

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 S E P T E M B E R , 1 7 8 6 .

[Embellished with, 1. A Striking Likeness, engraved by HOLLOWAY, of the late JONAS HANWAY, Esq. 2. and 3. Portraits, from original Paintings, of the MAN of ROSS and JOHN LELAND the Antiquary. 4. A VIEW of CHELTENHAM WELLS. 5. The SOUNDING-BOARD in ALDESBOROUGH CHURCH, BUCKS. 6. and 7. Representations of the APPARATUS for IMPREGNATING WATER and WORT with FIXED AIR.]

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L O N D O N :
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Justice Amator, we think, should communicate the defence of his friend's poems to that Magazine where some of them have been inserted. If he pleases, we will transmit it thither.

The *Ode on the Nativity* shall appear at its proper season.

E. T. P. in our next.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from Sept. 11, to Sept. 16, 1786.

	Wheat					Rye					Barl.					Oats					Beans														
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.										
London	4	8	3	0	3	1	2	4	3	5																									
COUNTIES INLAND.																																			
Middlesex	4	9	0	3	0	2	7	3	1	0																									
Surry	5	1	2	11	0	0	2	5	4	7																									
Hertford	4	8	3	3	2	11	2	5	4	4																									
Bedford	4	6	2	10	2	7	2	4	3	10																									
Cambridge	4	6	3	0	2	10	1	11	3	2																									
Huntingdon	4	6	0	0	2	9	2	1	3	11																									
Northampton	4	10	2	9	2	9	2	3	4	2																									
Rutland	5	1	0	0	2	9	2	3	0	0																									
Leicester	5	1	3	0	2	11	2	4	4	6																									
Nottingham	4	10	2	11	3	0	2	5	4	8																									
Derby	5	9	0	0	0	0	2	5	4	11																									
Stafford	5	7	4	11	3	2	2	5	4	10																									
Salop	5	6	4	0	3	6	2	9	5	7																									
Hereford	4	6	3	0	3	5	2	4	0	0																									
Worcester	5	2	0	0	3	5	2	8	5	0																									
Warwick	5	1	0	0	0	0	2	7	4	2																									
Gloucester	5	0	0	0	2	10	2	7	4	8																									
Wilts	4	11	3	5	3	3	2	5	4	9																									
Berks	4	9	3	9	2	11	2	6	4	2																									
Oxford	4	9	0	0	3	3	2	8	4	4																									
Bucks	4	5	0	0	2	9	2	4	4	0																									
COUNTIES upon the COAST.																																			
Effex	4	9	0	0	3	1	1	1	3	2																									
Suffolk	4	6	3	0	2	11	2	0	3	2																									
Norfolk	4	6	2	10	2	7	2	2	0	0																									
Lincoln	4	7	2	11	2	8	1	11	3	4																									
York	5	0	3	4	2	10	2	2	4	8																									
Durham	5	3	3	11	3	4	2	2	4	0																									
Northumberl.	4	11	3	8	2	11	2	0	4	2																									
Cumberland	6	1	3	10	3	2	2	4	4	8																									
Westmorl.	6	4	4	2	3	5	2	3	0	0																									
Lancashire	6	3	0	0	3	6	2	5	4	8																									
Cheshire	5	7	0	0	2	11	2	2	0	0																									
Monmouth	5	6	0	0	3	8	2	3	0	0																									
Somerfet	5	0	3	6	3	2	2	4	4	9																									
Devon	5	2	0	0	2	9	1	8	0	0																									
Cornwall	5	1	0	0	3	3	1	9	0	0																									
Dorset	5	1	0	0	3	0	2	3	4	6																									
Hants	4	10	0	0	3	1	2	4	4	4																									
Suffex	4	9	0	0	2	9	2	3	4	0																									
Kent	4	7	0	0	2	9	2	4	3	1																									
WALES, Aug. 14, to Aug. 19, 1786.																																			
North Wales	5	11	4	9	3	6	2	0	4	10																									
South Wales	5	4	4	5	3	3	1	10	4	9																									

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER. AUGUST.

BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.
30—29 — 89	64	$\frac{1}{2}$ W.N.W.
31—29 — 83	62	W.

SEPTEMBER,

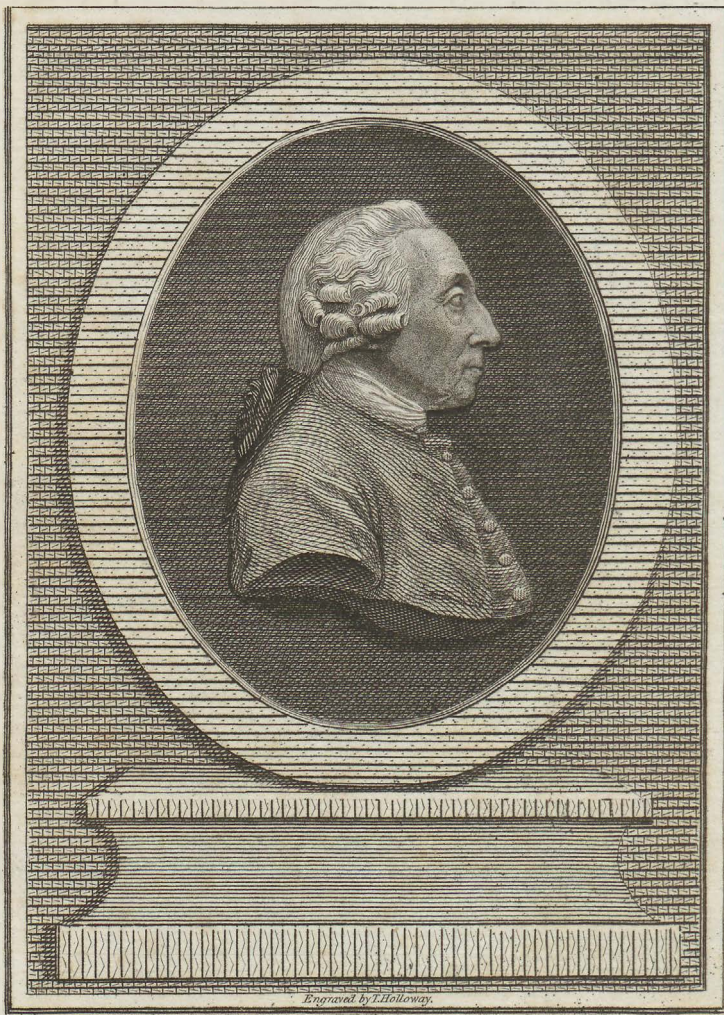
1—29 — 91	62	N.
2—29 — 86	64	W.S.W.
3—29 — 94	62	S.
4—30 — 01	62	W.
5—30 — 00	56	S.
6—30 — 10	49	N.N.W.
7—30 — 02	65	W.S.W.
8—30 — 05	64	W.
9—30 — 00	60	S.S.W.
10—29 — 90	65	W.
11—29 — 80	63	W.N.W.
12—29 — 66	61	W.
13—29 — 73	62	W.
14—29 — 04	58	W.
15—29 — 23	57	W.
16—29 — 63	52	W.
17—29 — 80	62	W.
18—29 — 95	62	W.S.W.
19—30 — 35	55	W.N.W.
20—30 — 39	53	N.

21—30 — 23	51	N.N.E.
22—30 — 19	52	N.N.E.
23—30 — 19	50	N.
24—30 — 32	51	N.N.E.
25—30 — 21	50	N.N.E.
26—29 — 69	53	S.S.W.
27—29 — 50	50	W.
28—29 — 35	49	E.

PRICE of STOCKS, Sept. 28, 1786.

