

T H E

European Magazine,

A N D

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

F O R D E C E M B E R , 1 7 8 5 .

[Embellished with 1. A Striking Likeness of the late Mr. HENDERSON, engraved by Mr. J. JONES, from an Original Painting by GAINSBOROUGH, in the Possession of THO. BRAND, Esq. of Soho-Square. And 2. A GENERAL VIEW of HIGHGATE, taken from the South-east Corner of CAEN-WOOD.]

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L O N D O N :

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[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The complaint against the Newspapers, by our correspondent *E. T. P.* we have no power of redressing.

Philo-Merit we should have pleasure in obliging; but he should point out the means. The portrait which we suppose he alludes to we have no right to copy, without permission.

The account of Mr. Glover is reserved for next month, when a portrait of him, from an original picture, will be given.

W. Reid's late communications are so deficient in grammar, that we cannot insert them. He should not suffer himself to be diverted from his proper employment by such pursuits.

The Tale sent from Boulogne shall be inserted as soon as the remainder arrives.

We have received a great number of Letters during this month, all of which shall be attended to.

E R R A T A.

By the hurry often incident on the delays of authors sending their MSS. to periodical publications, and their not seeing the proof sheets, it is impossible but errors of the press must frequently happen. In the three former Reviews of *Heron's Letters of Literature*, some errors, particularly omissions, have been fallen into, which the purchaser is desired to correct as follow:—At the end of the article for August, for afraid to mount in a new track on their own opinions, read, afraid to mount in a new track on their own pinions.—In next month, p. 198, l. 29, first col. for than *Lucan can*, read than *Lucan knew*.—In the same col. fifth line from the bottom, for but *Virgil's Eneas* must be tried by the gospel, and condemned, &c. read, but *Virgil's Eneas* must be tried by the gospel rules of chastity, and condemned, &c.—In page 200, second col. l. 11, in place of the most soothing and placid, read, the most soothing and placid sublime.—In the article for September, p. 290, second col. immediately after line 30 of the article, supply the following omission in the citation from Mr. Heron: "*The part of Ismeno the magician is no less strong and new to epic poetry*."—In like manner, in p. 291, second col. immediately after the word *Odyssey* in line 28, supply this omission also in the citation: "*The story of Clorinda is evidently built upon the Ethiopic History of Heliodorus, a work of the very first merit*."—And in our Review for November, p. 376, for the last word in the second column, *many*, read *much*.—And in the fifteenth line from the bottom of the second column, in page 377, for *Magnus Olafetus*, read *Magnus Olafus*.

The candid and attentive reader who recurs to our former remarks, will, we hope, mark the above necessary insertions in their proper places, and allow some excuse to the causes above pleaded for their omission.

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER for Dec. 1785.

NOVEMBER.		
BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.
29-29-08	37	W.
30-29-09	33	5 W. S. W.
DECEMBER.		
1-29-86	32	W.
2-29-45	45	S. S. W.
3-29-30	40	W.
4-29-13	43	W. S. W.
5-29-88	35	W.
6-29-69	45	S.
7-29-44	48	S.
8-29-95	35	W.
9-29-33	43	E.
10-29-89	43	E.
11-29-76	38	E. N. E.
12-29-51	38	E.
13-29-50	45	S. E.
14-29-84	44	S.
15-30-15	38	W. S. W.
16-30-13	40	E.
17-30-16	41	N. E.
18-30-24	37	5 N.
19-30-24	38	5 S. E.
20-30-02	39	S.

21-30-12	38	$\frac{1}{2}$ S. S. W.
22-30-15	39	5 N.
23-30-11	34	5 N.
24-29-80	32	5 N.
25-29-60	29	N. N. E.
26-29-75	30	N. E.
27-29-96	29	E. N. E.
28-29-90	35	N. N. E.

PRICE of STOCKS,

Dec. 29, 1785.

Bank Stock, 139	prem.
New 4 per Cent. 1777, 87 $\frac{7}{8}$ 5-8ths $\frac{3}{4}$	New Navy and Vict. Bills 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ dif.
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785, shut 106 $\frac{3}{4}$ for open.	Long Ann. shut 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yrs. pur. for open
3 per Cent. red. 69 $\frac{1}{8}$	10 years Short Ann. 1777, shut
3 per Ct. Conf. shut 71 $\frac{5}{8}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ for open	30 years Ann. 1778, shut
5 per Cent. 1726, shut	3 per Cent. Scrip. —
3 per Cent. 1751, shut	4 per Ct. Scrip.
South Sea Stock, shut	Omnium, —
Old S. S. An. —	Exchequer Bills 11s. prem.
New S. S. Ann. shut	Lot. Tick. 14l. 18s. 6d.
India Stock, shut	
3 per Ct. Ind. Ann.	
India Bonds, 43s. 3d. 5s.	

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

A N D

LONDON REVIEW;

FOR DECEMBER, 1785,

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

An ACCOUNT of the late Mr. JOHN HENDERSON.

[Embellished with an ENGRAVING.]

NEAR the beginning of the present century, Sir Richard Steele * observed, on the death of the then great ornament of the English stage, "that such an actor as Mr. Betterton ought to be recorded with the same respect as Roscius among the Romans. The greatest orator (he adds) has thought fit to quote his judgement and celebrate his life." The voice of the Public at that time accorded with the sentiments of Steele. Respect and reverence attended the actor to his grave, and he left to his Brethren and to the world a striking example how much the mild virtues of private life grace and dignify even the most acknowledged talents.

The present times have seen a performer who resembled his great predecessor above named in many circumstances, and whose character would suffer no disadvantage from the most minute comparison with it; to whom the eulogium given by Cicero of Roscius might be applied—"that he had more integrity than skill; more veracity than experience; whom the people of Rome knew to be a better man than he was an actor; and while he made the first figure on the stage for his art, was worthy of the Senate for his virtue †."

Mr. JOHN HENDERSON was of a family originally Scotch, settled at Fordell, a town in the north of Scotland. He was descended in a right line from the famous Dr. Alexander Henderfon, whose name frequently occurs in the English History on account of

his conference with King Charles the First in the Isle of Wight. His grandfather was a Quaker, and a very warm adherent to the celebrated Mr. Annesley in his suit with Lord Anglesea, in supporting which he spent a considerable sum of money ‡. His father was an Irish factor in the city of London, and resided in Goldsmith-street at the time of the birth of this his son, who was baptized March 8, 1746-7. Mr. Henderfon the father lived but one year after his son's birth, and left his widow and two children, both sons, with a very slender provision §. The care and attention of their mother in some measure made up for the loss of their father. Of his mother's watchful care and assiduity Mr. Henderfon always spoke in terms of the most grateful acknowledgment. Upon every occasion he thought himself happy in an opportunity of remembering his obligations to her, and in every situation of his life was solicitous to repay the affection she had shewn to him, and to render her life happy by every means in his power. At the age of two years he removed with his mother to Newport Pagnel, in Buckinghamshire, where he continued ten years, and afterwards went to a boarding-school kept by Dr. Stirling, at Hemel Hempstead, where he resided little more than twelve months. From thence he returned to London, and having shewn a propensity to drawing, he was placed for a short time as a pupil to Mr. Fournier §, a very extraordinary cha-

* Tatler, No. 167.

† Quem pop. Rom. meliorem virum, quam histrionem esse arbitratur; qui ita dignissimus est scena, propter artificium ut dignissimus sit curia propter abstinentiam. Pr. Q. Rosc. 6.

‡ One of his letters is printed in Dr. Goldsmith's Life of Beau Nash, p. 109.

§ In the Supplement to the Universal Magazine Vol. IV. are some verses on his death.

§ Fournier was perhaps as extraordinary a character as this age has known. In 1764 he published in 4to. The Theory and Practice of Perspective upon the Principles of Brook

factor, who with great talents seems to have possessed too little prudence to preserve himself from distress and ridicule. While he remained with Fournier he made a drawing which was exhibited at the Society of Arts and Sciences, and obtained a premium about the year 1767. With a person of Fournier's habits, it is not at all surprising that Mr. Henderfon should not continue long. On quitting him, he went to reside with Mr. Cripp, a silversmith, a near relation, of considerable business in St. James's-street, with whom it was intended he should be connected; but the death of that gentleman put an end to this scheme; and it is believed that from henceforward Mr. Henderfon bent his attention entirely to the stage.

In the very early part of his life Mr. Henderfon's mother put into his hands a volume of Shakspeare, which he perused so often, and with so much delight, that he became inspired with a passion for representing on the stage characters which he read with so much satisfaction. His reception into the Theatre met with many and very extraordinary impediments. So early as about the year 1768 he had got himself introduced to Mr. George Garrick, who, on hearing him rehearse, gave it as his opinion, that Mr. Henderfon's voice was so feeble that he could not possibly convey articulate sounds to the audience of any theatre; and it cannot be denied, that there was then some ground for the observation, as his friends were apprehensive that he was in danger of falling into a consumptive habit.

Not discouraged by this repulse, he continued to pursue his favourite object, though with little prospect of success. In a few years his health became more established, and having become acquainted with Mr. Becket, the bookseller, he procured himself to be introduced to Mr. Garrick. At this gentleman's levee he attended for a great length of time, both noticed and neglected, till at last he grew weary of so irksome a state of dependence, and resolved to attempt by other means to exhibit himself before the Public. Still, however, he experienced the mortification of being rejected in every offer. In 1770 he applied to Mrs. Philippina Burton, a lady who was about to produce a comedy of her own writing at the Haymarket, but was not received. He offered himself

to Mr. Colman, who would not condescend even to hear him; and, if we are not misinformed, he made his first essay in public by delivering Mr. Garrick's Ode on the Jubilee, in a room at Islington, for the benefit of one of the inferior retainers of the theatre.

At length, after more than two years attendance, Mr. Garrick was prevailed upon to hear him rehearse; but the opinion which this trial produced was by no means favourable. The Manager declared, that his voice was not sufficiently melodious or clear, nor his pronunciation articulate enough; or, to make use of his own terms, "that he had in his mouth too much wool or worsted, which he must absolutely get rid of before he would be fit for Drury-lane stage." However, not to discourage him entirely, he furnished him with a letter to Mr. Palmer, the manager of the Bath Company, who on this recommendation engaged him at a salary of one guinea a-week.

On his arrival at Bath he assumed the name of Courtney, and his first appearance on the stage there was on the 6th October, 1772, in the character of Hamlet. The applause he met with was very great. At this juncture Mr. Giffard, under whose management Mr. Garrick had made his first essay in London, was at Bath, and a spectator of our young actor's performance. This veteran of the theatre almost immediately introduced himself to Mr. Henderfon, and was the first person who declared decidedly in his favour. He recommended him to persevere steadily in the profession he had adopted, and assured him, that he had no doubt he would in time become a great performer. So warmly did the old man interest himself, that being about to return to London, he desired Mr. Henderfon to devote a morning to him on the stage, that he might give his judgment on his manner of playing some characters. After being employed in this manner for several hours, he repeated his assurance of success, and soon after returned to Ealing, where he died in a few days. After performing Hamlet twice, Mr. Henderfon repeated Mr. Garrick's Ode, and represented in the course of the season the following characters: Richard III. Benedick, Macbeth, Capt. Bobadil, Bayes, Don Felix, the Earl of Essex, Hotspur, Fribble, Lear, Hastings, Alonzo, and Alzuma. After he had repeatedly

Taylor, with moveable Schemes, and 50 Plates. Some of these, particularly the landscapes, were etched by Mr. Henderfon. Fournier was so eccentric a being, that he was perpetually changing his profession, and his variations were so numerous that all of them could not be recollected. He was however remembered to have been a painter, an engraver, a modeller in wax, a carver, a musician, a teacher of drawing, and once both the master of a chandler's shop and the feller of alamode beef. At the time of his death he was a button-maker.

played the first nine characters, and found his reputation was fixed on a firm basis, he resumed his real name, and spoke an Address to the Town on the occasion, on the 22d of December. He performed in the Play or Farce almost every night during the season, and had the satisfaction of continuing to increase in fame every time that he appeared.

From the period of his going to Bath he corresponded with Mr. Garrick, who gave him his advice very frequently and with great cordiality. In one of his letters he warned Mr. Henderfon not to be too much elated with success, and instructed him how he might improve his time to the best advantage. He admonished him to be cautious of his company, and to avoid the rocks which many of the dramatis personæ had split upon, by mispending their time, and acquiring a habit of idleness and drinking among the vain pretenders to theatrical merit. He likewise advised him to peruse other books besides plays, and to acquire such farther knowledge as might add to his importance in life. Though a disagreement afterwards arose between them, Mr. Henderfon always spoke of this letter with gratitude. He adopted the scheme of life pointed out by Mr. Garrick, and immediately retired from all company to apply himself closely to study; and from thenceforward dissipation never had power enough to seduce him from the great object of his attention.

At the close of the Bath season, he visited his friends in London, and passed the remainder of the summer in the metropolis, entirely disengaged from all theatrical employments. In the autumn he returned to his station at Bath, and during that year, added the characters of Pierre, Don John, Comus, Othello, Archer, Ranger, Sir John Brute, Belville in *The School for Wives*, Henry II. Beverley in *The Man of Business*, and Zanga, to those he had already represented. By this time, the chief managers of the London Theatres had seen his performances on the stage, and knew the reputation he had acquired; but, steady to the opinions they had originally entertained, they could not be prevailed upon to think him worthy of being received into their service. During the course of this summer, application was made, both to Mr. Garrick and Mr. Foote, to engage him, but without effect. In the autumn of 1774, he was obliged again to resume his former situation at Bath.

But though the London managers were insensible to the merit of Mr. Henderfon, he was encouraged by the sentiments of several very competent judges, who cheered him with their applause, and supported him

by their approbation. Paul Whitehead, Mr. Gainborough, and Mr. Beard, were particularly attentive to him. His new characters this year were principally Ford, Posthumus, Shylock, Lorenzo in *The Spanish Fryar*, Sciolto, and Morcar in *Matilda*. The uninterrupted and undiminished praises which he was honoured with, both by individuals and by the public at large, had made him earnestly desire the opportunity of exhibiting his talents to a London audience; and to accomplish this point, in December 1774, he wrote to Mr. Garrick, and proposed that by his own risk and expence to act on Drury-Lane stage, in the characters of Hamlet and Shylock, and to be determined by the voice of the public respecting the event of his good or ill success in those parts. At this juncture, Mr. Henderfon had obtained so great a reputation at Bath, and had acquired so many friends, that it seems probable, Mr. Garrick thought it would be no longer prudent to neglect the overtures that were made him. He answered Mr. Taylor of Bath, through whose means the proposal came to him, that he thought it would not be advantageous to Mr. Henderfon himself; he could not suppose that his playing two characters would give the public a proper idea of his merit; as an actor of sensibility, such a slender and partial exhibition of his talents might from his too great feelings injure his representation, and render him less capable of pleasing the public, who would be called upon to estimate his merit. He observed also, that if Mr. Henderfon could have an opportunity to act ten or twelve times, in two or three different characters, his genius would have fair play. As his well-wisher, he strenuously protested against the other scheme; but if Mr. Henderfon chose to be with him, he recommended him to fix upon Hamlet, Shylock, Benedick, or any other part he chose to appear in the ensuing winter. He thought the former a partial manner of trial, which would be of no service to the manager, and of prejudice to the actor.

In answer to Mr. Garrick's letter, Mr. Henderfon, who seemed greatly upon his guard, after thanking him profusely for his anxious apprehensions in his favour, and after some compliments due to a man so very eminent, made a new offer, which was to act the ensuing winter at Drury-Lane Theatre the parts of Hamlet, Shylock, Richard, and Lear; with such other characters, in the course of the season, to which he could give a proper finishing; but as to these, he reserved a negative voice: in a second and third season, he proposed to add four more additional characters each year, and to act

such other parts under the same restriction as already mentioned.

On the receipt of Mr. Henderfon's proposal, Mr. Garrick returned an answer in terms of anger and resentment; he reproached him for his attempt to take the management of the theatre out of his hands, and to render him a mere cypher in his own dominions. This indeed was an affront that no actor of the highest merit had ever presumed to offer to him.

In answer to this letter, Mr. Henderfon wrote, disclaiming the interpretation which Mr. Garrick had put on his proposal, and declaring that he had no wish but to be subordinate to his employer's directions, provided he did not feel himself unequal to the task imposed upon him. By the interference of some friends, an attempt was made to resume the treaty; but Mr. Garrick seemed not inclined to forgive the supposed attack upon his authority, and Mr. Henderfon, after Mr. Garrick had expressed his resentment in such forcible terms, appeared no way satisfied that his intentions towards him either were or could be amicable, and therefore grew more indifferent on the subject. A short time afterwards, a negotiation was begun with Mr. Harris, for an engagement at Covent-Garden Theatre; but this was broken off by the manager, almost before any terms were offered.

After these ineffectual efforts, and so many repulses, Mr. Henderfon appeared to have given up all his ambitious expectations of shining in London. He soon afterwards entered into an agreement for three years with Mr. Palmer, and was content with the applause he received at Bath. In the summer of 1775, he performed with Mr. Reddiss at Brittol, and there, if we are not misinformed, was persuaded through the accidental disability of a performer to attempt the part of Falstaff, a character which he afterwards represented with a degree of excellence unparalleled but by some of the most successful efforts of a Garrick or a Siddons.

In the summer of 1776, Mr. Henderfon was engaged by Mr. Yates to perform at his theatre in Birmingham; and here he had an opportunity of shewing his discernment of talents, though depressed. Mrs. Siddons the preceding season had performed at Drury Lane the part of Portia twice, Lady Anne in Richard III. once, and a few other characters, but of so little consequence, that she was dismissed at the close of the theatre as entirely useless. Under these circumstances, she joined Mr. Yates's company at Birmingham, and performed there during the summer. A very few specimens of her power convinced Mr. Henderfon of her value as an

actress. He immediately wrote to Mr. Palmer, recommending her to him in the highest terms, and advising him to engage her. It happened that the manager had already a person in his company with whom he was in articles, and whose performance he could not be convinced was inferior to the lady proposed to him: it was therefore without effect that Mr. Henderfon recommended her to Bath. He always, however, asserted her superiority over every other actress, and foretold her success when she returned to London, before she had appeared in any one character.

At length, what neither the wishes of the public, of Mr. Henderfon, or of his friends, had been able to accomplish, accident brought about without application. Mr. Colman in 1777, having purchased the patent of Mr. Foote, engaged Mr. Henderfon for the summer. How advantageous this union was to the manager, is within the remembrance of the majority of our readers. It has been conjectured that in thirty four nights performance, no less a sum than 4500*l.* was taken. The first character Mr. Henderfon represented was Shylock in the Merchant of Venice, June 11, 1777. This was followed by Hamlet, Leon, Falstaff, Richard III. Don John, Bayes, and Falstaff in the Merry Wives of Windsor. The avidity of the public filled the Haymarket Theatre every night he performed. Even during the heat of summer, the house was crowded with people of the first fashion and first-rate abilities. The manager, who derived so much advantage from his success, gave him a free benefit, which produced him a considerable sum of money; and before the winter commenced, he was engaged by Mr. Sheidan for two years at Drury Lane Theatre, at a salary of 1*l.* per week, with an indemnification from the penalty of his articles with the manager at Bath.

In the summer of 1778 he went to Ireland, and was introduced to most of the literati of that kingdom. On the 13th of January 1779, he married the lady who is now his widow, and with whom he lived in great domestic felicity during the rest of his life. In the summer of 1779 he went again to Ireland, and at the commencement of the winter season, removed to Covent Garden with an increased stipend. The summer of 1780 he passed at Liverpool, and that of 1781 was devoted to leisure and his friends without any theatrical employment, except that he one night performed Falstaff at the Haymarket to serve Mr. Edwin. The summers of 1782 and 1783 were passed at Liverpool, and that of 1784 in Scotland, where he was honoured with the notice of
Dr.

Dr. Robertson, and most of those who are eminent for rank or talents in that part of the kingdom. During the last summer he performed a few nights in Dublin, and while there was invited to the Castle, where he entertained the Duke and Dukes of Rutland and their Court with reading parts of Tristram Shandy. In the early part of his life, he was remarkable for delivering the works of Sterne with peculiar force and humour, and was once introduced to that gentleman, who expressed himself greatly pleased with the advantages his performances derived from Mr. Henderson's recitation. In the Lent season of 1785, Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Henderson united in entertaining the town with reading some of the works of our best English writers, and for several nights together they drew great audiences to Freemasons Hall. This species of entertainment would probably have been continued with advantage; but though it may be attempted by other performers, we risk nothing in predicting that it will not be received with the approbation it met with last spring.

Before Mr. Henderson's journey to Dublin, he renewed his engagement with Mr. Harris for four years to come, and by the mediation of a friend some supposed grounds of complaint between him and his employer were accommodated, to the mutual satisfaction of each party. He was exceedingly zealous in the service of the theatre, and always ready to attend his duty there. In the course of the last three months of his life, he performed several nights successively, very long and very fatiguing characters, and sometimes when he would have been with more propriety in his bed. His last performance was in the character of Horatius in the Roman Father, the 3d of November. He was soon after seized with a fever, which seemed to have submitted to medicines; but at a time when his disorder put on every favourable appearance, he was unexpectedly seized with a spasm in the brain, which deprived the public of an excellent performer, his friends of an agreeable companion, and the world of a truly honest man. This unfortunate event happened the 25th of November, 1785.

On the 3d of December following, he was interred in Westminster Abbey, near the remains of Dr. Johnson and Mr. Garrick, the Chapter and the Choir attending to pay their respects to his memory. His pall was supported by the Hon. Mr. Byng, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Hoole, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Malone, and Mr. Whitefoord. The principal mourners were Captain Figgins, Mr. Reed, Mr. Sharp, and Mr. Bedford. He was also attended by the following gentlemen, with whom he had

lived in intimacy: Mr. Braithwaite, the Rev. Mr. Este, Sir William Fordyce, Mr. Leslie, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Cook, Mr. Nicol, Mr. Douglas, the Rev. Mr. Chauvel, Mr. Nixon, Mr. Adair, Mr. Edwards, the Rev. Mr. Hoole, Mr. Brand, and Mr. Dilly. Besides these, several gentlemen voluntarily attended, and many of the performers joined the procession to shew their regard to their deceased friend. Amongst others were Mr. Twiss, Mr. Siddons, Mr. Kemble, and Mr. Jones of Drury Lane Theatre; Mr. Yates, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Hull, Mr. Aickin, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Pope, Mr. Holman, Mr. Farren, Mr. Wroughton, Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Booth, Mr. Qujck, Mr. T. Kennedy, Mr. Sewitzer, Mr. Davies, and Mr. Stevens of Covent Garden Theatre; Mr. Dignum of Drury Lane and Mr. Brett of Covent Garden Theatre on this occasion joined the choir of the abbey.

Of Mr. Henderson's character a few words will suffice. He was modest, unassuming, beneficent, candid and humane; extremely grateful for favours received, and very eager to acknowledge and return obligations. Warmly attached to those for whom he entertained a friendship, he was by no means desirous to cultivate new acquaintance; and against such persons as he entertained a dislike he had no affectation of concealing his sentiments. He shone with great lustre in domestic life, and in his family and amidst his friends gave the most pleasing impression. He was in a very exemplary manner a dutiful son, an affectionate husband, a tender father, and a kind master. It has been remarked by those who were intimate with him, that he was hardly ever seen in a passion. He was hospitable without parade, and liberal without ostentation. Though attentive to prudence and economy, he never permitted his generosity to be checked by meanness or avarice. He knew the value of money, but considered it only as the means to secure independence. He possessed beyond most men the talents for pleasing both the few and the many, and was equally qualified for grave and for convivial society. He was not insensible to praise, and always declared, that without it no actor or actress could exert their abilities. On this account he sometimes shewed no objection to admitting or returning commendations which rather bordered on the *excessive*. Perhaps in this circumstance *only* he exceeded the modesty of Nature. Though without the advantages of a learned education, he was wonderfully acute and logical in his reasoning. He had read much, particularly of polite literature, of which he judged with great taste and precision. He understood French perfectly.

perfectly, and spoke it fluently. His poetry, of which he left but little, shews that if he had cultivated his powers, he would have arrived at considerable excellence. Of his acting or his reading we shall be silent, at least on the present occasion; but we cannot but observe and regret, that an unlucky shyness between him and the manager obstructed the full display of his theatrical talents. This was put an end to just before his death, and therefore is the more to be lamented. His judgment of acting was very great, and he was always willing to communicate his instruction to young performers. In a profession which, probably, beyond all others, creates envy, and hurries emulation to the confines of jealousy, it is believed, that he was more acceptable to his brethren, and created less of the two qualities we have just mentioned, than most performers of his rank. He was singularly conscientious in the discharge of his duty to his employers and the public. At a time when he was at the height of his reputation, when he had almost subdued envy and was in full possession of public favour, happy in his connexions, easy in his circumstances, and with prospects before him of the most pleasing kind, he was snatched from the world, in a frame of mind which affection would wish for in those who, like him, conciliated particular regard. His last effusions were thanks to the Supreme Being on the appearance of his recovery.

Vixit bene actæ jucundissima est recordatio.

The following character we are informed was written by a physician at Liverpool, and was first printed in Gore's General Advertiser there, Dec. 1, 1785.

"It is with regret we announce to our readers, that on the morning of the 25th ult. died, in London, the celebrated actor, Mr. Henderson.

"The loss sustained on this occasion by the public, will not be easily estimated, and it will be no where more sincerely lamented than by his friends and admirers in this town. As a performer, he was without an equal, and his excellencies were of a kind to redound most highly to his praise. He obtained the first honours of his profession under disadvantages which nothing but superior talents could have overcome. His person was not striking, nor his features interesting; he had nothing in his appearance to excite, at first sight, that surprize and admiration which conciliate favour and prejudice judgment. His excellencies were of the most solid kind; they depended on a mind gifted with wonderful powers of feeling, and with powers of expression equally wonderful.—It may be said of him, without danger of contradiction,

that in the excellence of his performance, he far excelled any actor living, and in the compass of his execution, that he greatly surpassed any that has ever lived. His superiority over his cotemporaries, indeed, may be asserted, not only in general, but in particular. Who is there will say, that in any of his comic parts there is any actor living that rivalled him? or that he had an equal in any of his tragic characters, if a single exception be made in favour of the Shylock of Macklin? Of the superior compass of his talents, not only to all present, but to all past actors, the proof is easy: We have only to recollect, that he was the lineal successor of almost all the first performers of the last age. He followed Quin in Falstaff, Woodward in Bobadil, Macklin in Shylock, Mottlop in Zanga, Digges in Wolsey, Barry in Evander, and Garrick in Richard, Lear, Benedick, Sir John Brute, and almost all his other characters.

"His performances displayed a correct taste, and a judgement at once minute and comprehensive; he was equally successful in his copies of nature, whether he shot the arrow of ridicule, or the bolt of humour; whether he stormed in the whirlwind of passion, or sunk under the pressure of sorrow and the weakness of age. In every part, his dominion over the feelings of others was uniform. He could excite the play of wit, he could make the eye swim in laughter; he could draw forth the high-wrought tear of heroic admiration, or the softer drops of sympathetic woe.

"By some, perhaps by the public in general, his comedy was preferred to his tragedy, but the justice of this verdict may be disputed: certainly his principal characters in tragedy might be considered as superlative exertions of the art. Of late he had wonderfully extended his range in this department of the drama, and always with a new increase of reputation. He played Pierre (in which he first appeared on the theatre of this town to Mrs. Siddons' Belvidera, in the summer of 1783) in a manner which exceeded the expectation of his warmest admirers; and his Horatius, the last character in which he came forward, was spoken of by the critics of Covent Garden theatre in the highest terms of eulogy which the language can supply. If then his comedy had any advantage over his tragedy, it arose solely from his exterior being less fitted to the latter. He had not the heroic stature, the *os sublime*, with which fancy invests the votaries of Melpomene; nor had his figure that elegance which, as we are told by an admired female writer, marks the character which is fitted to make woman false. He therefore never attempted the lover, and, perhaps, it was owing to this,

that

that he never rose to that degree of popularity amongst the fairer part of the creation, which some very inferior performers have attained. How far this might influence his fortune and his fame, those will best judge who know the sex best. The zeal of the ladies in the interest of a favourite, is great in proportion to their sensibility; and their influence in society, we know, has increased, and is increasing, to a degree which their admirers must behold with wonder and delight! — With the leave, however, of these fair arbiters of taste and merit, we may venture to say, that there is no character more generally insipid than that of the lover in the English drama; and if Henderfon personated no part of that kind, he thereby escaped the mortification of spouting sentiments in which feeling and nature are usually sacrificed to wild unmeaning bombast. Of his excellence, however, in parts of tenderness, numerous instances might be offered, but none is wanted by those who saw his Evander on this stage, and who felt that it predominated over the Euphrasia of lofty Siddons.

“ Mr. Henderfon’s comedy has been long and greatly praised; his performance of Falstaff alone was sufficient to place him in the first rank of actors. In this part he had neither equal nor competitor, and it does not appear where he is to have a successor. Falstaff was the favourite offspring of Shakespeare’s brain; he had no prototype, and he has had no copy. It may be said of him as of the Heathen Jupiter :

Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.

“ To give a striking copy of this original, is undoubtedly one of the most difficult attempts of the mimic art: it was here that Henderfon shone with superior lustre, and his performance of the Fat Knight has been long considered, by the best judges, as the greatest triumph of the Comic Muse.

“ From what has been said, it may be concluded that Mr. Henderfon chiefly excelled in that which is the chief excellence of an actor, the talent of speaking. His recitation was clear and distinct, and his emphasis uniformly pointed and correct. By great quickness and accuracy of apprehension, by deep acquaintance with human nature, by much study, and by long practice, he had caught the exact tone in which nature expresses the feelings and passions in all their va-

riety of combination. By these powers he unfolded the sentiments and beauties of his author with a perspicuous energy to which nothing equal has appeared in the present age. The works of Shakespeare are particularly adapted to this stile of speaking, because they are thick sown with sentiments, of which he best displays the beauty, who makes the meaning most clearly understood. By such means, Henderfon was enabled to keep up the attention of an audience thro’ many of the longest soliloquies of our immortal Bard, which inferior actors had attempted in vain. It was his praise to have followed Shakespeare through a much greater range of characters than even Garrick himself; he not only gave copies of his more prominent delineations, but of those which lie more out of the line of common apprehension. He caught the fleeting shades of genius in all their various forms, as they are exhibited in the fantastic Benedick, the moralizing Jaques, or the melancholy Hamlet.

“ In private life, Mr. Henderfon’s character was highly amiable; he has left the reputation of an affectionate husband and father, of a generous friend, and of an honest man. — Of his social qualities it is needless to speak; it is well known in this town how greatly he excelled in his convivial hours in all that could please the taste or delight the fancy; talents for which he was admired by many of the first characters of the present day, and by which he was often enabled to diffuse a gleam of joy over the mind of Johnson, when weakness and melancholy had oppressed his age. The death of Henderfon in the prime of life, and in the meridian of fame and fortune, may be allowed to affect those deeply who loved the man, and admired the actor; nor let any man think it below him to feel sorrow on this occasion. Superior merit in every station of life is highly deserving of honor, and will receive it largely from the enlightened mind, who considers all distinctions as vain and worthless that are not founded on genius and virtue. Even they who feel nothing for others may not find themselves uninterested. Death itself is a serious subject, and the dreams of vanity and pride must dissolve like the fabric of a vision, when we contemplate the prospect of futurity, and the voyage to that country from whose bourn no traveller returns.

THE POLITICAL STATE of the NATION, and of EUROPE, for December, 1785.
No. XXII.

PARLIAMENT, after long prorogation, is called to meet late in January for the consideration of divers weighty and important affairs; while the Irish parliament is called on to meet only for the dispatch of business, tho’ somewhat earlier than ours: what the minister means

by these distinctions we are not clear about, but think the one means extraordinary matters to be laid before them, and the other means only common routine business to be gone through in the usual manner and form.

The Duke of Rutland's excursion through divers parts of Ireland, has been productive of nothing political or important; but has turned out a mere party of pleasure and friendly visitation of the Duke and Dutchess, strictly considered as such, to the nobility, gentry, and mercantile people of that country: as such they have been received, entertained, and caressed with great cordiality by all those ranks of people; but nothing further seems to have been done, said or thought of, so far as we can trace: therefore the twenty propositions of commercial arrangement remain *in statu quo*.

While our commercial treaty with Ireland is stagnant, common report has brought very forward a commercial treaty with France, without the aid of our ambassador, who has been at home above these four months: but common fame as usual contradicts himself with very little ceremony; for just as the treaty is all ready to be signed, we are told, that a new minister is to be sent over to Paris to negotiate that treaty with the French court. An envoy and minister plenipotentiary is accordingly appointed for that purpose during the continuance of our other embassy!—Strange kind of economy preparatory to paying the national debt!—The selection of the man too for the execution of this arduous commission, has made no small disturbance among the different parties of our great folks, the possessors of and candidates for royal favour, power, honours, and riches.—As to us, we are so far from wondering at these things, that we are rather apt to wonder that any of them should make the least wonder of it: knowing their own hearts, they need only look in there and see the same thing in embryo, ready to burst forth into action the moment it is called upon; nay, their own past transactions are mere precedents for this very scene we are now contemplating. The minister will be at the greatest loss to apologize satisfactorily to his own numerous friends, the majorities of both houses, for thus publicly slighting the whole tribe of his own supporters, and going into the thick of the enemy's ranks for a chosen confidant in this important business. We think there will be some murmuring in the ranks about it, and with some degree of reason.

Our Ambassador at the Hague is reported to have presented a Memorial to the States-General of such an extraordinary nature, that they know not how to take it, much less how to answer it; nor do they seem to care whether they answer it at all or not!—How are our Ministers fallen in the estimation of our near neighbours and quondam allies and friends!

Our Ministers seem to be Ambassador-mad,

sending Ambassadors every where, and duplicates somewhere, yet doing nothing, or what is worse than nothing, any where!—Not content with letting the Hanoverian Minister manage the German affairs, they have put their Ambassador at the Court of Berlin in motion on the same subject, which we fear will be productive of something ominous to Great Britain.

Our commercial treaty with the United States of America goes on very slowly, if it goes on at all.—The Dey of Algiers is reported to have declared war against that new State: whether he declares war or not, he carries on a vigorous predatory war against them, which is a severe check upon their commercial enterprizes in the European Seas. They now feel the effects of their dismemberment from the British empire. Independency is to them but a fine name for distraction, anarchy and confusion in the extreme.

Venice makes a better figure against Tunis than the King of Spain and all his confederates made against Algiers: it looks as if their resolute and spirited commander would make the Dey of that piratical State hearken to the voice of reason, and learn some rules of justice and equity.—If so, he will deserve great praise.

The early part of this month teemed with intelligence of the Definitive Treaty being signed and ratified between the Emperor and the Dutch; and also of a defensive Treaty of Alliance between the French and Dutch being immediately after signed by both parties at Versailles. The first of these was very rapid, contrary to the whole tenor of the preceding negotiation which gave birth to it, which was as slow as the other was quick.—*Timor dedit alas*.—With regard to the merit or demerit of this Definitive Treaty, we must at present be silent for want of sufficient documents to form our judgment upon it; as we cannot look upon the articles divulged in all the foreign prints, and from thence copied into all our domestic papers, to be authentic, accurate, or complete. But if it were ever such an exact copy of the treaty, we are still incompetent to judge of the justice, equity or policy of the transaction, unless the parties contracting will please to send us a true copy of the chart or map which it seems they have caused to be made on purpose for the joint signature of their respective Ambassadors. Till then we must suspend our curiosity on that subject; observing only, that at present it appears to us to have been turned into a money-job, to squeeze a round sum out of the Dutchmen's pockets to fill the Emperor's coffers, for the use of some other greater enterprize he has in view than the opening the Scheldt

or humbling the Dutch; and also for the purpose of making some convenient exchanges of territories likewise subservient to his other purposes in contemplation. This is not very politic in the Dutch; for it opens a door for the Emperor to lay a future claim to any greater part or the whole of their dominions; for by the same rule that he lays claim to a part, he may lay claim to the whole, whenever he finds himself in a condition and at leisure to assert the same.

As to the Franco-Dutch Treaty of defensive alliance, it is clear that by this and the preceding treaty with the Emperor, they have thrown themselves wholly into the arms of France, to stand and fall by the will and pleasure of the Grand Monarch. He and HE alone is to be their defender against all enemies; and also sole guarantee between them and the Emperor; that is, sole umpire of all future differences between them. The Dutch have now no need of the Prince of Orange for a Stadtholder. The Grand Monarch will henceforth condescend to be their Stadtholder, acting by his deputy the Count de Maillebois, Commander in Chief of all their land forces! There wants only one link to make the chain complete; that is, to constitute the same commander or some other Frenchman Lord High Admiral or Commander in Chief of the navy of Holland, and then the business will be all done.

What we have all along expected has come to pass, viz. that the ending of the negotiation between the Emperor and the Dutch, either in peace or in war, would give a new face to the affairs of Europe. France, wavering and undetermined while Great Britain remained perfectly neutral, reserved and impenetrable, was at a loss which way to steer and what plan to adopt; fearing that, when she should have formed her party by dividing the powers of Europe with as many as she could draw into her interest, Great Britain might at the crisis of the game France was about to play, throw her whole weight into the adverse scale, and thereby make the French one kick the beam. The moment she found Britain had made her election by forming the Prussian league, the French cabinet developed the whole scheme; first by hurrying the Emperor and the Dutch headlong into a confused plan of pacification, which may be construed to any thing or nothing under French arbitration and dictation; and then by forming the confederation we have some time been apprehensive of, consisting of France, the two empires of Germany and Russia, and the Dutch, with one or more of the other northern powers, against the king

of Prussia and what other powers he can draw into his league, besides the King of Great Britain as Elector of Hanover!— This is the very game France wanted to play, and has quite disembarassed her from all her doubts, difficulties and perplexities, leaving her a fair and clear field of action.

Yet this very extraordinary confederacy now forming by that restless ambitious power, has its radical defects and the seeds of its own dissolution in its very constitution, if the other powers of Europe had not found and able politicians to guide their affairs and meet the coming storm in a due state of preparation to break its force and damp its fury by its own imbecility! On this, perhaps, we shall be more explicit in the next month, to begin the new year.

The King of Prussia has not only this political phalanx formed against him on account of his opposing the dismemberment of the German Empire by the exchange of Bavaria for the Netherlands, but he has separate grounds for quarrelling with two different powers in his own right; the Dantzickers on the score of trade and navigation, and the Dutch on account of territorial boundaries; and also in support of his relation, the Prince of Orange, in his rights, privileges and powers, as Stadtholder of the United Provinces.

All these circumstances, and the matters rising out of them, are plentiful seeds of discord, animosity, and war, among the leading powers of Europe, which may, probably, spring up abundantly in the ensuing summer; if so, they will yield a very bloody campaign, a mere prelude to many succeeding ones, possibly productive of some great revolutions in the system of Europe; events which all good men, friends of the human species, would wish to prevent, by foreseeing and guarding against them in time. But to effect this great and salutary work, great and able statesmen of wise heads and found good hearts are required! Nothing less will do! Weak bungling Ministers interfering, will make bad worse, and throw all into confusion, heaping confusion upon chaos itself.

Poland too, amongst other powers, begins to feel its internal commotions. It has been a fine bone for certain great powers to pick; they have not picked it quite clean yet; and this may become a bone of contention among those Potentates, who formerly agreed so harmoniously about the division of its limbs.

Thus we leave Europe in a very perturbed and irritated state, in our lucubrations for the close of the year 1785. May the coming year prove more propitious than we see the prospect of our launching into it!

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

MEMOIRS of Mrs. CATHARINE CLIVE.

THIS excellent actress was born in the year 1711; she was the daughter of Mr. William Raftor, a gentleman born at Kilkenny, in the kingdom of Ireland, by Mrs. Daniel, the daughter of an eminent citizen on Fish-street-hill. Her grandfather was possessed of a considerable paternal estate in Ireland, but Mr. Raftor, the father, having attached himself to the unfortunate King James II. he lost his property at the Revolution, and it never could be recovered to the family. This gentleman, we are told, was bred to the law, but on King James's coming into Ireland, he quitted his profession and entered into the service of his sovereign, whose fortunes after the decisive battle of the Boyne he followed into France. In that kingdom he remained some time, and obtained a captain's commission under Lewis XIV; but soon afterwards having gained his pardon, he returned to England, where he married and continued until his death.

Mrs. Clive, we are told by Chetwood, discovered an early attention to the stage. Her propensity to this profession led her to look on the principal performers as entitled to particular notice, and having for one of her companions Miss Johnson, afterwards the first wife of Theophilus Cibber, (a rising genius who died in 1733 very young) it is probable that they each encouraged the other in their fondness for the stage. In company with this young lady, Mrs. Clive often said she used to tag after the celebrated Mr. Wilks whenever they saw him in the streets, and gape at him as a wonder.

The marriage of her friend to Theophilus Cibber, seems to have led the way to her reception into the theatre. By Cibber and by Chetwood she was recommended to the elder Cibber, then one of the managers, who, as soon as he had heard her sing, put her down on the list of performers at twenty shillings a-week. Her first appearance was in the year 1728 at Drury Lane theatre, in the play of Mithridates. The part she performed was that of Ifmenes, the page of Zibores, in boy's cloaths, in which character a song proper to the circumstances of the scene was introduced, which she executed with great success. At this period, the sprightliness and vivacity of her disposition, and an appearance scarce more than infan-

tine, pointed her out as the proper representative of parts in which youth and simplicity were to be personated. In the first season of her theatrical life, she performed Phillida, in Cibber's Love in a Riddle, a play which the enemies of the author had determined to condemn without hearing. We are, however, informed that when our actress appeared, the clamour which had been outrageous subsided, and a person in the stage-box was heard to call out to one of his riotous companions, "Zounds, Tom, take care, or this charming little devil will save all." The part of Phillida was afterwards formed into an after-piece, and continued to be a favourite performance of the public for many years.

Continuing to improve in her profession, she added both to her salary and her fame, and soon became an actress who contributed greatly to the support of the stage. In 1731 her performance of Nell in the Devil to lay, fixed her reputation as the greatest performer of her time in that species of character, and for more than thirty years she remained without a rival. From a dedication to the Intriguing Chambermaid, by the celebrated Henry Fielding, we are informed, that it was to him the town were obliged for the first discovery of her great capacity, and brought her more early forward than the ignorance of some and the envy of others would have otherwise permitted. In the next year, 1732, she united herself in marriage with George Clive, a gentleman of the law, and brother to Baron Clive. This union was not productive of happiness to either party. They soon agreed to separate, and for the rest of their lives had no intercourse together. Chetwood hints that she received some ill usage from her husband, but of what kind, or with whom the blame was to rest, we are not informed.

