrave, who married about 20 years since the Princess Wilhelmina Augusta of Denmark.

At Waltham Abbey, Sir William Wake, Bart.

At Limehouse, aged 94, Captain Thomas Phillips, upwards of 60 years in the navy.

Lately, Dr Bosworth, Rector of Tortworth in Gloucestershire.

Lately, Mr. Church, Rector of Boxford in Suffolk.

30. John Dalton, Esq. son of the Rev. James Dalton, Rector of Stanmore, in Middlesex, of an apoplectic fit, in the 37th year of his age. He had been returned about a year

from Bombay, where he had acquired a handsome fortune with the fairest character. He was universally and deservedly beloved, and his death is most sincerely regretted by his family and friends; his disposition being truly amiable, and his conduct in every relation of life exemplary; a most dutiful son, a tender husband, an affectionate brother, and a sincere friend.

Lately, at Paris, Mademoiselle Desmares, a celebrated actress of the Comedie Françoise.

Nov. 1. Mrs. Thornton, lady of John Thornton, Esq. of Clapham

2. James Woodhouse, Esq. Lord Mayor of York.

On Dulwich Common, in the 95th year of his age, Henry Satchwell, Esq. formerly of the Chancery-office.

At Edinburgh, Mrs. Edmonstone, relict of Archibald Edmonstone, of Duntreath, Esq. and aunt to the Duke of Argyll.

At Lisle, in Flanders, Sir Walter Blount, Bart. of Mosely Hall, in Shropshire.

Lately, at Stanstead in Suffex, Henry Barwell, Esq.

6. At Woolwich, Capt. Samuel Tovey, late of the royal regiment of artillery, and chief fire-master of the royal laboratory.

7. At his house, Racquet-court, Fleetstreet, of a dropsy, in the 45th year of his age, Thomas Berdmore, dentist. He has bequeathed to his brother Dr. Berdmore, of the Charter-house, 600*l.* To his house-keeper, who has lived with him many years, 300*l.* and 50*l.* per Ann. To a female acquaintance, 30*l.* per Ann. To Dr. Budd, 200*l.* And all the residue of his fortune, which, it is said, amounts to upwards of 20,000*l.* to the infant son of his brother.— He directed by his will to be interred at Nottingham, the place of his birth, and that this singular inscription should be engraved on a marble tablet in the church:—"Near this place lie the remains of *Thomas Berdmore*, &c. who acquired an ample and liberal fortune by *Tooth-drawing*."

8. William Cowcher, Esq. Alderman of Gloucester.

Mrs. Townsend, wife of Alderman Townsend.

9. At Appledore in Wiltshire, Thomas Faucett, Esq; in the 80th year of his age. He has left several charitable legacies by his will, in particular one to bind out two boys of that parish every year apprentice.

Capt. Lewis Morgan.

10. James Maude, Esq; Russia merchant, and a Director of the Bank.

Sir Alexander Dick, of Prestonfield, Bart.

11. At Balinrig in Scotland, George Lord Elibank: his Lordship's title and estate descend

scend to his nephew, Alex. Murray, Esq; son to the late Hon. and Rev. Dr. Murray, Prebendary of Durham.

12. At Deptford, aged 97, Capt. Charles Holmes, upwards of 50 years in the navy. Benjamin Chery, Esq. late Alderman of Hertford.

13. At Midgham House, the seat of William Poyntz, Esq. Mr. Robert Bickle, many years steward of the late and present Earl of Cork.

Lately, at Hitchin in Hertfordshire, aged 69, Capt. Joshua Sabine, late of the Chatham division of marines. He served in the war before last, under Sir Edward Hawke, in the memorable engagement in 1759.

14. In France, Lewis Philip, Duke of Orleans, first Prince of the Blood Royal of France, at his castle of St. Assise, in the 60th year of his age, being born in May 1725.—The Duke was endowed with virtues which would have distinguished him in private life, but as Prince of the blood they did not make him conspicuous in any remarkable degree. He was affable, humane, and generous; an enemy to pomp and ostentation. He has left 60,000 livres per annum to the Marchioness de Montefion, his widow. The Duke de Chartres, his son, was nominated the 18th instant, at twelve o'clock, Duke of Orleans, by the King himself.

