

T H E European Magazine,

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

CONTAINING THE
L I T E R A T U R E , H I S T O R Y , P O L I T I C S , A R T S ,
M A N N E R S , and A M U S E M E N T S of the A G E ;
By the P H I L O L O G I C A L S O C I E T Y of L O N D O N ;
For A U G U S T , 1786.

[Embellished with, 1. An elegant Engraving of CHARLES EARL CORNWALLIS. And 2. View of the DUKE of CUMBERLAND'S HOUSE on the STEINE, at BRIGHTHELMSTONE.]

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L O N D O N :
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[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS.

C. T. O. in our next. We beg to have the remainder as soon as possible.

Also the Letter from Lord Chesterfield, and the Poem to which it refers.

Civis must be more explicit.

C. J.'s request of the portrait we must desire to decline.

The Extract we are afraid has been printed already.

Leander, H. S. A Friend to Truth, Frederick Friday, Odericus, Milo, and several others are received.

If the original Letters mentioned by *Vesper* are sent to us, they shall be taken great care of, and we will undertake either to treat for them, or return them safely. We can say nothing to what we have not seen.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from August 14, to August 19, 1786.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
COUNTIES INLAND.	4	6	3	1	2	10	2	4	3	4

London	4	6	0	3	0	2	8	3	10	
Middlesex	4	10	2	11	2	11	2	5	4	7
Surry	4	7	0	0	2	10	2	6	4	2
Hertford	4	4	3	3	2	8	2	5	3	11
Bedford	4	3	2	10	0	0	2	0	3	1
Cambridge	4	2	0	0	0	0	2	1	3	9
Huntingdon	4	8	2	9	2	10	2	5	4	1
Northampton	5	1	3	0	3	0	2	4	4	10
Rutland	4	10	2	9	3	0	2	7	4	6
Leicester	4	11	2	9	2	7	2	4	3	9
Nottingham	5	7	0	0	0	0	2	6	4	7
Derby	5	0	4	6	0	0	2	5	4	5
Stafford	5	4	4	0	3	9	3	1	5	7
Salop	4	7	0	0	3	8	2	11	0	0
Hereford	4	11	0	0	3	7	2	9	4	10
Worcester	4	10	0	0	0	0	2	7	4	2
Warwick	4	9	0	0	2	7	2	7	4	7
Gloucester	4	11	4	0	3	0	2	7	4	8
Wilts	4	6	3	4	2	9	2	8	4	4
Berks	4	6	0	0	2	8	2	9	4	4
Oxford	4	3	0	0	2	9	2	7	4	0
Bucks										

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
	4	3	0	0	2	10	2	2	3	1
Essex	4	1	2	10	2	7	2	1	3	1
Suffolk	4	4	2	10	2	10	2	1	0	0
Norfolk	4	6	2	11	2	7	2	0	3	6
Lincoln	5	0	3	4	2	10	2	5	4	7
York	5	7	4	6	3	3	2	7	4	0
Durham	4	11	3	8	3	0	2	3	4	2
Northumberland	5	10	4	0	3	3	2	5	4	8
Cumberland	6	2	4	2	3	3	2	5	4	0
Westmorl.	6	3	0	0	4	0	2	6	4	8
Lancashire	5	10	0	0	0	0	2	5	0	0
Cheeshire	5	10	0	0	0	0	2	9	0	0
Monmouth	5	5	3	1	3	1	1	9	4	6
Somerset	5	8	0	0	3	3	2	2	0	0
Devon	5	8	0	0	3	2	2	0	0	0
Cornwall	5	2	0	0	3	5	2	5	4	7
Dorset	4	8	0	0	3	0	2	5	4	2
Hants	4	6	0	0	0	0	2	2	4	0
Suffex	4	5	0	0	2	9	2	3	3	1
Kent										

WALES, Aug. 14, to Aug. 19, 1786.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
	6	1	4	8	3	11	2	4	4	11
North Wales	5	10	4	3	3	8	2	0	4	9
South Wales										

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

JULY,

BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.
28—29 — 80 —	66 —	W.
29—29 — 57 —	67 —	W.S.W.
30—29 — 90 —	66 —	W.N.W.
31—29 — 90 —	67 $\frac{1}{2}$ —	W.

AUGUST.

1—30 — 10 —	66 —	W.S.W.
2—29 — 85 —	62 —	W.
3—29 — 66 —	64 —	N.
4—29 — 62 —	68 5 —	S.S.W.
5—29 — 70 —	65 5 —	S.
6—29 — 96 —	67 —	W.S.W.
7—30 — 00 —	66 —	N.
8—30 — 15 —	67 —	N.N.W.
9—30 — 15 —	68 —	S.
10—30 — 15 —	66 —	S.
11—30 — 08 —	72 —	W.
12—29 — 82 —	69 —	S.
13—29 — 60 —	68 —	S.
14—29 — 49 —	60 —	W.S.W.
15—29 — 47 —	62 —	W.
16—29 — 80 —	62 5 —	N.
17—30 — 07 —	63 —	W.N.W.
18—30 — 06 —	64 —	W.N.W.
19—29 — 86 —	66 —	S.

20—29 — 60 —	67 —	W.S.W.
21—29 — 75 —	66 —	W.
22—29 — 86 —	67 —	W.N.W.
23—30 — 06 —	62 —	W.
24—30 — 20 —	62 —	N.
25—30 — 30 —	62 —	N.
26—30 — 20 —	66 —	N.
27—30 — 09 —	63 —	W.N.W.
28—29 — 87 —	62 —	W.
29—29 — 92 —	60 —	W.

PRICE of STOCKS,

August 29, 1786.

Bank Stock, 156 $\frac{7}{8}$	New S. S. Ann. 76 $\frac{3}{4}$
New 4 per Cent. 1777, 97 $\frac{1}{8}$ a 967 8ths	India Stock, —
3 per Cent. Ann. 1785, 114 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 114	3 per Cent. Ind. Ann. —
3 per Cent. Bank red. 77 5-8ths	India Bonds, —
3 per Cent. Conf. 77 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 77 $\frac{1}{2}$	New Navy and Vict. Bills —
3 per Cent. 1726, —	Long Ann. 22 7-8ths
3 per Cent. 1751, 75 $\frac{1}{2}$	a 23 yrs. pur.
South Sea Stock, —	10 years Short Ann. 1777, —
Old S. S. An. 76 $\frac{1}{2}$ 7-8ths,	30 years Ann. 1778, —
	India Scrip. 13 $\frac{1}{2}$
	Omnium, —
	Exchequer Bills, —
	Lot. Tick. 141. 169. 317 $\frac{1}{2}$

T H E

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

A N D

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

For A U G U S T, 1786.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An Account of CHARLES EARL CORNWALLIS.

[With an ENGRAVED PORTRAIT of HIM.]

THE appointment of this nobleman to the government of Bengal is an event big with important consequences to these kingdoms. The general confidence, however, placed in the success of his mission, and daily expectation of receiving advices of the measures adopted by him in a situation of great difficulty, are very honourable testimonies to his merit, and seem to point him out as a proper object at this time of public attention. Perhaps, the nomination of a person whose efforts to serve his country in another part of the globe had been unsuccessful is peculiar to this nobleman; it affords, however, a very strong presumption that his character is marked with those qualities which render mankind estimable, and without which every person, especially in a public station, will and ought to be viewed with eyes of jealousy and suspicion.

CHARLES EARL CORNWALLIS is descended from a line of ancestors who have variously distinguished themselves in this nation. He was born December 31, 1738. After a polite and liberal education he determined, according to the example of his father, to devote himself to a military life. During the war of 1756 he signalized himself on various occasions in Germany, which at that time might be called the school of war. Here he acquired experience and reputation, and fixed his character on a foundation which even misfortune has not been able to shake.

He very early became a member of the Senate, being elected to represent the borough of Eye, in the eleventh Parliament of Great Britain, and sat as representa-

tive for the same place until he succeeded his father in the Peerage, June 23, 1762. He was at that time Colonel of the 12th regiment, and in 1765 was appointed one of the Lords of the Bed-Chamber. In August the same year, he had the honour to be appointed Aid de Camp to the King, with the rank of Colonel of Foot, and on March the 25th, 1766, was advanced to be Colonel of the 33d Regiment of Foot, in the place of Sir John Griffin Griffin. On December the 27th in the same year, he became Warden and Chief Justice in Eyre of the Forests South of Trent. In 1770 he was appointed Constable of the Tower of London, and Lord Lieutenant of the Tower Hamlets, both of them posts which his father had held before him. On September the 29th, 1775, he was promoted to the rank of Major General; and in 1780, after having signalized himself in several actions in America, the whole command of a part of the Army there fell to his lot. That he was unsuccessful (though his predecessors have been censured in the like circumstances) has been universally considered as his misfortune, not imputed to him as a fault.

For some time his Lordship was successful against the enemy; but the power of the Americans had at this juncture increased so much, that he soon found himself unequal to contend with them. We shall not enter into a detail of transactions so recent and well known. It is sufficient to say, that on October the 19th, 1781, his Lordship and his whole army were obliged to surrender themselves prisoners of war.

From that period he lived a life of retirement, until the critical situation of the affairs of the East India Company requiring the aid of a person whose integrity and abilities could claim the confidence of all parties, his Lordship was selected to take the direction of that important concern with scarce a dissenting voice. He immediately embarked for his government, and the public have reason to look for some good effects from his Lord-

ship's zeal in the service, and attention to his duty.

His Lordship on July 14, 1768, married Mary daughter of—Jones, Esq; by whom he has issue one son, Charles Viscount Broome, born at Culford Hall, October 22, 1774, and a daughter, Lady Mary, born in Jermyn Street, London, July 28, 1769. Lady Cornwallis died February 14, 1779.

ORIGINAL LETTER relative to the RESTORATION.

Lord CULPEPER to Lord Chancellor
HYDE*.

I TAKE it for granted this change in England will require your constant attendance at Hockstrath, which makes me address this letter thither, and I shall follow it as soon as my young master shall have sealed some writings betwixt him and his relations, which (they being ready engrossed here and he sent for) I hope will be done on Monday. I cannot say I am much surprized with the news of Cromwell's death, the letters of the last week (those of this are not come yet) leaving him desperately sick of a Palsy and Quartan Ague; yet the thing is of so great consequence, that I can hardly forbear rubbing my eyes to find whether I sleep or wake. The first news of it came not hither until very late (at the shutting the gates) last night, though he died this day sevensnight at three of the clock. The ports were shut upon his death so strictly, that Monsieur Newport's pass was returned, and he had difficulty enough to get leave to send a ship of his own hiring upon Saturday night. Extraordinary care was taken that no English passengers should come in that ship, yet some did, and amongst them a woman now in this town, who saith that Cromwell's eldest son was proclaimed Protector on Saturday morning, which is confirmed by a Dutchman now here, who came from Gravesend on Tuesday. All the comment he makes on the text (it is a common fallor) is, that he heard the people curse when he was proclaimed. This accident must make a great change in the face of affairs

in Christendom, and we may reasonably hope the first and best will be in England. As for this town they are mad with joy; no man is at leisure to buy or sell; the young fry dance in the streets at noon-day; the Devil is dead, is the language at every turn; and the entertainment of the graver sort is only to contemplate the happy days now approaching.—What the King is to do upon this great and good change in England is now before you; to which most important question, tho' with the disadvantage of my being absent, I shall freely (but privately to yourself) deliver my opinion before it is asked; which is, that you ought not to be overhasty in doing any thing in England, neither by proclaiming the King, nor by any other public act, until you shall truly and particularly know the state of affairs there, without which Solomon, if he were alive and with you, could not make a right judgment of what is to be done there. By the state of affairs there, I mean not only what is acted at the council-board, in the army, city, and country, but likewise how these several bodies are generally affected to this nomination of Cromwell's son; what opinion they have of, and kindness to his person; who is discontented at it; and upon what account they are so, and to what degree; what formed parties are made or making against it; and how they propose to carry on their design—whether under the veil of a Parliament, or by open, declared force; how Monk and Mr. Harry Cromwell like it; and of what consideration Lambert is upon this change. Most of these, and many other particu-

* The Editor of Lord Clarendon's Papers observes, that this letter is singularly striking, both in respect to its style and to its matter. And Lord Hardwicke, in a note to Dr. Douglas, dated March 22, 1762, says, that he looked upon it as one of the strongest instances of political foresight and sagacity that is to be met with in History.

lars, ought to be well known upon able and impartial intelligence from the place, before you can be ready for a judgement, either of the design itself, or of the timing; and in the mean time both the King's party in England, and we here, cannot (in my opinion) act too silent a part. When their partialities shall come to the height, that is, when the swords shall be drawn, our tale will be heard, the weakest party will be glad to take us by the hand, and give us the means of arming and embodying ourselves, and then will be our time to speak our own language. But if we appear before upon our own account, it will only serve to unite our enemies, and confirm their new government by a victory over us, whereby we shall be utterly disabled to do our duty when the true season shall come, which I doubt not will quickly be, if we have but the patience to wait for it. But whilst I thus declare my opinion against their abortions, I would not be understood that no endeavours of ours may be proper to hasten the timely birth; on the contrary, I think much good is to be done by discreet and secret application, by well chosen persons, to those of power and interest amongst them, whom we shall find most discontented with Cromwell's partiality in setting this young man over their heads, that have borne the brunt of the day in the common cause, as they call it, and who have so good an opinion of themselves as to believe that they have deserved as much of them they fought for, as Cromwell himself did. Who these are is not easy for us yet to know, but such there are certainly, and a little time will easily discover them, and probably enough we may find some of them in Cromwell's own family, and amongst those that in his life stuck closest to him. Be they where they will, if they have power and will to do good, they ought to be cherished. But the person that my eye is chiefly on, is able alone to restore the king, and not absolutely averse to it, neither in his principles nor in his affections, and that is as like to be unsatisfied with this choice as any other amongst them, is Monk, who commandeth absolutely at his devotion a better army (as I am informed) than that in England is, and in the king's quarrel can bring with him the strength of Scotland, and so protect the northern, that he cannot fail of them in his march,

the reputation whereof (if he declares) will as much give the will to the appearing of the king's party in the rest of England, as the drawing the army from the southern, western, and eastern counties, will give them the means to appear in arms. Thus the work will be certainly done, in spite of all opposition that can be apprehended, and the gaining of one man will alone make sure work of the whole. I need not give you his character; you know he is a fullen man, that values himself enough, and much believes that his knowledge and reputation in arms fits him for the title of Highness, and the office of Protector, better than Mr. Richard Cromwell's skill in horse-races and husbandry doth. You know, besides, that the only ties that have hitherto kept him from grumbling, have been the vanity of constancy to his professions, and his affection to Cromwell's person, the latter whereof is doubly dissolved, first, by the jealousies he had of him, and now by his death; and if he be handsomely put in mind who was his first master, and what was promised him when he came out of the Tower, the first scruple will not long trouble him. Nothing of either of them can now stick with him, and, besides, if I am well informed, he that lately believed his head was in danger from the father (and, therefore, no arts nor importunities could bring him to London), will not easily trust the son. The way to deal with him is, by some fit person (which, I think, is the greatest difficulty) to shew him plainly, and to give him all imaginable security for it, that he shall better find all his ends (those of honour, power, profit and safety) with the king, than in any other way he can take. Neither are we to boggle at any way he shall propose in the declaring himself; let it at the first be presbyterian, be king and parliament, be a third party, or what he will, so it oppose the present power, it will at last do the king's business, and, after a little time, he will and must alone fall into the track we would have him go in; when he is engaged past retreat, he will want you as much as you will want him, and you may mould him into what form you please. You have my opinion (though in too much haste); pray think seriously of it.—

S.

*Amsterdam, Sept. 20, 1659.
An original.*

The POLITICAL STATE of the NATION and of EUROPE, for AUGUST, 1786.

No. XXX.

LAST month closed, and this opened, with a confident report of a peerage to be conferred on one of our late American Generals, and *quondam* as well as present Governor of Canada, which in the sequel was confirmed by Gazette authority. It appeared to us somewhat difficult to account for a pension and a peerage so soon following one another, at the same time the object of these favours was in the possession of a very lucrative place, accompanied with extensive and uncommon powers. We asked ourselves, and every sensible judicious friend we met with, the cause of this profusion of courtly favours; but in vain! No man could or would inform us; and we are yet to learn the moving efficient cause. The same Gazette exhibited a groupe of new-created British peers, by turning some Irish and some Scotch peers, and some commoners, into peers of Great Britain.

At the same time the troubles breeding in Holland had a temporary effect upon our funds. The dealers in that precarious commodity took fright, or affected a fright, on that account. We suppose some of them found their account in it. They are generally well paid for being frightened.

Early in the month, our merchants had a dose in the London Gazette not very palatable! After being fed with the strongest assurance of a renewal of our commercial treaty being nearly concluded with Russia, they were bluntly informed of a continuation of some of the privileges and immunities secured to them by the late treaty, which expired the first of July, up to the first of January next; without so much as a hint of any further continuance, or of the new treaty being in any degree of forwardness. This leaves our Russian merchants and mariners in a very great degree of uncertainty and anxiety — thanks to the wisdom and vigilance of Ministers!

The drawing of the Irish Lottery commenced early in the month, and gambling and swindling followed with a vengeance! The tricks and artifices practised by the adventurers in that way are not fit to be mentioned in a civilized Christian country: but speculating in the funds, gaming, and gambling in that traffick, seem to absorb the whole monied interest of this kingdom, and to draw that of its neighbouring kingdoms into its vortex too! all Europe sporting with the heavy burdens of the trading, manufacturing, labouring, and industrious people of Great Britain, and rioting in the money extorted from the sweat of their brows.

The beginning of this month was big with events, which evolved themselves rapidly in quick succession from the prolifick womb of time! Not only the whole kingdom, but all Europe, was struck with astonishment, at hearing of and seeing a Gazette Extraordinary issuing from the Court at St. James's in a time of profound peace and tranquillity! --- They were still more astonished at the subject-matter contained in it: and if any thing could add to their astonishment, it was the shortness of that Gazette, both in words and meaning! Nine lines were deemed sufficient to inform the liege subjects of Great Britain, and all others, of the particulars of one of the most atrocious transactions our history has hitherto furnished us with, and which we hoped it never would have exhibited. Nine lines to satisfy the curiosity, and remove the anxiety, of those loyal subjects, excited by nothing less than an attempt to ASSASSINATE their beloved Sovereign, in the face of noon-day, in the presence of his guards and attendants, and multitudes of others waiting to see him dismount from his carriage, at his own palace-gate! ---- These nine laconic lines ought to be very expressive and comprehensive, containing much distinct matter, as much as could be crowded into so many words. We confess we were very much disappointed in the narration, feeling a great *vacuum* in our minds respecting the circumstances as well as consequences of the horrid deed; and doubt not many of our fellow-citizens felt the same uneasy sensation. The conclusion of the story, however, is, "The woman was immediately taken into custody, and upon examination appears to be insane." — How did they know that? — Can they judge of insanity by intuition? — Can they discriminate between real and affected insanity in a moment? — The woman must have been insane indeed, not to have affected insanity, after having committed such an atrocious crime, which subjected her to the most dreadful punishment our laws prescribe, in the face of the world and the noon-day sun! — Her commitment to Bedlam does not substantiate the state of insanity alledged, sufficiently to satisfy the offended justice of the law of the land: a regular course of criminal prosecution, in our courts of justice, only can finally determine it.

What we have frequently forewarned the Minister of, has literally, strictly, and truly come to pass. — His rash, hasty, premature, and immature schemes, and crude codes of revenue regulations, carried pre-

precipitately, we had almost said clandestinely, thro' both Houses, when very thin, have involved the merchants, the mariners, owners of ships, the revenue commissioners and officers, and even the Minister himself and his coadjutors, in a multitude of difficulties, distresses, and perplexities, from which none of them all know how to extricate themselves, or one another. It is the natural and unavoidable consequence of precipitate indigested legislation, especially in commercial affairs, intimately as they are connected with the whole system of navigation. Nothing is easier than to enact crude, indigested, impracticable laws. Nothing is more difficult than to devise, dictate, prepare, and mature good and wholesome laws, beneficial to governors and governed, that will stand the test of time, and execute themselves by their own propriety, force, and dignity. — Yet our Minister thinks nothing is easier! — the work of a week — a day, or an hour — in the twinkling of an eye! — It is resolved on, done, and passed, before any body without doors hears, sees, or thinks of it; and when done, they must all abide by it. Can any thing but perplexity and confusion be expected from such a mode of proceeding? — Whenever we see any bill passing hastily in a fright, or in a hurry, under a threatening of some great evil to happen if that is not immediately enacted into a law, we set it down to the credit side of the account of confusion, being morally certain of great perplexities and difficulties originating from it. In short, deliberation, due consideration, caution and forethought, are the only safeguards of sound legislation: without these concomitants, no good laws were, or ever will be made; those which are made without them, the sooner they are unmade the better.

The London Gazette has informed us that their Majesties have honoured the University of Oxford with a second visit, before Cambridge is favoured once. Whether that seeming partiality is merely accidental, from the propinquity of the place to the Royal residence, or to any other prudential reserved cause, we know not; but think it very odd that the Prime Minister should not have interest enough to procure that transient honour for the University he represents, once in common with her sister seminary of learning, while the latter exults twice in that mark of Royal favour.

The Prince of Denmark is again summoned by our diurnal intelligencers to perform his long-expected matrimonial visit to our Court. Unfortunately the prints of his own country have flatly con-

tradicted that order, and have laid him up snug at home to mind the affairs of his own dominions for the remainder of this year; and there we shall leave him for the present.

Ireland remains pretty quiet as to politics and British connections: some little disturbances among themselves, by the White Boys and other unruly boys, are left to be settled by and among themselves. Were it not for the exploits of the White Boys, and the cruel and bloody murders now and then recorded in the Irish prints, they would be quite destitute of matter. We do not find, however, that the Chatham interest preponderates much even in the city of Dublin: witness the late address and freedom half-voted to that nobleman, under all the advantageous circumstances in which he stood among them.

All the threatened bad consequences of rejecting the commercial regulations with Ireland, magnified to such an alarming degree by our sagacious courtiers, are fallen to the ground, and indeed seem to be buried under ground: no bad consequence whatsoever has ensued from the failure of that motley scheme. This may serve as a standing caution to our Senators, in all future cases, to beware how they are frightened into new untried measures by false alarms of artful designing courtiers, who say one thing and mean another. Whenever courtly partizans exclaim thus, "I dread the consequence! I tremble for the consequences of this bill not being carried into a law!" let the true friends of our country be well assured that better arguments are wanting, and that this argument of itself is of no avail at all in the scale of right reason and sound legislation.

America keeps receding farther and farther from peace, good order, prosperity, safety, and tranquillity. She bid adieu to all these comfortable ingredients of national felicity, when she broke off her relation to, and connection with, Great-Britain. Surrounded on every side by enemies by land and by water, unable to defend herself or protect her trade, without a friend to protect her, or aid her efforts in her own defence, she is left a prey to incensed inveterate Indians and rapacious piratical States. The prospect is truly alarming, hopeless and desperate in the extreme! It is certainly right in our Government to leave the Americans on the ground of their own chusing, on the footing of independency, that is, of alienation from Great-Britain and her dependencies: there let them be, and let their Ambassador go wherever he pleases. His departure from hence is a matter of no moment, not worthy

of a serious conjecture or speculation of our meanest politicians.

The Maltese galleys are said to have joined the maritime Powers who are at variance with the Algerines; and yet, if we may believe common report, that daring undaunted Power at this very moment ventures to add Great-Britain to the number of enemies now combined against it. We can scarcely believe it; but if it is so, it must proceed from some atrocious neglect or misconduct of some great men here at home, which we hope will soon be locked into.

The Venetians too feel the smart of hostile engagements against the Grand Turk and some of the little Turks. Although they have joined themselves in alliance with the Emperor of Germany and the Empress of all the Russias, these two Powers seem to feel only for themselves, and one another, so far as they are linked in together for mutual safety or mutual advantage.

Both these Imperial Courts may find it difficult to cope with the Ottoman Porte, which appears to be rousing from its long and deep lethargy, and preparing systema-

tically to meet all its enemies, and to know enemies from friends, by compelling pretended friends to act as friends, or openly to renounce their friendship.

Whatever may be the case between the Turk and the two Imperial Crowns, it appears by the King of Sweden's address to his Diet at meeting and parting, that he is not apprehensive of these threatened disturbances reaching him, or his next neighbour the Danish Monarch.

While our labours are passing under the operation of the press at the close of the month, news suddenly arrives of the actual death of the King of Prussia, in the foreign Gazettes. If his Prussian Majesty is really dead, the affairs of Europe will probably assume a new face, which will oblige us to give a very different statement in our next from the present.

The poor United States of Holland are somewhat like the United States of America! both broke loose from their moorings, without being able to find good anchorage again! while the political storm rises higher and higher, without any prospect of a returning calm.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

A SHORT ACCOUNT of BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

[Illustrated by an ELEGANT ENGRAVED VIEW of the DUKE of CUMBERLAND'S HOUSE on the STEINE.]

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, now frequently called Brighton, in the county of Sussex, is distant from London 57 miles. Until within a few years past it was an ill-built mere fishing-town; but by means of Dr. Russell's writings in favour of sea-water, and his recommendation of salt-water bathing, it has become one of the most fashionable places of dissipation during the summer season.

It contains six principal streets, five of which lie parallel with each other, and are terminated by the sea. Within a few years many new houses have been built, particularly that which is seen in the accurate View drawn by Captain Luttrell, and engraved by Mr. Watts, in our present Magazine. In 1765 the town had first the honour of receiving a Royal Visitor in the person of the Duke of Gloucester, who had never before travelled out of the environs of London. It has since been the residence of other branches of Royalty; and from the regard shewn to it by the

Prince of Wales, is likely to continue a fashionable resort for the idle and the dissipated.

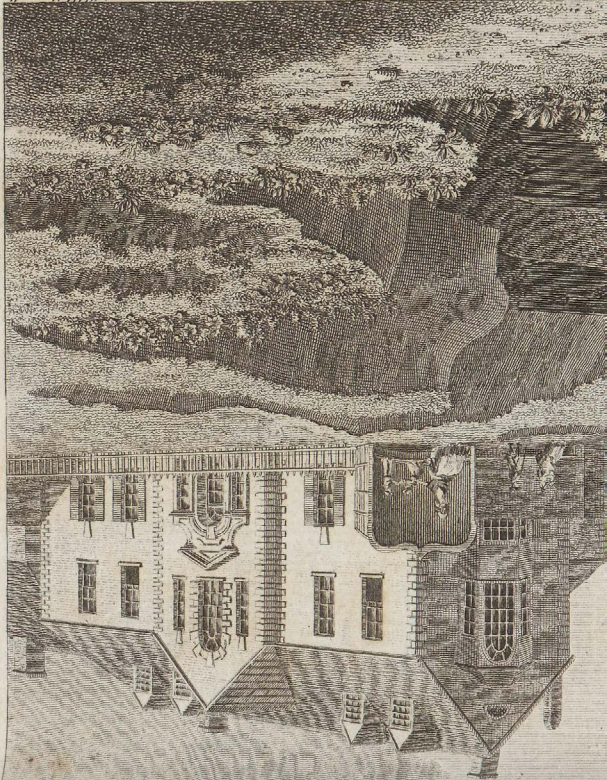
The church is a very ancient structure, situated at a small distance from the town, upon an eminence, from which there is an exceeding fine view of the sea.

The principal walk is a field near the sea called the STEINE, where shops are erected, and a building for music. There is a theatre and two assembly-rooms; and places of worship for Presbyterians, Quakers, and Methodists. A mineral spring is also sometimes used. Upon the hill near the church the Isle of Wight is frequently to be seen in a clear day. About the town the Downs are extremely fine for riding, and the air is accounted remarkably wholesome. In short, those persons who have fortune and leisure, will find Bright-helmstone furnished with every thing that can in any manner render a residence in a place of this kind comfortable and agreeable.

the scene at Bregghelstone.

W. 1786.

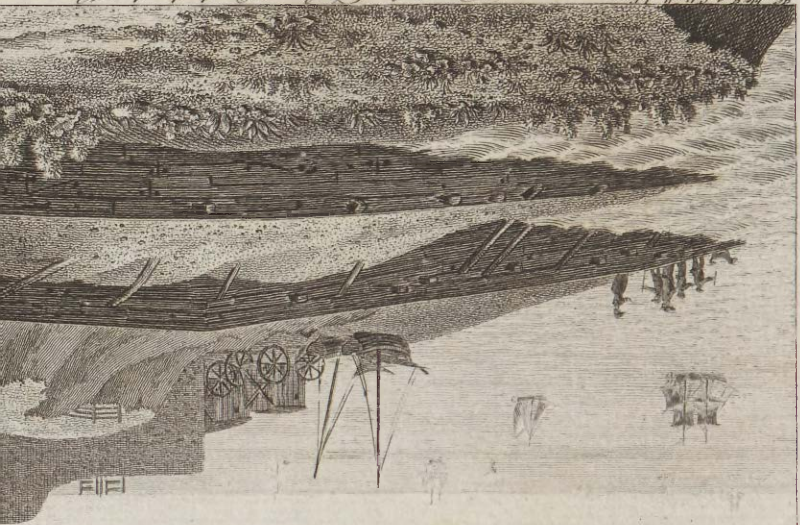
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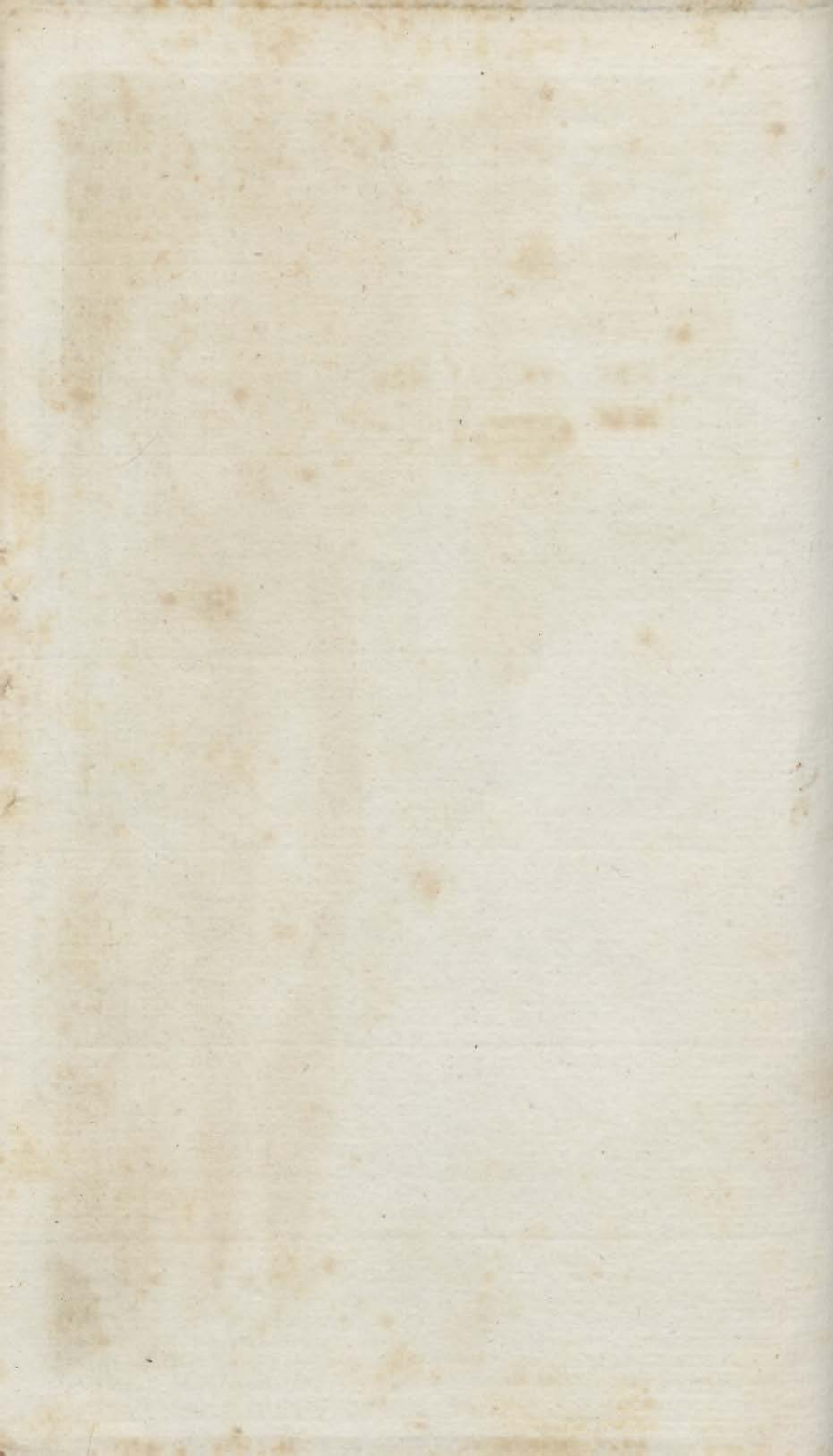


Published by T. Sewell, Cornhill

Heart of the Duke of Cumberland Street, on

Stone, St. John's, Dublin.





For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

DUELLING.

WHEN Epaminondas, the celebrated Theban General, was one day delivering his opinion in council, a brother-officer of different sentiments was so enraged as to strike him with his staff. *Strike on*, said Epaminondas with the greatest coolness, *strike on, but hear me*. The high spirit and courage of the Theban were too well known to admit of a contrary imputation, and Duelling was not the test of dignity and valour in the heroic and glorious days of antient Greece. Ever since

—the spirit of the first-born Cain—took possession of the baser passions of the human heart, murders have been frequent in every age and country. But the uncorrupted feelings of mankind beheld the murderer with horror; his revengeful and malicious or tyrannical principles were detested; and every nation felt and acknowledged the Divinity of the command, *Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed*. It was left for the dark monkish ages of superstition, when a total ignorance of the principles of morality beighted Europe, to contrive and patronize the method of blending injustice, revenge and murder, with the ideas of manly courage and high-spirited honour. In those ages, when the gross conceptions of princes and judges were unable to comprehend the plainest maxims of jurisprudence, an appeal to the sword and to heaven was devised, and the consequences were worthy of the source from whence they flowed. When a Baron was accused of traitorous practices, his remedy was not by proving the falsehood of the accusation by circumstances and facts. No, no, that was a business too deep for these gross and rude ages; single combat must determine on whose side the truth lay, and the accused gentleman, though he might be perfectly innocent, had no redress but by risking his life against that of a desperate villain; and the Kings and Peers of Europe appeared in solemn pomp, the first as umpire, and the other as witnesses of the appeal to arms and the interference of God. If the innocent party fell, which was no doubt often the case, his guilt was firmly believed, and his family was disgraced and ruined. Nay, what is more extraordinary than accusations of treason being thus tried, even charges of bastardy and claims of inheritance were decided by the single

combat; and the universal ideas of his valour, his loyalty and honour, gratified the pride of the ferocious conqueror. From a source so deplorable, so disgraceful to the powers of the human understanding, the spirit of Duelling was diffused over the more military nations of Europe; and a circumstance during the reign of Francis I. raised the passion for Duelling and the *etiquettes* of honour to a degree of enthusiasm among all ranks of the French gentry. That romantic and gallant Monarch, whose disposition retained much of the spirit of Chivalry, having been often baffled by his great rival Charles V. both in the field and in the Cabinet, came to the resolution of terminating their contests by a Duel. For this purpose he took every means to rouse his rival's resentment, and sent him, on some of their disputes, the *LIE DIRECT*, and a challenge to single combat. Charles however had no mind to risk his life on the exertion of his sword against that of a man much younger and more athletic than himself, and decision by pistols was not then the *ton*. He returned answer, that he knew the duties of his station, as a sovereign, too well to descend to the private capacity of a prize-fighter or gladiator; adding some severe remarks on the proposal of Francis, which at the close of his reply he treated with the greatest contempt. Whatever Francis might feel on the contempt assumed by Charles, the wild zeal of his people amply consoled him. The valour of his challenge was looked upon with all the admiration of enthusiasm by that romantic and lively nation; and imagining that they were branding the character of Charles as that of the basest poltroon, to submit to the *LYE* became by the general consent of France, the indisputable mark of a most contemptible character; and the French court boasted to the foreign Ambassadors, that there was not a private gentleman in their remotest provinces but would lose his life rather than submit to the affront which the Emperor had tamely brooked. And thus, from the impertinent, absurd, and dishonourable bravado of Francis, the ideas of high honour were, by the French nation, annexed to the character of the Duellist. That the challenge given by the French King was impertinent and absurd, is evident to common sense; for the highest honour

of a Magistrate is to fulfil and not to desert the duties of his station ; and it is grossly absurd to suppose that a victorious General ought in honour to forego his advantages earned with the blood of his followers, advantages to obtain which his country entrusted him with command, and to indulge a defeated rival forsooth by playing the game over again which he had already won. As to the Lie given by Manifestos, nothing has been so common from the earliest times down to the last peace. But the gross contradictions of Manifestos never occasioned a Duel between Princes and Statesmen, or even a challenge, except in the single instance of Francis, which, added to the impertinence and absurdity of the proposal, was in the strictest sense highly dishonourable. Charles was old and infirm, and Francis was in the vigour of his age, superior in stature, an expert swordsman, and pistols, as already observed, were not then the mode of decision. In a word, every advantage, had the combat been accepted, was on the side of Francis ; and therefore, when examined by the eye of reason and common-sense, his challenge to Charles was no other than the haughty ebullition of a proud heart, smarting and rankling at his own inferiority to the victorious Emperor, and a fond childish hope that by the ostentation of valour and abusive language, he should be able to provoke his fortunate rival to risk every thing he had gained on the fate of a Duel, the opprobrious and obtrusive offer of which, as there was no equality, was most strictly and highly DISHONOURABLE.

Such is the parentage of Duelling, a fiend begotten by Revenge upon Pride, and nursed by false honour ; a fiend which, though ferocious and cruel as a tyger rushing on his prey, pretends to be the guardian of society, at the very time that its selfish, ungenerous, and base constructions are the disturbers of the community, and constitute not the least of the evils attendant on civilized life. This fiend is also a very Proteus in its appearances. Sometimes its brutal ferocity, its base and dark rancour, and above all its haughty and tyrannical spirit, are so obvious, that it is universally condemned. At other times it assumes so specious an appearance of true courage, and the sense of high honour, that it even wins on our esteem : nay, it assumes the gravity and public charac-

ter of the Roman Censor, and presides among the men of arms, and in the most polished circles, as the Arbitrer of Manners, and acknowledged Master of Ceremonies ; and in this capacity it boasts of its public utility, and appeals to facts in proof of the benefits it confers on society.

Prepossessed and elate with the idea of its superior knowledge of men and manners, it treats with a contemptuous smile, and turns a deaf ear on the remonstrances of religion ; and looks upon that morality which condemns it, and holds up the example of Epaminondas, as total ignorance of human nature and of the genius of the times. And indeed it is not the dry and rigid doctrines either of religion or philosophy that will ever expel a practice so congenial to the passions of the human heart. Much less will the absurd and false assertion lately maintained by some dull writers, that the law affords a redress for every injury, be of the smallest service in suppressing Duelling. Remonstrances founded on falshood in no case do good ; certain it is, that the poisoned arrow that *flies in the dark*, while it gives the most cruel and often incurable wounds, despiseth the reach of the law ; and it is easy to figure to oneself, particularly when we turn our eyes to our female relations, whom Nature has placed under our protection, cases in which an appeal to the law of nature were unblameable.