At this juncture she had an opportunity of displaying the integrity of her private character, by refusing to join the male-content performers, who, with young Cibber at their head, revolted from the acting manager, and set up for themselves in opposition to him at the Haymarket. Her fidelity to her unfortunate employer was the more laudable, as her abilities would have much contributed to the success of his opponents, and were in fact his principal support*. At Drury-lane

* Mr. Fielding in the aforesaid dedication says, "The part you have maintained in the present dispute between the players and the patentees is so full of honour, that had it been in

she continued without interruption until the year 1743, still increasing in reputation. In 1740 she was selected to play in Alfred, acted at Cliefden-house before the Prince of Wales; and in the same year represented Celia and Portia, on the revivals of *As you like It* and *The Merchant of Venice*. In June 1741 she went to Ireland, and performed a short time in Dublin. In 1743 she removed to Covent-Garden Theatre; and at the beginning of the season of 1744 we find her unemployed, and publishing a pamphlet, complaining of the manager's treatment of her, under the title of "The Cafe of Mrs. Clive submitted to the Public," 8vo. Being unengaged at either Theatre, she on the 2d of November had a concert of vocal and instrumental musick at the Haymarket, by command of the Prince and Princesses of Wales, for her benefit, at which Mr. Lowe, herself, and Miss Edwards were performers. The differences between her and the managers seem to have been accommodated before the end of the month, as she then appeared again at Covent Garden. In 1745 she returned to Drury Lane, at which Theatre she continued until 1769, the time when she entirely quitted the stage. In 1750 she produced at her own benefit a farce called *The Rehearsal, or Bays in Petticoats*, which was altered and represented again on the same occasion in 1753, and a third time with an additional scene in 1762. At her benefit in 1753 she quitted the sock for the buskin, and undertook the part of Zara in *The Mourning Bride*, in which if she derived any advantage, it must have been from the curiosity of the public to see her in so uncommon a situation. We remember at the time it was universally allowed that she added nothing to her fame, and this folly she never afterwards repeated. In 1756 Mr. Garrick complimented her with the first performance of his admirable character of Lord Chalkstone in *Lethe*. In 1760 she entertained her friends with another farce, called *Every Woman in her Humour*; and in 1763 with a third, called *The Sketch of a fine Lady's Return from a Rout*. In both these pieces the only parts which could be commended were her own excellent performances. In 1761 a dramatic piece, called *The Island of Slaves*, was acted at her bene-

fit, but this has been ascribed to the pen of a friend.

In 1768 Mrs. Clive's intimate friend Mrs. Pritchard quitted the stage, and the succeeding year she determined to follow her example: she could, if she had thought proper, have continued several years longer to delight the public in various characters adapted to her figure and time of life; for to the last she was admirable and unrivalled.

On this occasion we are told, that Mr. Garrick sent Mr. Hopkins the prompter to her, to know whether she was in earnest in her intention of leaving the stage. To this messenger she declined to give an answer. To Mr. George Garrick, whom he afterwards deputed to wait on her on the same errand, she was not much more civil; however, she condescended to tell him, that if his brother wished to know her mind, he should have called upon her himself. When the manager met her, their interview was short, and their discourse curious. After some compliments to her great merit, Mr. Garrick wished, he said, that she would continue, for her own sake, some years longer on the stage. This civil suggestion, she answered by a decisive negative. He asked how much she was worth? She replied briskly, As much as himself. Upon his smiling at her supposed ignorance or misinformation, she explained herself by telling him, that *she* knew when she had enough, though *he* never would. He then entreated her to renew her agreement for three or four years; she peremptorily refused. Upon his renewing his regret at her leaving the stage, she frankly told him that she hated hypocrisy; for she was sure that he would light up candles for joy of her leaving him, but that it would be attended with some expence. Every body will see there was some unnecessary smartness in the lady's language; however it was her way, as her friend Mrs. Pritchard used to express it.

On the 24th day of April, 1769, the comedy of *The Wonder and Lethe* were acted for Mrs. Clive's benefit, and on that evening she took leave of the stage in the following Epilogue, written by the honourable Mr. Horace Walpole:

"WITH glory satiate, from the bustling stage,
Still in his prime—and much about my age,

in higher life, it would have given you the reputation of the greatest heroine of the age. You looked on the cases of Mr. Highmore and Mr. Wilks with compassion, nor could any pronouns or views of interest sway you to desert them; nor have you scrupled any fatigue (particularly the part which at so short a warning you undertook in this farce) to support the cause of those whom you imagined injured and distressed; and for this you have been so far from endeavouring to exact an exorbitant reward from persons little able to afford it, that I have known you offer to act for nothing rather than the p. tencees should be injured by the dismissal of the audience."

Imperial Charles (if Robertson says true)
Retiring, bade the jarring world adieu !
“ Thus I, long honour'd with your partial
praise,

(A debt my swelling heart with tears repays !
—Scarce can I speak—forgive the grateful
pause)

Reign the noblest triumph, your applause !

“ Content with humble means, yet proud
to own

I owe my pittance to your smiles alone,
To private shades I bear the glorious prize,
The meed of favour in a nation's eyes ;
A nation brave, and sensible, and free—
Poor Charles ! how little, when compar'd to
me !

His mad ambition had disturb'd the globe,
And sanguine which he quitted was the robe,
Too blest, could he have dar'd to tell man-
kind,

When Pow'r's full goblet he forbore to
quaff,

That, conscious of benevolence of mind,

For thirty years he had but made them
laugh.

“ Ill was that mind with sweet retirement
pleas'd,

The very cloister that he sought he teas'd ;
And sick at once, both of himself and peace,
He dy'd a martyr to unwelcome ease.

Here ends the parallel—My generous friends,
My exit no such tragic fate attends :

I will not die—let no vain panic seize you—
If I repent—I'll come again and please you.”

From this time Mrs. Clive retired to a small but elegant house near Strawberry-hill, Twickenham, where she passed the remainder of her life in ease and independence, respected by the world, and beloved by a circle of friends. About a year since she was afflicted with a jaundice, but seemed lately to be quite recovered from the effects of it. During the last winter she visited Mrs. Garrick in London, and was induced once more to go to the theatre, to see the performance of Mrs. Siddons. On being asked her opinion of this lady's acting, she answered very forcibly, though with a rusticity not unfrequent with her, “ that it was all truth and day-light.” After a short illness Mrs. Clive departed this life, December 6, 1785.

Churchill's character of Mrs. Clive is too just to be here omitted :

First giggling, plotting, chambermaids arrive,
Hoydens and romps, led on by General Clive.

In spite of outward blemishes she shone,
For humour fam'd, and humour all her own :

Easy as if at home, the stage she trod,
Nor sought the critic's praise nor fear'd his

rod :

Original in spirit and in ease,
She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to please :
No comic actresses ever yet could raise
On humour's safe more merit or more praise.

One who had an opportunity of being well informed, speaks of her thus : The comic abilities of this actresses have not been excelled by any performer, male or female, these fifty years : she was so formed by nature to represent a variety of lively, laughing, droll, humorous, affected, and absurd characters, that what Colley Cibber said of Nokes, may with equal truth be applied to her ; for Clive had such a stock of comic force about her, that she, like Nokes, had little more to do than to perfect herself in the words of a part, and to leave the rest to nature ; and if he, by the mere power of his action, kept alive several comedies which after his death became obsolete, it may as justly be said of her, that she created several parts in plays of which the poet scarce furnished an outline ; and that many dramatic pieces are now lost to the stage for want of her animating spirit to preserve them.

A more extensive walk in comedy than that of Mrs. Clive cannot be imagined ;—the chambermaid in every varied shape which art or nature could lend her ; characters of whim and affectation, from the high-bred Lady Fanciful, to the vulgar Mrs. Heidelberg ; country girls, romps, hoydens and dowdies, superannuated beauties, viragoes and humourists. To a strong and pleasing voice, with an ear for music, she added all the sprightly action requisite to a number of parts in ballad farces.

She had an inimitable talent in ridiculing the extravagant action, impertinent consequence, and insignificant parade, of the female opera singer ; she snatched an opportunity to shew her excellence in this stage mimicry in the *Lady of Fashion in Lethe*.

Her mirth was so genuine, that whether it was restrained to the arch sneer and the suppressed half laugh, widened to the broad grin, or extended to the downright honest burst of loud laughter, the audience was sure to accompany her ; he must have been more or less than man, who could be grave when Clive was disposed to be merry.

But the whole empire of Laughter, large as it is, was too confined to satisfy the ambition of a Clive : this daughter of mirth aspired to what nature had denied her ; she wished to shine in those parts of high life where elegance of form and graceful deportment give dignity to the female character. When Mr. Fielding brought out *The Wedding-Day*, he proposed for her the part of a Bawd, which occasioned a dispute between them, and he wrote the following lines upon it :

A Bawd !

A Bawd! a Bawd! where is this scoundrel poet?

Fine work, indeed! By G—the Town shall know it.

Fielding, who heard and saw her passion rise,

Thus answer'd calmly: Prithee, Clive, be wife,

The part will suit your humour, taste, and size.

Ye lye! ye lye! ungrateful as thou art,
My matchless talents claim the lady's part;
And all who judge, by J—— G——, agree,
None ever play'd the gay coquet like me.

Thus said and swore the celebrated Nell;
Now judge her genius: is she *Bawd* or *Belle*?

Not content with this deviation from her own style in acting, she would fain try her abilities in the more lofty tread of the bulkin.

Nature has seldom given to the same person the power to raise admiration and to excite mirth: to unite the faculties of Milton and Butler, is a happiness superior to the common lot of humanity.

The art of expressing with equal force the effusion of comic gaiety and tragic terror, was a talent peculiar in its fullest extent to Garrick, and to him alone; for even Mrs. Pritchard enjoyed these different powers of excelling in an inferior degree.

The uncommon applause which Mrs. Clive obtained in Shakespear's Portia, was owing to her misrepresentation of the character; mimicry in a pleader, when a Client's life is in danger, is but misplaced buffoonery.

This inclination to figure * in parts ill adapted not only to her genius, but her age and person, accompanied this great actress to the last, and sometimes involved her in disagreeable disputes, from which she had the good fortune to extricate herself by her undaunted spirit.

Mr. Garrick dreaded an altercation with her as much as a quarrel with an author whose play he had rejected: whenever he had a difference with Mrs. Clive, he was happy to make a drawn battle of it. At a time of life when she was utterly unfit to represent a girl of sixteen, he prevailed upon her to surrender Miss Prue, in *Love for Love*, by making her a present of Mrs. Frail, in the same play, a part almost as improper for Mrs. Clive as the other.

* Upon her resenting being put out of the part of Portia, and saying she was surely as well qualified to wear breeches as Mr. Garrick was to play Ranger, he wrote the following lines:

Dear Kate, it is vanity both us bewitches,
Since I must the truth on't reveal;
For when I mount the ladder, and you wear the breeches,
We shew—what we ought to conceal.

It was the wish of her life to act female characters of importance with Mr. Garrick; whenever she could thrust herself into a play with him, she always exerted her utmost skill to excel, and particularly in *Bizarre*, in the *Inconstant*, when he acted *Duretete*. He seems to have studiously avoided a struggle for victory with her; which, it is believed, she attributed to his dread of her getting the better of him. She certainly was true game, as Mr. Lacey expressed it, and would have died upon the spot rather than have yielded the field of battle to any body. Mr. Garrick complained that she disconcerted him by not looking at him in the time of action, and neglecting to watch the motion of his eye; a practice he was sure to observe to others. This accusation is partly true, for Mrs. Clive would suffer her eye to wander from the stage into the boxes in search of her great acquaintance, and now and then give them a comedy nod or curtsy: she was in this guilty of the very fault which she ridiculed so archly in *Mingotti*, and other Italian Ladies of the Opera; but yet it must not be denied, that though she seemed absent by her look, she was present by her spirits; the soul of humour was active on the stage, though the bodily organs seemed to be elsewhere employed.

Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Clive, though of characters extremely different, were closely united in bonds of friendship for almost forty years.

No actress ever laboured more assiduously to make her family affluent and happy than Mrs. Pritchard. In this Mrs. Clive followed her example, and more effectually. But whilst one seemed to confine all her attention to her relations, which indeed were very numerous, the other occasionally exerted her interest in the service of others. Mrs. Clive resigned the part of Polly, which was no trifling sacrifice, in favour of Miss Edwards, afterwards Mrs. Mozeen, whom she instructed and encouraged; and to promote the general interests of the community, she undertook the part of Lucy, a character so truly played by her, that it has never since been equalled. To her lessons, care, and countenance, as well as to her own industry and abilities, we owe the proficiency of that valuable actress Miss Pope.

Mrs. Clive, in private life, was so far above censure, that her conduct in every relation of it was not only laudable, but exemplary.† Her company was always courted by women of high rank and character, to whom she rendered herself very agreeable. Her conversation was a mixture of uncom-

mon vivacity, droll mirth, and honest bluntness. In short, she possessed powers which have not been seen on the stage since she quitted it; and qualities which will always adorn life, and dignify every situation in it, from the highest even to the most humble.

METEOROLOGICAL IMAGINATIONS and CONJECTURES.

By BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, LL. D. F. R. S. and Acad. Reg. Scient. Paris. Soc. &c.

[From "Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester," just published.]

THERE seems to be a region higher in the air over all countries, where it is always winter, where frost exists continually, since, in the midst of summer on the surface of the earth, ice falls often from above in the form of hail.

Hailstones, of the great weight we sometimes find them, did not probably acquire their magnitude before they began to descend. The air, being eight hundred times rarer than water, is unable to support it but in the shape of vapour, a state in which its particles are separated. As soon as they are condensed by the cold of the upper region, so as to form a drop, that drop begins to fall. If it freezes into a grain of ice, that ice descends. In descending, both the drop of water and the grain of ice are augmented by particles of the vapour they pass through in falling, and which they condense by their coldness, and attach to themselves.

It is possible that, in summer, much of what is rain, when it arrives at the surface of the earth, might have been snow, when it began its descent; but being thawed, in passing through the warm air near the surface, it is changed from snow into rain.

How immensely cold must be the original particle of hail, which forms the center of the future hailstone, since it is capable of communicating sufficient cold, if I may so speak, to freeze all the mass of vapour condensed round it, and form a lump of perhaps six or eight ounces in weight!

When, in summer time, the sun is high, and continues long every day above the horizon, his rays strike the earth more directly, and with longer continuance, than in the winter; hence, the surface is more heated, and to a greater depth, by the effect of those rays.

† Mr. Fielding in the dedication already quoted says, "But as great a favourite as you at present are with the audience, you would be much more so, were they acquainted with your private character; could they see you laying out great part of the profits which arise to you from entertaining them so well, in the support of an aged father; did they see you who can charm them on the stage with personating the foolish and vicious characters of your sex, acting in real life the part of the best wife, the best daughter, the best sister, and the best friend."

When rain falls on the heated earth, and soaks down into it, it carries down with it a great part of the heat, which by that means descends still deeper.

The mass of earth, to the depth perhaps of thirty feet, being thus heated to a certain degree, continues to retain its heat for some time. Thus the first snows that fall in the beginning of winter, seldom lie long on the surface, but are soon melted, and soon absorbed. After which, the winds that blow over the country on which the snows had fallen, are not rendered so cold as they would have been by those snows, if they had remained. And thus the approach of the severity of winter is retarded; and the extreme degree of its cold is not always at the time we might expect it, viz. when the sun is at its greatest distance, and the day shortest, but some time after that period, according to the English proverb, which says, "as the day lengthens, the cold strengthens;" the causes of refrigeration continuing to operate, while the sun returns too slowly, and his force continues too weak to counteract them.

During several of the summer months of the year 1783, when the effect of the sun's rays to heat the earth in these northern regions should have been greatest, there existed a constant fog over all Europe, and great part of North America. This fog was of a permanent nature; it was dry, and the rays of the sun seemed to have little effect towards dissipating it, as they easily do a moist fog, arising from water. They were indeed rendered so faint in passing through it, that when collected in the focus of a burning glass, they would scarce kindle brown paper: of course, their summer effect in heating the earth was exceedingly diminished.

Hence the surface was early frozen.

Hence the first snows remained on it unmelted, and received continual additions.

Hence the air was more chilled, and the winds more severely cold.

Hence perhaps the winter of 1783-4 was more severe than any that had happened for many years.

The cause of this universal fog is not yet ascertained. Whether it was adventitious to this earth, and merely a smoke proceeding from the consumption by fire of some of those great burning balls or globes which we happen to meet with in our rapid course round the sun, and which are sometimes seen to kindle and be destroyed in passing our atmosphere, and whose smoke might be attracted and retained by our earth; or whether it was the vast quantity of smoke, long

continuing to issue during the summer from *Hecla* in Iceland, and that other volcano which arose out of the sea near that island, which smoke might be spread by various winds over the northern part of the world, is yet uncertain.

It seems however worth the enquiry, whether other hard winters, recorded in history, were preceded by similar permanent and widely extended summer fogs. Because, if found to be so, men might from such fogs conjecture the probability of a succeeding hard winter, and of the damage to be expected by the breaking up of frozen rivers in the spring; and take such measures as are possible and practicable, to secure themselves and effects from the mischiefs that attended the last.

Passy, May 1784.

A Short ACCOUNT of an EXCURSION through the SUBTERRANEOUS CAVERN at PARIS. By Mr. THOMAS WHITE, Member of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, &c. &c. in a Letter to his Father.

[FROM THE SAME.]

Paris, July 29, 1784.

I YESTERDAY visited a most extraordinary subterraneous Cavern, commonly called the Quarries. But before I give you the history of my expedition it will perhaps be necessary to say a few words concerning the *Observatoire Royal*, the place of descent into this very remarkable cavern. This edifice is situated in the Fauxbourg St. Jacques, in the highest part of the city. It takes its name from its use, and was built by Louis XIV. in 1667, after the design of Claude Perrault, Member of the Academy of Sciences, and first architect to his majesty. It serves for the residence of mathematicians appointed by the king to make observations, and improve astronomy. The mode of building it is ingenious, and admirably contrived, it being so well arched that neither wood nor iron are employed in its construction. All the stones have been well chosen, and placed with an uniformity and equality which contribute much to the beauty and solidity of the whole edifice. It is reckoned to be about eighty or ninety feet in height, and at the top there is a beautiful platform, paved with flint stones, which commands an excellent view of Paris, and its environs. In the different floors of this building there are a number of trap-doors, placed perpendicularly over each other, and when these are opened, the stars may be very clearly distinguished, from the bottom of the cave, at noon-day.

At this place I was introduced to one of the inspectors, (persons appointed by the king to superintend the workmen) by Mr. Smeathman, who had used great application and interest for permission to inspect the quarry,

and had been fortunate enough to obtain it. For as this cavern is extended under a great part of the city of Paris, and leaves it in some places almost entirely without support, the inspectors are very particular as to shewing it, and endeavour to keep it as secret as possible, lest, if it should get generally known, it might prove a source of uneasiness and alarm to the inhabitants above. For, what is very remarkable, notwithstanding the extent of this quarry, and the apparent danger many parts of the city are in from it, few, even of those who have constantly resided at Paris, are at all acquainted with it; and on my mentioning the expedition I was going to undertake to several of my Parisian friends, they ridiculed me upon it, and told me it was impossible there could be any such place.

About nine o'clock in the morning we assembled to the number of forty, and, with each a wax candle in his hand, precisely at ten o'clock, descended, by steps, to the depth of three hundred and sixty feet perpendicular. We had likewise a number of guides with torches, which we found very useful; but, even with these assistants, we were several times under the necessity of halting, to examine the plans the inspectors keep of these quarries, that we might direct our course in the right road. I was disappointed in not being able to obtain one of these plans, which would have given the clearest idea of this most extraordinary place. At the entrance, the path is narrow for a considerable way; but soon we entered large and spacious streets, all marked with names, the same as in the city; different advertisements and bills were

were found, as we proceeded, puffed on the walls, so that it had every appearance of a large town swallowed up in the earth.

The general height of the roof is about nine or ten feet; but in some parts not less than thirty, and even forty. In many places, there is a liquor continually dropping from it, which congeals immediately, and forms a species of transparent stone, but not so fine and clear as rock crystal. As we continued our peregrination, we thought ourselves in no small danger from the roof, which we found but indifferently propped in some places with wood much decayed. Under the houses, and many of the streets, however, it seemed to be tolerably secured by immense stones set in mortar; in other parts, where there are only fields or gardens above, it was totally unsupported for a considerable space, the roof being perfectly level, or a plane piece of rock.

After traversing about two miles, we again descended about twenty steps, and here found some workmen, in a very cold and damp place, propping up a most dangerous part, which they were fearful would give way every moment. We were glad to give them money for some drink, and make our visit at this place as short as possible. The path here is not more than three feet in width, and the roof so low, that we were obliged to stoop considerably.

By this time, several of the party began to repent of their journey, and were much afraid of the damp and cold air we frequently experienced. But, alas! there was no retreating.

On walking some little distance farther, we entered into a kind of saloon, cut out of the rock, and said to be exactly under the *Eglise de St. Jacques*. This was illuminated with great taste, occasioned an agreeable surprize, and made us all ample amends for the danger and difficulty we had just before gone through. At one end was a representation in miniature of some of the principal forts in the Indies, with the fortifications, draw-bridges, &c. Cannons were planted, with a couple of soldiers to each, ready to fire. Centinels were placed in different parts of the garrison, particularly before the governor's house; and a regiment of armed men was drawn up in another place, with their general in the front. The whole was made up of a kind of clay which the place affords, was ingeniously contrived, and the light that was thrown upon it gave it a very pretty effect.

On the other side of this hall, was a long table set out with cold tongues, bread and butter, and some of the best Burgundy I ever drank. Now every thing was hilarity and mirth; our fears were entirely dispelled,

and the danger we dreaded the moment before was now no longer thought of. In short, we were all in good spirits again, and proceeded on our journey about two miles farther, when our guides judged it prudent for us to ascend, as we were then got to the steps which lead up to the town. We here found ourselves safe, at the *Val de Grace*, near to the English Benedictine convent, without the least accident having happened to any one of the party. We imagined we had walked about two French leagues, and were absent from the surface of the earth betwixt four and five hours.

After we had thanked the inspectors and guides for their very great civility, politeness, and attention, we took our leave to visit the English Benedictines convent, in whose courtyard, and within a few yards of their house, the roof of the subterraneous passage had given way, and fallen in the depth of one hundred and ninety-three feet.

Though there was some little danger attending our rash expedition (as some people were pleased to term it) yet it was most exceedingly agreeable, and so perfectly a *nouvelle scene*, that we were all highly delighted, and thought ourselves amply repaid for our trouble.

I regretted much that I did not take a thermometer and barometer down with me, that I might have had an opportunity of making some remarks on the temperature and weight of the air. Certainly, however, it was much colder at this time than on the surface of the earth. But Mr. Smeathman informed me, that when he descended the last winter, in the long and hard frost, he found the air much more temperate than above ground, but far from warm. Neither, however, had he a thermometer with him. I lamented too that I had not time to make more remarks on the petrifications, &c.

Mr. Smeathman observed, that when he descended, he found a very sensible difficulty of breathing in some of the passages and caverns, where the superincumbent rock was low, and the company crowded. This no doubt was much increased by the number of persons and of wax lights, but he does not apprehend that the difficulty would have been so great in rooms of equal dimensions above ground. We remarked too, when we descended, that there was, in some degree, an oppression of respiration throughout the whole passage.

There were formerly several openings into the quarries, but the two I have mentioned, viz. the *Observatory* and the *Val de Grace*, are, I believe, the only ones left; and these the inspectors keep constantly locked, and rarely open them, except to strangers particularly

sularly introduced, and to workmen who are always employed in some part by the king.

The Police thought it a necessary precaution to secure all the entrances into this cavern, from its having been formerly inhabited by a famous gang of robbers, who infested the country for many miles round the city of Paris.

As to the origin of this quarry, I could not, on the strictest inquiry, learn any thing satisfactory; and the only account I know published, is contained in the *Tableaux de Paris, nouvelle édition, tome premier, chapitre 5^{me}, page 12^{me}*.

“Pour bâtir Paris dans son origine, il a fallu prendre la pierre dans les environs; la consommation n'en a pas été mince. Paris s'agrandissant on a bâti insensiblement les fauxbourgs sur les anciennes carrières, de sorte que tout ce qu'on voit en dehors, manque essentiellement dans la terre aux fondemens de la ville; de là, les concavités effrayantes, qui se trouvent aujourd'hui sous les maisons de plusieurs quartiers; elles portent sur les abîmes. Il ne faudroit pas un choc bien considérable, pour ramener les pierres au point d'où on les a enlevés avec tout d'effort. Huit personnes ensevelies dans un gouffre de cent cinquante pieds de profondeur, et quelques autres accidens moins connus, ont excité enfin la vigilance de la Police, et du gouvernement; & de fait, on a étagé en silence les edifices de plusieurs quartiers, en leur donnant dans ces obscurs souterrains un appui qu'ils n'avoient pas.

“Tous les fauxbourgs Saint Jacques, la Rue de la Harpe, & même la Rue de Tournon, portent sur d'anciennes carrières, & l'on a bâti des pilastres pour soutenir le poids des

maisons. Que de matière à réflexions, en considérant cette grande ville formée, & soutenue par moyens absolument contraires! Ces clochers, ces voutes des temples, autant de signes, qui disent à l'œil ce que nous voyons en l'air manque sous nos pieds.”

“For the first building of Paris, it was necessary to get the stone in the environs, and the consumption of it was very considerable. As Paris was enlarged, the suburbs were insensibly built on the ancient quarries, so that all that you see without is essentially wanting in the earth, for the foundation of the city: hence proceed the frightful cavities which are at this time found under the houses in several quarters. They stand upon abysses. It would not require a very violent shock to throw back the stones to the place from whence they have been raised with so much difficulty. Eight men being swallowed up in a gulph one hundred and fifty feet deep, and some other less known accidents, excited at length the vigilance of the Police and the government, and, in fact, the buildings of several quarters have been privately propped up; and by this means a support given to these obscure subterraneous places, which they before wanted.

“All the suburbs of St. James's, Harpstreet, and even the street of Tournon, stand upon the ancient quarries; and pillars have been erected to support the weight of the houses. What a subject for reflexions, in considering this great city formed and supported by means absolutely contrary! These towers, these steeples, the arched roofs of these temples are so many signs to tell the eye, that what we now see in the air is wanting under our feet.”

ANECDOTES OF DR. MOYES and JOHN METCALF, TWO EXTRAORDINARY BLIND MEN. Communicated by Mr. BEW, April 17, 1782.

[FROM THE SAME.]

DR. HENRY MOYES, who occasionally read Lectures on Philosophical Chemistry at Manchester, like Dr. Saunderson, the celebrated Professor of Cambridge, lost his sight, by the small-pox, in his early infancy. He never recollected to have seen: “but the first traces of memory I have,” says he, “are in some confused ideas of the solar system.” He had the good fortune to be born in a country where learning of every kind is highly cultivated, and to be brought up in a family devoted to learning.

Possessed of native genius, and ardent in his application, he made rapid advances in various departments of erudition; and not only acquired the fundamental principles of mechanics, music, and the languages; but, likewise, entered deeply into the investigation of the profounder sciences: and display-

ed an acute and general knowledge of geometry, optics, algebra; of astronomy, chemistry; and, in short, of most of the branches of the Newtonian philosophy.

Mechanical exercises were the favourite employments of his infant years. At a very early age, he made himself acquainted with the use of edged tools so perfectly, that, notwithstanding his intire blindness, he was able to make little wind-mills; and he even constructed a loom with his own hands, which still shew the cicatrices of wounds he received in the execution of these juvenile exploits.

By a most agreeable intimacy, and frequent intercourse, which I enjoyed with this accomplished blind gentleman, whilst he resided in Manchester; I had an opportunity of repeatedly observing the peculiar manner

in which he arranged his ideas, and acquired his information. Whenever he was introduced into company, I remarked, that he continued some time silent. The sound directed him to judge of the dimensions of the room, and the different voices, of the number of persons that were present. His distinction, in these respects, was very accurate; and his memory so retentive, that he seldom was mistaken. I have known him instantly recognize a person, on first hearing him speak, though more than two years had elapsed since the time of their last meeting. He determined, pretty nearly, the stature of those he was speaking with, by the direction of their voices; and he made tolerable conjectures respecting their tempers and dispositions, by the manner in which they conducted their conversation.

It must be observed, that this gentleman's eyes were not totally insensible to intense light. The rays refracted through a prism, when sufficiently vivid, produced certain distinguishable effects on them. The red gave him a disagreeable sensation, which he compared to the touch of a saw. As the colours declined in violence, the harshness lessened, until the green afforded a sensation that was highly pleasing to him; and which he described, as conveying an idea similar to what he felt in running his hand over smooth polished surfaces. Polished surfaces, meandering streams, and gentle declivities, were the figures by which he expressed his ideas of beauty. Rugged rocks, irregular points, and boisterous elements, furnished him with expressions for terror and disgust. He excelled in the charms of conversation; was happy in his allusions to visual objects; and discoursed on the nature, composition, and beauty of colours, with pertinence and precision.

Doctor Moyes was a striking instance of the power the human soul possesses, of finding resources of satisfaction, even under the most rigorous calamities. Though involved "in ever during darkness," and excluded from the charming views of silent or animated nature; though dependent on an undertaking for the means of his subsistence, the success of which was very precarious; in short, though destitute of other support than his genius, and under the mercenary protection of a person whose integrity he suspected—still Dr. Moyes was ge-

nerally cheerful, and apparently happy. Indeed it must afford much pleasure to the feeling heart, to observe this hilarity of temper prevail, almost universally, with the blind. Though "cut off from the ways of men, and the contemplation of the human face divine," they have this consolation; they are exempt from the discernment, and contagious influence, of those painful emotions of the soul, that are visible on the countenance, and which hypocrisy itself can scarcely conceal. This disposition, likewise, may be considered as an internal evidence of the native worth of the human mind; that thus supports its dignity and cheerfulness under one of the severest misfortunes that can possibly befall us.

JOHN METCALF, a native of the neighbourhood of Manchester, where he is well known, like the gentleman above mentioned, became blind at a very early age, so as to be entirely unconscious of light and its various effects. This man passed the younger part of his life as a waggoner, and, occasionally, as a guide in intricate roads during the night, or when the tracks were covered with snow. Strange as this may appear to those who can see, the employment he has since undertaken is still more extraordinary: it is one of the last to which we could suppose a blind man would ever turn his attention. His present occupation is that of a projector and surveyor of highways in difficult and mountainous parts. With the assistance only of a long staff, I have several times met this man traversing the roads, ascending precipices, exploring valleys, and investigating their several extents, forms, and situations, so as to answer his designs in the best manner. The plans which he designs, and the estimates he makes, are done in a method peculiar to himself; and which he cannot well convey the meaning of to others. His abilities, in this respect, are, nevertheless, so great, that he finds constant employment. Most of the roads over the Peak in Derbyshire, have been altered by his directions; particularly those in the vicinity of Buxton: and he is, at this time, constructing a new one, betwixt Wilmslow and Congleton, with a view to open a communication to the great London road, without being obliged to pass over the mountains*.

* Since this paper was written, and had the honour of being delivered to the Society, I have met this blind projector of the roads, who was alone as usual; and amongst other conversation, I made some inquiries respecting this new road. It was really astonishing to hear with what accuracy he described the courses, and the nature of the different soils, through which it was conducted. Having mentioned to him a boggy piece of ground it passed through, he observed, that "that was the only place he had doubts concerning; and that he was apprehensive they had, contrary to his directions, been too sparing of their materials."

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.
 IDEAS upon TASTE and CRITICISM.

“Thou, *Nature*, art my Goddess!”

THUS sang the Muse of Churchill; and it is an exclamation which ought perpetually to be impressed upon the mind of every writer, who, constituting himself a judge upon the works of others, pretumes to seat himself in the *dictatorial chair of Criticism*.

But what, it may be asked, are the ends which a critic proposes?

These, generally speaking, it would be as difficult to determine, as it would be to pronounce on the disposition of the critic himself, without that *personal* knowledge of him which might lead to a discovery of his ruling prepossessions and prejudices.—The ends, however, which he *should* propose, are, the improvement of the taste of his countrymen, when bad; the correction of it, when vicious; and the support of it, when good.

In order to accomplish this threefold purpose, a critic must, of course, be possessed himself of a taste not only excellent in itself, but acknowledged to be so by general consent.

Taste!—And what, it may again be asked, is this *ignis fatuus* called *Taste*?—Volumines, heaven knows! have been written “about it, and about it;” yet, incapable, it would seem, of being reduced to a *criticon*, taste, we find, remains still as much the child of caprice in literature and the arts, as fashion is in dress.

The simplest definitions are the best. In attempting to *fix* this *ignis fatuus*, then, suppose we say, that *taste consists in a just perception and estimation of the beauties and deformities of an object*. If this object, for example, be a literary work, the duty of criticism requires a knowledge of what constitutes literary beauty, and, its reverse, literary deformity.

Now, there can be no literary beauty but what consists in a conformity of the ideas presented with *Nature*, and in a conformity of the *expression* with the established laws of the language in which the author cloaths those ideas; and certain it is, that when this conformity ends, literary deformity must, of necessity, begin.

To be a finished critic, then, it is still more requisite to have a thorough acquaintance with *Nature* than even with the rules of the language in which the subject for criticism is composed.

Having thus endeavoured to explain what I mean by *taste*, which is apt to fluctuate with the day, let me also endeavour to ex-

plain what I mean by *Nature*, which is uniform and eternal as the world.

Nature, then, as the object of a poet or an orator, a painter or a statuary, may be considered in two points of view; that is, in beings animated, and beings unanimated, when it may be defined the *general appearance of the phenomena of the physical world, and of the affections of the brute creation*; and it may also be considered as it relates to our fellow-creatures, in which case it is termed *human nature*, as exhibited in the *general appearance of the affections and passions of men*.

It is not more practicable for a poet to paint nature, to move the affections, or to rouse the passions, without a *knowledge* of them, than it is for a mere *book-learned* critic to determine upon the *truth* of a representation of *Nature*, or upon the *art* and *force* with which the affections and passions have been excited; and does it not therefore follow, that a thorough acquaintance with *Nature* is the *sine qua non* of criticism, and the only solid basis of the art?

The study, however, which leads to the knowledge in question is in itself so tedious and difficult, that it seems to be doubtful whether, in the whole circle of genius, in any age, or in any country, there have been twenty persons (including poets, orators, critics, painters and sculptors) who can be strictly said to have taken *Nature* for their model, and *Nature* only.

Of this chosen number, Homer was the chief, as is evident from almost every page of both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Beyond every other human being, indeed, he seems to have been the *confidential favourite* of *Nature*, if the expression be allowable; and certain it is, that he was not less distinguished by his skill in describing the general phenomena of the *physical world*, and the affections of the *brute creation*, than in illustrating the affections and the passions of *men*.

That Shakespeare also formed himself from an attentive study of the book of *Nature*, in preference to every other book, the originality and the vigour of his thoughts evince. But in knowledge of, what the French call, *la belle Nature*, he was inferior to the Grecian bard; and, had he paid more respect to the *Graces* (which he certainly might have done in, at least, an equal degree with Homer) we should have less to complain of that low nonsense, that misplaced buffoonery, with which, in defiance of every principle of decorum, he has wantonly suffered even his best pieces to be disgraced.

Almost all the critics on the continent have formed themselves partly from the study of *Nature*, and partly from the study of *Homer*; but in England, because our *Shakespeare* did not always follow the *one*, and knew nothing of the *other*, we have too often held *both* in contempt.

In the oratorical line, Demosthenes formed himself solely from *Nature*; and perhaps he is the only person to whom, as an orator *merely*, that praise can with absolute justice be ascribed.

In every other branch of literature, writers have, almost without exception, contented themselves with adopting the productions, pompously styled *classical*, of some preceding writer as models for their own compositions; and, in conformity to this practice, critics, *pedant-like*, have, in general, thought they amply discharged their duty, when, having selected this or that celebrated author for the subject of their comments, they *systematically*, in the beaten path of their predecessors, illustrated his beauties, and stigmatized his defects, (or, at least, what they had been taught at school to believe such) for the purpose of holding out *those* as objects of imitation, *these* of avoidance.

From this *systematic* method no good could accrue. Beside, while it flattered the vanity of critics, by habituating them to look upon themselves as the supreme judges in all literary matters, it cherished in them that sloth to which scholastic dulness is ever, of itself, too prone, and taught them to believe that their art, though yet but in its infancy, had already attained the *no plus ultra* of perfection.

It was accordingly followed by an universal corruption of taste; and as the Greek writers imitated *Homer*, and the Latin writers imitated the Greek, so the moderns, on the revival of letters, copied rather than imitated both.—They had servility enough for the one, but wanted art for the other;

and few are there of their works which are now known, or which, indeed, *deserve* to be known but by name.

While critics paid a respect to the immutable laws of truth and nature, good writers alone were imitated; but when those laws sunk into neglect, the good and the bad were chosen as models promiscuously.—During the period of this revival, namely, the sixteenth century, the admiration of the ancients was so extravagant, and the imitation of them so puerile, that *Nature*, when put in competition with an old Greek or Latin poet, was held in contempt.

By degrees, however, men began to think more rationally; Genius, cherished by Philosophy, threw off her former humiliating shackles; and the *imitatores*, *servum pecus*, were forced to “hide their diminished heads.”

In fine, what the reign of *Queen Anne* began with respect to criticism, and to the arts which criticism has for its object, in England, that of *George III.* has achieved; and perhaps the present æra will not appear less bright and prosperous to posterity in a literary point of view, than to ourselves it appears gloomy and adverse in a political one.

If we have sunk in national wealth and power, we have *not* sunk in national taste and genius. We seem, on the contrary, to have flourished in the latter, in proportion as in the former we have been suffered to dwindle and decay. Let *statesmen*, however, look to that point; and as for the *literati*,

—————“leaving all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings,”

let them, I say, rejoice, that at length the Muses are at liberty to raise their voice, *undogged by the rust of pedantry, and undamped by the pride of an illiberal dogma, falsely by our forefathers styled Criticism.*

CRITOPHILUS.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

The FORCED MARRIAGE: A MORAL TALE.

She must be mine—She is!—If yet her heart

Consents not to my happiness, her duty

Join'd to my tender cares, will gain so much

Upon her generous nature—that will follow.

Tancred and Sigismunda.

THE absurd maxim, Marry first, and love will follow, as *Osmond* above expresses himself through the *Muse of Thomson*, is generally productive of more matrimonial infelicity than any other circumstance whatever.—Daily, nevertheless, is it inculcated by ignorant, or fordid parents; and too often, alas! do we see it blindly adopted by ardent, but *unsatisfying* lovers.

Of the lamentable effects that are apt to flow from a precipitate adoption of it, we have a remarkable instance in the story before us.

England boasted not—nay, cannot boast still—of a more beautiful, more accomplished, more engaging young lady than *Louisa Neville*—now to her sorrow, and the sorrow of all who knew her, *Lady Louisa Belford*—

Formed,

formed, as it were, by the immediate hands of the Graces, with the charms of a Venus she united—and, but for one fatal event, might have *continued* to unite—the spotless purity of a Diana.

It was at the house of a friend in Gloucestershire, where she happened to be upon a visit with her father, that she first saw Sir Thomas Belford; or rather it was there that Sir Thomas, from the misfortune of having first seen *her*, became the instrument of laying a foundation of misery for life to them both.

The baronet was now in the prime of youth—a man of gentle manners, of unfulfilled honour, and of immense opulence; but one formed by nature, upon the whole, to attract the *esteem of a man of sense*, rather than the *love of a woman of sensibility*.

Fond as he was of Miss Neville to distraction, from the minute in which he first beheld her, he yet suppressed from her the emotions of his heart till he had secured the consent of her father to their union; and when at length he disclosed to her his passion in this *retrograde* manner, so inconsistent with every idea of *female delicacy*, and so repugnant to every principle of *female pride*, her answer to him was equally ingenuous, noble, and affecting.

“Sir,” said she, “I feel myself highly honoured by the sentiments of attachment which you are pleased to profess to me; but it is the less in my power to flatter you with a return to those sentiments, as another gentleman has long since engrossed all my tenderness—a tenderness, which, were I to become *Lady Belford*, you, Sir, as my husband, would have a just right to expect I should confine to yourself. But of this, I scruple not to declare, there could be no hope; and knowing Captain Fitzroy to be one of your particular friends, as one grand inducement for you to avoid the language of love to me, I own that *he* is the youth who triumphs over my heart.—Till you appeared, nothing was a bar to our immediate union but the scantiness of both our fortunes. As he is a younger brother, so am I the only child of a decayed family. Still, however, we *love each other*; and as for my own part, too sensibly, alas! do I feel, that him alone I ever *can love*.—Cease, then, I conjure you, to talk to me of *marrriage*; for though, even in that point, I might perhaps be unable to resist the commands of a father, if cruelly rendered *absolute*, yet know, ere it be too late for the happiness of us both—know, Sir Thomas, that in giving you my *hand*, he never could give you a *heart*, which, far from being in his *disposal*, is literally *not at my own*.”

It might be supposed, that a declaration so

candid, and so peremptory, would have induced the enamoured baronet to desist from his unwelcome addresses. But, having turned a deaf ear to every admonition of reason, love, which, while it “*feareth all things, hopeth all things,*” told him to *persevere*; and in little more than a week, the old gentleman having, under pain of his utmost displeasure, compelled his daughter to embrace the offer of Sir Thomas (an offer, indeed, far beyond his expectation for her, in the article of fortune) the hapless Louisa was conducted by him, *victim like*, to the altar.

Highly would it have redounded to her honour, had she now made a sacrifice to her husband of the passion she still entertained for her loved Fitzroy. Unhappily, however, that sacrifice was impossible; and vain were all her efforts to banish him a single minute from her mind.—Buried, as it were, with Sir Thomas in a desert, all his assiduities to please served but to produce in her bosom emotions of a contrary nature. To every species of amusement she expressed a dislike, if not an abhorrence; and, in a very few months, sinking into a settled melancholy, her life became visibly endangered.

Sir Thomas was now in a condition little less miserable than that of Lady Louisa herself.—Afraid to lose her, and conscious that if he did, he had himself alone to blame, he adopted a resolution not less singular than it was generous; and accordingly from a persuasion, which, indeed, there were too many circumstances to confirm, that the primary cause of her illness was, the disappointment she had experienced in her love for Fitzroy, he wrote to him a letter, on the footing of old friendship, requesting the honour of a visit, in order to see what effect *his* company might have on the spirits of Lady Louisa, whose health, he added, had been for some time considerably upon the decline.

The Captain, though confounded at the letter, lost no time in obeying the invitation. On his arrival at Belford-Hall, Sir Thomas received him with open arms, and presented him, as one of his best friends, to the astonished Lady Louisa, who could hardly give credit to her eyes, when she beheld in her presence the long-lost Fitzroy. He then ordered out the chariot; and declaring, that, as a man of honour himself, he placed an entire confidence in the honour of the captain, as well as in the virtue of his lady, he took a precipitate though affectionate leave of both Fitzroy and Louisa, and drove off to London, leaving the lovers, if yet they may be called lovers, to *themselves*.

Here, ladies, is a husband for you—a husband, it may with safety be pronounced, of ten thousand! And here, ye *married* gentle-

men—here is an example for you, though there is hardly one of you, perhaps, in twice that number, that would have the resolution to imitate it, even to save a *beloved wife*!

Captain Fitzroy, however, was a man of *principle*; and, dearly as he had loved Lady Louisa—dearly as he was inclined to love her still—he yet scorned to violate the laws of *hospitality*, or to abuse, in the *tendrest* point, the *confidence of a friend*.

In innocence, then, did they pass their hours together; and at the expiration of a week, or ten days, the baronet—that *rara avis* in the world of matrimony—returned to Belford-Hall. The meeting seemed to be a welcome one to all parties; and for some hours nothing more than general chit-chat passed.—After supper, however, the captain, who had long laboured to disclose his actual situation to Lady Louisa, though still (fearful of the consequences) he hardly knew how to do it, thus addressed himself to her:

“As we have been denied the power, madam, of enjoying in each other that happiness with which we once fondly flattered ourselves, I should indeed have little regard for you now, did I not sincerely rejoice, that it has been your lot to obtain for a husband one of the most deserving gentlemen I know, or have the honour to call me *friend*.—All the endearing ties by which we were so tenderly united, are at length finally dissolved.—As the most effectual method, therefore, of forgetting you, I have myself formed a matrimonial alliance, which, on my departure from hence to-morrow, will be ultimately concluded.—If, then, you wish to be *happy yourself*, and not to *render me miserable*, banish it from your remembrance, that such a being as Fitzroy exists.”