Lately at Orton in Westmoreland, the Rev. Richard Burn, LL. D. Chancellor of the diocese of Carlisle, author of the Justice of Peace, Ecclesiastical Law, History of West-

moreland and Cumberland, History of the Poor Laws, &c. and Editor of Sermons in 4 vols. 8vo.

Lately in a cow-house belonging to Mrs. Branston, of Lawford, near Manning-tree, in Essex, the once much-admired Ann Pitt, who, about 20 years ago, by the delusive promises of an Honourable Personage, forfeited virtue's dearest tribute: she soon after was discarded, and ever since has wandered about this neighbourhood, existing entirely by the casual hand of humanity; and at length actually expired in the cold icy arms of want. She, poor unfortunate wretch! might with experienced sorrow, say with the poet—"Life's a jest, and all things shew it."

15. At Paris, the Duke de Praslin, formerly minister of the naval department.—This nobleman enjoyed estates to the amount of a million per annum, and has left them all unincumbered, after having laid by forty thousand louis d'ors. The Duke did not forget Madame Dangeville in his will: she was formerly a celebrated actress at the French comedy, and had been his mistress these 50 years. *Il n'ya point de vieilles amours!*

25. Richard Glover, Esq; author of Leonidas, &c. at his house in Albemarle-street, aged 75.

Mr. Henderson, of Covent Garden Theatre.

[Of both these gentlemen we are promised some memoirs for our next month's Magazine.]

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER for NOVEMBER, 1785.

O C T O B E R.

BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.
29—29 — 63	35	N.
30—29 — 76	40	W. S. W.
31—29 — 65	51	N. N. W.

N O V E M B E R.

1—29 — 50	54	S.
2—29 — 42	50	W. S. W.
3—29 — 75	44	S. W.
4—29 — 97	56	W.
5—29 — 73	57	S.
6—29 — 52	45	W.
7—30 — 00	42	N.
8—30 — 22	40	N.
9—30 — 45	44	$\frac{1}{2}$ N. N. E.
10—30 — 37	38	$\frac{1}{2}$ W. S. W.
11—30 — 18	44	W.
12—29 — 90	51	$\frac{1}{2}$ W.
13—30 — 22	38	W.
14—30 — 41	41	E. N. E.
15—30 — 48	37	E. N. E.
16—30 — 48	47	N.
17—30 — 31	38	$\frac{1}{2}$ N. N. W.
18—29 — 87	36	E.
19—29 — 39	52	S.

20—29 — 35	43	$\frac{1}{2}$ S.
21—29 — 67	37	N.
22—30 — 22	38	N.
23—30 — 27	43	N.
24—30 — 29	32	W.
25—30 — 00	40	S. W.
26—29 — 46	45	S. E.
27—29 — 05	40	W.
28—28 — 98	45	S.

PRICE of STOCKS,

Nov. 28, 1785.

Bank Stock, —	India Bonds, 40s. 41s.
New 4 per Cent. 1777, 88 a 87 $\frac{3}{4}$	pr.
5 per Cent. Ann. 1784, 106 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 105 $\frac{3}{4}$	Fund. Navy —
3 per Cent. red. 69 $\frac{1}{2}$	New Navy and Vict. Bills —
a $\frac{1}{8}$	Long Ann. —
3 per Ct Conf. 70 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{5}{8}$	10 years Short Ann. 1777, shut
5 per Cent. 1726, —	30 years Ann. 1778, 13 5-16ths yrs. p.
South Sea Stock, —	3 per Cent. Scrip. —
Old S. S. An. —	4 per Ct. Scrip. —
New S. S. Ann. —	Omniun, —
3 per Cent. 1751, —	Exchequer Bills —
India Stock, —	L. Tick. 441. 19s.
3 per Ct. Ind. Ann. —	

* * * The Theatrical Register will be continued in our next Number.