That gallant Knight Sir Walter Raleigh, from whose authority we have given the above account of the challenge sent by Francis I. to Charles V. gravely says, that were it offered, he himself would not accept of a challenge. But the young soldier might remark, that Sir Walter, when he said so, was old, and his reputation for courage fully established. And still less good may be expected by urging the example of the Theban hero. It is indeed utterly inapplicable to the genius of the present times. Before it could possibly be followed, we must restore the simplicity, the very manners, the turn of thinking, and the estimate of honour, of the Grecian States ; a task as completely hopeless as to turn England into Utopia.

Such is the condition of human nature, that it is hard to draw the exact line between the extremities of Virtue and of Vice. Nay, the truth is, the greatest and most amiable virtues often run into their contrary vices ; liberality is apt to blend itself with weakness and injustice.

injustice to oneself and family; and the manly and proper resentment of an unmerited injury imperceptibly borders on, and often ends in the blackest passions of the human heart, revenge and malice. It is therefore a task of the greatest difficulty, if not utterly incompatible with human imperfection, to tie up the hands of the individual from self-redress, and at the same time to secure him from many real injuries, the proofs of which no human law can establish, and against which therefore it can afford no remedy. To this let the consideration be added, that were the example of Epaminondas set up as a standard of conduct in similar circumstances, without restoring to their full force the turn of thinking and the estimate of honour held in his age, what a door were opened for the insolence of the basest and most cowardly of the human race, and what a security to the dark and poisoned arrows of the most villainous and malicious!

Thus the advocate for Duelling supports his cause; and his arguments are too well adapted to the human passions and imperfections, to be rooted from the mind by rigid precepts founded on manners of other ages totally different from those of our own. The true philosopher and friend of mankind would therefore, were he instructing some youthful pupils, attack Duelling with other weapons. He would endeavour to take away its most powerful and fascinating charm, the ideas of noble spirit, high courage and honour, with which it inspires the unthinking multitude. He would shew the extreme danger of deviating into the basest passions, to which it imperceptibly subjects the best of dispositions; and he would easily convince the man of true virtue and honour, that it is an awful thing, and of consequences beyond his power to discover, to shed the blood of his brother man. That granting an appeal to the law of nature in some instances unblameable, such instances hardly occur in one Duel of a thousand; that therefore there is the utmost danger, that when a man constitutes

himself both judge and avenger of his own wrongs, he may happen to err, and consequently incur the dreadful guilt of a murderer. Nor would he forget the precepts of religion, and the magnanimity of forgiveness. He would descend from general rules to particular instances, and would delineate to his pupils the motives, principles and characters of such Duellists as disgrace human nature. He would detect the trembling coward under the mask of courage, and the base assassin under the plumes of honour. The frivolousness of many a quarrel, the ungenerousness and baseness of heart which fomented it, till brutal ferocity closed the scene, would be painted in the strongest colours; and the wretch who struts from one public place to another, ambitious to pick quarrels and to earn the laurels of the Duellist, would be viewed, as he is, a Tyger among Lambs, the pest of society, and the very disgrace of civilized life; a character totally inconsistent with that of true honour and the real Gentleman, whose dignity of mind instinctively, as it were, prevents him from giving offence. Tygers of the brutal kind above described, throw the deepest odium on the practice of Duelling, and such characters ought to be held up to the public indignation and abhorrence. One of them, a few years ago, met his deserved fate in a Coffee-room at Bath, and every one felt a satisfaction on hearing his fate. Another notorious Tyger and pest of society, whose whole ambition was for the honours of Duelling, has lately, for the basest and most dishonourable murders, ended his pernicious and brutal career under the hands of the hangman in our sister-kingdom.—Such examples teach better than precept, and, if properly placed before the view of youth, cannot fail of lowering their admiration of that species of pretended honour and courage which may so easily be assumed by the worst of characters, and is only the colouring, the mere varnish of the basest and most pernicious dispositions of heart and soul.

USEFUL HINTS respecting SEA-BATHING.

I Believe that the fashionable practice of sea-bathing ought to be used with more precaution than it is.—A thin muscular man, as I am, may use freedoms with cold water, which a fat corpulent man should not. I have frequently gone into the water in a profuse perspiration, after two or three hours exercise—but then I staid no longer in the

water than I would remain in a cold bath.—It sometimes had the sensation of so many pins stuck into every pore of my skin; when, dressing myself immediately, and resuming my exercise, I soon recovered my former heat.—I took these liberties with myself, because I did not apprehend that what an old Roman or a savage American could safely bear, would I, 2

do a temperate Englishman any hurt. Having always bathed for my pleasure and not for my health, I must own, I went a little out of the common track. —I never go into the cold bath in Winter, as the physicians prescribe, because I have not the least inclination for it—and I find myself, by the cold air, sufficiently braced. But in hot weather, when like any amphibious animal I feel a longing desire to be in the water—I bathe to the height of my wish. I have sometimes gone thrice a-day into the sea at Brighthelmstone, which so effectually cooled me, that I have had the most profound and refreshing sleep at night, while every one else was complaining that he could not shut his eyes for the heat. Though I am only telling what a lean, temperate man has safely practised on himself, I believe that most men might save themselves from fevers, if they were to bathe in cold water when they feel a desire for it, and feel themselves, without exercise, intolerably hot.—A Director of the East-India Company has told me, that when he commanded a Company's ship, he ordered every man a-board to bathe once a day at least, after they came into a warm climate; to which custom he ascribed it, that he lost very few men in any voyage, while other ships suffered a considerable loss.

I said that the practice of sea-bathing ought to be used with more precaution than it is, principally on this account—Because I believe the custom, if diurnal, is dangerous, when it is suddenly left off.—I am confirmed in this belief, not only from my own experience, but from the inconvenience or misfortune which others have felt. The first year I was at Brighthelmstone, I bathed, for two months, constantly every day, after which I was called to London in some haste.

On the first and second day after I came to Town, I had a violent head-ach, felt a sickness at my stomach, and an intol-

erable heat. My eldest Boy, who had been with me at Brighthelmstone, and had bathed as constantly as myself, felt the very same complaints, but in a much stronger degree; and was affected in the same manner as I have known some natives of Greenland to be, who were brought to this warmer climate by our Fishing Ships: He vomited, bled at the nose, and complained very much of his head. It presently occurred to me, that the sea-bathing having become so habitual to us, the leaving it off too suddenly was the cause of these complaints. I carried him therefore to the river: but I plunged in first, to try the experiment upon myself. After dressing, and finding myself perfectly right, I turned my Boy in next, and it cured him of all his complaints. Not that he was drowned; but that, after this remedy, he neither vomited, bled at the nose, nor complained of his head. Common-sense told me to continue that course, every two or three days, till we were from the bathing totally disused.—I told this to a friend of mine, whose wife had been some weeks at Margate; and I desired him to caution her not to leave off the bathing all at once. But having neglected this advice, she fevered in three days after coming to town, and in ten days more she was carried to her grave.

As the cold bathing, in hot weather, is beneficial, so, in cold weather, I believe the hot bath can to many constitutions do no injury, and will to most be of infinite use. With regard to myself, I found that it removed all obstruction in the perspiration, and revived my natural heat. I used to take it for my pleasure, as, in a different season, I took the cold bath. I have for several weeks together, in the severest winters we have had, gone into the Kingston Bath every other night, and I found not the least inconvenience in walking, the morning after it, two or three hours in the coldest frost.

TO THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

Having lately had a fresh attack of the palsy, after the intermission of four years; as my name is known both at home and abroad, and enquiries will be made after me and my life, when I am gone; and as my glass is almost out, you may, if you think proper, insert these *Short Memoirs* of my life in your useful European Magazine and Review, which I have read from its first publication. I am obliged to you, Gentlemen, for much entertainment, and remain

July 8, 1786.

Your obedient servant,

E. HARWOOD.

BRIEF MEMOIRS OF EDWARD HARWOOD, D. D.

No Register being kept of my Baptism, my birth; but I have reason to think I never accurately knew the year of that it was in the year 1729. The names

names of my parents were Laurence and Mary Harwood, who lived upon a small hereditary estate, which had remained in the family from time immemorial. I was born near Darwen, Blackburn, Lancashire. My ancestors in my father's line were Puritans, and warmly espoused the Oliverian party, in consequence of which they were greatly injured. I have heard some of the family deliver a sorrowful tale of the sufferings to which they had formerly been subjected, being plundered and cruelly pillaged by the King's adherents. My mother and all my numerous relations on her side, were members of the church of England. After learning to read of an old woman, I was put under the care of Mr. *Bilborrow*, the most eminent Latin Schoolmaster in the neighbourhood, who had been a scholar of the celebrated *John Clarke* of Hull, famous for his numerous Translations of the Classics. He, like *Busby*, grounded his scholars well, and made them perfect masters of the elements of Latin and Greek, beyond which he knew nothing. He really thought that *Horace* wrote in order to be construed and parsed by schoolmasters. I was under his most rigid discipline till the Scotch rebellion in 1745, and well remember the confusion at that time in the country. *Usque adeo turbatur agris.*—By my good parents I was then removed to Blackburn, and put under the care of the Rev. Mr. *Thomas Hunter*, one of the most amiable and learned Clergymen in the three kingdoms, Author of Remarks on Bolingbroke, Chesterfield's Letters, on Tacitus, and the writer of two volumes of most admirable Discourses on Providence, printed for Cadell. Under this most worthy Clergyman and excellent Scholar I read through *Horace* three times, through *Juvenal*, through *Xenophon's Cyropædia*, and *Plato's Dialogues*. In the year 1748, in the fatal month of October, contrary to my good master's advice and my own inclination, (which ill fate I have lamented ever since, my master wishing to exert all his interest to establish me at Queen's College, in Oxford) I was sent up to London, to a Predestinarian College, and put under the care of Dr. *Jennings*, who taught *Coward's Academy*, in Wellclose Square, Wapping, London. The five years I was an apprentice in this Schismshop are the only blank in my literary existence. Though brought up a Dissenter, I here learned a jargon to which my ears had hitherto been unaccustomed :

"once in Christ and always in Christ; God sees no sin in his elect; our righteousness is so far from justifying us that it cannot justify itself," &c. I was obliged to attend on a Tuesday the Pinner's-hall Lecturers, and afterwards on a Friday the St. Helen's Lecturers, the old Oliverian Predestinarian *Blue and Baffs, Marryat, King, Hall, Godwin, Bradbury, Guise*, against whom my father-in-law wrote that inimitable letter on preaching Christ; and the jokes, the jests, the humorous verses I made on this learned fraternity, are still in the memory of many. Brought up among the Calvinists, upon my coming to London, somebody, with a solemn injunction of secrecy, put into my hands EMLYN's *Tracts*, which made a convert of me, and I have been no reason ever since to turn Socinian. My Tutor, Dr. *Jennings*, wanting to establish me in a Calvinistical society at Hull, in Yorkshire, I at once flung myself out of this nursery for orthodoxy, and got the place of a Teacher in an academy at Peckham, kept by Mrs. *Du Moulin*, where I taught with reputation till the year 1755, in which year I accepted the charge of two small congregations at *Leek* in Staffordshire and *Wheelock* in Cheshire, and married Dr. *Chandler's* youngest daughter January 10, 1756. I lived at Congleton, Cheshire, taught a Grammar-school, preached alternately to two affectionate and encreasing societies of Protestant Dissenters at *Leek* and *Wheelock* for ten years. In this happy abode I carefully read over the principal Greek and Roman Classics, Dr. *Chandler* taking little notice of me, but in the ninth year of my rustication making several clandestine overtures to me to conform, "as it was not in his power to serve me among the Presbyterians; but by his connections with the prelates of the church, as I was a good scholar, he could serve me essentially." He mistook his man. Ever since I had read EMLYN, I had been rooted in an abhorrence of the Athanasian Creed and the Athanasian Worship, and for the eighteen years I preached among the Dissenters I never prayed to any Being but God, as Christ himself always did. In the year 1761 I was invited to the charge of a small congregation of Dissenters in the city of Bristol, against the acceptance of which I was much dissuaded by my friends, as it had been a dwindling matter from the time of Mr. *Reyner*, the rich Presbyterians in that town assembling in *Lewins-Mead*. My wife, however, who was fonder of show than

than a Presbyterian's wife ought to be, persuaded me to accept of this invitation, of which I soon found reason to repent. At first my ministrations were greatly approved; but when it was found that I was no Trinitarian, and when the Bigots, the Methodists, and orthodox Baptists raised a violent outcry against me, my congregation dwindled; many of my subscribers withdrew themselves and their subscriptions; and though I formed agreeable connections with many of the principal families of that opulent town, I found myself in distress. I was caressed by the opulent *abroad*, but the *res angusta domi* drove me to distraction. I took eighty guineas from *Congleton*, which I had saved up by œconomy and teaching a grammar-school, and *now* having six children, I found myself worse than nothing. One of the principal families in Bristol, the family of Alderman Farr, conscious of the dwindling state of my congregation, advised me in the year 1772, to apply for a place then vacant in the British Museum. Accordingly I went to London, and made what interest I was able to make, and was assured by *Cornwallis*, who was then Archbishop of Canterbury, that I should obtain it; but during this my absence in London, I found by the information of a friend, Dr. Farr, that I had been calumniated and traduced as a Whoremaster and Adulterer, and that several, who had left my meeting because I would not comply with their unreasonable whims, had now antaginated and feed a lewd woman to criminate me. With a proper spirit, which I always had, and always shall have, I flung up at once the paltry place which had ruined me, and which was immediately converted into a methodistical meeting; following herein the example of several of my predecessors; for instance, among others, that of *Daniel Harson*, Esq; who deserted the ministry of that wretched hole, and got a place in the customs. Especially I acted this spirited part, as I had not got a shilling in Bristol, though my forlorn situation had even there obliged me to teach Latin and Greek for several years for a maintenance. I threw myself therefore upon my old friends in London, and on my departure, my indigent circumstances being known, five worthy friends generously contributed twenty pounds a-piece to the relief of myself and family, whose worthy names I record with gratitude, viz. *Alderman Farr*, Mr. *Mumsey*, Mr. *John Pouch*,

Mr. *Turton*, Mr. *Meyler*. Knowing my strength in the Greek and Hebrew languages, I instituted in London my old profession of a private Tutor. I was not dispirited at being disappointed of a place in the British Museum; nothing ever dispirited me, for I have from a child been habituated to trust in God. I have made for fourteen years better than an hundred guineas a year by teaching the Greek and Roman Classics; and that I was not unworthy a place in a public library, my book on the various editions of the Greek and Roman Classics, which hath been so well received both *at home* and *abroad*, is, I hope, a satisfactory testimony. Since I have resided in London, I have lived very comfortably, and have formed connections with some of the first of the nobility and gentry of my country, which is a distinguished honour to me, and of which I have always deemed myself to be unworthy. I have made conscience of doing my duty, and of conducting myself with modesty and propriety, as the many families in which I have been employed as Tutor for thirty years, both at Bristol and London, can witness. I have repeatedly rejected offers that have been made to me to conform to the Establishment; but I never could bring myself to subscribe and to read the Athanasian Creed; but I do not condemn those who can reconcile these things to their minds and consciences. On the fifteenth of May 1782, I was stricken with the palsy, and deprived of the use of my left side; but a year afterward I was greatly relieved by Electricity. How much I have cultivated classical learning, the public, both at home and abroad, is acquainted from my books on the classics, which have experienced a favourable reception both in *France*, *Italy*, and this my native country; and how sedulously I have applied myself to *sacred literature*, my Introduction to the Study and Knowledge of the New Testament, and my five Dissertations are public monuments. In fine, I can truly say, *now* I am in the immediate prospect of Death and Eternity, that I have always loved good persons of all denominations, particularly good scholars. I have had and have many imperfections, of which I crave the divine forgiveness through Christ. I have ever studied to secure an honest and good heart, and I have now, May 29, 1786, good hopes with regard to futurity.

EDWARD HARWOOD.

To the foregoing account of Dr. Harwood we shall add as complete a list of his Works as we have been able to obtain.

1. A Sermon on the Death of the Rev. John Taylor, D. D. late of Norwich, Professor of Divinity and Morality in the Academy of Warrington, Lancashire, with some Account of his Character. 8vo. 1761.

2. The Conversion of a Deist. With an Appendix, containing Reflections on Deism and Christianity. 8vo. 1762.

3. Reflections on the Unacceptableness of a Death-bed Repentance. 8vo. 1762.

4. An Oration pronounced on the Anniversary of Christ's Nativity. 12mo. 1764.

5. Cheerful Thoughts on the Happiness of a Religious Life. 12mo. 1765. This has been translated into Dutch, and printed at Haerlem.

6. A Confession of Faith, annexed to a Sermon preached at the Ordination of the Rev. Mr. Edward Harwood of Bristol, and the Rev. Mr. Benjamin Davies of Marlborough, Oct. 16, 1765, in the Old Jewry, London. By the Rev. Thomas Amory. 8vo. 1765.

7. Thoughts on Time and Eternity; occasioned by the late affecting Loss of several eminently great and good Men among the Dissenters. 8vo. 1767.

8. A Letter to the Rev. Mr. Caleb Evans, occasioned by his curious Confession of Faith, at his late Ordination among the Independent Baptists in Bristol, in which his marvellous Creed is considered, and his abusive Censures of other Ministers and Churches are exposed. 8vo. 1767.

9. A new Introduction to the Study and Knowledge of the New Testament. 8vo. 1767.

10. A liberal Translation of the New Testament, being an Attempt to translate the Sacred Writings with the same Freedom, Spirit and Elegance with which other English Translations from the Greek Classics have lately been executed: The design and scope of each Author being strictly and impartially explored, the true signification and force of the Original critically observed, and as much as possible transfused into our language; and the whole elucidated and explained upon a new and rational plan. With select Notes, critical and explanatory. 2 vols. 8vo. 1768.

11. The melancholy Doctrine of Predestination exposed, and the delightful Truth of Universal Redemption represented. 12mo. 1768.

A new Introduction to the Study and Knowledge of the New Testament. Vol. II.

8vo. 1771. The second Edition of this Work is corrected and enlarged, and has been translated into German, with copious Notes, by Professor Schultz.

13. Five Dissertations. I. On the Athanasian Doctrine. II. On the Socinian Scheme. III. On the Person of Christ. IV. On the Rise, Progress, Perfection and End of Christ's Kingdom. V. On the Causes which probably conspired to produce Christ's Agony. 8vo. 1772. These Dissertations have been translated into German, and published by Dr. Teller, at Berlin.

14. The Life and Character of Jesus Christ delineated. 8vo. 1772.

15. Miscellanies of the late ingenious and celebrated M. Abauzit on historical, theological and critical Subjects. Translated from the French. 8vo. 1774.

16. Of Temperance and Intemperance: Their Effects on the Body and Mind, and their Influence in prolonging and abbreviating Human Life. 12mo. 1774.

17. A View of the various Editions of the Greek and Roman Classics, with remarks. 8vo. 1775. This has been lately translated into Italian.

18. Memoirs of Miss Sophy Sternheim, from the German of Mr. Weiland. 2 vols. 12mo. 1776.

19. Η ΚΑΙΝΗ ΔΙΑΘΗΚΗ. The New Testament, collated with the most approved Manuscripts; with select Notes in English, critical and explanatory, and References to those Authors who have best illustrated the Sacred Writings. To which are added, a Catalogue of the principal Editions of the Greek Testament, and a List of the most esteemed Commentators and Critics. 2 vols. 12mo. 1776.

20. Sermons on the Parable of the Sower. 12mo. 1777.

21. Biographia Classica. The Lives and Characters of the Greek and Roman Classics. A new Edition, corrected and enlarged; with some additional Lives, and a List of the best Editions of each Author. 2 vols. 12mo. 1778.

22. The great Duty and Delight of Contentment. 12mo. 1782.

23. Of the Socinian Scheme. Written some years ago, after a whole day's Conversation on the Subject with the late Rev. Mr. Clarke of Birmingham.

24. A new Edition of Holmes's Latin Grammar, with improvements.

25. A new Edition of Catullus, Tibullus and Propertius. Dr. Harwood some years since proposed to translate Euripides, but relinquished it on finding it undertaken by Mr. Woodhall and Mr. Potter.

A certain Magazine having without any Acknowledgement borrowed all the Particulars of the late Mr. STANLEY from our Magazine of Sept. 1784, the following Letter was received in consequence of that Publication, which we at the desire of one of our Correspondents consider ourselves at Liberty to reprint, as we presume the Writer would have sent it to us had he been apprized from what Quarter the Account of his Friend Mr. STANLEY originally came.

S I R,

YOUR account of my late worthy friend and master, the late celebrated Mr. Stanley, in your instructive and entertaining Magazine for June last, gave me great pleasure, as it recalled to my mind several particulars which happened during my apprenticeship with him, and which I have always esteemed the happiest part of my life, as he ever behaved to me more like a brother than a master.

For above a year before I was articled to him, and had not then left St. Paul's church (being a chorister there eight years) he had employed me to write music for him, which occasioned our future acquaintance; and from that period his friendship has continued inviolably, not only to me, but to all my children, even to his dying day. His last act of kindness to my family was, as soon as one of my daughters had informed him that my youngest son (about a year ago) had two boys at a birth, he immediately sent me a letter of congratulation, wherein he desired he might stand godfather to the eldest, and accordingly the child was named John Stanley.

Should I recount the numberless exploits that almost daily occurred in the time I lived with him, it would make a tolerable large volume; but I shall just mention his shewing me the way through the private streets of Westminster, the intricate passages of the city, and the adjacent villages, both on horseback and on foot, places that I had never been at before; his playing very neatly and correct, all Corelli's and Gemini-ni's twelve solos, &c. on the violin; at which time he had two violins, one made by the famous Stainer, that he always used in concert, and a Cremona, which he played his solos on.—Those two instruments were reckoned as capital as any in London, but were unfortunately burnt at the Swan tavern, in Cornhill, when the dreadful fire happened there several years since.

As I was his first 'prentice, and was articled with him in the year 1730, there were but two years and a quarter betwixt our ages, he being born Jan. 28, 1713, and the 15th of April, 1715. The first year I went to him, I remember his occasionally playing (for his amusement only) at billiards, Mississippi, shuffle-board, and skittles, at which game he constantly beat his competitors. As to his transposing Mr. Handel's *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* without the least premeditation into the key of C sharp, with a sharp third (when there must be seven

sharps in the cliff) that is so exceeding difficult, as never to be made use of; and I may safely venture to affirm, with the utmost truth, that there is not any one performer, on the organ, in the kingdom, that would have attempted it, even though he had previously taken the trouble of writing the entire organ-part out, long before the day of performance.

As to his not forgetting the voice of any person he had once heard, I myself have divers times been a witness of it: and in April 1779, as he and I were going to Pall-Mall, to the late Dr. Boyce's auction, a gentleman met us, who had been in Jamaica twenty years, and in a feigned voice said, "How d'y'e do, Mr. Stanley?" when he, after pausing a little while replied, "God bless me, Mr. Smith, how long have you been in England?" &c.—The gentleman appeared as much astonished as if he had seen the ghost of his grandfather.

I shall conclude with remarking, that most of the Musicians, at that time, contrived all methods to get acquainted with him, as they found their advantage in it: and that it was common, just as the service at St. Andrew's church, or the Temple, was ended, to see forty or fifty organists at the altar, waiting to hear his last voluntary: even Mr. Handel himself I have many times seen at each of those places. In short, it must be confessed, that not only his extempore voluntaries were inimitable, but also the taste in his compositions in general (which have been a pattern for vocal music for a series of years) especially his cantatas: therefore, it is my opinion, he may impartially be pronounced the primary of modern masters.

I think I cannot sum up this narrative better than with the verses under his first picture, engraved and published before I was engaged with him, and which was then as like him (being tall and thin) as that print published a few years ago, both which I have now before me, and prize them beyond any in my whole collection.

Why do mistaken mortals call thee blind?
Thine eyes are but inverted to thy mind;
There thou explor'st ideas unconfin'd,
While we (who look before) are dark behind.
CAREY.

Litchfield Close, July 15, 1786. JOHN ALCOCK, Mus. D.

MEMOIRS OF A SENTIMENTALIST.

[From Mr. CUMBERLAND's new Edition of THE OBSERVER.]

(Concluded from page 34.)

Tange Chloen semel arrogantem.

HOR.

"O Cupid, touch this rebel heart."

UPON the day appointed, Sappho, with her father's consent, set out in a hired post-chaise upon a pretended visit to a relation, who lived about twenty miles from town on the northern road. At the inn where she was to change horses, she dismissed her London postillion with a short note to her father, in which she told him she should write to him in two or three days time. Here she took post for the next stage upon the great road, where she was met by Musidorus, and from thence they pressed forward with all possible expedition towards Gretna Green.

The mind of Sappho was visited with some compunctions by the way; but the eloquence of her companion, and the respectful delicacy of his behaviour, soon reconciled her conscience to the step she had taken. The reflections which passed in Musidorus's breast, were not so easily quieted. The anxiety of his thoughts, and the fatigues of the journey, brought so violent an attack upon him, that when he was within a stage or two of his journey's end, he found himself unable to proceed; the gout had seized upon his stomach, and immediate relief became necessary. The romantic visions with which Sappho hitherto had indulged her imagination, now began to vanish, and a gloomy prospect opened upon her; in place of a comforter and companion by the way to sooth her cares, and fill her mind with soft healing sentiments, she had a wretched object before her eyes, tormented with pain and at the point of death.

The house in which she had taken shelter, was of the meanest sort, but the good people were humane and assiduous, and the village afforded a medical assistant of no contemptible skill in his profession. There was another consolation attended her situation; for in the same inn was quartered a dragoon officer with a small recruiting party. This young cornet was of a good family, of an engaging person and very elegant address; his humanity was exerted not only in consoling Sappho, but in nursing and cheering Musidorus. These charitable offices were performed with such a natural benignity, that Sappho must have been most insensible if

she could have overlooked them; her gentle heart on the contrary overflowed with gratitude, and in the extremity of her distress she freely confessed to him, that but for his support she must have sunk outright. Though the extremity of Musidorus's danger was now over, yet he was incapable of exertion; and Sappho, who was at leisure to reflect upon her situation, began to waver in her resolution, and to put some questions to herself, which reason could not readily answer. Her thoughts were so distracted and perplexed, that she saw no resource but to unburthen them, and throw herself upon the honour and discretion of Lionel, for so this young officer was called. This she had frequently in mind to do, and many opportunities offered themselves for it, but still her sensibility of shame prevented it. The constant apprehension of pursuit hung over her, and sometimes she meditated to go back to her father. In one of these moments she had begun to write a letter to Clemens to prepare him for her return, when Lionel entered the room and informed her that he perceived so visible an amendment in Musidorus, that he expected to congratulate her on his recovery in a very few days—"and then madam," added he, "my sorrows will begin where your's end. Be it so! if you are happy, I must not complain: I presume this gentleman is your father, or near relation?"—"Father!" exclaimed Sappho:—She cast her eyes upon the letter she was inditing, and burst into tears. Lionel approached, and took her hand in his; she raised her handkerchief to her eyes with the other, and he proceeded—"If my anxious solicitude for an unknown lady, in whose happiness my heart is warmly interested, exposes me to any hazard of your displeasure, stop me before I speak another word; if not, confide in me, and you shall find me ready to devote my life to serve you. The mystery about you and the road you are upon (were it not for the companion you are with) would tempt me to believe you was upon a generous errand, to reward some worthy man, whom fortune and your parents do not favour; but this poor object above stairs makes that impossible. If however

there is any favoured lover waiting in secret agony for that expected moment, when your release from hence may crown him with the best of human blessings, the hand which now has hold of your's shall be devoted to his service. Command me where you will; I never yet have forfeited my honour, and cannot wrong your confidence."—"You are truly generous," replied Sappho; "there is no such man; the hand you hold is yet untainted, and till now has been untouched; release it therefore, and I will proceed.—My innocence has been my error; I have been the dupe of sentiment. I am the only child of a fond father, and never knew the blessing of a mother: when I look back upon my education, I perceive that art has been exhausted, and nature overlooked in it. The unhappy object above stairs has been my sole adviser and director; for my father is immersed in business. From him, and from the duty which I owe him, I confess I have seceded, and my design was to devote myself to retirement. My scheme I now perceive was visionary in the extreme. Left to my own reflections, reason shews me both the danger and the folly of it: I have therefore determined upon returning to my father, and am writing to him a letter, which I shall send by express, to relieve him from the agonies my silly conduct has occasioned."—"What you have now disclosed to me," said Lionel, "with a sincerity that does equal honour to yourself and me, demands a like sincerity on my part; and I must therefore confess to you, that Musidorus, believing himself at the point of death, imparted to me not only every thing that has passed, but all the future purposes of this treacherous plot, from which you have so providentially escaped: these I shall not explain to you at present, but you may depend upon it, that this attack upon his life has saved his conscience. I cannot as a man of honour oppose myself to your resolution of returning home immediately; and yet when I consider the ridicule you will have to encounter from the world at large, the reflections that will arise in your mind, when there is perhaps no friend at hand to assuage them, but above all when I thus contemplate your charms, and recollect that affectation is expelled, and nature reinstated in your heart, I cannot resist the impulse nor the opportunity of appealing to that nature against a separation so fatal to my peace. Yes, loveliest of women, I must appeal to nature; I

must hope this heart of your's, where such refined sensations have resided, will not be shut from others of a more generous kind. What could the name of Musidorus do, which Lionel's cannot? Why should you not replace an unworthy friend with one of fairer principles? with one of honourable birth, of equal age, and owner of a heart that beats with ardent passion towards you? Had you been made the sacrifice of this chimera, this illusion, what had your father suffered? If I am honoured with your hand in marriage, what can he complain of? My conduct, my connections and my hopes in life will bear the scrutiny: suffer me to say you will have a protector, whose character can face the world, and whose spirit cannot fear it. As for worldly motives, I renounce them; give me yourself and your affections; give me possession of this hand, these eyes, and the soul which looks through them; let your father withhold the rest. Now loveliest and most beloved, have you the heart to share a soldier's fortune? Have you the noble confidence to take his word? Will you follow where his honour bids him go; and whether a joyful victory or a glorious death attends him, will you receive him living, or entomb him dying in your arms?"

Whilst Lionel was uttering these words, his action, his emotion, and that honest glow of passion which nature only can assume and artifice cannot counterfeit, had so subdued the yielding heart of Sappho, that he must have been dull indeed, if he could have wanted any stronger confirmation of his success, than what her looks bestowed. Never was silence more eloquent; the labour of language and the forms of law had no share in this contract: a sigh of speechless ecstacy drew up the nuptial bond; the operations of love are momentary: tears of affection interchangeably witnessed the deed, and the contracting parties sealed it with an inviolable embrace. Every moment now had wings to waft them to that happy spot, where the unholy hand of law has not yet plucked up the root of love. Freedom met them on the very extremity of her precincts; Nature held out her hand to welcome them; and the Love and Graces, though exiled to a desert, danced in her train.

Thus was Sappho, when brought to the very brink of destruction, rescued by the happy intervention of Providence. The next day produced an interview with Clemens, at the house to which

they returned after the ceremony in Scotland. The meeting, as might well be expected, was poignant and reproachful; but when Sappho, in place of a superannuated sentimentalist, presented to him a son-in-law, in whose martial form and countenance he beheld youth, honour, manly beauty, and every attractive grace that could justify her choice, his transports became excessive; and their union, being now sanctified by the blessing of a father, and warranted by love and nature, has snatched a deluded victim from misery and error, and added

one conjugal instance to the scanty records of unfashionable felicity.

Let not my young female readers believe that the extravagance of Sappho's conduct is altogether out of nature, or that they have nothing to apprehend from men of Musidorus's age and character; my observation convinces me to the contrary. *Gravity*, says Lord Shaftesbury, *is the very essence of imposture*; and sentimental gravity, varnished over with the experienced artifice of age and wisdom, is the worst of its species.

OBSERVATIONS on the SULPHUR WELLS at HARROGATE, made in July and August 1785. By the Right Reverend RICHARD Lord Bishop of LLANDAFF, F.R.S.

(Concluded from page 35).

WITH respect to the sulphureous impregnation of these waters, I made the following observations.

The inside of the basin, into which the water of the strongest well rises, is covered with a whitish pellicle, which may be easily scraped off from the grit-stone of which the basin is made. I observed, in the year 1780, that this pellicle on a hot iron burned with the flame and smell of sulphur. I this year repeated the experiment with the same success; the substance should be gently dried before it is put on the iron. I would further observe, that the sulphur is but a small part of the substance which is scraped off. That I might be certain of the possibility of obtaining true palpable sulphur from what is scraped off from the basin, and at the same time give some guess at the quantity of sulphur contained in it, I took three or four ounces of it, and having washed it well, and dried it thoroughly by a gentle heat, I put two ounces into a clean glass retort, and sublimed from it about two or three grains of yellow sulphur. This sulphur, which stuck to the neck of the retort, had an oily appearance; and the retort, when opened, had not only the smell of the volatile sulphureous acid, which usually accompanies the sublimation of sulphur, but it had also the strong empyreumatic smell which peculiarly appertains to burnt oils; and it retained this smell for several days. It has been remarked before, that the salt separable from the sulphur water was of a brownish colour; and others who have analysed this water, have met with a brown substance, which they knew not what to make of; both which appearances may be attributed to

the oil, the existence of which was rendered so manifest by the sublimation here mentioned. I will not trouble the Society with any conjectures concerning the origin of this oil, or the medium of its combination with water; the discovery of it gave me some pleasure, as it seemed to add a degree of probability to what I had said concerning the nature of the air with which, in one of my Chemical Essays, I had supposed Harrogate water to be impregnated. I will again take the liberty of repeating the query which I there proposed: "Does this air, and the inflammable air separable from some metallic substances, consist of *oleaginous* particles in an elastic state?" When I ventured to conjecture in the Essay alluded to, that sulphureous waters received their impregnation from air of a particular kind, I did not know that Professor Bergman had advanced the same opinion, and denominated that species of air Hepatic Air. I have since then seen his works, and very readily give up to him not only the priority of the discovery, but the merit of prosecuting it. And though what he has said concerning the manner of precipitating sulphur from these waters can leave no doubt in the mind of any chemist concerning the actual existence of sulphur in them; yet I will proceed to the mention of some other obvious experiments on the Harrogate water, in support of the same doctrine.

Knowing that, in the baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, sulphur is found sticking to the sides and top of the channel in which the sulphureous water is conveyed, I examined with great attention the sides of the little stone building which is raised over the basin of the strongest well.

well, and saw them in some places of a yellowish colour: this I thought proceeded from a species of yellow moss, commonly found on grit-stone: I collected, however, what I could of it by brushing the sides of the building, at the distance of three or four feet from the water in the basin: on putting what I had brushed off on a hot iron, I found that it consisted principally of particles of grit-stone, evidently, however, mixed with particles of sulphur.

Much of the sulphureous water is used for baths at Harrogate; and for that purpose all the four wells are frequently emptied into large tubs containing many gallons a-piece; these constantly stand at the wells, and the casks, in which the water is carried to the several houses, are filled from them. On examining the inside of these tubs, I found them covered, as if painted, with a whitish pellicle. I scraped off a part of this pellicle; it was no longer soluble in water, but being put on a hot iron, it appeared to consist almost wholly of sulphur. Some of these tubs have been in use many years, and the adhering crust is thick in proportion to the time they have been applied to the purpose; but the sulphur pellicle was sufficiently observable on one which was new in the beginning of this season. The water when it is first put into these tubs is transparent; when it has been exposed to the air for a few hours, it becomes milky; and where the quantity is large, a white cloud may be seen slowly precipitating itself to the bottom. This white precipitate consists partly, I am not certain that it consists wholly, of sulphur; and the sulphur is as really contained in the waters denominated sulphureous, as iron is contained in certain sorts of chalybeate waters: in the one case the iron is rendered soluble in water by its being united to fixed air, or some other volatile principle; and in the other, sulphur is rendered soluble in water by its being united to fixed air, or some other volatile principle: neither iron nor sulphur are of themselves soluble in water, but each of them, being reduced into the form of a salt by an union with some other substance, becomes soluble in water, and remains dissolved in it, till that other substance either escapes into the air, or becomes combined with some other body.

About forty years ago, they took up the basin of the third well, and a creditable person, who was himself present at

the operation, informed me, that in all the crevices of the stone on which the basin rested, there were layers of pure yellow sulphur. This I can well believe, for I ordered a piece of shale to be broken off from the bottom of the fourth well; it was split, as shale generally is, into several thin pieces, and was covered with a whitish crust. Being laid on a hot iron, in a dark room, it cracked very much, and exhibited a blue flame and sulphureous smell.

If the water happens to stand a few days in any of the wells, without being disturbed, there is found at the bottom a black sediment; this black sediment also marks the course of the water which flows from the well, and it may be esteemed characteristic of a sulphur water. The surface of the water also, when it is not stirred for some time, is covered with a whitish scum. Doctor Short had long ago observed, that both the black sediment, and the white scum, gave clear indications, on a hot iron, of their containing sulphur: I know not whence it has come that his accuracy has been questioned in this point; certain I am, that on the repetition of his experiments I found them true. The white scum also, which is found sticking on the grass over which the water flows, being gently dried, burns with the flame and smell of sulphur. From what has been said it is clear, that sulphur is found at Harrogate, sticking to the basin into which the water springs: sublimed upon the stones which compose the edifice surrounding the well; adhering to the sides of the tubs in which the water stands; subsiding to the bottom of the channel in which the water runs; and covering the surface of the earth, and of the blades of grass, over which it flows. It is unnecessary to add another word on this subject; it remains that I risk a conjecture or two, on the primary cause of the sulphureous impregnation observable in these waters.

In the Chemical Essay before referred to, I have shewn that the air separable from the lead ore of Derbyshire, or from Black-Jack, by solution in the acid of vitriol, impregnates common water with the sulphureous smell of Harrogate water; and I have also shewn that the bladder fungus or sea-wrack, by being calcined to a certain point, and put into water, not only gives the water a brackish taste, but communicates to it, without injuring its transparency, the smell, taste, and other properties of Harrogate water.

Pro^d

Professor Bergman impregnated water with a sulphureous taste and smell, by means of air separated by the vitriolic acid from hepar sulphuris, made by fusion of equal weights of sulphur and potashes, and from a mass made of three parts of iron filings melted with two of sulphur; and he found also, that Black-Jack and native Siberian iron yielded hepatic air, by solution in acids. This, I believe, is the main of what is known by chemists on this subject; what I have to suggest, relative to the Harrogate waters in particular, may perhaps be of use to future inquirers.