As he uttered these words, a tear trickled down his cheek; but it was a tear of heroic sensibility, which honoured him as a Man, and doubly honoured him as a gallant but virtuous soldier.—The only answer to it from Lady Louisa, however, was a look, darted at the captain as from the eyes of a bashful, and fraught with all the venom of rage and fury.

Thus they parted for the evening; and in the morning recomposed, or apparently recomposed—she gave him a *final adieu*, as he was preparing to step into the post-chaise, without betraying the smallest mark of anger, disappointment, or even regret.—From that very day, recovering her usual cheerfulness, she began also to recover her usual health; nor seemed longer to entertain a wish beyond the salutary one which Fitzroy himself had given to her, namely, that she might be able to *banish it from her remembrance, that such a man as Fitzroy existed*.

Sir Thomas, of course, did every thing in his power to cherish and confirm these good dispositions; and, in order to render both Lady Louisa and himself more happy, he carried her with him to town, with an allowance to indulge in all the fashionable gaieties which the most vicious capital on earth could present to her.

Here then were two sudden extremes—an extreme of *solitude* to be succeeded, of course, by an extreme of *dissipation*.—The intention of Sir Thomas might be good. But, alas! he yet knew not, that as Lady Louisa, however virtuously inclined, was actually incapable of *loving him*, he only served still more to estrange from him her affections, by plunging her into a *vortex of pleasure*.

The heart of a woman must, of necessity, be always occupied; and experience shews, that the passions of the sex no sooner cease to cling to an object of one complexion, than they begin to be engrossed by an object of another.

Lady Louisa, for instance, who, during the days of her sensibility for Fitzroy, had detested cards, now loved them, as every woman does who no longer loves any thing else; that is, to *distract*. She lost large sums; and Sir Thomas paid them, without saying a word. Fresh sums she continued to lose; and still he grumbled not. But at length, though the wife was not tired of *losing*, the husband became tired of *paying*.

Now in such circles as it was the delight of Lady Louisa to frequent, there is generally abundance of gentlemen, whose purses are at the devotion of a fine woman, when her husband is so *unreasonable* as not to be always in a humour to supply her capricious or extravagant demands. Unfortunately, however, the services of such gentlemen are seldom of a very disinterested nature; and as, on the contrary, they are exceedingly apt to claim in return certain favours which would put virtue to the blush to relate, so Lady Louisa to discharge her *debts of honour* scrupled not at length to sacrifice her *own honour*, and trample upon that of her husband.

Of her guilt proofs sufficient soon appeared, to the melancholy satisfaction of Sir Thomas, whose only remedy now was, to return the lady to her father, and take the necessary steps for a *divorce*; a measure, which, in the course of a few months, when it comes to be publicly agitated, will probably be productive of some curious anecdotes, to amuse the world of gallantry.

Thus terminates, for the present, the story of Sir Thomas and Lady Louisa; and may it be followed with the happy effect of evincing

evincing the dangerous fallacy of the notion, that love will begin to take root after mar-

riage, when the heart was pre-engaged before it!

BENVOLIO.

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

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

WITCHCRAFT.

AT supper we had Dr. Cullen, his son the advocate, Dr. Adam Fergusson, Mr. Crosbie, advocate. Witchcraft was introduced. Crosbie said, he thought it the greatest blasphemy to suppose evil spirits counteracting the Deity, and raising storms, for instance, to destroy his creatures.—Johnson. "Why, Sir, if moral evil be consistent with the government of the Deity, why may not physical evil be also consistent with it? It is not more strange that there should be evil spirits, than evil men, evil unembodied spirits than evil embodied spirits. And as to storms, we know there are such things; and it is no worse that evil spirits raise them, than that they rise."—Crosbie. "But it is not credible that such stories as we are told of witches have happened."—Johnson. "Sir, I am not defending their credibility. I am only saying, that your arguments are not good, and will not overturn the belief of witchcraft.—(Dr. Fergusson said to me, aside, "He is right.")—And then, Sir, you have all mankind, rude and civilized, agreeing in the belief of the agency of preternatural powers. You must take evidence: you must consider, that wife and great men have condemned witches to die."—Crosbie. "But an act of parliament has put an end to witchcraft."—Johnson. "No, Sir! witchcraft had ceased, and therefore an act of parliament was passed to prevent persecution for what was not witchcraft. Why it ceased, we cannot tell, as we cannot tell the reason of many other things."

OURAN-OUTANG.

Dr. Cullen, to keep up the gratification of mysterious disquisition, with the grave address for which he is remarkable in his companionable as in his professional hours, talked in a very entertaining manner, of people walking and conversing in their sleep. I am very sorry I have no notice of this. We talked of the Ouran-Outang, and of Lord Monboddó's thinking that he might be taught to speak. Dr. Johnson treated this with ridicule. Mr. Crosbie said, that Lord Monboddó believed the existence of every thing possible; in short, that all which is in *posse* might be found in *esse*.—Johnson. "But, Sir, it is as possible that the Ouran-Outang does not speak, as that he speaks. However, I shall not contest

the point. I should have thought it not possible to find a Monboddó; yet he exists."

PLAYERS.

I again mentioned the stage.—Johnson. "The appearance of a player, with whom I have drank tea, counteracts the imagination that he is the character he represents. Nay, you know nobody imagines he is the character he represents. They say, 'See Garrick! how he looks to-night!' 'See how he'll clutch the dagger!' That is the buz of the theatre."

LORD MONBODDO.

About a mile from Monboddó, where you turn off the road, Joseph was waiting to tell us my lord expected us to dinner. We drove over a wild moor. It rained, and the scene was somewhat dreary. Dr. Johnson repeated, with solemn emphasis, Macbeth's speech on meeting the witches.

Monboddó is a wretched place, wild and naked, with a poor old house; though, if I recollect right, there are two turrets which mark an old baron's residence. Lord Monboddó received us at his gate most courteously; pointed to the Douglas arms upon his house, and told us that his great-grandmother was of that family. "In such houses (said he) our ancestors lived, who were better men than we."—"No, no, my lord (said Dr. Johnson). We are as strong as they, and a great deal wiser."—This was an assault upon one of Lord Monboddó's capital dogmas, and I was afraid there would have been a violent altercation in the very close, before we got into the house. But his lordship is distinguished not only for "antient metaphysics," but for ancient *politiké, la vieille cour,*" and he made no reply.

His lordship was dressed in a rustick suit, and wore a little round hat; told us, we now saw him as Farmer Burnett, and we should have his family dinner, a farmer's dinner. He said, "I should not have forgiven Mr. Boswell, had he not brought you here, Dr. Johnson." He produced a very long stalk of corn, as a specimen of his crop, and said, "You see here the *Letas segetes*;" and observed that Virgil seemed to be as enthusiastick a farmer as he, and was certainly a practical one.—Johnson. "It does not always follow, my lord, that a man who has written a good poem on an art, has practised it. Philip Miller told me, that in Philips's
Cyder,

Cyder, a poem, all the precepts were just, and indeed better than in books written for the purpose of instructing: yet Philips had never made cyder."

I started the subject of emigrations.—"To a man of mere animal life, you can urge no argument against going to America, but that it will be some time before he will get the earth to produce. But a man of any intellectual enjoyment will not easily go and immerse himself and his posterity for ages in barbarism."

He and my lord spoke highly of Homer.—Johnson. "He had all the learning of his age. The Shield of Achilles shews a nation at war, a nation in peace; harvest sport, nay stealing."—Monboddó. "Aye, and what we (looking to me) would call a parliament-house scene; a cause pleaded."—Johnson. "That is part of the life of a nation in peace. And there are in Homer such characters of heroes, and combinations of qualities of heroes, that the united powers of mankind ever since have not produced any but what are to be found there."—Monboddó. "Yet no character is described."—Johnson. "No; they all develope themselves. Agamemnon is always a gentleman-like character; he is always Βασιλικὸν τι. That the ancients held so, is plain from this; that Euripides, in his Hecuba, makes him the person to interpose."—Monboddó. "The history of manners is the most valuable. I never set a high value on any other history."—Johnson. "Nor I; and therefore I esteem biography, as giving us what comes near to ourselves, what we can turn to use."—Boswell. "But in the course of general history, we find manners. In wars, we see the dispositions of people, their degrees of humanity, and other particulars."—Johnson. "Yes; but then you must take all the facts to get this; and it is but little you get."—Monboddó. "And it is that little which makes history valuable."—Bravo! thought I; they agree like two brothers.—Monboddó. "I am sorry, Dr. Johnson, you was not longer at Edinburgh, to receive the homage of our men of learning."—Johnson. "My lord, I received great respect and great kindness."—Boswell. "He goes back to Edinburgh after our tour."—We talked of the decrease of learning in Scotland, and of the "Muses Welcome."—Johnson. "Learning is much decreased in England, in my remembrance."—Monboddó. "You, Sir, have lived to see its decrease in England, I its extinction in Scotland." However, I brought him to confess that the High School of Edinburgh did well.—Johnson. "Learning has decreased in England, because learning will not do so much for a man as formerly.

There are other ways of getting preferment. Few bishops are now made for their learning. To be a bishop, a man must be learned in a learned age—factious in a factious age; but always of eminence. Warburton is an exception; though his learning alone did not raise him. He was first an antagonist to Pope, and helped Theobald to publish his Shakspeare; but, seeing Pope the rising man—when Croufaz attacked his Essay on Man, for some faults which it has, and some which it has not, Warburton defended it in the Review of that time. This brought him acquainted with Pope, and he gained his friendship. Pope introduced him to Allen—Allen married him to his niece: So, by Allen's interest and his own, he was made a bishop. But then his learning was the *sine qua non*: He knew how to make the most of it; but I do not find by any dishonest means."—Monboddó. "He is a great man."—Johnson. "Yes; he has great knowledge—great power of mind. Hardly any man brings greater variety of learning to bear upon his point."—Monboddó. "He is one of the greatest lights of your church."—Johnson. "Why? we are not sure of his being very friendly to us. He blazes, if you will! but that is not always the steadiest light. Lowth is another bishop who has risen by his learning."

Dr. Johnson examined young Arthur, Lord Monboddó's son, in Latin. He answered very well; upon which he said, with complacency, "Get you gone! When King James comes back, you shall be in the Muses Welcome!" My lord and Dr. Johnson disputed a little, whether the Savage or the London Shopkeeper had the best existence; his lordship, as usual, preferring the Savage. My lord was as hospitable as I could have wished, and I saw both Dr. Johnson and him liking each other better every hour.

Dr. Johnson having retired for a short time, my lord spoke of his conversation as I could have wished. Dr. Johnson had said, "I have done greater feats with my knife than this;" though he had taken a very hearty dinner. My lord, who affects or believes he follows an abstemious system, seemed struck with Dr. Johnson's manner of living. I had a particular satisfaction in being under the roof of Monboddó, my lord being my father's old friend, and having been always very good to me. We were cordial together. He asked Dr. Johnson and me to stay all night. When I said we must be at Aberdeen he replied, "Well, I am like the Romans: I shall say to you, 'Happy to come—happy to depart!' He thanked Dr. Johnson for his visit.—Johnson. "I little thought,

when

when I had the honour to meet your lordship in London, that I should see you at Monbodo."

GOLDSMITH.

Graham, who wrote "Telemachus, a Masque," was sitting one night with Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson, and was half drunk. He rattled away to Dr. Johnson: "You are a clever fellow, to be sure; but you cannot write an essay like Addison, or verses like *the Rape of the Lock*." At last he said, "Doctor, I should be glad to see you at Eaton." "I shall be happy to wait on you," answered Goldsmith.—"No, (said Graham) 'tis not you I meant, Dr. Minor; 'tis Dr. Major, there." Goldsmith was excessively hurt by this. He afterwards spoke of it himself. "Graham (said he) is a fellow to make one commit suicide."

The STAGE.

Talking of the Stage, I observed, that we had not now such a company of actors as in the last age; Wilks, Booth, &c. &c. Johnson. "You think so, because there is one who excels all the rest so much: you compare them with Garrick, and see the deficiency. Garrick's great distinction is his universality. He can represent all modes of life, but that of an easy fine-bred gentleman."—Col. Pennington. "He should give over playing young parts."—Johnson. "He does not take them now; but he does not leave off those which he has been used to play, because he does them better than any one else can do them. If you had generations of actors, if they swarmed like bees, the young ones might drive off the old. Mrs. Cibber, I think, got more reputation than she deserved, as she had a great sameness; though her expression was undoubtedly very fine. Mrs. Clive was the best player I ever saw. Mrs. Pritchard was a very good one; but she had something affected in her manner: I imagine she had some player of the former age in her eye, which occasioned it."

COMPOSITION.

We talked of composition, which was a favourite topic of Dr. Watson's, who first distinguished himself by Lectures on rhetoric.—Johnson. "I advised Chambers, and would advise every young man beginning to compose, to do it as fast as he can, to get a habit of having his mind to start promptly; it is so much more difficult to improve in

speed than in accuracy."—Watson. "I own I am for much attention to accuracy in composing, lest one should get bad habits of doing it in a slovenly manner."—Johnson. "Why, Sir, you are confounding *doing* inaccurately with the *necessity* of doing inaccurately. A man knows when his composition is inaccurate, and when he thinks fit he'll correct it. But, if a man is accustomed to compose slowly, and with difficulty, upon all occasions, there is danger that he may not compose at all, as we do not like to do that which is not done easily; and, at any rate, more time is consumed in a small matter than ought to be."—Watson said, "Dr. Hugh Blair took a week to compose a sermon."—Johnson. "Then, Sir, that is for want of the habit of composing quickly, which I am insisting one should acquire."—Watson said, "Blair was not composing all the week, but only such hours as he found himself disposed for composition."—Johnson. "Nay, Sir, unless you tell me the time he took, you tell me nothing. If I say I took a week to walk a mile, and have had the gout five days, and been ill otherwise another day, I have taken but one day. I myself have composed about forty sermons. I have begun a sermon after dinner, and sent it off by the post that night. I wrote forty-eight of the printed octavo pages of the *Life of Savage* at a sitting; but then I sat up all night. I have also written six sheets in a day of translation from the French."—Boswell. "We have also observed how one man dresses himself slowly, and another fast."—Johnson. "Yes, Sir; it is wonderful how much time some people will consume in dressing; taking up a thing and looking at it, and laying it down, and taking it up again. Every one should get the habit of doing it quickly. I would say to a young divine, 'Here is your text; let me see how soon you can make a sermon.' Then I'd say, 'Let me see how much better you can make it.' Thus I should see both his powers and his judgement."

EDUCATION.

Mr. Boyd told us that Lady Errol was one of the most pious and sensible women in the island; had a good head, and as good a heart. He said, she did not use force or fear in educating her children.—Johnson. "Sir, she is wrong; I would rather have the rod to be the general terror of all, to make them learn, than tell a child, if you do thus or thus, you will be more esteemed than your brothers or sisters. The rod produces an effect which terminates in itself. A child is afraid of being whipt, and gets his task, and there's an end

end on't; whereas, by exciting emulation, and comparisons of superiority, you lay the foundation of lasting mischief, you make brothers and sisters hate each other."

RELATIONSHIP.

Dr. Johnson talked of the advantage of keeping up the connections of relationship, which produce much kindness. "Every man (said he) who comes into the world, has need of friends. If he has to get them for himself, half his life is spent, before his merit is known. Relations are a man's ready friends, who support him. When a man is in real distress, he flies into the arms of his relations. An old lawyer, who had much experience in making wills, told me, that after people had deliberated long, and thought of many for their executors, they settled at last by fixing on their relations. This shews the universality of the principle."

MEN OF FAMILY.

I regretted the decay of respect for men of family, and that a Nabob now would carry an election from them.—Johnson. "Why, Sir, the Nabob will carry it by means of his wealth, in a country where money is highly valued, as it must be where nothing can be had without money; but if it comes to personal preference, the man of family will always carry it. There is generally a *scoundrelism* about a low man."—Mr. Boyd said, that was a good *ism*.

FEUDAL STATE.

I said, I believed mankind were happier in the ancient feudal state of subordination, than when in the modern state of independence.—Johnson. "To be sure, the *Chief* was. But we must think of the number of individuals. That *they* were less happy, seems plain; for that state from which all escape as soon as they can, and to which none return after they have left it, must be less happy; and this is the case with the state of dependance on a chief, or great man."

REPARTEE.

I mentioned the happiness of the French in their subordination, by the reciprocal benevolence and attachment between the great and those in lower ranks.—Mr. Boyd gave us an instance of their gentlemanly spirit. An old Chevalier de Malthe, of ancient no-

blesse, but in low circumstances, was in a coffee-house at Paris, where was Julien, the great manufacturer at the Gobelins of the fine tapestry, so much distinguished both for the figures and the *colours*. The Chevalier's carriage was very old. Says Julien, with a plebeian insolence, "I think, Sir, you had better have your carriage new painted." The Chevalier looked at him with indignant contempt, and answered, "Well, Sir, you may take it home and *dye* it!"—All the coffee-house rejoiced at Julien's confusion.

ADVANTAGES OF LINEN.

After the ladies were gone from table, we talked of the Highlanders not having sheets; and this led us to consider the advantage of wearing linen.—Johnson. "All animal substances are less cleanly than vegetables. Wool, of which flannel is made, is an animal substance; flannel, therefore, is not so cleanly as linen. I remember I used to think tar dirty; but when I knew it to be only a preparation of the juice of the pine, I thought so no longer. It is not disagreeable to have the gum that oozes from a plum-tree upon your fingers, because it is vegetable; but if you have any candle grease, any tallow on your fingers, you are uneasy till you rub it off.—I have often thought, that, if I kept a seraglio, the ladies should wear linen gowns,—or cotton;—I mean stuffs made of vegetable substances. I would have no silk; you cannot tell when it is clean. It will be very nasty before it is perceived to be so. Linen detects its own dirtiness."

MR. LANGTON'S HOUSE.

Talking of our friend Langton's house in Lincolnshire, he said, 'the old house of the family was burnt. A temporary building was erected in its room; and to this they have been always adding, as the family increased. It is like a shirt made for a man when he was a child, and enlarged always as he grows older.'

PLURALITY OF WIVES.

We talked to-night of Luther's allowing the Landgrave of Hesse two wives, and that it was with the consent of the wife to whom he was first married.—Johnson. "There was no harm in this, so far as she was only concerned, because *volenti non fit injuria*. But it was an offence against the
gener^{al}

general order of society, and against the law of the Gospel, by which one man and one woman are to be united. No man can have two wives, but by preventing somebody else from having one."

LETTERS OF OSHAN.

I took Fingal down to the parlour in the morning, and tried a test proposed by Mr. Roderick M'Leod, son to Ulinish. Mr. M'Queen had said he had some of the poem in the original. I desired him to mention any passage in the printed book, of which he could repeat the original. He pointed out one in page 50 of the quarto edition, and read the Erse, while Mr. Roderick M'Leod and I looked on the English;—and Mr. M'Leod said, that it was pretty like what Mr. M'Queen had recited. But when Mr. M'Queen read a description of Cuchullin's sword in Erse, together with a translation of it in English verse, by Sir James Foulis, Mr. M'Leod said, that was much liker than Mr. M'Pherson's translation of the former passage. Mr. M'Queen then repeated in Erse a description of one of the horses in Cuchullin's car. Mr. M'Leod said, Mr. M'Pherson's English was nothing like it.

When Dr. Johnson came down, I told him that I had now obtained some evidence concerning Fingal; for that Mr. M'Queen had repeated a passage in the original Erse, which Mr. M'Pherson's translation was pretty like; and reminded him, that he himself had once said, he did not require Mr. M'Pherson's Ossian to be more like the original than Pope's Homer.—Johnson. "Well, Sir, this is just what I always maintained. He has found names, and stories, and phrases, nay passages in old songs, and with them has blended his own compositions, and so made what he gives to the world as the translation of an ancient poem."—If this was the case, I observed, it was wrong to publish it as a poem in six books.—Johnson. "Yes, Sir; and to ascribe it to a time too when the Highlanders knew nothing of books, and nothing of six; or perhaps were not got the length of counting six. We have been told, by Condamine, of a nation that could count no more than four. This should be told to Monboddoo—it would help him. There is as much charity in helping a man down-hill as in helping him up-hill."—Boswell. "I don't think there is as much charity.—Johnson. Yes, Sir, if his tendency be downwards. Till he is at the bottom, he flounders; get him once there, and he is quiet. Swift tells, that Stella had a trick, which she

learnt from Addison, of encouraging a man in absurdity, instead of endeavouring to extricate him."

Mr. M'Queen's answers to the enquiries concerning Ossian were so unsatisfactory that I could not help observing, that, were he examined in a court of justice, he would find himself under a necessity of being more explicit.—Johnson. "Sir, he has told Blair a little too much, which is published; and he sticks to it. He is so much at the head of things here, that he has never been accustomed to be closely examined; and so he goes on quite smoothly."—Boswell. "He has never had any body to work him."—Johnson. "No, Sir; and a man is seldom disposed to work himself, though he ought to work himself, to be sure."—Mr. M'Queen made no reply.

GARRICK.

Having talked of the strictness with which witnesses are examined in courts of justice, Dr. Johnson told us, that Garrick, though accustomed to face multitudes, when produced as a witness in Westminster Hall, was so disconcerted by a new mode of public appearance, that he could not understand what was asked. It was a cause where an actor claimed a *free benefit*; that is to say, a benefit without paying the expence of the house; but the meaning of the term was disputed. Garrick was asked, 'Sir, have you a free benefit?'—'Yes.'—'Upon what terms have you it?'—'Upon—the terms—of—a free benefit.'—He was dismissed as one from whom no information could be obtained.—Dr. Johnson is often too hard upon our friend Mr. Garrick. When I asked him, why he did not mention him in the Preface to his Shakspeare, he said, 'Garrick has been liberally paid for any thing he has done for Shakspeare. If I should praise him, I should much more praise the nation who paid him. He has not made Shakspeare better known. He cannot illustrate Shakspeare. So I have reasons enough against mentioning him, were reasons necessary. There should be reasons for it.—I spoke of Mrs. Montague's very high praises of Garrick.—Johnson. 'Sir, it is fit she should say so much, and I should say nothing. Reynolds is fond of her book, and I wonder at it; for neither I, nor Beauclerk, nor Mrs. Thrale, could get through it.'

HERVEY.

He thought slightly of Hervey's Meditations. He treated it with ridicule, and

would not allow even the scene of the dying Husband and Father to be pathetic. I am not an impartial judge; for Hervey's Meditations engaged my affections in my early years. He read a passage concerning the moon, ludicrously; and shewed how easily he could, in the same style, make reflections on that planet the very reverse of Hervey's representing her as treacherous to mankind. He did this with much humour; but I have not preserved the particulars. He then indulged a playful fancy, in making a *Meditation on a Pudding*, of which I hastily wrote down, in his presence, the following note; which, though imperfect, may serve to give my readers some idea of it.

“ MEDITATION ON A PUDDING.

Let us seriously reflect of what a pudding is composed. It is composed of flour, that once waved in the golden grain, and drank the dews of the morning; of milk pressed from the swelling udder by the gentle hand of the beautiful milk-maid, whose beauty

and innocence might have recommended a worse draught; who, while she stroked the udder, had no ambitious thoughts of wandering in palaces, formed no plans for the destruction of her fellow-creatures; milk, which is drawn from the cow, that useful animal, that eats the grass of the field, and supplies us with that which made the greatest part of the food of mankind in the age which the poets have agreed to call *golden*. It is made with an egg, that miracle of nature, which the theoretical Burnet has compared to creation. An egg contains water within its beautiful smooth surface; and an unformed mass, by the incubation of the parent, becomes a regular animal, furnished with bones and sinews, and covered with feathers. — Let us consider: can there be more wanting to complete the Meditation on a Pudding! If more is wanting, more may be found. It contains salt, which keeps the sea from putrefaction: salt, which is made the image of intellectual excellence, contributes to the formation of a pudding.”—

AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF PETER the WILD BOY.

PETER *the Wild Boy*, whose death you inserted in vol. vii. was buried in the church-yard of the parish where he resided, at the expence of Government; a brass plate, with a short inscription to his memory, was also erected in the church, which has also been paid, on application, by the Treasury, and a more particular account has been inserted in the parish register. As both these inscriptions are worthy of a place in your Magazine, I wish you to insert them, that the particulars of this extraordinary person may be transmitted to posterity. Your's, &c. C R I T O.

Extract from the Parish Register of North Church, in the County of Hertford.

“ PETER, commonly known by the name of *Peter the Wild Boy*, lies buried in this church-yard, opposite to the porch.—In the year 1725 he was found in the woods near Hamelen, a fortified town in the Electorate of Hanover, when his Majesty George I. with his attendants was hunting in the forest of Hertford. He was supposed to be then about twelve years of age, and had subsisted in those woods upon the bark of trees, leaves, berries, &c. for some considerable length of time. How long he had continued in that wild state is altogether uncertain; but that he had formerly been under the care of some person was evident from the remains of a shirt-collar about his neck at the time when he was found. As Hamelen was a town where criminals were confined to work upon the fortifications, it was then conjectured at Hanover, that Peter might be the issue of one of those criminals, who had either wandered into the woods, and could not find his way back again, or, being discovered to be an idiot, was inhumanly turned out by his parent, and left to perish, or shift for himself.—In the following year, 1726, he was

brought over to England, by the order of Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales, and put under the care of Dr. Arbuthnot, with proper masters to attend him. But, notwithstanding there appeared to be no natural defect in his organs of speech, after all the pains that had been taken with him he could never be brought distinctly to articulate a single syllable, and proved totally incapable of receiving any instruction. He was afterwards intrusted to the care of Mrs. Titchbourn, one of the Queen's bed-chamber women, with a handsome pension annexed to the charge. Mrs. Titchbourn usually spending a few weeks every summer at the house of Mr. James Fenn, a yeoman farmer, at Axter's End, in this parish, Peter was left to the care of the said Mr. Fenn, who was allowed 35*l.* a year for his support and maintenance. After the death of James Fenn he was transferred to the care of his brother, Thomas Fenn, at another farm house in this parish, called Broadway, where he lived with the several successive tenants of that farm, and with the same provision allowed by Government, to the time of his death, Feb. 22, 1785, when he was supposed to be about 72 years of age.

“ Peter

"Peter was well made, and of the middle size. His countenance had not the appearance of an idiot, nor was there any thing particular in his form, except that two of the fingers of his left hand were united by a web up to the middle joint. He had a natural ear for music, and was so delighted with it, that, if he heard any musical instrument played upon, he would immediately dance and caper about till he was almost quite exhausted with fatigue: and though he could never be taught the distinct utterance of any word, yet he could easily learn to hum a tune.—All those idle tales which have been published to the world about his climbing up trees like a squirrel, running upon all fours like a wild beast, &c. are entirely without foundation; for he was so exceedingly timid and gentle in his nature, that he would suffer himself to be governed by a child. There have been also many false stories propagated of his incontinence; but from the minutest enquiries among those who constantly lived with him, it does not appear that he ever discovered any natural passion for women, though he was subject to the other passions of human nature, such as anger, joy, &c. Upon the approach of bad weather he always appeared fullen and uneasy. At particular seasons of the year, he shewed a strange fondness for stealing away into the woods, where he would feed eagerly upon leaves, beech-mast, acorns, and the green bark of trees, which proves evidently that he had subsisted in that manner for a considerable length of time before he was first taken. His keeper therefore at such seasons generally kept a strict eye over him, and sometimes even confined him, because, if he ever rambled to any distance from his home, he could not find his way back again: and once in particular, having gone beyond his knowledge, he wandered as far as Norfolk, where he was taken up, and, being carried before a magistrate, was committed to the house of correction in Norwich, and

punished as a sturdy and obstinate vagrant, who would not (for indeed he could not) give any account of himself. but Mr Fenn having advertised him in the public papers, he was released from his confinement, and brought back to his usual place of abode.

"Notwithstanding the extraordinary and savage state in which Peter was first found greatly excited the attention and curiosity of the public; yet, after all that has been said of him, he was certainly nothing more than a common idiot without the appearance of one. But as men of some eminence in the literary world have in their works published strange opinions and ill-founded conjectures about him, which may seem to stamp a credit upon what they have advanced; that posterity may not through their authority be hereafter misled upon the subject, this short and true account of Peter is recorded in the parish register by one who constantly resided above 30 years in his neighbourhood, and had daily opportunities of seeing and observing him."

A brass plate is fixed up in the parish church of North-Church, on the top of which is a sketch of the head of Peter, drawn from a very good engraving of Bartolozzi, and underneath it is the following inscription:

"To the memory of PETER, known by the name of the Wild Boy, having been found wild in the forest of Hertswold, near Hanover, in the year 1725. He then appeared to be about 12 years old. In the following year he was brought to England by the order of the late Queen Caroline, and the ablest masters were provided for him. But, proving incapable of speaking, or of receiving any instruction, a comfortable provision was made for him at a farmhouse in this parish, where he continued to the end of his mofensive life. He died on the 22d day of February, 1785; supposed to be aged 72."

CURIOUS CASE of a PRETENDED FORGERY.

A CIRCUMSTANTIAL ACCOUNT of the TRIAL of Mr. GEORGE HENDERSON for a FORGERY supposed to have been committed by HIM.

[From ARNOT'S "Collection of Criminal Trials in Scotland," lately published.]

IN the beginning of May 1726, it was discovered that one Petrie, a town-officer in Leith, held the Dutchess of Gordon's bill for 58l. which had been delivered to him, blank indorsed, by Mrs. Macleod, as a security for 6l. for which her husband had been laid in prison. The bill was drawn by George Henderfon, accepted by her Grace, indorsed by Henderfon the drawer to Mrs.

Macleod, and blank indorsed by Mrs. Macleod; and in virtue of this blank indorsement, Petrie the town officer held it. The holder of the bill was apprehended and brought before the magistrates of Edinburgh: in a few days after Mrs. Macleod and Mr. Henderfon were also brought before them. It was manifest that the Dutchess of Gordon's acceptance was a forgery; but

the point in dispute was, whether the forgery was contrived by Mr. Henderfon the drawer and indorser, or Mrs. Macleod the indorsee.

Upon the 5th of May, Petrie was brought before the magistrates, and told the manner in which he came by the bill. Henderfon was at the same time brought before them, and denied all knowledge concerning it. Mrs. Macleod, when apprehended, and confronted with Henderfon, judicially declared, that the bill and other deeds challenged were written by Henderfon; who again denied all knowledge of them: upon which both he and Mrs. Macleod were committed close prisoners.

The charge brought against Mr. Henderfon by his Majesty's Advocate was, that he had counterfeited the Dutcheffs of Gordon's acceptance to a bill drawn by himself for 58l. that, upon being informed on the 3d of May of the bill's being intimated to her Grace, he struck himself on the breast and exclaimed, "all would be ruined;" and that, upon being told of the Dutcheffs's declaring she had no concern with the bill, he granted a fresh obligation for the sum, and subscribed the same before witnesses.

A complaint was, at the instance of Mr. Henderfon, presented to the court against Mrs. Macleod, setting forth, that she had counterfeited the above acceptance, and that, when the bill came to be challenged as forged, she had counterfeited an obligation, bearing to be subscribed by Henderfon before witnesses for 58l. being the amount of the said bill.

Mr. Henderfon in his complaint against Mrs. Macleod alleged, that the bill was not fabricated by him; for, 1mo. The name of the drawer adhibited to it, was not of his hand-writing, nor did it bear any resemblance to it. 2do. He had no acquaintance or dealings with the Dutcheffs of Gordon, so as to give a plausible colour to a forgery upon her Grace. 3tio. He had no acquaintance or dealings with Mrs. Macleod, to whom the bill was indorsed, nor did he ever see her save once, about three years ago; although Mrs. Macleod, with an effrontery acquired by *proper habits*, had been pleased judicially to declare, in presence of their Lordships and of himself, that it was he who indorsed her this bill. 4to. That he did not grant her an obligation to pay the sum of 58l. when the bill was discovered to be a forgery. And, *ultimo*, that on the 3d of May last, the day on which he is said to have subscribed that obligation in a house in the Canongate, in presence of witnesses, he was not without the *parts* of Edinburgh during the whole

day; and at the hour in the evening at which it was alleged the obligation was subscribed, he was engaged with company in his own house.

On the other hand, the Lord Advocate in his complaint against Mr. Henderfon, and Mrs. Macleod in her answers to the complaint at his instance against her, set forth, 1mo. That the bill produced was a forgery, which, indeed, was acknowledged on all hands; and so clumsily was it executed, in so far as it respected the acceptor, that half the name was omitted; it being signed *Gordon*, only, without the christian name *Elisa*, a mode of signing never practised but by peeresses in their own right. 2do. Mr. Henderfon did *use this forged bill*, by delivering the same to Mrs. Macleod, drawn, accepted, and indorsed as it now stands. 3tio. That, when informed of the bill being intimated to her Grace, he exclaimed, "all would be ruined." 4to. He denied having been in company with Mrs. Macleod for some years; whereas it would be proved, that, on the night of his granting her the obligation for 58l. they were in company together in the house of John Gibson, wright, in the Canongate, in presence of several witnesses. 5to. That, when the bill was discovered to be a forgery, he wrote a letter now produced, to William Petrie, holder of the bill, requesting him to delay seeking payment till Saturday, when he, the prisoner, would take up the same. 6to. That he granted his obligation to Mrs. Macleod, the indorsee, for the amount of the said bill. 7mo. That the cause of the bill's being indorsed to Mrs. Macleod was as follows: She and her husband had taken a large house in Leith as a tavern, furnished it suitably, laid in a stock of liquors, and given charge of them to Helen Nimmo as housekeeper. Mrs. Macleod having occasion last harvest to be a considerable time absent from her own house, upon her return, and settling accounts with Helen Nimmo the housekeeper, they found that Nimmo, by deficiency in the cash which she should have delivered to the prisoner Macleod, and by embezzlement of her liquor and linens, had incurred a debt to her of 58l. She threatened to take out a warrant against her, but desisted, upon Nimmo's declaring that she would get Mr. George Henderfon to satisfy and pay Mrs. Macleod. Accordingly, Mr. Henderfon came to Mrs. Macleod's house, and offered her his bill for the amount; but she declared that he must find somebody who would be conjunct with him in the bill. Soon after, Mrs. Macleod discovered that Nimmo the housekeeper was with child, and threatened

threatened to inform the Kirk Session *; upon which Mr. Henderfon came to Mrs. Macleod the very next day, and indorsed to her the bill now lying in process; then took away Nimmo out of Mrs. Macleod's service, and sent her to England (as was supposed) to be delivered of her child.

On the 30th of June a signed information was given into court by Mr. Henderfon, that one David Household, *alias* Cameron, was the actual forger of the deeds produced, and their Lordships granted a warrant for apprehending him wherever he could be found. The Lords ordained both complaints to be conjoined; and the examination of witnesses began upon the 7th of July.

THE PROOF.

John Gibson Wright, in the Canongate of Edinburgh, deposed, that he knew Mr. Henderfon presently at the bar, having seen him several times, and been once in company with him. Deposed, that, on the 3d of May last, about 9 at night, as he was going down the Canongate, he met Mr. Henderfon and Mrs. Macleod, who went along with him to the deponent's house; he there saw Mr. Henderfon sign the obligation to Mrs. Macleod now exhibited; the deponent read it over, and signed as witness to Mr. Henderfon's subscription; and the deponent's two daughters and Archibald Dempster were present. Part of this deed was written before the deponent saw it; but the last part of it, viz. from the words, "before these witnesses," downwards, was written with Mr. Henderfon's own hand in the deponent's presence. They staid in his house almost an hour, and during this time Mr. Henderfon repeatedly desired of Mrs. Macleod, *that she should delay and keep herself quiet till Saturday, and she should have her money*; which she refused to do unless he signed the obligation. Mr. Henderfon, Mrs. Macleod, and the deponent then went down the Canongate together. When they were before Deacon Laughlan's house, "Mrs. Macleod told Mr. Henderfon she had intimated the bill to the Dutchess's gentleman; whereupon he, Henderfon, clapped upon his breast, and said, "O good God, that is all wrong! why have you done so?" and upon this he immediately left them. Deposed, that Mr. Henderfon had on dark-coloured clothes and a black wig, such as he now wore. And being interrogated, if he knew one

David Household, *alias* Cameron, deposed, he knew no such person.

Archibald Dempster, servant to James Aitkin Wright, deposed, that on the 3d of May last, after 9 at night, he was sent for by John Gibson, the preceding witness, to his house. He there found Mr. Henderfon, Mrs. Macleod, Gibson, his wife, and two daughters. Henderfon was then writing a paper, which the deponent saw him subscribe; Gibson signed as witness to the deed, and desired the deponent to do the same, which after some hesitation he did, and then went immediately to his master's house. Being interrogated, deposed, that he never saw Mr. Henderfon before that night, nor since, except once about three weeks after when Mr. Henderfon was brought before the magistrates. And deposed, that he thought Mr. Henderfon at the bar was the same person he saw in Mr. Gibson's. Deposed, that Mrs. Macleod did not speak to him, farther than asking his name and bidding him take a drink.

Christian Gibson, daughter to John Gibson, wright, deposed, that on the 3d of May last, between 9 and 10 at night, she saw "Mr. George Henderfon, the same person that is present at the bar, in her father's house, and did see him finish a paper, by adding two lines thereto, and saw him subscribe the same;" and her father and Archibald Dempster signed as witnesses. There were also present in the room when the deed was signed, Mrs. Macleod and the deponent's sister; but her mother was not present, being gone out to see a sick child. Deposed she heard Mr. Henderfon say, "the money should be paid against Saturday," and saw him deliver the deed to Mrs. Macleod, who put it in her breast. The deponent never saw Mr. Henderfon but at that time, and when he was brought before the magistrates.

Catherine Gray, servant to Alexander Hope, taylor, in Canongate, deposed, "That she had frequent occasions of seeing and knowing George Henderfon at the bar; and particularly on the 3d day of May last, she did see him about 9 o'clock at night, coming up the Canongate in company with Mrs. Macleod, the other prisoner; and, a little above the Canongate Cross, she saw them meet with John Gibson; and the deponent having asked Mrs. Macleod, if she had got payment of her money due to her by Mr. Henderfon? the said Mrs. Macleod answer-

* As ghosts were formerly the bugbear which was made use of to frighten children, so the *Kirk-Session* was the bugbear to frighten grown persons. The one was to be terrified on account of the *flesh*, the other on account of the *spirit*.

ed, that she was just going to get security for it." Being interrogated for Mr. Henderson, deposed, "that she did not know, and, to her knowledge, did never see the person named David Household."

Catherine Falconer, indweller (inhabitant) in Edinburgh, deposed, "that on the 3d of May, after 9 at night, she saw the prisoner Mrs. Macleod walking up the Canongate, and, before her, she saw walking George Henderson the prisoner and John Gibson. Deposed, that upon her meeting Mrs. Macleod, she, the deponent, asked her where she was going? to which Mrs. Macleod answered, that she was going to John Gibson's house to receive security for a debt due to her by George Henderson."

Janet Lyle, indweller in Edinburgh, deposed, that she knew one Helen Nimmo, who was servant to Mrs. Macleod: and she did hear Mrs. Macleod, particularly about the end of the last year, say to Helen Nimmo she was much in arrear to her; to which Helen replied, that *the mistress might be easy, for she knew of a pay-master, to wit, Mr. Henderson.* Deposed, that towards the end of the last year, the deponent having frequent occasion to be in Mrs. Macleod's house, she did sometimes see in the cellar with the said Helen Nimmo, a gentleman like Mr. Henderson at the bar; but cannot be positive it was he, having no particular acquaintance with him.

William Petrie, town-officer in Leith, deposed, that in February last Mrs. Macleod delivered him a bill for 58l. drawn by Henderson and accepted by the Dutchess of Gordon, and indorsed blank by Mrs. Macleod, *as a security for 6l. 1s. which he advanced her to relieve her husband Mr. Macleod out of prison.* Deposed, he knew nothing of the verity of the subscription, farther than that Mrs. Macleod said it was a true bill; and to the best of his remembrance, she said Mr. Henderson gave it her for tea and other goods she had furnished him. Deposed, that about three years ago Mrs. Macleod delivered him (in security for a debt) a bill of 38l. or 40l. drawn in like manner by George Henderson and accepted by the Dutchess of Gordon, and that Mrs. Macleod punctually paid him the sum borrowed and took up the bill; and used this as an argument to induce him to advance her the 6l. upon the bill in process. The deponent did not demand payment of the bill, being prevented during the whole month of April by Mrs. Macleod telling him, that the Dutchess was occupied in her devotions, and that her gentleman Mr. Gordon was in the North, upon whose return the bill would be paid. At last the deponent became suspi-

cious about the verity of the bill; and he told Mrs. Macleod, that unless she got a letter from Mr. Henderson declaring the verity of the bill, he would protest it; upon which she brought him the letter now produced in process; but the deponent desired her to get an obligation from Mr. Henderson for the amount, signed before witnesses; she accordingly called on him, and shewed him the obligation now produced in process.

Alexander Nicholson, taylor, in Edinburgh, being specially interrogated, whether Mrs. Macleod at any time promised him any thing to be a witness in this cause, deposed, that about eight days after he was examined before the magistrates, having occasion to be in the Tolbooth, Mrs. Macleod whispered to him, that it should be better than 4l. sterling to him, if he would depose that he had carried a message from Mrs. Macleod to Mr. Henderson to come to her; that he came accordingly, and the deponent saw him deliver to Mrs. Macleod *an accepted bill by the Dutchess of Gordon.* But the deponent answered, "his conscience would not allow him to do any such thing." Deposed, that he afterwards, "got a letter from Mrs. Macleod, threatening him, that, in case he should declare any thing contrary to what he said before the magistrates, the King's Advocate would put him in prison; and that he did shew the said letter to severals, and particularly to Mr. Henderson's doer, (agent) Mr. Donaldson, and that the deponent had since lost the said letter out of his pocket." Deposed, that in February last being in Mrs. Macleod's house, he heard her railing upon a maid servant, "for want of some money; that a man came into the room whom he did not know, and that when the man was gone, Mrs. Macleod came to him, and said she had gotten a bill from the said man, but named no person; and said it would be good money to her." And upon Mr. Henderson being pointed out to him, and asked if he was the man that was in Mrs. Macleod's at the time mentioned, deposed, he had not seen the prisoner in her house, either that or any other time. Deposed, he thought the man that came into Mrs. Macleod's house had on a dark coloured wig.

Captain Neil Macleod deposed, that he had a servant, one David Household, a lad about seventeen years of age, who left his service at Martinmas last, and whom he has frequently seen write. The missive letter from Henderson to Petrie being shewn him, he deposed, "that he could say nothing to the missive letter; but as to the other obligation, deposed, that, to the best of his knowledge, it was the hand-writing of the said David Household."

The depositions of Robert Davidson, tutor to the Laird of Renton's children, of William Ker, teacher of French, and Alexander Home, writer, in Edinburgh, went to prove an alibi; they severally deposing, that they were in company together with the prisoner Henderfon, at his house, from seven to eleven o'clock at night on the 3d of May, and that Henderfon never was absent a quarter of an hour during the time.

Patrick Innes, writer, in Edinburgh, deposed, that Mrs. Macleod, having shewn him the obligation subscribed by Mr. Henderfon, told him, that Mr. Henderfon's motive for indorsing the bill to her was, that he might conceal an unlawful correspondence with one Helen Moody, a servant of her's, and carry her out of the country. Mrs. Macleod told the deponent this in John Gibson's house, on the 4th or 5th of May. Being interrogated, if he knew that Mrs. Macleod kept out of the way on account of this bill? deposed, that she absconded for three days, and told the deponent her reason for so doing was, "that Petrie had a warrant to apprehend her, and that she expected payment against eight o'clock at night on Saturday from Mr. Henderfon, and that then she would give them all the tail of a long tow." The deponent went with Mrs. Macleod to one Dr. Smith, and requested him to intercede with the Dutcheffs, that she would pass from any ground she had of challenging the bill, but this the Doctor positively refused; upon which Mrs. Macleod said she was undone.

Mary M'Aulay, widow of Alexander M'Lellan, barber, in Leith, deposed, that some few days after Mrs. Macleod was imprisoned, she saw in her house one David Household, who told her, that a few days before Mrs. Macleod was apprehended, he, at her desire, did put on a coat of her husband's, and went with her to the Canongate, and in some house there did assume the name of Henderfon, and under that name subscribe a paper in the presence of two witnesses, one of them a married man and the other a young lad, and he said it was on account of this paper that Mrs. Macleod was put in prison. He added, that the reason she gave for putting on her husband's coat was, that he might appear like Henderfon.—Household expressed his sorrow for what he had done; said he was not aware of his hazard; but now he was in danger of his life, and was resolved to fly the country.—And the deponent believed that he fled accordingly.

Thus far the trial had proceeded, neither party being able to produce more witnesses to support their mutual crimination and defence, when the Lord Advocate, on the last day but one of the summer session, repre-

sented to the court, that as the evidence given must have established with their Lordships a conviction of Mr. Henderfon's guilt, the duty of his office required it of him, to ask their Lordships to pronounce a decree finding him guilty of the forgery, and remitting him to the court of judicary that he might suffer a capital punishment.

Mr. Henderfon's counsel (Mr. Dundas of Arncliffe) urged in his defence, that, notwithstanding the positive testimony of several witnesses to his signing the obligation, yet the simplicity, uniformity and steadiness of the prisoner's answers to his repeated interrogatories, gave him, the counsel, if not a perfect conviction, at least a strong belief that Henderfon was truly innocent. He therefore requested their Lordships not to be hasty to embrace, nor resolute to conclude, a decided opinion of Henderfon's guilt; for that even procrastination was not a fault, when the life of a man was at stake: and he entreated their Lordships to postpone pronouncing sentence on a man, of whose innocence he still entertained a strong persuasion. In consequence of this animated address, which made a forcible impression on the court, their Lordships delayed the cause the winter session.

During the vacation a singular coincidence of circumstances occurred, which was the means of vindicating Henderfon's innocence, and of detecting a profound scheme of fraud, no less ingeniously contrived than dexterously executed.

The Lord Advocate, when going to his house of Culloden, paid a visit to Mr. Rose, of Kilravock.—Mr. Rose shewed his Lordship a house he was building; and happening to miss one of the carpenters whom he thought an expert workman, he asked the overseer what was become of him? The overseer taking Mr. Rose aside, bid him take no farther notice of this; for the young man, upon hearing that the Lord Advocate was to be at Kilravock, declared it was high time for him to leave the country; and that he would immediately go to Aberdeen, and take shipping for London.—This Mr. Rose communicated to his Lordship, who asked the overseer the carpenter's name, and if he knew of any crime he had committed? The overseer answered, that the man's name was David Household, and he suspected the crime was being accessory to some forgery. The Lord Advocate immediately dispatched a messenger to Aberdeen, who apprehended Household, and carried him prisoner to Edinburgh.

Upon the commencement of the winter session, Household being brought before their Lordships, and examined, deposed, that at

the desire of Mrs. Macleod, he wrote the bill produced in process, which she dictated to him; that he wrote the name of George Henderfon, both as drawer and indorser; but the word "Gordon" he did not write: at another time Mrs. Macleod carried him to a gardener's house without the Water-gate, after putting on him a coat of her husband's, and a black knotted perriwig, and told him, that she was to bring him into the company of *two honest men, before whom he must personate George Henderfon*. The deponent did as she desired, and in the gardener's house she dictated to him part of the obligation produced in process—Thereafter she took him to a wright's house, in the Canongate, and there in the presence of the wright, and of a boy called Dempster, dictated, and the deponent wrote the remainder of the obligation, and subscribed it with the name of George Henderfon, the wright and Dempster subscribing as witnesses. He farther deposed, that the letter from George Henderfon to Petrie was dictated by Mrs. Macleod, and written by him the deponent. That after Mrs. Macleod's imprisonment a highlandman came to him, and said he was sent by Mr. Macleod to persuade him to abscond on account of the papers he had written. This he thought unnecessary, as he wrote them at the desire of another, and was altogether "*ignorant of the import of said writings*." But advising with his friends, he was convinced of his danger, and he absconded and fled.

John Wincheffer, clerk to the comptroller of the customs at Leith, deposed, that he was intimately acquainted with Household; that he confessed to him his having wrote out a bill for Mrs. Macleod for about 50 or 60*l.* in presence of two witnesses, but does not remember what he said about subscribing the bill. That the deponent asked him if it was on account of this bill that Mrs. Macleod was imprisoned? To which he answered, "that it was the same." The bill, letter, and obligation being shewn him, he deposed, that he was well acquainted with Household's hand-writing, and he believed she said deeds to be written by him.

Archibald Dempster, a preceding witness, being confronted with Henderfon and Household, and being desired to look earnestly upon them both, in order to declare upon oath which of the two was the person who

wrote and subscribed the obligation in the house of John Gibson, deposed, "*That he did believe that the said person was said David Household, and not George Henderfon*."

This profound plot being thus detected, it now only remained for public justice to bring the matter to a catastrophe: upon the 8th of December therefore the Lord Advocate represented to the court, that it was manifest that the bill was a forgery; that it was evident from the proof that Henderfon was innocent of the forgery, who therefore ought to be acquitted; and that Mrs. Macleod was guilty, *art and part*, of the same; that she had formed a malicious intention to hang her neighbour, and it was but just she should fall into her own snare.

After hearing an able defence by Mrs. Macleod's counsel respecting the nature of her crime and the evidence of her guilt, the court found, that Mrs. Macleod was guilty *art and part* of the said forgeries. They reduced the deeds, remitted Mrs. Macleod to the court of judicary, acquitted Mr. Henderfon, and dismissed him from the bar.

Mrs. Macleod was then served with a criminal indictment, at the instance of his Majesty's Advocate. Counsel were heard on both sides, and the jury returned a verdict unanimously finding the indictment proved, and the prisoner "guilty, art and part, of the crimes libelled." The court adjudged the prisoner to be hanged on the 8th of March.

* * * * *

If Mrs. Macleod shewed art in the contrivance, and dexterity in the execution of this fraud, she displayed no less fortitude in undergoing the punishment which resulted from a perverted application of so much ingenuity. She went to the place of execution dressed in a black robe and petticoat, with a large hoop, and white fan in her hand, and a white farset hood on her head, according to the fashion of the times. When she came upon the scaffold, she put off the ornamental parts of her attire, pinned a handkerchief over her breast, and put the fatal cord about her neck with her own hands. She persisted to the last moment in the denial of her guilt, and died with the greatest intrepidity.

TO THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

UPON looking over Dr. Duncan's Medical Commentaries, I was led to venture a conjecture on the final cause of the communication of Air-receptacles in Birds—men-

tioned in the eighth number of his third volume.

I am apt to imagine, that Nature, whose wisdom is so very conspicuous in all other respects,

pects, would not have left any of her creatures destitute of a resource for the convenience, and even necessities of their existence.

I therefore think, that as birds of flight, and particularly of passage, have a variety of climates, and consequently different media of air to pass through, these vessels are a provision made for that purpose. We, of late, know much more concerning the nature of air, and consequently of its great utility through the different links of Nature, than our fore-fathers did:—there is no end to human invention and research; and I am convinced, much upon that subject remains yet to be explored.

As the Creative Power forms nothing in vain, may we not risk a conjecture, that in dense air, or in a purer medium, a natural instinct prompts the animal to employ such muscles as, by their respective action, may force out air from these cells, in proportion to the volume or quality of the gas wanted—and to restore the balance.—I do not mean to restore a balance to a large portion of the surrounding atmosphere, but merely to correct a sufficient portion in the lungs, (with which, Mr. Hunter says, they have a communication) for the present purpose of respiration; much in the same way as a piper performs the different modulations of a tune, by the increased or diminished effort of squeezing his bag.—As to quality, may not Nature have appointed a set of vessels hitherto undiscovered, to form different species of that subtle fluid within the bodies of birds, beasts, and men? We are still very deficient in all kinds of knowledge; many theories have been overturned, and many yet remain to be overturned, and also to be invented.

It will not, I trust, be an argument against my proposition, that these cells, at least some of them, are contained within bony cavities, at a distance from the immediate action of muscles.—As it is generally allowed in physiology, that the blood may be propelled in a greater quantity and more rapidly through one part of the system than another, consequently the particular muscle or muscles in the neighbourhood of the parts destined to perform certain functions, may at the same time propel a greater quantity of fluids into the cancelli, which, by certain connections, may either fill these cells with particular air, or by pressure expel what is already contained; or in the same way as the viper supplies poisonous matter to his fangs. We are told by naturalists, that the Camel, which traverses the sandy desert, has bags or reservoirs of water in his belly, which he no doubt squeezes out from time to time, to supply the wants of nature. Mr. Buffon has demonstrated pouches, or air reservoirs,

in several animals, as the Rein-Deer, Baboons, and Monkeys, and a double one in the Ouran Outang.

Some cavillers in natural history pretend to dispute Adanson's account of swallows taking their flight from the northern parts of Europe to Africa. But I can assure them, I myself observed, about the middle of October 1775, on a voyage to Guinea, in a climate to the southward and westward of the Cape de Verd Islands (very well known to mariners by the name of the *Rains*, though very little taken notice of) several flights of swallows, some of which seemed much fatigued, and rested on our ship; others with the greatest familiarity entered the cabin, and fed upon crumbs and flies; and when they were sufficiently rested, took their leave, and proceeded towards the south. These swallows had every appearance of the same species of *Hirundo* that domesticates with us during the summer; and I make no doubt, but they might have been British swallows retiring to winter-quarters.

A striking analogy holds betwixt the circumstance of the Camel's bag and what I have advanced; and it would be still more in favour of my opinion, if, upon inspection, birds of passage that traverse the desert, or any other sultry tract, e.g. the *Rains*, were more amply supplied with these breathing repositories, than others that fly *cæteris paribus* thro' a more temperate region; for I make no doubt but there are birds of passage (though I do not pretend to be sufficiently acquainted with natural history to point them out) in the great chain of Nature, that hold their course along the sea-shore, to avoid certain sultry tracts of the ocean, as well as of the dry land.

This ethereal subject has led me to imagine, that the gland Thymus, a very remarkable though little noticed portion of the human body, may be subservient to some very useful purpose.

We well know from anatomy, that the lungs are in a great measure at rest in the Fœtus; we also know that the gland Thymus either diminishes, or at least does not increase in proportion to the growth of the body after birth. Now, seeing that the Foramen Ovale is open; that the Canalis Arteriosus performs its function during the abode of the Fœtus in Utero; and that the lungs are, in a great measure, at rest during the same period; is it not, at least, reasonable to suppose, that this substance, so very remarkable in the non-natus, should supply something to the blood, deficient by the inaction of the lungs? especially as we know also, that the action of these very lungs is always absolutely necessary and essential to the

formation and due course of the blood, after the infant breathes the open air. If then there is a quality in the blood impressed upon it by the action of the lungs after birth, and that quality is of an aerial nature, which to me seems highly probable, may not the gland Thymus either supply that quality, or at least prepare the blood to receive the after impression of the lungs?

I humbly submit these conjectures to the consideration of anatomists and philosophers, who have it more in their power to prosecute the subject.—I think it my duty, as they appear at least new to me, to hazard them; as any thing that has the smallest tendency to

throw a light upon the nature of our wonderful frame, can never be received with disgust by the liberal mind.

We have learned, and do continue to learn, more from the opinions of others than from our own particular knowledge; and I shall have my aim, if I draw forth the opinions of others upon this or any other useful subject.

“Ergo fungar vice cotis; acutum
“Reddere quæ ferrum valet; exfors ipsa
fecandi.”

W. RAIT, Surgeon.

OBSERVATIONS on the WINE called by our Ancestors SACK.

IT seems incredible to many people that our forefathers should have put sugar into their sack. They assert, that the sack drank by Sir John Falstaff, by Shakspeare's contemporaries, and by Jonson, with his song in the Apollo, was not the wine which is known to us by the name of sack, and which is used for little other purpose than to make walnuts taste sweeter. This manner of reasoning is not, perhaps, strictly logical. There is no disputing about tastes in respect to eating or drinking; which are so various in the same age and nation, that to use a vulgar phrase (as Lord Chesterfield says), what is one's man's meat is another man's poison.

I think the matter may be elucidated by a reference to Venner's *Via recta ad Vitam longam*, printed in the year 1628. In this medical treatise, is a section answering the question, What in general are the commodities of wine? and containing a description of the particular differences of wines according to their several qualities.

He begins with observing, that “white wines and Rhenish wine do, least of all wines, heat and nourish the body. The white wine here described seems to have been one of the meagre French wines, or *vins du pais*; for the author observes, that it will not keep in perfection many months. To these white wines and the Rhenish, he signifies in a note, “a little sugar may be added with a lemon, as is hereafter shewed, but it is more medicinal if it be taken without sugar.” Such is his description of Rhenish, &c. from which some may infer one of those to be the sack of our forefathers, and not what we call so, which is a wine brought from the Canary-Islands.

But our author proceeds to describe Canary wine, “which beareth the name of the islands from whence it is brought, and is of some termed a sacke, with this adjunct *sweete*, but yet very improperly, for it differeth not only from sacke in sweetness and

pleasantness of taste, but also in colour and consistence: for it is not so white in colour as sacke, nor so thin in substance.” Venner gives no hint that it is proper or improper, customary or not, to mix sugar with this sweet sack, nor with malmsey, muskadelles, or bastard, (which is mentioned in Shakspeare with the epithet brown) which he likewise describes as generous sweet wines.

We might still remain in doubt, if our author had not given a description of sacke itself, which he says is “completely not in the third degree; and that some affect to drink sacke with sugar and some without; and upon no other ground, as I think, but as it is best pleasing to their palate.” He then proceeds; “I shall speak what I deem hereof, and I think I shall well satisfy such as are judicious. Sacke taken by itself is very hot and very penetrative: being taken with sugar, the heat is both somewhat allayed, and the penetrative quality thereof also retarded.” This description by no means agrees with the properties of Rhenish, as described by our author. It is farther distinguished by his observation, that “Rhenish, &c. decline after a twelvemonth, but sacke, and the other stronger wines, are best when they are two or three years old.”

By the application of the word *sweets* to sacke, as an equivalent to Canary wine, it seems highly probable, that sacke itself was not a sweet wine; that it did not receive its name from having a saccharine flavour, but from its being originally stored in sacks or borachios. It does not appear to have been a French wine, but a strong wine, the production of a hot climate. Probably it was what is called dry mountain, or some Spanish wine of that kind. This conjecture is the more plausible, as Howell, in his French and English Dictionary, printed in the year 1650, translates sacke by the words *vin d'Espagne, vin sec.*”

EASTERN APOLOGUES: or, the LESSONS of MUSLADIN SADI.
 [From HERON'S LETTERS OF LITERATURE, lately published.]

A KING had condemned one of his slaves to death. The slave, in the anguish of his despair, knew no bounds, but abused the prince his master with the most bitter reproaches. What doth he say? said the monarch to his favourite, who stood near the slave. Sir, answered the favourite, he says that the golden gates of paradise open of themselves to the merciful; and he entreats your forgiveness with the most prostrate supplication. I grant him forgiveness, said the King.

A courtier, who had been a long time the enemy of the favourite, had heard the real words of the slave. You are grossly deceived, Sir, said he to the Monarch: that wretch reviles you in the most bitter terms. The King answered, the lye is the lye of humanity; thy truth is the truth of cruelty. Then, turning to his favourite, he said, Oh my best friend, thy words *shall* be the truth!

I WALKED with my friend during the great heat of the day, under an avenue of lofty trees which afforded a shade impregnable to the blaze of the sun. A rivulet ran by thro' banks of the freshest and greenest turf. I saw the visir Karoun stretched upon that turf. He was asleep.

Great God, said I, doth not the remembrance of the evil he hath done prevent Karoun from enjoying the blessings of repose! Doth the soft murmur of the sighs of the unhappy only soothe him to profound slumber!

My friend understood me, and said, God sometimes giveth sleep to the wicked that the good may be at rest.

A BLIND man had a wife, whom he loved to excess, tho' he was told that she was very ugly. A physician offered to cure him. He would not consent to it. I should lose, said he, the love which I feel for my wife. That love is my happiness.

The troops of Cosroes were vanquished the day of an eclipse of the sun. The Persians, adorers of the sun, imagined that phenomenon denounced destruction to the empire. This imagination extinguished every spark of their courage.

Error may constitute the happiness of an individual; but it is always the source of misery to a nation.

ONE day I went home with a mind filled with chagrin. After having, in my heart, satirized all conditions of men, and even myself, I fell into a profound sleep, and had a

dream. I imagined myself transported to a solitude, remote from the vices and follies of mankind. I walked with tranquil joy in a large forest, which I thought protected my cottage from the violent winds of Arabia; and forgot in its shades the caprices of life.

The sun arose. His rays gilded the verdure over my head with feeble transparency. I heard the songs of a multitude of birds. I was attentive to all their accents. I observed the diversity of their forms; of their plumage; of their flight.

Heaven lent me of a sudden the power of understanding their several dialects. The eagle railed at the owl on her weakness of sight: the turtle-dove spoke very ill of the hawk, who expressed contempt for his weakness: the blackbird was very jocose on the cry of the eagle: the jay and the magpie mocked each other; they reproached the crow with his melancholy appearance; and said that the sparrow had a vulgar look.

There suddenly descended from heaven a most extraordinary apparition. It was a youth whose colour resembled roses sprinkled over pure snow by some playful virgin of Circassia. His wings were of the most delicate azure, and their edges streaked with gold, as the beams of the morning streak the summer sky. His locks were black as ebony. His eyes were blacker than ebony. No hypocrite could bear their piercing radiance, which went to the bottom of the soul. He alighted on a lofty plane tree, whose height surpassed the cedars of the forest. He called the different birds by their names. They obeyed, and flocked around him, perching on the branches of the surrounding cedars. They trembled in silence. He spoke,

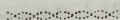
Hear what I reveal to you by command of the Most High. Ye are all equal in merit in his sight. Ye only differ in qualities, because ye are destined to different functions.

Thou, the eagle, art born for war: thy cry, expressive of force, cannot have harmony. The owl could not have caught reptiles and insects, of which she was made to clear the earth, if her eyes, of minute and nocturnal vision, could have met the blaze of the meridian sun. The nightingale and linnnet, it is true, are of delicate constitution; but how else could they possess delicacy of song? The turtle is made for love; the hawk for rapine. Remain in your respective conditions without regret, and without pride. There are differences in your kinds, but there are no faults.

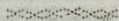
At these words I saw the birds disperse thro' the forest; and the genius flew to heaven, darting at me a look that spoke.

I waked and said: shall I then expect from the cadî the mildness of the courtier? from the iman the freedom of the warrior? from the merchant the disinterestedness of the sage? from the sage the activity of the ambitious? O heavenly spirit, it is Sadi whom thou hast instructed! Thy lessons shall be engraven on my heart, and my lips shall repeat them to the sons of men!

O my brethren, we depart together, but on different voyages; some to the north, and others to the regions of the sun. We require not the same clothes nor the same provisions. We live in a family of which the Father hath furnished us with very different accoutrements. Why should he who prunes the vines hold the instruments of tillage?



COSROES caused this inscription to be engraved on his diadem: "Many have possessed this. Many will possess it. O posterity, thy steps will be imprinted on the dust of my tomb!"



IN proportion as time hath made to pass before my eyes a larger number of events; and since the colour of my hair is that of the swans who sport in the waters of the garden of the great king; I have thought that the supreme Arbitrer of our lot, who made man and virtue, never leaves without pleasure the heart of the good, nor a benevolent action without reward. Hear, sons of men! hear this faithful recital.

In one of those fertile vallies which intersect the chain of the mountains of Arabia, lived for a long time a rich and ancient shepherd. I knew him well. They called him happy. He was content. One day that he walked on the brink of a torrent, thro' an alley of palm trees, the brown foliage of which diversified the verdure of the cedars that crowned the surrounding hills, he heard a voice which sometimes filled the vale with piercing cries; and of which the melting murmurs were, at other intervals, not distinguishable from the sound of the stream.

The old shepherd ran to the spot from whence the voice arose. He beheld, at the foot of a rock, a young man half-reclined upon the sand. His clothes were torn. His locks fell in disorder over his face, in which beauty shone thro' the thick shade of grief, as the sun from a morning cloud. His cheeks wet with tears; his head bent on his bosom; he resembled a rose dashed with the summer storm. The rich shepherd was moved. He accosted the youth, and said, Son of misery! come to my arms. Let me press to my

bosom the man of grief. He is my brother. His sorrow is mine.

The young man lifted his head in profound silence. He looked upon the old man as astonished that benevolence and pity were yet existing on earth. The sole appearance of the venerable shepherd inspired immediate confidence. His moist eyes were full of softness and sympathetic fire. They had that tenderness which makes the unhappy speak.

Rising from the ground, the youth threw himself into the arms of the shepherd, calling with a voice that made all the circling hills resound, O father! O more than father! When he was calmed a little by the conversation and caresses of the old man, he thus answered his repeated questions.

Behind these lofty cedars, at the foot of the highest of these mountains, stands the house of Shel-Adar, father of Fatmé. The hut of my father is not far from thence. Fatmé is the most beautiful of the daughters of the hills. I offered myself to guide the flocks of her father, and he consented to it. He is rich. The father of Fatmé is rich:—and my father is poor. I love Fatmé. Fatmé returns my affection. Her father perceived it: we confessed our loves to him; and he wishes to constrain me to leave the country in which his daughter dwells. I threw myself at his feet, and said, O father of Fatmé, let me at least reside with my father. I consent never more to speak to Fatmé. I will never enquire of her heart. I will promise that I will not. But give me to conduct one of thy most remote flocks. O permit me at least to serve the father of Fatmé! Shel-Adar hath refused me all: He hath treated me with harshness, while I had not strength to fly from his house, even before his violence. He threatens Fatmé. Alas, I am now distant from her habitation! Fatmé is unhappy. My father is infirm. My mother is no more. I have two brethren, so small that they could hardly reach the lowest branches of these palm trees. My father and my brothers received all their subsistence from me. The bounty of Shel-Adar is no longer my support. Can misery be equal to mine?

My son, said the old man, let us go together to the pastures of Shel-Adar. I will assist thee to walk. Come. The youth consented to it: he dragged his steps along with much difficulty. Drawing near to the residence of Shel-Adar they beheld his daughter. She was lost in melancholy. The young man said to the aged, Behold Fatmé! The shepherd without reply entered the house of Shel-Adar, and spoke to him thus.

A dove of Aleppo was carried to Damaf-

gas. She lived there with a mate of the country. Their master fearing the dove of Aleppo would one day return, and entice the other with her, had them put asunder. They no longer would eat the grain which he held to them from his own hand. They both sickened. They died.

O Shel-Adar, divide not those who only live, because they live together. This young man, whom thou hast driven from thy house, is he a son of virtue?

Shel-Adar answered: The prophet be my witness in what I am about to speak. As the white lily in a bed of narcissuses is that youth among the faithful. He surpasses all the young shepherds in piety, goodness, and vigilance. But—he is poor.

Ah, said the old shepherd, I and my sons have flocks without number! I possess all the rich valley of Horafa. The riches of the young man shall be my care. A large portion of my flock shall be at thy door on the morrow, provided thou wilt give him Fatmé.

Shel-Adar knew the fame of the old shepherd. He promised his daughter. The venerable ancient retired.

On the morrow he sent to the residence of Shel-Adar a number of flocks, more white than the snow on the tops of the mountains in winter; and herds of horses more beautiful and nimble than those that carried the prophet.

Some days after this worthy action, the rich and good shepherd went towards the cedars, beneath which stood the dwelling of Shel-Adar. Attend, O sons of men, attend.

The good shepherd was leaving a grove, and entering on a meadow, thro' which ran a stream bordered with fig-trees. He saw upon the grass Shel-Adar, who held the hand of an old man, whose countenance expressed wisdom and gaiety. The old shepherd saw them, and stopped to enjoy all the pleasure which the sight of the happiness of his brethren in age could afford. The old man had a number of youths about them; among whom were two children, who sometimes played on the grass, and then would come to caress the two fathers. They were well-clad; they had all the health, vivacity, and gaiety of their age. The good shepherd easily understood that these children were the brothers of the young husband of Fatmé; and that the old man, who held Shel-Adar by the hand, was their father.

Nigher to the good shepherd, by the shade of the grove, Fatmé and her husband sat on the grass. In motionless rapture they often looked upon each other with intense eager-

ness. They smiled so sweetly that it seemed that pleasure alone had ever printed its vestige on their faces. Often the young couple interrupted their delicious silence by lively, but modest caresses. One might see that they were restrained by the presence of their fathers. Often they looked around them; and appeared intoxicated with the felicity of all that was dear to them, more than even with their own. Their joy, which inspired all the company, manifested itself equally in all their faces; as the same sap produces like flowers on all the branches of the orange-tree.

The good shepherd looked on each of them by turns. He then chanced to turn his eyes toward the neighbouring meadows. He beheld the flocks which he had given to Shel-Adar. They surpassed those of Shel-Adar, among which they were mingled, and were distinguishable by their superior whiteness and beauty. Their guides sung the happiness of their masters and their own.

Sons of men, ye have heard my faithful recital. Be virtuous ye poor, that the rich may be benevolent. Be benevolent ye rich, that the poor may be virtuous.

THE son of Aaron Al-Raschid came to him with bitter complaints against a man who had slandered his mother; and demanded vengeance. O my son, said Aaron Al-Raschid, thou art about to be thyself the worst slanderer of thy mother, by persuading the world that she hath not taught thee to forgive.

A MAN had quitted the society of the dervises, and entered into that of the philosophers. What difference do you find, said I to him, between a philosopher and a dervise? He answered, Both swim across a great river with their brethren of men. The dervise keeps at a distance from the company, that he may swim at ease, and arrive alone on the opposite shore. The philosopher, on the contrary, swims with the rest, and often stretches forth his hand to their assistance.

I FOUND one day, on the sea shore, a virtuous labourer whom a tiger had almost devoured. He was on the point of expiring, and in great agony. Great God, said he, I thank thee. I suffer pain, but not remorse.

THE son of Nourshivan saw one day a sage who had his eyes and arms lifted up to heaven, and

and his face turned toward the east. He made to God this prayer. O great God, extend thy pity and benefits to the wicked. For the good it suffices that they are good.

A YOUNG man, being intoxicated with wine, fell asleep by the side of the highway. A religious, passing along some time after, bitterly reviled him. The youth, now sober through sleep, raised his head, and said, If good men pass a sinner, they pass him with benevolence.

ABU HURURA used to think it his duty often to see Mustapha, to whom God be merciful. Mustapha one day said to him, O

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

YOUR attention to literary subjects may perhaps induce you to insert the defence of a writer, who with considerable talents had the singular misfortune of being unable to acquire the regard of even his own countrymen: the person I mean is David Mallet. Against this author, and against Mr. Addison and Dr. Watts, a ridiculous charge was a few years since exhibited, that they had each perused the manuscript poems of a wretched poetaster, Andrew Marvell, and, strange to say! that each of them had been tempted to steal a performance different from the other. In defence of Mr. Addison and Dr. Watts, I remember some person stood forward, but in favour of Mr. Mallet a total silence prevailed. I think a more satisfactory exculpation may be produced in favour of this gentleman than was offered in behalf of either of the former; and as it will include a few circumstances of literary history, I trust you will afford me a page or two in your next Magazine.

The ballad of William and Margaret is

WILLIAM and MARGARET

IN ITS ORIGINAL STATE.

I.

When hope lay hush'd in silent night,
And woe was wrapp'd in sleep,
In glided Marg'rer's pale-ey'd ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

II.

Her face was like an April sky
Dimm'd by a scatt'ring cloud:
Her clay-cold lilly hand knee-high
Held up her sable shroud.

III.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youthful years are flown!
Such the last robe that kings must wear,
When death has rest their crown!

Abu Hurura, see me seldom that love my increase.

I REMEMBER that in my youth, having notions of severe piety, I used to rise in the night to watch, pray, and read the holy Koran. One night that I had never slept, but was wholly employed in those exercises, my father, a man of practical virtue, awaked while I was reading the Koran with silent devotion. Behold, said I to him, thy other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone wake to praise God. Son of my soul, he answered, it is better to sleep than wake to remark the faults of thy brethren.

the performance supposed to be purloined by Mr. Mallet; and if the accuser is to be believed, it was filched almost exactly in the state it is now to be read in Mallet's works. That it was not originally published in that manner will admit of direct proof, and that it was originally disguised and altered for the worse, I imagine no person will believe. In the year 1724, Mr. Mallet's intimate friend Aaron Hill published a periodical paper called *The Plain Dealer*, and in the thirty-sixth number printed the original ballad of William and Margaret not knowing at that time the author. I shall insert the poem as it then appeared, and desire that in the opposite column the copy as corrected by Mr. Mallet may be placed, that every reader may judge of the probability of his having in the first instance altered a stolen poem, or whether the alterations are not such as an author of his abilities might not on a more mature judgment be supposed to have made in an early performance.

WILLIAM and MARGARET,

AS CORRECTED AND ALTERED.

I.

'Twas at the silent solemn hour
When night and morning meet,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

II.

Her face was like an April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud:
And clay-cold was her lilly hand,
That held her sable shroud.

III.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has rest their crown.

Her

IN ITS ORIGINAL STATE.

IV.

Her bloom was like the morning flow'r,
That sips the silver dew ;
The rose had budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

V.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her tender prime :
The rose of beauty pal'd and pin'd,
And dy'd before its time.

VI.

Awake ! she cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave ;
Late, let thy pity mourn a wretch
Thy love refus'd to save.

VII.

This is the dark and fearful hour
When injur'd ghosts complain ;
And lovers tombs give up their dead
To haunt the faithless swain.

VIII.

Bethink thee, William ! of thy fault,
Thy pledge of broken truth :
See the sad lesson thou hast taught
My unsuspecting youth !

IX.

Why did you first give sense of charms,
Then all those charms forsake ?
Why sigh'd you for my virgin heart,
Then left it, thus to break ?

X.

Why did you, *present*, pledge such vows,
Yet none in absence keep ?
Why said you that my eyes were bright,
Yet taught 'em first to weep ?

XI.

Why did you praise my blushing lips,
Yet make their scarlet pale ?
And why, alas ! did I, fond maid !
Believe the flat'ring tale ?

XII.

But now my face no more is fair ;
My lips retain no red ;
Fix'd are my eyes in death's still glare !
And love's vain hope is fled.

XIII.

The hungry worm my partner is ;
This winding-sheet my dress ;
A long and weary night must pass,
Ere Heaven allows redress.

XIV.

But hark !—'tis day !—the darkness flies :
Take one long, last adieu !
Come, see, false man ! how low she lies,
Who dy'd for pitying you.

XV.

The birds sung out ; the morning smil'd ;
And streak'd the sky with red ;
Pale William shook in every limb,
And started from his bed.

AS CORRECTED AND ALTERED.

IV.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

V.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime :
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;
She dy'd before her time.

VI.

Awake ! she cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave ;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refus'd to save.

VII.

This is the dumb and dreary hour
When injur'd ghosts complain ;
When yawning graves give up their dead
To haunt the faithless swain.

VIII.

Bethink thee, William ! of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath ;
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

IX.

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep ?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

X.

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake ?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break ?

XI.

Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale ?
And why did I, young wileless maid,
Believe the flattering tale ?

XII.

That face, alas ! no more is fair ;
Those lips no longer red :
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

XIII.

The hungry worm my sister is ;
This winding sheet I wear ;
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

XIV.

But hark ! the cock has warn'd me hence ;
A long and late adieu !
Come, see, false man, how low she lies,
Who dy'd for love of you.

XV.

The lark sung loud ; the morning smil'd
With beams of rosy red :
Pale William quak'd in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

IN ITS ORIGINAL STATE.

XVI.

Weeping, he fought the fatal place
Where Marg'ret's body lay,
And stretch'd him o'er the green grass turf
That veil'd her breathless clay :

XVII.

Thrice call'd, unheard, on Marg'ret's name,
And thrice he wept her fate :
Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
And dy'd—and lov'd too late.

It appears from the Plain Dealer that the ballad was at that time current, as a fugitive piece, and it is criticised and praised in terms of the warmest approbation. This circumstance seems to have first introduced the author to Aaron Hill, and the friendship lasted to the end of that gentleman's life. In a month after the above publication, August 28, 1724, the Plain Dealer mentions that the author was alive, and a North Briton. "I congratulate," says he, "his country on the promise of this rising genius : for the gentleman, it seems, is very young, and received his education in the university of Edinburgh." He then mentions that the author declined being publicly named, and inserts the following letter which he had received from him.

S I R,

YOUR Plain Dealer of July the 24th, was sent to me by a friend. I must own, after I had read it over, I was both surpris'd and pleas'd to find that a simple tale of my writing had merited the notice and approbation of the author of the Plain Dealer.

After what you have said of William and Margaret, I flatter myself that you will not be displeas'd with an account of the accident which gave rise to that ballad.

Your conjecture, that it was founded on the real history of an unhappy woman, is true. A vain young gentleman had for some time profess'd love to a lady, then in the spring of her life and beauty. He dress'd well, talk'd loud, and spok'd nonsense with spirit. She had good understanding, but was too young to know the world. I have seen her very often. There was a lively innocence in her look. She had never been address'd to by a man of sense ; and therefore knew not how despicable and insincere a fool is. In time he persuad'd her that there was merit in his passion.—She believed him, and was undone.

She was upon the point of bringing into the world the effect of her ill-placed love, before her father knew the misfortune. Judge the sentiments of the good old man ! yet his affection out-weighed his anger. He could not think of abandoning his child to want and infamy. He applied himself to her

AS CORRECTED AND ALTERED.

XVI.

He by'd him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay ;
And stretch'd him on the grass green turf
That wrapp'd her breathless clay :

XVII.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full fore :
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spok'd never more.

false lover, with an offer of half his fortune ; but the temper of the betrayer was savag'd with cruel insolence. He reject'd the father's offers, and reproach'd the innocence he had ruin'd with the bitterness of open scorn. The news was brought her in a weak condition, and cast her into a fever ; and in a few days after I saw her and her child laid in one grave together.

It was some time after this, that I chanc'd to look into a Comedy of Fletcher's, called *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*. The place I fell upon was, where old Merry-Thought repeats these verses :

When it was grown to dark midnight,

And all were fast asleep,

In came Margaret's grimly ghost,

And stood at William's feet :

which I fancy was the beginning of some ballad commonly known at the time when this author wrote.—These lines, naked of ornament and simple as they are, struck my fancy. I clos'd the book, and bethought myself, that the unhappy adventure I have mentioned above, which then came fresh into my mind, might naturally raise a tale upon the appearance of this ghost.—It was then midnight. All round me was still and quiet. These concurring circumstances work'd my soul to a powerful melancholy. I could not sleep ; and at that time I finish'd my little poem, such as you see it here. If it still continues to deserve your approbation, I have my aim ; and am
Sir, &c.

The author of the Plain Dealer subjoins : "The author's copy which he inclos'd to me, is different in several places from that which fell into my hands ; but the sense of both is exactly the same ; and the variation in some expressions not considerable enough to make it necessary to republish that excellent ballad."

After reading so far, it is probable your readers may not think it necessary to produce any further proof that Mr. Mallet was the author of William and Margaret, both in its original and improved state.

Aberdeen,

I am, &c.

Dec. 1, 1785.

S C O T U S.

THE
LONDON REVIEW,
AND
LITERARY JOURNAL.

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

A Philosophical, Historical, and Moral Essay on Old Maids, by a Friend to the Sisterhood.
In 3 vols. 8vo. London, T. Cadell, 1785.

THE sensible and facetious author of this curious original Essay observes, that some moralists, embracing the whole circle of rational creation, delight themselves with conferring benefits on mankind in general; while others confine their views; and select a single class of mortals, exposed by their situation to particular failings, or oppressed by peculiar and undeserved affliction. This he exemplifies by M. D'Alembert, who has written a benevolent essay on those unfortunate beings called *authors*; and by a contemplative indefatigable philanthropist of our own country, who has with equal goodness and propriety produced a treatise on *chimney-sweepers*. After diverting his readers with tracing a striking resemblance between these sufferers, both in the services they perform, and the hardships they endure, and giving all due credit to both the humane essayists; he proceeds to claim to himself a still greater degree of it, for directing his lucubrations to an order of beings, whom he thinks still more entitled to the regard and protection of an enterprising philosopher. "I mean," says he, "the sisterhood of old maids; a sisterhood which has, perhaps, as many unmerited hardships to support as the two suffering fraternities abovementioned, and without the soothing consolation which those fraternities possess in common, from the idea, that however ill-rewarded they may be, they perform a very useful and necessary part in the motley scenes of human life."

This Quixote in the service of ancient virginity, as he styles himself, declares his intention in the present work is to redress all the wrongs of the autumnal maiden, and to place her, *if possible*, in a state of honour, content and comfort. In order to do this, he makes some remarks on the cruelty and injustice of the sarcastic contempt so frequently lavished on old maids in general, and of the

tendency which such treatment has to afflict, exasperate, and debase the character. He next points out the particular failings to which this situation is peculiarly exposed, and afterwards dwells on the better qualities which it is calculated to promote. He then takes a general survey of the different degrees of neglect or honour that have fallen to the share of old maids in different ages of the world, and concludes with topics of consolation and advice.

After giving this general account of his design, he concludes his Introduction with the following observation on his title-page. "I was at first afraid, that the name of an *Essay on Old Maids* might entrap some indelicate reader, by its similarity to the title of a work which threw the whole nation into a ferment, when a *private* indecorum was made an instrument of *public* iniquity. But I have since reflected, that if any such reader is so deceived, *he* (for readers of that class must be undoubtedly masculine) will be very properly punished for the viciousness of his expectation, by the loss of the little money which these pages will cost. Disappointed he certainly will be, as it is the sole purpose of this Essay to promote the circulation of good-will and good-humour in bodies where they are frequently supposed to stagnate; and to effect this salutary and laudable design sometimes with a very serious and sometimes with a smiling countenance, but never by overstepping the line of modesty and good-manners."

The work is divided into six parts. In the first, the author treats of the particular failings of old maids, and in so doing displays a profound knowledge of the human heart, and the secret springs which direct our actions: these he lays open in a masterly manner, and like a skilful chyrurgeon, though obliged to probe the wound, he does it tenderly; and if sometimes under the dis-

agreeable necessity of applying a caustic, he does it with a view only to promote the cure. A vein of irony runs, indeed, through the greater part of the work, which at first might induce a superficial reader to conclude, that this champion meant to betray the cause he had undertaken to defend. He, however, is not that unloyal recreant knight.

To draw the precise line where the epocha of *old-maidism* commences, our author found a most difficult task; as the misses of twenty, he says, considered all their unmarried friends who had passed their thirtieth year as absolute old maids; while those of thirty supposed the æra to commence at forty-five; while others at fifty, to shew how they differed in opinion, called those about three or four years younger than themselves by the infantine appellation of girls. Unable to get any satisfactory account from the sex itself, he applied to the most profound philosophers of his acquaintance to settle the knotty point; but their scepticism being at least equal to their erudition, was very near crushing his philosophical work in embryo, by asserting that old maids were absolute *non-entities*. In this dilemma, in which neither female wit nor masculine knowledge could afford him any satisfactory direction, he found himself obliged, at the hazard of incurring the displeasure of the good maidens whose cause he had undertaken to defend, to request his fair and single friends, when they *allow* themselves to be forty, to consider themselves, if not *actually* old maids, yet as standing a great chance of *being* so in due course of time. Having thus facetiously arranged this difficulty, he changes his tone, and gives the following pathetic relation of the circumstances usually attending the old maid at the time of her first acquiring that title.

"It," says he, "she has received a polite education—and to such I address myself—it is probable, after having passed the sprightly years of youth in the comfortable mansion of an opulent father, she is reduced to the shelter of some contracted lodging in a country town, attended by a single female servant, and with difficulty living on the interest of two or three thousand pounds, reluctantly, and perhaps irregularly paid to her by an avaricious or extravagant brother, who considers such payment as a heavy incumbrance on his paternal estate: such is the condition in which the unmarried daughters of English gentlemen are too frequently found. To support such a change of situation with that cheerfulness and content which several of the fair sufferers possess, requires a noble firmness, or rather dignity of mind; particularly when we add, that the mortifications of their narrow fortune must

be considerably embittered by their disappointment in the great object of female hope. Without the minutest breach of delicacy, we may justly suppose, that it is the natural wish and expectation of every amiable girl to settle happily in marriage; and that the failure of this expectation, from whatever causes it may arise, must be inevitably attended by many unpleasant and many depressive sensations:

For who, to cold virginity a prey,
The pleasing hope of marriage e'er resign'd,
Renounc'd the prospect of the wedding-day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind;

if I may be allowed to parody a celebrated passage in a justly admired poet, who (without derogating from his genius or his virtues by the expression) might himself be called an old maid in breeches, or, in his own more forcible poetic language,

Without a hive of hoarded sweets,
A solitary fly.

The old maid, indeed, may often be considered as a solitary fly in those cloudy and chilling days of autumn, when the departure of the sun has put an end to all its lively flutter, and leaves it only the power of creeping heavily along in a state of feebleness and dejection. If her heart has been peculiarly formed by nature to resist and adorn the most endearing and delightful of all human connections, she will the more feel the cruelty of that chance which has debarred her from it; and her misery will frequently rise in proportion to those merits which entitled her to happiness. A frame of glowing sensibility requires a proper field for the exercise and expansion of all its generous affections; and when this is denied to it, such obstruction will sometimes occasion the very worst of evils, a sort of stagnation both in heart and soul, a disorder for which language can afford no name, and which, being a compound of bodily and mental distemper, is more dreadful to support, and perhaps more difficult to cure, than any distinct maladies either of body or mind."