I have been told, that on breaking into an old coal-work, in which a considerable quantity of wood had been left rotting for a long time, there issued out great quantity of water smelling like Harrogate water, and leaving, as that water does, a white scum on the earth over which it passed. On opening a well of common water, in which there was found a log of rotten wood, an observant physician assured me, that he had perceived a strong and distinct smell of Harrogate water. Dr. Darwin, in his ingenious account of an artificial Spring of Water, published in the first part of the LXXXVth volume of the Philosophical Transactions, mentions his having perceived a slight sulphureous smell and taste in the water of a well which had been sunk in a black, loose, moist earth, which appeared to have been very lately a morass, but which is now covered with houses built upon piles. In the bog or morass abovementioned there is great plenty of sulphureous water, which seems to spring from the earth of the rotten wood of which that bog consists. These facts are not sufficient to make us certain, that rotten wood is efficacious in impregnating water with a sulphureous smell; because there are many bogs in every part of the world, in which no sulphureous water has ever been discovered. Nor, on the other hand, are they to be rejected as of no use in the inquiry; because wood, at a particular period of its putrefaction, or when situated at a particular depth, or when incumbent on a foil of a particular kind, may give an impregnation to water, which the same wood, under different circumstances, would not give.

The bilge water usually found at the bottom of ships which are foul, is said to smell like Harrogate water: I at first supposed, that it had acquired this smell in consequence of becoming putrid in

contact with the timber on which it rested; and this circumstance I considered as a notable support to the conjecture I had formed of rotten wood being, under certain circumstances, instrumental in generating the smell of Harrogate water. But this notion is not well founded; for the bilge water is, I suppose, salt water; and Dr. Short says, that sea water which had been kept in a stone bottle six weeks, "stunk not much short of Harrogate sulphur water." It has been remarked above, that calcined sea-wrack, which contains a great deal of sea salt, exhales an odour similar in all respects to that of Harrogate water; and in confirmation of the truth of this remark, I find that an author quoted by Dr. Short says, that "Bay salt, thrice calcined, dissolved in water, gives exactly the odour of the sulphur well at Harrogate." From these experiments considered together, it may, perhaps, be inferred, that common salt communicates a sulphureous smell to water both by putrefaction and calcination. Hence some may think, that there is some probability in the supposition, that either a calcined stratum of common salt, or a putrescent salt spring, may contribute to the production of the sulphureous smell of Harrogate water; especially as these waters are largely impregnated with common salt. However, as neither the salt in sea water, nor that of calcined sea-wrack, nor calcined bay salt, are any of them absolutely free from the admixture of bodies containing the vitriolic acid, a doubt still remains, whether the sulphureous exhalation, here spoken of, can be generated from substances in which the vitriolic acid does not exist.

The shale from which alum is made, when it is first dug out of the earth, gives no impregnation to water; but by exposure to air and moisture its principles are loosened, it shivers into pieces, and finally moulders into a kind of clay, which has an aluminous taste. Alum is an earthy salt resulting from an union of the acid of sulphur with pure clay; and hence we are sure, that shale, when decomposed by the air, contains the acid of sulphur; and from its oily black appearance, and especially from its being inflammable, we are equally certain that it contains phlogiston, the other constituent part of sulphur. And indeed pyritous substances, or combinations of sulphur and iron, enter into the composition of many, probably of all sorts of shale, tho' the particles of the pyrites may not be

large

large enough to be seen in some of them ; and if this be admitted, then we need be at no loss to account for the bits of sulphur which are sublimed to the top of the heaps of shale, when they calcine large quantities of it for the purpose of making alum : nor need we have any difficulty in admitting, that a phlogistic vapour must be discharged from shale, when it is decomposed by the air. Dr. Short says, that he burned a piece of aluminous shale for half an hour in an open fire ; he then powdered and infused it in common water, and the water sent forth a most intolerable sulphureous smell, the very same with Harrogate water. He burned several other pieces of shale, but none of them stunk so strong as the first. This difference may be attributed, either to the different qualities of the different pieces of shale which he tried, or to the calcination of the first being pushed to a certain definite degree ; for the combination of the principles on which the smell depends may be produced by one degree of heat, and destroyed by another. I have mentioned, briefly, these properties of shale, because there is a stratum of shale extended over all the country in the neighbourhood of Harrogate ; several beds of it may be seen in the stone quarry above the sulphur wells ; many of the brooks about Harrogate run upon shale, and the sulphur wells spring out of it. They have bored to the depth of twenty yards into this shale, in different places, in search of coal, but have never penetrated through it. Its hardness is not the same at all depths. Some of it will strike fire, as a pyrite does, with steel ; and other beds of it are soft, as if in a state of decomposition ; and the sulphur water is thought to rise out of that shale which is in the

softest state. But whatever impregnation shale when calcined, or otherwise decomposed to a particular degree, may give to the water which passes over it, it must not be concluded, that shale in general gives water a sulphureous impregnation ; since there are many springs in various parts of England, arising out of shale, in which no such impregnation is observed.

I forgot to mention, in its proper place, that having visited the bog, so often spoken of, after a long series of very dry weather, I found its surface, where there was no grass, quite candied over with a yellowish crust, of tolerable consistency, which had a strong aluminous taste, and the smell of honey. Bergman speaks of a turf found at Helsingberg in Scania, consisting of the roots of vegetables, which was often covered with a pyritous cuticle, which, when elixated, yielded alum ; and I make no doubt that the Harrogate morasses is of the same kind.

Whether nature uses any of the methods which I have mentioned of producing the air by which sulphureous waters are impregnated, may be much questioned ; it is of use, however, to record the experiments by which her productions may be imitated ; for though the line of human understanding will never fathom the depths of divine wisdom, displayed in the formation of this little globe which we inhabit ; yet the impulse of attempting an investigation of the works of God is irresistible ; and every physical truth which we discover, every little approach which we make towards a comprehension of the mode of his operation, gives to a mind of any piety the most pure and sublime satisfaction.

The PAINS and PLEASURES of a COUNTRY LIFE described.

(Concluded from page 16.)

HAVING shewn the Country in the most pleasing point of view, and admitted in its favour various sentiments, from the writings of poetical encomiasts ; having given them all due credit for their trickling rills and cloud-capt hills ; their *flocks* that feed beside the *rocks* ; their bubbling fountain at the foot of the mountain ; and every other object propitious to the enthusiasm of a metaphorical imagination ; we now sit down to the promised task (with all due deference to dealers in figure, and tra-

ders in tropes) of fairly and candidly speaking of matters *as they are*, not *as they should be* ; i. e. not as the fanciful Theorist in the furor of picturesque vision chuses to exhibit them.

Respecting the *natural* beauties of the Country (such we mean which regard vegetation only), the sweetest swain that ever sung, had not an eye to discover, or a heart to feel, or a taste to relish them in a greater degree than the Writer of this Paper.—To the charms of verdure, indeed—to the exquisite variety ma-

manifested in that verdure—to the elegant and provident transitions of seasons, each presenting its proper charm, and all adapted to inspire delight, and promote utility, few can be insensible—The Clown enjoys it, without entering into the nicety of original causes; the philosopher enjoys it, and traces, or *flatters* himself that he traces, the reason and effect to its principle. Ignorance and science are both blessed under the influence of bright suns, plentiful crops, waving woods, and luxuriant pasturage. But the point and principle with which this Essay set out, was to prove, that with respect to *happiness*, poets of all ages, from Maro down to the Caledonian Mr. Thomson, have indulged themselves in the flourish of fable, and, in describing the beauties of the *place*, have run into the mistake of concluding that such beauties have given greater felicity to the *people*. It is indeed by no means true that men are happy, or that they esteem themselves so (which folks say is the same thing) in proportion to their natural blessings. It is, perhaps, pretty frequently the reverse; for we see those who are placed in the most enviable situations (invariable to inexperience), who have extensive gardens, of which every flower might give the young bard a hint to scribble, the most senseless, stupid, dull, and insensible creatures in the Creation.—All that Nature can perform, even in her summer operations, is a blank to them: They can walk upon the velvet verdure by the side of the sparkling streamlet—(Pardon us, kind Reader, for being somewhat poetical, without caring anything about the matter)—nay, they can yawn over beds of roses, “tread under foot the violet,” and wish the plummy songsters that build within the shrubbery, fairly at the devil.—This may seem to shew that our great men are not captivated with the Country.—People in the *middle station* are in general so full of care, so much bigotted to gainful circumstances of thrift and œconomy, or so little affected by the discriminating delicacies of taste, that they have really no leisure to look at the hedges, criticise the springing buds, nor examine the progress of Providence or Nature. A Sunday nosegay, indeed, they have, which they awkwardly stick into the button-hole of the coat, and to which they smell till they kill it with kindness, and then throw it away.—When on the evening of that Sunday they brush off the dust of the week, and walk into the meadows,

it must be confessed their sensibility is transiently awakened; for they take particular notice, whether the corn bears a better ear this year than the last—whether the barley is thin, or otherwise—and whether the grass is likely to turn out well. Hence they conclude with infinite prophecy of the likelihood of things. If they don't relish the prospect, this is the expression: “Why, neighbour, we shall be all ruined—Hay and barley, and wheat, will be dearer than ever—and what, pray, is to become of the poor?”—If they approve what they have analysed, they argue thus: “Well, well—come, come, neighbour—fine crops, heavenly weather, *if it does but hold*—Lovely crops, upon my word—Thank God for them, thank God for them—God is very good, indeed.”—Away they go to the chimney corner again, and over a pint of home-brewed talk of the goodness of God and the goodness of crops—consult the weather glass and the old woman's toe—are one moment pious, and the next mistrustful—till they get into bed, and—“eat in dreams the custard of the day.”

Now, in regard to the Ladies, the matrimonial property of the Gentlemen in these contrasted conditions, it is but a courtesy I owe the Fair-sex to take notice of their attachment to rural scenes. The Woman of Fashion is (for Fashion's sake) very often a fair creature of such infinite affectation, that she is sometimes (as shifts the mode) obliged to adore, and sometimes to abominate, the country. One day she has such a passion for Nature, that her bosom is ornamented by so prodigious a besom of natural beauties, that one would be apt to think her half vegetation. While this fragrant fancy is upon her, the chimney, the windows, the window-seats, and the mantel-piece, are all *in flower*. The next day “comes a frost, a killing frost”—that is to say, the Lady looks cold upon her yesterday's objects of ardour; she is in so delicate a state of stomach, as to sink under the smell of odours. She cannot possibly support the exquisite oppression of perfumes: the maid is directed, therefore, to remove the flower-pots, and take all the nauseous things out of her sight.

The good woman of the *Shop*, meanwhile, has a different train of ideas upon this subject. Her character is assimilated into that of her husband: she acquires all his love of money, and his mercenary method of getting it: she values the fountain, not because it is

favourable to poetical images, but because the water of the spring is more agreeable and commodious, in many domestic respects, than that which is drawn from the river: she esteems the brook, not because it babbles and bubbles, but upon account of its purity, and fine taste either in mixing the pudding, raising the pye-crust, or supplying the tea-kettle: and as to the article of flowers, the marjoram, the marigold, and such culinary herbs are preferred, for the most part, to less useful vegetables; and therefore, like a very wise woman of this world, she makes her broth, dries her lavender, and preserves her pickle—while pinks and roses “in profusion,” and in confusion too, were left to flourish and to fade, as Nature thought proper.

Now with regard to *rural Societies*, much I fear the enquiry will not turn out happily, should we enter into particulars. Reputations are even less safe and sacred in the Country than in the City. Every little town has its gossip, its loungers, its tell-tale, its inventor, and its critic—and one or all of these know every thing that is going forward in the parish. They assist each other, and, like the paragraphical collectors, open the budget for the mutual entertainment of each other and the Town. It is the business of the *lounger* to listen—the critic is upon the catch—the inventor supplies the imperfections of simple truth and mere matter of fact—and the tell-tale and gossip run gadding abroad to circulate the materials which have been collected by the industry and ingenuity of their friends afore said:

“At ev’ry word a reputation dies.”

To be serious, however, the general infelicity produced by these, with the wrangling and back-biting amongst the men at their clubs, and of the women at their weekly card-tables or nightly parties, is greater and acuter than can well be imagined. Those who have been long fumigated, and, as it were, smoak-dried, in a City, sigh ardently for vernal breezes and the zephyrs of an unclouded sky. This is natural; and so far as refreshment is to be acquired by gales of fragrance and unobstructed air, the wish to make an

excursion is rational. In natural descriptions, therefore, the Poet is at full liberty, and has indeed a fair opportunity to indulge his genius; nay, he may be allowed to trespass a little upon mere matter of fact, and (“his eye in a fine phrenzy rolling”) yield to the pleasures of a florid imagination.—But here let him stop, nor paint as angels all who live in a paradise. The same passions differently exerted, and the same temptations in different shapes, attend the inhabitants of the Meadow as of the Metropolis. The shades are by no means so peaceful as they are said to be by those who seldom hear them whisper; and believe me, the streams are not more apt to *murmur* than those whose cottages are built beside them: neither is the happiness of the houses half so distinguishing or harmonious, in general, as the happiness among the branches, or as the felicity of the forest. Let us not be seduced into any notion which misguides to concentrate greater portions of joy in any situation than belongs to it. All conditions have their convenience; all have their disadvantage. The City and the Country assist the delights that are afforded by each. Like able lawyers of the same family, they play into one another’s hand—and by this politick artifice produce wealth, and health, and honours, and enjoyments. *Variety* is the very quintessence of bliss. Perennial suns would be shocking, and (to use Shakespeare’s language) “leave no worship for that garish orb.” But Night comes in to the relief of the Day, and gives a double welcome to the morning. So of Town and Country: Whoever reside constantly in the latter are too apt to forget its beauties, even though they should be bigotted to its profits; and the mere Cockney thinks all who live out of the sound of Bow-bell, a sett of animals who see nothing but what increases their natural vacuity. The point of wisdom in this case, as in a great many more, is to acquire a competent knowledge of facts, and neither to be extravagant in praise nor wild in censure. We have in all situations more happiness than we merit: let us not lessen it by fictitious miseries or ill-founded hopes, of which the disappointment is a misery, *indeed!*

THE
LONDON REVIEW,
AND
LITERARY JOURNAL.

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

Poems by Helen Maria Williams, in Two Volumes, 12mo. Cadell. 5s. 1786.

WHEN the age of this young Poetess, and, what she with great modesty and candour acknowledges, "the disadvantages of a confined education," are duly considered, he must be a fairly and liberal critic indeed, who would hesitate to pronounce these two little volumes a most agreeable acquisition to our youthful poetry; and that Miss Williams is by no means the least elegant and pleasing of the constellation of females who have lately illumined the British Parnassus. Nay, we are almost tempted to declare, that in true elegant simplicity of poetic expression and colouring, and in the natural easy flow of her versification, she is unrivalled by any of her sisters. Except in some few instances, and those mostly in her *epic poem* Peru, the graceful ease and simplicity of her style is very different from that of a certain celebrated Poetess, who is so continually straining at ornament, at boldness and novelty of phrase, and splendour of epithet heaped on epithet, that the greatest part of her works, in place of resembling cloth of gold, the evident purpose of such eager and apparent labour, has, on dispassionate examination, no other appearance than that of a suit trimmed with tinsel, which, however it may glare by candle-light on the stage, makes but a poor and tawdry exhibition by daylight in the Green Room.

But high as our ideas are of the sweetness and natural elegance of Miss Williams's versification, we do not mean to say that her poetry is faultless. That would be doing her no service indeed; and we trust she has too much modesty and good sense, to refuse to avail herself of whatever blemishes may be pointed out in the following remarks on her Poems.

This pleasing collection is dedicated, by permission, to the Queen.—On this we cannot refrain expressing a wish

that the amiable Charlotte may, as the Patroness of Literature, rival and excel the late Caroline. Her Royal Consort is the liberal and beneficent patron of Music, Architecture and Painting. May the Muses find similar countenance and protection from the benign and mild influence of our beloved and much-respected Queen!

The modesty and artless candour so happily expressed in the following extract from our fair writer's preface, must obtain favour from every generous and good heart. "The apprehension, says she, which it becomes me to feel, in submitting these Poems to the judgment of the public, may perhaps plead my excuse for detaining the reader to relate, that they were written under the disadvantages of a confined education, and at an age too young for the attainment of an accurate taste. My first production, the *Legendary Tale of Edwin and Eltruda*, was composed to amuse some solitary hours, and without any view to publication. Being shewn to Dr. Kippis, he declared that it deserved to be committed to the press, and offered to take upon himself the task of introducing it to the world. I could not hesitate to publish a composition which had received the sanction of his approbation. By the favourable reception this little poem met with, I was encouraged still farther to meet the public eye, in the "*Ode on the Peace*," and the poem which has the title of "*Peru*." These poems are inserted in the present collection, but not exactly in their original form. I have felt it my duty to exert my endeavours in such a revision and improvement of them, as may render them somewhat more worthy of perusal. It will, I am afraid, still be found, that there are several things in them which would shrink at the approach of severe criticism. The other poems that now for the first time appear

appear in print, are offered with a degree of humility rather increased than diminished by the powerful patronage with which they have been honoured, in consequence of the character given of them by partial friends. Knowing how strongly affection can influence opinion, the kindness which excites my warmest gratitude has not inspired me with confidence.

"When I survey such an evidence of the zeal of my friends to serve me, as the following honourable and extensive list affords, I have cause for exultation in having published this work by subscription."

The subscription is large, containing upwards of fifteen hundred names, and almost fills one-half of the first volume, the poetical contents of which are, *An American Tale—Sonnet to Mrs. Bates—Sonnet to Twilight—To Sensibility—A Song—An Ode on the Peace—Edwin and Eltruda, a Legendary Tale—A Hymn—and, Paraphrases from Scripture*. Before we make any remarks on the above, we repeat what we have already said, that we have some blemishes to point out, which we sincerely hope the amiable Muse of Miss Williams will profit by; if she does not, the loss will be her own. But we shall not insult the good sense of Miss Williams by the supposition of her improper repentment. And here, to hint our first objection, the engraving which fronts the title-page of the first volume, struck us with much the same idea as some parts of Miss Williams's poetry. The engraving which represents the murder of the young princes in the Tower, is designed by Maria Cosway; but masculine force of expression is wanted, and the youngest prince on his knees in the posture of supplication, while the ruffian is ready to plunge the dagger into his brother's breast, is a most evident copy of the little Samuel at his prayers, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The first poem in the collection vindicates the above comparison of the poetry to the picture. The *American Tale* is an evident copy from Dr. Goldsmith's Hermit. In the Doctor's tale, a young lady's lover had disappeared, and she, imagining he had died of grief for her having rejected his suit, dresses herself in man's clothes and goes a-wandering. In her rambles she comes on an evening to a hermit's retreat, and is courteously entertained by him; and the catastrophe is, that she discovers her lost lover in the hermit, and he his tender and repenting

fair-one in his wandering guest. Miss Williams's tale thus opens:

"Ah! pity all the pangs I feel,
 "If pity e'er you knew;—
 "An aged father's wounds to heal,
 "Thro' scenes of death I flew.
 "Perhaps my hast'ning steps are vain,
 "Perhaps the warrior dies!—
 "Yet let me sooth each parting pain—
 "Yet lead me where he lies."—
 Thus to the list'ning band she calls,
 Nor fruitless her desire,
 They lead her panting to the walls
 That hold her captive fire.
 "And is a daughter come to bless
 "These aged eyes once more?
 "Thy father's pains will now be less,
 "His pains will now be o'er!"

The Lady is in tears. The father speaks:

"Those tears a father ill can bear,
 "He lives, my child, for thee!
 "A gentle youth, with pitying care,
 "Has lent his aid to me.
 "Born in the western world, his hand
 "Maintains its hostile cause,
 "And fierce against Britannia's band
 "His erring sword he draws;
 "Yet feels the captive Briton's woe;
 "For his ennobled mind
 "Forgets the name of Britain's foe,
 "In love of human kind.
 "Yet know, my child, a dearer tie
 "Has link'd his heart to mine;
 "He mourns with Friendship's holy
 "Sigh,
 "The youth belov'd of thine!"

The Lady expresses her gratitude for the kindness shewn to her father, and enquires for her lover.

"O tell me where my lover fell!
 "The fatal scene recall;
 "His last, dear accents, stranger, tell,
 "O haste and tell me all!
 "Say, if he gave to love the sigh,
 "That set his spirit free;
 "Say, did he raise his closing eye,
 "As if it fought for me!"

The true sentiment of a romantic girl! Her lover we find was an American, who braved the dangerous main, and bless'd England.

"The western ocean roll'd in vain
 "Its parting waves between, [main,
 "My Edward brav'd the dang'rous
 "And bless'd our native scene.

"Soft

"Soft Ihs heard his artless tale,
 "Ah, stream for ever dear,
 "Whose waters, as they pass'd the vale,
 "Receiv'd a lover's tear.
 "How could a heart that virtue lov'd,
 "(And sure that heart is mine)
 "Lamented youth! behold unmov'd,
 "The virtues that were thine?
 "Calm as the surface of the lake,
 "When all the winds are still,
 "Mild as the beams of morning
 "break,
 "When first they light the hill;
 "So calm was his unruffled soul,
 "Where no rude passion strove;
 "So mild his soothing accents stole
 "Upon the ear of love.
 "Where are the dear illusions fled
 "Which sooth'd my former hours?
 "Where is the path that fancy spread,
 "Ah, vainly spread with flowers!
 "I heard the battle's fearful sounds,
 "They seem'd my lover's knell—
 "I heard, that pierc'd with ghastly
 "wounds,
 "My vent'rous lover fell!—
 "My sorrows shall with life endure,
 "For he I lov'd is gone;
 "But something tells my heart, that
 "sure
 "My life will not be long."—
 "My panting soul can bear no more,
 "The youth, impatient cried,
 "'Tis Edward bids thy griefs be o'er,
 "My love! my destin'd bride!

The Lady, we find, in *all* her *pangs*, has a knack at similes; and the plot and catastrophe are exactly the same with Goldsmith's *Hermit*; and the conclusion is much the same.

Miss Williams concludes thus:

"Then come for ever to my soul,
 "Amelia, come, and prove,
 "How calm our blissful years will roll
 "Along a life of love."
 "A life of love! is a rich expression,
 and happy; but *tears*, and *love*, and
sounds of woe, &c. &c. those eternal
 topics of female poetry, are rather too
 predominant in Miss Williams's poe-
 try.

The Sonnet to *Twilight* inserted in our last volume, p. 455, is beautiful and happy.

The verses on *Sensibility* are just such as we should expect from a girl on that *Will o' the Wisp* subject. Mrs. Greville's sprightly and humorous *Ode to Indifference* was not agreeable, it would seem,

to Miss Williams, who advises her to indulge herself in the pleasures or *gifts* of melancholy and anguish.

Ah *Greville*! why the gifts refuse
 To souls like thine allied?
 No more thy nature seem to lose,
 No more thy softness hide.

The *Legendary Tale of Edwin and Elfrida* is spun out to a tiresome length, and has nothing peculiar or novel. During the wars of *York and Lancaster*, a lover kills his mistress's father in battle, and she dies, and he dies:

He feels within his shiv'ring veins
 A mortal chillness rise;
 Her pallid corse he feebly strains,
 And on her bosom dies.

Legendary tales or ballads are a pleasing species of poetry. They seem easy to invent and execute: hence the vast inundation we have of late years had of them. But easy as it seems, it is a walk that often misleads the young and thoughtless, who, when they are quite in the wrong and barren path, imagine themselves amid the most flowery scenes of Parnassus. Hence the oblivion which soon envelopes the far greatest part of those productions; and with all due respect to Miss Williams and Dr. Kippis, we cannot flatter her with the hope that her *Edwin and Elfrida* will escape the general lot of its brothers and cousins. Easy as this way of writing may seem, it requires the most delicate touches of pathos, and real genuine poetic simplicity of colouring, to make any man of taste bestow a second reading on a *Legendary Tale*.

The *Paraphrases from Scripture* are like many others of the kind—very well. But the forcible, concise, and happy expression of our common prose version is—much better.

The *Ode on the Peace* is the most original poem of the First Volume, and contains, with some blemishes which only shew the fair writer's youth, many poetic thoughts and good lines. It opens thus:

As wand'ring late on Albion's shore
 That chains the rude tempestuous
 deep,
 I heard the hollow surges roar;
 And vainly beat her guardian steep;
 I heard the rising sounds of woe
 Loud on the storm's wild pinion flow;
 And still they vibrate on the mournful
 lyre,

That tunes to grief its sympathetic wire.
 N 2 From

From shores the wide Atlantic laves,
The spirit of the ocean bears
In moans, along his western waves,
Afflicted Nature's hopeless cares.

There is a harshness in this expression,
From shores the wide Atlantic laves.

This would have been inelegant in prose, for want of the word *which*; nor is omission in verse consistent with elegance. Miss Williams often falls into this peccadillo, and we warn her against it.

The horrors of war are not unhappily mentioned, though common. In a lady's poem on War we may be sure to find love in tears and misery, but cannot admire the propriety of the metaphor which represents a flame expiring in streams of blood :

While love's pure flame in streams of
blood expires.

The following lines deserve selection :

Now burns the savage soul of War,
While terror flashes from his eyes,
Lo ! waving o'er his fiery car,
Aloft his bloody banner flies :

The battle wakes—with awful sound
He thunders o'er the echoing ground,
He grasps his reeking blade, while
streams of blood

Tinge the vast plain, and swell the purple
flood.

But softer sounds of sorrow flow ;

On drooping wing the murmur'ing
gales

Have borne the deep complaints of woe

That rose along the lonely vales—

Those breezes waft the orphan's cries,

They tremble to parental sighs,

And drink a tear for keener anguish shed,

The tear of faithful love when hope is
fled.

The object of her anxious fear

Lies pale on earth, expiring, cold,

Ere, wing'd by happy love, one year,

Too rapid in its course, has roll'd :

In vain the dying hand she grasps,

Mangs on the quiver'ing lip, and clasps

The fainting form, that slowly sinks in
death,

To catch the parting glance, the fleeting
breath.

Pale as the livid corse her cheek,

Her tresses torn, her glances wild,—

How fearful was her frantic shriek !

She wept—and then in horrors
smil'd :

She gazes now with wild affright,
Lo ! bleeding phantoms rush in sight—
Hark ! on yon mangled form the mour-
ner calls,
Then on the earth a senseless weight she
falls.

Our poetess now comes to particulars.
The fate of the gentle *Andre* is bewailed,
and Miss Seward is complimented :

While Seward sweeps her plaintive
strings,

While pensive round his fable shrine
A radiant zone she gracefully flings,

Where full emblaz'd his virtues
shine ;

The mournful loves that tremble nigh

Shall catch her warm melodious sigh ;

The mournful loves shall drink the tears
that flow

From Pity's hovering soul, dissolv'd in
woe.

A young lady *sweeping the plaintive strings, while pensive she gracefully flings a radiant zone, where his virtues shine full emblaz'd, round Andre's fable shrine*, may be vastly pretty to some readers ; but for our parts we scruple not to pronounce it metaphor run mad, and the picture it presents, absurd and ridiculous. The fate of *Andre* has been unfortunate to more than one of our poets. One of acknowledged elegance has fallen into the following gross absurdity, in a compliment to Miss Seward :

Tho' tuneful Seward mourn her *Andre's*
fall,

And wrap the felon cord that clos'd his
breath

In radiant Glory's amaranthine wreath *.

A tuneful nymph twining a halter cut from a gallows with an *amaranthine wreath of radiant glory*, is indeed incomparable in the art of—*sinking in poetry*.

The danger of Capt. *Asgill*, who was on the point of sharing the fate of *Andre*, is next introduced in a much happier strain, and the distress of his parents and friends is well touched. Peace, poetically described as *a radiant stream of light*, gilding

—— the murky cloud,

Where Desolation's gloomy night

Retiring, folds her fable shroud,

is good, nay excellent. But the follow-

* See Pye's "Progress of Refinement," a Poem.

ing, spoken of the said *radiant stream of light*, is certainly mere rant and fustian ;—

It flashes o'er the bright'ning deep,
It softens Britain's frowning steep.

And *mild Peace* is thus apostrophised ;

Around thy form th' exulting virtues
move,

And thy soft call awakes the strain of
love.

This is rather too much in the clouds, for our comprehension. We were simple enough to imagine, that the active exertions of a just and patriotic war called forth "the exulting virtues," which are apt to languish in peace, that nurse of effeminacy, luxury, and dissipation. Though old Vincent Wing must yield as a poet to our fair Authoress, there is much more common-sense and true political philosophy in the rhymes which used to adorn his Almanacks :

War begets poverty,

Poverty peace ;

Peace makes riches flow ;

Thus things never cease.

Riches beget pride,

Pride is war's ground,

And war begets poverty ;—

So the world goes round.

But the particular honour of this Ode on the Peace is its having furnished the present *Poet-Laureat* with the idea of that noble Pindaric, his first Ode. Miss Williams and he perfectly agree in the opinion, that *true glory* has nothing to do with the *vicior's car* (which, by the bye, is a most delicate way of wiping off the disgraces of the late ill-conducted and ruinous war), but is wholly engaged by the fine arts : or, as one of the Laureat's parodists expresses it,

What though the deep-tax'd nations
groan,

True glory minds the well-hewn
stone, &c.

No one who remembers the Laureat's first Ode can doubt whence he borrowed

A Translation of the Memoirs of Eradut Khan, a Nobleman of Hindostan ; containing interesting Anecdotes of the Emperor Aulungeer Aurungzebe, and of his Successors, Shaw Allum and Jehaunder Shaw : in which are displayed the Causes of the very precipitate Decline of the Mogul Empire in India. By Jonathan Scott, Captain in the Service of the Honourable East-India Company, and private Persian Translator to Warren Hastings, Esq; late Governor-General of Bengal, &c. &c. 4to. 4s. 6d. boards. Stockdale. 1786.

THIS fragment of history contains a short recital of the revolutions which took place in the Mogul empire, on the

it, when he reads the following from Miss Williams :

Enchanting visions sooth my sight—

The finer arts no more oppress'd,

Benignant source of pure delight !

On her soft bosom love to rest.

While each discordant sound expires,

Strike, Harmony ! strike all thy wires ;

The fine vibrations of the spirit move,

And touch the springs of rapture and of
love.

Bright painting's living forms shall rise ;

And wrapt in Ugolino's woe *,

Shall Reynolds wake unbidden sighs ;

And Romney's graceful pencil flow.

Mr. Hayley too as a Poet, Dr. Hurd as a Critic, the Historic Muse, and *me k Philosophy*, "alluding," as a note says, "to Mr. Herschel's wonderful discoveries," are all represented, in some truly elegant stanzas, as flourishing under the influence of Peace. Mrs. Montagu also is handsomely complimented ; and the wish that Science, Peace, and Honour, may remain in Albion,

Till time shall wing its course no more,

Till Angels wrap the spheres in fire,

Till earth and yon fair orbs expire,

While Chaos, mounted on the wasting
flame,

Shall spread eternal shade o'er Nature's
frame,

concludes the Ode, which, on the whole, has much genuine merit. By the last lines, however, it would seem that our Authoress thought the Runic mythology of the final extinction of all things, Gods and all, as she found it in Gray, was better adapted for poetry than the Christian belief, that there *shall be new heavens, and a new earth*. And as the *fine arts* are promised no patronage in the *new heavens and new earth*, the promise extending only to *righteousness*, perhaps they are not in the wrong to give their preference to the system of Woden, and final oblivion.

(To be concluded in our next.

* "Ugolino's woe"—a celebrated picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, taken from DANTE.
year

year 1707, when Azim Shaw, the second son of the deceased, usurped the throne. This prince, previous to his accession, was exceedingly beloved by most of the nobility, who regarded him as possessing every approved quality for empire; but almost immediately after he got possession of the throne, he forfeited the general good opinion by slighting the principal nobility, and betraying great parsimony to the army. His elder brother, Shaw Allum, to avoid shedding blood, proposed to divide the empire with him. This proposal he treated with haughtiness and contempt: and replied, that he would answer his brother on the morrow in the field. They accordingly met, when fortune declaring against him, Azim lost the battle and his life. Shaw Allum, on the death of his brother, succeeded, and held the reins of government till 1712, when he was poisoned. He left four sons, of whom the author gives the following characters.

“Moiz ad Dien Jehaunder Shaw, the eldest, was a weak man, devoted to pleasure, who gave himself no trouble about state affairs, or to gain the attachment of any of the nobility.

“Azeem Ooshawn, the second son, was a statesman of winning manners. Aulumgeer had always pursued the policy of encouraging his grandsons and employing them in public affairs; for as his sons were ambitious of great power, and at the head of armies, he thus prudently controuled them, by opposing to them enemies in their own families, as Bedar Bukht to Azim Shaw, and Azeem Ooshawn to Shaw Allum. To the latter he had given the advantageous government of the three provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, from whence he had now come with a rich treasure and considerable army; and though in the late battle he had performed great service, yet he was suspected by his father, and dreaded as a rival.

“Ruffeh Ooshawn, the private companion and favourite of his father, was a prince of quick parts, a great proficient in religious learning, a fine writer, and of much knowledge in the law; but at the same time addicted to pleasure, particularly fond of music and the pomp of courtly shew. He paid no attention to public affairs, or even those of his own household.

“Jehaun Shaw had the greatest share of all the princes in the management of affairs, before his father's accession to the throne; after which the whole admini-

stration of the empire was long influenced by him.”

On the death of Shaw Allum, Azeem Ooshawn, his second son, being in possession of the imperial camp, treasury and jewels, was joined by most of the principal noblemen, their followers, and the royal artillery. He had, besides, a very considerable army in his own pay. Instead of immediately attacking his brothers, who, though all leagued against him, would have formed but a weak enemy, he encamped on the plain, and acted on the defensive, in expectation that his brother's troops would in a few days desert for want of pay, and they be compelled to acknowledge him emperor, or be delivered into his hands by some of their pretended friends. In this however he was deceived; by keeping his army cooped up in intrenchments, it grew dispirited daily, while the ardor of the enemy's increased every hour. After a cannonade had been kept up on both sides for four days, in each of which the three brothers gained some advantage, on the fifth day Azeem Ooshawn moved from his camp; but such was the confusion in forming the troops that the artillery was quite useless, and Jehaun Shaw advancing steadily, in slow order, obtained an easy victory over terrified troops, who fled without waiting to be attacked. The unfortunate prince thus forsaken, scorning to owe his safety to flight, advanced almost alone against the enemy. This action and submitting to be sacrificed, was one and the same. His elephant-driver was immediately killed; the prince himself, after receiving many wounds, sunk down fainting upon his seat; and the elephant, without a driver and furious with pain, ran through the enemy, who pursued him in vain for some hours, during which time the unfortunate Azeem died of fatigue and loss of blood.

Jehaun Shaw, after this victory, judging from the purity of his own intentions, that those of his brothers were equally so, delivered the whole plunder of the camp without delay into the hands of the Ameer al Amra, who, agreeable to treaty and his own oath, was to divide the provinces and treasures impartially among the brothers. This integrity was the cause of his ruin. The Ameer had resolved to seat Jehaunder Shaw on the throne, knowing that his weakness, fondness for pleasure and aversion to business, would put uncontrouled power into his own hands. With this view he artfully

delayed

delayed making a division. The friends of Jehaun Shaw clearly saw the Ameer's designs, warned the prince against his treachery, and offered to prevent their completion by killing him: this the noble-minded prince would not consent to. "If," said he, "empire is decreed me, I shall attain it without trouble; but if not, of what avail is treachery or unjust shedding of human blood?" At the Ameer's next visit, he openly told him his suspicions of his conduct, and that though it might be politic to put him to death, he scorned to do it by fraud, at the same time bidding him rise and go in peace to his own house.

This magnanimous behaviour, instead of exciting the Ameer's gratitude, only increased his enmity; he threw aside the veil, now become useless, and openly avowed his intentions. The author makes the following remark on the prince's conduct on this occasion; a remark in the true spirit of Machiavel, and which shews that the principles of most statesmen, whether European or Asiatic, are nearly the same. "Though Jehaun Shaw, virtuous and religiously faithful to his word, was *generous* and *just* in this great action, yet the *policy of government* will not admit of such conduct being copied as an example of propriety. The world is deceitful, and cannot be commanded but by deceit. The thief who should wake his sleeping prey, would only bring ruin on his own head. Virtue and vice being direct opposites cannot exist in one dwelling. *That*, the foundation of which is evil, cannot be supported but by evil."

The Ameer having openly refused to perform his agreement, Jehaun Shaw moved his camp, and prepared for battle without delay; but in the night the artillery camp was treacherously set on fire, all the rockets and ammunition destroyed, and the army rendered totally useless. Some fresh supplies were indeed procured; but the troops, dispirited with their loss, became clamorous for money, and deserted in such numbers, that Jehaun Shaw, to prevent worse consequences, was obliged to put all to the hazard of an immediate engagement. In this, by his bravery, he had at one time made a considerable impression on the enemy's center; but being attacked in the rear by Ruffeh Ooshawn's whole force, his troops seeing themselves likely to be surrounded, fled to a man, leaving him exposed alone upon his elephant, where he was soon killed by a musket-shot.

There now remained no other rivals than Jehaunder and Ruffeh Ooshawn. The latter had the firmest reliance on the Ameer, as during the life of the emperor he had supported him in the strongest manner. He therefore hoped as one sovereign seemed to be his choice, that it might rest upon him, in preference to his elder brother. He had resolved to wait as a spectator of the struggle till the fall of one of his rivals, and then rush upon the survivor, flushed with victory, and unguarded against a new enemy. This design he now communicated to his followers, and desired their support in an immediate attack on Jehaunder Shaw: they however either through fear or treachery refusing their assistance, on a pretence that the dawn would be a more favourable opportunity, he was obliged to stop, and wait their pleasure. At break of day, therefore, Ruffeh advanced silently in hopes of surprising the enemy; but before he had reached their camp, a gun being fired through ignorance or treachery, gave the alarm, the enemy's cannon began to play furiously, the greater number of his followers fled, and a Chief in whom he reposed the greatest confidence, and who owed him the highest obligations, ungratefully turned his arms against him. Surrounded on every side, he threw himself from his elephant, and "drawing the sabre of glory from the scabbard of honour, fought singly on foot against thousands of assailants. But what could he effect more than sell one life at the expence of many? He was soon hewn down with repeated wounds, and resigned his breath to Him who gave it. We are from God, and to Him we must return."

Thus by the intrigues and support of the Ameer, Jehaunder Shaw triumphed over his three brothers, and ascended the throne without the fear or dread of a competitor. Eradut Khan, after declaring that his motive is not to gratify any resentment for injuries done him, nor to carry favour with a successor by disparaging his rival, draws the following highly-coloured picture of this prince.

"He was in himself a weak man, effeminately careful of his person, fond of ease, indolent, and totally ignorant of the arts of government. He had also blemishes and low vices unworthy of royalty, and unknown among his illustrious ancestors. He made the vast empire of Hindostan an offering to the foolish whims of a public courtesan, which tortured the minds of worthy subjects loyal to his family. The relations, friends,

friends, and minions of the mistress, usurped absolute authority in the state; and high offices, great titles, and unreasonable grants from the imperial domains were showered profusely on beggarly musicians. Two Crores* of rupees annually were settled for the household expences of the mistress only, exclusive of her clothes and jewels. The emperor frequently rode with her in a chariot through the markets, where they purchased, agreeably to whim, sometimes jewels, gold, silks, and fine linen; at others, greens, fruits, and the most trifling articles. A woman named Zohera, keeper of a green stall, one of Lall Koor's (the mistress) particular friends, was promoted to a high rank, with a suitable jaghire, and her relations were exalted to the emperor's favour, which they used (abused) to promote the interests of the courtiers for large bribes: nor did the nobility decline their patronage, but forgetting their honour, and sacrificing decency to present advantage, eagerly flocked to pay adoration to the royal idols, whose gates were more crowded with equipages than those of the imperial palace. To do them justice, many of them had generous minds, and performed various good actions in the use of their influence at court.