Our shrewd author here takes occasion to animadvert on the misfortune too often attending many old maids, that of mistaking their friends for their foes, and considering every expression of pity towards any suffering sister as a personal insult to themselves.—For their part, they are proud of declaring they regard the condition of an old maid as the most comfortable in human life; it is the condition of their choice, and what every wise woman would choose. Such declarations, he observes, "are a kind of ill

constructed rampart raised very hastily by mistaken pride to defend an uneasy situation;” and he solicitously warns the autumnal maiden against this false pride and mistaken delicacy, as it gives her an air of affectation, which invites that blunt but lacerating raillery, with which she is so often and so impolitely attacked. But this prejudice is so deeply rooted in many of the sisterhood, that he is apprehensive some of its most acrimonious members may exclaim against this benevolent discussion of their cause, and even condemn it as a libel against their community. To obviate such an imputation as much as possible, he relates a conversation between a married lady and a very amiable but rather elderly virgin, which induced him to compose this *amicable* treatise. After discussing with much vivacity and good-humour the different comforts and troubles of their respective conditions; “If you old maids,” said the married lady, “had but a just sense of all your advantages, you would be the most fortunate of human creatures.”—“No, indeed,” replied the judicious and warm-hearted old maid, “the wife, I confess, has her heavy load of anxieties, but the old maid is like a blasted tree in the middle of a wide common.”—The force of this simile, and the pathetic tone in which it was uttered by a woman of sensibility and of a cultivated mind, made so deep an impression both on the author’s imagination and his heart, that, in his philosophical reveries on this subject, he, with truly *Shandeyan* philanthropy, and in words strongly characteristic of that admired sentimental writer, thus expressed himself:

“What can I do for this *blasted tree*? I cannot, indeed, transplant, and cause it to blossom; but I will at least endeavour to raise a little fence around it, which may take off in some measure from its neglected appearance, and not suffer the *wild asses*, who wander near it, to kick and wound it, as they so frequently do, in the wanton gambols of their awkward vivacity.”

The failings peculiar to old maids, according to our author, are curiosity, credulity, affectation, envy, and ill-nature. The three former he considers as peccadilloes, more immediately hurtful to themselves than their neighbours: the latter he treats as *graviora delicta*, being essentially injurious to society. After giving general descriptions of the effect of these foibles, and the causes which contribute to produce them, he illustrates each by a character drawn in the liveliest colours. Of some of them we can only give the outlines, referring our readers with pleasure to the work itself for the entertainment they

will receive from those highly finished pictures.

Curiosity in old maids, on which he is deservedly severe, our author attributes to that necessity which the human mind, naturally active, is under, for want of being called into rational exercise by the interesting cares, or the elegant amusements of domestic life, of sending its thoughts abroad. “An old maid in this predicament is a restless being, whose insatiate thirst for information is an incessant plague both to herself and her acquaintance: she appears inflamed with a sort of frantic desire to see all that can be seen, to hear all that can be heard, and to ask more questions than any lips can utter. Such curiosity is a kind of ravenous monster, which hangs upon its prey,

As if increase of appetite did grow
By what it fed on.

To tame this wild spirit of impertinent enquiry in the curious old maid, the author informs the sisterhood—That, of all the qualities which debase or counteract the natural attractions of woman, this foible is what our sex is most apt to fear and avoid; and relates a laughable story of the manœuvres practised by a gentleman of humour in a country town, on two maidenly gentlewomen, his opposite neighbours, who long pestered him with their inquisitive spirit, and which provoking nuisance he converted into an unending fund of entertainment. This diversion, which he called “*angling for old maids at midnight*,” consisted in sallying, soon after midnight, muffled up in some dark disguise, from a back door, and proceeding to the front door of his own house, and knocking with a very audible rap. His opposite old inquirers were by their infirmities induced to go early to bed; but as curiosity seldom sleeps very sound, the hope of a nocturnal discovery never failed to bring either one or both to their window. If they were tolerably well, they ventured to throw up the sash, and thrust their two sharp visages as far as they could with safety into the street, eager for ocular acquaintance with the object which excited their curiosity. This however they could never perfectly attain, as their frolicsome neighbour contrived to shew little or nothing of his figure, and yet loitered long enough in the street to inflame the old ladies with most ardent expectation of farther discovery. He repeated this frolic with little variations, and every repetition afforded him new diversion, till, trying it as a Christmas gambol, at a time when it snowed very much, the elder and most infirm of the two ancient maidens continued so long

at her window, that she contracted a rheumatic fever, which confined her for many months to her bed. Yet, severe as her sufferings were, they did not annihilate the curiosity which produced them, if the testimony of the *Angler* may be credited. He positively asserts, that he desecrated this identical old maiden, before she had perfectly recovered the use of her limbs, peeping through the slat at midnight, though under the necessity of supporting herself for that purpose on the arm of her sister.—“How useful,” continues he, “and how amiable a being might this unfortunate woman have proved, had the activity of her mind been directed to any laudable pursuit.—”

In the two succeeding chapters, the credulity and affectation of the virgin tribe are treated with equal humour, mingled with serious and salutary advice. He is particularly pointed against that affectation of superlative delicacy, both in sentiments and language, by which many a pure and prim virgin is frequently betrayed into very ludicrous distress: she discovers indecency in the most innocent expression, and then distorts her features at the terrific grossness of her own misconception. By ladies of this description, a word of the most harmless signification is considered as obscene, and the language of Religion herself is arraigned, as fit only for a brothel. Miss Delia Dainty has supplied our author with a consummate model, or rather a caricature of the above character. “The extreme nicety of her ideas was displayed by the following incident, at the age of thirty-two: Her father, an honest rough country gentleman, inherited from a more elegant uncle, a noble house, with some admirable statues. In compliment to the ladies who visited at this mansion, the former master, a man of the politest manners, had thrown a little veil over every part of his marble treasures, where he thought the extreme freedom of ancient art could excite any painful surprise in the modest fair-ones of his neighbourhood. When Miss Dainty’s father succeeded to these possessions, Delia, who examined these fine works of antiquity with uncommon attention, discovered a beautiful marble greyhound unprovided with a veil. This alarmed the chaste eyes of Delia, whose extreme delicacy induced her to furnish him with a little apron of paper. The honest Squire, however, rallied his daughter rather coarsely on her new invention, as he termed it, of putting a dog into breeches. This lady has not only remained unmarried, but has exerted her delicacy on all occasions, in passing a severe censure on the language of Clergymen; who are very apt, she says, even

in the pulpit, to run into immodest allusions. In consequence of this wonderful nicety, she once sent her Abigail with an angry message to the young curate of her parish, reprimanding him for having used the word *carnal* in his last sermon, and commanding him never to wound her ears any more with so gross an expression. In the forty-third year of her life, she refused subscribing to the charity for the propagation of the gospel, because the directors of that pious institution insulted, she said, every chaste and refined ear, by using a word so very gross as the term *propagation*. The clergyman who applied to her on the occasion, piqued at her refusal, thought proper to punish her uncharitable delicacy with the following Epigram:

That prim Delia Dainty must die an old
maid,
Is declar’d in the book where our lots are
display’d;
Nor could Hymen himself, had he hold of her
hand,
Contrive this decree of the Fates should not
stand;
For had she accepted an offer of marriage,
So nice is her ear and so modest her carriage,
That when to the altar she went as a bride,
Before the chaste knot of the church could be
tied,
The pure words of the rite she would censure
most keenly,
And cry, “Hold, wicked priest! you are
talking obscenely.”

The fourth chapter is dedicated to the ill-nature and envy which too often is the companion of ancient virginity. To these vices he shews no quarter, and indeed they deserve none. The character of Mrs. Winifred Wormwood, one of those detestable characters, is well drawn and highly finished; and the denouement, in which “even-handed justice” makes her drink of the chalice she had intended for an innocent object, must give every feeling reader delight.

In the second part, our author treats of the particular good qualities of old maids, among which ingenuity, patience, and charity, shine most conspicuous. In justice to the venerable sisterhood, we ought, as we have exhibited some of their foibles, to lay a specimen of their virtues also before our readers; but our limits will not at present permit it. We are therefore under the necessity of deferring our equitable intentions and farther remarks on this agreeable and instructive publication till next month.

(To be continued.)

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

(Continued from Page 372.)

FROM Taranto Mr. Swinburne proceeded on his journey to Calabria, and after crossing the Basento, on which Octavius, Cæsar, and Mark Anthony had an interview, brought about by the mediation of Octavia, arrived at the ruins of Metapontum. Of this once flourishing city nothing remains to mark its situation, but some columns rising out of the sandy hillocks, near the mouth of the river. "The pillars are of coarse marble, and stand in two rows, about eighty feet asunder, ten in one row, and five in the other; their diameter five feet, their height fifteen, the interstices ten. Part of the architecture is all that remains of the entablature. They are of the ancient Doric order, tapering regularly with a large cyathiform capital, and no base but a kind of plinth that belongs to the whole row. They are channelled into twenty sharp deep flutes, now much corroded by the salt spray and the action of the air." At Metapontum Pythagoras spent the last years of his life.

The next day our traveller crossed the Agri, and baited at Policoro, a farm lately belonging to the Jesuits, where that Society had a stock of 5000 sheep, 300 cows and oxen, 400 buffaloes, as many goats, and 200 horses, under the care of 300 servants, but which, since it has fallen to the Crown, seems hastening to ruin. Near the banks of the Agri are some remains of Heraclea.

At Monte Giordano Mr. Swinburne entered Upper Calabria, and halting at Roseto, was hospitably entertained by an old priest, from whom he learnt many particulars of the manners and customs of that country.

"I learned from him," says our author, "that population was daily decreasing in that country, which he attributed, among other causes, tho' methinks without sufficient grounds, to the custom among the Calabrians, of never marrying beyond the limits of their own township, which he thought perpetuated defects and disorders among them, and ended in barrenness and the extinction of families. By these means all the peasants of a village are nearly related. The marriage portion of a girl generally consists of a piece of vineyard, or a single fruit-tree, among which the mulberry holds the first rank for honour and profit.

"The common mode of letting farms of baronial or ecclesiastical estates throughout Calabria, is by a lease of two years, with many clauses and restrictions. Proprietors

of plebeian rank extend the term to six years.

"The Barons are in general very far from considering themselves as the protectors, the political fathers of their vassals, but encroach so much on the commons and the cultivated grounds, for the sake of extending their chace, that the peasants have neither room nor opportunity to raise sufficient food for their support; they therefore fly to the mendicant and other orders of friars, and take the religious habit to procure a subsistence. The father of a family, when pressed for the payment of taxes, and sinking beneath the load of hunger and distress, *va alla montagna*, that is, retires to the woods, where he meets with fellow-sufferers, turns smuggler, and becomes by degrees an outlaw, a robber, and an assassin.

"The fecundity of the Calabrese women is great, and they bring forth their offspring almost without a groan. It is a common thing for a woman far gone with child to go up to the forest for fuel, and there be surprised with the pains of child-birth: no ways dismayed at the solitude around her, she delivers herself of the infant, folds it up in her apron, and after a little rest carries it to her cottage. It is a proverb in the neighbouring provinces, *Che una serva Calabrese piu ama farum figlio che un bucatu*, i. e. "A Calabrian maid-servant prefers the labour of child-birth to that of a wash."

The Calabrians have some capricious notions very deeply rooted in their minds. One is, that every child whose mother has been true to her marriage vow, must necessarily resemble the father. It is, indeed, no difficult matter to persuade a peasant, who seldom considers his lineaments in a glass, that the features of the infant are miniature copies of his own; but were he once convinced that no such resemblance existed, he would never be persuaded to pardon his wife, or look upon the child in any other light than that of a bastard.

"They repose great confidence in judgments, and expect to see every person that jeers at another's defects, afflicted with the same.

"If a person dies in the fields by a violent or accidental death, it is believed that his spirit will appear in the same place in white robes, and that the only way of laying it, is to send out young boys to approach silently and cover it with a volley of stones.

A Dominican

A Dominican priest not long ago sitting in his white garment on a hill near Tropea, employed in taking a sketch of the country, was mistaken for the ghost of an old woman who had dropped down dead some time before on that identical spot. The apparition brought out the youths from the neighbouring village, and the friar had his brains almost knocked out before he could convince the little exorcists of their error."

Our author next gives a description of the country in the neighbourhood of Roseto, its produce, particularly the ornus, or small-leaved flowering manna ash, and the method of gathering the manna; and then proceeds on his journey to Sybaris, a city noted in ancient history, to a proverb, for the luxury and effeminacy of its inhabitants. The walls of the capital, we are told, in the days of its prosperity, inclosed a space of six miles and a half, and its suburbs extended near seven miles along the Crati. "What a noble sight!" exclaims the Traveller, "what beauties must this country have displayed, when the impetuous torrents were kept under command, and only let off regularly, to convey freshness and fertility to the well-tilled thirsty fields! when the banks of the river were covered with warehouses, wherein the merchant deposited his riches; and adorned with villas, where he retired to enjoy the fruits of his industry!—when its spacious plains teemed with harvests, that, according to the testimony of Varro, repaid the husbandman an hundred fold.

"After retracing all these circumstances in my mind, I could not help thinking myself in a dream, or that the historians must have been dreaming when they wrote of Sybaris. Seventy days, as Strabo says, sufficed to destroy all this grandeur and prosperity."

Mr. Swinburne after ferrying over the Crati, a clear, broad, and rapid river, continued his route to Carigliano, thro' a beautiful country, thickly planted with orange, lemon, citron, olive, almond, and other fruit trees; from thence to Rossano, and passing through Ciro, the site of Cumissa, founded by Philoctetes, friend of Hercules, arrived at Cotrone, the humble remains of the ancient Croton, the history of whose rise and downfall is here given.

From Croton our traveller proceeded by water, having sent his horses the shortest way to Cantanzaro, and visited the island marked as the habitation of Calypso, which he thinks must either have undergone a wonderful change since the days of Ulysses, or the goddesses have wrought a daily miracle in providing food, without which supernatural assistance the shipwrecked hero had died

of hunger, as at present the rock would scarcely maintain a sheep.

From Cantanzaro, near which he landed, Mr. Swinburne rode to Squillace, built on the verge of a rocky mountain, where in the evening he was disturbed by a violent noise, occasioned by the Marquis's bailiff kicking furiously at the door of the neighbouring house; which is the usual method of giving the last summons, without any farther hope of mercy, to a debtor or tenant who refuses to pay, and flouts himself up in his house for safety. This, our author thinks, explains Horace's meaning, when he says,

"*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum
"tabernas*

"Regumq; turres;"——

thereby implying, that he is inexorably bent on exacting the debt of nature, and not, as some commentators suppose, that he makes use of the foot merely because his hands are employed in holding the scythe and hour-glass.

He is of opinion that many other allusions in that poet may be elucidated by referring to customs still in use in Calabria. Thus his account of the hardy education and filial obedience of the Roman youth,

"——Rusticorum mascula militum

"Proles, Sabellis docta lignonibus

"Versare glebas, et severæ,

"Matris ad arbitrium recisors.

"Portare fustes,"

is still exact with regard to the young Calabrian peasant, who, after working hard and faring harder all day, does not presume to present himself before his mother without a faggot of lentiscus, or other wood, which he throws down at the door ere he offers to pass the threshold.

Gerace was the next place that engaged the Traveller's attention. This city is supposed to stand upon the site of Locri, the capital of the Epizephyrian Locrians; tho' at present small and ill-built, not containing above 3,000 inhabitants. The people hereabouts either are, or pretend to be in so great dread of the assaults of malignant spirits, that near 1,500 women go up annually to Sorraño, to be cured of the possession, by looking at a portrait of St. Dominiack, sent down as a present from the celestial gallery. By these pretexts, they obtain leave from their tyrannical spouses to make this pleasant pilgrimage, and a pair of holiday shoes, without which it would be highly disrespectful to present themselves before the holy picture. Many a British husband would be
thank-

thankful to have the *unclean* spirit expelled from his *caru sposa*, even at ten times the expence. Mr. Swinburne relates an instance of a female demoniac, who, after going through the usual course of cure, was sent to a priest to confess her sins to him. As he was perfectly acquainted with the common tricks, he insisted on her giving him the true reason of her acting that farce; and threatened her, in case of obtinacy, with a visit from the *real* devil. Terrified at this menace, she acknowledged, that being married against her inclinations to a goatherd, who stank intolerably of his goats and cheeses, she feigned possession to avoid cohabiting with him. Having thus wormed out the secret, the priest sent for the husband; and as he knew it would be in vain to attempt to argue him out of a belief of the devil's being in his wife, he changed his mode of attack, and persuaded the simple fellow that he had discovered that the dæmon had an outrageous antipathy to goatherds, and that no exorcisms could prevent him from plaguing them. The poor man, who had been brought up a gardener, consented to return to that way of life, in order to keep Satan out of his house. The Friar procured a garden for him, and a chapman for his goats, and had the happiness of seeing the married couple well settled and perfectly satisfied with each other.

From Gerace our author proceeded to Reggio: in his road he passed by Bora, of which he gives an account; as also of the Albanese,—their arrival in the kingdom,—numbers,—language,—rites, which are those of the Greek church, and still observed in the province of Cosenza,—and their character. He has likewise presented the reader with a view of Etna, the Capo dell' Armi, and a detail of the treatment of silk-worms; together with a description of Reggio, and the *Fata Morgana*. Of these our limits will only permit our giving the last in the words of Father Angelucci.

“On the 15th of August, 1643,” says the Father, “as I stood at my window, I was surpris'd with a most wonderful delectable vision. The sea that washes the Sicilian shore swelled up, and became for ten miles in length like a chain of dark mountains; while the waters near our Calabrian coasts grew quite smooth, and in an instant appeared as one clear polished mirror, reclining against the aforesaid ridge. On this glass was depicted, in *chiaro scuro*, a string of several thousand pilasters, all equal in altitude, distance, and degree of light and shade. In a moment they lost half their height, and bent into arcades like Roman aqueducts. A long cornice was next formed on the top,

and above it rose castles innumerable, all perfectly alike. These soon split into towers, which were shortly after lost in colonnades, then windows, and at last ended in pines, cypresses, and other trees, even and similar. This is the *Fata Morgana*, which, for twenty-six years, I had thought a mere fable.”

Mr. Swinburne observes, “that to produce this pleasing deception, many circumstances must concur, which are not known to exist in any other situation. The spectator must stand with his back to the east, on some elevated place behind the city, that he may command a view of the whole bay; behind which the mountains of Messina rise like a wall, and darken the back-ground of the picture. The winds must be hushed; the surface quite smoothed; the tide at its height; and the waters pressed up by currents to a great elevation in the middle of the channel. All these events coinciding, as soon as the sun surmounts the eastern hills behind Reggio, and rises high enough to form an angle of 45 degrees on the water before the city, every object existing or moving in Reggio will be repeated a thousand fold upon this marine looking-glass; which by its tremulous motion is, as it were, cut into facets. Each image will pass rapidly off in succession, as the day advances, and the stream carries down the wave on which it appeared.”

The heat our traveller had experienced in Calabria, determined him to defer his voyage to Sicily till the ensuing winter: he therefore took his passage for Gallipoli in a French vessel ready to sail, and on the third day arrived there. He describes Gallipoli—its traffic—the cultivation of the olive-tree—different experiments on making oil—visits Nardo, Otranto, and Lecce, and presents the reader with a specimen of their music. From Lecce he goes to Brindisi, a large city, but thinly inhabited. “The Canons of the church here retain the ancient custom of having *hand maids*; but as they take care to choose them of canonical age and face, we may suppose these *focarie* to be only chaste representatives of the helpmates allowed to the Clergy before Popes and Councils had reprobated them. These women are exempt from taxes, and enjoy many privileges. When they die, they are buried gratis, and the funeral is attended by the Chapter, with great solemnity; a mark of respect not paid to any relations of the Canons.”

After describing Brindisi, and giving the history of the ancient Brundisium, Mr. Swinburne gives an account of the Tarantata, or dance performed by those who are, or pre-

and to be bitten by the Tarantula. "The dancers," he says, "are exact copies of the ancient Priestesses of Bacchus. When the introduction of Christianity abolished all public exhibitions of heathenish rites, and the women durst no longer act a frantic part in the character of Bacchantes; unwilling to give up so darling an amusement, they devised other pretences; and upon the strength of the poison of the Tarantula, the Puglian dames still enjoy their *old dance*, though time has effaced the memory of its ancient name and institution: and this I take to be the origin of so strange a practice. If at any time these dancers are really and involuntarily affected, I can suppose it to be nothing more than an attack upon their nerves, a species of St. Vitus's dance."

From Brindisi our traveller passed through Bitonto, Ruvo, Castel del Monte, Andria, and Canosa, the ancient Canusium. "This city stood in a plain between the hills and the river Ofanto, and covered a large tract of ground. Many brick monuments, though degraded and stripped of their casing, still attest its former grandeur. Among them may be traced fragments of aqueducts, tembs, amphitheatres, baths, military columns, and two triumphal arches, which, by their position, seem to have been two city gates. The present town stands above, on the foundations of the old citadel. The church of St. Sabinus, built, as it is said, in the sixth century, is now without the enclosure. It is astonishing, that any part of this ancient cathedral should have withstood so many calamities. Its altars and pavements are rich in marbles; and the six verde antico columns that support its roof, are the largest and finest I ever saw of that species of marble. In a small court adjoining, under an octagonal cupola, is the Mausoleum of Bohemond, adorned in a minute Gothic style. Round the cornice runs a string of barbarous rhymes; and upon the door are other inscriptions, with an embossed representation of warriors kneeling before the Madona."

From Canosa he went to Minervino, thence to Lavello, a small city belonging to the Caraccioli family. Venosa, a considerable place in ancient times, and a steady use-

ful friend to Rome in her struggles with Hannibal, was his next stage. Nothing remains of its ancient magnificence, except pieces of marble containing parts of inscriptions, fixed in the walls of houses and churches. The piece of antiquity of highest reputation, and upon which the inhabitants of Venosa plume themselves most, is a marble bust, placed in the great square on a column. This they shew as the effigy of their fellow-citizen Horace; "but," adds our author, "the badness of the design, and the mode of dress, render this opinion very problematical. I take it to be the head of a Saint. The respect paid to so distinguished a genius, does honour to the taste of the Venosians; but I am astonished they have not canonized their poet, for the vulgar of Naples have made a Saint of Virgil."

From Venosa our traveller reached Benevento, which he entered through the arch of Trajan, now called the Porta Aurea; which is in tolerable preservation, and one of the most magnificent remains of Roman grandeur to be met with out of Rome.

"Except the old metropolis of the world, no city in Italy can boast so many remains of ancient sculpture as are to be found at Benevento. The most considerable are in the upper town. The Cupola of St. Sophia rests upon a circular colonnade of antique marble. In the court is a fine relievo of the rape of the Sabines: the other remarkable fragments are the death of Meleager; a measure of corn; some sepulchral busts; a large boar, covered with the stole and vitta for sacrifice, which antiquaries call the Caledonian Boar, left by Diomed as a badge to his Colony of Benevento; and Hercules stealing the Hesperian apples. This last piece struck me very much, from the resemblance it bears to our common mode of depicting the fall of man. A woman lies at the foot of a tree, and a huge Serpent is turned round the trunk, stretching out its head towards the fruit, which a man leans forward to pluck. The club he holds in his hand and a Greek inscription mark him out for Hercules."

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, with Samuel Johnson, LL.D. By James Boswell, Esq. 8vo. 6s. Dilly.

Q! while along the stream of time, thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale? *POPE.*

THIS title-page promises much information and much entertainment; and the work, particularly in the latter, amply gratifies the candid reader's expectation, not-

withstanding a little game is now and then unbagged and started for the amusement of the ill-natured Critic.

The

The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with such a man as the late Dr. Samuel Johnson cannot fail, if faithfully executed, to contain many particulars curious and interesting to philosophical minds. Every anecdote of a great man, whether statesman, warrior, or author, is listened to with avidity; and as Marshal Saxe says in his Memoirs, "No man appears a hero to his valet,"—we are introduced by anecdotes to a familiar acquaintance with characters, which otherwise could only be the objects of distant and indistinct admiration. It is to the writings of the learned, that we must apply for an estimate of their improvements and proficiency in science; but to read and discover the man—to form an idea of his virtues and vices—the liberality or narrowness of his sentiments—our best guide will always be found in genuine anecdotes:—and of the authenticity of those given by Mr. Boswell, besides their intrinsic evidences of veracity, none but those of a worse than capricious disposition can hesitate in his acquiescence.

Mr. Boswell, in a dedication to Edmond Malone, Esq. Editor of Shakspeare, thus expresses himself:

"In every narrative, whether historical or biographical, authenticity is of the utmost consequence. Of this I have ever been so firmly persuaded, that I inscribed a former work to that person who was the best judge of its truth. I need not tell you—I mean General Paoli.

"The friends of Dr. Johnson can best judge, from internal evidence, whether the numerous conversations which form the most valuable part of the ensuing pages, are correctly related. To them therefore I wish to appeal, for the accuracy of the portrait here exhibited to the world.

"As one of those who were intimately acquainted with him, you have a title to this address. You have obligingly taken the trouble to peruse the original manuscript of this Tour, and can vouch for the strict fidelity of the present publication. Your literary alliance with our much-lamented friend, in consequence of having undertaken to render one of his labours more complete, by your edition of Shakspeare, a work which I am confident will not disappoint the expectations of the public, gives you another claim."

We have heard the late Rev. Mr. Grainger's ingenious biographical work called the finest Lounging-Book in the English language. While under the influence of the spleen, or the languor of disease, we read it without fatigue of mind, for it contains no scientific chain of reasoning; and

while we are agreeably amused, often receive information and material instruction in that most useful branch of moral philosophy, the study of characters. This in an eminent degree is applicable to Mr. Boswell's work now before us. A series of Dr. Johnson's conversations during a tour in a country against which and its inhabitants he had formed early and keen prejudices, his literary anecdotes, and opinions of men and books, cannot but be a valuable acquisition; and Mr. Boswell's method of taking minutes from time to time on the spot, gives the reader a satisfaction somewhat similar to that of a politician when he reads an agreeable piece of intelligence in the *London Gazette*. But an idea of Mr. Boswell's work will be best conveyed to the reader in the words with which he concludes it:

"It may be objected by some persons, as it has been by one of my friends, that he who has the power of thus exhibiting an exact transcript of conversations is not a desirable member of society. I repeat the answer which I made to that friend:—"Few, very few, need be afraid that their sayings will be recorded. Can it be imagined that I would take the trouble to gather what grows on every hedge, because I have collected such fruits as the *nonparcil* and the *bon chretien*?"

"On the other hand, how useful is such a faculty, if well exercised! To it we owe all those interesting apophthegms and *memorabilia* of the ancients, which Plutarch, Xenophon, and Valerius Maximus, have transmitted to us. To it we owe all those instructive and entertaining collections which the French have made under the title of *Ana*, affixed to some celebrated name. To it we owe the *Table-Talk* of Selden, the *conversation* between Ben Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden, Spence's *anecdotes* of Pope, and other valuable remains in our own language. How delighted should we have been, if thus introduced into the company of Shakspeare and of Dryden, of whom we know scarcely any thing but their admirable writings! What pleasure would it have given us to have known their petty habits, their characteristic manners, their modes of composition, and their genuine opinion of preceding writers and of their contemporaries! All these are now irrecoverable.—Considering how many of the strongest and most brilliant effusions of exalted intellect must have been lost, how much is it to be regretted that all men of distinguished wisdom and wit have not been attended by friends of taste enough to relish, and abilities enough to register, their conversation!

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi, sed omnes illachrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Noctē, carent quia vate sacro.

“They whose inferior exertions are recorded as serving to explain or illustrate the sayings of such men, may be proud of being thus associated, and having their names carried down to posterity, by being appended to an illustrious character.

“Before I quit this subject, I think it proper to say, that I have suppressed every thing that I thought could really hurt any one now living. With respect to what is related, I thought it my duty to “extenuate nothing, nor set down aught in malice;” and with those lighter strokes of Dr. Johnson’s satire, proceeding from a warmth and quickness of imagination, not from any malevolence of heart, and which, on account of their excellence, could not be omitted, I trust that they who are the object of them have good sense and good temper enough not to be displeased.

“I have only to add, that I shall ever reflect with great pleasure on a tour which has been the means of preserving so much of the enlightened and instructive conversation of one whose virtues will, I hope, ever be an object of imitation, and whose powers of mind were so extraordinary, that ages may revolve before such a man shall again appear.”

To give private conversations to the public, is not the most pleasing task to true delicacy; and we think Mr. Boswell might have hit upon a better apology than that he has used. The observations and repar-tees of a Johnson, however delivered in small circles, were sure to be reported, and most probably with disadvantage and misconstruction; besides, in the sayings and opinions of such a man the public has a sort of property, and posterity will certainly be pleased with the knowledge of them. Something of this kind had certainly been better than our author’s complimentary hint, that it cannot “be imagined he would take the trouble to gather what grows on every hedge, because he had collected such fruits as the *nonpareil* and the *bon chretien*.”

When the celebrated papers of Junius were the topic of conversation, a gentleman in a certain literary society was positive in ascribing them to *Wilkes*. “I was inclined to be of that opinion myself,” said a friend, “till some of the last papers convinced me of the contrary. A man, particularly a wit, will sometimes be waggishly severe on his own *passé* follies and foibles; but no man ever

did either talk or write of himself in terms of such humiliating concessions as the late letters of Junius have been pleased to make on that gentleman’s part. We readily own our *passé* foibles, and even join in the laugh; for we have the *present* triumph of flattering ourselves that we have got quite over them. But no man ever was pleased with, or retail- ed that of himself, which plainly impeaches either the abilities of his head or the principles of his heart. For these are never supposed to be *passé*, but always *present* in *statu quo*.” To apply this philosophy to a few of the names recorded by Mr. Boswell, some of them, we think, will hardly thank him for his *nonpareils*. To mention only one, we cannot but suspect that the *Lord Rector* of the University of Glasgow will be apt to fancy that the dish of fruit preserved for him from the garden, or *bedges* of Johnson, has more resemblance to a wooden bowl filled with Scotch fies and dog hips, than to a basket of the *bon chretien*, so excellently cultivated in the neighbourhood of *St. Omer’s*.

However some people may differ in particulars in estimating the character of Dr. Johnson, the great outline of it is universally known and established; it will not therefore be here attempted. It is enough to say at present, that the work before us is a very proper and excellent guide and companion to the Doctor’s celebrated *tour*; that Mr. Boswell tells his tales and anecdotes in a sprightly agreeable manner; and we beg leave to congratulate him on a much better application of the verses from Pope which he has chosen for his motto, than that originally used by their author.

We shall now make a cursory *tour* thro’ Mr. Boswell’s entertaining work, premising, that if we do not enter into *all* the *enthusiasm* of his high admiration of the Doctor, it may perhaps arise from the native phlegm of our constitution, and our abhorrence of poetry and *idol-worship*. And surely Mr. Boswell will be pleased with any compliment that resembles him to Dr. Johnson. Indeed in one view their similarity is particularly striking; *both* of them having plentifully possessed those sudden transports of inspiration, or what you will, which the French have expressively denominated by the word *entré*; a word which, while it compliments us with some originality in our composition, never yet, among the liberal-minded, rendered the abilities and virtues of the head and heart the less esteemed and admired.

Mr. Boswell begins his volume with claiming the merit of inducing, in a great measure, his learned friend to undertake his celebrated northern journey. In this *design* we

we allow him much merit; but every Scotchman we have talked with on this subject, some indeed with less temper than others, blame him for exposing *the nakedness of their native land*, in conducting Dr. Johnson by a route the worst calculated to shew to a man who came strongly prejudiced against not only the culture, but the very face of the country: and pleased as we are on the whole with Mr. Boswell's book, we mean to follow Shakepear's rule, *nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice*. We think therefore he makes a great deal too much *fuss* upon the great condescension of, and the penance underwent by the Doctor in visiting Scotland. "I doubted," says he, "that it would not be possible to prevail on Dr. Johnson to relinquish, for some time, the felicity of a London life, which, to a man who can enjoy it with full intellectual relish, is apt to make existence in any narrower sphere seem insipid or irksome. I doubted that he would not be willing to come down from his elevated state of philosophical dignity; from a superiority of wisdom amongst the wise, and of learning amongst the learned; and from flashing his wit upon minds bright enough to reflect it."

These ideas seem always uppermost with Mr. Boswell. We have them repeated whenever the Doctor is described as in a hut, and the condescension of the *Rambler* in such a situation is contemplated as something supernatural. But surely this same *Rambler* was not quite unfitted for a Scotch clergyman's hut by the great delicacy and urbanity of the early part of his education; for Mr. Boswell tells us that the Doctor told a Scotch company, that the kitchen-fire was the only one in his father's house, except upon Sundays, when they had one in the parlour; and that "he remembered when *all the decent people of Litchfield*, of which his father was a magistrate, usually got drunk with ale every night, and were thought nothing the worse for it:" and surely Mr. Boswell will not exclude the Doctor's father from that rank of men whom the son called "the decent people of Litchfield." Mr. Boswell gives many proofs that though the Doctor was in his sixty-fourth year during his tour, he was no invalid. To think that a mind stored like that of Dr. Johnson could be miserable for want of proper company for only a few months, or incapable of the high philosophical pleasure in contemplating scenes, manners, and characters, of which till then he could have no adequate idea, is paying indeed a very sorry compliment to his temper, and power of philosophical relish. That Dr. Johnson had at least a recollective

relish in his excursion, in a manner that did credit to his mental feelings, we have often gathered from his own mouth; and have also been often present in the Doctor's circles in London, when in his fits of taciturnity the conversation has been insipid enough. Indeed, we shrewdly suspect that Mr. Boswell wrote from the feelings of his own high relish of a London life, when he ascribes so much of it to the Doctor. But notwithstanding we are unwilling to allow that the Doctor's condescension was matter of such *wonderment*, we must own, that by many of his companion's anecdotes, the good sage was no such enthusiast in the philosophical feasts of travelling, as led our Pooocks and Shaws through the deserts of Arabia or Lybia; and we must think, that if Mr. Boswell will still persist in complimenting him in submitting to such *hardships*, it would be no bad retort in a Scotchman to say, it was like admiring a high-bred Frenchman's condescension in foregoing his Parisian sauces, and dining for a few days on plain English beef and pudding.

Mr. Boswell next narrates the attention paid by the first of the Scotch Literati to the English literary Colossus, which we think does honour to themselves. His description of Johnson's person and external manner is just and accurate (*for which see page 256 of this volume*); but discrimination is wanted when Mr. Boswell attempts to characterise his friend's genius and learning; and it is certainly a task of uncommon difficulty to draw the proper line in those parts of his character. For example, a man who highly relished both the pathetic and the descriptive sublime in poetry, might say, that Johnson neither felt nor understood them; in support of which he might cite many of the Doctor's criticisms on Gray, Collins, and others. Another, whose taste was wholly turned for the manly sense of nervous moral satire, and the workings of the affections displayed in moral apologues, must look upon Johnson as possessed of the very first powers of poetical genius, for in these he is most excellent. But Mr. Boswell has left it to some other, perhaps not happier hand to mark the proper bounds of the Doctor's genius and poetical taste; in some parts of which he was undoubtedly a superlative judge.

Dr. Johnson's principles are so well known to have been the very reverse of David Hume's scepticism in every thing but infidelity, that we are not surpris'd Mr. Boswell should suppress, *as much too rough*, something said of the latter by the former. But this mention of Hume leads our author

to say, "I have preserved some entertaining and interesting memoirs of him, particularly when he knew himself to be dying, which I may one time or other communicate to the world." It is devoutly to be hoped Mr. Boswell will not neglect the fulfilment of this hint, which, as he has thrown it out to the public, ought to be considered by him as a promise. He then proceeds to some just strictures on the panegyric letter prefixed to Hume's Life written by himself, and published by Dr. Adam Smith. We have heard some of Mr. Hume's most respectable and intimate friends severely condemn that Life, as written under the weakness of a dying man, and Dr. Smith's weakness in publishing it. Hume must have been *weak* indeed, when he wrote it; for it confesses and proves that his *own reputation* was the great and sole object, the very god of his heart; that he was miserable when the public neglected him, and was in all the heaven he seems to have wished, when at last he found his fame, as he fancied, was firmly established. The love of fame is a noble principle, and the parent of great and good actions; but when it runs to seed in such wild manner as is avowed by Hume, the goodness and utility of its principle exist no more, and we cannot but despise that mean selfish baseness of mind, which professes that its greatest and sole object in life was to erect a temple where *itself* might pay divine honours and worship to *itself*.

The next of Mr. Boswell's *memorabilia* worth our particular noting, runs thus: Dr. Robertson had said, "one man had more judgment, 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 tragick poetry."—*Boswell*. "Yet, sir, you did apply to tragick 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."

Had Dr. Johnson never written or said any thing better or wiser than the above, we should have had no scruple to set him down as the most consummate of all blockheads. No fact is more evident than that some men excel in judgement, some in imagination, and that the difference is constitutional, and not to be levelled by any assiduity. And there is a wide difference between *following one's nose* east or west in our walks, and following the natural bent of our genius, and acquiring a bent or genius which we have not. If Newton, or in consequence any scholar may by mere dint of assiduity "make a very fine epic poem," it follows, that any man by assiduity, ear and native taste and genius quite out of the question, may become a *Handel* in music or a *Reynolds* in painting. But what a figure would Johnson himself with all his assiduity have made in either of these arts, every one who knew him can easily conceive. Different arts and sciences require different temperaments of mind. Vivacity, or the sudden glow of imagination can never be acquired by plodding, no more than a lost limb can be restored by wishing for it with the greatest ardour. But not to enter farther into the reasons of the old adage, *poeta nascitur, non fit*, we would ask any defender of Dr. Johnson in the above tenets, if any such exist, why has the age seen only *one Garrick*? Surely any degree of *acting* is much more in the power of assiduity, or *turning your head* that way, than mental poetical feeling and conception, without which there can be no *very fine* epic poem produced. Yet unless nature has done her part, no cultivation of manner or understanding, however otherwise good, will ever produce a great actor; or could have taught a Johnson, even in his earliest youth, how to dance a minuet gracefully. In a word, Mr. Boswell has mistaken the Doctor. He was not serious. He was only trying how far he could lead the company by *specious* argument, which Mr. Boswell says he sometimes amused himself with doing; though we cannot much praise the good-manners of such tricks in the presence of a name so respectable in literature as that of Dr. Robertson.

(To be continued.)

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. Tyrocinium, or, a Review of Schools; and the History of John Gilpin. London. J. Johnson, 1785.

(Concluded from p. 381.)

HAVING in our last given the outline of the first book of this poem and some extracts from it, we now proceed to take

some notice of the remaining books, and the small poems added to it. The second book opens with reflections suggested by the conclusion

election of the former, in which the author recommends peace among the nations on the principle of their common fellowship in sorrow; shews, after enumerating prodigies and mentioning the earthquakes in Sicily, that sin renders man obnoxious to such calamities, in which the Almighty displays his agency; reproves that philofophy which stops at second causes; accounts for late miscarriages; and after observing that the pulpit and not satire is the proper engine of reformation, he stigmatizes in forcible language the Rev. Advertiser of engraved Sermons.

“But hark — the Doctor’s voice! — Fast between

Two empirics he stands, and with swol’n cheeks

Inspires the News, his trumpet.—Keener far Than all inveſtive is his bold harangue, While thro’ that public organ of report He hails the clergy, and, deſying ſhame, Announces to the world his own and theirs. He teaches thoſe to read whom ſchools diſmiſs’d,

And colleges untaught; ſells accent, tone, And emphasis in ſcore; and gives to pray’r Th’ *Adagio* and *Andante* it demands. He grinds divinity of other days Down into modern uſe; transforms old print

To zig-zag manuſcript, and cheats the eyes Of gall’ry critics by a thouſand arts.— Are there who purchaſe of the Doctor’s ware?

Oh, name it not in Gath! — It cannot be, That grave and learned Clerks ſhould need ſuch aid.

He doubtleſs is in ſport, and does but droll; Aſſuming thus a rank unknown before, Grand caterer and dry-nurſe of the Church.”

After drawing a ſtriking likenefs of a peſit-maitre parſon, he thus apoſtrophizes the bench of biſhops:

“From ſuch apoſtles, Oh ye mitred heads, Preſerve the church! and lay not careleſs hands

On *ſkulls* that cannot teach, and will not learn.”

Nor is he leſs ſevere on what he calls “theatrical clerical coxcombs.” The following picture, the original of which is too often to be ſeen, is highly finiſhed.

“Some decent in demeanor while they preach, That taſk performed, reſapſe into themſelves, And having ſpoken wiſely, at the cloſe Grow wanton, and give proof to ev’ry eye, Whoe’er was edified, themſelves were not.

Forth comes the pocket-mirror. Firſt, we ſtroke

An eye-brow; next, compoſe a ſtraggling lock;

Then with an air, moſt gracefully perform’d, Fall back into our ſeat; extend an arm, And lay it at its eaſe with gentle care,

With handkerchief in hand depending low. The better hand more buſy, gives the noſe Its bergamot, or aids th’ indebted eye With op’ra-glaſs to watch the moving ſcene, And recognize the ſlow-retiring fair.

Now this is fulſome! and offends me more Than in a church-man ſlovenly neglect And ruſtic coarſeneſs would. An heav’nly mind

May be indifferent to her houſe of clay, And ſlight the hovel as beneath her care; But how a body ſo fantaſtic, trim, And quaint in its department and attire, Can lodge an heav’nly mind—demands a doubt.”

It were an endleſs taſk to point out the various and many beauties with which this poem abounds: deſcription however ſeems to be our author’s forte; he delineates from nature in a faithful as well as a maſterly manner. His deſcription of a winter’s walk at noon will ſerve as a ſpecimen.

“The night was winter in his rougheſt mood,

The morning ſharp and clear. But now at noon

Upon the ſummer ſide of the ſlant hills, And where the woods fence off the northern blaſt,

The ſeaſon ſmiles, reſigning all its rage, And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue

Without a cloud, and white without a ſpeck The dazzling ſplendour of the ſcene below. Again the harmony comes o’er the vale, And thro’ the trees I view th’ embattled tow’r

Whence all the muſic. I again perceive The ſoothing influence of the waſted ſtrains, And ſettle in ſoft muſings as I tread

The walk ſtill verdant under oaks and elms, Whoſe out-ſpread branches over-arch the glade.

The roof, though moveable through all its length

As the wind ſways it, has yet well ſufficed, And intercepting in their ſilent fall

The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me. No noiſe is here, or none that hinders thought.

The red-breſt warbles ſtill, but is content With ſlender notes, and more than half-ſuppreſs’d.

Pleas’d

Pleased with his solitude, and sitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he
shakes

From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,
That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below.
Stillness accompanied with sounds so soft
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here
the heart

May give an useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his books."

Though the language of this poem in some instances is not so elevated as the subject may seem to require, it in general possesses great merit, and to the serious well-disposed reader will afford both pleasure and profit. Of the smaller pieces, the Epistle to Mr. Hill places the mere professions of friendship in a proper though not a pleasing light,

and concludes with a well-turned compliment to that gentleman. The Tyrocinium contains some strictures on the education of youth in public schools; which though in some instances they are but too well founded, are upon the whole we think too severe and indiscriminate. Public seminaries have undoubtedly their defects, but they have also advantages, which Mr. Cowper does not seem disposed to allow them. The laughable ballad which concludes the book, is universally known and admired. The only remark we shall make on it is, that if Mr. Cowper had not acknowledged the hantling, we should never have dreamed that it was in any degree related to the author of the Task. But such is the transitoriness of human happiness, that no sooner had John Gilpin found a parent, than he lost his best friend.

Hinde's Modern Practice of the Court of Chancery. 8vo. 9s. Brooke. 1785.