"The ridiculous jaunts of the emperor and his mistress at last grew to such a pitch, that on a certain night, after spending the day in debauchery, and visiting different gardens near the city, in company with Zohera, the herb-woman, they retired to the house of one of her acquaintance who sold spirits, with which they all became intoxicated. After rewarding the woman with a large sum and the grant of a village, they returned in a drunken plight to the palace, and all three fell asleep on the road. On their arrival Lall Koor was taken out by her women; but the emperor remained sleeping in the chariot, and the driver, who had shared in the jollity of his royal master, without examining the machine, *carried it* [a heavy load for a drunken man!] to the stables. The officers of the palace, after waiting till near morning for his arrival, on finding that the mistress had entered her apartments without the emperor, were alarmed for his safety, and sent to her to enquire concerning his situation. She desired them immediately to examine the coach, where they found the wretched prince fast asleep in the arms of Zohera, at the distance of nearly two miles from the palace.

"While the emperor was thus affording matter of offence to all good subjects, the Ameer became absolute. He studied to ruin the most ancient families, inventing pretences to plunder them. He established unprecedented exactions and abuses. He took enormous emoluments for himself, but was so sparing in the distribution of money to others, that even his own creatures felt severe poverty, with empty titles; till at length every one wished his destruction.

"After tyrannizing thus nine months, in the height of his power and authority, a report was spread that Ferokhsere, the son of Azeem Oothawn, was marching from Bengal towards Bahar, with an intent to revenge his father's death and seize the throne. The news was soon confirmed; nor is it surprising, that numbers of the imperial servants wished secretly for the success of the rebellion. After sending his eldest son against the rebels, Jahauder advanced himself against them; an engagement ensued, in which his army was routed; and he, having shaved his beard and whiskers to prevent his being known, fled to the palace of Asfud ad Dowlah, by whom he was delivered up to the conqueror, by whose orders he was put to death in prison, and thus peace was restored to Hindostan."

Such is the outline of these memoirs, comprising a period of five years. What renders them more interesting is, that till now we had no authentic account of this period, Colonel Dow's History of Hindostan reaching no farther than the eleventh year of Aulumgeer. Eradut Khan, the author of these memoirs, was a nobleman in that emperor's court, and from being on the spot and immediately concerned in these several revolutions, and in some measure connected with the principal parties engaged in them, was undoubtedly well qualified to give an account of them. "The authenticity of the facts he relates," the Translator observes, "is undoubted in Hindostan, and the simplicity of his style regarded as a strong proof of his veracity." The Translator in like manner, from his personal knowledge of the scene of action and customs of the country, has been enabled to avoid those mistakes which common translators are liable to commit, for want of such information; and he has added a number of explanatory notes, for the benefit of such as may stand in need of them.

Mr. Scott has intimated his intentions of giving a history of Dekkan, being

* A Crore is 100 Lacks, upwards of two millions sterling.

possessed of abundant materials for that purpose, if the present work, which he offers as a specimen, is approved by the public. As a work of that kind would not only afford much entertainment, but be highly useful, it is to be hoped he will meet with no obstacle to retard his

carrying his plan into execution. We have only further to wish, that the expence attending it may not be a means of rendering its utility less extensive. Four shillings and sixpence for twelve sheets of quarto letter-press is literally *paying* either for amusement or instruction.

The History of Athens, politically and philosophically considered, with the View to an Investigation of the immediate Causes of Elevation and of Decline operative in a free and commercial State. By William Young, Esq. London, 4to. 15s. Robson. 1786.

(Continued from page 37.)

THE second chapter treats of the population of Attica, and the progress of society.—The rough diamonds from the mine, our author remarks, vary but little; it is when polished that we distinguish the beauties or dulness of the water, the flaw, or pure, or tinted brilliant; so civilization discovers the susceptibility and value of each mind, and in the infancy of policy, where no prescription hath sway, inequality of intellect effects a correspondent degree of command and subserviency.

“Mark the picture of society which now presents itself to view:—Genius working not on luxuries or refinements, but confined to an investigation of the common arts and necessities of life; and weakness courting it for a participation of its comforts, and paying the debt of gratitude, or earnest of expectancy, with menial service and assistance.

“In an earlier period, the cave was a common refuge to all, the acorn was to be plucked by every hand, and in the calm of general ignorance, spirit or activity for the course lay dormant, and their claims were not known, not understood, or not allowed; but now the man of reason culled new blessings from the earth, and where nature seemed deficient found resources of happiness and ease in his own inventive faculties; nor is it wonderful that those whose powers were inadequate to their wants, should purchase shelter in his hut, warmth from his fire, or sustenance from his roots, with obsequious attention to serve and venerate the benefactor.

“As in those times the only title to rule was the conferring of benefits, of which every subject was individually to partake, and at the same time capable of striking the balance between services paid and good received; intruders without superior abilities were speedily disgraced, and perhaps in the shock of public commotion detached from the general body,

and with a few others, whom sympathy or resentment connected with them, were left to rely on that strength which passion and self-confidence rendered at once unfit for rule and impatient of subjection.

“They retired to their old mansions of refuge among the woods and rocks; but the cavern was become damp and gloomy; the winds had learnt to chill and the sun to scorch; and late habits of life had shewn that such evils might be avoided, but present inexperience precluded the means of avoiding them.

“As in the progress of the individual from infancy to maturity, so in the history of the species, we find that the passions have borne fruit, when the blossoms of reason but peeped from the bud: happily in the first instance, the earlier violences of youth may at once be calmed and tutored, and even their effects mitigated by the interposition of those, who have at once superior reason to urge, and strength to restrain; but who is to coerce the savage, whose life fills up an impetuous moment of puberty, in the long progressive history of his kind? who hath awakened at once to wishes, and to impotence; to the passions of man, and scarcely to the instinct of a brute? Envy without emulation, gloomy discontent, and the rage of unsated appetites (the feeble ray of reason directing to the object, without throwing sufficient light to develop its moral and proper use, duties and consequences) what a dreadful animal must they form!—And such was man, when in the case above-mentioned he recurred to solitude, with the full harvest of wants and passions he had known, and only known how to reap in the fields of society.

“In these times every district had its *Cacus*, and as attack necessarily enforces defence, every tribe had its *Hercules*.

“In the course of a few years, the imitative faculty of man must have made
O such

such progress, and the connections within the pale of society have become so much more complicated, and the dangers from without so much more frequent and important, that the brave and the judicious might be supposed to supersede the pretensions of the projector or artificer, with whom too progressively so many claimed in common.

"The patriarch ruler gave out simple laws, or rather maxims, to his people, decided their differences, repelled their enemies, and sacrificed to their Gods: he was their Judge, their Hero, and their Priest: he was the only slave in the domain, for the black spirit of despotism was as yet confined within the magic circle of its duties, which when it transgressed, the charm of authority and pre-eminence was instantaneously dissolved."

Having traced the first population of Attica, and marked the progressive culture of people and of soil, the author proceeds in the next chapter to give an account of the colonies that acceded to the original settlement; and having enumerated the advantages thence accruing to the community, concludes with the following account of the *heroic age*.

"At a time when the habits of converse and thought had quickened the passions and apprehension; at a time when the minds of men were growing too active for rest, and too turbulent for controul; when the wise and the valiant anew felt and claimed distinctions over their fellows; when the ambition of some, and the envy of others, was succeeding to the virtuous and peaceable emulation of all; the danger of relapsing into anarchy was eminent and great: but fortunately, the shade of Chivalry arose, and beckoning each active genius into her circle, preserved the internal state from that annoyance the wanton spirit of the age might seem to portend. Damsels ravished, and damsels rescued, made up the history of this period; not even in the feudal lower age was enterprise more the delight or admiration of all: the wreath of honour was then first snatched, and separately and distinctly worn from the crown of virtue; whilst the dangers and not the motives of the achievements were considered.

"*Mark the progress.*—Common security was the first band of union; indigence instructed, interest cemented, and foreign population enriched and enlarged the society; from long peace and security sprang new distractions among men; influence in private life extended to ascen-

dancy in the state; individuals grew impatient of rest and equality; and Ambition, like a famished Tyger, was recurring to its own litter for sustenance and prey, when a providential casualty directed its activity to internal objects. In the mean time the commonwealth had peace, and leisure to find theories for practice, and draw practice from theory; to widen the foundation of the state-system, and cement it so as to withstand whatever shock, till time and progressive reason should finish the building;—the glory and bulwark of Greece!"

In the fourth chapter the author treats of the Kings, and of the first Archons of Athens. Some writers, he remarks, have idly classed the first Archons with the Athenian Kings, on a supposition that a change took place in little else besides the title of the supreme officer. Admitting this to be true, still he contends, the alteration was of moment, as even in the most enlightened ages, unbounded prescriptive devotion has been paid to mere words.

"How much honour and authority have attended a title, even when usurped through the worst of crimes and the meanest of frauds! Are there none, even in a land of freedom and of science, whose hearts yet acknowledge the hereditary and slavish prejudices of their forefathers, and who would cancel their very bond of independency, and crouch for their all to some idol name?"

"The word *King* had in Attica, as elsewhere, a traditionary ascendancy over many who knew not the purport of the title, or the individual who bore it: with the name, much of this blind veneration ceased; and respect, that great barrier against public liberty, being broken down, the paths to an independent commonwealth were not less open than alluring."

The change of title, Mr. Young observes, was not the only one produced on the death of the patriot Codrus; the Medontidae received the sovereignty considerably abridged of its former power, and were rendered ultimately accountable to the people, for a just and due exercise of the trust reposed in them. What these restrictions of power were, we are not told; but he observes, they must have been manifold and strong to have rendered the last regulation effectual. "For who shall dare to meet the lion in his forest, or call despotism to account? The hardy challenger, if such be to be found, must prepare for death, or the state for a revolution."

In the fifth chapter an account is given of the Legislation of Solon, whose commonwealth, according to the opinion of Aristotle, was a compound of three several sorts of government; in the council of Areopagus, partaking of the nature of an Oligarchy; in the regulations of election to executive powers, of an Aristocracy; and in the last resort of justice, of a Democracy.

"Thus this state," says our author, "was by no means simply that which we understand by the word *Democracy*; which (under the acceptation deducible from its etymology) never was a Constitution of Government, but the perversion of a Constitution of Government. It was, in truth, as Plato happily termed it, an *Aristocracy founded in public estimation*; for the regulations requiring a competency of character and property in those pretending to the executive Government, rendered it truly Aristocratic; but nevertheless dependant, in the first instance of its formation, on the choice of the People, and in the second instance of its demise, on their retrospective approbation and judgment."

The two succeeding chapters relate to the government of Pisistratus and his sons Hipparchus and Hippias. The former, we are told, proved the best of Kings, and by his authority enforcing the due observation of the institutions of Solon, he enabled the state, when arrived at a proper maturity, to embrace the opportunity of firmly establishing the whole body of laws, and the constitution so admirably calculated to make the Athenians a happy and free people.

Mr. Young has also here taken notice of the well-known connection of Aristogiton and Harmodius, of the old man and the young, or (as the Greeks termed them) the lover and the beloved; and has vindicated the purity of these attachments, which universally prevailed

in the most virtuous Republics, against the misconstructions of such as supposed these friendships to have been sullied by the most horrid and disgusting vice.

The eighth chapter treats of the final expulsion of the Pisistratidæ, of popular governments, and of the Ostracism. Of this institution our author is a warm admirer. After stating the objections which naturally occur on this subject, such as the ingratitude of proscribing the virtue that had long laboured for the public good, and the folly and bad policy of banishing men whose abilities might, as they had before done, prove the support of the state, and converting powerful friends into dangerous enemies; he observes that such objections, however forcible, must yield to the stronger reasons in favour of the institution.

"It from time to time," he says, "snatched a dangerous prop from their affairs, and bade the people awaken to their own support and welfare; it made men wary of pre-eminence, and, often taking somewhat from the ever-growing matter of the executive scale, anew balanced the commonwealth."

To the question, Whether the secession of an experienced Statesman or General be not a loss to his country? he replies, that with respect to the pretended ability and knowledge, the superiority is more dangerous than useful; that in an uncorrupted republic, a sound and plain understanding is not only the most faithful but a sufficiently sure guide in the straight road of virtuous administration; and whoever talks of the necessarily difficult and crooked path of government, is to be guarded against as one who means treacherously, and is desirous of bewildering those he is hired to direct, that his insufficiency may be less apparent, or treasons more secure.

(To be continued.)

A Chinese Fragment, containing an Enquiry into the present State of Religion in England. With Notes by the Editor. 8vo. 5s. in Boards. London. J. Davis, 1786.

EVER since the publication of Montesquieu's celebrated Persian Letters, our modern satirists have been fond of assuming the disguise of an Asiatic philosopher, as under that masque they think they can with greater facility lash the follies and vices of their respective countries, and by contrasting them with those of the Eastern world, place them in a

more conspicuous and more interesting point of view. To support this assumed character with propriety, however, requires no inconsiderable talents, more indeed than our present Chinese philosopher seems to be possessed of. His observations, though frequently just and important, have not the charms of novelty to recommend them; his satirical strokes, though

though abundantly severe, are not sufficiently pointed; they want that vein of humour so essentially necessary in this kind of writing, and which so eminently distinguishes the writer of the Persian Letters. The Author, by confining his enquiry to religion, instead of taking an extensive view of the national manners of the country he is supposed to reside in, has rendered his observations less interesting to the generality of readers. This supposed Disciple of Confucius remarks, that the character of a people is much seen in the tenor of their ordinary discourse, and that in proportion as religion prevails it will tinge the public conversation. From our general discourse he therefore thinks he may infer, that possibly in some remote ages Christianity might have been embraced by our ancestors; but that now little of it is retained, bating a few fragments of its phraseology; and that even these are likely to vanish in a short time.

"I have observed," says he, "that polite persons are cautious how they admit a word or idiom borrowed from their sacred authors; since, unless it be done with exquisite taste, as when some *uncouth antique* is skilfully contrasted with modern elegance, it favours of a low understanding and illiberal manners. A foreigner who should mistakingly form his language upon the volume eminently styled the *Bible*, as containing their holy scriptures, would probably be treated very unlike a gentleman. I know not but he might sometimes run very serious hazards, by exciting resentments where he meant the sincerest compliments. Should he imagine, for instance, that the title of *Saint* is still considered as an honourable distinction, and upon this idea should happen to utter your *Saintship*, for your *Lordship*, the consequence might turn out very unpleasant. And how surprised must he be to find that the word *Saint* is now English for a FANATIC or a SCOUNDREL."

Our Philosopher, after some observations on public worship and private devotion, and some strictures on the profanation of the Sabbath and the neglect of the Bible, contrasts the temperate mode of living in the East with the luxury of our tables. "An Indian or Chinese is satisfied with his *pot of rice*, while an Englishman cannot dine without laying the four quarters of the world under contribution."

From our tables he proceeds to our wardrobes, and considers the *fantastical-*

ness and vanity of dress as arguing a great levity in the national character. But the greatest scandal to the country in his opinion is the shocking lewdness that has infected all ranks, and which, under the specious name of *gallantry*, has gained such footing in the fashionable world. This he attributes chiefly to our public amusements, particularly our assemblies and theatres. His sentiments on these subjects are truly tramontane: "*promiscuous dancing*" he severely reprobates, and "*gardens and rotundas*, where the sexes *saunter* and converse without restraint," he considers as dangerous to virtue. The stage he calls a theatrical mirror, in which lust and revenge are transformed into gallantry and spirit; pride into dignity; ambition into greatness of mind; and on the other hand, honesty becomes simplicity; knowledge, pedantry; humility, meanness; and religion, fanaticism. The actors he has metamorphosed into a "*set of scaramouches*;" and while they are playing their antics, and uttering their bombast, he affirms, that a spirit of levity is contracted, romantic ideas are formed, every moral principle corrupted, and the whole œconomy of life disturbed.—This language may very well suit the mouth of a Prynne, a Praise-God-Barebones, or any other of the *Saints*, but is unbecoming a man who affects to call himself a philosopher; it is zeal without knowledge; it is being righteous over-much.

Modern education next engages our philosopher's attention. As his observations on this subject are perhaps better calculated than any other part of the work to give our readers an idea of the author's style and manner, we have here inserted them at length.

"Before our young gentleman is well escaped from his grammatical tutors, he is put into the hands of three *learned professors* of much greater importance, who are to shape, and accoutre, and introduce him gracefully into the world. The *dancing-master*, indeed, is often engaged before the child enters upon his *Latin*; but this is a point of chronology of no consequence. Here then lies the *serious* part of his education; the rest is but a trifle. He may prove a fool 'tis true, and a profligate; but what then? He will know how to dress well, assume an air, and be admired at an assembly; and this will be sufficient recommendation with all reasonable and well-bred people.

"And

"And now he has only to skim over a choice set of *Novels* and *Romances*, and the works of two or three *fashionable* infidels, to be very decently equipped. He will then be fully entitled to admission into the best companies, where he will see exemplified all that he has been learning, and find proper opportunities to display his own abilities, which must no doubt greatly promote his progress. But nothing will more effectually do this, than a diligent attention to the *Drama*, whose *mirrours of life* (as we before observed) will reflect him more amiable to himself, converting his foibles into excellencies, and his vices into virtues. If he also occasionally visit *brothels* and *gaming-houses*, and the *diversions of the turf*, it will mightily conduce to his purpose; for though they may happen to cost him his health, fortune and character, *they will add to his knowledge of the world*, which is the great *desideratum* of a gentleman. And if he is ambitious to unite every possible advantage, he may contrive, by stealing now and then an interval from these various avocations, to *trot a few terms* at one of the learned universities, which with due care would do him no harm, and might chance to help his credit with *strangers*.

"And thus having furnished himself with all the learning and elegant accomplishments of his own country, what remains but that he betake himself to his travels, in order to glean up the excellencies of other nations? And though he should mistake their fopperies for such, 'tis no matter; he may import them safely; not one in a thousand will perceive the difference. But his great object will be to pick up curious notions concerning morals, religion and government, that may serve (if possible) more thoroughly to convince his dear countrymen, that they are the merest impositions upon the reason and liberties of mankind. This when set off with a thousand foreign embellishments in his person and address, must surely at once recommend him to their taste and judgment, and may possibly obtain him a seat in the senate.

"Such is the education of a *fine* gentleman, and such his flattery of himself, which is too often realized by success. And yet a coxcomb is by no means the natural growth of the island: it is a *forced* production, which requires warmer suns, or hot-beds at home, to bring it to maturity. The native genius of Britons

is plain and sensible, and rarely becomes affected or foppish, unless sophisticated by art or foreign infusions. Wrong methods of education, and injudicious travel, have greatly contributed to corrupt the national character.

"But their method of training up young ladies, if not more immoral, which would seem impossible, is however more *abhorrent* from the customs of our empire. Perhaps we have strained too far our ideas of feminine modesty, and it is probable, that an occasional intercourse of the sexes, with caution and reserve, would contribute to their mutual improvement. But in this as in other instances, we have not duly attended to the doctrine of our philosopher, laid down in his *immutable medium* *. And yet, methinks, of the two extremes we have adopted the safer.

"If the graces of person and a cultivated understanding are superadded to virtue, it will appear indeed the more like itself; but at any rate let virtue be secured. It is on this principle that our females are excluded from all converse with the other sex, prior to their marriage; which is contracted without their advice, or a single interview with the intended party. And when they are conducted to their new home, with abundance of ceremony, it is but a splendid passage from one prison to another. This is doing violence to nature, and is too severe to be endured. But *here* I observe, that no sooner can the *little miss* scramble round the room, than she is taken from under her mother's eye, and placed in some fashionable seminary, where, instead of her duty to God, a true modesty of temper and carriage, with the useful arts of domestic life, she is usually instructed in the whole system of coquetry. After a due time spent under this discipline, she is introduced into the world, for a *finishing* of her education. And having whirled a while in its giddy circles, her head turns, and she fancies herself, if not a primitive christian, at least a perfectly accomplished lady: and she will often persist in the same rounds of dissipation, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her unfortunate husband. If we consider this, we shall not much wonder to find so many young men in this country averse to the marriage state."

Such is the dismal portrait our author has drawn of modern education,

* The second canonical Book of Confucius so called. See Du Halde, vol. III. p. 306. in

in which though doubtless many things are reprehensible, and much reformation “devoutly to be wished,” yet the colouring here is evidently overcharged; he seems religiously to have adhered to the former part of the sentence,—“nothing extenuate”—and totally to have forgotten, “nor set down aught in malice.”—He scans every imperfection with a microscopic eye, and views every virtue through an inverted tube; hence the former are magnified beyond all reason, and the latter thrown so far back, as scarce to be distinguishable. He is one of those *laudatores temporis acli* who think every succeeding age worse than the former. In this, however, we can-

not agree with him; nor infer, because we are more polished than our ancestors, that we are, therefore, necessarily less virtuous, or that every refinement is an approximation to vice. Upon the whole, if this performance seldom sinks into absurdity, it still more rarely rises above mediocrity, and frequently, particularly in the remarks on *Sterne*, descends to a scurrility truly disgraceful. From many passages dispersed throughout the work, particularly those relative to the subscription to articles of faith, we are led to conclude that our Chinese philosopher, when stripped of his eastern garb, will prove neither more or less than a *Methodist Teacher*.

The History of the Caliph Vathek, an Arabian Tale: from an unpublished Manuscript. With Notes critical and explanatory. 8vo. 4s. sewed. Johnson. 1786.

THE editor in the Preface to this work informs us, that it is translated from an unpublished Arabian Manuscript, which was put into his hands about three years ago, with some more of the same kind, by a gentleman who had collected them during his travels in the East. How far the above assertion is founded in truth, it may not be easy, nor is it material, to determine. If it be not a translation, the author has, at least, shewn himself, generally speaking, well acquainted with the customs of the East, and has introduced a sufficient quantity of the marvellous, an absolutely necessary ingredient to enable the work to pass muster as an Arabian Tale. It however differs from the generality of them, in this, that it inculcates a moral of the greatest importance, viz. That the pursuit of unlawful pleasures, and such as are repugnant to the principles of religion and morality, unavoidably leads us to misfortunes in this life, and misery in the next; and that the enjoyment resulting from them is at best but precarious and nugatory.

Vathek is represented as a prince immersed in sensuality, but notwithstanding of an unquiet and impetuous disposition; as having studied much, and acquired a considerable share of knowledge, though not sufficient to satisfy himself, as he wished to know every thing, even sciences that *did not exist*. We are told, “He was fond of engaging in disputes with the learned, but liked them not to push their opposition with warmth. He stopped the mouths of those with presents, whose mouths could be stopped; whilst others, whom his liberality was

unable to subdue, he sent to prison, to cool their blood: a remedy that often succeeded.” Eager to indulge his insatiable curiosity, which led him to attempt penetrating the secrets of heaven, we find him, with the assistance of the Genii, raising a tower, to the top of which he ascended by *eleven thousand stairs*: from hence casting his eyes below, he beheld men not larger than *pismires*; mountains than *shells*; and cities than *bee-hives*. On the summit of this tower he passed most of his nights, till he became an adept in the mysteries of astrology, and imagined that the planets had disclosed to him the most marvellous adventures, which were to be accomplished by an extraordinary personage, from a country altogether unknown.

This important stranger, who is a principal character in the piece, arrives, at length, at the metropolis, in the shape of a man, but *so hideous*, that the very guards who arrested him, were forced to shut their eyes as they led him along; even the Caliph himself was startled at so horrible a visage; but the curiosities he produced were so extraordinary, as soon to convert the emotions of terror to unbounded joy. Nor will this appear surprising, when we are informed of the *marvellous* properties of the merchandize produced by this stranger. There were slippers, that not only walked alone, but—*mirabile dictu*—enabled the wearers to walk; knives that cut—without the motion of a hand; and sabres—which dealt the blow at the person they were *wished* to strike; and the whole enriched with gems that were hitherto unknown.

Under the influence of so powerful a Genius, especially "when left to himself" by the great prophet Mahomet, and urged on by his mother Carathis, whose chief delight was necromancy, it is not astonishing that the poor infatuated Caliph should rush headlong into every enormity that was suggested to him by the Genius or his mother. After a variety of extraordinary adventures, each more surprising than the former, Vathek sets out on a journey to Istakhar. In the course of his peregrination, he is overtaken by a storm, in which the whole *Cortège* is dispersed, and the unfortunate monarch is in danger of starving, but for the interposition of *Mons. Bababalouk*, who on this occasion shewed himself an expert cook: indeed, his culinary talents might have entitled him to the place of *chef de cuisine* to the *Grand Monarque*; for in an instant he sets before the famished prince a "*roasted Wolf*," and "*Vultures à la daube*;" and that the dish might be *tout à fait à la Françoise*, garnishes it with "Truffles and Morelles;" had he had time, he would doubtless have added a *crimped Leviathan* and a *barbecued Rhinoceros* as *hors d'œuvres* or *enremets*. And as a farther proof of his having visited France, Monsieur presents the Caliph with a little *Eau de Vie de Cognac, un peu gâté*, indeed, by "having been secreted in a slave's slipper;" but *n'importe*, it would prevent *une indigestion après une morceau de friand*, and as the disciples of Mahomet are used to *wine* and *spirits*, could not fail of being *à son gout*.

After a series of crimes, Vathek is at length introduced to the infernal regions, the dominions of Eblis, an account of which we have subjoined as a specimen of the author's descriptive powers.

"In the midst of this immense hall a vast multitude was incessantly passing, who severally kept their right hands on their hearts, without once regarding any thing around them. They had all the livid paleness of death. Their eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, resembled those phosphoric meteors, that glimmer, by night, in places of interment. Some stalked slowly on absorbed in profound reverie; some, shrieking with agony, ran furiously about, like tigers wounded with poisoned arrows; whilst others, grinding their teeth in rage, foamed along, more frantic than the wildest maniac. They all avoided each other, and, though surrounded by a multitude that no one could

number, each wandered at random, unheeding of the rest, as if alone on a desert, which no foot had trodden."

* * * * *

"After some time, Vathek and Nouronchar perceived a gleam brightening through the drapery, and entered a vast tabernacle, carpeted with the skins of leopards. An infinity of elders with streaming beards, and Afrits in complete armour, had prostrated themselves before the ascent of a lofty eminence, on the top of which upon a globe of fire sat the formidable Eblis. His person was that of a young man, whose noble and regular features seemed to have been tarnished by malignant vapours. In his large eyes appeared both pride and despair; his flowing hair retained some resemblance to that of an angel of light. In his hand, which thunder had blasted, he swayed the iron sceptre that causes the monster Ouranabad, the Afrits, and all the powers of the abyss, to tremble. At his presence, the heart of the Caliph sunk within him; and for the first time he fell prostrate on his face."

Not so his mother Carathis. Although Eblis stood forth to her view, and displayed the full effulgence of his infernal majesty, we are told, she preserved her countenance unaltered, and even paid her *compliments* with considerable firmness.—"Nothing appalled her dauntless soul—she penetrated the very entrails of the earth, where breathes the *Sanzar* or icy wind of death—she marched in triumph through a vapour of perfumes, amidst the acclamations of all the malignant spirits, with whom she had formed a previous acquaintance—she even attempted to dethrone one of the Solimans for the purpose of usurping his place;—when a voice, proceeding from the abyss of death, proclaimed, "**ALL IS ACCOMPLISHED.**"—Instantaneously the haughty forehead of the intrepid prince became corrugated with agony, she uttered a tremendous yell, and fixed—no more to be withdrawn—her right-hand upon her heart, which was become a receptacle of eternal fire.

"At almost the same instant the same voice announced to the Caliph and Nouronchar the awful and irrevocably decreed. Their hearts immediately took fire, and they at once lost the most precious of the gifts of heaven, **HOPE.**"

After this picturesque description, which more than borders on the sublime, the

the author concludes with this brief recapitulation and pathetic inference.

"Thus the Caliph Vathek, who, for the sake of empty pomp and forbidden power, had sullied himself with a thousand crimes, became a prey to grief without end, and remorse without mitigation.

"Such was, and such should be the punishment of unrestrained passions and atrocious actions—such is, and such should be the chastisement of blind ambition, that would transgress those bounds which the Creator hath prescribed to human knowledge, and by aiming at discoveries reserved for pure intelligence, acquire that insatuated pride which perceives not the condition appointed to man is, TO BE IGNORANT AND HUMBLE."

Such is the scope of this tale, which, whether it be the produce of Arabia, or of the fertile banks of the Seine, (which

a variety of circumstances induces us to believe it is) from the eagerness of mankind to admire whatever o'ersteps the limits of nature, and hurries us into the regions of fancy, bids fair to acquire that popularity which the moral it inculcates well deserves.

The notes, which are numerous, and intended to illustrate the text, display a considerable share of learning, and critical knowledge and acumen; we have however already extended this article too far to give any extracts, nor could we by so doing give an adequate idea of them; we must therefore refer our readers to the original, and conclude with observing, that the observation, which was at first ironically made, may in this instance be *literally* applied,

"Notes upon Books outdo the Books themselves."

An Olio, as prepared and dressed on board an East-Indiaman. The Ingredients, by the Directors, Hulbands, Messieurs Baring, Brough, Dalrymple, and others. Decorated and garnished with Notes and Observations, by the Cook. London. S. Hooper. 1786.

TO this Olio is prefixed the following curious Advertisement: "Just at the moment this dish was ready for serving up, Mr Dalrymple's pamphlet appeared. The author then consigned it to oblivion, or, in the technical phrase of a Tar, was giving it a cant out of one of the galley ports: allured by the scent, I begged a taste—Take it all and be d—nd, replied he; my intention is anticipated—so make what use you please of it.—There is a species of generosity even in giving away what we cannot eat, provided it is done with grace—I therefore give it to the public.—If it proves palatable, the Cook shall have the merit:—If tasteless, COB HIM!"

After so ludicrous an introduction we did not expect to find the subject treated seriously; the author, however, has adduced a variety of arguments in favour of the old Ships Hulbands on the contested question relative to the price of East India freight. The principal objects, he remarks, to be considered and attended to in the conveyance of maritime merchandize, are security against the perils of the sea, and protection against the enemy. The change of system proposed to be introduced, he argues, would expose the East-India Company to innumerable difficulties.

"This branch of Trade," he remarks, "seems to be misunderstood,

under the idea that it may be carried on and conducted by ships reduced to *mere carriers* under a rigid œconomy. It is true, that ships might be so constructed, to be navigated with a smaller number of men, and their equipment for defence be reduced in proportion; and it is also certain that such an equipment might be sufficient against the petty attacks of Indian powers; but what would be the event whenever the flames of war should burst forth in Europe, and spread themselves over the globe?

"The wisdom of former Directors have held it indispensably necessary to have their ships manned and armed, not only to contend with corsairs, but with the frigates of our enemies; the event has justified their wisdom, and many instances prove it."

In proof of this he quotes the *Winchelsea* beating off a French frigate, and three of the Company's ships defeating a French 74 gun ship and a frigate, and several other instances.

"Innovations," says our author, "are always attended with some degree of danger or defect: people may mean well, so did the idiot who killed the fly on his master's forehead; it was not in contemplation with him to dash his brains out. Innovations in great affairs should be adopted with caution; and their direct and relative consequences be duly considered

sidered and weighed in the balance: let us correct an abuse, but not change a system, until it is perfectly clear and manifest that the change will be for the better.

"Had any responsible man stood forth," continues he, "and said, We will furnish you with ships fitted, manned, and in every other respect equipped agreeable to your accustomed manner, subject to all your present regulations and agreements, and save you 150,000*l. per annum*, such an offer had merited

attention; but when they say, Change your system and adopt ours, THEY DIRECT YOUR COUNCILS."

Upon the whole, this writer, who is neither deficient in shrewdness nor humour, concludes, that though it cannot admit of a doubt that the freights, if too high, ought to be lowered, yet the manner in which it has been proposed to do it, is neither consistent with the obligation or respect due to the right and claims of the Company's ancient connections.

An Ode to Superstition; with some other Poems. 4to. 1s. 6d. Cadell. 1786.

THESE poems are evidently the work of Genius and Taste. The Ode, in particular, abounds in those strokes which are the spontaneous offspring of poetical feelings, that unrestrained ardour of thought and boldness of imagery so truly characteristic of this species of poetry. The subject is happily illustrated by the most striking historical events which originated in the ungovernable rage of the daemon Superstition, being placed in full view, and painted in the warmest colouring. The exordium is particularly spirited and poetical.

"Hence, to the realms of night, dire daemon, hence!

Thy chain of adamant can bind
That little world, the human mind,
And sink its noblest powers to impotence;
Wake the lion's loudest roar,
Clot his shaggy mane with gore,
With flashing fury bid his eye-balls shine,
Meek is his savage sullen soul to thine!
Thy touch, thy dead'ning touch, has
steel'd the breast

Where, thro' her rainbow shower, soft
Pity smil'd;

Has clos'd the heart each godlike virtue
blest,

To all the silent pleadings of his child.

At thy command he plants the dagger
deep,

At thy command exults, tho' nature bid
him weep."

Nor are the lesser pieces in this collection less entitled to praise: the following Elegy, which is equally pathetic and harmonious, may serve as a specimen.

"The sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,
As all its lessening turrets bluely fade;
He climbs the mast to feed his eye once
more,
And busy Fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah! now, each dear domestic scene he
knew,

Recall'd and cherish'd in a foreign clime,
Charms with the magic of a moon-light
view,

Its colours mellow'd not impair'd by
time.

True as the needle homeward points his
heart,

Thro' all the horrors of the stormy
main;

This the last wish with which its warmth
could part,

To meet the smile of her he loves again.

When Morn first faintly draws her silver
line,

Or Eve's grey cloud descends to drink
the wave; [join,

When sea and sky in midnight darkness
Still, still he views the parting look
she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hov'ring o'er,

Attends his little bark from pole to pole;

And when the beating billows round him
roar,

Whispers sweet hope to soothe his
troubled soul.

Carv'd is her name in many a spicy grove,

In many a plantain forest waving wide,

Where dusky youths in painted plumage
rove, [tide.

And giant palms o'er-arch the yellow

But lo, at last he comes with crouded sail!

Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures
bend!

And hark, what mingled murmurs swell
the gale!

In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

—'Tis she, 'tis she herself, she waves her
hand!

Soon is the anchor cast, the canvas furl'd;

Soon thro' the milk-white foam he springs
to land,

And clasps the maid he singled from
the world."

The Children of Theſpis; a Poem. Part I. 4to. 3s. Bew, &c. 1786.

CHURCHILL and Sterne have given birth to more imitators than, perhaps, any other writers. Few, however, of those who have attempted to copy them have approached, none equalled the excellence of the originals. The present attempt is a very humble one, indeed, without the shadow even of the nervous, manly vigour of Churchill; it deals out indiscriminate satire and praise, but does not mark the characteristic merits or defects of any actor. Mrs. Siddons and

her relatives are the more immediate objects of the poet's displeasure; but he occasionally quits the stage to bestow his favours on the Minority, and mangles most unmercifully the reputations of Mr. Fox and his friends: his efforts are, however, too feeble to produce any effect; nor does it require the spirit of prophecy to pronounce, "that the *Children of Theſpis*" will soon be buried in oblivion, nor ever come to years of maturity.

A Method of preventing or diminishing Pain in several Operations of Surgery. By James Moore, Member of the Company of Surgeons. London. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Cadell. 1786.

WHOEVER contributes to alleviate the pain to which mankind are unavoidably liable in chirurgical operations, is entitled to the thanks of the community. Mr. Moore has, in this work, described, and given directions for the use of some

instruments of his invention, which by compressing the nerves leading to the limb to be amputated, will, he thinks, contribute to the ease of the patient. His plan seems to be sufficiently ingenious to merit the attention of his brethren.

The History of Dover Castle. By the Rev. William Darrell, Chaplain to Queen Elizabeth. 4to. S. Hooper. 1786.

THIS work is printed from a copy of the original manuscript in the library of the College at Arms, and is translated by Mr. Alexander Campbell. It contains a description of the castle and its several forts and towers; to which is annexed a list, with a short account of all the great men who have succeeded each other as Constables of Dover Castle and War-

dens of the Cinque Ports, from the Norman Conquest till the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is farther illustrated with ten views and plans of the Castle, engraved from original drawings, taken on the spot in the year 1760, and the plan from an actual survey made by an engineer, rendering the whole a valuable performance for the lovers of antiquities.

The Grave, by Robert Blair: and Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-Yard. A new Edition, with Notes, moral, critical and explanatory, by G. Wright, Esq. 1s. Fielding. 1786.

THE first of these Poems is well known, having gone through several editions since its first publication in 1747, and has been recommended as containing many important admonitions, and inculcating many solemn truths tending to wean our affections from this transitory state, and teaching us to fix them on futurity. The

Elegy has been universally admired, for the harmonious smoothness of its versification, and its pathetic and masterly touches, which speak so feelingly to the heart. Many notes are added by the Editor, with a view to render it more useful and edifying, more especially to younger readers.

Kearſley's Table of Trades, for the Assistance of Parents and Guardians, and for the Benefit of those young Men who wish to prosper in the World and become respectable Members of Society. Shewing, at one View, what a Master requires on taking an Apprentice, what a Journeyman can earn, and what Sum is required to set up as Master in any particular Trade or Calling. With some interesting Advice. 8vo. Kearſley. 1s.

THE above diffuse Title-Page will sufficiently inform our readers of the contents of this little manual, which may with great appearance of probability be useful to many of our readers. There is no object of more importance to Parents and Guardians than the placing a young person advantageously in the outset of life; nor is there any situation where so many helps and assistances are

requisite towards a faithful discharge of duty. Whatever is calculated to abridge labour, or to furnish hints on objects of so much importance as are contained in this pamphlet, deserves to be received with candour and considered with attention. Such persons as are interested in enquiries of the above kind will find themselves repaid in perusing this Table.

A Panegyric on Great-Britain, in Imitation of the Funeral Orations of the Ancients. By Edward Hankin, A. M. 8vo. 1s. Hookham.

NOT content with the well-deserved commendations which have been universally bestowed by foreigners, as well as natives, on the political constitution of these kingdoms, Mr. Hankin is determined to extend our claims, and finds food for panegyric in every object that surrounds him. The fertility of the soil, the personal qualifications of the inhabitants, the extension of our commerce, our prowess by sea and

land, even the uncertainty of the weather, according to his account, affords the inhabitants of Great-Britain reason to rejoice. The *amor patriæ* is no doubt a commendable virtue; but, like every other, may be carried to excess: we may set a proper value on the many blessings we enjoy, without exaggerating them beyond all bounds of reason.

Hints respecting the Public Police. By H. Zouch, Clerk, a Justice of the Peace. Published at the Request of the Court of Quarter Sessions held at Pontefract, April 24, 1786. 8vo. 1s. Stockdale.

THESE Hints are sensible and humane, and, if properly attended to, cannot fail of producing the most desirable effects. The proper exertion of those powers with which Justices of the Peace are legally invested, recommended by this sensible and

worthy magistrate to his brethren, would essentially contribute to the preservation of good order, and prevent the growth of vice and immorality among the lower classes of the community.