TO this publication we may apply the observation of an eminent lawyer in his directions to the student in the perusal of books of this kind, *that the last is usually the best* *. This must necessarily be the case where there does not exist a great want of ability or attention in the author or compiler of works like this now before us, which treats of the modern practice of the Court of Chancery, being in its nature a subject in a peculiar manner liable to alteration from the novelty and variety of the objects that fall within the cognizance of that court. Among those who have preceded this author in the task of ascertaining the limits and distinctions that regulate the practice of this court, the compiler of the *Practical Register in Chancery*, and the very intelligent author of the *Treatise of Pleadings in Chancery by English bill* †, appear to have illustrated the subject in the

manner best adapted to the use of the more scientific practitioner at the bar. But it seems to have been the plan of the author of the present work to accommodate it to the service of the more extensive circle of those who may occasionally in any shape be concerned in prosecuting suits in Chancery. With this intent he appears to have availed himself of the labours of his predecessors in the like undertaking, particularly of those above-mentioned; to have digested in a new method the various adjudged cases (including several not before extant) and the orders of the court on points of practice, with observations on the course of the proceedings; and to have added a variety of precedents of the common forms of affidavits, petitions, &c. now in use in the conduct of the process, from the commencement of the suit to the decree.

Reports of Cases in Chancery, by William Brown, of the Inner Temple, Esq. Folio, 11. 5s. in boards. Brooke. 1785.

THIS Work must necessarily prove a very acceptable service to that part of the profession in particular, who are principally engaged in attendance upon the Court of Chancery; no gentleman having been induced to take the task of reporting the determinations of that court since those of the time of Lord Hardwicke. The above collection of Cases contains the determinations

of the present Chancellor, as also those of the late Lords Commissioners; including several valuable notes of others determined by the Lords Northington, Camden, and Bathurst, which have occasionally been cited in arguments.

We are informed, that these Reports have been already received with approbation on the bench and at the bar.

* Blackst. Com. b. 3. c. 18.

† John Mitford, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn.

Bacon's Reading upon the Statute of Uses. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Brooke. 1785.

THIS is a republication, with some corrections and improvements (in the way of references to authorities), of a tract which is esteemed a very learned and profound treatise upon an abstruse and complicated subject in the law of conveyances.

Pleader's Assisant. 8vo. 7s. Brooke. 1785.

AMONG the great number of publications that have of late years appeared on the different subjects of law, we do not recollect any one of the nature of that before us, which consists of a selection of precedents of declarations, and the subsequent pleadings, in the variety of cases and actions that usually occur, of more modern date than those hitherto extant, being for the most part drawn by some of the most eminent special pleaders of the last fifty years. It

were to be wished, that some of the gentlemen who are now at the head of this branch of science would favour the profession with a more copious collection of this kind; but as that is an event rather to be hoped for than expected from them, the present publication will, we apprehend, in the mean time, under the present scarcity of information of this nature, prove a desirable acquisition to those who are engaged in the study or practice of this branch of the law.

Cooke's Bankrupt Law. 8vo. 8s. Brooke. 1785.

THIS publication has already met with very general approbation, among those who are the best judges of the manner of its execution; and it is with pleasure we have received information of the very flattering attention to merit which has marked the present work, in the appointment* conferred upon the author; which, while it is characteristic of the liberal mind of the noble lord who presides at the fountain-head of equity, cannot fail to produce a worthy emulation among the younger class of the gentlemen of the profession. The Bankrupt laws are unfortunately but too frequent in their application, and too generally extensive in their operation; and under the various combinations of circumstance and modifications of property, very often require the intervention of equitable construction, and the authority of

the courts of law, to carry them into effect. The purpose of digesting the laws as existing in the statutes enacted from time to time concerning Bankrupts, and the determinations that have been made upon them by the courts of law, in a methodical and perspicuous manner, is here executed with much more success than heretofore.—The work is rendered of still more utility to the practising lawyer, and to those who may be occasionally concerned in transacting the business under the commission, by the addition of a variety of precedents of forms and instruments incidental to the proceedings, bills of costs, &c.—all which, from communications which we understand the author has been favoured with, it may be presumed are applicable and well selected.

Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society. Vol. LXXV. for the Year 1785. Part II.

THE 16th article, being the first of the Second Part of this volume, contains observations on the rotatory motion of a body of any form whatever, revolving, without restraint, about any axis passing through its center of gravity. By Mr. John Landen, F. R. S.

Mr. Landen having in a former volume, and in his Mathematical Memoirs, shewn that not only a cylinder of uniform density, whose length is to its radius as the square root of 3 to 1, but a cone, a conoid, a prism, or a pyramid, &c. of certain dimensions, would continue, without any restraint, to revolve about any axis passing through its center of gravity, has now, by the improvements he has since made, been able to

extend his theory to the motion of *any body whatever*, how irregular soever its form may be. "When the axis," Mr. Landen says, "about which a body may be made to revolve, is not a permanent one, the centrifugal force of its particles will disturb its rotatory motion, so as to cause it to change its axis of rotation (and consequently its poles) every instant, and endeavour to revolve about a new one." He therefore proposes to determine in what track, and at what rate the poles of such momentary axis will be varied in any body whatever. This proposition is the more interesting, as, without the knowledge to be obtained from the solution of such problem, we cannot be certain whether the earth, or any other planet, may not, from the

inertia

* To be one of the Commissioners of Bankrupts.

inertia of its own particles, so change its momentary axis, that the poles thereof shall approach nearer and nearer to the present equator; or whether the evagation of the momentary poles, arising from that cause, will not be limited by some known lesser circle.

M. Leonard Euler, and M. D'Alembert have given solutions of this problem, but their conclusions differ greatly from those deduced by Mr. Landen. They represent the angular velocity, and the momentum of rotation of the revolving body, as always *variable*, when the axis about which it has a tendency to revolve is a momentary one, except in a particular case: whereas by M. Landen's investigation it appears, that the angular velocity and the momentum of rotation will always be *invariable* in any revolving body, though the axis about which it endeavours to revolve be continually varied; and the tracks of the varying poles upon the surface of the body are thereby determined with great facility.

It is not only observable," he says, "that the tracks which the varying poles take, in the surface of any revolving body, are such that the momentum of rotation may continue the same whilst its angular velocity continues the same; but it may be observed, that, in any given body, there is only one such track which a momentary pole can pursue from any given point."

It appears from the theory explained in this paper, that a *parallelepipedon* may always be conceived of such dimensions, that being by some force or forces made to revolve about an axis passing through its center of gravity, with a certain angular velocity, it shall move exactly in the same manner as any other given body will move, if made to revolve, by the same force or forces, about an axis passing through its center of gravity; the quantity of matter (as well as the initial angular velocity) being supposed the same in both bodies; and due regard being had to the application of the moving force or forces to the corresponding planes in the bodies.

Mr. Landen, after directing how to find such parallelepipedon, proceeds to shew how it will revolve about successive momentary axes, by which means he is enabled to define how any body whatever will revolve about such axes; and, after making his objections to, and pointing out the radical errors of Mess. Euler and D'Alembert on this subject, concludes, "that the evagation of the pole of a revolving body does not arise from gravity, the attraction of any other body, or any external impulse whatever; but is only the consequence of the *inertia of matter*, and must necessarily ensue, according to the theory here explained, in every body

in the universe, after having been made to revolve, without restraint, about any line passing through its center of gravity, that is not a *permanent* axis of rotation."

Applying this theory to the earth, Mr. Landen says, "supposing the earth's rotatory motion to be disturbed *only* by the centrifugal force arising from the *inertia* of its own particles, the track of polar evagation with us will be nearly circular, and the radius of the limiting circle very small."

The theory here explained proves, that the axis of rotation in other planets may possibly vary greatly in position, merely through the *inertia of matter*; whilst Providence has so ordered it, that the position of the axes of rotation of this planet shall, by that cause, be but very little altered.

Art. 17. Description of a new marine animal, in a letter from Mr. Everard Home, surgeon, to John Hunter, Esq. F. R. S. with a postscript by Mr. Hunter, containing anatomical remarks upon the same.

"This animal was found on the south coast of Barbadoes, close to Charles Fort, about a mile from Bridge-Town, in some shoal water separated from the sea by the stones and sand thrown up by the dreadful hurricane which happened in the year 1780.

"The animal, with the shell, is almost entirely enclosed in the brain-stone, so that at the depth in which they generally lie, they are hardly discernible through the water, from the common surface of the brain-stone; but when in search of food they throw out two cones, with membranes twisted round them in a spiral manner, which have a loose fringed edge, looking at the bottom of the sea like two flowers.

"The animal when taken out of the shell, including the two cones and their membranes, is five inches in length; of which the body is three inches and three-quarters, and the apparatus for catching its prey, which may be considered as its tentacula, about one inch and a quarter.

"The body of the animal is attached to its shell for about three-quarters of an inch in length, at the anterior part where the cones arise, by means of two cartilaginous substances, with one side adapted to the body of the animal, the other to the internal surface of the shell: the rest of the body is unattached, of a darkish white colour, about half an inch broad, a little flattened and rather narrower towards the tail. The muscular fibres upon its back are transverse, those on the belly longitudinal, making a band the whole length of the body, on the edge of which the transverse fibres running across the back terminate.

"The two cartilaginous substances by which

which the animal adheres to its shell, are placed on each side of the body, and join on the back of the animal; they are about three quarters of an inch long, very narrow at their anterior end, becoming broader as they go backwards; and at the posterior end they are of the whole breadth of the body of the animal. On their external surface are six transverse ridges, or narrow folds; and along their external edges, at the end of each ridge, is a little eminence resembling the point of a hair pencil; so that there are six little projecting studs on each side of the animal for the purpose of adhering to the sides of the shell.

“From the end of the body, between the two upper ends of these cartilages, arise what I suppose to be the tentacula, consisting of two cones, each having a spiral membrane twining round it; they are close to each other at their bases, and diverge as they rise up, being about one inch and a quarter in length, and nearly one-sixth of an inch in thickness at their base, and gradually diminishing till they terminate in points. The membranes which twine round them originate likewise from the body of the animal, and make five spiral turns and a half round each cone, being lost in their points; they are loose from the cone at the lowest spiral turn, and are nearly half an inch broad; they are exceedingly delicate, and have at small distances, fibres running across them from their attachment at the stem to the loose edge, which gives them a ribbed appearance. These fibres are continued about one-tenth of an inch beyond the membrane, having their edges finely serrated, like the tentacula of the actinæ found in Barbadoes.

“Behind the origin of these cones arises a small shell, which for the one-sixth of an inch from its attachment to the animal, is very slender; it is about three-fourths of an inch long, considerably broader at the other end, which is flat, and about one third of an inch broad; the flattened extremity is covered with a kind of hair, and has rising out of it two small claws about one-sixth of an inch in length. If the hair and mucus entangled in it be taken away, this extremity of the shell becomes concave, is of a pink colour, and the two claws rising out from its middle part have each three short branches, not unlike the horns of a deer. The body of this shell has a soft cartilaginous covering, with an irregular but polished surface: on this the cones rest in their collapsed state, in which state the whole of the shell is drawn into the cavity of the brain-stone, excepting the flattened end with the two claws.

“Before the cones there is a thin mem-

brane, which appears to be of the same length with the shell just described. In the collapsed state it lies between the cones and the shell which contains the animal; but when the tentacula are thrown out, it is also protruded.

“The shell of the animal is a tube, very thin, and adapted to its body, the internal surface smooth, and of a pinkish-white colour; its outer surface is covered by the brain-stone in which it is enclosed, and its turnings and windings are numerous. The end of the shell, which opens externally, rises above the surface of the stone on one side half an inch, for about half the circumference of the aperture, bending a little forwards over it, and narrowing as it goes up, terminates at last in a point just over the center of the opening of the shell; on the other side, it forms a round margin to the surface of the brain-stone.

“The animal when at rest is wholly concealed in its shell; but when it seeks for food, the moveable shell is pushed slowly out with the cones; and when the whole is exposed, the moveable shell falls a little back, and the membrane round each cone is expanded, the tentacula at the basis having just room enough to move without touching each other.

“The membranes have a slow spiral motion, which continues during the whole time of their expansion, and the tentacula upon the edges are in constant action. The motion of the membrane of one cone seems to be a little different from that of the other; and they change from the one kind of motion to the other alternately, a variation in the colour of the membrane taking place at the same time, either becoming a shade lighter or darker; and this change of the colour, while the whole is in motion, produces a pleasing effect, and is most striking when the sun is very bright.

“While the membranes are in motion, a little mucus is often separated from the tentacula at the point of the cone. Upon the least motion being given to the water, the cones are immediately and very suddenly drawn in.”

Art. 18. A description of a new system of wires in the focus of a telescope, for observing the comparative right ascensions and declinations of celestial objects; together with a method of investigating the same when observed by the rhombus, though it happen not to be truly in an equatorial position. By the Rev. Francis Wollaston, L. L. B. F. R. S.

Art. 19. An account of a stag's head and horns, found at Alport, in the parish of Youlgreave, in the county of Derby, in a

letter from the Rev. Robert Barker, P. D. to John Jebb, M. D. F. R. S.

These horns were found in a quarry of that kind of stone called tuft, formed by the deposit left by water passing through beds of sticks, stones, vegetables, &c. At about six feet from the surface, in a very solid part of the rock, a large piece was taken out entire, in which appeared the tips of three or four horns, projecting a few inches from it, and the scapula of some animal adhering to the outside of it. On clearing away the stone from the horn, it was found to contain a very large stag's head, with two antlers upon each horn in very perfect preservation inclosed in it.

Though the horns are much larger than those of any stag Mr. Barker had ever seen, yet from the sutures in the skull appearing very distinct in it, he supposes it was not the head of a very old animal. The horns are of that species which park-keepers call throstle-nett horns, from the peculiar formation of the upper part of them, which is branched out into a number of small antlers, which form a hollow about large enough to contain a thrush's nest.

The river Larkell runs down the valley, and part of it falls into the quarry where these horns were found; the water of which has not the property of incrusting any bodies it passes through. It is therefore probable, that the animal to which these horns belonged, was washed into the place where they were found, at the time of some of those convulsions which contributed to raise part of this island out of the sea.

Dimensions of the Horns found at Alport.

	ft.	in.
Circumference at their insertion into the corona	0	9 $\frac{1}{2}$
Length of the lowest antler	1	2
Length of second ditto	0	11 $\frac{1}{2}$
Length of third ditto	1	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Length of the horn	3	3 $\frac{1}{2}$

Art. 20. An account of the sensitive quality of the tree *Averrhoa Campbala*. In a letter from Robert Bruce, M. D. to Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. P. R. S.

The *Averrhoa Carambola* of Linnæus is a native of Bengal, where it is called Camru, or Camruna; it possesses a power somewhat similar to those species of *Mimosa* which are termed sensitive plants; its leaves on being touched move very perceptibly.

In the *Mimosa* the moving faculty extends to the branches, but from the hardness of the wood this cannot be expected in the Camruna. The leaves are alternately pinnated with an odd one, and in their com-

mon position in the day-time are horizontal, or on the same plane with the branch from which they come out. On being touched they move downwards, frequently in so great a degree that the two opposite ones almost touch one another by their under sides, and the young ones sometimes come into contact, or even pass each other.

The whole of the leaves on one pinna move by striking the branch with any hard substance, or each leaf can be moved singly by making an impression that does not extend beyond the leaf.

It seemed surprising that notwithstanding this apparent sensibility of the leaf, large incisions might be made into it with a sharp pair of scissars without occasioning the smallest motion; nay, it might be almost entirely cut off, and the remaining part still continue unmoved. But on examination it appeared, that though the leaf was the ostensible part which moved, it was in fact entirely passive, and that the petiolus was the seat both of sense and action.

By compressing the universal petiolus near the place where a partial one comes out, the leaf moves in a few seconds in the same manner as if the partial petiolus had been touched. The motion however produced, does not instantly follow; some seconds generally intervene, and then it is not by a jerk, but regular and gradual; and when the leaves return to their former situation, which is generally in about a quarter of an hour, it is so slowly as scarce to be perceptible.

On sticking a pin into the origin of the universal petiolus, the leaf next it is first affected, and so on progressively; the outward leaves of the pinna seem, however, to be more quickly affected than the inner.

If the leaves happen to be blown against one another, or against the branches, they are frequently put in motion, but the branch moved gently either by the hand or wind produces no effect.

When left to themselves in the day-time, shaded from sun, wind, or rain, the appearance of the leaves is different from that of other pinnated plants. In the last an uniformity of position of the leaves subsists: but here some will be seen in the horizontal plane, some raised above it, and others fallen below it.

Cutting the bark of the branch down to the wood, and separating it so as to stop all communication by the vessels of the bark, does not for the first day affect the leaves either in their position or aptitude for motion.

After sun-set, the leaves go to sleep, first moving down so as to touch one another by their

tiseir under fides. The rays of the sun have been collected by a convex lens on a leaf so as to burn a hole in it without occasioning any motion: but when the experiment has been tried on the petiolus, the motion has been quick, as if from a strong percussion: and the leaves move very fast from a very gentle electrical shock.

The petals of the *Averrhoa* are connected by the lower part of the lamina, and in this way they fall off, while the ungues are quite distinct. The stamina are in five pairs, placed in the angles of the germen. Of each pair only one *filamen* is fertile, or furnished with an anthera. The filaments are curved, adapted to the shape of the germen. They may be pressed down gently, so as to remain; and then when moved a little upwards, rise with a spring. The fertile are twice the length of those destitute of antheræ.

Art. 21. An account of some experiments on the loss of weight in bodies, on being melted or heated, by George Fordyce, M. D. F. R. S.

A glass globe of near 3 inches diameter, weighing about 451 grains, had about 1700 grains of New-river water poured into it, and was hermetically sealed, so that the whole, when perfectly clean, weighed 2150 31-32ds of a grain exactly; the heat being brought to 32 degrees by placing it in a cooling mixture of salt and ice till it just began to freeze, and shaking the whole together.

After it was weighed, it was again put into the freezing mixture for about 20 minutes; it was then taken out, carefully wiped, and weighed, and was found to have gained 1-60th part of a grain.

When the whole was frozen, it was again carefully wiped, and weighed, and found to have gained 1-16th of a grain and four divisions of the index. Upon standing in the scale for about a minute it began to lose weight; and in about half an hour, every thing being at the same temperature, it was again weighed, and found to have lost 1-8th and five divisions; so that it weighed 1-16th all but one division, more than when the water was fluid.

The ice was now melted, excepting a very small quantity, and the glass vessel left exposed to the air, in the temperature of 32 degrees, for a quarter of an hour; the little bit of ice continued nearly the same. It was now again weighed, and found to be heavier than the water was at first, one division of the beam.

The beam made use of, on this occasion, was so adjusted, as that with a weight between four and five ounces in each scale, 1-1000th part of a grain made a difference of one division on the index.

Art. 22. contains sketches and descriptions of three simple instruments for drawing architecture and machinery in perspective, by Mr. James Peacock.

Without the annexed plates, the account of these instruments would be totally unintelligible.

Art. 23. Experiments on Air, by Henry Cavendish, Esq. F. R. S. and S. A.

Mr. Cavendish having in a paper printed in the last volume of the *Philosophical Transactions*, given his reasons for thinking that the diminution produced in atmospheric air by phlogistication, is not owing to the generation of fixed air; and hinted, that it seemed most likely, that the phlogistication of air by the electric spark, was owing to the burning of some inflammable matter in the apparatus; and that the fixed air supposed to be produced in that process, was only separated from that inflammable matter by the burning; does by the experiments here recited endeavour to prove, that the chief cause of the diminution which common air, or a mixture of common dephlogisticated air, suffers by the electric spark, is the conversion of the air into nitrous acid.

Art. 24. contains an account of the measurement of a Base on Hounslow Heath, by Major General William Roy, F. R. S. and A. S.

This measurement was undertaken in consequence of a memoir transmitted in 1783, by Comte d'Adhemar, the French Ambassador, to Mr. Fox, then one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State. In this memoir M. Cassini de Thury sets forth the great advantages that would accrue to astronomy, by a series of triangles from the neighbourhood of London to Dover, there to be connected with those already executed in France; by which combined operations the relative situations of the two most famous observatories in Europe, Greenwich and Paris, would be more accurately ascertained than they are at present. The present paper contains a minute description of the several ingenious instruments contrived for the purpose of taking the measurement of the Base with the greatest possible exactness; and a journal of the proceeding from day to day, till the operation was ultimately concluded, illustrated by a plan shewing the situation of the Base, and four plates tending to explain the nature of the instruments employed on the occasion, together with a table of the expansion of metals, deduced from experiments made with the microscopic pyrometer, in April 1785.

The last article in this volume is an abstract of a Register of the Barometer, Ther-

rometer, and Rain, at Lyndon, in Rutland, 1784, by Thomas Barker, Esq; also of the Rain at South Lambeth, Surry; and at Sel-

bourn and Fyfield, Hampshire, communicated by Thomas White, Esq. F. R. S.

Francis the Philanthropist, an Unfashionable Tale. 3 Vols. 12mo. 7s. 6d. sewed. London. Lane. 1785.

THESE volumes are considerably superior to the generality of the productions of that prolific hotbed, a Circulating Library. The author has deviated from the beaten path of epistolary correspondence, which while it helps to spin out the insipid tale, is an indubitable proof of the want of taste at least, if not of abilities in the writer. His language is easy, and free from that servile imitation of some admired authors, which novel-writers in general affect, without succeeding in the attempt. The tale, without being complex, is interesting; the characters are well drawn; the observations shrewd and forcible, without being affected; and when the author aims at being pathetic, he never fails to inspire his readers with a pleasing sensibility, the unerring criterion of merit in this species of writing. In his introductory chapter, he tells the following tale, which we shall give as a specimen of the work.

"During the rage of the last continental war in Europe, occasion—no matter what—called an honest Yorkshire Squire to take a journey to Warfaw. Untravell'd and unknowing, he provided himself with no passport; his business concerned himself alone, and what had foreign nations to do with him?

"His route lay through the states of neutral and contending powers. He landed in Holland, pass'd the usual examination, but insisting that the affairs which brought him there were of a private nature, he was imprison'd—and question'd—and sifted;—and appearing to be incapable of design, was at length permitted to pursue his journey.

"To the officer of the guard which conducted him to the frontiers, he made frequent complaints of his treatment, and of the loss he should sustain by the delay; he swore it was uncivil, and unfriendly, and ungenerous;—five hundred Dutchmen might have travel'd through Great Britain without a question;—they never question'd any strangers in Great Britain—nor stopp'd them—nor imprison'd them—nor guarded them.—

"Rous'd from his native phlegm by these reflections on the policy of his country, the officer slowly drew the pipe from his mouth, and emitting the smoke from his mouth, "Mynheer," says he, "when you first set your foot on the land of the Seven United Provinces, you should have declar'd

that you came thither on affairs of commerce; and replacing his pipe, relaps'd into immovable taciturnity.

"Released from this unsocial companion, he soon arriv'd at a French post, where the centinel of the advanced guard request'd the honour of his permission to ask for his passports; and on his failing to produce any, he was intreated to pardon the liberty he took of conducting him to the Commandant, but it was his duty, and he must, however reluctantly, perform it.

"*Monfieur le Commandant* received him with cold and pompous politeness; he made the usual enquiries, and our traveller, determin'd to avoid the error which had produced such inconvenience to him, repli'd, that commercial concerns drew him to the continent.

"*Ma foi,*" says the Commandant, "*c'est un negociant, un bourgeois;*—take him away to the citadel, we will examine him to-morrow, at present we must dress for the *Comedie—Allons!*"

"*Monfieur,*" says the centinel, as he reconducted him to the guard-room, "you should not have mention'd Commerce to *Monfieur le Commandant;* no gentleman in France disgraces himself with trade; we despise traffic. You should have inform'd *Monfieur le Commandant,* that you enter'd the dominions of the *Grand Monarque* for the purpose of improving yourself in singing, or in dancing, or in dressing; arms are the profession of a man of fashion, and glory and accomplishments his pursuits.—*Vive le Roi!*"—He had the honour of passing the night with a French guard, and the next day he was dismiss'd.

"Proceeding on his journey, he fell in with a detachment of German Chasseurs: they demand'd his name, his quality, and his business in that country. He came, he said, to learn to dance—and to sing—and to dress.—"He is a Frenchman," said the corporal:—"A spy," cries the serjeant: and he was directed to mount behind a dragoon, and carried to the camp.

"The officer whose duty it was to examine prisoners, soon discover'd that our traveller was not a Frenchman, and that as he did not understand a syllable of the language, he was totally incapable of being a spy; he therefore discharged him, but not without advising him no more to assume the *frappery* character of a Frenchman.—"We Germans,"

lays

says he, "eat, drink, and smoke; these are our favourite employments, and had you informed the party that you followed no other business, you would have saved them, me, and yourself trouble.

"He soon approached the Prussian dominions, where his examination was still more strict; and on his answering that his only designs were to eat, and to drink, and to smoke,—
"To eat!—and to drink!—and to smoke!"—exclaimed the officer with astonishment; "Sir, you must be forwarded to Potsdam; war is the only business of mankind.

"But the acute and penetrating Frederic soon comprehended the character of our traveller, and gave him a passport under his own hand. "It is an ignorant and innocent Englishman," says the veteran; "the English are unacquainted with military duties; when they want a general they borrow him of me."

"At the barriers of Saxony he was again interrogated:—"I am a soldier," says our traveller; "behold the passport of the first warrior of the age!"—"You are a pupil of the destroyer of millions," replied the centinel; "we must send you to Dresden; and harkee, sir, conceal your passport, as you would avoid being torn to pieces by those whose husbands, sons, and relations, have been wantonly sacrificed at the shrine of Prussian ambition."

"A second examination at Dresden cleared him of suspicion. Arrived at the frontiers of Poland, he flattered himself his troubles were at an end; but he reckoned without his host.—"Your business in Poland?" interrogated the officer.—"I really don't

know, sir," replied the traveller.—"Not know your own business, sir?" resumed the officer; "I must conduct you to the Starost."

"For the love of God," says the wearied traveller, "take pity on me. I have been imprisoned in Holland for being desirous to keep my own affairs to myself; I have been confined all night in a French guard-house, for declaring myself a merchant; I have been compelled to ride seven miles behind a German dragoon, for professing myself a man of pleasure; I have been carried fifty miles a prisoner in Prussia, for acknowledging my attachment to ease and good living; and have been threatened with assassination in Saxony, for avowing myself a warrior; and therefore if you will have the goodness to let me know how I may render such an account of myself as may not give offence, I shall consider you as my friend and preserver."

"And as, in all human probability," continues our author, "different motives may be ascribed to us by our different readers, and we are extremely unwilling to incur the fate of the traveller by entering into disputes at our outset, we entreat those who may be of opinion that the merit of the work depends on the views of the author, to assign for us those by which they would themselves be actuated; and if they should all happen to be wrong, we promise not to be offended."

Our sole motive for giving so long an extract, is to induce our readers to peruse the whole work; and if they receive as much pleasure as we have done in the perusal of it, we shall be doubly gratified.

British Rights Asserted; or, the Minister Admonished. 8vo. 6d. Debrett.

THIS pamphlet is an attack on the Shop-Tax, which is treated as being partial and oppressive. The author is but an in-

different champion in a good cause—*hauri tali auxilio.*

Report of the Cricklade Case. 8vo. 9s. T. Payne.

A Very good account of a very iniquitous transaction. Mr. Petrie, who commenced and carried on the prosecutions in

this celebrated case of *Election Integrity*—is the publisher.

The Life of the Reverend Isaac Watts, D. D. by Samuel Johnson, LL.D. with Notes, containing Animadversions and Additions. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Rivington.

THIS publication seems to be no bad specimen of Mr. Vamp the title page maker's abilities. It promises considerably more than it performs; and after borrowing Dr. Johnson's name to—What shall we call

it?—*Mislead* is too mild a term—the easy credulous purchaser, abuses the innocent instrument of their imposition.—*Quis talia fundo temperet?*

London Unmasked; or, the New Town Spy. 8vo. 2s. Adlard.

THE manner in which the scenes of vice and folly with which the metropolis abounds, are here delineated in a manner

so coarse, that however disgusting the original may be, the copy exceeds it.

Poems on Various Subjects, by Ann Thomas, of Milbrook, Cornwall, an Officer's Widow of the Royal Navy. 4to. 3s. B. Law.

CRITICISM avaunt! when misfortune pleads, especially in favour of the widow of a man who perhaps fell in the defence of his country. If our female poet's productions

will not secure her fame, we hope they will do more—provide her—what is better than empty praise——“solid pudding.”

Hyper-Criticisms on Miss Seward's *Louisa*. 8vo. 1s. Dilly.

THE Author is a warm defender of Miss Seward's elegant, though not, as he wishes to convince us, totally immaculate performance. We have given our opinion fully on the subject, and though we allowed Miss Seward her just due, freely pointed out

what we thought exceptional in her poem. Of the author of this piece we shall only say with the Man of Taste,

Critics, we own, are valuable men,
But Hypercritics are as good again.

Observations on the Scurvy, Gout, Diet, and Remedy, by Francis Spilbury, Chymist. London. G. and T. Wilkie. 1785.

IN perusing these Observations, our attention was engaged by a caution to the public, concerning the unsuspected cause of tormenting pains in the stomach and bowels. The author of this little treatise deserves much praise for his philanthropic endeavours

to serve his fellow-creatures; particularly for his advice to the valetudinarian relative to diet. Whatever defects may be objected to his style by a fastidious reader, are amply compensated by his benevolent intentions.

The *EUROPEAN MAGAZINE* for NOVEMBER, REVIEWED.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

Red-Lion Inn, High Wycombe, Dec. 12. 1785.

On a late journey to Town, I purchased your valuable magazine at Oxford, to be my companion, during a lonely evening, at a country inn; and on perusal of it a thought struck me, that a review of every last month's magazine might afford an entertaining article for the next. As a sketch of the plan I would propose, I send you the following observations on some of the Articles of your last, which if you please to honour with insertion, are much at your service.

THE verses by the Earl of Carlisle, written at Eton School, and characteristic of his school-fellows, are elegant, and discover a generous disposition; but some of his heroes have not fulfilled his lordship's liberal prophecies of them. But though rather a *false prophet*, happy it were for the public, if more of the young nobility would cultivate polite literature, as Carlisle has done; we might then expect their ambition would climb to somewhat more fitting their birth than a *coach-box*, or even the merit of driving a *gig*.

The Fragment of *Leo*, page 334, justly ridicules that critical sagacity which supposes that an old woman lending a shilling for a penny a-week, in an old ballad, put Shakespeare in mind of the story of Jacob and Laban in the Bible, to which he makes a fine allusion in the Merchant of Venice. This lending on usury, says the ballad,

—was the living of the wife,
Her Cow she did it call—

and in an age so fond as the present of eluci-

dating old texts, an illustration of the above may perhaps please some of your Readers.

Put a Cow in a clout,
She will soon run out——

is a common saying among the yeomanry of the Northern Counties, (where *old wife* is synonymous for *old woman*) and signifies the price of a Cow; and thence, metaphorically, any sum where one lives on the principal, without putting it to any use. The ballad evidently alludes to this saying, but reverses it by making the principal bring the milk of interest. It is common, I am told, in Scotland, when the *Laird* is liberal to the poor families near him, to honour him with the name of a *gude Milk Cow*, or the more familiar name of a *gude dweeping* (i. e. dropping or laying) *Goose*; which last compliment for benefits received, was seriously applied to the Great Object of worship, in one of the Presbyterian Churches in Edinburgh, about the beginning of the present century. See *Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence Displayed*, published at Edinburgh, in Queen Ann's Reign,

By the Reverend Mr. Caddel, one of the Curates of the Nonjurors Chapel.

I was acquainted with *Baskerville* the printer, but cannot wholly agree with the extracts concerning him, which you have given from Hutton's History of Birmingham. It is true, he was very ingenious in mechanics; but it is also well known, he was extremely illiterate, and his jokes and sarcasms on the Bible, with which his conversation abounded, shewed the most contemptible ignorance of Eastern history and manners, and indeed of every thing. His quarto edition of Milton's Paradise Lost, with all its splendor, is a deep disgrace to the English press. He could not spell himself, and knew not who could. A Warwickshire country-schoolmaster, of some parish charity-school, we presume, was employed by him to correct this splendid edition; and that dunce has spelled many words in it according to the vulgar Warwickshire pronunciation.—For example, many of the Western vulgar clap an *h* to every word beginning with an open vowel, or even the *w*; as *hood* for *wood*, *my harm* for *my arm*, *beggs* for *eggs*, &c. &c. and again, as viciously dropping the *h* in verbs, as *ave* for *have*, *as* for *has*, &c. &c. Many instances of this horrid ignorance we find in the ingenious Baskerville's splendid Milton, where *as* is often put for the verb *has*, and *has* for the conjunction *as*, with several others of this worse than *Cockney* family. Nor can I by any means agree with Mr. Hutton, that "it is to the lasting discredit of the British nation, that no purchaser could be found for his types."—What was the merit of his printing?—His paper was of a finer gloss, and his ink of a brighter black than ordinary; his type was thicker than usual in the thick strokes, and finer in the fine, and was sharpened at the angles in a novel manner. All these combined, gave his editions a brilliant rich look, when his pages were turned lightly over: but when you sit down to read them, the eye is almost immediately fatigued with the gloss of the paper and ink, and the sharp angles of the type: and it is universally known, that Baskerville's printing is *not* read; that the better sort of the London printing is infinitely preferable for use, and even for real sterling elegance. The Universities and London Book-sellers, therefore, are not to be blamed for declining the purchase of Baskerville's types, which, we are told, were bought by a Society at Paris, where tawdry silk and tinsel is preferred to the finest English broad-cloth, or even Genoa velvet. Mr. Hutton says, "If you ask what fortune Baskerville ought to have been rewarded with?—The most which can be comprised

in five figures.—If you further ask what he possessed?—The least; but none of it squeezed from the press." By this quaint *riddle-me-ree*, I suppose it is meant that Baskerville's genius ought to have been rewarded with £.99,999, good English money; but that such was the baseness of the age, he only died with £.11,111; and that none of this was *squeezed from the press*, is a full proof that there was more *glitter* than real merit or improvement in the boasted printing of Baskerville.

VERITAS, from Essex-street in the Strand, is angry with a correspondent in your Magazine for July, which is not at my hand. "He is as just a decider," says *Veritas*, "upon the merit of poetic composition as upon its originality, since he calls Mr. Mason's Ode on the Fate of Tyranny spiritless." Mr. Mason's Ode is indeed far from being spiritless. But if *Veritas* would insinuate that the stanzas he has cited have *original merit*, he ought to be informed that they are a close translation. Mr. Mason says,

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 heavens
shall bow.

But every thought and circumstance is from *Isaiab*, ch. xiv. v. 12, 13, 14. "How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, who didst weaken the nations! For thou saidst in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne *above the stars* of God; I will ascend above the heights of the clouds, I will be like the *Most High*."

The next stanza cited by *Veritas* is of the same kind.

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.

"Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms? that made

made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof, that opened not the house of his prisoners?" Isa. xiv. v. 16, 17.

That *Veritas* was *unconscious* of Maſon's translation is evident from his praise. "Perhaps," ſays he, "it is impoſſible to find poetry more truly ſublime than theſe ſtanzas; and he very ſagaciouſly adds, "I am afraid we muſt look in vain through the writings of a Barbauld, a Moſe, a Seward or a Williams, for poetry whoſe excellence ſhall rival that of the above ſtanzas."—Yet nothing but paraphraſe, *roſy car, van of day*, (included in the word *Lucifer*) *sapphire* added to the throne, &c. &c. is the property of Mr. Maſon. Nor is his paraphraſe in the laſt three lines the happieſt. The prophet ſays ſimply, "he opened not the houſe of his priſoners." Mr. Maſon adds imagery and perſonification; "ſtern Captivity ſtood at the gate of the crowded priſon, graſping the keys of Fate."—This is certainly turgid. We have read in the Pſalms, "Captivity led captive," a very bold perſonification of that tyrant-power which oppreſſes others itſelf led captive. But here that imperial power is debaſed to the idea of a mere jailor graſping his keys, which are thoſe of *Fate*. But the *keys of Fate* is a general term, and conveys no ſpecific idea, as is requiſite in perſonification. The ſame fault occurs in Mr. Mickle's Elegy on the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots, in Peaſch's collection.

The Houſe of Holy Rood in fullen ſtate
Bleak in the ſhade of rude piſ'd rocks appears;

Cold on the mountain's ſide, the type of
Fate*,
Its ſhatter'd walls a Romiſh chapel rears.

That a Romiſh chapel in ruins was the *type of Fate*, is ſtrangely unintelligible, though one zealous to defend the expreſſion might ſay the context explained it, viz. the ruins were the type of the *Queen's fate*: and ſo it may be ſaid for Maſon, his keys were thoſe which commanded the *fate* of the priſoners. But that poetry is and muſt be faulty where a great and extended idea, ſuch as is conveyed by the word *Fate*, muſt be reduced by the reader's ingenuity to a humble ſpecific application, ere the author's meaning can be diſcovered. Poetry ought to lead the imagination along with it; it is loſt when we ſtop to conſider.

But to draw to a concluſion: Your ſpecimen of Mr. Heron's improvement of the Engliſh language, p. 378, threw me into ſuch a convulſion of laughter, that my landlady burſt into the room, thinking I was fallen into fits. This Heron is indeed an *original*, but it is in abſurdity, ſelf-contradiction, and genuine dulneſs.

One word more, and adieu.—In Mr. Hariſon's Verſes on Suicide, p. 334, ſketched in November 1782, the concluding thought, that Religion puts ſelf-murder to flight, (viz. true religion, not fanatic deſpair) is evidently borrowed from Mr. T. Warton's moſt excellent ode, intitled, "The Suicide," printed in a ſmall, but truly claſſical collection of that gentleman's poems about nine years ago. I am, &c.

VIATOR.

A SPECIFIC for the SCURVY.

[From Capt. DRINKWATER'S "History of the Siege of Gibraltar."]

FEW arrivals, ſays Captain Drinkwater, (in his *History of the Siege of Gibraltar*), ever happened more ſeaſonably than a cargo of lemons and oranges, captured in a Daniſh dogger, from Malaga, which the Governor immediately purchaſed and diſtributed to the gariſon. The ſcurvy had made dreadful ravages in our hospitals, and more were daily confined: many however, unwilling to yield to the firſt attacks, perſevered in their duty to its more advanced ſtages. It was therefore not uncommon at this period, to ſee men, who ſome months before were hale and equal to any fatigue, ſupporting themſelves to their poſts upon crutches, and even with that aſſiſtance ſcarcely able to move along. The moſt fatal conſequences, in ſhort, to the Gariſon were to be appre-

hended from this terrible diſorder, when this Dane was happily directed to our relief.

The lemons were immediately adminiſtered to the ſick, who devoured them with the greateſt avidity. The ſalutary effects were almoſt inſtantaneous: in a few days, men who had been conſidered as irrecoverable, left their beds to congratulate their comrades on the proſpect of once more becoming uſeful to their country.

Mr. Cairncrofs, a ſurgeon of great eminence, who was preſent at this time and the remaining part of the ſiege, has favoured me with the following information relative to the ſcurvy, and the mode of uſing this vegetable acid; which, with his permiſſion, I inſert for the benefit of thoſe who may hereafter be under ſimilar circumſtances.

* Our correſpondent will perhaps be pleaſed to find his objection ſubmitted to, by its being removed in Doſſley's laſt continuation of his Collection, where the paſſage now ſtands thus, "type of her Fate."

“ The Scurvy which attacked the Gar-
 rison of Gibraltar, differed in no respect
 “ from that disease usually contracted by sailors
 “ in long voyages; and of which the imme-
 “ diate cause seemed to be the subsisting for
 “ a length of time upon salted provisions only,
 “ without a sufficient quantity of vegetables,
 “ or other acescent foods. The circumstance
 “ related in the voyage of that celebrated cir-
 cumnavigator, the late Lord Anson, of
 “ consolidated fractures disuniting, and the
 “ callosity of the bone being perfectly dissolv-
 “ ed, occurred frequently in our hospitals; and
 “ old sores and wounds opened anew from
 “ the nature of the disorder.

“ Various antiscorbutics were used with-
 out success, such as acid of vitriol, four
 “ crout, extract of malt, essence of spruce,
 “ &c. but the only specific was fresh lemons
 “ and oranges, given liberally; or when
 “ they could not be procured, the preserved
 “ juice in such quantities, from one to four
 “ ounces *per diem*, as the patient could bear.

“ Whilst the lemons were found, from one
 “ to three were administered each day as
 “ circumstances directed. The juice given
 “ to those in the most malignant state, was
 “ sometimes diluted with sugar, wine, or
 “ spirits; but the convalescents took it with-
 “ out dilution. Women and children were
 “ equally affected, nor were the officers ex-
 “ empted from this alarming distemper. It
 “ became almost general at the commence-
 “ ment of the winter season, owing to the
 “ cold and moisture; and in the beginning of
 “ spring, when vegetables were scarce.

“ The juice was preserved by adding to
 “ sixty gallons of expressed liquor, about
 “ five or ten gallons of brandy, which kept
 “ it in so wholesome a state, that several
 “ casks were opened in good condition at the
 “ close of the siege. The old juice was not
 “ however so speedily efficacious as the fruit,
 “ though, by persevering longer in its use, it
 “ seldom failed.”

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

Nov. 21. **M**RS. JORDAN, whose talents
 have been gradually opening
 upon the town since her first appearance, per-
 formed the characters of Imogen in *Cymbeline*
 and *The Romp*. From her tragic abili-
 ties we think little more than mediocrity is
 to be expected; but in the comic character
 of Miss Tomboy, she excelled every per-
 former that we know of at present on the
 English stage, and almost equalled the ce-
 lebrated Mrs. Clive. Mrs. Jordan has only to
 confine herself to parts calculated for her
 powers, and we doubt not to see her as great
 an ornament to the English stage, in her line,
 as Mrs. Siddons is acknowledged to be in the
 opposite walk.

25th. A new tragedy called **WERTER**
 was acted the first time at Bath, and afterwards
 at Bristol; and the following Prologue and
 Epilogue were spoken on the occasion:

P R O L O G U E

Spoken by Mr. BERNARD.

THE Tragic Muse, attach'd to regal shew,
 Too long has shunn'd the scenes of private
 woe!

In splendid diction she enrolls the great,
 And scorns the sorrows of a humbler state,
 Where hopeless love's to desperation driven,
 Or anguish lifts its plaintive voice to Heav'n.

Not so our Muse—who, with a partial care,
 Makes *Werter's Tale* a garb dramatic wear.
 Who has not read of *Werter*?—Hapless
 youth!

The slave of passion, honour, love, and truth!

EUROP. MAG.

What feeling breast has never felt a woe,
 While virtue bled beneath self-slaughter's
 blow!

Who has not sigh'd where, o'er the canvass
 warm,

The artist brings poor *Charlotte's* beauteous
 form!

Who but with her has hung o'er *Werter's*
 bier,

And shed with her the sympathetic tear?

Our Bard—a youth just loosen'd from the
 schools,

From grave Preceptors, and from College
 rules—

By me with dread anxiety he sues

Your best indulgence to his infant Muse.

He dar'd not trust this bantling of his brain
 ABOVE—where Wits and churlish Critics
 reign;

But brings his unadorn'd, his simple tale
 Here—where kind Candour's sweetest smiles
 prevail:

Where Judgment follows Mercy's gentle
 beams,

And beauty wards the blow, that rigour aims.

The morning blossom, in its early birth,
 Shews little prospect of its future worth;
 But warm'd by Summer's animating rays,
 To fruit it ripens, and with fruit repays.
 Our author thus, of your applause secure,
 In time may ripen, and become mature;

In time some chaste, some better story
write,
Which may afford perhaps an hour's del-
light,
—Perhaps repay the candour of to-night.

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. BERNARD.