The Age of Genius! A Satire on the Times. By T. Busby. 4to. 3s. Harrison.

MR. Busby's Satire cannot be said to be any great effort of genius; it is in general so obscure, as to be almost incomprehensible. A few tolerable remarks oc-

cur, but they are 'like two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you may search all day ere you find them, and when found they are not worth the search.'

EXPERIMENTS and OBSERVATIONS on FERMENTS and FERMENTATION; by which a MODE of exciting FERMENTATION in MALT LIQUORS without the AID of YEAST is pointed out. With an ATTEMPT to form a NEW THEORY of that PROCESS. By THOMAS HENRY, F. R. S.

[From the "Memoirs of the LITERARY SOCIETY at MANCHESTER."]

OF all the processes of Chemistry, there is, perhaps, none, the phenomena of which have been less satisfactorily explained, than those of Fermentation. The writers on Chemistry have been content to describe the several appearances, the progress and result of fermentation, and have declined any enquiry into its primary causes, or into the mode by which the changes induced by it are effected in bodies which are the objects of its action.

Within these few years, great changes have taken place in the theory of Chemistry. The important discoveries of Black and Priestley, and of several other philosophical chemists who have endeavoured to emulate their examples, have happily explained many of the operations of chemistry which were before wholly unintelligible; and the present time forms one of the most distinguished æras in the history of that science. We now understand the nature of lime and of alkalis; the

difference between a metal and its calx; the cause of the increase of weight in the latter; and of its decrease when returned to a metallic form. The constitution of atmospheric air has been demonstrated—various gases resembling air in many points, but differing from it in others, have been discovered; and, among these, an ætherial fluid, superior in its properties to common air, and capable of supporting life and combustion more vigorously and durably. Our acquaintance with this pure fluid, which forms the vital part of common air, seems to promise much enlargement to our chemical knowledge, in the investigation of its various combinations; and we have already derived much information relative to the constitution of the acids, and of water, from the researches of philosophers into the nature of pure air.

Of the gases which have so much engaged the attention of the pneumatic chemists, fixed air, or, as it has more properly

been denominated by Sir Torbern Bergman, aerial acid, was that which first attracted their notice. This gas, which had been remarked even by Van Helmont to be discharged in great quantities from liquors, in the vinous fermentation, was found by Dr. Priestley to be again miscible with them; and he proved that, on the presence of this gas, the briskness and pleasantness of these liquors depended, and that, when deprived of it, they became vapid and flat.

But though the Hon. Mr. Cavendish had proved the separation, and ascertained the quantity of this gas discharged in fermentation; and though Dr. Priestley had early made the above-mentioned observations, it does not appear to have occurred to these philosophers that this gas was the exciting cause, as well as the product of fermentation.

It is a fact well known to brewers of malt liquors, that wort, contrary to what takes place in liquors more purely saccharine, as the juice of the grape, cannot be brought into the vinous fermentation, without the addition of a ferment; for which purpose yeast or barm, which is a viscid frothy substance, taken from the surface of other masses of fermenting liquor, has been commonly used.

But the nature of this substance, much less its mode of action, has not been considered with that degree of attention which one would have expected should have been excited by so extraordinary an agent. We are told, indeed, that a vinous ferment induces the vinous; that a ferment of an acetous kind brings on the acetous fermentation; and a putrid one, that fermentation which ends in putrefaction. But we receive no more information relative to the manner in which they produce these effects, than we do with regard to fermentation itself.

Before I endeavour to deliver any theory of ferments or of fermentation, I shall relate a number of facts which have led to a few thoughts on the subject; and having mentioned the phenomena attendant on the process, as described by other chemists, I shall then proceed to offer an hypothesis with the greatest diffidence.

Soon after Dr. Priestley had published his method of impregnating water with fixed air, I began to prepare artificial Pyrmont water by that means; and early observed, that water so impregnated, though it at first shewed no sparkling when poured into a glass, yet after it had been kept in a

bottle closely corked for some days, exhibited, when opened, the sparkling appearance of the true Pyrmont water*. This I attributed, and perhaps not unjustly, to the gas, which had been more intimately combined with the water, and reduced to a kind of latent state, recovering its elasticity and endeavouring to escape.

Having one day made some punch with this water, and having about a pint of it remaining after my friends had retired, I put it into a bottle capable of containing a quart, and corked the bottle. On opening it, at the distance of three or four days, the liquor, when poured out, creamed and mantled, like the briskest bottled cyder. An old gentleman, to whom I gave a half-pint glass full of it, called out in raptures to know what delicious liquor he had been drinking, and earnestly desired that, if I had any more of the same, I would give him another glass.

Dr. Priestley, as has been already mentioned, had informed us that fixed air, thrown into wine or malt liquor grown vapid, restored to them their briskness and pleasant taste. On impregnating some vapid ale with fixed air, I was disappointed in not finding the effect immediately produced; but after bottling the ale and keeping it closely stopped for four or five days, it was become as brisk as ale which, in the common way, has been bottled several months.

In the year 1778 I impregnated with fixed air a quantity of milk-whey, which I had clarified for the purpose of preparing some sugar of milk, and bottled it. In about a week, the whey in one of the bottles, which had been so loosely corked that the liquor had partly oozed out, was remarkably brisk and sparkling. Another bottle, which was not opened till the summer of 1782, contained the liquor, not in so brisk a state, but become evidently vinous, and without the least acidity perceptible to the taste.

I now began to suspect that fixed air is the efficient cause of fermentation; or, in other words, that the properties of yeast as a ferment depend on the fixed air it contains; and that yeast is little else than fixed air, enveloped in the mucilaginous parts of the fermenting liquor. I therefore determined to attempt the making of artificial yeast.

For this purpose, I boiled wheat flour and water to the consistence of a thin jelly, and, putting the mixture into the middle

* Various methods have since been devised of forcing such a quantity of gas to combine, or at least to mix, with water, as immediately to communicate to it this appearance.

part of Nooth's machine, impregnated it with fixed air, of which it imbibed a considerable quantity. The mixture was then put into a bottle, loosely stoppered, and placed in a moderate heat.

The next day the mixture was in a state of fermentation, and by the third day had acquired so much of the appearance of yeast, that I added to it a proper quantity of flour, kneaded the paste, and after suffering it to stand during five or six hours, baked it, and the product was bread, tolerably well fermented.

I now determined to make a more satisfactory experiment. The wort obtained from malt it is known cannot be brought into a state of fermentation without the aid of a ferment; for which purpose yeast is always used. If therefore, by impregnating wort with fixed air, I could bring on the vinous fermentation; if I could carry on this fermentation so as to produce ale, and from the ale procure ardent spirit, I imagined that I should be able to announce to the world a mode of procuring newly-fermented liquors in most climates, and in most situations.

I accordingly procured, from a public-house, two gallons of strong wort. It had a disagreeable bitter taste, owing either to bad hops, or to some substitute for hops. A large part of the liquor was impregnated, in Nooth's machine, with fixed air, which it seemed to absorb very rapidly, and in large quantity. When it was thus impregnated, it was mixed with the other part, and poured into a large earthen jug, the mouth of which was stoppered with a cloth, and placed in a degree of heat varying from 70° to 80° . In twenty-four hours the liquor was in brisk fermentation, a strong head of yeast began to collect on its surface, and on the third day it appeared to be in a state fit for tuning. It was therefore put into an earthen vessel, such as is used in this country, by the common people, as a substitute for a barrel, for containing their small brewings of fermented liquors. During the space of near a week, previous to the stopping up of this vessel, much yeast was collected on its surface, and occasionally taken off; and by means of this yeast, I fermented wheat flour, and procured as good bread as I could have obtained by using an equal quantity of any other yeast.

The vessel was now stoppered up, and in about a month tapped. The liquor was well fermented, had a head or cream on its surface, and though, as might be expected from the description of the wort, not very pleasant, yet as much so, as the ge-

nerality of the ale brewed at public-houses.

A part of the ale was submitted to distillation; and from it a quantity of vinous spirit was produced; but the vessel being broken before the distillation was finished, the quantity it would have yielded was not ascertained. However, that which was obtained appeared not to differ much in quantity from what an equal portion of common ale would have afforded.

As I had lost my notes, and was obliged to make out the preceding account from memory, I designed to repeat the experiments again; but various engagements prevented me, till the latter end of August 1784. Of these experiments the following notes are taken from my Journal:

August 30. I procured two gallons of common ale wort, two quarts of which were, in the evening, impregnated, but not saturated with fixed air. The impregnated liquor was then added to the other part, and about midnight placed in a large jug, within the air of the kitchen fire, where it remained during the night. In the morning no signs of fermentation. At five o'clock P. M. only a slight mantling on the surface. Apprehending the quantity of gas to have been too small, a bottle with a perforated stopper and valve, containing an effervescing mixture of chalk and vitriolic acid, was let down into the wort. At nine o'clock the discharge of air from the bottle was going on briskly, and the wort seemed to be fermenting. At eleven o'clock the bottle was withdrawn, the fermentation being commenced beyond a doubt, the surface of the liquor having a pretty strong head—Temperature of the wort 80° —at the outside of the vessel 78° .

September 1st, seven o'clock, A. M. the fire having been low during the night, the fermentation was less brisk—temperature of the wort reduced to 72° , and probably had been lower during the night, as the fire was now increased. The liquor was stirred up, placed in a situation where the thermometer pointed to 82° , and the effervescing mixture was again immersed. It was withdrawn at noon, and the thermometer standing at 92° , the wort was removed farther from the fire. At four o'clock P. M. the head of yeast was strong, and at eleven o'clock was increased.

September 2d, nine o'clock, A. M. the liquor was judged to be in a proper state for tuning. It was accordingly removed
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into the vessel before described, and carried into the cellar at eleven. At noon, a high head of yeast was running over the top of the vessel: some of it was taken off, and in 2 hours the head was equally strong.

September 3d, the fermentation proceeded regularly this day; and on the 4th I had collected so much yeast as to make a loaf with it, which, when baked, weighed about two pounds. The loaf was well fermented, good bread, having no peculiar taste, except a slight bitterness, proceeding from the wort having had too large a proportion of hops; though from the time in which the yeast had been collecting from so small a quantity of liquor, its fermenting power might have been expected to have been impaired.

September 5th, the liquor was again covered with a plentiful head of yeast; and the fermentation was suffered to proceed to the 12th, when the vessel was closed in the usual manner.

I intended in a few weeks to have committed the liquor to distillation; but my thoughts were unfortunately directed to an object which engaged my most anxious attention, and my wort was neglected till the latter end of February; when, on tapping the vessel, the liquor, from having been kept so long under such disadvantageous circumstances, and perhaps from too great heat in the fermentation, and the too long continuance of it, had passed from the vinous to the acetous state, and was become excellent allegar.

As I had obtained a vinous spirit from the former parcel of wort, I was not sorry for this event, as it was going a step farther than I expected. For I had now obtained yeast, bread, ale, ardent spirit, and acetous acid.

I flatter myself that these experiments may be of extensive utility, and contribute to the accommodation, the pleasure, and the health of men, in various situations, who have hitherto, in a great degree, been precluded from the use of fermented liquors; and be the means of furnishing important articles of diet and of medicine. Not only at sea, but in many situations in the country, and at particular seasons, yeast is not to be procured. By the means I have suggested in these experiments, fresh bread and newly fermented malt, or saccharine liquors, may at any time be procured; and of how much importance this may be, and how great the improvement to the malt deco-

tions recommended by the late Dr. Macbride, I shall not at present stay to expatiate on; as the subject may be too much connected with the practical part of physic to come within the limitations drawn by the Society. But, in domestic œconomy, its uses are very obvious; and perhaps none more so than the ready mode which the preceding experiments teach, of reviving fermentation when too languid—the sinking of a bottle, such as I have described in my Essay on the preservation of Water at Sea, &c. * with an effervescing mixture of chalk and vitriolic acid, appearing to be fully adequate to the purpose, and would, I believe, be sufficient for impregnating the wort, without any other contrivance. This discovery therefore may, perhaps, be of no small utility in public breweries, and I would recommend it to the attention of persons concerned in the brewing trade.

Let us now proceed to describe the circumstances necessary to, and the phenomena attending fermentation, as described by chemical writers; and then endeavour to form some theory which may account for them.

Sugar, the juices of ripe fruit, and malt, are all more or less disposed to run into fermentation. But before this can take place, it is necessary they should be diluted with water, so as to bring them to a liquid state. A due degree of heat is also requisite, as the fermentation succeeds best when the temperature varies from 70 to 80 degrees.

When the fermentation takes place, a brisk intestine motion is observable in the liquor; it becomes turbid, some fœcule subside, while a frothy scum arises to the surface. A hissing noise is observed, and a quantity of gas is discharged, which has been proved to be fixed air. The liquor acquires a vinous smell and taste; and, from being heavier, becomes specifically lighter than water. During the progress of the process, the temperature of the liquor is higher than that of the surrounding atmosphere, with which it is necessary that a communication be preserved. After some days, these appearances begin to decline. If the process be rightly conducted, and stopped at a proper period, a liquor capable of yielding vinous or ardent spirit is the result. If the process has been too slow, and the degree of heat insufficient, the liquor will be flat and spiritless; but if these have been too rapid and excessive,

* An Engraving of this Apparatus shall be introduced into some future PLATE in this Volume.

it will pass into the acetous fermentation, to which indeed it is continually tending. But the more ardent spirit is generated, the less speedy will be the change to the acetous state.

During the progress of the acetous fermentation, which will even proceed in closely stopped vessels, no separation of air is observable, nor any striking phenomena. The liquor gradually loses its vinous taste, and becomes sour, and a gross sediment falls to the bottom; while a quantity of viscid matter still remains, enveloping the acid, which may be separated from much of the impurity by distillation.

The progress of these processes is accelerated by the addition of ferments, to the action of which it has been supposed necessary, that they should have passed through the state of fermentation into which they are intended to bring the liquor to which they are added; and that it was not possible to bring the farinaceous infusions into the vinous fermentation, without the aid of matter already in that state. This the preceding experiments have proved to be an ill-founded notion, as it appears that fixed air, obtained from calcareous earth by means of acids, produces the effect as perfectly as when the ferment has been taken from a fermenting liquor.

In fermentation, it is said, new arrangements take place in the particles of the liquor, and the properties of the substance become different from what it before possessed. But what these arrangements are, or how these properties are changed, we are not told. Dr. Black, I am informed, declares he is unacquainted with any satisfactory theory.

But perhaps facts, especially some late chemical discoveries, may throw light on the matter, and enable us to advance some conjectures that may tend, at least, to lay the foundation of a theory.

1. Sugar is an essential salt, containing much oily viscid matter. During its combustion it repeatedly explodes; a proof that it contains not only much inflammable matter, but also a quantity of air. Malt is saccharine, united to much viscid mucilaginous matter.

2. If nitrous acid be added to sugar, the inflammable principle of the latter is seized by the acid; the whole, or at least one of the constituent parts of which is thereby converted into nitrous gas, and flies off in that form. By repeated affusions of this acid more gas is formed, and the remainder of the sugar is changed into crystals, having the properties of an acid,

"fui generis," and which has been denominated by Bergman, saccharine acid*.

3. Saccharine acid is resolvable by heat into some phlegm, a large quantity of inflammable and fixed air, both of which contain latent heat, and into a brownish residuum, amounting to one-tenth of the weight of the acid. Fixed air is supposed to consist of pure air united to phlogiston; and inflammable air, to be almost pure phlogiston.

4. Water is found to be formed by the union of pure air and inflammable gas, deprived of their latent heat; for if these two elastic fluids be exploded together in a close vessel over mercury, the whole is converted into water of the same weight as that of the air and gas jointly. In the process much heat is evolved. Again, if water, in the form of steam, be forced to pass through a tube, containing iron shavings, strongly heated, the water, according to Messrs. Watt and Lavoisier, is decomposed; the phlogiston passes off, united with heat, in the form of inflammable gas, while the humor, or dephlogisticated water, unites to the calx of the metal, from which it may be again obtained, in the form of pure air, or of aerial acid, according to the degree in which the calx has been dephlogisticated. It has been already observed, that saccharine matter cannot be brought to ferment without water.

5. A vinous liquor, on distillation, yields an ardent spirit.

6. Spirit of wine has had the whole of its inflammable part dissipated by combustion; after which Mr. Lavoisier found the watery part increased in weight from sixteen to eighteen ounces, by the absorption of the air, decomposed by the combustion.

7. The residuum, after the distillation of ardent spirit from fermented liquors, is acid.

8. Mr. Lavoisier has supposed pure air to be the acidifying principle of all the acids; and that their difference from each other consists in the basis united to this pure air.

As our experiments were made with an infusion of malt, and with fixed air, employed as a ferment, let us endeavour to account for the several phenomena and results of fermentation, as appearing in these experiments.

The wort being impregnated with fixed air, and placed in such a situation as to bring it to the degree of heat at which wort is commonly mixed with yeast, the

* Bergman's *Opuscula Chemica*, vol. I. Art. de Acid. Sacchari.

gas for some time remains in a latent or quiescent state; but, from its tendency to recover its elastic form, aided by heat, it presently begins to burst from the bonds in which it was confined. By this effort, the mucilaginous parts of the infusion are attenuated; the saccharine matter is developed; and, the same cause continuing to act, the constituent parts of that matter are separated, and the particles of the component principles being by this means placed beyond the sphere of their mutual attraction, begin to repel each other. A large quantity of phlogiston is discharged, together with some pure air. The greatest part of the inflammable principle enters into a new combination, joining the phlogistic part of the water, and, in proportion, separating from it the pure air, while another, but much smaller portion, uniting, in its nascent state, with this pure air, forms fixed air; which, in its attempt to escape, carries up with it much of its viscid confinement. In the conversion of the pure into fixed air, a considerable portion of heat is rendered sensible. And this heat contributes to the farther decomposition of the saccharine substance. The viscid matter, collecting on the surface, prevents the escape of too much of the gas, and promotes its reabsorption, that thereby the brisk and agreeable taste of the liquor may be formed; while the inflammable principle, accumulating and becoming condensed in it, forms the ardent spirit.

Thus a decomposition of the water takes place, somewhat similar to what Mr. Watt has supposed in the production of pure air from nitre. The nitrous acid, seizing on the phlogiston of the water, dephlogistates the humor or other part of the water, which, combining with the matter of heat, passes off in the form of pure air.

The vessel being stopped, some of the saccharine matter being not decomposed, the liquor will continue to have a sweetish taste. But the fermentation still going on in a more gradual manner, the liquor will become less sweet, and proportionably more impregnated with ardent spirit; and the *saccharum subiding* in the form of lees, it will be now fully fermented, mellow, and pellucid.*

But if the saccharine matter be too much diluted, or the vessel be placed in a warm situation, the liquor will then pass from the vinous to the acetous fermentation.

In the formation of the saccharine acid by means of nitrous acid, the last is supposed, by carrying off the phlogiston of the sugar, to develop the saccharine acid. Or, according to Mr. Lavoisier's hypothesis, one of the constituent parts of the nitrous acid performs this office, while the other, or pure air, uniting to the peculiar basis contained in the sugar, forms saccharine acid.

So in the acetous fermentation, if it happen that the phlogiston is not in sufficient quantity, or the force with which it is combined in the liquor be weakened by a long application of heat or other causes, it will begin to separate from the other constituent parts of the liquor. The ardent spirit thus decomposed, disappears gradually, the humor or dephlogisticated water, or, in other words, the basis of pure air predominates; and this combining with the saccharine basis, but still retaining some portion of phlogiston, forms the acetous acid.

Thus the acetous fermentation acts in a manner, in some respects, analogous to the action of nitrous acid on sugar. In the latter case, the phlogiston is separated more rapidly, and the acid resulting from the process is that called saccharine acid. In the former the changes are more slowly produced; the phlogiston flies off more gradually; and, from a different modification, in consequence of these varieties, the product is not saccharine acid, but vinegar. And perhaps it may serve to give some appearance of probability to the above theory, to recollect, that the residuum of fermented liquors, after the separation of the ardent spirit, which appears to be water supersaturated with phlogiston, is acid.

"I have avoided carrying these reflections to the phenomena which appear in the putrid fermentation, as not so immediately connected with saccharine substances; and from a conviction that I have already engrossed too much of the Society's time.—If I have contributed any thing to their entertainment, or that may tend to enlarge the bounds of science, I shall esteem myself happy; and more so if what has been advanced may prove useful and advantageous to my fellow-creatures;—sensible that one such fact is of more real worth, than the most ingenious and well-wrought hypothesis.

* In the fermentation of wine a substance is deposited at the sides and bottom of the cask, called tartar; which is lately discovered to consist of pure vegetable alkali, united to a superabundant quantity of a peculiar acid. But as this is not produced by malt liquors, it has not been noticed in the Essay.

THE
INTERNAL STATE of AMERICA;

BEING A

TRUE DESCRIPTION of the INTEREST and POLICY of that vast CONTINENT.

BY

His Excellency Dr. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, President of the State of Pennsylvania.

THERE is a tradition, that in the planting of New England, the first settlers met with many difficulties and hardships, as is generally the case when a civilized people attempt establishing themselves in a wilderness country. Being piously disposed, they sought relief from Heaven, by laying their wants and distresses before the Lord in frequent set days of fasting and prayer. Constant meditation and discourse on these subjects kept their minds gloomy and discontented; and, like the children of Israel, there were many disposed to return to that Egypt which persecution had induced them to abandon. At length, when it was proposed in the assembly to proclaim another fast, a farmer of plain sense rose, and remarked that the inconveniences they suffered, and concerning which they had so often wearied Heaven with their complaints, were not so great as they might have expected, and were diminishing every day as the colony strengthened; that the earth began to reward their labour, and to furnish liberally for their subsistence; that the seas and rivers were found full of fish, the air sweet, the climate healthy; and, above all, that they were there in the full enjoyment of liberty, civil and religious: he therefore thought, that reflecting and conversing on these subjects would be more comfortable, as tending more to make them contented with their situation; and that it would be more becoming the gratitude they owed to the Divine Being, if, instead of a fast, they should proclaim a thanksgiving. His advice was taken; and from that day to this they have, in every year, observed circumstances of public felicity sufficient to furnish employment for a thanksgiving day, which is therefore constantly ordered, and religiously observed.

I see in the public news-papers of different States, frequent complaints of *hard times*, *deadness of trade*, *scarcity of money*, &c. &c. It is not my intention to assert or maintain that these complaints are entirely without foundation. There can be no country or nation existing, in which there will not be some people so circumstanced as to find it hard to gain a livelihood; people who are not in the way of any profitable trade, and with whom money is scarce, because they have nothing to give in exchange for it. And it is always in the power of a small number to make a great clamour. But let us take a cool view of the general state of our affairs, and perhaps the prospect will appear less gloomy than has been imagined.

VOL. X.

The great business of the continent is agriculture. For one artisan, or merchant, I suppose we have at least 100 farmers, by far the greatest part cultivators of their own fertile lands, from whence many of them draw not only food necessary for their subsistence, but the materials of their cloathing, so as to need very few foreign supplies; while they have a surplus of productions to dispose of, whereby wealth is gradually accumulated. Such has been the goodness of Divine Providence to these regions, and so favourable the climate, that since the three or four years of hardship in the first settlement of our fathers here, a famine or scarcity has never been heard of amongst us; on the contrary, though some years may have been more, and others less plentiful, there has always been provision enough for ourselves, and a quantity to spare for exportation. And although the crops of last year were generally good, never was the farmer better paid for the part he can spare commerce, as the published price currents abundantly testify. The lands he possesses are also continually rising in value with the increase of population. And, on the whole, he is enabled to give such good wages to those who work for him, that all who are acquainted with the old world must agree, that in no part of it are the labouring poor so generally well fed, well cloathed, well lodged, and well paid, as in the United States of America.

If we enter the cities, we find that, since the revolution, the owners of houses and lots of ground have had their interest vastly augmented in value; rents have risen to an astonishing height, and thence encouragement to increase building, which gives employment to an abundance of workmen, as does also the increased luxury and splendour of living of the inhabitants thus made richer. These workmen all demand and obtain much higher wages than any other part of the world would afford them, and are paid in ready money. This rank of people therefore do not, or ought not, to complain of hard times; and they make a very considerable part of the city inhabitants.

At the distance I live from our American fisheries, I cannot speak of them with any degree of certainty; but I have not heard that the labour of the valuable race of men employed in them is worse paid, or that they meet with less success, than before the revolution. The whalemen indeed have been deprived of one market for their oil; but another, I hear, is opening for them, which it is hoped may be equally advantageous.

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ous. And the demand is constantly increasing for their spermaceti candles, which therefore bear a much higher price than formerly.

There remain the merchants and shop-keepers. Of these, though they make but a small part of the whole nation, the number is considerable, too great indeed for the business they are employed in. For the consumption of goods in every country has its limits. The faculties of the people, that is, their ability to buy and pay, is equal only to a certain quantity of merchandize. If merchants calculate amiss on this proportion, and import too much, they will of course find the sale dull for the overplus, and some of them will say that trade languishes. They should, and doubtless will, grow wiser by experience, and import less. If too many artificers in town, and farmers from the country, flattering themselves with the idea of leading easier lives, turn shop-keepers, the whole natural quantity of that business divided among them all may afford too small a share for each, and occasion complaints that trading is dead; these may also suppose that it is owing to scarcity of money, while, in fact, it is not so much from the fewness of buyers, as from the excessive number of sellers, that the mischief arises; and if every shop-keeping farmer and mechanic would return to the use of his plough and working tools, there would remain of widows, and other women, shop-keepers sufficient for the business, which might then afford them a comfortable maintenance.

Whoever has travelled through the various parts of Europe, and observed how small is the proportion of people in affluence or easy circumstances there, compared with those in poverty and misery; the few rich and haughty landlords, the multitude of poor, abject, rack-rented, tythe-paying tenants, and half-paid, and half-starved ragged labourers; and views here the happy mediocrity that so generally prevails throughout these States, where the cultivator works for himself, and supports his family in decent plenty; will, methinks, see abundant reason to bless Divine Providence for the evident and great difference in our favour, and be convinced that no nation known to us enjoys a greater share of human felicity.

It is true, that in some of the States there are parties and discords: but let us look back, and ask if we were ever without them? Such will exist wherever there is liberty; and perhaps they help to preserve it. By the collision of different sentiments, sparks of truth are struck out, and political light is obtained. The different factions which at present divide us, aim all at the public good; the differences are only about the various modes of promoting it. Things, actions, measures, and objects of all kinds, present themselves to the minds of men in such a variety of lights, that it is not possible we

should all think alike at the same time on every subject, when hardly the same man retains at all times the same ideas of it. Parties are therefore the common lot of humanity; and ours are by no means more mischievous or less beneficial than those of other countries, nations, and ages, enjoying in the same degree the great blessing of political liberty.

Some indeed among us are not so much grieved for the present state of our affairs, as apprehensive for the future. The growth of luxury alarms them, and they think we are from that alone in the high road to ruin. They observe, that no revenue is sufficient without economy, and that the most plentiful income of a whole people from the natural productions of their country may be dissipated in vain and needless expences, and poverty be introduced in the place of affluence.—This may be possible. It however rarely happens: for there seems to be in every nation a greater proportion of industry and frugality, which tend to enrich, than of idleness and prodigality, which occasion poverty; so that upon the whole there is a continual accumulation. Reflect what Spain, Gaul, Germany, and Britain, were in the time of the Romans, inhabited by people little richer than our savages, and consider the wealth they at present possess, in numerous well-built cities, improved farms, rich moveables, magazines stocked with valuable manufactures, to say nothing of plate, jewels, and coined money; and all this notwithstanding their bad, wasteful, plundering governments, and their mad destructive wars; and yet luxury and extravagant living has never suffered much restraint in those countries. Then consider the great proportion of industrious frugal farmers inhabiting the interior parts of these American States, and of whom the body of our nation consists, and judge whether it is possible that the luxury of our sea-ports can be sufficient to ruin such a country.—If the importation of foreign luxuries could ruin a people, we should probably have been ruined long ago: for the British nation claimed a right, and practised it, of importing among us not only the superfluities of their own production, but those of every nation under heaven; we bought and consumed them, and yet we flourished and grew rich. At present our independent governments may do what we could not then do, discourage by heavy duties, or prevent by prohibitions, such importations, and thereby grow richer;—if indeed, which may admit of dispute, the desire of adorning ourselves with fine cloaths, possessing fine furniture, with elegant houses, &c. is not, by strongly inciting to labour and industry, the occasion of producing a greater value than is consumed in the gratification of that desire.

The agriculture and fisheries of the United States are the great sources of our increasing wealth. He that puts a seed into the earth

is recompensed perhaps by receiving forty out of it; and he who draws a fish out of our waters, draws up a piece of silver.

Let us (and there is no doubt but we shall) be attentive to these, and then the power of rivals, with all their restraining and prohib-

iting acts, cannot much hurt us. We are sons of the earth and seas, and, like Anteus in the fable, if in wrestling with a Hercules we now and then receive a fall, the touch of our parents will communicate to us fresh strength and vigour to renew the contest.

THE GERMAN DRAMA.

THERE are no traces of Dramatic composition to be found in the literary history of Germany, before the tenth century. Those which appear in the three succeeding ages are obscure and ambiguous. In the year 1322, the Clergy of Eisenach exhibited publicly in (what they called) a pretty show the *parable of the ten Virgins*, on which occasion the fate of the *five foolish ones* threw Frederick Marquis of Misnia into a violent passion, which was followed by an apoplexy of which he died upon the spot. It was common in the ages of barbarism to bring upon the stage religious subjects, and particularly the remarkable events recorded in sacred history. Of this practice several very absurd and laughable productions made their appearance in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which may be considered as the first period of the German Theatre. During this period Hans Sachs, a shoemaker of Nuremberg, composed seventy-six comedies, and fifty-nine tragedies, which are still extant in five enormous folio volumes. The disputes between the Romanists and Calvinists furnished materials for dramatic compositions at the dawn of the reformation; and the former more especially vented their polemic spleen in this manner. Luther and Calvin were exposed to popular hatred or ridicule in tragic-comedies and farces; and though the protestants were less disposed than their adversaries to support their cause, by such methods of attack and defence, which they deemed inconsistent with the gravity of religion, yet they sometimes brought the Roman Pontiff upon the scene with a fool's cap on his ghastly noddle; and if ridicule could ever be a test of truth, it had a large field for the display of its powers in the Vatican.

It is said, that Dean Swift drew the plan of his *Tale of a Tub* from an old German romance, of which the subject is as follows: A certain King named Emanuel had three sons, Pseudo-Peter, Martin, and John; of whom the eldest travelled into Italy, the second into Germany, and the third into Switzerland. During their absence the father dies, after having made a will, in which he leaves his kingdom to his three sons, and prescribes to them the rules and methods they were to follow in governing their subjects. The eldest son on his return home takes possession of the kingdom, as if it belonged to him alone, treats his subjects with the greatest cruelty, and shews no regard to his father's will. Soon after this, Martin returns, and, shocked at the repeated acts of violence committed by his brother, he accus-

him with the most serious remonstrances, which Pseudo-Peter treats with indignation and contempt. In the midst of this contest the youngest brother arrives from Switzerland, and, instead of accommodating matters, puts all into confusion by his impetuosity and petulance; at one time rejecting the testament as null and void, and at another interpreting its contents in the strangest manner. Finding, however, that this turbulent method of proceeding only served to prolong the contest, he bethought himself of an expedient for deciding it; this was, to dig up the body of their deceased father, and set it up as a mark, at which the three brothers were to shoot successively, in consequence of a previous agreement, that he who touched it nearest the heart should be the sole possessor of the disputed kingdom. Pseudo-Peter consented to this proposal, but was opposed by Martin, who respected his father's remains, and hence the contest became more violent than ever. Martin's generous opposition to the proposal of his brothers, rendered him the object of their aversion, and they persecuted him with unrelenting cruelty: but by an act of divine justice, the deceased father was exhibited in a formidable apparition to his three sons, and chastising the eldest and the youngest with cruel torments, rewarded the filial affection of Martin by putting the crown upon his head.—The moral of this fiction, which is a keen satire against the Romanists and Calvinists, is evidently similar to that of the testament in the *Tale of a Tub*. Swift may have taken the hint from this farce; or, as wits jump, he may have conceived a similar plan in his own droll fancy, *Utrum horum major accipe*.

The second period of dramatic poetry was introduced by Martin Opitz, of Boberfeld, the first German bard who felt the sublime beauties of Grecian and Latin poetry, and attempted to transplant them into his own language. In the year 1615 he translated the *Trojan Women* of Seneca; and in 1636 the *Antigone* of Sophocles. In correctness and elegance his style was so much superior to that of his predecessors, that he was called the father of the German Drama: but his example was not followed by his successors. They preferred the affected, tawdry ornaments of the Italian poets, to the noble simplicity of the ancients; they were perpetually either fermenting in froth and bombast, or falling into burlesque; and in many of their tragedies, Harlequin acts a principal part.

When

When Germany had laboured for more than a century under the just reproach of a bad taste and ill-directed genius, Gottsched, who was a philosopher, a grammarian, and a critic, and held an eminent rank among men of wit and letters in his day (until better days came), attempted to reform the German theatre: and here begins the third part of the German drama. Gottsched was a correct writer, but he had not that warmth, nor that force of genius, which produces the pathetic and the sublime. He translated several pieces of Corneille, Racine, and Molière, and seemed zealous to form the German theatre upon the model of the French. But this would not do with the grave and energetic Teutons; and though Gottsched was seconded by a part of the nation, who for a while considered him as an extraordinary genius, yet there was always a predominant party against him, who looked upon the bold and free spirit of the English drama as most suited to the genius of the Germans, and who

therefore took Shakspeare rather than Ræcine for their model. The consequence of this contest was, for some time, that several German dramatists imitated the French stage, others the English; some with certain restrictions followed both, and attempted a mixture of English energy and pathos with French elegance and precision. Thus the dramatic taste fluctuated in Germany, under the influence of different models. It is not yet perhaps arrived at a fixed state of confidence; but as imitation is daily giving place to invention and genius in that country, and the German bards are getting out of their leading strings, we may soon expect to see the national character, and the high improvement it has of late years received from the rapid progress of taste and true science, stamped in more original lines on the dramatic productions of the German poets. They have already published many pieces of great merit.

HISTORY of a MODERN IRISH BARD.

CORMAC Common (or Cormac Dall, that is, Blind Cormac) was born in May, 1703, at Woodstock, near Ballindangan, in the county of Mayo. His parents were poor and honest; remarkable for nothing but the innocence and simplicity of their lives.

Before he had completed the first year of his life, the small-pox deprived him of his sight. This circumstance, together with the indigence of his parents, precluded him from receiving any of the advantages of education. But he was not like the Highland Bards of old, "a barbarian among barbarians:" though he could not read himself, he could converse with those who had read; therefore if he wants learning, he is not without knowledge.

Shewing an early fondness for music, a neighbouring gentleman determined to have him taught to play on the Harp. A professor of that instrument was accordingly provided, and Cormac received a few lessons, which he practised *con amore*. But his patron dying suddenly, the harp dropped from his hand, and was never after taken up:—It is probable he could not afford to string it.

But poetry was the muse of whom he was most enamoured. This made him listen eagerly to the Irish songs and metrical tales which he heard sung and recited around the "crackling faggots" of his father and his neighbours. These, by frequent recitation, became strongly impressed on his memory. His mind being thus stored, and having no other avocation, he commenced a MAN OF TALK, or a TALE-TELLER. "He left no calling for the idle trade," as our English Montaigne observes of Pope.

He was now employed in relating legendary tales, and reciting genealogies at rural

wakes, or in the hospitable halls of country squires. He has been often heard to recite some of those Irish tales, which Mr. Macpherson has so artfully interwoven with the texture of the epic poems which he does Ossian the honour to attribute to him.

Endowed with a sweet voice and a good ear, his narrations were generally graced with the charms of melody. (I say *were generally graced*, for at his age "nature sinks in years," and we speak of the man, with respect to his powers, as if actually a tenant of the grave.)—He did not, like the tale-teller mentioned by Sir William Temple, chant his tales in an uninterrupted *even tone*: the monotony of his modulation was frequently broken by cadences introduced with taste at the close of each stanza. "In rehearsing any of Ossian's poems, or any composition in verse," (says Mr. Outley) he chants them pretty much in the manner of our Cathedral service."

But it was in singing some of our native airs that he displayed the powers of his voice. On this occasion his auditors were always enraptured. I have been assured, that no fingers ever did Carolan's airs, or Oisín's celebrated hunting song, more justice than Cormac.

Cormac's musical powers were not confined to his voice. He composed a few airs, one of which Mr. Outley thinks extremely sweet. It is to be feared that those musical effusions will die with their author.

But it was in poetry Cormac delighted to exercise his genius. He has composed several songs and elegies which have met with applause. As his Muse was generally awakened by the call of gratitude, his poetical productions are mostly panegyric or elegiac: they extol the living, or lament the dead.

Some-

Sometimes he indulged in satire, but not often, though endued with a rich vein of that dangerous gift.

A man of Cormac's turn of mind must be much gratified with anecdotes of the music and poetry of his country. As he seldom forgets any relation that pleases him, his memory teems with such anecdotes. One of these, respecting the justly celebrated song of *ELLEN A RUIN*, the reader will not, I am sure, be displeased to find here. Carroll O'Daly (commonly called *Mac-caomb Infi-Cneamba*) brother to Donnough More O'Daly, a man of much consequence in Connaught about two centuries ago, paid his addresses to Miss Elinor Kavanagh. The Lady received him favourably, and at length was induced to promise him her hand. But the match, for some reason now forgotten, was broken off, and another gentleman was chosen as an husband for the fair Elinor. Of this Carroll, who was still the fond lover, received information. Disguising himself as a *Jugleur* or *Glee-man*, he hastened to her father's house, which he found filled with guests, who were invited to the wedding. Having amused the company awhile with some tricks of legerdemain, he took up his harp, and played and sung the song of *ELLEN A RUIN*, which he had composed for the occasion. This, and a private sign, dis-

covered him to his mistress. The flame which he had lighted in her breast, and which her friends had in vain endeavoured to smother, now glowed afresh, and she determined to reward so faithful a lover. To do this but one method now remained, and that was an immediate elopement with him. This she effected by contriving to inebriate her father and all his guests.—But to return from this digression.

Cormac was twice married, but is now a widower. By both his wives he had several children. He now resides at Sorrell-town, near Dunmore, in the county of Galway, with one of his daughters, who is happily married. Though his utterance is materially injured by dental losses, and though his voice is impaired by age, yet he continues to practise his profession:—so seldom are we sensible of our imperfections. It is probable, that where he was once admired, he is now only endured. Mr. Ousley informs me, that “one of his grandsons leads him about to the houses of the neighbouring Gentry, who give him money, diet, and sometimes clothes. His apparel is commonly decent and comfortable; but he is not rich, nor does he seem solicitous about wealth.”

His moral character is unstained, and his person is large and muscular.

PARTICULARS of MARGARET NICHOLSON'S ATTEMPT to ASSASSINATE HIS MAJESTY: with some ANECDOTES of HER LIFE.

EXTRAORDINARY GAZETTE.

ST. JAMES'S, AUGUST 2.

THIS morning, as his Majesty was alighting from his carriage, at the gate of the Palace, a woman who was waiting there, under pretence of presenting a petition, struck at his Majesty with a knife, but providentially his Majesty received no injury. The woman was immediately taken into custody, and upon examination appears to be insane.

An Extraordinary Gazette gives importance to a subject. But this Gazette is so very short, we have endeavoured to obtain some further particulars of this very extraordinary fact, viz.

When his Majesty alighted from his carriage, at the garden door, which is opposite the Duke of Marlborough's wall in St. James's Park, to go to the levee, a woman, decently dressed in a black silk cloak, &c. pretendedly offered his Majesty a *paper*,

which appeared folded in the form of a petition. His Majesty stooped to receive it, but the point of a knife appearing at the end of the paper, and a pass being made by the woman, at the same instant, towards his belly, between his coat and waistcoat*, the King drew back, and said, *What does the woman mean?*

One of the Yeomen (Lodge) observing something extraordinary, seized the woman by the arm, and immediately the knife dropped out of her hand. The Yeoman taking up the knife†, said, *It is a knife*. The King immediately said—*I am not hurt—take care of the Woman—she is mad—do not hurt her*.

His Majesty went forward into the Palace, and when he had recovered himself from the surprise, which a circumstance so very extraordinary must have occasioned, seemed greatly affected, and uttered some expressions, signifying, that he had not deserved this treatment from any of his subjects‡.

* The knife only just touched the waistcoat.

† The knife which she used for the horrid purpose, was so much worn, and so very thin, that when she thrust it against his Majesty's waistcoat, it bent—A gentleman afterwards tried the point of it against his hand, when the knife bent almost double, without piercing the skin.—This weakness in the instrument was very fortunate, for had it been a dagger, the consequence might have been dreadful.

‡ A similar incident to the aforementioned transaction took place some years since, as the King was coming in his chair from Buckingham-house to St. James's: a woman was then, as in the present instance, the offender, who made a blow at his Majesty with a knife, and broke the front glass of his sedan. Upon examination, she also appeared insane!

His Majesty when he entered the Royal apartments opened the paper, in which appeared written, "To the King's most excellent Majesty," the usual head to the petitions, but nothing more.

The woman was immediately taken into custody, and carried to the Inner Guard Chamber. Upon being questioned by several persons, how she could make so wicked and daring an attempt? she returned for answer, That they had no right to examine her; when she was brought before the proper persons, she would give her reasons.

She was then taken into the Queen's Antichamber, where she remained till near five o'clock; during which time, though spoken to by many of the Nobility, she did not condescend to make any answer, but appeared entirely unmoved by any representations that were made of the atrocity of her crime.

At five o'clock she was taken to the Board of Green Cloth for examination, where there were present the Attorney-General, Solicitor-General, and Master of the Rolls, who were sent for on the occasion; Mr. Pitt, the Earl of Salisbury, the Marquis of Carmarthen, Lord Sydney, Sir Francis Drake, Mr. Falkner, and the following Magistrates, Sir Robert Taylor, Mr. Bond, Mr. Addington, Mr. Collick, and Mr. Read.

THE EXAMINATION.

She said her name was *Margaret Nicholson**; that she was the daughter of George Nicholson; of Stockton-upon-Tees, in Durham; that she had a brother who kept a public-house in Milford-lane; that she came to London at twelve years of age; that she had been a house-maid in several families; Mr. Taylor; Mrs. Boothby, in Upper Grosvenor-street; Mrs. Rice, May-fair; Mrs. Beaumont; Lady Seabright, &c. &c.

Upon being asked, where she had lived since her last place? she began to exhibit strong marks of insanity; answering, that she had been *all abroad since this matter of the crown broke out*; and upon asking for an explanation of these words, she went on in a wild and incoherent way of talking; such as, *That she wanted nothing but her right and property,—the Crown was her right,—that she had*

great property, &c. &c. that she had presented a petition ten days ago, [which upon looking back into the papers, was found true; but it was found to be such stuff and nonsense, that no notice was taken of it;] that if she had not her right, England would be in blood for a thousand generations. Upon being questioned as to her wants, she said she would answer none but a judge; her right was a mystery, &c.

As an instance of her composure—Being asked very coolly as to the substance of her petition presented about a fortnight ago, she said, if they would give her pen and ink she would write it, which she accordingly did; and on comparing it with the original lying in the office, it was found to differ only in four words; and they by no means destroyed the purport of it.

Being asked where she now lived? she answered at Mr. Fisk's, Stationer, at the corner of Marybone-lane, Wigmore-street.

Proper Officers were instantly sent to search her lodgings, and to bring Mr. Fisk before the Board.

In her lodgings were found three letters written about her pretended right to the Crown, &c. addressed to Lord Mansfield, Lord Loughborough, and General Bramham †.

Fisk, upon his examination, said, she had lodged with him about three years; that he had not particularly observed any marks of insanity in her, though she was certainly very odd at times; that she subsisted by taking in plain-work, &c.

A Mr. Paule also attended, with whom she had previously lodged for the space of five years; he declared she was industrious in her business, and that he had not discovered the least appearance of insanity.

Dr. Monro was also sent for, and attended. He was questioned as to her lunacy, viz. Whether he could discover if she was a lunatic? He answered, that such discovery could not be made *immediately*; that for the accomplishment of such a purpose, she must be taken under the care and inspection of one of his people for three or four days ‡.

After she had been questioned by the phy-

* She is about thirty-six years of age, rather short, of a very swarthy complexion, which gives her much the appearance of a foreigner; she was dressed in a flowered linen or muslin gown, black gauze bonnet, black silk cloak, morning wire cap with blue ribbons. Her father is a barber at Stockton-upon-Tees, in Durham, where she was born. Her brother, who keeps a public house in Milford-lane in the Strand, is positive that she is insane.

† Her pockets were searched also, and there was found in them a silver sixpence, and three halfpence, which was all the money she had; and as to cloaths, she had no more than what were on her back, and those, except the cloak and bonnet, were very indifferent.

‡ That there is a method in her madness, (if she is indeed a lunatic) is undoubted. On being asked by Lord Salisbury, why she delivered a *carte blanche*, rather than a petition? she answered, her ends could have been accomplished under a blank sheet of paper, as well as by a petition in proper form.—There are intervals when lunatics assume reason, and are capable of conversing with a seeming rationality; but when close questioned as to a particular crime they may have committed, they then wander into the wild labyrinth of distracted imagination, and discover their insanity. Such a one MARGARET NICHOLSON appears to be.

Scian, she appeared much convulsed, and seemed as if she was making an effort to weep, saying at the same time, "Tears would give her relief!"

It was proposed to commit her for three or four days.

This was objected to, upon an apprehension that a commitment for that time was illegal.

It was proposed to commit her to Tothill-fields Bridewell.

This was objected to, because it was said she was a State Prisoner.

At length it was agreed to commit her to the care and custody of Mr. Coates, messenger, in Half Moon-street, Piccadilly.

SECOND EXAMINATION.

Thursday morning Mr. Justice Addington went, to see Margaret Nicholson, at Mr. Coates's, Messenger, in Half-Moon-street, and began a conversation with her: upon which she told him, that they had distracted her yesterday with a great number of questions; that she did not understand them; that they had made her deaf on one side; but she had it all here [pointing to the back part of her head]; that the King had no right to the Crown; that the Crown was her's, &c.

Mr. Addington permitted her to go on, in order to discover if there was any thing worth noticing.

When she had done running on about the Crown, she began about Lord Mansfield and Lord Loughborough. She said, that she had brought them both into the world—they owed every thing they had to her. But she was not their mother. She never knew any man.

[It does not appear from any person who knew her, that she was ever married.] It was all a mystery, she said. But she had it all

here [pointing again to her head]. And then she went on with saying a good deal more to the same purport.

Friday a Council was summoned for the further examination of MARGARET NICHOLSON;—previous to the meeting of which his Majesty arrived at St. James's from Windsor. The Ministers of State and Crown Lawyers, as well as a numerous levee of the nobility waited upon his Majesty, to congratulate him on his late happy escape.

After the levee, a consultation was held, when it was determined to put off Nicholson's final examination for the present.

Whitehall, Aug. 8.

P R E S E N T,

The Lords of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council.

THIS day Margaret Nicholson, in custody for an attempt on his Majesty's person, was brought before the Lords of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, and after a full examination of Dr. John and Dr. Thomas Monro, and several other witnesses, concerning the state of her mind, as well now as for some time past, and also after examining the said Margaret Nicholson in person, their Lordships were clearly and unanimously of opinion, that she was and is insane *.

After the above examinations were over, in consequence of an order from Lord Sydney, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, Margaret Nicholson was at eleven o'clock taken by Mr. Coates, the King's messenger, in a hackney-coach to Bedlam. Mrs. Coates, another lady, and the nurse went with her.—As soon as the coach was called to take her away, she was told by Mr. Coates they were going on a party of pleasure, and asked her to accompany them, which she readily agreed to; and step-

* Young Shepherd, the coach-painter, was the last person who made a regicide attempt in England; he endeavoured to kill George the First, and, when at the place of execution, was offered his life, provided he would ask the King's pardon; but he disdained to supplicate the royal mercy. Lord Chesterfield, in speaking of the transaction, after having disapproved the cause, compares Shepherd's spirit to *Roman heroism*.

The Life of the King of Prussia was twice attempted to be taken away: Once by three of his soldiers at the Review; and once by a person bribed, as was supposed, by the Empress Queen.

The present King of Poland was attempted to be assassinated in 1771.

A like attempt was made on the late King of Portugal, in 1758.

And a like attempt was made on the late King of France, by Damien, in 1757.

The last idea of any thing of the kind in England, except the attempt of Shepherd, was that intended to have been executed against King William at Turnham Green in the year 1695.

His present Majesty was assaulted some years since at a review on Wimbledon common, by a well-dressed man, who seized the bridle of the King's horse, and insisted "upon his grievances being attended to." He was immediately taken into custody, and on examination proved to be a Lieutenant out of his senses, who had left his regiment at Gibraltar, in consequence of the sentence of a court martial.

It is remarkable, that most of the miscreants who either murdered, or attempted the assassination of, their Monarchs, were insane—For example, Clement, who stabbed Henry III. of France; Ravallac, who poignarded the amiable Henry IV. and Francis Damien, who 30 years since attempted the life of Louis XV. And it is further worthy of notice, that all these diabolical attempts were made while the Kings were in or coming out of their carriages surrounded by their guards,

ping into the coach, was in very good spirits, and talked very rationally the whole of the way, till they came under the wall of Bedlam; she then observed, that she knew where they were taking her to. Upon her entrance into Bedlam, she was asked if she then knew where she was? She answered, "Perfectly well." The Steward of the Hospital behaved with much kindness to her, and invited her and the company to dine with him, which they did; and during the whole time she appeared perfectly collected, except when the name of the King was mentioned, whom, she continued saying, she expected to visit her. After dinner Mr. Coates again asked her, if she knew in what house she was? She said, Yes. He then told her, that he hoped she would patiently and quietly submit to the regulations of that place. She composedly replied, "Certainly." He also informed her, that she would be indul-

ged with pen, ink, and paper, to write to such of her friends as she thought proper.— This offer she did not then notice. At six o'clock she was conducted to her cell, which had been previously furnished with new bedding, &c. for her reception; and a chain was put round her leg, and fastened to the floor. Whilst this was doing, she was perfectly composed, and did not seem to take any notice of it. On being asked by the Steward if the chain hurt her leg, as it should be altered if it did? she replied, "No, not at all." Mr. Coates was then about to leave her; but she called to him, and reminded him of his promise, that she should have pen, ink, and paper, saying, that she had letters to write, which she wished to send by him. Pen, ink, and paper were immediately brought her, and Mr. Coates waited near an hour; but she did not attempt to write anything*.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

AMONG the novelties lately published in Paris, is a Pamphlet which is equally singular from its title, as from the curious anecdotes it contains.

The whimsical production alluded to is entitled *Pogonologia*, or a Philosophical History of *Beards*. The Author opens with a severe stricture upon a very trite subject, viz. the various modes of dressing, the perpetual round of vicissitudes they have undergone, &c. I wish, says he, some Lexicographer would, at his leisure hours, compose a dictionary of modes; it would turn out not only an entertaining, but an useful compilation.

What idea would not the world entertain of the *modesty* of our *fore-mothers*, when, among the old dresses, they should read the words *gourgandine* (trumpet); the *bout en train* (the temples); *la culberte* (head over heels)!"

The 4th chapter of this curious performance is an Essay on *Bearded Women*. He quotes Cicero, who mentions an express law from the Twelve Tables in these words; *Mulieres genas ne raduto*: Let not women presume to shave their cheeks. It is a fact that ladies in those remote ages had no dislike to a long beard; the very ample one

* Margaret Nicholson is said to have lived some years ago with a lady of quality in Brudenel-street, as her own servant; her general disposition of mind was of a reserved and thoughtful cast, seldom subject to the influence of the liverish sallies of mirth. This restraint of temper was considered by her fellow-servants as prudery. Her master's valet de chambre paid her his addresses: Her conduct before the family was very reserved, and such in appearance as prevented them from discerning that he had any prospect of success with her; but one of the family happening to remain up after the rest were a-bed, in walking up stairs so as not to be heard, at a late hour, surprized the valet de chambre coming out of her bed-room. In such a discovery as this, every one knows how anxious the discoverer is to unburthen his mind; and next morning the servants were entertaining themselves at the expence of the reserved, as they called her, prude; the news soon reached the mistress's ears, and both the servants concerned were instantly discharged. They sought for a new place, where they lived still together in the same house; but quitted that also. Their attachment still subsisted, and they got into a third service; there her sweetheart slighted her, and paid his addresses to a person who had some property, whom he married; and then left his place to take an inn on the western road. This disappointment could not but affect the woman who was deserted, and she abandoned herself to solitude: intense thought upon one object debilitates the mind; and with a temper already prone to melancholy, an accumulation of thought and distress must encrease intense thinking, which cannot but produce paroxysms of madness. Society and variety are necessary to remove the ill consequences of melancholy; neither of these it appears she sought; for even her brother acknowledged that she seldom called on him. After this she sought no more for a place as a servant, but betook herself to her industry by her needle.

The Earl of Salisbury ordered a gratuity to the yeoman of the guard, and the King's footman, who first secured Mrs. Nicholson, after her attempt on the King; the rewards were 100l. to the first, and 50l. to the other.

that

that adorned the chin of *Venus Cypria* amongst the ancient Greeks, seems to prove the Author's assertions. Among other instances of bearded women he relates the following anecdote: "Charles XII. had in his army a female Grenadier, who, to prove herself of the other sex, wanted neither beard nor courage. She was taken at the battle of Pultowa, carried to Peterburgh, and presented to the Czar Peter in 1724. Her beard was grown then to the amazing length of an ell and an half Russian measure."

In fine, the author notices every woman who prided in her beard, not even excepting the artificial one of a certain diplomatick amphibious animal, well known in this country.

In order to strengthen his arguments in favour of *unfathomable* beards, the writer brings in a long list of all those great men who held that ornament in such estimation, as to wear false ones where Nature did not allow them to make a show of her own gifts. Then advertng to those enormous mustachios for which the Gauls and Franks of old were so much celebrated, "Oh! my countrymen, (exclaims he) you have lost every thing by parting with your whiskers."

The Spaniards and Portuguese were amongst the nations of Europe the most

careful of their beards and whiskers. Under the reign of Catherine of Portugal, as the writer relates, the brave Don John de Castro had just saved the fortress Diu in the East-Indies. Though successful in this arduous enterprize, he stood in want of every thing, and found himself under the necessity of applying to the inhabitants of Goa for the loan of 1000 pistoles for the maintenance of his fleet; and as a pledge for that money, he sent them one of his whiskers, expressing himself in these words: "All the treasure on earth could not pay the price of this glorious ornament, which I hold from Nature; take it for a security for the loan." This feat of heroism was admired by the whole city, and every one thought himself interested in the preservation of so noble a mustachio; even the ladies gave the greatest token of their feeling on the occasion, by pledging or selling their precious trinkets; the sum was soon raised, and sent to the Admiral, together with the invaluable whisker.

He concludes by recommending the restoration of beards, not only as ornamental, but as wholesome, it being calculated to *prevent the tooth-ache*, &c. and boldly prophesies, that the method will in a few years be revived.

C. D.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

PROLOGUE

To the Comedy of the **DISBANDED OFFICER**; or, the **BARONESS OF BRUCHSAL**,

Performed at the Haymarket Theatre.

Written by Mr. COLMAN.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

IN days of old, on property and trade
Taxes and rates, unqualified, were laid;
But modern politics, with reins more lax,
Comforts administer with every tax;
Hold out douceurs, by way of compensation,
And make the burthen light by Commutation.

Tea's now a drug so cheap, with draughts
bewitching,

Imperial, congou, hyson, charm the kitchen.
Bohea, like bull's-blood, in coarse delft ne'er
seen;

Neat Wedgwood deals fouchong, or finest
green:

Breakfast well over, we prepare to dine,
For which the state provides us genuine
wine!

Adultery, by Act of Parliament forbid,
No more in cellars and dark caves lies hid;
No more from floes sound Port the Vintners
dran,
No more from turnep-juice brew brisk Cham-
pagne.

VOL. X.

Ah, were our plays thus wisely supervis'd,
Humours and passions gaug'd, and plots ex-
cis'd,

What frauds would be unveil'd! sophisti-
cation,

Much contraband, and much adulteration!
Neat as imported is the constant boast,
Though smuggling smacks and cutters croud
the coast.

At many a pilfer'd scene you've cried and
laugh'd,

And oft', for home-brew'd balderdash have
quaff'd;

Plays from French vineyards drawn have
learnt to please,

Run, like Southampton port, on Claret lees;
While the Bard cries, 'to smuggling no great
foe.

"'Tis English, English, Sirs, from top to
toe!"

To-night, a new advent'rer vents his stock,
And brings you from the Rhine some good
old hock;

Waves but his wand—a true Dramatic Mer-
lin—

Presto! you're charm'd from London—
plac'd in Berlin.

There lies our scene to-night—an hour or two,
True Prussians, we must do as Prussians do.
Our goods, our habits, are of German
growth;

Both fairly enter'd, and acknowledg'd both.
R. Lessing,

Lessing, a German Bard of high renown,
 Long on the Continent has charm'd the town;
 His Plays as much applauded at Vienna,
 As here the School for Scandal or Duenna.
 From his bold out-line draws our present Bayes,
 And on his canvas English colours lays:
 Rumbling and rough though Bruchsal's name appear,
 Grating harsh thunder on an English ear,
 Yet she may charm; and prove, ere she departs,
 That Ladies, with hard names, have tender hearts.

E P I L O G U E

To the BARONESS of BRUCHSAL.

Spoken by Miss FARREN.

WHEN Ancients held the Muses' steed in rein,
 Bards were to teach as well as entertain,
 And draw fit characters to let folks see,
 What they ought not and what they ought to be.
 Folly, in Satire's glass, is safely shown,
 For Laughter thinks no feature there his own;
 But Vice by virtuous portraits feels aspers'd,
 And calls them fictitious, and a world revers'd.
 What Fate then must our characters expect,
 Whose too great goodness is their great defect?

An Officer, rejecting, out of rule,
 An Heiress—'stead of stealing one from school:

That Heiress, husband-hunting—not by stealth—

And feigning want to cheat one into wealth:
 A groom resolv'd to share a Master's sorrow:
 A fool that's angry, 'cause a friend won't borrow:

Whate'er such characters abroad appear,
 Though natural—they're out of fashion here.
 France, where in wit, dress, folly, taste,
 and fin,

Refinement (save in morals) all begin;
 Consign'd to dusty shelves with classic lore,
 Virtue's dead language, which she spoke no more.

"Hang sentiments," the Palais Royal cry'd,
 "Hang sentiments," St. Honore reply'd,
 "Hang sentiments," the Hall re-echo'd round,

And *Rue d'Enfer* exulted at the sound.
 The stage no more in vain attempts their stay,

Vice flows up to the *Follies of the Day*:
 While Fashion spares Instruction's needless task;

To laugh and stare is all that loungers ask;
 And bards in every lobby now discern,
 That the gay world has nothing more to learn.

Expect from France, then, plays perform'd
 by dogs,
 Spoken by clocks, or spelt by learned hogs;
 Geese, on two horses, hunting a tame fox,
 And 'stead of dancing Frenchmen, dancing ducks:

Perhaps, to drive the Muse from every hope,
 Huge elephants shall skip upon a rope;
 Or, should she still some few adherents keep,
 Why Magnetism shall tickle them to sleep—
 Nay, laugh not, Sceptics—there, a patient stands

That can expect no cure, but from your hands:

Then by your treatment of the poor pale creature,

Prove British magnetism to be—Good-nature.

July 25. A Farce called *The Devil in the Wine Cellar*, by Aaron Hill, was revived at the Haymarket for the benefit of Mr. Bannister, jun. This piece was one of the first farces written for the English Stage. The favour this species of entertainment has lately met with seems, with the aid of the whimsical title, to have drawn it from its obscurity, where, however, it might have remained without any loss to the public.

28. Miss Davis, sister to Mrs. Wells, appeared for the first time on the stage at the Haymarket, in the character of Amelia in *The English Merchant*. This part has a softness and delicacy in it, well adapted to the timidity of a new performer. The Lady, who resembles her sister in person, and possesses a good voice, exhibited no marks of genius whatever. She has been however greatly applauded in one of the News-papers, and we hope her future performances, though we saw no signs of it, will justify the extravagant praise bestowed on her. Before the Play the following Address, by Mr. W. Upton, was spoken by Mr. Bannister, jun.

HAPPY the Bard, the Drama must confess,
 Who first converted Prologue to Address,
 And found the way to charm the critic fury,
 By gentle supplication to the jury:

Thus when some RICHARD burns with tragic rage,

Or mad *Ophelia* pants to tread the stage,
 Thanks to the mode—and writers only know it—

Their dullness is preceded by the Poet,
 And crimson blushes—starts—and trembling fears—

Are partly hush'd ere, "Sir or Ma'am" appears.

But why, o'er reason should our fears prevail,
 Where mercy reigns, and justice holds the scale?

From this kind soil, made moist by candour's dew,

Your Edwin came and caught his fame from you.

Here—with each power to fill the changeful scene,

To court the comic or the tragic Queen,—
 Here,

Here, on these boards, poor *Henderson* first
role,

Yet felt the fear that Genius had its foes :
You saw the man, approv'd the actor's claim,
And stamp'd the signature that grac'd his
name.

Here—*natural WELLS* and *Farren* own their
birth,

And drew from you the wreath that crowns
their worth.

To-night a female ventures here to tread,
"With all her imperfections on her head ;"
'Tis *Cowslip's* sister—who will be severe ?
Who blast the bud his foit'ring breath might
rear ?

To the Galleries.

Ye critic *Lingos* there enthron'd on high,
What you can grant to ladies, ne'er deny.

To the Pit.

This awful box, where legal jurors sit,
Sworn and impannell'd to preside o'er wit,
To trust your candour, let no female rue,
But prove yourselves in deed,—“good men
and true.”

To the Boxes.

While in this circle—our fair judges here,
As counsel for the prisoner appear ;
Softens the rigours of the legislature,
And shew there's no good judge without
good nature.

August 3. *The Remp* was performed for
the first time at the Hay-market, for the
benefit of Miss George, who personated
Miss Tomboy. We cannot say that Miss
George's performance equalled that of Mrs.
Jordan ; but it may be truly said, that it was
second to no other performer.

12th. *The Siege of Curzola*, a Comic Ope-
ra, by Mr. O'Keefe, was performed the first
time. We have ever been disposed to exte-
nuate in our remarks on the productions of
Mr. O'Keefe. We owe to his wit, his ec-
centricity, and his absurdities, many hours
of hearty and salutary laughter ; but the
Siege of Curzola has severely tried our gra-
titude and humanity. His fables always
perplexed, the present performance abso-
lutely confounded us. The scenes and inci-
dents were produced with much confusion ;

the wit very thinly scattered ; the humour
coarse and vulgar ; and the manners and cus-
toms, though of a foreign country, entirely
those of Covent-Garden. It met with some
opposition the first night ; but by some judi-
cious prunings and alterations has since been
received with applause.

Mrs. Jordan's Address to the Audience of
Edinburgh, on Monday, Aug. 6th, after
the Play of the *Belle's Stratagem*, performed
for her Benefit.

Written and spoken by Herself.

PRESUMPTION 'tis, in Learning's seat,
For me the *Muses* to entreat ;
Yet, bold as the attempt may be,
I'll mount the steed of *Poësy* ;
And, as my *Pegasus* is small,
If stumbling, I've not far to fall.

Hear then, ye Nine ! the boon I ask,
While (throwing off the comic mask)
With gratitude I here confess,
How much you've heighten'd my success.

By sealing thus my sentence now,
You've heap'd new laurels on my brow ;
Nor is the Northern sprig less green
Than that which in the South was seen ;
For though your *sun* may colder be,
Your hearts I've found as warm for me.

One wreath I only gain'd before,
But your kind candour gives one more ;
And, like your *Union*, both combine
To make the garland brighter thine.

'Tis true, such planets sparkled here
As made me tremble to appear,
A twinkling star—just come in sight,
Which tow'ards the *Pole* might give no light.

Melpomene had made such work,
Reigning despotic like the *Turk*,
I fear'd *Thalia* had no chance
Her laughing standard to advance ;
But yet her youngest Ensign, I
Took courage, was resolv'd to try,
And stand the hazard of the die. }

Since, then, the vent'rous game I've tried,
With Nature only for my guide,
The betts, if fairly won, I'll take,
Nor wish to make it my last stake.

P O E T R Y.

L A D I M O R A.

HENCE, restless Dissipation,
Of busy travel, and still changeful
time !

Ills of each varied clime,

Dull sleepless nights, and hardship and
vexation !

The want of friendship's smiles,
The dread of sickness in a foreign land,
The frequent murth'rous band

That haunt the lonely pafs mid forests drear,
The welcome insincere,

The solitary meal, and flatt'ring stranger's
wiles.

But come, Retirement, to my arms
In meek simplicity of charms !
With close-wrapt robe of plainest dye,
And breast untroubled by a sigh.
Thee, blue-eyed Peace in days of yore
To wrinkled, rough Experience bore :

For once beneath her olive shade
He fondly press'd the yielding maid ;
Thy birth his secret transports prov'd,
Child of his age, and best below'd !

O bear me quick to Albion's isle,
And cheer me with thy placid smile !
There let me oft at dewy dawn
Compos'dly tread the russet lawn,
As my tranquil cot I see,
Embosom'd deep in many a tree ;
Near it glides a winding spring,
Where the grey duck wets her wing,
And matron hen with infant brood
Clucks beside the shallow flood.
Or when lily-bosom'd May
Trips along in youthful play,
With my rod and mimic fly
To lure the speckled trout I try,
That lurks beneath the sandy bank,
With sedge o'ergrown and rushes dank ;
Tempted by the faithless snare,
He leaps, and meets destruction there :
So, alas ! in life we find
Artful tricks to catch mankind ;
So we view the gilded bait,
And rush upon severest fate.

Varied bliss each season yields ;
One while, wand'ring o'er the fields,
I see blithe groupes collect the hay,
And shake it in the burning ray ;
While the cattle in the brook
Lash their tails with penlive look,
And mid the limpid waves assuage
The sultry summer's scorching rage.
Or when harvest-time is past,
And the barns are fill'd at last,
With my gun, at peep of day,
To fallow lands I take my way ;
There my pointer soon descries
The num'rous covey ere it flies ;
As it mounts I take my aim,
And pleas'd behold the falling game.
Or I bring my greyhounds where
Nimble starts the scudding hare,
That o'er the wide-extended down
Glides a fleeting spot of brown.

When on early breezes borne
From far I hear the winding horn,
That sweetly pours its mellow song,
Lakes, and groves, and hills among,
I saddle straight my neighing steed,
And hasten o'er the distant mead,
'Till I reach the covert's bound,
Ransack'd by the searching hound ;
The red fox shews his sleeky face,
And quits the cove with rapid pace,
To safer scenes he fain would fly,
Like mortals in adversity.
Still the deep-mouth'd eager foes
Stent the track where'er he goes,
Untwisting every treacherous maze,
That his cunning skill betrays.
Then my hasty flight I guide
O'er the mountain's shelvy side,
Leave the dang'rous fence behind,
Thro' many a wood and valley wind,
And never quit the pleasing toil,
'Till I view the dying spoil,

Oft with careless step I stray
Where unzon'd nature courts the day,
And the tow'ring forest view,
Deck'd with tints of varied hue ;
Or listen to the mingled noise
Of lowing herds and playful boys,
Where seem you hamlets to retire,
And peeps the narrow pointed spire.
Now I throw my roving eye
O'er plashy streams and mountains high ;
View the sheep-boy tend his flocks,
And wild-goats brouze the giddy rocks ;
The careful driver's long-drawn team,
Lather'd by the noontide beam ;
Or hear the ruddy maidens sing,
As their gather'd loads they bring.
Then I go with curious eyes
Where my lov'd plantations rise,
The grafted scion to behold,
And young leaves pierce th' obstructive
mould :

There the virgin lily blows,
The streak'd carnation, moss-clad rose,
And every flower that opens fair,
Scatt'ring odours thro' the air ;
And every shrub whose head I rear'd,
Whose stock with daily drops I cheer'd,
Shall purer happiness bestow
Than pow'r and wild ambition know.

When the day's amusements end,
Home my vagrant course I bend,
And my slow returning feet
The faithful spaniel comes to greet
With his joy-denoting bound,
Frisking light in frolic round.
Then beside the table plac'd,
In rural plenty richly grac'd,
I sit with her whose tender smile
And sweet discourse the hours beguile ;
While around, my children gay
In many a sportive circle play.

Then some heart-dear friend appears,
Companion of my early years,
Who oft reminds me, how at school
Constraint we scorn'd, and laugh'd at
rule ;

Or when the daily task was o'er,
Forth we rush'd with rapt'rous roar,
To strike the ball, or climb the tree,
Season of sweet ecstacy !
College pranks recals to view,
Long past pleasures to renew ;
Tells how, lover-like, my pain
I utter'd on the midnight plain ;
Nor more the ready scheme enjoy'd,
While fonder cares my mind employ'd,
But sadly mourn'd the tyrant pride
Of her, who blushing sits beside :
Entranc'd I mark her conscious sigh,
And the blue languish of her eye.
Thus the happy evening goes,
'Till the hour of due repose.

But when wint'ry tempests rage,
Retir'd I read th' historic page,
Or with fancied harp I rove
In the wild Parnassian grove.
Sweet Poetry ! thy pow'r alone
Can check awhile each bitter groan,

When

When thou point'st to Milton's page,
 Or Shakspeare's still sublimer rage,
 And all the heaven-descended crew,
 Who bath'd their locks with glittering dew,
 And wove the myrtle garland fair,
 That proudly still thou lov'st to wear.
 Thus my settled life shall flow,
 Free from bustle, care, and woe:
 Such the tranquil joys of Home,
 Never, never, will I roam.

M.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of
 LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

IF the following Sonnets have any merit,
 their insertion would oblige
 Your constant Reader, &c.

SONNET on the DEATH of a FRIEND.

O Death all-pow'rful! thy untimely
 dart,
 Which nor the great, the brave, the poor,
 can shun,
 How has it all my tend'rest hopes undone!
 How fill'd with heaviest grief my erst light
 heart!
 Shall I forget thee?—No, thou hapless youth;
 Rather these eyes shall weep their foun-
 tains dry!
 Ev'n till life's latest hour shall heave this
 sigh,
 And Heav'n be witness that I speak the
 truth!
 For ah! to me thou wast indeed most dear.
 Most dear fond Memory too shall hold
 thy name;
 And when with dust commix'd from
 whence I came,
 I too, like thee, must leave this world of care,
 Thy soul for mine shall wait on that
 blest shore,
 Where meeting once, we meet to part no
 more.

SONNET to Mrs. SMITH.

'TIS said, and I myself have so believ'd,
 'Fiction's the properest field for Poesy';
 Tho' few have car'd th' assertion to deny,
 A few there are who have not been deceiv'd:
 For sure than thine more sweet no strains
 can flow,
 Than thine no tenderer plaints the heart
 can move,
 More rouse the soul to sympathetic love;
 And yet—sad source! they spring from
 REAL WOE.
 Oh! may again kind Heav'n thy hopes
 illumine!
 Again may peace thy gentlest bosom bless!
 May hours far happier smooth thy rude
 distress,
 And thou life's dear enjoyments reassume!

Tho' ah! so sweet, so pensive sweet, thy
 grief,
 Compassion's self might almost grudge
 relief.

S O N N E T.

SEE'ST thou, my friend, where yon time-
 mouldering spire
 In awful grandeur charms th' admiring
 sight?
 There will I woo the solemn shades of
 night:
 Sooth'd by grief's pensive power, I'll there
 retire.
 Ev'n now methinks, along this lonely dell,
 Where darkest darkness holds its silent
 sway,
 Sad-length'ning sounds faint whisper,
 'Come away,'
 Whilst trembling Fancy hears the distant
 knell.
 But ah! tho' much I wish to reach th'
 abode.
 Round whose blest shores Death's black
 waves dreadful roll;
 Much tho' I wish those realms my anxious
 soul
 Blameless might seek, freed from its earthly
 load;
 Yet still, tho' Virtue plume Faith's eager
 wing,
 Reflection bidding, Conscience points her
 sting.

S O N N E T

On the BATH at M——.

ENCOMPASS'D round by many a wilding
 sweet,
 Whose thick shades mingling form a perfect
 maze,
 Which to pervade in vain bright Sol essays,
 Flows the cool stream beneath its moss-
 grown seat,
 And, softly tinkling to the placid ear,
 Conveys a sound well suiting the lone glade,
 Where list'ning Silence, musing thro' the
 shade,
 Meets in each breeze the pale-fac'd phantom
 Fear.
 As o'er this scene bewilder'd roams the
 eye,
 Where the tall elm attracts the gazing
 sight,
 There springs the lowlier shrub with berries
 bright,
 And woodbines sweet in clust'ring bunches
 tie;
 While cowslips, violets, primroses, combine
 To make this desert Bath in ruin shine.

Aug. 1, 1786.

* A village in Cambridgeshire.

From

From Madame la MARECHALE de MIRE-
POIS, to Monf. le Duc de NIVERNOIS,
with a LOCK of her HAIR.

LES voilà ! les cheveux depuis long tems
blanchis,
D'une longue union qu'ils soient pour vous le
gage !

Je ne regrette rien de ce que m'otat l'âge,

Il m'a laissé de vrais amis

On m'aime presqu' autant, & j'aime davan-
tage,

L'astre de l'amitié luit dans l'hiver des ans,
Fruit précieux du gout, de l'estime, & du
tems ;

On ne s'y meprend plus, on cede a son empire,

Et l'on joint sous les cheveux blancs

Aux charmes de s'aimer le droit de se le dire.

IMITATED.

BEHOOLD this lock which deck'd my face,
But rest of all its former grace !

Long since hath Time forbade to shine
Each youthful charm that once was mine ;
Yet while my faithful friends remain,
I cannot of his thefts complain ;
They love me still—I love them more—
Such joys have I with tresses hoar.

Friendship's bright star with purer rays
Gilds the calm evening of our days :
No longer then to doubts a prey,
We dread fierce Love's imperious sway ;
And if a soft emotion rise,
Suspect him veil'd in Friendship's guise ;
For well we know his power is o'er ;
He flies abash'd from tresses hoar.

Nor longer then does custom bind
In tyrant chains the captive mind,
And when a tender thought we feel,
Bid us that tender thought conceal ;
But without blushing we impart
The chaste affections of the heart :
This freedom, ne'er enjoy'd before,
Has Age bestow'd with tresses hoar.

ANSWER of the DUKE de NIVERNOIS.

QUOI ! vous parlez de cheveux blancs !
Laissons, laissons courir le tems,
Que vous importe son rivage !
Les tendres coeurs en sont exempts,
Les amours sont toujours enfans,
Et les Graces font de tout age.
Pour moi Themire je le sens,

Je suis toujours dans mon printemps
Quand je vous offre mon hommage ;
Si je n'avois que dix huit ans,
Je pourrais aimer plus long tems,
Mais non pas aimer davantage.

IMITATED.

OTALK not thus of "tresses hoar,"
Let Time his destin'd course pursue ;
For, Mira, we must still adore
The charms he cannot steal from you.
Th' immortal beauties of the mind
Elude the fell destroyer's rage ;
The Loves in constant youth we find,
The Graces are of every age.
For me, while I so far am blest
To hear thee, and thy smiles behold,
A youthful rapture fires my breast,
And I forget that I am old.
If I had at this present hour
Just eighteen summers measur'd o'er,
I might have longer felt thy power,
But, ah ! I could not feel it more !

ODE to SUMMER.

JOY to thee, bright-hair'd Summer ! Much
I love
To gaze upon thy full-blown beauty's pride,
As thro' Val d'Arno's gloom
I take my lonely way,
What time dun-vested Night her deep repose
Reluctant leaves, chas'd by the jocund dawn,
And incoherent song
Of wild Pan's restless reed.
Now the fierce sun uprears his flaming shield,
And mounts in martial pomp his eastern car ;
Forests, and tow'ring hills,
Start from the golden blaze ;
While streams of yore renown'd, with clear
blue wave
Reflect his orient locks ; and far away,
Fair but inconstant Spring
Gathers her sweets, and flies.
I see thee triumph o'er th' inactive plain,
When ruddy Noon obeys thy sultry pow'r,
And stretch'd in thoughtless ease
The toil worn peasant lies.
'Tis then I seek the thick-wall'd cloister's
shade,
And from some nook observe the languid
flocks ;
Or, by the grey fly stung,
The bounding heifer's rage :
Or hear the light Cicada's * ceaseless din,

* A species of fly well known in the southern parts of Europe, by the noise it makes during the hottest hours of the sultry months. This insect has a broad blunt head, with a prominent eye on the extremity of each side, and three less conspicuous eyes that form a triangle in the middle. It has four transparent wings that cover the body like a roof. The organs whence the shrill rough cry proceeds are found in the males only, the females being mute. These organs consist of two parchment-like membranes, one on each side of the belly, under the

That vibrates shrill; or the near-weeping
brook,

That feebly winds along,

And mourns her channel shrunk.

As the proud day retires, the western hills
Adorn their varied ridge with shadowy forms,
While fresh'ning Zephyr comes
To fan the cheek of Eve.

And lo! the wand'ring Virgin of the sky,
As thro' the azure vault supreme she sails,
Scatters her silv'ry beam,
And points th' horizon's bound;

While warbled measures fill the panting gale,
The † Luciola, beside each dark'ning grove,
His momentary lamp

Alternate shews and hides;

Or leads the lovers to some secret bow'r,

And flits around, and darts his mimic ray

Upon the maiden's breast,

And lights th' adoring eye.

O vagrant insect! type of our short life,
'Tis thus we shine, and vanish from the view;

For the cold season comes,

And all our lustre's o'er.

Yet stay awhile, sweet Summer! nor too soon

Avert thy blushing face, but cheer the hind

With gifts, that Plenty pours

From her redundant horn.

M.

ADVICE to Mrs. SMITH.

A SONNET.