ERE half recover'd from my scene of mad-
nets,
I'm sent, good folks, to cheer you from your
sadness,
For 'tis a rule which tyrant Custom teaches,
(The rule perhaps more honour'd in the
breach is)
When thro' long dismal tragedies you cry,
In trips Ma'am *Epilogue*—your handker-
chiefs to dry.

Well, Ladies! does the German love-sick
poet
Taste well upon the stage as in the closet?
Say, could you bear to sup another night
On food so simple, and so very light?

Our author, sure, few modern plays has
read,
Or what could e'er possess his youthful head
To write a tragedy on this pure plan?—
The characters are virtuous to a man!
No plumed King to kill his tyrant brother,
No rival Queens to poison one another;
No Spanish massacre, no Gallic pride,
And only one poor act of *Suicide*!

Who'er this *Werter* was, his life, or end,
Our British fair must ever call him friend.
His tale still pleas'd—yet still bedew'd the
eye—

Nay, made the tedious moments glibly fly,
When only your dear Lords perhaps were
by.

His tale, by *Bunbry's* magic touch pourtray'd,
Your brightest *Chambers* still has brighter
made;

E'en on the satin which preserves your hands,
The hapless *Werter's* pensive *Charlotte* stands;
His tale—the burthen sweet of many a son-
net— [Bonnet.
Now yields the *Werter* Cap and *Charlotte*

Seldom, if ever, have we brought to view,
Before those brilliant rows, a drama new;
Ever with anxious care have mutely stood,
Till London Critics deem'd the work as good.
“ Oh! cries a squeamish Miss of Town-
bred clay,

“ Who will endure to see a country play!
“ There's something so *desvins*, so grandly
seen,

“ At *Common-garden*, and at *Drury-lane*;

* This Epilogue was first spoken on the day when this much-lamented favourite was inter-
red.

“ Oh! I shall never bear this play-house
more,

“ A Country Author surely is a Bore.”

You who have often stamp'd the player's
worth,
May bring perhaps some sterling author
forth.

Who gave the bright Theatre Star a name,
And led the *Siddons* to the paths of fame?—
You!

Who rear'd the tender bud, whose dawn
now draws

On *Juliet* and *Euphrasia* just applause?
You!

Here *Henderson*—but memory heaves a sigh,
And points to where, scarce cold, his relics
lie*!

Here—here his genuine worth did first ap-
pear—
—And *Comedy* first found her *Edwin* here!

Authors, as well as actors, here may
spring,
If your applause but give their genius wing.
And where can Genius find so blest a seat,
As where the Graces and the Muses meet?
For our warm streams not only heal the
heart,
But wit, worth, beauty, love, and joy im-
part.

Variation for the BRISTOL THEATRE.

From the Lines on Mr. Henderson to the con-
clusion.

HERE, here, his genuine worth did once ap-
pear,

And Nature lost her darling *Powell* here.
Authors as well as Actors here may spring,
If your applause but give their genius wing.
And where can Genius find so blest a seat,
As where the Muses seem to dwell of late?
Where your own *Chatterton*—sweet *Fancy's*
child!

Lisp'd in pure verse his ancient wood-notes
wild;

And where the Nine dare even now t' inspire
Still humbler breasts with all his magic fire.

Bristol! to thee the world each tribute
pays,

Indulgent thou, receive a stranger's lays.

26. Mrs. Siddons performed Mrs. Love-
more in *The Way to Keep Him*, for the
first time. To speak of this lady as an ex-
cellent comedian we shall run some risk of
opposing the majority of the Theatre, who
seem to be determined to allow her only
one species of excellence. We are satis-

fied, however, that her range of characters is not confined to tragedy only. On this occasion she personated Mrs. Lovemore with great spirit, elegance and humour.

Dec. 1. Philaster was revived at Drury-Lane, in order to introduce Mr. Lawrence to the public notice, in the principal character. Mr. Lawrence formerly performed in Dr. Stratford's *Lord Ruffell*. We shall forbear to criticise this performer until he has made another attempt, in which perhaps he may be more successful. *Bellarion* by Mrs. Jordan.

8th. A comic opera, called *The Strangers at Home*, by Mr. Cobb, was performed for the first time at Drury Lane.

The first comic wit of the English drama observes, we hope, with more spleen than truth,

As Suffex men, who dwell upon the shore,
Look out, when storms arise and billows roar,
Devoutly praying with up lifted hands,
That some well-laden ship may strike the
sands,
To whose rich cargo they may make pre-
tence,
And fatten on the spoils of Providence ;
So critics throng to see a new play split,
And thrive and prosper on the wrecks of
wit.

The fate of *The Strangers at Home* would probably have gratified critics of this description, but for the intervention of Linley's music; which, though not of the first degree of merit, is composed and collected with considerable judgment and taste.

The success of *The Duenna*, and the much less deserving applause of *The Marriage of Figaro*, has turned the attention of our theatrical writers to Spanish plots. Hence that buffle, intricacy, and improbability which harrasses instead of interesting the mind.

A beautiful fable might have been produced on the business of this opera. Certain Florentines return from captivity, and continue in their habits of African slaves to discover the real characters of their mistresses and friends. The consequences of so advantageous an opportunity for inspecting the human heart might have given rise to such incidents, as to form the best comedy in the English language. We do not think the present opera deserves that title. Its dialogue has merit; but the effect of the whole is embarrassment with very little anxiety or interest.

It was extremely well performed; and the music being composed for the actors, their respective talents were advantageously displayed.

10th. Mrs. Warren, daughter of the late

Mr. Powell, was introduced for the first time at Covent Garden, in the part of *Elwina* in the tragedy of *Percy*.

We do not remember the generous passions of a numerous audience so much interested in the first appearance of a performer, as in that of Mrs. Warren. She seemed fully aware of the disposition of the house; and came on the stage sinking under the apprehension of very high though very friendly expectation. The perturbation of her mind was so great, and the part of *Elwina* so destitute of strong and genuine passion, that it was extremely difficult to form a judgment of her talents. Her person is rather dignified than beautiful; her countenance has a resemblance to that of her late father; and when her fears, and a farrago of sentimental inspidity, admitted of exertions, we thought she discovered a genius of a superior kind.

Before the play, the following Prologue was spoken by Mr. Holman:

“ TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,”

Has still been found the Prologue's friendly part;

But now a kind reception is our aim,
For one who has a more than common claim :
On your indulgence tremblingly depends
A helpless female—sure you'll be her friends !
'Tis Powell's daughter; he whose powerful
rays

At once burst forth, in full meridian blaze,
On this same spot—He wore the palm you
gave,

(Oh! state of envy!) wore it to the grave:
Though soon, alas! by Fate's relentless doom,
Lest the sad flage to fill an early tomb.

His life, though short, was in your service
past,

And zeal to please you warm'd him to the
last;

E'en his last falt'ring words, as life withdrew,
Boasted the favours he receiv'd from you ;
And when of every other sense bereft,
His gratitude to you alone was left.

I'm told there is amongst ye some who knew,
Nay, some who lov'd him; have they told
me true ?

Will you his daughter's efforts then refuse,
Under the banner of the self-same Muse
Which fir'd her father ! No ! she here shall try
If Nature, unadorn'd, can raise one sigh.

With you, then, it remains to fix her fate :
Yet oh! remember, ere it prove too late,
'Tis no Adept that comes—no rival Queen,
But one utator d in the mimic scene,
Without instruction ! unprotected too !
Save that protection she will meet from you :
If you adopt her, nothing can appall,
Except comparison !—She there must fall ;

Should her weak pow'rs with try'd Defert
be weigh'd,

At once you doom her to Oblivion's shade.

Oh! crush not then the merit she'll possess,
Or render it by competition less:

To such alarms she must not, need not
yield,

The father's fame shall be the daughter's
shield;

And if some sparks of genius should be
found,

Though mists of error may the light sur-
round;

Should merit's weakest, faintest beams appear,
The rays of kindness will expand them here:

If some hereditary powers she boast,

How faint so'er, they cannot here be lost;

Should she a shadow of his power possess,

To temper rage—to cheer—to sooth distress,

With magick power to seize the human
frame,

And bid self-love and social be the same,

You'll with a friendly hand the suppliant
raise:

And may she well reward your utmost
praise,

Spread a bold pinion like her tow'ring fire,

And fear a phoenix from parental fire!

14. The Fool, a Farce of which we gave some account on its first representation at Drury-lane Theatre for Mrs. Wells's benefit last season, was performed at Covent Garden. The chief aim of it is to display the powerful comic talents of that actress in characters of real or affected simplicity. Mr. Popham, the author of this farce, has altered it and made some additions to it since last year; but he has not improved it by his alterations. The characters were in general well performed; that of Laura in the hands of Mrs. Wells, is a most capital piece of acting.

The Fool was introduced by a new Prologue, which, though not the most finished of its kind, was extremely full of whimsical point, and produced a repetition of roars of laughter and applause, to the excitement of which Mr. Lewis did not a little contribute by his excellent and happy manner of delivering it.

20. OMAI, or A Trip round the World, a Pantomime, was performed the first time at Covent Garden.

The various representations which enrich this Pantomime of distant regions where Nature wears an aspect so unlike her European dress, impart to the mind the highest gratification.—The objects seem on a large scale.—The faithful hand of *Painting* has lent her best aid; and *Musick* has accompanied with her grandest effects.—A *spectacle* so recommended cannot fail of requiring the spirit of that active Manager, who, on every

occasion, makes the pleasure of the public his principal study.

The following is a sketch of the scenery:

PART I.

The Pantomime opens in the island of Otaheite—Scene I. is a Morai, or repository for the dead: the spot is a beautiful *coup d'oeil*, a woody recess; and through the umbrage of the trees, the moon reddens, and is at length totally eclipsed; during this, a priest or magician invokes the *Genii* of the island. The most sublime effect is produced by the accompanying music. Mr. Darley, who personates the magician, never had, upon any other occasion, equal opportunity of discovering the merit he possesses as a singer. Some magical transitions ensue, and an arbor of roses appears, in which Britannia, and Londina, a character of the Pantomime, are seen.

Scene II. Inside of the Royal Repository, lighted by a sepulchral lamp. Inside of a Morai of the ancestors of Omai.—The solemnity of the music, and its fine transitions, during this scene, do the composer great honour. Several passages are modulations on the vernacular airs of Otaheite, to make the performance as characteristic as possible. Mrs. Kennedy here appears to great advantage.

Scene III. A view of Plymouth Sound, with part of Mount Edgecumbe.—In the fore-ground, anchors, guns, gun-carriages, and other naval stores are seen; several ships of war appear at a distance, and in a further valve, the offing, bounded by the horizon, appears. Ships are seen under sail, in actual motion. Here Omai lands, and the music begins to assume the usual strains of a pantomime.

Scene IV. The audience-room of a Justice. A humorous effect is produced in this scene by means of a magical plume, the scent of which occasions six persons present to sneeze, whistle, laugh, cry, and dance respectively. During this they perform a glee, the accompaniments of which are highly expressive.

Scene V. Kensington Gardens.—Various walking groups seen.—Some Equestrians to be observed at a distance. The horses are the worst part of the execution.

Scene VI. and VII. do not exhibit any striking spectacle.

Scene VIII. A view of Margate from behind the Pier. Some cutters are seen working out to sea, and at length the ship in which Omai takes his passage, gets under way, and disappears.

PART II.

Scene I. Snowy rocks of Kamtschatka, where Omai and his party, assisted by the native Kamtschadales, effect a landing.

Mr. Shield has here returned to composition on the grand scale; and to give the airs the effect of nationality, has introduced an imitation of the Conch, and other instruments.

Scene II. View of Bulgans, where Harlequin evades his pursuers.

Scene III. Inside of a jourt, where the manners of the natives are depicted in their reception of Omai and his suite, by dancing and singing.

Scene IV. A dreary Ice Island, where the parties encounter a variety of dangers.

Scene V. A village in Tongataboo, the most beautiful and considerable of the Friendly Islands. The natives enter, fabricating their feathered garments, and singing.

Scene VI. A consecrated place in the Sandwich Islands.

Scene VII. Another part of the Sandwich Islands. Omai is driven to great distress, and obliged to the exercise of his magic power.

Scene VIII. A recess to which he escapes from his enemies to Otaheite, and is pursued by Oberea, &c.

Scene IX. A moon-light scene in a sequestered part of Otaheite. A most beautiful and tranquil tone of colour pervades this scene. The reflection of the moon is produced by transparency.

Scene X. Oberea's dwelling, full of magical instruments, &c.—Here some incantations are wrought; every object is surrounded by light of red tinge, and spirits in contention appear at a distance.

In this scene Mrs. Martyr evinces considerable vocal powers.—The music is enchanting in this passage.

A view of the Great Bay of Otaheite at sunset; on one side a magic palace, the Bay filled with vessels, and numerous canoes to congratulate Omai on his return.

A procession of the natives of the different islands and other places visited by Captain Cooke is here introduced. The music preserves the characteristic airs of the different people in the procession, as much as science can approach barbarity.

THE APOTHEOSIS of Captain Cooke closes this most admirable assemblage of curious views.

MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 26, a new Pantomime, called "Hurly Burly, or the Fairy in the Well," was performed at Drury-Lane Theatre.

This novel species of entertainment is founded on the Italian comedy and English pantomime—the wooden wit of Harlequin Lun and jeu de mots of Monsieur Harlequin blended.

The Hurly Burly arises from the endea-

vours of Nordin the magician (the avowed patron of Harlequin Lack) to counteract the views of Harlequin Clack, who is on his journey from France in an Air Balloon; and the opening scene discovers Nordin in his cave imparting the tidings to Harlequin Lack. At the same time, by art magic, Clack is discovered seated in the aerial car—a storm is raised—the balloon catches fire, and the unfortunate adventurer is seen tumbling in the sea—the sword of poor Clack is presented by Nordin to Lack, and the scene changes to a park, where Clack, after describing the horrors of his voyage, and almost fainting with thirst, is presented with a cup of water by the Fairy of the Well.—She gives him a ring in lieu of his lost sword, of so wonderful a property, that when pressed it will enable the owner to seem in voice and appearance the person he wishes to resemble. The Fairy, after promising protection, and recommending him to oppose wit to his dumb rival's activity, retires to the Well, and the front of the New Hotel presents itself, where Doctor Diachylon, his niece Angelica, her maid Nannette, and the Clown are seen entering—Angelica and Nannette are discovered in a chamber—the Doctor, Clown and Harlequin Lack are in love with the latter.—Angelica favours the addresses of Harlequin Lack, which naturally occasions a jealousy between Mistress and Maid, as the two Harlequins are often mistaken for each other.—In this scene a mock Bravura song is introduced, each instrument answering to its description.

A variety of patients appear before the house of Doctor Diachylon—"No cure no pay," in the front—Both Harlequins try to get in. Lack cures a lame man by a touch of his dagger of lath—takes the crutches—limps to the door, and of course is admitted. Clack, by means of his ring, gets sight of Angelica; after which a successful trick is played off, by changing "No cure no pay," to a washerwoman's house, with "Mangling done here."—The doctor's chamber is resumed, and a dialogue between the doctor and his clerk satirizes quack advertisements and attestations.—Much pantomimical fun ensues before St. Dunstan's Church, which is followed up by a conversation of advertisers out of character, before Jenour's Daily Advertiser Office, which concludes with a well-known catch.—Wilkinson's White-bait house changes to a view down the river.—Both Harlequins again create confusion—Clack, by means of his ring, assuming a variety of voices escapes his pursuers—the characters deceived at length seize each other, till the dumb Harlequin is perceived by them and taken.—Clack and Angelica, still pursued,

sued, are told by the Fairy to repair to the enchanted well. Harlequin Lack appears as "Peter Pumpkin, Gardener and Florist"—the hot-house is discovered—on it is written, "Vegetation quick as thought." Variety of tricks ensue—two children are put in, who quickly vegetate into a man and woman—the Clown is turned into a water melon.—Sheppard's Fruit-shop at Kenfington succeeds—the two Harlequins meet, and every per-

plexity being explained, they repair with their mistresses to the Fairy, who, on taking them down with her into the well, changes the dreary scene to a splendid palace, where the Hurly Burly is happily concluded by the union of Clack and Lack with Angelica and Nannette.

The above Pantomime was well received throughout.

P O E T R Y.

SONNET to WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.

With the Author's Portrait in Mezzotinto,
July 1780.

By EYLES IRWIN, Esq.

FENTRECH'D within th' abstracted shade,

Where taste and genius prompt the strain,
Or she, in form an Attic maid,

Not given to his embrace in vain,
Will Hayley hush his music sweet

As fill'd of old the Delphic fane,
When touch'd the lyre, with skill replete,
The choicest of the Muses train!

Lo, where the friend thy smile wou'd gain;
The semblance sent to Mem'ry's aid:

Frail record of the piece I weat,

Tho' by thy Romney's hand portray'd,
But that the painter's glory ne'er shall wane,
Whose art by Hayley sung, shall with his
song remain.

EPISTLE to EYLES IRWIN, Esq.

On receiving his Portrait in Mezzotinto with
a Sonnet, July 1780.

By WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.

THOU, my kind friend, hast in the boun-
teous East

Seen splendid presents crown the social feast,
But never hast thou seen that would supply
Offerings more grateful to an Arab's eye,
Than those dear gifts which speak thy warm
regard,

Appear, my Irwin, to thy brother bard;
Who in thy portrait with fond pride surveys
A gem that glows with friendship's living rays,
And sweeter than the wealth of spicy climes,
The heart's rich incense in thy friendly rhymes.

While rival poets, tho' in genius great,
Grow little by their mean and jealous hate,
Well may we boast our amity arose
From that dear dangerous art which makes
such fees.

Thanks to thy lib'ral soul so clearly shewn,
Whose partial kindness made this heart
thy own,

And planted friendship there, where Envy
might have grown.

Hence for thy fame it breathes a brother's
vow,

And holds the laurel on thy kindred brow
Dear as the wreath (if such a wreath there
be)

Which public favor has decreed to me.
Go, then, and while thy active genius calls
Thy daring step to Bagdat's distant walls,
Still may the Muse, thy patroness and pride,
Chear the lone hour, thy bold adventure
guide,

And 'midst the waste, or in the flow'ry
clime,

Teach thee to spring new mines of radiant
rhyme,

That safe returning to thy native shores,
Thou still mayst bring, with thy collected
stores

Of growing riches and unfailling health,
The rarer gifts of her immortal wealth.
Mean time our eyes how often shall we
bend

To the dear image of our distant friend?
The gift we value to each guest display,
And o'er the strong resemblance proudly say:
"Behold our bard! with Indian laurels
crown'd,

Who made the desert with his Song resound;
Who the rich beauty of his Muse en-
creas'd

With robes embroider'd in the splendid East;
The Bard whose images, from Nature
caught,

Breathe the bold spirit of unborrow'd
thought."

Ye climes of Asia that he crosses now,
Restore him safe to Love's repeated vow!
O let his wish'd return ere long impart
The swell of rapture to his fair-one's heart!
Let her whose charms his softest notes in-
spire,

When love connubial tunes his tender lyre,
Let her, with all a mother's proud delight,
Give his young darlings to his eager sight;
And while her tongue increasing transport
ties,

Bless her recover'd lord with speaking eyes;
And

With eyes that say, "In thee again we live,
Thou richest treasure that the East can give."

To the Memory of Mr. HENDERSON.

¶ F'er departed Merit claim'd a tear,
Reader, whoe'er thou art, bestow it here ;
For not to *Relatives* is Grief confin'd,
All must lament "the friend of human kind ;
Must mourn *his* loss—who shone thro' life's
short span
God's noblest work !—the truly virtuous Man.
Such Henderson appear'd !—well-form'd to
prove
The ties of friendship—and the public love ;
To act accordant to each social law,
And from th' admiring world applause to
draw.

Him *Genius* lov'd, and early mark'd her own,
While *Humour* hail'd him as her darling son.
His was the ready wit !—the lively jest,
That every hearer with delight imprest ;
That bade *unbeeded* pass the *fleeting* hours,
While *lingering guests* enjoy'd his *festive*
powers.

Trac'd to Retirement,—there well pleas'd
we see

The milder virtues—sweet philanthropy !
The open heart dispos'd distress to meet,
That wou'd not crush an insect under feet.
Sure ! if departed spirits meet above,
Yorick will greet him with a brother's love :
Alike their soft benignity of mind,
And equal powers to please in each combin'd.
Nor less distinctions Henderson attend !
The great, the good, admir'd and call'd him
friend.

Rest then, blest shade !—Accept the plain-
tive lay

That private grief and friendship loves to pay.
Tho' to the grave thy last remains we give,
* Thy Gainborough's pencil bids thy image
live.

Oftentimes will Memory paint thee present here,
Oft will regret extort a tender tear :
Yet will the Muse exult with conscious
pride,

Thou liv'dst respected and lamented died ;
And that, recorded on the roll of Fame
Ages that come shall read thy valued name.

New Compton-street, G. P. T.
Soho, Dec. 1785.

ODE ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

By Mr. C——.

WHAT glowing beams the Heavens
adorn !
What music hails the rising morn !
What angel songs are these !

Hark ! the loud notes from golden lyres,
Attun'd to Seraphs glowing fires,
Proclaim "the Prince of Peace !" *If. 9. 6.*

In strains like these, the wond'rous plan
Of peace and pardon seal'd to man,
The opening heavens proclaim ;
Bid earth rejoicing own the God *John 1. 10.*
JEHOVAH ! at whose awful nod
Arose her beauteous frame, *Heb. 1. 2.*

In Empyrean realms of light,
Grown vocal with the new delight
Angelic natures know.
To God be glory !—God is love !—
Lo peace and mercy smiling move,
To dwell with men below !

The long expected morn is come,
By prophets resting in the tomb,
By hallowed lips reveal'd !
He comes ; ye nations, own your lord !
The God ! by heavenly hosts ador'd,
In human flesh conceal'd ! *John 1. 14*

Glad earth prepares her choicest sweets,
With od'rous gifts IMMANUEL greets,
By prostrate kings ador'd ;
The symbol of his wide-spread sway
O'er nations rising into day
At light's prevailing word. *2. Cor. 4. 6.*

The desert wilds with roses bloom,
From thorns new odours shed perfume,
Whose fragrance fills the skies ;
Majestic mountains bow their head, *If. 40. 4.*
With Syria's lofty cedars spread ;
And lowly vallies rise. *If. 35.*

New springs the thirsty plains o'erflow,
In the soft bonds of concord go
The lion and the pard
With timid lambs ; the tyger's led
In silken bands, by infants fed ;
So sung the raptur'd bard. *If. 11. 6.*

Oh, for the lyre of Israel's king !
To rapture waking every string,
When mercy's themes inspire,
Pf. 110, & 45.

To hail the Saviour's natal morn,
Whose "Rays of Righteousness" adorn
Malachi 4. 2.

This prophet's hallowed fire.

From Israel's pastor king, whose fold
Confess'd a shepherd's care of old,
1. Sam. 17. 34

Shall earth's salvation spring ;
Again glad tidings thepherds bear, *Luke 2. 8.*
Seraphic melody first hear,
And hail the new-born king.

* Alluding to an excellent portrait of Mr. Henderson, painted by Mr. Gainborough.

He, who this tender name shall bear,
Ezek. 37. 24.
 "The world's great shepherd," nations
 hear,
John 10. 16.

His cheering voice obey!
 Who feeds you with a shepherd's love,
 With light below, with life above, *John 1. 14.*
 In one eternal day!

Why doth not Israel own her God? *John 1. 4.*

Who bears the royal Judah's rod,
 Whom all the prophets sing:

Levi! behold the Virgin's son, *If. 7. 14.*
 Elias see before him run, *If. 40. 3.*
 Proclaiming Israel's King! *Matt. 24. 1.*

O! Solyma! thy Sons no more
 In the bright portals shall adore,
 Once heav'n's adopted race;
 No more in spiry columns rise
 Thine altars' incense to the skies,
 Cincting the throne of grace.

A race more lov'd shall now impart

Truths that shall purify the heart,
 Thy shadowy forms deface;
 Through the glad isles the tidings bear,
 Which Israel's sons refus'd to hear,
 "The healing voice of Peace."

John 14. 27.

* Her banners o'er their heads shall wave,
 Faith's shield be theirs, so strong to save,
 Whose adamant's confound
 The blunted arrows of the foe,
 The daring infidel would throw
 As fiery bolts around.

Salvation's helm be theirs! Divine
 With "rays of righteousness" shall shine
 The heav'n-defended breast;
 Theirs be th' Spirit's flaming sword,
 The holy oracles, whose word
 Shall guide the soul to rest.

Such powers, Almighty God, are thine!
 Illumine still with grace divine
 Thy vot'ries hearts; and give
 What thou alone canst give to man,
 And seal'd by thy redeeming plan,
 "Within thy courts to live."

In choral hymns let Myriads join
 Their mortal strains with songs divine
 O'er earth's remotest plains:
 Oh loudly let this Pæan rise!
 For ever rend the vocal skies,
 "The great Messiah reigns."

The CONTEMPLATIVE MAN.

(Written near Dover.)

LED by the enchanting muse, I often rove
 Where flows you' murm'ring stream
 along the vale;
 Or seek at midnight hours the silent grove,
 Where Philomela pours her plaintive tale.

Sometimes the Syren leads my musing way
 Where you' rough precipice o'erlooks the
 flood;

Then bids my fearful eye the scene survey;
 The rugged cliff's wild wave and tow'ring
 wood.

Lost to the world, I own her sacred power;
 And fly from public haunts, and vulgar
 joys;

Draw pleasure from the intellectual store,
 Unfound in scenes where flattering folly
 cloys.

With mind serene I view wide Nature's stores;
 And trace Almighty wisdom in each
 scene;

Ev'n to the sun it with the eagle soars,
 And blooms in flowers along the smiling
 green.

In my mind's eye I view the race of man
 Following with anxious haste the train of
 care;

Or short'ning with wild speed their little
 span
 In Bacchus' revels or in beauty's snare.

Like gaudy flowers, the offspring of sweet
 May,

A few short years they rear the lofty head,
 The mighty Monarchs of a trifling day;
 Then croud the silent mansions of the
 dead.

There the frail body into dust decays;
 And all distinctions, honors, are no more;
 There merit rests, nor hears the voice of
 praise;

Vice cannot there the tear repentant pour.
 Then how can man so idly careless seem,
 In folly's bower to dissipate his time;
 For vain! ah vain! the guilty atheists dream,
 The soul immortal seeks another clime.

Then, heavenly muse! each earthly thought
 controul,

Inspire this breast with wisdom, virtue's
 fire;

Breathe love, good-will, through all my long-
 ing soul;

And raise my mind above each low desire:

Teach me to live, and teach me how to die;
 With thee, and solitude, I wish to spend

My span of life in sweet obscurity,
 In peace serenely gliding to mine end.

H. S.

S O N N E T,

On the Fate of SPENCER and CAMOENS.
AH what hard fate attends the living bard!
 While cold neglect restrains the soar-
 ing muse,

Dull fortune's gifts are by the croud preferr'd
 To all the poet's more than mortal views.

* "Eco signo vinces," the motto on Constantine's standard.

Unhappy Spenser! in whose sacred strains
Unbounded genius pour'd her brightest fire;
In vain to Gothic peers thy muse complains,
In sorrow's shade she tunes her lofty lyre.

Camoens too, proud Lusitania's boast,
Felt hard unkindness check the noble song:
Tho' daring Gama lives on ev'ry coast,
His poet dy'd amongst the needy throng.

But after-ages yield undying fame;
And dwell delighted on their boundless
praise;

While their oppressors live to scorn and
shame,

Held forth to vengeance in the muse's lays,
No grateful song embalms their hated name,
The muse they scorn'd, no muse their
tomb shall raise.

H. S.

L O V E L Y S A L L Y.

OF Venus' charms old poets sung
In fabling pleasing strains;
How she was rais'd the gods among,
And o'er all nature reigns:

But had they seen my Sally's face,
Her charming easy mien;
Each artless unaffected grace
That in her form is seen;

The fair-turn'd cheek, where roses blow,
Her modest-glancing eye;
They'd sung her charms to all below,
And rais'd her to the sky.

No more the theme of deathless song
That Venus then had been:
Sally had reign'd the gods among,
Of love and beauty queen.

H. S.

PROLOGUE, spoken by W. FECTOR,
Esq. at his private Theatre, on the Re-
presentation of ZENOBIA, Novem. 24,
1785.

(Written by a Friend.)

THE throbs of lawless passion to controul,
And fix fair virtue's empire o'er the soul;
Ambition's various evils to display,
And grace the patriot with the lyric lay,
The tragic muse arose: with artless tongue,
At village feasts, her tuneful tale she sung:
Till *Eschylus*, with happiest art, array'd,
In gorgeous imag'ry, the past'ral maid,
And his proud compeers taught her to com-
plain

In chaster numbers and a sweeter strain.
But lo! from Pedantry's contentious school
Came the stern critic with his line and rule:
She fled—her genuine voice was heard no
more,

Till the fair mourner trod the British shore,

Till daring *Shakespeare* burst her bonds of
lead,

And tore the wreath of poppy from her head;
Aw'd by no labours, by no space confin'd,
Nature his mistress and his school maikind.

And tho' our author boasts no equal name,
The fame his wishes, his pursuits the same:
For virtue's cause he forms the moral strain,
And warns the weak, the vicious, and the
vain.

For this, whilst horror writhe his rolling eyes,
In pangs of pain his *Pharasmans* dies;
Whilst calm and still, by white-rob'd peace
convey'd,

From her fair form departs *Zenobia's* shade.
He shews that danger, that distrust and dread
Still hourly vibrate o'er the tyrant's head:
That anguish fits the partner of his throne,
Whilst peace retells from *innocence alone*.

EPILOGUE to ZENOBIA; spoken also by
Mr. FECTOR.

(Written by Mr. Pratt.)

'TIS now the task of modern epilogue
With sportive hand to strike the faults
in vogue;

And chide the little foibles of the day,
As with the poet's silken lash we play.
When Tragedy has drain'd her poisonous
bowl,

And thund'ring heroes cease blank verse to
roll,
Comes forth, array'd in robes of gentle
rhimes,

Another dame to criticise the times:
The bards her agents call the goddess SATIRE,
Who smacks her whip with *infinite good-
nature*:

A whip compos'd of *feathers*, not of *wire*,
At whose light touch the *nonsenses* expire.
On the least wish behold the bubbles burst,
And gull the second dies like gull the first;
The favourite phrases fall, and are no more,
The Rage, the Tbing, the Twaddle, and the
Bore;

Ev'n *vast balloons*, those bubbles in the air,
Now scarce can make a country bumpkin
stare;

The town's dear follies dwindle one by one,
Tho' every new-born fashion *has its run*.
The learned horse is beat by dancing dogs,
While they give place to yet more learned
hogs:

Alas!—the learned hogs themselves must
yield,

For turkies now at schools shall take the
field:

Who knows but geese may yet be taught
dispute,

And prove their teacher *man* the greater
brute;

And since the rage of learning spreads so wide,
The keeper and the beast should share its pride;
Since both alike for parts deserve our praise,
Let pigs be gown'd and puppies wear the bays;
The apes of science medals should obtain,
And owls turn wits and write for Drury Lane.

But Satire sometimes aims at *female* hearts,
How tenderly at these she hurls her darts!

A blemish now and then perchance she shews,

But vows they're trifling specks on mountain
Motes in the sun, or some such kind allusion,
Correcting faults, yet sparing all confusion.

She gives no blow to spoil a lady's features,
Who can bear malice with such *charming*
creatures,

Whose eyes upon their foibles dart *such* rays,
Satire forgets her nature at a gaze;

One gentle languish snaps the proudest lance,
And anger melts to pleasure at a glance?

Thus the *dear sex* may laugh at Satire's plans,
And break the spear of censure with their fans.

But *here*, should Satire take her strictest round,

I know not where a foible could be found.
From top to bottom Graces may be seen,
Th' approving plaudit, and the gentle mien;
In vain for follies *here* would Satire come,
The audience sure have left their faults at home;

Far as my searching eye the house can trace,
I do not see one discontented face;
If faults there are, behind our scenes they lie,
But our kind judges blame not what they spy;

A Theatre of gen'rous friends appear,
To prove that SATIRE has no entrance *here*.

EPILOGUE, spoken by Mrs. O'NEILL,
at Edenduffcarrick Theatre, on the 28th
of November, 1785, in the Character of
a SYLPH.

FROM those bright starry mansions of the
sky
Where Ariel keeps his playful court I fly:
I wing'd my passage thro' the realms of light
To give my airy form to mortal sight.
Of all the light inhabitants of air,
We Sylphs have most of trust, and most of
care:
Some rule the Planets in their distant spheres,
Or change the seasons thro' revolving years.
Far sweeter tasks our happier fates prepare,
With cautious hand we guard the wavering
fair;
With soft persuasion, and with nicer art,
We mould that subtle thing—a woman's
heart.

Whilst others calm the storms and bid them
rise,

We watch the weather in the fair-one's eyes.
Some paint with varied colours Iris' bow;
We bid the cheeks with lovelier blushes
glow.

While some direct the Senate and the State,
Anxious we hover o'er the lover's fate.
In gentle gales we waft each tender sigh,
Inspire the soft request and kind reply;
Bid tender thoughts in female breasts arise,
And kind consent sit beaming in their eyes;
With mutual rapture make their bosoms
move,

And bid the lip of beauty say—"I love.—
Let colder spirits martial banners wave,
And sit triumphant o'er the warrior's grave;
No rage for glory fires our lighter hearts,
To love, not war, belongs such sportive arts:
Mirth is the pastime of each wanton sprite,
Pleasure our aim, and revel our delight.—
Ariel to me consign'd the ruling power;
He lends his wand to give the festive hour;
Here we've directed many a jocund feat,
And cheer'd with merry scenes this ancient
feat;

This favour'd spot a thousand Sylphs engage,
Who dress the banquet to adorn the stage;
On wings of gossamer around they float,
And swell soft harmony's pathetic note
To melt the soul—while others gay advance
To lead the measures of the sprightly dance.
And now selected by my choicest care,
To me entrusted comes each favourite fair.
How sweet the task!—Was ever Sylph so
vain?

Bless'd with the charge of such a lovely
train.—

MELANCHOLY:

AN

O D E.

Composed and set to Music by ROBY BISHOP
CINNI.

RECITATIVE.

CIRENS, tempters, all away!
Nought of childish toys display;
Dance's step and viot's sound,
Let them not approach the ground!
Pleasure's vot'ries ne'er can know
With what pleasing steps I go
To the brier'd dell below,
Where, the sea of passions calm,
Fancy roves and fears no harm;
Where the screech-owl's horrid cry
Tunes the mind to misery;
Where the gentle zephyrs blow
On the yews in stately row:
Leaving mirth and leaving folly,
I'll embrace sad Melancholy.

AIR.

AIR.

Hush! the winds in solemn gladness,
 And the Curfew's awful sadness,
 Join the surges gen'ral roar,
 Beating 'gainst the craggy shore.
 Cynthia's lights and orient lamps,
 Gloomy darkness and its damps,
 With sylvan hosts,
 And frightful ghosts,
 Drive the crew of mirth away;
 Now expel
 Laughter's swell,
 And give to sympathy the sway.

RECITATIVE.

Now the whispering zephyrs blow;
 Fancy's bubbling currents flow,
 Watering now the faithless marshes,
 Then the gloomy cavern passes;
 Hears the cry of helpless woe,
 Rous'd by pity starts to go;
 And mis'ry's scene let down for ages past,
 'Once more draws up t' increase the dreary cast.

AIR.

Hark! with groans the waters roll!
 Sooth the senses, melt the foul,
 Waken Pity's softest pow'rs,
 And beguile the lonely hours;
 At ev'ry sense there plant a spell,
 That drowsy Morpheus may not dwell.

RECITATIVE.

Whilst wrapt in Contemplation's robe,
 The revolutions of the globe
 Fly fast unheeded on;
 Light twinkles 'midst the Cypress shade,
 Fancy's bright pow'rs begin to fade,
 And Melancholy's gone.

CHORUS.

Melting, soothing, soft'ning pow'r,
 Calm each passion, bless each hour!
 All away, mad mirth and folly,
 Come, thou sweetest Melancholy!
 Come sway thy grey sceptre,
 Come brandish thy rod,
 And make all confess thee
 The heart-melting god.
 At thy rod,
 And thy nod,
 Make all men confess thee
 The heart-melting god.

INSCRIPTION

Lately put over the Pump at the King's
 Bath, said to be the Production of Mr.
 ANSLEY, one of the Governors of the
 General Hospital at that place:

THE HOSPITAL,

In this City,
 Appropriated solely to Bath Cafes,
 And open to the poor and afflicted

Of every part of the world,

(BATH only excepted)

Being destitute of a fund
 In any degree adequate to its support,
 Is most earnestly recommended
 To the patronage and protection
 Of the humane
 And liberal part
 Of mankind.

O! pause a while whoe'er thou art
 That drink'st this healing stream—
 If e'er compassion o'er thy heart
 Diffus'd its heav'nly beam,

Think on the wretch whose distant lot
 This friendly aid denies,
 Think how in some poor lonely cot
 He unregarded lies!

Hither th' afflicted stranger bring,
 Relieve his heart-felt woe,
 And let thy bounty, like this spring,
 In genial currents flow.

So be thy years from want, and pain,
 And pining sickness free,
 And thou from Heav'n that debt obtain
 The poor man owes to thee.

BATH, Dec. 7, 1785.

EPIGRAM on this QUESTION:

"Which is the most eligible for a Wife,
 "A Widow, or an Old Maid."

YE who to wed the sweetest wife would
 try,

Observe how men a sweet Cremona buy!
 New violins they seek not from the trade,
 But one on which some good musician play'd;
 Strings never try'd some harshness will pro-
 duce,

The fiddle's harmony improves by use.

IMPROMPTU on the preceding EPIGRAM.

ONE rule will wives and fiddles fit,
 Is falsely said, I fear, by wit,
 To sad experience blind:
 For woman's an Æolian harp,
 Whose every note, or flat or sharp,
 Depends upon the wind.

A R E P L Y

To the TWO EPIGRAMMATISTS.

FIDDLES and Harps no more compare
 (Improper symbols!) to the Fair,
 However they attract!
 Ye Wits, for Woman let me see
 If Music will not yield to me,
 Justly to grace
 The female race,
 An image more exact!

Woman, I say, or Dame or Lads,
Is an HARMONICA OF GLASS,
Celestial and complete :
New, or by some trials known,
It matters not
A single jot,
When rightly touch'd, its every tone
Is ravishingly sweet.

R O N D E A U S,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

To the Right Hon. WILLIAM EDEN,
Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Commercial Affairs at the Court of Versailles.

I.

O F EDEN lost, in ancient days,
If we believe what MOSES says,
A paltry pippin was the price ;
One crab was bribe enough t'entice
Frail human kind from Virtue's ways.

But now, when PITT th' all-perfect sways,
No such vain lures the Tempter lays,
Too poor to be the purchase twice
Of EDEN lost.

The Devil, grown wiser, to the gaze
Six thousand pounds a-year displays,
And finds success from the device ;
Finds this fair fruit too well suffice
To pay the peace and honest praise
Of EDEN lost,

II.

" A MERE affair of trade t'embrace,
Wines, brandies, gloves, fans, cambricks,
lace,

For this on me my Sovereign laid
His high commands ; and I obey'd :
Nor think, my Lord, this conduct base,
Party were guilt in such a case ;
When thus my country, for a space,
Calls my poor skill to DORSET'S aid ;
A mere affair of trade !"

Thus EDEN, with unblushing face,
To NORTH would palliate his disgrace ;
When NORTH, with smiles, this answer
made :
" You might have spar'd what you have said ;
I thought the business of your place
A mere affair of trade."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

BRUSSELS, Nov. 23.

ON Saturday Nov. 19, the celebrated Blanchard set off with his balloon (the very balloon which had before acquired fame by traversing the channel) from the citadel of Ghent, amidst an infinite multitude of spectators, assembled from Antwerp, this city, Lille, and all the parts adjacent; the morning was remarkably fine, the sun shone, and our hero mounted "upon the wind," and "sailed upon the bosom of the air" with great brilliancy. His ascent was uncommonly rapid, and nearly perpendicular; and when he had almost soared out of sight, and his waving flag could be no longer discerned, he let down by means of a parachute, a dog, which came to the ground without the slightest inconvenience. The public curiosity thus far gratified, the residue of the day was past in wishing success to the traveller, and in the evening, the dog above mentioned made his *Entree* at the theatre, "being his first appearance upon any stage," and was received with universal applause. The next morning people were unanimously anxious to learn the fate of Mr. Blanchard, who, it seems, dropped a letter, which was taken up in a little town at the mouth of the Scheldt, purporting that he had twice attempted landing, but was prevented by the

impetuosity of the wind impelling him to the Northward. Mr. Blanchard, however, arrived on the Monday afternoon following at Ghent about three o'clock, amidst the acclamations of all the people of that place. He reckons his altitude from the earth to have been two thousand feet; his balloon, which was not quite filled at the time of his ascension, became so much expanded, that he was in momentary expectation it would burst. Though he opened the valve, the inflation appeared not to diminish, therefore he had recourse to forcing holes in the bottom of the balloon with his flag staff: but now another danger equally terrible with the former presented itself; for he descended with such rapidity, as to be in sight of the earth in an instant. In this extremity his last resource was to cut away the cords of the car, and to tie himself with them fast to it, the balloon then serving him in the nature of a parachute. Fortunately he descended in the neighbourhood of Delf, without receiving any injury.

Hague, Nov. 25. His Excellency Sir James Harris, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the court of London, has had a conference with the Hebdomadary President of the States General, to whom he delivered the following memorial:

High

"High and Mighty Lords :

"The King cannot but express the most sincere wish, that the means pursued by your High Mightinesses to conciliate the differences with the Emperor, may secure a peace upon a lasting and permanent basis between the two powers.

"His Majesty takes with pleasure this opportunity, amidst the public tranquillity, to renew to your High Mightinesses the strongest assurances of those sentiments of friendship and good will towards the Republic, which ever animated his Majesty, as well as the British nation.

"Such sentiments are equally founded on the remembrance of the essential assistance which the two countries have formerly mutually afforded to each other, in order to secure their liberty, independence, and religious worship, as the natural and permanent interest which ought at all times to incline both nations to the most perfect friendship.

"In fact, whether we attend to the evils, which from the local situation of the two countries must unavoidably, and in a very peculiar manner affect them during a war, to the great prejudice of their dearest concerns, both in political and commercial matters, in the different parts of the world, or whether due attention be paid to the solidity which a good understanding between the two powers might give to their respective settlements of trade, and to the preservation of a general peace, it will clearly appear that prudence and sound policy must invite them to a closer union.

"Yet if your High Mightinesses are of opinion, that, on account of the civil dissensions, which, for some time, have unfortunately prevailed within the Republic, to his Majesty's great concern, the present time is ill-timed to the settling of the mutual interests of both nations, an object ever present to his Majesty; it is hoped, at least, that your High Mightinesses, after such assurances from the King, and all his Majesty's friendly dispositions, the Republic will think it suitable to your wonted wisdom, not to be drawn in to accept of any engagements which might, at any time, betray you into a system contrary to that rectitude which hath ever guided his Majesty, or by making you swerve from the solid basis of an independent neutrality, raise insuperable obstacles to the renewal of an

alliance between the two powers, when time and circumstances may present it to your High Mightinesses as a matter of necessity and mutual conveniency.

"It is by the express command of his Majesty, that the underwritten has the honour of suggesting to your High Mightinesses these reflections, so salutary in their object, trusting that you will pay to them that attention which the importance of the matter requires.