MUSE of the South! whose soul-enchant-
ing shell

With mournful notes can melt the soften'd
heart,

And to each breast of sympathy impart

The tender sorrow thou describ'dst so well!

Ah never let thy lyre superior dwell

On themes thy better judgment must disdain!

It ill befits, that verse like thine should tell

Of Petrarch's love, or Werter's frantic pain!

Let not or foreign taste or tales enchain

The genuine freedom of thy flowing line,

Nor the dark dreams of Suicide obtain

Deceitful lustre from such tones as thine;

But still to nature and to virtue given,
Thy heavenly talent dedicate to heaven!

INSCRIPTION to the MEMORY of
JOHN FOTHERGILL, M. D. F. R. S.
on a STONE in the GARDENS of
CHARLES WHITE, Esq. at SALE,
near MANCHESTER.

By JOHN AIKIN, M. D.

OH friend of human kind, benignant sage,
Whose clear sagacious thought so oft has
quell'd

The rage of dire disease; whose ample mind
Drew its rich stores from Nature's genuine
source;

May grateful Medicine, forrowing for her
loss,

Thy memory ever cherish — May thy
name

From Nature's votary call the tender sigh,
As musing mid thy favourite plants he
roves.

S O N N E T,

Written at VENICE.

FLED each bright form, and hush'd each
tuneful sound,

As home I glide from the Cassino gay,

In the dark gondola close curtain'd round,

Alone and cheerless o'er the wat'ry way,

Methinks † an exile from the golden day,

Stern Death has placed me on the Stygian
bound,

(So busy Fancy does the scene portray)

Pale ghosts appear, and shrieks of woe
resound!

Meanwhile my absent Fair I vainly crave;

Far other thoughts her presence would
inspire,

For Love's bright Queen (so sung the
Grecian choir)

Who rose exulting from the azure wave,

Here bids her native element conspire

To aid the purposes of soft desire!

W. R.

the hard scales with which the insect is cas'd. This clamorous fly is about an inch and an
half long, and half an inch broad. It is the Latin Cicada.

Sole sub ardenti resonant arbuta Cicadis. VIRG.

N. B. The Cicada is remarkably light in proportion to its size.

† An insect of the beetle kind, which abounds in Italy at the beginning of summer, and is
rather larger than a common fly. The cases of its wings are nearly black, and half of the
belly towards the extremity is of a cinder colour. This is the shining part of the insect; but
it differs from all others of the luminous kind, because its light is not continual, but emitted
by sudden flashes as it flies. If crushed, it leaves a lustre upon the spot for a considerable
time; from whence we may conclude it to be of a phosphoric nature.

† Nothing can be more gloomy than returning home at night in one of these singular
vehicles, which, being covered with black cloth, very much resembles a hearse; and the
dashing of the oars reminds one of Charon and the river Styx; but being wonderfully calcula-
lated for intrigue, they are generally considered as the favourite scene of Venetian
transports.

ODE to BEAUTY.

HAIL, Beauty! mighty Empress, hail!
 Whether thou haunt'st the rural vale,
 The glitt'ring dome, or fragrant bower,
 Alike unconquer'd shines thy power.
 Led by thy sweetly beaming ray,
 Thro' distant climes our footsteps stray;
 For thee we brave the torrent's roar,
 For thee the foreign strand explore;
 For thee we heave the silent sigh,
 Languish for thee, and for thee die.
 Such are thy charms, thy soft allurements
 such,
 Th' enticing chain we hug, nor think the
 slav'ry much.

But lo! what sudden conflicts roll!
 Passions swell the lab'ring soul;
 Doubting Joy the bosom tears,
 Now it hopes, and now despairs;
 Reason tott'ring quits her throne,
 Resigns the scepter of her sway;
 Love makes the field her own,
 And we (before too much inclin'd) obey.
 'Tis she (whose dazzling form impress'd
 On Britain's nymphs resplendent shine)
 Who thus pervades each am'rous breast,
 While bending at the genial shrine,
 The Graces mingling in her train
 The roseate wreaths prepare:
 Too late we feel th' increasing pain,
 Too late attempt to loose the flow'ry-wo-
 ven snare.

In vain does Prudence disapprove;
 How weak oppos'd to pow'rful Love!
 By her the pleasing anguish ne'er was
 tried,
 Else had the caution thrown aside;
 Ne'er felt by her soft Beauty's charms,
 Else had she ceas'd her vain alarms:

He more or less than man had been,
 Who all unconscious could admire,
 Who all unhurt could bear, serene
 To gaze amid consuming fire.
 Can we th' exact proportion'd form survey,
 Yet vainly hope t' elude her fascinating
 sway?
 Ah no! believe me, tis not giv'n
 To spurn this choicest gift of Heav'n:
 Tis not we may—we must approve
 This fountain of connubial love,
 This combination of all earthly joys,
 From whence extatic sweets and nameless
 pleasures rise.

AUBINUS.

EPIGRAM.

By Monsieur de VOLTAIRE.

VOUS Sonneurs, sans misericorde
 Persecuteurs du genre humain;
 Que n'avez vous au cou la corde
 Que vous tenez en votre main!

TRANSLATION.

YE rascals of ringers, ye merciless foes,
 And disturbers of all who are fond of re-
 pose,
 How I wish for the quiet and peace of the
 land,
 That ye wore round your necks what you
 held in your hand!

EPIGRAM

On the late creations of Lord D—, Lord
 H—, and the *Lord knows who*.

THEIR Sovereign's praise tho' Tories
 loudly ring,
 They cannot call him, sure, a *Peerless* King!

OBSERVATIONS on the CHARACTER of Dr. JOHNSON.

TO what shall we attribute so many per-
 formances concerning the daily conver-
 sation of Johnson, and the trivial occurrences
 of his life? Others, nothing inferior in lite-
 rary reputation, have been silently lamented
 by their friends, and quickly forgotten by the
 world. His memory, however, is not in-
 trusted to his works, but preserved from cor-
 ruption by the assiduity of those who remind
 us occasionally of the irreparable disaster sus-
 tained by humanity. If the anecdotes they
 have collected, if the observations they have
 preserved, did not conspire to degrade his
 character, some allowance might be made
 for the inconsiderate partiality of posthumous
 friendship. The conversation of Socrates
 was published to vindicate his name and en-

lighten posterity; but had it dishonoured his
 memory, the information it communicated
 would not have justified the imprudence of
 his followers. What then are we to think
 of those who preserve whatever can lessen,
 who publish whatever can vilify their de-
 parted friend?

Something of his brutality was generally
 known; but the most public exertions of
 friendship were necessary to convince us,
 that he was unable to practise the philosophy
 he endeavoured to inculcate. The world
 might still have been ignorant that religion
 could neither inspire him with meekness,
 nor philosophy soften the arrogance of his
 manners, or repress the asperity of his lan-
 guage. His friends, at the expence of what-

ever

ever is sacred in friendship, have discovered, and enabled us to estimate, a curious character.

His principal enjoyment was rational conversation; but he was neither an agreeable nor inoffensive companion. Impatient himself of contradiction, his conversation consisted in perpetual opposition to the opinions of others. He expected to meet with a deference which he never condescended to repay; and watched with attention, and checked with severity, the slightest approach to familiarity. Those who were silent incurred his dislike; while those who addressed him were treated with arrogance, often with insolence. He was jealous at the same time of those he despised; and, perhaps, apprehensive of being despised in his turn, was often enraged at an innocent whisper. His conversation was sententious, instructive, and frequently witty; but surely insufficient to atone for the pain it occasioned. He must have been sensible that happiness depends on the equality of the company, on the concealment of conscious superiority, on a benevolent attention to the feelings of others: but he frequented company rather for the fordid enjoyment of his own pre-eminence, than for the purpose of communicating the satisfaction he received. The madness of Swift he has imputed to his want of reading and absence of company, as the ideas were gradually effaced from the memory, which were neither recalled by conversation nor renewed by books. His own apprehensions of a similar calamity induced him perhaps to resort to company, in order to retain and increase his acquisitions; nor would he be solicitous in pleasing others, when his view was to preserve his superiority and extort their homage.

His mind, though extensive and elevated, was replete with illiberal prejudices. The superstitious notions of his mother, the arbitrary principles of Oxford, imbibed at an early period, were fortified, instead of being weakened, by his commerce with the world, and generated an aversion, which ripened with his years into hatred against all whose opinions, religious or political, were different from his own. He nourished an indiscriminate antipathy against all who departed from the Church of England; and that at a period when Christians had learned to respect their opponents, and examine their arguments with candour. When factions had ceased to embitter society, when parties could mingle in private life, and acknowledge that others were honest, though mistaken, he retained the animosities which dishonoured our councils, and distracted the nation, in the reign of Queen Anne. That "the dog was a Whig," was with him an unsumountable objection

to merit; nor was he willing to admit the possibility of a Whig being honest or wise. To Hume, or to Bolingbroke, he denied any more of the *lumières* than was barely sufficient to light him to hell; forgetting that the charity of the observation would prove but a poor introduction to heaven. His superstition was strangely tinged with incredulity; and he was tormented at the age of ten with the scruples of scepticism and the terrors of guilt. This situation was too painful, his fears were too urgent, to be endured any time; and having contrived to persuade himself that his soul was immortal, he formed his resolution, embraced his party, and commenced at once that zealous Christian which he always continued. Opinions inspired by terror are seldom examined with care. The terror that impelled him to religion, deterred him from enquiry. He durst not examine the foundation of his faith, and consequently could not distinguish philosophical piety from the superstitious issue of his gloomy imagination. In occurrences whose frequency rendered them probable, he was safe from the apprehensions of guilt or internal reproach, and freely indulged his incredulous disposition. But the miraculous commanded his attention, and arrested his faculties; nor would he venture to examine its evidence, lest its fallacy might renew his misery by subverting his faith. It is said, that the Cock-Lane Ghost was received with an easy implicit belief; and it is certain that he returned from the Hebrides persuaded of the truth of the second-sight, and convinced of the spurioussness of Ossian's Poems. The improbability of the former recommended itself; but the extreme probability of the latter obstructed its reception. He was ignorant of the nature of internal evidence, nor thought of comparing the Poems with the avowed productions of the translators. He might possibly have suspected them less, had they been announced as imparted by Ossian to Macpherson through the visionary medium of the second-sight.

As a Tory he was always notorious: but we are indebted to his friends for the discovery of his being a convert from the Jacobite Faction; or rather a Jacobite retaining his principles, but transferring his allegiance from the unfortunate Stuarts to royal munificence and congenial devotion. Subordination was one of his favourite topics, but he hated submission to others. It is said, that his principles were repugnant to his nature, as his pride estranged him from the great, whose authority he always defended; but his principles were perfectly conformable to the superiority he maintained, and the deference he exacted in the circles of his friends. His

hatreds were as numerous as his opinions, and sincerer perhaps than his friendships. He hated the Whigs, the dissenters, the Scotch; and the Fellows of Cambridge, as they were not Oxonians, incurred his resentment.

Such is the portrait his friends have delineated; and whatever they suffered from the brutality of the living, has been amply revenged on the memory of the dead. Instead of the amiable philosopher diffusing satisfaction to all who approached him, they tell us of an imperious pedant, cruel in his mirth, and fierce in his resentment. Instead of a friend to liberty, they unmasked the abettor of arbitrary power. For piety, they give us superstition; for judgment, dogmatical incredulity. They palliate the whole by extolling his charity; as if those whose tranquillity was disturbed, whose feelings were wounded by his insults, could be consoled by the reflexion of enjoying his compassion in their misery, and participating of his bounty in the extremity of their distress. Charity to inferiors does not extenuate insolence to equals; for where is the charity that renders our companion insignificant in his own, or despicable in the opinion of others? I allow that a man may be charitable though he sports with our feelings; but he is actuated by superstition, not by compassion or principle. It is not compassion, as that would prevent his inflicting distresses which he could not with patience endure; it is not principle, as

the constancy of its operation would not permit him to injure and dispose him to relieve; but it is the terrors of superstition, the fear of offending, the desire of appeasing the Deity, that renders him charitable, for the purpose of conciliating favour and expiating guilt. Johnson's charity was accordingly as extravagant as his terrors were unreasonable. Far from encouraging industrious honesty, he converted his house into an asylum for indolence and misery, entertained the poor whom the parish should feed, and pampered the lazy whom the public should punish.

His character, on the whole, is disgusting, but not uninteresting. Authors of eminence, while they learn to suspect the professions and mistrust the adulation of their obsequious friends, will discover the necessity of observing the precepts they deliver: they will be careful not to be transmitted to posterity in colours different from those they assume with the public; for whoever pretends to advise us insinuates, that such is the method he follows himself. The public will also be wiser; nor on the strength of professions will they credit an author for the practice of virtues. Those who instruct us in the duties of life, are often the worst in performing their parts; while others, whose writings we condemn as subversive of religion, and pernicious to morals, have been lamented as amiable companions, and affectionate friends.

ERICA.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS, June 30.

THE saloon of the Episcopal Palace of Lifeux, on the King's passing through that town in his excursion from Cherbourg, was superbly decorated with triumphal arches, under each of which was a marble pedestal. The Prelate de la Ferronaya, not having had sufficient time to get statues from Rouen or Paris, went into the town, selected little boys and girls from the age of ten to twelve, all remarkable for their beauty, had them dressed in white, and placed them in different attitudes on the pedestals; the King found the statues very natural, and praised the Bishop's sculptors very much. The Prelate, willing to undeceive the Sovereign, thus addressed him: "Sire! If your Majesty wishes that these statues should be animated, and that they should salute you, a word from your royal lips will effect the miracle." The King smiled, consented to give the order, and saw with agreeable surprise that the statues bowed with the most enchanting obedience. His Majesty ordered four Louis to be given to each of the children, and gave M. de la Ferronaya credit for his invention.

Malta, July 1. The Grand Master lately sent a pair of rich bracelets, set with rubies, to Madame Dufrenoi, in consideration of the brave, heroic, and truly extraordinary conduct of that lady against an Algerine corsair, which attacked the ship on board of which she was a passenger. This ship was sailing to Genoa, and having been overtaken by the barbarians, was so roughly handed by the first broadside, that she was in danger of sinking. The crew of the corsair taking advantage of the confusion, attempted to board the ship sword in hand, which was on the point of surrendering, when Madame Dufrenoi seizing the sabre of one of the wounded sailors, fought with such courage as astonished even the enemies themselves. All those within her reach were overthrown. The crew of the Genoese ship re-animated by this example, performed prodigies of valour, and after an obstinate engagement, board and board, obliged the corsair to sheer off. Madame Dufrenoi, on her arrival at this port, was received by the Marquis de St. Christopheaux, who complimented her, crowned her with laurels, and sent her portrait to the Queen of France.

Peterburgh, July 4. Orders have been issued here for continuing to the British merchants till the first of January, 1787, the principal privileges and immunities secured to them by the late treaty of commerce, the term of which expired the first of this instant July.—*London Gazette.*

Gottingen, July 23. The three youngest Princes of Great Britain were entered of this University on the sixth of this month, each of them accompanied by a governor, a preceptor, and a gentleman; their Royal Highnesses are lodged in one house, and the expences of their table fixed at 600 crowns per week, including two grand institution dinners, to which the Professors and some Students are invited. Professor Meyer teaches the Princes the German language; Mr. Heyne instructs them in Latin; the Ecclesiastic Counsellor Less teaches them Religion; and the Counsellor Fede instructs them in Morality; these masters are rewarded by an extraordinary appointment of 1000 crowns per annum each.

Paris, July 31. The Parliament of Bourdeaux were lately summoned to Versailles for having refused to register an order of his Majesty by which he invested the Duke of Polignac with a right over those grounds (islands and islets excepted) produced by the alluvions of the Garonne and the sea. The proprietors of the lands remonstrated, that, as they were never indemnified in cases of overflowings, they thought it unjust to be deprived now and then of those little benefits arising by the waters retiring to the sea; that as the king had already the islands and islets formed by contingencies, the inhabitants on the coast of Guienne humbly solicited that such casualty might be considered as part of their property, &c. There are about 100 of them. They were admitted to an audience on Friday last, and on the 29th instant. His Majesty most graciously condescended to appoint two proper persons on the side of the Crown, and gave leave to the Senators to name two others on their side, that proper enquiries might be made into the nature of the affair in question. They were reminded at the same time, that as *nullum tempus occurrat Regi*, the monarch was sole master of whatever chance or other accidents should throw on the coast of the kingdom; and that it was an unheard-of temerity in them to threaten with capital punishments whoever should attempt to enforce his Majesty's orders for seizures of that kind. It seems that the Parliament had publicly declared, that whoever attempted to deprive the proprietors of the lands of the benefit of their alluvions should be deemed guilty of death.

The following are copies of the two speeches of the King of France to the Parliament

of Bourdeaux, at the opening and conclusion of their attendance on his Majesty at Versailles.

On their first audience the Most Christian King, addressed them thus:—

“I have caused to be laid before me, the registers and other papers which I ordered to be brought to me. I cannot but behold with surprize and discontent, that my Parliament of Bourdeaux should have meddled in affairs which are foreign to it; and that it has allowed itself the liberty to pass resolutions contradicting what I have ordered, after I had made known to them my intentions in the most solemn manner. I am going to erase from your registers, what is contrary to that respect which is due to me, and which my Parliament should not have permitted to be done. I also intend to let you know my will upon the business for which I have commanded your attendance here.”

His Majesty's Speech at the conclusion of their attendance, on the 29th ult.

“You have heard my will. I rely that my Parliament will conform exactly to what I have laid down, with that fidelity and respect which it owes me. The *Domaine* is one of the most inherent patrimonies of the Crown. I must watch attentively to the preservation of its rights; but I never will permit that the claims of it should go so far as to deprive lawful possessors of their properties. My Parliament knows the love I have for my subjects, and the desire I have to see justice done to them. I have permitted my Courts of Justice to make representations to me, relative to what concerns the welfare of my subjects; but I never will suffer that they should presume to forbid what I have ordained. *It does not belong to you to weigh in the scale of justice my rights and those of my subjects.* I am the sole, supreme guardian of the interests of my people; interests which cannot be separated from mine. *Your acts and resolutions can never give you a title to resist my authority.* It is from that you hold the honours, the duties of which you fill. You cannot overlook it, without weakening the portion I have confided to you.

“Return to your duty. Never lose sight of your first object, which is to distribute impartial justice to my subjects. I know that there is a considerable quantity of business retarded. I order you to take measures to accelerate its conclusion. Let your zeal for my service put an end to divisions amongst you, as it is prejudicial to that good order which it is my will to maintain. Such are my intentions. I rely that you will conform to them, and by so doing you will merit my confidence and protection. I command you all to meet at Bourdeaux on the 21st of next month.”

Colony, Aug. 1. Prince Charles of Mecklenburgh Strelitz has requested and obtained a dismission from all his military appointments, but his Britannic Majesty has granted him a considerable pension, with the rank of Field

Marshal: the regiment of Hanoverian guards goes to Prince Edward, fourth son to the King of England, and the Field Marshal Van Rheden has been appointed Commandant of Hanover.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

ACCOUNTS received from Wilmington, Virginia, dated June the 7th, say, "The State of Virginia lately passed an act to present to General Washington fifty shares in the new company established for making the rivers James and Potowmack navigable, notice of which act was given him by a letter from the Governor of the State. The General has returned an answer, in which, after expressing his gratitude for this mark of the esteem in which his countrymen hold his exertions for their service, he absolutely refuses the proffered present. The concluding paragraph shews a noble disinterestedness:

'When,' says the General, 'I was for the first time called to the station which the United States honoured me with, during the war we maintained for our liberty, I thought it my duty to join, to the just distrust I entertained of my own abilities, the firm resolution of never accepting any pecuniary reward. I have invariably conformed to this resolution; and even should I now be tempted to break it, I do not think myself at liberty. I therefore repeat my thanks to the legislative body for their generous and favourable sentiments with regard to me; and at the same time that I entreat they will be persuaded, that I shall always preserve the most lively gratitude for this signal mark of their goodness, I make it my humble request, that they will not be displeased with my refusal of the emoluments offered me; but if the General Assembly should think proper to permit me to apply that fund to a public use, I would study to appropriate it to such objects as should appear best to answer its wife and patriotic views.'

July 22. At the Quarter-sessions for Middlesex, Mrs. Elizabeth Wade was tried for setting fire to her lodgings near Cold Bath Fields. Many respectable witnesses were examined, who proved that large quantities of gunpowder and other combustibles were found loose, in boxes, drawers, &c. in her apartment, which she had left about half an hour before, under pretence of going into the country; and one considerable explosion had actually taken place when the fire was discovered, and happily extinguished, by which the house, and the people therein, narrowly escaped from being blown up. It was also proved, that she had a short time before the

accident insured 1,500l. with the London Assurance Corporation, and that her property found on the premises was not worth 20l. so that her guilt was, after a trial of several hours, so clearly established, that the jury instantly found her guilty. The Chairman proceeded to pass sentence on her for this offence, by which the neighbourhood was in danger of being destroyed, and the London Assurance defrauded of a large sum of money, and directed that she should pay a fine of one shilling, and be imprisoned twelve months.

25. The Duke of Bedford's house at Woburn-Abbey is to be kept open for eight days, on account of his Grace's being of age. On Saturday last he completed his 21st year. Upwards of 4000 persons dined on the grounds on Sunday.

26. This evening, about nine o'clock, as Mr. Rae, surgeon, of Hanover-street, was returning from a ride by Park-lane, a kite in a boy's hand startled his horse, which threw Mr. Rae on the stones, and kicked him several times on his head; he was carried home a most mangled spectacle, where he expired about one o'clock the next morning.

The session ended at the Old Bailey, and the Recorder passed sentence on twelve capital convicts—when Samuel Burt, for forgery (in whose behalf insanity had been pleaded), was set to the bar, and the usual question asked him, "What have you to say, why the Court should not give you judgment to die according to the law?" he addressed the Court as follows:—"My Lord, I am too sensible of the crime which I have committed, and for which I justly deserve to suffer; my life I have forfeited, and wish to resign it into the hands of Him who gave it me. To give my reasons for this, would only satisfy an idle curiosity: no one can feel a more sensible heart-felt satisfaction in the hopes of shortly passing into eternity, wherein I trust I shall meet with great felicity. I have not the least desire to live; and though the Jury and the Court on my trial thought proper to recommend me to mercy, if his Majesty should, in consequence thereof, grant me a respite, I here vow in the face of Heaven, that I will put an end to my own existence as soon as I can. It is death

death that I wish for, because nothing but death can extricate me from the troubles which my follies have involved me in."

When the prisoner had done speaking, the worthy Magistrate expostulated with him upon the singularity of his request; but the prisoner in a resolute, yet modest tone, declared "he still persisted in it, and that if he should *not* be ordered for execution, he would take the first opportunity of laying violent hands upon himself." He seemed exceedingly collected, and was taken to his cell, after respectfully bowing to the Court.

One received sentence of transportation for fourteen years to Africa; three for seven years to Africa; twenty-nine to parts beyond the seas; twenty to be imprisoned; ten to be whipped; and twenty-seven discharged by proclamation.

27. This morning, a little before one o'clock, a fire broke out at Messrs. Johnston and Butler's cabinet warehouse, Catherine-street, Strand, which consumed the same, burnt through into Helmet-court, and greatly damaged three or four houses.

28. This morning Mark Powell, convicted in May session of forgery on Messrs. Poland and Co. and John Wilkinson for stealing two mourning rings, a silver watch, and 30 guineas, in the dwelling house of Owen Annally, were executed in the Old Bailey pursuant to their sentences.

Aug. 1. The paper money, for the issuing of which the legislature of South-Carolina passed a law at their last session, is now come into circulation. The principal merchants of Charlestown have "engaged and bound themselves to each other in the most solemn manner, on their honour, to receive it equal to gold and silver, making no distinction in payments for debts due to, or for any articles hereafter to be sold by them."

The Delegates of Massachusetts, at a meeting of Congress in April last, moved for the loan of sixty pieces of brass field artillery; which was rejected, on a division, 13 against 5; Congress at the same time recommending it to every State not supplied with such artillery and stores, to procure them without delay.

A treaty of amity and commerce between his Prussian Majesty and the United States of America have been formally ratified by Congress.

In the treaty between the King of Prussia and the United States of America, there are some provisos which are highly worthy the attention of mankind. The contracting parties agree, that in case any Power goes to war with either, they shall continue a free commerce with the enemies of each, but shall

not act, either by commission or letter of marque, in favour of such enemies, under the penalty of being treated as pirates.

There is another clause in this new compact which does honour to humanity. It is agreed by both parties, that in case of any unforeseen rupture between them, which may hereafter produce hostilities, "No women, children, men of letters, farmers, artisans, and fishermen, who are not found in arms, and who live in unfortified cities, towns, and villages; in short, all whose vocation tends to the subsistence and general good of the human race, shall have liberty to continue their respective professions, and remain unmolested in their persons and property. But if, as it may sometimes happen in carrying on the barbarous trade of war, any houses or goods belonging to persons of the above description shall be burnt, or otherwise destroyed by the enemy, or their fields ravaged, or they should be obliged from necessity to give up any part of their property, the full value of it shall be repaid them, upon a claim being made on the State whose troops or seamen were reduced to adopt such inimical measures.

A third article, equally benevolent, obliges the contracting Powers to protect all merchant ships not employed in carrying ammunition, &c. should a war happen between them; and that nothing shall be done on either side to destroy or even interrupt the freedom of commerce.

Mr. Pleasants, merchant on James-river, Virginia, has lately given freedom to all his negroes, which consisted of several men and women, boys, wenches, and children. This stock, at a low valuation, is known to have been worth 3000*l.* sterling. This is a rare instance of sacrificing so much interest on the altar of humanity, and will certainly not pass without its reward. Mr. Pleasants is one of the people called Quakers.

This day, the Commissioners named by act of Parliament for reducing the national debt, began to carry the act into execution, when their broker bought 7,100*l.* South-sea Annuities, as being the cheapest stock, and they will continue to buy the same sum every day, either in the South Sea or 3 per cent. Bank annuities, whichever shall be the cheapest. —Mr. Benj. Cole is appointed Broker to the Commissioners, with a salary of 400*l.* per annum.

The States of Holland, at their meeting of the 27th of last month, came to a resolution, that the command of the Hague should not be restored to the Stadtholder. The members were, for the resolution 10; against it 9.

Bishop Watson has lately sold Mr. Luther's landed legacy to him in Suffex, for 25,000*l.*

to Lord Egremont. The rent of this estate was barely worth 400*l.* per annum.

The account of the suppression of the Christian religion in China is confirmed by letters received in Paris.

On the 26th ult. the following melancholy accident happened at Montpellier: A wooden building, employed as a temporary playhouse (the regular theatre having been burnt last year) being too much crowded, the upper boxes, unable to support the weight, fell, with part of the roof, into the pit, and instantly crushed to death five hundred people. An account of this shocking event was received, by express, at Paris the 2d instant.

5. The Duke of Saxe Gotha, uncle of his Majesty, and brother of the late Prince of Dowager of Wales, who has been for several days in England, and travels as a private nobleman, does not appear publicly (on account of his advanced age) at the drawing-rooms, but pays his respects to their Majesties at Kew and Windsor.

It is said the Duke of York has purchased the estate of Lord Galway, in Yorkshire, for 100,000*l.*

Lord Galway has purchased Claremont, formerly the property of the Duke of Newcastle, but re-built by the late Lord Clive, and now sold by the present Lord for 25,000*l.*

7. Lady Glenorchy lately died in Scotland, and has left her fortune in the following way: The great bulk of it she has given to Lady Maxwell, commonly called the pious Lady Maxwell. She has left 5000*l.* to propagate christianity in Sutherland and Breadalbain—5000*l.* to propagate Christianity in Dorsetshire. She has left her beautiful villa, near Matlock, to Captain Scott, the methodist preacher—and to her own mother, Lady Alva, she has left only 1000*l.* although Lady Alva had, a year or two ago, returned her a bond, by which she had settled 200*l.* a year on her mother for life. To her niece, the Countess of Sutherland, who was always in expectation of the bulk of her fortune, she has not left a shilling. She was dissatisfied with the Countess's marriage, and with Lady Alva for having countenanced it.

The obstacles which have for some time past delayed the distribution of the late archbishop Secker's charitable legacies, being at length removed by the authority of the Court of Chancery (to which the bishop of Chester, the only surviving trustee, found it necessary to apply) they have all been lately paid as follow:

To the society for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts, for the general uses of the society. Three per cent, consols

£ 1000

To the same society, towards the establishing a bishop or bishops in the king's dominions in America 1000

To the society for promoting christian knowledge 500

To the Irish protestant working schools 500

To the corporation for relieving the widows and children of the poor clergy 500

To the society of the stewards of the said charity 200

To Bromley College in Kent 500

To the hospitals of the Archbishop of Canterbury at Croydon, St. John at Canterbury, and St. Nicholas, Harbledown, 500*l.* each 1500

To St. George's and the London Hospitals, and the Lying-in hospital in Brownlow-street, 500*l.* each 1500

To the Asylum in the parish of Lambeth 400

To the Magdalen hospital, the Lock hospital, the small-pox and inoculation hospitals, to each of which his grace was a subscriber, 300*l.* each 900

To the incurables at St. Luke's hospital 500

Towards repairing or rebuilding the houses belonging to poor livings in the diocese of Canterbury 2000

£ 11,000

11. Friday Lord Tankerville resigned his office of Joint Post-Master General to the King.

This day the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, Sheriffs, and Common Council of the city of London, waited upon his Majesty with an Address, which was read by James Adair, Esq. the Recorder.

To which Address his Majesty was pleased to return the following most gracious answer:

"I receive, with the greatest pleasure, the very affectionate expressions of your duty and attachment to me, and thank you for your congratulations upon the providential deliverance from the attack which has been lately made upon my person: These professions cannot but be acceptable to me from my loyal city of London, to whom I am always disposed to shew every mark of attention and regard."

After which his Majesty was pleased to confer the honour of Knighthood on Benjamin Hammett, Esq. one of the Aldermen of the city of London.

This Gazette also contains Addresses from Southampton, the Mayor and Corporation of Salisbury, the inhabitants of Salisbury, the boroughs of Southwark, Windsor, Hertford, and Horsham.

Extract of a Letter from Salisbury, Aug. 13.

"On Thursday last M. St. Croix ascended in a balloon from Mr. Hutchins's yard, near St. Martin's church, amidst the acclamations of a prodigious multitude of people. The balloon was of silk, large, transparent, and adorned with a pleasing variety of colours in stripes; its shape nearly that of a pear, round at the top, and verging to a point at its lower extremity. Over the whole was thrown a strong net, and some cords to which the car was appended. About two o'clock, the weather being remarkably fine, the aeronaut took his station in the car, and, after performing two or three manœuvres, consigned himself to the air. The wind blowing lightly from the west, his ascent was magnificently slow, and beautiful beyond description. He continued to ascend about three quarters of an hour longer; soon after which he began to descend, and about twenty minutes after three o'clock he alighted in perfect safety about half a mile from Romsey, and the next morning returned to this city."

15. The Parliament of Ireland is proclaimed by proclamation in this night's Gazette, to the 19th of September.

Extract of a letter from Whitehaven, Aug. 16.

"A few minutes before two o'clock on Friday morning the shock of an earthquake was felt very sensibly in this town and neighbourhood, and the agitation, according to the most minute observations respecting it, continued from three to five seconds.—The weather, as observed immediately after the motion ceased, was close and sultry, the barometer stood at $29\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and there was no wind.—Its direction is supposed to have been from the south-east, accompanied by a rumbling noise in the air: There was not sufficient light to make any other observation immediately after the shock, except that of the atmosphere being very thick and hazy. The consternation it caused in this town was very great; three people in different parts of the town, were thrown off their feet, and one of them considerably hurt, but no further damage was done.—We have accounts of the shock being felt at Workington, Cockermouth, Keswick, Abbey Holm, Wigton, Carlisle, Kendal, Lancaster, Preston, Appleby, and other places, but no damage was done. In the Isle of Man, and at Dublin, no damage whatever. The shock was also felt at Newcastle, in most parts of the north of England, and in some parts of Scotland."

18. The King was this day pleased to confer the honour of knighthood on William Hillman, Esq. Mayor of the city of Winchester; Alexander Hamilton, Esq. Sheriff of the county of Devon; and Stephen Nash, Esq. Sheriff of the city of Bristol.

This Gazette contains also congratulatory Addresses to his Majesty from the Corporation of Oxford, the town and neighbourhood of Witney, the town of Kingston-upon-Hull, the Dean, Sub-dean, Priests, Organists, and Composers, the Gentlemen, Serjeant, and Yeomen of the Royal Chapels, the University of Cambridge, the county of Middlesex, the inhabitants of the liberty of the Tower of London, the Hon. Artillery Company, the county of Surrey, the county of Devon, the High Sheriff and Grand Jury of Norfolk, the cities of Norwich, Exeter, Litchfield, and Bristol, the Society of Merchant Venturers of Bristol, the city of Winchester, the borough of Launceston, presented by the Duke of Northumberland, the town of Marlborough, and the borough of Buckingham, on his Majesty's late escape from Assassination, all of which were very graciously received.

And lastly, an account of investing his Serene Highness the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel with the habit and ensigns of the most noble order of the Garter.

20. *The following Form of Thanksgiving was read in all Churches and Chapels this day, both Morning and Evening, after the general Thanksgiving.*

"O Lord God of our salvation, in whose hands are the issues of life, and by whose Almighty power all the kingdoms of the earth are governed, we humbly prostrate ourselves before thee with all thankfulness for the providential deliverance of thy servant, our Sovereign, from the great danger to which his life was lately exposed. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, O God, thou preserver of men, for this signal instance of thy goodness to these nations. We laud and magnify thy glorious Name, that notwithstanding our manifold sins and transgressions, Thou hast not forgotten to be gracious to thy servants.

"Continue, we beseech Thee, the favour of thy countenance to thine anointed, and to us his people. Let thy Almighty hand ever be over him; let not the arm of violence approach to hurt him. Bless him in his person, and his Royal Family. Sanctify the means and instruments of all his righteous purposes; direct his counsels, and prosper his undertakings, to the establishment and promotion of thy true religion, and to the comfort of thy faithful people. Finally, let the manifestations of thy mercy and loving-kindness ever create and maintain in us sorrow for our sins, reformation of our lives, and trust in thy salvation, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen."

To remove fruit-stains from lace, muslin, calico, linen, &c. soak it in water, and expose the place to the vapour of burning brimstone. The vapour will remove the blemish in less than a minute.

Oxford, August 19. Last Saturday, between ten and eleven in the morning, their Majesties, the Princess Royal, Princess Augusta, and Princess Elizabeth, arrived at Nuneham, on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Harcourt.

At Nuneham their Majesties spent the whole day, and took a view of the new improvements in the gardens, pleasure-grounds, and park.

On Sunday, after attending divine service at Nuneham, the King, Queen, and Princesses, with their attendants, set out for Oxford; and about half past one o'clock, were received at the eastern gate of the Schools by the Vice Chancellor, Duke of Marlborough, the Marquis of Blandford, Heads of Houses, Doctors, Professors, and other officers of the University, in their proper habits, who ushered their Majesties into the Divinity School; from whence in grand procession they entered the Theatre, where the King took the Chancellor's chair; the Queen and Princesses were seated on his Majesty's left hand.

Upon entering the Theatre, their Majesties were saluted with a voluntary on the full organ, and after a short pause the Vice-Chancellor approached the Throne with an address on his Majesty's happy deliverance "from the late alarming and horrid attempt to deprive these kingdoms of that invaluable life, to which we owe the inestimable blessings of protection and security, the genuine effects of a mild and equal government;" and to which his Majesty was pleased to return this most gracious answer.

"Such dutiful sentiments, on my second visit to this seat of learning, accompanied by affectionate congratulations on the protection of Divine Providence manifested by the failure of the attempt on my life, call forth my warmest thanks.

"I am not less sensible of your expressions towards the Queen.

"The University of Oxford may ever depend on my inclination to encourage every branch of science; as the more my subjects are enlightened, the more they must be attached to the excellent constitution established in this realm."

From the Theatre the Royal Family went to New-College, to take a second view of the Chapel, and the new window painted by Jervais; from thence to Wadham College and to Trinity, where after seeing the garden and the Chapel, their Majesties were shown into the Hall. Here an elegant repast was upon the tables.

From Trinity College their Majesties went to Lincoln and Brazen-Nose, and from thence to the Council Chamber of this city, where

his Majesty signified his Royal intention of receiving the address from the city; which being read by the Town-Clerk, and delivered by the Worshipful the Mayor, was most graciously received; after which the Mayor, Aldermen, &c. kissed the King's hand, and Richard Tawney, Esq. senior Alderman, received the honor of Knighthood.

From the Council Chamber their Majesties proceeded to Christ Church, where they took a view of the library, and of the collection of pictures presented to the college by the late General Guise; as likewise the Cathedral, the Chapter House, and the Hall.

It being now half past six o'clock, their Majesties, with their attendants, returned to dinner at Nuneham.

On Monday morning their Majesties and the three elder Princesses, attended by the Duchesses of Ancafter, Lord and Lady Harcourt, and others of their suite, honoured Blenheim with a visit. Seven of the Duke of Marlborough's keepers, in their green uniforms, were stationed on Campsfield to escort their Majesties through Woodstock. They proceeded through the town amidst the joyful acclamations of the inhabitants, and a numerous assembly collected from the neighbouring villages.

Their entrance into the Park, through the Woodstock gate, was announced about eleven o'clock, by the firing of cannon from the fort situated on the Great Lake. The magnificent scene which now opened at once to their view, did not fail to produce its wonted effect, it being observed, that the drivers were instantly commanded to slacken their pace, and proceed slowly to the entrance of the mansion. The Duke and Duchesses of Marlborough, with their family, awaited the arrival of the Royal Visitors on the hall steps, and conducted them through the great hall, saloon, and suite of rooms on the West side, to a splendid collation prepared for them in the library. From hence they proceeded to view the other apartments; and were pleased to express uncommon satisfaction at the assemblage of elegant magnificence which the rare collection of pictures and choice assortment of furniture every where exhibited. At two o'clock a variety of carriages belonging to the Duke of Marlborough being ready for their accommodation, their Majesties drove round the Park; which having surveyed at the most striking points of view, they alighted near the Cascade, where they spent some time in admiring the improvements lately made there, and most graciously joined in the general approbation of the Duke's judicious taste. They returned to the house by the Terrace-walk, which commands a prospect of the great

great water. His Grace's observatory, with its ample apparatus, was reserved by the Royal Visitors for the last object of their inspection. At six o'clock they took their leave of Blenheim and returned to Nuneham.

The following Copy of Verses, composed on the morning of the Royal Visit, was presented to his Majesty at Blenheim :

On their Majesties' Visit to the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, at Blenheim, August 14, 1786.

DREAD Sovereign, hail ! an humble Bard
His loyal gratulation pays :

Ah ! how unequal are his lays

To win a Monarch's great regard.

No CHAUCER now delights those groves
With Poesy's enchanting sound ;
Yet still disport the purple Loves,
And still the Graces hover round :
Matur'd by years, improv'd by taste,
Each lovelier scene is fairer made,
Than when BRITANNIA'S Monarchs blest
With daily smiles this rural shade.