Signed J. HARRIS."

Marfills, Dec 10. The whole conversation of this city is on the gallant and heroic Madame du Frenoy. This lady embarked with her husband a few days ago in a Tartan for Genoa. They had scarce lost sight of the port, when they discovered a corsair making towards them, and finding it impossible to escape by flight, prepared to receive him. In vain did M. du Frenoy endeavour to prevail on his lady to go below; she resolutely refused, and seizing a sabre placed herself by his side, declaring there she was determined to abide her fate. M. du Frenoy, finding all arguments vain, was obliged to consent. The Algerine advanced, and after a broadside, grappled the Tartan, and threw a large party on board her.—Our people received them gallantly, but none can describe the behaviour of Madame du Frenoy. She flew among them with her sabre, and with her voice animated and cheered the crew. Monsieur de Frenoy fell with a pistol bullet in his thigh; his lady stood over him, and levelled with one stroke of the sabre a young Turk, who advanced to attack her. The pirates were obliged to retreat on board their own ship, when they cut their grappings and fell off. A smart action now commenced with the great guns. Madame du Frenoy, after assisting her husband down to the surgeon, returned upon deck, where she continued encouraging the men until the corsair, tired of his warm reception, sheered off. We had fourteen men killed and thirty wounded. The loss of the pirates must have been great; they left eighty upon our decks. The Tartan being much shattered, returned to this port. The Magistrates being informed of the action, waited on Madame du Frenoy, and invited her in their name to the Theatre, where she was received with the loudest acclamations, and a crown of laurel placed on her head by the Marquis de St. Christophe.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

NOVEMBER 26.

THE arrival of the Swallow packet on Wednesday, from Jamaica has removed the anxiety of the West-India merchants,

touching the severe storm which the Ariel frigate met with on the 26th of September, near the Windward Islands; from which it was apprehended that Jamaica had been visited

sited by a second hurricane; but the packet has brought the Kingston newspapers down to the 24th of September, which contain more favourable accounts of the affairs of that Island than could well be expected from the dreadful visitation on the 26th of August.

Upon the report made yesterday to his Majesty, nine criminals were ordered for execution on Thursday next; and who suffered accordingly; but what availeth hanging nine, when 20,000 are left? This is the calculation of the professed robbers, thieves, &c. in London: 3000 of these are under ten years of age!

We are informed that Chameron (who obtained the Bank-notes from Mr. Mackay, (see p. 395) was taken and lodged in safe custody at Paris on the 21st inst.

Thursday evening three men went to the chambers of Counsellor Chambre, in Lincoln's-inn, two of whom went into the first room where the clerk was writing, to whose head one of them presented a pistol, whilst the other secured his arms with a cord; they then took what money he had, which consisted only of some silver; the villains then went into an adjoining room, and robbed a young man, pupil to Mr. Chambre, of about two guineas and his watch, having first bound him. Upon going out of the chambers, they met with Mr. Atkinson at the door, who was bringing a brief to Mr. Chambre with a fee of six guineas; they behaved to him as with the others, tying his hands behind him and taking away his cash. Upon Mr. Atkinson's looking one of the fellows in the face, the man with great coolness said, "Well, what do you look at? do you think I care whether I am hanged to-morrow? you may shoot me through the head this moment if you please." They all appeared to be in liquor, and one considerably more than the rest.—One of them has been since taken and sworn to positively by the gentlemen robbed.

Oxford, Dec. 3. Thursday came on in full Convocation the election for the Camdenian Professorship of Ancient History in this University; when the numbers stood as follow:

For Mr. Warton (Poet Laureat)	186
Mr. Winstanley,	107

Dec. 3. Mr. Aylett, the attorney, some time since convicted of perjury, was called up to receive sentence for that crime, which was, to be confined twelve calendar months, stand once in the pillory in Old Palace-yard, and pay a fine of 50*l.*

6. An overland packet was received at the India House from Bombay—no other particulars have yet transpired, than that Lord G. Macartney, on the arrival of the Fox Packet, resigned the government of Fort St.

George, and proceeded to Bengal, in order to take his passage from thence to England. Mr. Davidson, as next in Council, took charge of the Government. This change took place early in June.—We are happy to acquaint our readers of the safe arrival of the Fox, Cygnet, Belmont, and Houghton, at Madras, and King George at Bombay.

8. This day at noon 200 transports were sent from Newgate. They were secured by being hand-cuffed two and two, each with a fetter on one leg, through which ran a chain, which connected no fewer than forty together. These abandoned wretches were conveyed in five covered waggons, the awning of which they tore off immediately after leaving the Old Bailey; and in the course of going down Ludgate-hill and over Blackfriars-bridge, demonstrated the most outrageous violation of every thing that was decent. They were attended by a party of the foot-guards, who were relieved at Kingston by a detachment of light-horse. On their arrival at Portsmouth, they were immediately put on board the Firm Prison-ship (an old French ship of 100 guns, fitted for that purpose) and all ordered to be new clothed, to prevent diseases. The Firm has had appointed, besides the officers to ships in ordinary, a guard of marines, and as she lies near the men of war, there is no danger from insurrection. These unhappy men are to be employed in the spring in picking oakum, &c. on board in wet weather, and on the fortifications on shore in dry weather.

His Majesty has granted a free pardon to Capt. M'Kenzie, convicted about two years since of killing Kenneth Murray M'Kenzie, at Fort Moree in Africa.

10. In digging lately the new sewer to carry off the water, which on a sudden fall of rain and snow used to stagnate before the Mansion-House, the workmen found at the end of Lombard-street, at the depth of ten or fifteen feet, several considerable masses of coarse tessellated pavement, made of large pieces of red brick of irregular figure, from one to two inches square, bedded in coarse mortar, nearly opposite to the church of St. Edmund the King. They also found there a small brass seal, with a heater shield, so corroded that no arms could be distinguished on it, and round it SIGILLUM... ICI. Proceeding farther, almost opposite the Post-Office, they came to two flues, as of chimnies, one semicircular, the other half square, each about a foot diameter, and about that distance asunder, in the north wall of a building, and reaching from the ground nearly to the surface of the street: Also a circular brick of about nine or ten inches in diameter, broken in half and having a hole in the center, terminated in a kind of boss

on the under side, which, as well as the upper, has been bedded in mortar. Query, was this the first brick of a pillar of an Hypocaust? They also took up a Nuremberg Token or two. Continuing their researches they found more of the tessellated pavement.

Early one evening last week the chambers of Mr. Dickens, No. 8, Gray's-inn, were entered by three villains in the following manner: They knocked at the door. An old woman, the bedmaker, being in the room, cried out loud enough to be heard by Mr. Dickens, who was in the adjoining apartment, "Lord bless me, here are two men with pistols." He had the presence of mind to push the bolt in the door immediately, and ran out of his room by another door that opened on the landing-place, and locked them all in until he gave the alarm. They were all three immediately secured, and upon searching them were found two watches, which prove to be the identical watches which Mr. Chambre and his pupil were robbed of in their chambers a few evenings ago in the same inn. They were committed for trial.

12. The Parliament of Ireland, which

MONTHLY OBITUARY, DECEMBER 1785.

NOVEMBER.

15. **L**ately, Sir Ja. Stratford Tynte, Bart. Lately, at Paris, Count Francis de Polignac, Master of the Horse to the Duke of Orleans, and Lieutenant-General of the French army.

17. At Twickenham, of an apoplectic fit, Lieut. Gen. Henry Lister, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Coldstream regiment of Foot Guards.

Robert Holden, Esq. of Clifford's-inn.

Dudley Husley, Esq. Recorder of Dublin and Member for Taghmon, in the county of Wexford.

19. The Hon. and Rev. George Talbot, at Barton, in Gloucestershire.

Lately, at Carlisle, the Rev. Mr. Richardson, Rector of St. Cuthbert's, and one of the Minor Canons of the Cathedral.

21. Sir James Wright, Bart. many years Governor of Georgia.

Mr. Renwick, Town Major of Hull.

Lately, the Lady of John Grant, Esq. Member for Fowey.

Lately, the Rev. Rowland Hunt, D. D. upwards of fifty years Rector of Stoke Doyle, near Oundle, Northamptonshire.

22. At Windfor, Dr. Langley, a physician.

At Southampton, in the 76th year of his age, Leonard Cropp, Esq. Senior Alderman and Father of the corporation of that town.

Lately, at Plymouth, Benjamin Edey, an eminent grocer, and one of the people called Quakers; he led a life of extreme penury, denying himself the necessaries of life, and

stood prorogued to the 6th of December, is further prorogued to Thursday the 19th day of January next.

15. This evening there was a meeting of upwards of twelve hundred of the principal retail shopkeepers of the City of London, county of Middlesex, Borough of Southwark, and parts adjacent, at the London Tavern, to receive the report from the committee of a conference with the Chancellor of the Exchequer;—in which Mr. Pitt, on being told by Mr. Skinner of the rumour of his intentions to repeal the tax, declared, "That he had never given the least authority to any person to declare, that he would either move, second, or support the repeal of the Shop-Tax."

The Minister persisted in his opinion, that the tax must ultimately fall on the consumer, and with great subtlety called upon the shopkeepers to prove why it would not, and thereby prove a negative to his assertion, from the operation of a tax not yet enforced.

The meeting determined to open a correspondence with all the cities and towns in the kingdom to co-operate in their endeavours to procure a repeal.

has left his relations, to their great satisfaction, 18,000*l.* which he acquired in the above business.

24. In Bishopsgate-street, in the 95th year of his age, Peter Simond, Esq. father of the Dowager Lady St. John, and of the Lady of Sir John Trevelyan, Bart. one of the most eminent and respectable merchants of the city.

In the 80th year of his age, the Rev. George Williams, Rector of Stoke Dean.

Lately, at Winchester, Mrs. Moleworth, relict of the Hon. Coote Moleworth, in the 82d year of her age. The above Lady was in the house of Lady Moleworth, at the time her Ladyship and family were burnt some years since, and escaped the flames by a leap from an upper window, whereby she was so bruised as to remain a cripple to her death.

At Southampton, Mrs. Binmore, by whose death the inhabitants of Chichester succeed to about 700*l.* a year, given to them after her decease by the late Mr. Hardham, a noted snuff-maker, in order to ease them of the poor rates.

25. Peregrine Courtenay, Esq. uncle to the present Lord Courtenay.

26. Mr. William Pigou, son of Mr. Pigou, of Mark-lane.

Mr. Dearing Sharp, of Red-Lion-square.

27. At Brompton, Sir Theodore Owen-son, of the kingdom of Ireland.

The Rev. Mr. William Plumbe, Chaplain of his Majesty's ship the Goliath.

Lately at Liverpool, Mr. John Button,

the oldest burghers in that Borough on record. He lived in six reigns, and polled at the election of 1784.

28. Lately at Dublin, Sir John Dineley, Bart.

29. The Hon. Mr. Sandys, nephew and heir of Lord Sandys, of an apoplectic fit, at his Lordship's seat at Ombenley, Worcester-shire.

The Rev. Mr. Windle, rector of Cropthorne, Worcester-shire, aged 85.

Richard Dickenson, of Ware, Esq. Hertfordshire.

Gawen Harris Nash, Esq. grandson of Sir Robert Fagg.

30. Peckham Williams, Esq. of Bagshot. The Rev. Mr. William Rider, Lecturer of St. Leonard Foster-lane, formerly furmester of St. Paul's School, author of an History of England, and editor of the Bible with commentary notes, and other works.

Dec. 2. Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart. at North-End.

Miss Bowles, daughter of Humphrey Bowles, Esq. at Wanit ad.

3. The Rev. Mr. Pitt, rector of Hadstock, Essex.

Dr. William Leechman, principal of the University of Glasgow.

4. Mr. John Clifford, many years first Clerk of the Ledger-office, Bank.

Mrs. Savory, relict of the late Rev. Mr. Savory, in John-street, St. James's-square.

At Brompton, near Chatham, Mrs. Wat-son, aged 104 years.

6 Mrs. Catherine Clive. (see p. 408.)

The Rev. Mr. Hemings, of Twickenham. Benjamin Hunter, Esq. Barrister at Law.

9. Mr. Pollard, an ingenious young man,

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

Nov 1 **C**ountry Girl—Rival Candidates

2 Measure for Measure—Lyar

3 Chances—Arthur and Emmeline

4 No Play.

5 Way to Keep Him—Humourist

7 Richard III.—Caldron

8 Jane Shore—Defenter

9 George Barnwell—Caldron

10 Tempest—Lyar

11 Twelfth Night—Caldron

12 Gamester—Quaker

14 Maid of the Mill—Caldron

15 Gamester—High Life below Stairs

16 Twelfth Night—All the World's a Stage

17 Hamlet—Caldron

18 Winter's Tale—Jubilee

19 Macbeth—Humourist

21 Cymbeline—Romp

22 King John—Too Civil by Half

23 Twelfth Night—Jubilee

24 Tempest—Romp

25 Clandestine Marriage—Jubilee

26 Way to Keep Him—Quaker.

who possessed considerable talents for public speaking.

At Blackheath, Thomas Pitts, Esq. one of the Governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Jonathan Lee, Esq. formerly a Commander in the East-India Company's service.

10. In Queen-street May-Fair, the Countess of Corke.

11. Ann Armstrong, a poor woman at Grantham, aged 110.

14. At his house near the King's Mews, Mr. Cipriani, the celebrated artist, of a rheumatic fever.

Sir Thomas Rider, Knt. of Boughton-Monchelsea, in Kent, aged 67.

The Rev. Edward Burchier, rector of Bromfield, Hertfordshire, and of All-Saints, Hertford.

15. H. B. Pacey, Esq. of Boston, Lincolnshire, Barrister at Law, and one of the Receivers of the Land and Window Tax.

At Hull, in his way to Scotland, Sir George Colquhoun, Bart.

18. At Hammer-smith, Sir Charles Frederick, Knight of the Bath.

Andrew Douglas, Esq. Paymaster of the navy.

19. Eliab Breton, Esq. at Forty-Hill, Enfield, aged 76.

In Bury-street, St. James's, Mr. Edward Galcoigne, locksmith to his Majesty.

20. William Scott, Esq. Grosvenor-place. At Twickenham, Joseph Spackman, Esq.

22. Martin Foikes, Esq. of Cheveley, Cambridge-shire.

23. Mr. Matthew Jenour, printer of the Daily Advertiser, at Hampstead.

24. John Mayne, Esq. Kensington.

Oct 31 **G**recian Daughter—Magic Cavern

Nov. 1. Merry Wives of Windsor—Poor Soldier

2 Much Ado About Nothing—Comus

3 Fontainebleau—Barataria

4 Grecian Daughter—Midas

5 Duenna—Magic Cavern

7 Suspicious Husband—Maid of the Oaks

8 Roman Father—Rosina

9 Oroonoko—Poor Soldier [Them

10 Choleric Fathers—Appearance is against

11 The Same—Barataria

12 The Same—Appearance is against them

14 Romeo and Juliet—Nunnery [Them

15 Choleric Fathers—Appearance is against

16 The Same—The Same

17 Romeo and Juliet—Nunnery [Marriage

19 Beaux Stratagem—Three Weeks after

21 Romeo and Juliet—Tom Thumb

22 Fontainebleau—Retaliation

23 All in the Wrong—Sultan

24 Choleric Fathers—Barnaby Rattle

25 Romeo and Juliet—Poor Soldier

26 Suspicious Husband—Maid of the Oaks

§§§ *The Lists of Births, Marriages, Promotions, &c. and various Articles of News to the Close of the Year, omitted at present for want of room, will be given, as a Supplement, with the Index.*

S U P P L E M E N T

T O T H E

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER, 1855.

PERSPECTIVE VIEW of the INNER COURT of the NEW BUILDINGS at SOMERSET-PLACE.

HAVING given a view of that front of the building at Somerset Place which faces the water, we now present our readers with a perspective view of the inner court, which does equal honour to the taste of the architect Sir William Chambers. To this we

intended to have annexed an account of the different public offices to which that building is to be dedicated, but were prevented from so doing by Government not having as yet absolutely decided on that subject.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Frankfort, Nov. 10.

ONE Henfis, a Frenchman by birth, and a master blacksmith in very good business at Lemberg, had married while he was a private in the French service, a woman who had concealed from him her real name and family. She received some letters lately, which, she said, obliged her to leave her husband for a few days. It now appears that she is in her own right a Baroness of the Empire, and the acknowledged heiress of the noble family of Schwerdlorf. She not only succeeds to the title, but likewise to the estates, consisting of two castles, two market towns, and seven villages with their dependencies. No ways blinded by so unexpected a change in her fortune, the lady returned to a loving husband, and a young family, to share with them the blessings of ease and plenty.

Madrid, Nov. 10. Cardinal de Salis, Archbishop of Seville, who died lately at the extraordinary age of 110 years eight months and 14 days, in the full enjoyment of every faculty, except strength and quickness of hearing, used to tell his friends when asked what regimen he observed, "By being old when I was young," said his Grace, "I find myself young when I am old. I led a sober, studious, but not a lazy or sedentary life. My diet was sparing, though delicate; my liquors the best wines of Xerez and La Mancha, of which I never exceeded a pint at any meal, except in cold weather, when I allowed myself a third more. I rode or walked every day, unless in rainy weather, when I exercised for a couple of hours, in a piazza or gallery, at my father's, or at college, and since in this place. So far (continued the Archbishop) I took care for the body; and as to the mind, I endeavoured to preserve it in due temper, by a scrupulous obedience to the Di-

vine commands, and keeping (as the Apostle directs) a conscience void of offence towards God and man. By these innocent means have I arrived at the age of a Patriarch, with less injury to my health and constitution, than many experience at forty. I am now, like the ripe corn, ready for the sickle of death, and by the mercy of my Redeemer, have strong hopes of being translated into his garner."—"Glorious old age," said the King of Spain. "Would to heaven, he had appointed a successor; for the people of Seville have been so long used to excellence, they will never be satisfied with the best prelate I can send them."—The Cardinal was of a noble house, in the province of Andalusia, and the last surviving son of Don Antonio de Salis, historiographer to Philip IV. and author of the Conquest of Mexico.

Escurial, Nov. 24. On the 14th instant, the King of Spain published an edict, prohibiting, under severe penalties, the use of more than two horses or mules in gentlemen's carriages, within the different towns in this country. A circular letter has been sent to the foreign Ministers residing at this Court, with a copy of the edict, expressing his Catholic Majesty's hopes that they will set the example to the public, by complying with the new regulation.—The same edict also abolishes the celebrated Bull Feasts (so long the favourite diversion of the Spaniards) except in particular cases, where the profits arising from that exhibition have been appropriated to pious or patriotic uses, and where no fund has yet been set aside to supply the deficiency that would be the consequence of the suppression.—The motive assigned for these prohibitions, in the preamble of the edict, is the great destruction of cattle, which might be better employed in agriculture, and other useful occupations.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

November 30.

AT the anniversary meeting of the Royal Society, the president, Sir Joseph Banks, Baronet, in the name of the Society, presented the gold medal (called Sir Godfrey Copley's) to Major General William Roy, for his paper on the measurement of a base on Hounslow-heath. The president, on this occasion, delivered the customary discourse on the subjects contained in General Roy's papers: after which the Society proceeded to the choice of officers for the year ensuing; when the following new members were chosen; Lieut. Col. W. Calderwood; Rev. Sam. Glasse, D. D. R. Gough, Esq. Mr. Wm. Hudson; Rev. Andrew Kippis, D. D. George Earl of Leicester; Rev. Nevil Maskelyne, D. D. Wm. Pitcairn, M. D. Jacob Preston, Esq. and Sir Joseph Shuckburgh, Bart.

Extract of a letter from Edinburgh, Nov. 26.

"The celebrated aeronaut, Mr. Lunardi, ascended in his balloon, on Wednesday last, from Glasgow, amidst a vast concourse of admiring spectators. He took possession of the car about two o'clock in the afternoon, the wind S. W. and advanced north east for about 25 miles. Having then changed his direction, he proceeded to the South East, and attempted to anchor; but the wind blowing with great violence, the cable gave way, by which accident the anchor, weighing about 10lb. was left on the ground, and the balloon re-ascended, with wonderful velocity, to a considerable altitude. After floating some time in the air, Mr. Lunardi at last descended in Selkirkshire, about twelve miles farther, on the Water of Ale, being two miles to the eastward of Alesmoor, having performed an expedition of 123 miles in the space of two hours.

"It is worthy of observation, that during Mr. Lunardi's expedition, a very remarkable circumstance occurred. The like has not happened to any other aeronaut. When at a considerable distance from the earth, he felt himself much inclined to sleep; and at last supposing himself safe moored in Bedfordshire, he yielded to the strong propensity, and slept for about 20 minutes, on the bottom of the air."

Extract of a letter from Edinburgh, Nov. 30.

"Yesterday agreeable to the terms of the late act of Parliament, was determined before the Court of Exchequer here, by a most respectable jury, the claim of Mr. Forbes, of Culloden, for a compensation from Government in lieu of his privilege of exemption from paying duties on grain, the growth of

his estate of Fairntosh; when the jury returned a verdict, finding Mr. Forbes entitled to a compensation of 21,580l.—The sum claimed by Mr. Forbes was about 40,000l and that offered by Government from 12,000l. to 16,000l."—It is on Mr. Forbes's estate that the best whiskey is made, which from the name of the village is distinguished by the title of *Fairntosh*.

Dec. 6. This day in a very private manner, Christopher Atkinson, Esq. with his family, set out from his house in Park-street, for the south of France. He took leave of a few friends the preceding day, but hoped, he said, to see them again. "It was impossible," he added, "to stay in England, unless he could bear to be a close prisoner in his own house.

Capt. Drinkwater's account of Gibraltar, among other amusing matter, gives us the following anecdote. In an early period of the siege, when Prince William Henry was there, and had made his first naval essay in its relief, the Spanish Admiral, Don Juan de Langara, visiting Admiral Digby, was introduced to his Royal Highness. During the conference between the Admirals, Prince William retired; and when it was intimated that Don Juan wished to return, his Royal Highness appeared in the character of a midshipman, and respectfully informed the Admiral that the boat was ready.—The Spaniard, astonished to see the son of a monarch acting as a warrant officer, could not help exclaiming, "Well does Great Britain merit the empire of the sea, when the humblest stations in her navy are filled by the princes of the blood."

An action upon the statute of usury was tried before Mr. Justice Buller, and a special Jury, against an eminent refiner, to recover the sum of 3120l. being treble the sum of 1040l. lent to a tradesman, and for which the refiner took after the rate of near ten per cent. interest. The court after hearing the case, and the customs made use of by the refiner's trade, to extort more than legal interest, by making the borrowers of money take grain gold at 4l. 9s. per ounce, and immediately buying it in again at 4l. 4s. severely reprobated the defendant's conduct, and ordered the jury to find a verdict for the plaintiff, which they did.

Extract of a letter from Montreal, Oct. 21.

"We were exceedingly alarmed here the 16th inst. by a most singular and extraordinary phenomenon. About half past two o'clock, P. M. the sky began to assume a most frightful appearance, which by three o'clock

o'clock changed to total darkness, and continued so for about twelve minutes; when it became pretty light again, but at four was as dark as before. During this time the air was thick; and smelt much of sulphur. The darkness went off soon after four, attended with thunder and lightning. This unusual event was attended with no bad consequences."

Dec. 10. Being the anniversary of the Royal Academy, an assembly of academicians was held at the Royal Academy, Somerset Place, when the following premiums were disposed of, viz. a silver medal for the best drawing of an academy figure, to Mr. Wm. Palmer; a silver medal, for the best model of Torso restored, to Mr. P. F. Cheny; a silver medal, for the best drawing of architecture, being the front of the King's house at Greenwich, done from actual measurements, to Mr. George Stoddart. The assembly then proceeded to elect officers for the year ensuing; when Sir Joshua Reynolds was re-elected President.

Council.	Visitors.
Sir Wm. Chambers,	P. J. de Louthembourg,
John Bacon,	James Barry,
Richard Cofway,	Jer. Meyer,
Paul Sandby,	F. Bartolozzi,
Edmund Garvey,	Mason Chamberlin,
J. F. Rigaud,	Jos. Noltekens,
William Tyler,	J. F. Rigaud,
Jos. Wilton, Esqrs	Jos. Wilton, Esqrs.

17. Last Michaelmas term came on to be argued in the Court of King's Bench, the question reserved on a special case at the last Dorchester assizes, in an action wherein Mr. Forward, a grocer at Shaftesbury, was plaintiff, and Mr. Pittard, a common carrier, at Sherborne, was defendant, which was brought for the recovery of the value of several pockets of hops, which were delivered at the warehouse of the defendant at Weyhill fair, to be conveyed in his waggon to Shaftesbury, and which were accidentally destroyed by fire after they had been delivered into the defendant's custody. The point was very ably argued on both sides, and was determined against the carrier; the Court being unanimously of opinion that a common carrier is, in every case, answerable for goods delivered into his custody for carriage, except for such accidents as might happen by the act of God, or the King's enemies. On the decision of this cause, Mr. Pittard is become liable for other goods burnt at Weyhill fair, amounting in the whole to the value of 1000l.

Extract of a letter from Chester, Dec. 19.

"By a letter from a friend from the Isle of Anglesey, we have this day received the melancholy account of between 60 and 70 persons being drowned, on Monday night

the 12th inst. about eight o'clock, in crossing the river Menai, in the Tal y Voil ferry-boat, from the town of Carnarvon to the Anglesey shore. Amongst the unfortunate number, were a clergyman and his wife, and many very respectable families."

21. The sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 14 convicts received judgment of death; 34 were sentenced to be transported, two of whom are to be sent to Africa.

26. The foundation of a new Play-house near Well-cloze Square, was laid by Mr. John Palmer, of Drury-Lane Theatre.

Extract of a letter from Edinburgh, Dec. 21.

"Yesterday, Mr. Lunardi ascended in his balloon from Harriot's Gardens. The pleasure arising from the sight was considerably abated by the course of the balloon, which was in a direct line towards the German ocean. It continued in sight near an hour, and was, through a telescope, observed to drop into the sea.

"The anxiety naturally occasioned by such an event may be easily conceived; and it must give general pleasure to learn that after being an hour in the water, he was taken up by a fisher-boat.

"The fishermen came to town this morning, bringing his sword with them, and report, that when they came up with him he was about five miles off Gullenefs; that he could not possibly have held out much longer; and that they were under a necessity of cutting away the balloon, which rose rapidly, and soon disappeared. When he landed he was carried to Dirlerton, the seat of William Nesbitt, Esq."

The following extract of a letter from the celebrated Dr. Price, of London, to a gentleman in Philadelphia, is copied from the Pennsylvania Gazette of the 21st of September:

"The letter which I have just received from you, together with the considerations addressed to the legislature of Pennsylvania, have given me a good deal of pain. Before I received them, I knew nothing of the test law in Pennsylvania, and I am truly sorry such a law is maintained there, contrary to every principle of justice and good policy. The reasonings upon this subject in the pamphlet you have sent me, do the writer great honour, and appear to me scarcely capable of being resisted by unprejudiced and disinterested men. That is a miserable legislature which relies much upon the use of tests; for, in general, they bind only honest men. This test is expressed so strongly, that real friends to the American cause, and particularly Quakers, might well scruple taking it when first proposed; but, to continue, now, the disfranchisement it occasioned, and thus to deprive two-fifths of the inhabitants of the

rights of citizens, while any foreigner may entitle himself to these rights, is an act of oppression, which I should hardly have thought possible to take place in Pennsylvania. Indeed, Sir, since the publication of my Observations upon the American Revolution, I have heard so much that I do not like, that I have been sometimes afraid of having made myself ridiculous by what I have said of the importance of this revolution. One of my correspondents in America, who has been all along attached to the American cause, assures me, that nothing can be more Utopian than the expectations I have formed, and he informs me of facts, which, if true, have

a considerable tendency to lower my hopes. I will, however, still hope, that the American revolution will prove an introduction to a better state of human affairs, and that in time the United States will become those seats of liberty, peace, and virtue, which the enlightened and liberal part of Europe are ardently wishing to see them.

"This letter will be conveyed to you by Dr. Franklin. He is leaving, for ever, this part of the world. May God grant him a prosperous voyage!

Your very obedient, and humble servant,
RICHARD PRICE."

Newington Green, July 22, 1785.

P R E F E R M E N T S, DECEMBER 1785.

Tenth Regiment of Dragoons.

SIR PATRICK BLAKE, Bart. appointed Cornet, vice George Kerr.—Coldstream Regiment of Foot-Guards. Major General Harry Trelawney to be Lieutenant-Colonel, vice Henry Lister; Major-General Arthur, First Major, vice Harry Trelawney; Major-General Richard Grenville, Second Major, vice Arthur G. Martin; Lieutenant-Colonel, Charles Trelawney, Captain of a Company, vice Richard Grenville; and Colonel Thomas Jones, (Major of the 102d Regiment) to be Captain Lieutenant, vice C. Trelawney. *Gazette.*

The Right Hon. Thomas Ord, one of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council.

Mr. Thomas Richard Spence, (by the death of Mr. Berdmore) Senior operator, and Mr. William Rae, Junior operator for the Teeth to the King.

Augustus Pechell, Esq; to be Receiver-General of the rates and duties of the Post-Office, vice Robert Trevor, Esq; deceased.

Col. Rooke to be Knight of the Shire for Monmouth, vice the present Lord Abergavenny.

John Ansley, Esq; to investigate the claims

of the loyalists in the Thirteen United States, pursuant to an act of Parliament.

The Right Hon. William Eden to be one of the Committee for the consideration of all matters relating to trade and foreign plantations.

The Right Hon. William Eden to be his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of France, for negotiating Commercial Arrangements.

William Boscawen, Esq. to be one of the commissioners for victualling his Majesty's navy, vice Montagu Burgoyne, Esq. resigned.

Benjamin Handley, Esq. of Sleaford in Lincolnshire, to be Receiver-General of the Land-Tax for the parts of Kesteven in Holland, Cambridgehire.

Mr. James Atkinson, to be Town-Clerk of Hertford, vice Mr. John Hall, dec.

Eliab Hervey, Esq. of Chigwell, to be Verduror of Waltham forest, Essex.

Daniel Bomeester, Esq. to be his Majesty's Consul at Minorca, Majorca and Ivica, vice George Morden, Esq. dec.

Mr. Archibald Davidson, to be Principal of the College of Glasgow.

B I R T H S, DECEMBER 1785.

THE Lady of the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Turnour, of a daughter.
The Countess of Radnor, of a son.

The Lady of Sir John Frederick, Bart. of a son.

Mrs. Siddons, Tragedian, of a son.

M A R R I A G E S, DECEMBER 1785.

JOHN Wombwell, Esq. of Great Ormond-street, to Miss Baker, of Bedford-square.
Henry William Seaford, Esq. of Walford, Somersetshire, to Miss Juliana Yonge, youngest sister of the Right Hon. Sir Geo. Yonge.

John Clifton, Esq. of Lytham in Lancashire, to Miss Riddell, daughter of Thomas Riddell, Esq. of Swinburn-Castle, Northumberland.

Major Henry Richmond Gale, to Miss Baldwin

Baldwin, of Aldingham, Lancashire.

George Dalton Shaftoe, Esq. eldest son of Cuthbert Shaftoe, of Hexham, Esq. to Miss Charleton, only daughter of William Charleton, of Alnwick, Esq.

William Johnson, Esq. of Temple-Bellwood in Lincolnshire, to Miss Susanna Johnson of Prescot.

The Rev. Mr. Nash, vicar of Enstone in Oxfordshire, to Miss Lucy Rodd, daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Rodd, rector of Barton-on-the-Heath in Warwickshire.

The Rev. J. Griffith, of Manchester, to Miss Frances Louisa Evelyn, youngest daughter of the late Charles Evelyn, Esq. of Totness in Devonshire.

The Right Hon. Miss Maria Murray, daughter of Lord Stormont, to ——— Hatton, Esq. of Portman-square.

Capt. Singleton, of the Guards, to Lady Mary Cornwallis, only daughter of the Right Hon. Earl Cornwallis.

The Rev. Tho. Stedman, vicar of St. Chad, to Miss Catherine Adams, of Shrewsbury.

At Kidderminster, Miss Miles, a maiden lady of 60, to Mr. Barlow, aged 23.

The Rev. Mr. Bunting, rector of Yelden, in Bedfordshire, to Miss Creak, of the same place.

At Weymouth, the Rev. Mr. Williams, to Miss Friend.

At Dorchester, Capt. Steele, to Miss Arden.

Rev. Tho. Davis, rector of Liddiard Millicent, to Miss Giffard, of Salisbury.

The Hon. Edward Bouverie, brother to the Earl of Radnor, to Miss A. Ogle, second daughter to Admiral Sir Chalonier Ogle.

Mr. Christian, to Miss Johnson, only daughter to Major David Johnson, of the Marines.

Randal Ford, Esq. of London, to Miss Brooke, eldest daughter of the late Peter Brooke, Esq. of Mere in Cheshire.

At Scredington, near Sleasford, Mr. Edward Morris, of Heckington, aged 88 years, to Miss Eleanor Page, aged 18 years.

Col. Ramlden, of the foot-guards, to Miss Carpenter, daughter of Gen. Carpenter.

Nich. Barnwell, Esq. of Exmouth, to Miss Harriet Aubrey, of Heckfield, Hants.

Sam. Baker, Esq. of Lynn, to Miss Wood, youngest daughter of Richard Wood, Esq. of Hollins-clofe Hall, Yorkshire.

Edward Athwell, Esq. of Leighton, Bedfordshire, to Miss Ann Godwin, of Warwick-freet.

James Barham, of Doctor's Commons, attorney, to Miss Mary Hufsey, only daughter of Mr. Richard Hufsey, late of the Inner-Temple.

Henry Dealtry, Esq. of the Crown Office, to Miss Eleanor Baldwin, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Baldwin of Leyland.

William Hammond, Esq. of St. Alban's, to Miss Beauvoir, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Beauvoir, of Great Stanhope-freet.

At Liverpool, Miss Nissen, Esq. Consul to his Prussian Majesty, to Miss Mary Leigh.

Michael Bray, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn, to Miss Darell, of Bath.

MONTHLY OBITUARY, DECEMBER 1785.

OCTOBER 6.

AT Alicant, Charles Rood, Esq. many years established in the Commerce of that place.

31. At Sas Van Ghent, Lieut. Col. Robert Douglas, in the service of the United Netherlands.

Nov. 4. His Serene Highness Prince George of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, youngest brother to the Queen, at Tyrnau in Hungary.

At Edmonton, Mr. John Meyrick, partner with Mr. Gardfeldt, haberdasher. He burst a blood-veffel some months before.

At Modena, aged 85, Count Joseph Maria Fogliani, Bishop of that See.

At Marybone, Mr. Opie, an eminent painter, whose works have attracted the public notice by their intrinsic merit at the three or four last exhibitions of the Royal Academy. He was a native of Cornwall, of low extraction, had been his own instructor, and, on coming to town, received lessons and patronage from Sir Joshua Reynolds.

At Darlington, Cumberland, in an advanced age, Martha Bay, besom-maker, in which business, for a number of years past, and by her parsimonious manner of living, she had scraped together no less a property than 700l. which she has left by will equally amongst her nephews and nieces, she having never been married. Her cloathing has been estimated to have cost her seven shillings annually for the last ten years of her life; and her diet was on a plan not less frugal, potatoes and salt forming the principal articles of her table.

10. At Enfield, aged 47, Sarah Goldsmith. She was only child of Mr. John G. Carpenter, of the said parish; and since the death of her mother, about five years ago, contracted such habits of indolence and avarice, that, after having shut herself up from every one, even from her own relations, and the tenants of her own house, with whom she lodged, and from whom she received the necessaries of life only at the head of the

stairs, found her dead on the hearth, with only a silk cloak tied tight about her neck, and in her room good cloaths, money, and other articles, together with provisions, hoarded up in a most filthy condition. The coroner's inquest brought in their verdict accidental death.—It appeared that she received the interest of 200*l.* from a relation of her mother's in Worcestershire.

Her Serene Highness Princess Charlotte Wilhelmina of Hesse Darmstadt, consort to his Serene Highness Prince Charles of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, brother to her Majesty: her Serene Highness has been lately delivered of a Prince, who continues in perfect health.

In mean circumstances, at his apartments in Moorfields, Mr. Coufnoyer, who was ruined by the loss of a ship at sea. The property on board was merely shells, collected with great taste and care, and which he thought to turn to great advantages here. He was concerned in a publication entitled, "The Monthly Amusement from Marine Productions," printed at Hamburg, with illuminated plates, in the year 1755, and in "Recueil des Coquillages," &c. at Copenhagen in 1758.

At Fourtree-hall, Enfield, in his 76th year, Eliab Breton, Esq.

At Stoke Rochford, aged 86, the Rev. John Harrison, Rector of that parish, and Vicar of Wragby cum Torrington, co. Linc.

The Consort of his Serene Highness the Bishop of Lubeck.

James Major Cotterel, of the Irish Volunteers.

John Wasse, the elder, Esq. of Stow-Hall in Cambridgeshire.

The Rev. Mr. Feron, vicar of Peafmarsh in Suffex, aged 63.

The Reverend Mr. Pitt, rector of Hadstock in Essex.

At Dublin, William Toovey, LL.D. Fellow of New College, Oxford.

At York, in her 84th year, Mrs. Lutton, relict of Ralph Lutton, of Knapton, Esq.; and eldest daughter of Sir Francis Boynton, Bart.

The Right Hon. the Countess Dowager of Cornwallis, mother of the present Earl Cornwallis.

John Andrew Douglas, Esq; Paymaster of his Majesty's Navy.

At Bromfield, in Hertfordshire, the Rev. Edward Bouchier, A. M. rector of that parish, and of All Saints, Hertford.

John Merlott, Esq; one of the Aldermen of Bristol.

At Prestop Park, Lieutenant William Springthorpe, of the navy. During the late

war upon several occasions he singularly distinguished himself; was appointed Lieutenant on the 28th of June 1776, upon the memorable attack of Sullivan Fort, in Charlestown-bay; he was then a midshipman on board the Bristol man of war, Cap. Morris. In this unfortunate attack, the brave Cap. Morris was slain, and 121 of his crew were either killed or wounded. Springthorpe on that day fought one of the guns on the quarter deck, and three times his birth was cleared, every man being killed except himself. When the Admiral (Sir Peter Parker) came upon deck, he was shocked at the carnage that surrounded him, and found Springthorpe sitting alone upon a gun: "Thou art a brave fellow," said the Admiral, "and appointed him a Lieutenant upon the spot." He was afterwards appointed to the Ariadne, a 20 gun ship.

Suddenly, at Prescot, the Rev. Mr. Ashcroft.

The Rev. Charles Sleech, A. M. son of the Rev. Mr. Archdeacon Sleech, of Exeter.

At Gasworth in Cheshire, the Rev. Mr. Miles Lonsdale, rector of that place.

At Hampstead, Mr. Matthew Jenour, Printer of the Daily Advertiser.

Mrs. Lysons, relict of Daniel Lysons, Esq; of Hempstead, near Gloucester, aged 83.

At Mobile, Don An. Francia, the great Botanist, and natural Historian, of the bite of a rattle snake, which he received as he was searching for some particular plants.

The Rev. Dr. Brickham, Archdeacon of Leicester, and rector of Loughborough.

Sir Thomas Pye, Admiral of the White, and Lieutenant-General of Marines, aged 73.

At Kensington, John Mayne, Esq.

At Kingston-upon-Hull, Sir George Colquhoun, Bart.

Lady Erskine, relict of the late Sir Charles Erikine, of Alva, Bart. and wife to Mr. Davies, surgeon of Bristol.

Thomas Vernon, Esq; postmaster of Qsweltry.

In Africa, Captain Caleb Hale, of Liverpool.

At Exeter, in a very advanced age, Mr. Joseph Dyer, comedian.

The Lady of Francis Gore, Esq; Lieutenant-Governor of Grenada.

John Weston, Esq; of Hatton-Garden.

The Reverend Mr. Millward, rector of Abbotsbury in Dorset, and of Batcombe in Somerset.

Martin Folkes, Esq; of Cheveley in Cambridgeshire.

The Reverend Mr. Pilborough, formerly of St. John's college, Cambridge.

William Steele, Esq; of Broughton, Hants.

The Reverend Mr. Benjamin Blatch, rector of Cricklade, Wilts.

Thomas Anguish, Esq; Accountant General of the Court of Chancery, and one of the Commissioners of Public Accounts.

Mrs. Cadell, wife of Mr. Cadell, bookseller, in the Strand.

Mr. Cha. Poynter, of the General Post-Office.

At Oxford, the Reverend William Wright, M. A. formerly a Fellow of Morton College; said to have possessed property to the value of 100,000l.

Wm. James, Esq; of Shroton in Dorsetshire.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

DRURY-LANE.

- Nov 28 **T** Twelfth Night—The Romp
 29 Way to Keep Him—Waterman.
 30 Way to Keep Him—Romp
 Dec 1. Philaster—Romp
 2 Country Girl—Jubilee
 3 School for Scandal—Romp
 5 Confederacy—Jubilee
 6 Twelfth Night—Romp
 7 Provok'd Husband—Jubilee
 8 The Strangers at Home—All the World's a Stage
 9 The Same—Romp
 10 The Same—Humourist
 12 The Same—Critic
 13 The Same—Romp
 14 Country Girl—Jubilee
 15 Strangers at Home—Humourist
 16 Twelfth Night—Jubilee
 17 Strangers at Home—Romp
 19 School for Scandal—Jubilee
 20 Strangers at Home—The Same
 21 Country Girl—The Same
 22 Strangers at Home—The Same
 23 The Same—Romp
 26 Zara—Hurly-Burly
 27 Natural Son—The Same
 28 Hamlet—The Same
 29 Winter's Tale—The Same
 30 Every Man in his Humour—The Same
 31 The Strangers at Home—The Same.

COVENT-GARDEN.

- Nov 28 **R** Omeo and Juliet—Midas
 29 Robin Hood—Commissary
 30 Beaux Stratagem—Three Weeks after Marriage
 Dec. 1. Orphan—Rofina
 2 Robin Hood—Barataria
 3 Oroonoko—Poor Vulcan
 5 Richard III.—The Same
 6 Orphan—The Same
 7 Double Gallant—Sultan [Them
 8 Love in a Village—Appearance is Against
 9 Roman Father—Tom Thumb
 10 Percy—Appearance is Against Them
 12 The Same—Poor Soldier
 13 Rule a Wife and have a Wife—Three Weeks after Marriage
 14 Jane Shore—Fool
 15 Orphan—The Same
 16 Duenna—The Same
 17 Hypocrite—Three Weeks after Marriage
 19 Romeo and Juliet—Fool
 20 Jane Shore—Omai
 21 Percy—Omai
 22 Busy Body—Omai
 23 Constant Couple—Omai
 26 George Barnwell—Omai
 27 She Stoops to Conquer—Omai
 28 Follies of a Day—Omai
 29 Douglas—Omai
 30 Comedy of Errors—Omai
 31 Constant Couple—Omai.

GENERAL VIEW of HIGHGATE.

AT that season of the year when Nature, clad in lovely green, puts on her pleasing smiles; a Gentleman being on a visit at Highgate, in an afternoon's ramble was so struck with the beautiful and picturesque prospect of that enchanting spot, that having a taste for drawing, he sat down and took the Elegant

View of it we have given from the south-east corner of Caen Wood; a scene, which, to those who are acquainted with the situation, cannot but be acceptable; and we flatter ourselves, that such of our Readers as never did see it will not be displeas'd with this accurate delineation of it.