Illustrious Sire ! ordain'd to prove
The ardour of a nation's love ;
By every royal gift endear'd,
By every rank ador'd, rever'd ;
By Guardian Angels sav'd from fate,
Who mindful of BRITANNIA'S weal,
Thy sacred steps, well-pleas'd, beset,
And turn'd aside the frantic steel —
To Woodstock welcome.—May the day
With brightest lustre shine,
That gives our eyes their richest feast,
The sight of BRUNSWICK'S line.

At Fancy's call, Time's vista meets my sight ;
A splendid group of Kings appear,
Who shed benignant lustre here,
And fought these bowers with ever fresh de-
light.

An ALFRED'S sacred name we boast,
Whose valour sav'd this sea-girt isle ;
Whose Genius bade the Muses smile,
And woo'd them to the Northern coast.
To HENRIES, EDWARDS, hallow'd names !
The Muse recurs with reverence due ;
But more a GEORGE'S worth inflames,
And veils their glories from her view.

O ! blest in all that can adorn
The Monarch or the Man ;
To scatter happiness intent,
The Public good to plan :

What raptures must pervade thy breast,
When Memory aids the royal thought ;

And shews what former Kings possess,
And what thy greater bounty wrought.

In public love, in private bliss,
Unrival'd shines a GEORGE'S reign ;
And future ages envying this,
The charming scene shall paint again.
And may the Bard who tunes the lays
In distant æras, tell this isle,
That GEORGE'S long and happy days
Were cheer'd with CHARLOTTE'S heavenly
smile ;

That riches flow'd from commerce spread ;
That arts were cherish'd by the throne,
That Peace and Plenty rear'd their head,
And call'd a happy realm their own.

22. The Gazette of this night contains Addresses to his Majesty from the following places : University of Cambridge, County of Warwick, City of Coventry ; Boroughs of Newport, Banbury, Abingdon, St. Alban's, Devizes, Guildford, and Chipping Wycomb ; and from the Towns of Shrewsbury and Lancaster.

The following anecdote relative to the attempt on the King's life, does much honour to the humanity and presence of mind of the Spanish Charge des Affaires :—That gentleman, the moment he heard of the above villainous attempt, went post to Windsor, and immediately introduced himself to the Queen—not as a man of common sagacity would have done, in order to assure her Majesty that the King had received no injury from the knife of the assassin ; but solely with an intention to engage her in conversation, and thereby to prevent her from hearing any report at all, until the King's arrival. In this design he happily succeeded, and then took leave of their Majesties, leaving the King to tell the story himself. The King shook him very graciously by the hand, and assured him that he hardly knew a man in the world to whom he was so much obliged.

At a public meeting of the people called Quakers held on Sunday last at Wandsworth, an humble address was offered to God for the happy escape of his Majesty from the late attempt to assassinate his royal person.

27. The Dutton, General Coote, Barwell, Belmont, Deptford, and Essex, East-India-men have arrived safe from that country during the course of this month.

PREFERMENTS, AUGUST 1786.

THE Rev. John Ekins, D. D. Dean of Sarum Cathedral, vice the Rev. Dr. Rowney Noel, dec.

The Rev. Richard Kilvert, M. A. a Prebendary of Worcester Cathedral, vice the Rev. Dr. John Young, dec.

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Miss Burney, daughter of Dr. Burney, to be Dresser to the Queen, vice Mrs. Haggadorn, who is gone to Germany.

Joseph Brame, Esq. to be his Majesty's Consul at Genoa, vice John Collet, Esq. dec.

George Jennings, Esq. to be his Majesty's Consul

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Consul in the Islands of Majorca, Minorca, and Ivica, vice George Morden, Esq. dec.

Earl of Dartmouth, to be High Steward of the University of Oxford, vice Lord Legh, dec.

Aug. 8. The dignities of a Baron and Earl of the kingdom of Great-Britain to his Grace John Murray, Duke of Athol, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the name, stile, and title of Baron Murray, of Stanley, in the county of Gloucester, and Earl Strange.

The dignity of a Viscount of Great-Britain to the Right Hon. James Earl of Abercorn, and his heirs male, by the name, stile, and title of Viscount Hamilton, of Hamilton in the county of Litchester; with remainder to John James Hamilton, Esq. son of the Hon. James Hamilton, deceased, late brother to the said James Earl of Abercorn, and his heirs male.

The dignity of a Baron of Great-Britain to his Grace George Montagu, Duke of Montagu, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, by the name, stile, and title of Baron Montagu, of Boughton in the county of Northampton; with remainder to Lord Henry James Montagu, second son of his Grace Henry Duke of Buccleugh, Knight of the Most Ancient Order of the Thistle, and of Elizabeth Duchess of Buccleugh his wife, daughter of the said George Duke of Montagu, and his heirs male; and with remainder to the third and other after-born sons of the said Duchess successively in tail male.

The dignity of a Baron of Great-Britain to his Grace Wm. Douglas, Duke of Queensbury, Knight of the Most Ancient Order of the Thistle, and his heirs male, by the name, stile, and title of Lord Douglas, Baron Douglas, of Amelbury in the county of Wilts.

The dignity of a Baron of Great-Britain to the Right Hon. George de la Poer, Earl of Tyrone, of the kingdom of Ireland, Knight of the Illustrious Order of St. Patrick, and his heirs male, by the name, stile, and title of Baron Tyrone, of Haverfordwest in the county of Pembroke.

The dignity of a Baron of Great-Britain to the Right Hon. Richard Boyle, Earl of Shannon, of the kingdom of Ireland, Knight of the Illustrious Order of St. Patrick, and his heirs male, by the name, stile, and title of Baron Carleton, of Carleton in the county of York.

The dignity of a Baron of Great-Britain to the Right Hon. John Hufley, Baron Delaval, of the kingdom of Ireland, and his heirs male, by the name, stile, and title of Lord Delaval, Baron of Delaval, in Northumberland.

Also to grant the like dignity of a Baron of Great-Britain to the several gentlemen following and their heirs male, by the names, stiles, and titles under-mentioned, viz.

The Right Hon. Charles Jenkinson, Lord Hawkebury, Baron of Hawkebury, in the county of Gloucester.

Sir Harbord Harbord, Bart. Lord Suffield, Baron of Suffield, in the county of Norfolk: And

Sir Guy Carleton, K. B. Lord Dorchester, Baron of Dorchester, in the county of Oxford.

B. Burton, Esq. to the Chief Justiceship of Antigua, in the room of Mr. Jarvis, dec.

Thomas Fauquier, Esq. one of the Gentlemen Uihers Daily Waiters to her Majesty, vice William Allen, Esq. dec.

40th Regiment of Foot. Major-General George Osborn to be Colonel, vice Sir Robert Hamilton, dec.

3d (Highland) Regiment. Major-General William Medows, Colonel, vice Sir George Osborn.

Joseph Smith, Esq. Secretary to the Rt. Hon. William Pitt, Comptroller of the Mint, in the room of John Buller, Esq. dec.

The Rev. Charles Moss. M. A. Prebendary of Salisbury, to be Canon Residentiary of that Cathedral, in the room of his Father, the Bishop of Bath and Wells.

The Rev. Dr. Cooper, of Kirby-Overblow, to be Archdeacon of Yorkshire.

A. Ferguson, Esq. to be Collector-General of the Port Duties in the West-India Islands, Jamaica excepted.

Mr. Palmer, of Bath, Surveyor and Comptroller General of the Post-Office, with a Salary of fifteen hundred pounds a-year, and a per centage upon the future increase of the Post-Office revenue.

Henry Calverley Cotton, Esq. to the Office of Receiver General for the county of Chester, vice Thomas Mills, Esq.

Mr Godfrey Green to be Receiver-General of the Stamp Duties in Ireland, worth near 1200l. a-year, in the room of Lord Nass, who resigned.

BIRTHS, JUNE—AUGUST, 1786.

JUNE 8.

THE Hereditary Princess of Baden Dourlach, of a Prince, since christened Charles Frederick Louis.

The reigning Duchess of Saxe Weimar of a Princess, who was baptised and named Caroline Louisa.

17. The lady of the hon. and rev. Jacob Marsham, of a son.

Later 17 et 18. The Infanta Donna Mari-

ana of Portugal, (married last year to the Infant Don Gabriel) of a Prince, since christened Peter Charles Anthony Raphael Joseph January Francis John Nepomucene Thomas Mark Marcelino Vincent Raymont Nonat Peter of Alcantara Ferdinand.

The lady of Sir James Lake, bart. of a son.
29. The lady of Richard Master, Esq. M. P. for Cirencester, of a son.

Aug. The Countess of Sutherland of a son.

MARRIAGES, JULY and AUGUST 1786.

MXIMENES, of Bear-Place, Berks, Esq; to Miss Serra, only daughter and heiress of the late P. Serra, Esq.

Capt. Allen Cooper, Commander of the East-India ship Atlas, to Miss Susannah Maria Moul, of their Majesties household.

Lord Fairford, to Miss Sondes, niece of Lord Sondes.

The Rev. Edward Bowles, of Bristol, to Miss Jane Middleton, of Bampton in Oxfordshire.

Col. Trelawney, of the Coldstream regiment of foot-guards, to Miss Hawkins, of Portland-place.

Andrew Barkley, Esq; a Captain in the Royal Navy, to Miss Willis, of Dover-street.

John Bradney, Esq; of Streatham, to Miss Wathen, of Clapham.

The Rev. Henry Holyoake, of Bedford Grainge, to Miss Willes, eldest daughter of the Rev. Charles Willes, rector of Whichford and Cherington, in Warwickshire.

Beefton Long, Esq; of Bishopsgate-street, to Miss Neave, of New-Broad-street.

The Rev. Mr. King, of Whitchampton, to Miss Nicholls, of Dorchester.

At Dublin, the Right Hon. John Fitzgibbon, his Majesty's Attorney-general for Ireland, to Miss Whalley, daughter to the late Chappel Whalley, Esq.

Capt. Leo, of the Royal Volunteers, to Miss Letitia Davies, of Llanwich, in Denbighshire.

Drummond Smith, Esq; to Miss Cunliff, daughter of the late Sir Elias Cunliff, Bart.

Capt. Walker, in the East-India Company's service, to Miss Ludlow, daughter of Dr. Ludlow, of Bristol.

Dr. Blane, physician to St. Thomas's hospital, to Miss Gardner, of Charles-street, Berkley-square.

The Rev. Mr. Watson, one of the Prebends of Lincoln Cathedral, to Mrs. Lawson, of Lancaster.

The Rev. James Heap, rector of Cottingham, in Northamptonshire, to Miss Alanfon, niece of the late Dr. Barker, Principal of Brazen-Nose College, Oxford.

The Rev. Dr. Evans, of Harley-street, to Miss Howard, daughter of the late Gerrard Howard, Esq.

Edward Thurlow, Esq; of Rollesby, near Yarmouth, nephew of the present Lord Chancellor, to Miss Thompson, of Yarmouth.

Mr. William Cross, distiller, of Bristol, to Miss Fewtrell, of Worcester.

At Calcutta, the Hon. Capt. Monson, brother to the Right Hon. Lord Monson, to Miss Debonnaire.

Richard Corrie, Esq; of Hertford, to

Mrs. Jenkins, relict of the late Rev. J. Jenkins, D. D.

The Rev. James Cullum, brother to Sir Thomas Grey Cullum, Bart. to Miss Anne Blagrove, daughter of ——— Blagrove, Esq; of Calcot, Berks.

The Rev. Mr. Smith, of Crux-Easton, Hants, to Mrs. Baskett, of Donnington, Berks.

Capt. Thomas Wakefield, in the East-India Company's service, to Miss Susannah Wade, of Croydon.

Captain John Hamilton, of his Majesty's Navy, to Miss Keeble, daughter of John Keeble, Esq; of Conduit-street.

J. Bidlake Herring, Esq; of Langston, Devon, to Mrs. Davie, of Penhall, Cornwall.

William Fielding, Esq; Captain of Marines, to the Hon. Mrs. Napier, relict of the late Hon. Colonel Napier.

John Lyons, of Teignmouth, Esq; to Mrs. Furdon, only daughter of the late James Furdon, of Furdon House, near Crediton, Esq.

Allen Chatfield, Esq; of Croydon, to Miss Coggan, daughter of Charles Thomas Coggan, Esq; of the East-India House.

Matthew Beachcroft, Esq; eldest son of Samuel Beachcroft, Esq; to Miss Webber, niece to Brook Watson, Esq; Member for London.

In America, G. Jeffreys, Esq; to Mrs. Hayley, relict of George Hayley, Esq; late Member and Alderman of London, and sister to John Wilkes, Esq.

William Champion Crespigni, Esq; of Camberwell, to the Right Hon. Lady Sarah Windsor.

Christopher Baldwin, Esq; of Friethom, to Miss Pyott, of Winchester.

The Rev. Mr. Prosser, of Monmouth, to Mrs. Caslon, widow of the late Mr. Thomas Caslon, bookseller, London.

At Ivar, near Uxbridge, Augustus Browne, Esq; to Miss Chetwood.

Thomas Powel, Esq; of St. Martin's in the Fields, to Miss Clarissa Maddan, daughter of James Maddan, Esq; of Fulham.

The Rev. Joseph Atkinson, of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, to Miss Tucker, of Shafton.

Thomas Tournay, Esq; of Hithe, in Kent, to Miss Foster, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Foster, rector of Elton in Huntingdonshire.

At Portsmouth, Samuel Twyford, of Heath-house, Esq; to Miss Callaway, of Stampshaw.

William Bamford, of Bamford, Esq; to Miss Blackburne, sister to John Blackburne, Esq; Member for Lancashire.

MONTHLY OBITUARY, JULY and AUG. 1786.

MAY 1.

AT Passage Fort, Jamaica, Dr. Thomas Burflem, brother of the Rev. Mr. Burflem, late of St. John's College, Cambridge.

6. At Kingston, Jamaica, Sir John Taylor, Bart. F. R. S. of Hill-street, Berkley-square.

JUNE 1.

At Ipswich, the Rev. John Oliver, Rector of Tuddenham, and Icklingham St. James.

19. At Lanerk, Mr. Robert Tuompson, Rector of the grammar-school of that burgh.

At Wanstead, Essex, Jeremiah Royds, Esq.

At Savannah, in South-Carolina, Nathaniel Greene, Esq; late Major-general of the United States.

21. At Konigsburgh, in Prussia, Mr. Joseph Green, an eminent English merchant.

24. Adam Drummond, Esq; of Myghns, in Northumberland, and Member for Shaftesbury.

Miss Charlotte Harrison, Daughter of Benjamin Harrison, Esq; Treasurer of Guy's Hospital.

Lately at Harrowden, in Northamptonshire, Lady Milbank.

Lately at Park, near Air, William Logan, Esq; late of Camlary.

26. Mr. Charles Picher of Harmandsworth, formerly of Eltham, in Kent.

Mr. Richard Fawc, of York, Surgeon.

William Lushington, Esq; late a Lieutenant Colonel of Dragoons.

Lately, a Whily, in Suffex, the Rev. George Beard, Rector of Poynings, in the 78th year of his age.

27. Mr. Bor n, of Cambridge. He has left 200 l. to Addenbrooke's Hospital.

Peter Consett, Esq; of Brawith, Justice of Peace for the North Riding of Yorkshire.

Lately, Daniel Eyre, Esq; of Farnham Surry.

Lately, at Buckland, in Gloucestershire, Mr. Richard Bayzand.

29. Captain John Stone, of the Royal Navy.

At Mile-End, in the 85th Year of his Age, Capt. Henry Kent, formerly a Commander in the East-India Company's service.

Miss Elizabeth Freeman, daughter of John Freeman, Esq; of Chute Lodge, Wilts.

Mr. Grove Harrold, late Surgeon in Coventry.

John Tristram, Esq; of Moor-Hall.

Mrs. Judith Corbet, sister of Andrew Corbet, Esq.

At Ashley Park, near Walton upon Thames, Mrs. Elizabeth Stevenson, aged 77, the last surviving sister of the late Col. Stevenson.

At Cowbridge, in Glamorganshire, in the 109th year of her age, Mrs. Gwenllian Thomas, relict of the Rev. Evan Thomas, of Usk, in Monmouthshire.

At Ottery, in Devonshire, in her 120th year, Mrs. Heath, a lady whose faculties, as well as virtues, accompanied her to the last moment. Her retentive memory was the surprise of her friends, perfectly well remembering the landing of King William at Torbay, in the year 1688.

30. At Sheerness, Mr. D. Taffel, aged 75, many years Master House-carpenter of that dock-yard.

Mr. W. Henhall at Windsor Palace.

At Cobham, in Surry, Mrs. Elizabeth Porter.

Lately in Ireland, William Joseph Hall Stevenson, Esq; of Skelton Castle in Cleveland, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, author of *Crazy Tales, &c.* *We should be glad of some account of this gentleman.*

JULY 1.

At Edinburgh, the once celebrated Mrs. Baddeley, of Drury-Lane Theatre. She was daughter of Mr. Valentine Snow; and, after her marriage with Mr. Baddeley, appeared on the Stage at Drury-Lane, 27th Sept. 1764, in the character of Ophelia. Her beauty, imprudence, and excellent performance of several characters, will long be remembered by those who had the opportunity of seeing her. She was 42 years old, and had, for the last year of her life, been supported by charity.

Henry Smeathman, Esq; in Cannon-street. He was the author of some papers in the Philosophical Transactions.

At Hadleigh, in Middlesex, the Rev. Mr. Burrows, Rector of St. Clement Danes.

Lately at Petersburg, of an apoplexy, the Count Galitzin, Marshall of that Court.

2. Mrs. Farnerville, at Richmond.

Lately, in London, in the 109th year of her age, Mrs. Smith, mother of Mr. Smith, formerly a flay-maker in Hereford.

3. At Islington, Mrs. Galbraith, wife of Mr. Galbraith.

Mrs. Jackson, wife of John Jackson, Esq; of Old Burlington Street.

At Hackney, Miss Sinnifield.

At Lainston, near Winchester, the Rev. Robert Bathurst.

At Salisbury, the Rev. Rowney Noel, D.D. Dean of that Cathedral.

At Amsterdam, aged 84, the Rev. George de Chaussepie, who published, in 1750 and 1756, four volumes, folio, of a Supplement to Bayle.

4. Dr. William Rose, many years Master of an Academy at Chiswick. He, in 1751, published a translation of Sallust.

Lady Elizabeth Villiers. She was daughter and sole heir to the Right Hon. John Villiers Lord Viscount Purbeck, who succeeded to the titles of Earl of Buckingham, Viscount Villiers, Baron of Whaddon, on the death of George Villiers Duke of Buckingham, in 1687. King William, in 1699, exemplified these titles under the great-seal of England. His Lordship died August 10, 1723, leaving this Lady his only daughter, by whose death the family of Villiers of the Buckingham line is become extinct.

5. Mr. Paul Pinard, late a Goldsmith in New-street, Covent-garden.

At Penshurst in Kent, the Rev. Sir Richard Rycroft, Bart. Rector of that place.

6. Mr.

Mr. Moulton Mestler, Attorney at Wincanton, in Somersetshire, and Under-sheriff of the county.

6. Mr. Chirm, Under-water-bailiff of London.

Dr. Horne, Rector of Wanstead, in Essex.

At Clapton, aged 70, Mr. James Legrew.

Mrs. Claxton, of Peckham, relict of Browne Claxton, Esq.

Mr. John Brownell, a Lieutenant in the Navy. He greatly distinguished himself on board the *Serapis*, in the memorable action with Paul Jones, off Scarborough.

Lately, in France, in his way from Italy to England, the Earl of Northington, Baron Henley, and one of the Tellers of the Exchequer, Master of the Hanaper, and one of the Knights of the Ancient Order of the Thistle. His Lordship dying a bachelor, and being the only son of the late Earl, the titles are now extinct. His Lordship succeeded the present Marquis of Buckingham as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in 1783, and was himself succeeded by the present Duke of Rutland, in 1784. His father was created Lord Henley, in 1760, and Earl of Northington in 1764.

7. Henry Hepburn, Esq; Collector of the Customs at Preston Pans.

Richard Wainwright, Esq; at Upper-Hormenton.

Lately, at Edinfor, near Chatworth, the Rev. Mr. Wood, Chaplain to the Duke of Devonshire, and formerly Vicar of Chelsterfield. To this gentleman Mr. Mason addressed one of his Elegies.

Lately at Kingdown, the Rev. and Hon. John Cahir Butler.

8. At Burwash, in Suffex, Henry Crutten-den, Esq.

Mrs. Clarke, in Hoxton Square.

Lately, Mr. Richard Saltonstall, aged upwards of 90; many years surgeon and apothecary at Pontefract.

Lately, Thomas Manley, Esq. of Beads-hall, near Brentwood in Essex.

10. Mr. Parker, goldsmith in St. Paul's Church-yard.

At Halstead in Essex, the Rev. Samuel Disney, vicar of that place.

At Acomb near York, the Rev. William Cooper, D. D. Archdeacon of York, Prebendary of Southwell, Rector of Kirby Whiske, Vicar of Mansfield, and Fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies.

At Ponsonby Hall, Mrs. Stanley, the wife of George Edward Stanley, Esq. and sister to Sir Michael le Fleming.

The Rev. Edmund Popple, of Hull, late of Trinity College, Cambridge.

At Chiswick, Rufel Bourne, Esq.

11. Jasper Morris, Esq. in Bladud's Buildings, Bath, aged 85.

William Denne, Esq. Banker in the Strand.

The Rev. Robert Tilyard, M. A. of Caius College, Cambridge, and Vicar of Hemsby near Yarmouth.

Timothy Forbes, Esq. of York.

12. John Mount, Esq. of Tower-hill.

—Dewer, Esq. of Andover.

Rowland Holt, Esq. formerly representative for the county of Norfolk.

13. Thomas Pickering, Esq. an eminent conveyancer of Lincoln's-Inn.

At Turnham-Green, Mrs. Hallhouse.

14. Joseph Gullstone, Esq. whose collections of books and prints have lately been dispersed.

Mrs. Crane, relict of the late Mr. Stafford Crane, surgeon.

Mrs. Wilson, wife of Mr. Thomas Wilson, of Ely-place, Holborn.

Henry Lafcelles, Esq. of Wimpole-street.

15. At Chattleton-hill, Oxfordshire, Mr. John Davis, farmer.

At Smalley in Derbyshire, Elizabeth Hick-ton, aged 107 years.

Lately, Mr. James Currie, of Cannon-street, merchant.

16. Mr. Edmund Smith, aged 78, clerk of the Chancery Office in the Bank upwards of 58 years.

17. The Rev. Mr. Walker, Curate of St. Saviour's, Southwark.

Mr. Bailey, of Market Harborough, attorney, and clerk of the peace for the county of Rutland.

Wilhelma Lady Glenorchy, widow of John Lord Glenorchy.

Mrs. Whiff, aged 81, relict of the late Richard Whiff, Esq. of Cambridge.

Lately, at Ramsgate, Ezekiel Salmon Beveridge.

18. The Rev. Thomas Nixon, Rector of Old Dalby, in the county of Leicester, and Vicar of Hucknall, in the county of Nottingham.

19. The Rev. Thomas Meyler, Rector of St. Peter's, Marlborough, and Vicar of Frelthure.

Mr. Johnston, late an assayer and jeweller in Maiden-lane, Wood-street.

At Hutton-hall, near Penrith, aged 63, Sir Lionel Wright Vane Fletcher, Bart.

Lately, Henry Asheton, Esq; of Bryan-hall, near Ormiskirk.

20. At Putney Common, Lord Grantham. His Lordship was born at Vienna in 1738, and married August 1780, Lady Mary Grey, daughter of Lord Hardwicke.

At Ramsgate, Sir George Nares, Knt. one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas. He was born in the year 1716, at Stanwell, in Middlesex, but the family removed afterwards to Albury in Oxfordshire. He was educated at the school of Magdalen College, in Oxford, and afterwards at the New College, in the same University. In 1737, he became a member of the Inner-Temple, and a student of the law; and in 1741, was called to the bar. In 1751, he married Mary the third daughter of Sir John Strange, Knight, then Master of the Rolls. In February 1759, he was called to the degree of Serjeant at Law,

Law, and at the same time went out King's Serjeant. At the general election, in 1768, he was elected Member for Oxford, and in the same year chosen Recorder of the same city. In January 1771, he was appointed one of the Judges of the Common Pleas, in the room of Mr. Justice Bathurst, and received the honour of Knighthood.

At Croydon, Mr. John Strettel, an eminent merchant.

21. Mr. Charles Bathurst, bookseller in Fleet-street, aged 77.

In New-Compton-street, Soho, Mr. Bell, Attorney at Law.

Mr. Phillips, formerly a Tobacconist the corner of Warwick-lane, Newgate-street.

At Sheerness, Mr. John Collingwood, many years one of the Chief Clerks of Sheerness Yard.

The Rev. Mr. Peter Kingston, Rector of Capel St. Mary, Suffolk.

22. Lately, at Milnrow, near Rochdale, Mr. Collier, well known by the name of Tim. Bobbin, from being the author of that truly original publication, "The Lancashire Dialect."

23. Miss Caroline Bayly, daughter of the late Sir Nicholas Bayly, Bart. and sister to the Earl of Uxbridge.

24. Mr. Thomas Whitaker, of Bridewell Hospital.

Dr. John Gideon Caulet, physician of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

25. Mrs. Campbell, of King's street, St. James's.

At Devizes, in the 78th year of his age, the Rev. Mr. Jaques.

26. At Windsor, John Buller, Esq. M. P. for East Looe, one of the Lords of the Treasury, and Comptroller of the Mint.

Claude Bosanquet, Esq.

Mr. John Cole, late Tobacconist in Redrose street.

At Pin er, aged 90, — Hay, Esq. proprietor of a very extensive estate in Clerkenwell.

27. The Rev. John Chapman, Archdeacon of Bath and Wells, Rector of the three Parishes, Bath, and of Newton, Vicar of Lyncomb and Widcomb, in his 77th year.

Mr. James Turner, of Prince's street, Spitalfields.

Daniel Buffington, Esq; late Paymaster and Storekeeper of Senegambia, and an Officer of the Stafford Militia.

Capt. Samuel Rogers, of the Osterly East-Indiaman, lately arrived.

Sir John Williams, Knt. in the 70th year of his age, many years surveyor of his Majesty's Navy.

28. At Kentish Town, in the 100th year of his age, Mr. Joseph Mitchell, formerly a Cornfactor in Mark-lane.

29. Mr. Appleby, the oldest man belonging to his Majesty's Yeomen of the Guards.

Mr. Swinerton, who formerly kept the Crown and Rolls Tavern, Chancery-lane.

Mr. Littlefoot, many years Messenger at the Exchequer-office.

Mrs. Fielde, wife of Mr. Fielde, Oilman in Holborn.

Lately, in his passage from the Continent, William Richard Rumbold, Esq; of the First Regiment of Guards.

30. Mr. Holdsworth, Diamond-jeweller in Jermyn-street.

John Hookham, Esq; of Beddington, Surrey, aged 76.

Patentius Warde, Esq; of Hooton Pagnell, in the West-riding of the county of York.

31. Mr. George Cooper, of the Accountant's-office, East-Ind a House.

Lately, at Kennington, Mrs. Hastings, aunt to Warren Hastings, Esq.

AUGUST 1.

Mrs. Reynolds, wife of Mr. Stephen Reynolds, timber-merchant of Broken-wharf.

Miss Isabella Hawke, youngest daughter of Lord Hawke.

2. Mr. Vincent, brewer at Hampstead.

3. At Blackheath, Mrs. Elizabeth Tapscott.

5. Mr. James Paul Atkinson, Attorney at Law, of Margaret street, Westminster.

John Charles Price, of the Ham, in the County of Berks, Esq.

At his brother-in-law's, Earl Winterton, in Shillinga-park, Mr. John Armstrong, son of Mr. Armstrong, of Godalming, Surrey.

6. At Beckenham, Mrs. Bridgman, in the 96th year of her age. She was the last pensioner on Queen Caroline's List.

7. Mrs. Cullen, wife of Dr. William Cullen.

Mr. Willam Dick, Writer of the Signet, Edinburgh.

Colonel Grainger Muir, one of the oldest Officers in the service of the East India Company.

8. Mr. Browne, Printer, Sherborne-lane.

9. At Romley, Mr. Joseph Turner, sen. in the 93d year of his age.

Lately, at Margate, Richard Russell, Esq. formerly Proprietor of the Glass-house in Well street, Well-close-square.

10. Sir Robert Hamilton, Colonel of the 40th Regiment.

Mr. John Akerman, senior Lay-vicar of Exeter Cathedral, where he had been a member 77 years, at the age of 86.

Lately, the Rev. Mr. Hardy, Master of the Free-Grammar School at Sutton Valence, near Maidstone, Kent.

11. Mrs. Thornton, wife of Mr. Thornton, Bookbinder in Southampton-street.

At Eton, James Manby, Esq; one of the Clerks in the Secretary of States Office.

The Rev. Thomas Treacher, at Begbroke, near Woodstock.

At her seat in Shropshire, the Right Hon. Lady Kilmoniey.

Mr. Haynes, Master of the One Tun Ale-house, the corner of Field-lane.

At Hull, in the 86th year of his age, William Sherman, Esq; late Ordnance Store-keeper at that place.

Mrs.

Mrs. Owen, wife of Mr. Owen Bookfeller, Fleetstreet.

12. At Oxford, Swithin Adece, M. D. Fellow of the College of Physicians in London. Elizabeth, the wife of Captain Thomas Baillie, late Lieutenant-governor of Greenwich Hospital.

At Edinburgh, Dr. Gilbert Stuart, author of the "Life of Queen Mary," and other learned works. Several original pieces by this gentleman are in the early numbers of this Magazine; and in that of February 1782, some anecdotes of him from materials furnished by himself.

The Rev. Stephen Prytherch, M. A. Vicar of Leighton and Wenlock, in Shropshire, of an apoplectic fit.

Lately, at Brighthelmstone, Mr. Tho. Taylor, formerly a brewer near Swallow-street.

13. Mr. John Rawlinson, Attorney at Law, in Bream's Buildings, Chancery-lane.

Charles Dundas, Esq; second son of William Dundas, Esq; of Airth.

14. At Woodford in Suffex, the Rev Dr. Sibthorp.

Mr. Newton, formerly a laceman in Lombard-street.

At Shadwell, Captain Girfield.

Lately, at Aflolas, in the county of Clare, in Ireland, Paul O'Brian, aged 107 years and five months. This patriarch of the western peasantry, as he might be called, exercised the trade of a cooper, in which employment he rambled all over the country till within a few days of his death.

15. Thomas Tyrwhitt, Esq; formerly Clerk of the House of Commons, and one of the Governors of the British Museum.

Literature has not sustained a greater loss a long time, than by the death of this gentleman. He was educated at Merton College, Oxford, where he took the degree of M. A. 5th July 1756. In 1752, he published, in 4to. Translations of Pope's Messiah, Philips's Splendid Shilling, and the 8th Isthmian Ode of Pindar. In 1766, Observations and Conjectures on some Passages of Shakspeare, 8vo. In 1775, The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, in 4 volumes 8vo. In 1776, Dissertation de Babbio; or, A Dissertation concerning Babrius, the writer of certain Fables we have under the name of Æsop. 8vo. In 1777, Poems of Thomas Rowley, alias Chatterton, 8vo. In 1778, The Glossary to Chaucer, 8vo. And in 1782, A Vindication of the Appendix to the Poems called Rowley's, in Reply to Dean Milles. Jacob Bryant, &c. 8vo. He also, in 1782, published Dr. Musgrave's Two Dissertations on the Græcian Mythology, and Sir Isaac Newton's Chronology, 8vo.

Lady Hopoun, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Hoptoun.

17. Mr. James Bucket, Master of the Sugar Loaf, Garlick Hill.

18. Rumney Penrose, LL. B. Rector of Ewen's in Bristol, Chaplain to the Earl of Northesk, and formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford.

Lately, at Wasperton, in Warwickshire, Mrs. Blake, wife of the Rev. J. Blake, Rector of that parish; and, a few days afterwards, Mr. Blake himself.

19. Mr. Charles Sherborne, Engraver, of Gutter Lane.

21. At Brompton, ——— Webster, Esq.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE OF BOOKS, FOR AUGUST.

POETICAL.

THE Siege of Curzola. Com. Op. 8vo. Cadell. 1s. 6d.

The Disbanded Officer; or, The Baroness of Bruchsal. C.m. 8vo. Cadell. 1s. 6d.

A Description of the various Scenes of the Summer Season. A Poem, 8vo. Dilly. 1s. 6d.

I'll Tell You What. Com. By Mrs. Inchbald. 8vo. Robinson. 1s. 6d.

The Widow's Vow. Farce. By Mrs. Inchbald. 8vo. Robinson. 1s.

Maria: An Elegiac Poem. By J. M. Good. 4to. Dilly. 2s. 6d.

Seeing Is Believing: A Dramatic Proverb. 8vo. Lowndes. 1s.

Collection of Songs. By Captain Morris. 4to. Ridgeway. 2s.

An Ode to Superstition, and some other Poems. 4to. Cadell. 1s. 6d.

The Triumph of Benevolence, occasioned by the national design of erecting a Monument to John Howard, Esq. 4to. Nichols. 1s.

MISCELLANIES.

History and Antiquities of Barnwell Abbey and Sturbidge Fair. 4to. Nichols. 6s.

A Fragment on Shakspeare. By Martin Sherlock. 8vo. Robinson. 1s.

Kearley's Tables of Trade. 8vo. Kearley.

A concise Account of some Natural Curiosities in the Environs of Malham, in Craven, Yorkshire. By Thomas Hurfley. 8vo. Walter.

Thoughts on the Construction and Management of Prisons, with immediate Reference to the intended House of Correction in Middlesex. 8vo. Gardner. 6d.

The Servant's Friend: An exemplary Tale. Designed for Sunday and Charity Schools. By Mrs. Trimmer. 12mo. Longman. 9d. or 8s. per. dozen.

The Life of George Robert Fitzgerald. 12mo. Ridgeway. 2s. 6d.

A short and easy Introduction to English Grammar, for the Use of Miss Davies's Boarding-School. 12mo. Buckland. 1s.

Wood's Antiquities of Oxford translated. By J. Gutch, M. A. Printed for the Editor. 4to. 1l. 6s.

Lucubrations of Peter of Pontefract. 12mo. Doddsley. 3s.

The Miscellaneous Companions. By William Matthews. 3 vol. 12mo. Dilly. 9s.

Historical Law Tracts. By Sir John Davies; with the Author's Life. 8vo. Stockdale. 6s.

THE A.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

H A Y - M A R K E T.

- June 28 SUICIDE—Agreeable Surprize
 29 Fatal Curiosity—Son-in-law
 30 Spanish Barber—Widow's Vow
 July 1 I'll Tell You What—Flitch of Bacon
 3 Jealous Wife—Here, There, and Every Where
 4 Chapter of Accidents—Peeping Tom
 5 Summer Amusements—Here, There, and Every Where
 6 Son-in-law—Agreeable Surprize
 7 Beggar's Opera—Widow's Vow
 8 Manager in Distress—Son-in-law—Mogul Tale [Where
 10 Beggar's Opera—Here, There, and Every
 11 I'll Tell You What—Gretna Green
 12 Two to One—Widow's Vow
 13 Confiscious Lovers—Peeping Tom
 14 Othello—Beggars on Horseback
 15 English Merchant—Mogul Tale
 17 Love in a Village—Here, There, and Every Where
 18 Young Quaker—Comus
 19 Provoked Husband—Quaker
 20 Beggar's Opera—Mogul Tale
 21 King Henry IV.—Gretna Green
 22 Provoked Husband—The same
 24 Disbanded Officer—Quaker
 25 Devil in the Wine Cellar—I'll Tell You What—Minor
- 26 Disbanded Officer—Gretna Green
 27 Same—Guardian
 28 English Merchant—Irish Widow
 29 Disbanded Officer—Comus
 31 Same—Here and there and Every where
 Aug. 1 Same—Comus
 2 I'll Tell You What—Gretna Green
 3 Two to One—Romp
 4 Lawyer's Panic—Chapter of Accidents—Beggars on Horseback
 5 Disbanded Officer—Agreeable Surprize
 7 Same—Romp
 8 Same—Widow's Vow
 9 Provoked Husband—Peeping Tom
 10 Spanish Barber—Rosina
 11 I'll Tell You What—Son-in-law
 12 Siege of Curzola—Nature will Prevail
 14 Same—Seeing is Believing
 15 Turk and No Turk—Mogul Tale
 16 Siege of Curzola—Romp
 17 Heiress—Beggars on Horseback
 18 Spanish Barber—Son-in-law
 19 Siege of Curzola—Widow's Vow
 21 Same—Peeping Tom [ments—Minor
 22 Seeing is Believing—Summer Amusements—Minor
 23 Siege of Curzola—Beggars on Horseback
 24 Chapter of Accidents—Agreeable Surprize

BANKRUPTS, August 1786.

WILLIAM Potter, of Morpeth, Northumberland, grocer and cheesemonger. Stephen Featherstone, of Easingwold, Yorkshire, butter factor. William Taylor, of Mint-street, in Southwark, Surrey, dealer in spiritous liquors. Robert Stainton, late of Isleworth, Middlesex, higler. John Milne the elder, and John Milne the younger, of Staley Wood, Chester, woollen clothiers. Stephen Warner, of Overton, Southampton, innholder. Meyrick Meredith, of the parish of Kington, Hereford, wool-stapler. John Scoble, the younger, of Brixham Quay, Devonshire, shipwright. Daniel Crayley, of Wollaston, Gloucestershire, baker. Thomas Orford, late of Liverpool, Lancashire, pot-feller. James Kay, of Bury, Lancashire, upholder. George Harrold, of Twickenham, Middlesex, coach-maker. William Hinton, of Sweetings alley, near the Royal Exchange, printfeller. John Francis, of Chiswell-street, Moorfields, hosier. John Wilkinson, of Easingwold, in the county of York, linen-drapeer. John Alford, late of Leominster, in the county of Hereford, carrier. James Clarke, of Sherston, Wilts, dealer in bacon and cheese. George Syder, of St. Michael's-al-

ley, merchant. Richard Walford, late of Chevels, Cornwall, but now of Moor-street, St. Ann's, Soho, money-scrivener. Andrew Durno, late of Thomas-street, in the Borough of Southwark. John Lankhear, of Witney, Oxfordshire, blanket-weaver. James Brown, late of the city of Bristol, victualler. William Falkner, of Slaverley, Salop, paper-maker. Stephen Neate, of Marlborough, grocer. George Barnes, of Southampton, shopkeeper. Thomas Bradbury, of Wore, Salop, mercer. Joseph Gibson, of Newcastle under Lyme, money-scrivener. George Blaker, of Sloan-square, linen-drapeer. Samuel Wyatt, of New Sarum, mercer. Robert Holme, of Liverpool, merchant. William Green, of Northwich, ironmonger and grocer. Thomas Thresher the younger, of Upper Thames-street, basket-maker. John Passiman, of Leadenhall-street, shop-feller. Carile Pollock and William Urquhart, late of New York, but now of London, merchants. Peter Comencin, of Basinghall-street, tea dealer. William Maul, of the parish of All-Saints, Worcester, innkeeper. Richard Hope, of Carnaby-street, Westminster, baker.