Bank Stock, shut	3 per Ct. Ind. Ann
New 4 per Cent.	shut
1777, shut	India Bonds, 83s. a
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785,	84s. prem.
112 $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$	New Navy and Vict.
3 per Cent. Bank red.	Bills 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ dif.
shut	Long Ann. shut
3 per Cent Conf. 77	10 years Short Ann.
$\frac{1}{2}$ a 77 $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	1777, shut
3 per Cent. 1726, —	30 years Ann. 1778,
3 per Cent. 1751, —	shut
South Sea Stock, —	Exchequer Bills, —
Old S. S. An. shut	Lot. Tick. 14l. 19s. 6d.
New S. S. Ann. 76 $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	a 15l.
India Stock, —	

Handwritten text in the bottom right corner, possibly a signature or date, including the number 1119.



Engraved by I. Holloway.

JONAS HANWAY Esq^r

Published by J. Sewel, Cornhill, 1786.

T H E
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
A N D
L O N D O N R E V I E W ;
For SEPTEMBER, 1786.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An ACCOUNT of the late JONAS HANWAY, Esq.
[With a STRIKING LIKENESS of HIM.]

THE justice and generosity of the English nation are seen in no circumstance more fully than in the liberal attention shewn to those while living who have rendered service to their country, and in the honours conferred on them after death. If to devote a long life, a large fortune, and talents which, if not splendid, were useful, to the good of mankind and the advancement of public happiness, be deserving of applause and imitation, let the following narrative of the life of one who is entitled to an honourable distinction amongst those persons who are held in veneration by the world, excite such as may feel a desire of obtaining well-earned fame to follow the example of Jonas Hanway, in whose eulogium it will be no extravagance to assert, that the present century has not seen an individual to whom the world is under more obligations, or in whom were united the virtues of the Patriot, the Christian, or the universal Philanthropist, in a higher degree.

JONAS HANWAY was a native of Hampshire*, and was born at Portsmouth, in the year 1712. He was early engaged in business, and from that circumstance, as well as the few traces of literature to be discovered in his writings, may be presumed to have received but a confined education. In 1729 † he went to Lisbon, and resided there several years. After his return from thence, he connected

himself, in Feb. 1743, as a partner in Mr. Dingley's house in St. Petersburg ‡, in consequence whereof he was made acquainted with the Caspian trade, then in its infancy, and the object of the sanguine hopes of several of our most considerable merchants. From that time he indulged a desire of seeing Persia, in which he had very soon an opportunity of gratifying his inclination.

In April 1743, he embarked for Riga, where he arrived about the 20th of May. At this place, for want of a passport, he was detained seventeen days; but that difficulty being got over, he proceeded in his journey, and arrived at St. Petersburg on the 10th of June ||; a day, he observes, "remarkable to me, as being the same " on which I landed at Lisbon, fourteen " years before." The trade of the English nation over the Caspian Sea into Persia at this period had been intrusted to the care of Mr. Elton, who, not content with the pursuit of commercial affairs, had injudiciously engaged in the service of Nadir Shah to build ships on the Caspian after the European manner. This had alarmed the merchants in the Russian trade, and a resolution was formed that one of their body should make a journey into Persia. On this occasion Mr. Hanway offered his service, and was accepted.

He set out on the 10th of September, having under his care 37 bales of English

* Seven Days Journal. 4to. p. 190.

† Ibid. Vol. I. p. 71.

‡ Travels, Vol. I. p. 82.

§ Ibid. Vol. I. p. 82.

cloth, and on the 20th arrived at Moscow, which place he left on the 24th. At Zaritzen he procured a vessel to convey his effects to Astracan and on the 14th of October took his departure towards that place, where he staid until the 19th of November, when he proposed to proceed on his voyage; but difficulties having arisen during his residence at that place, he found himself in danger of being detained until the succeeding year by the setting in of the frost; but the ice breaking up by the rising of the water, he was enabled to set sail. On the 3d of December he arrived at Langarood-Bay, and was introduced to Mr. Elton, who had been employed by the English Factory on the same account Mr. Hanway then was, but who at that time had engaged himself in the service of Nadir Shah, and by that means soon after brought on the ruin of the British trade on the Caspian Sea.

By tempestuous weather Mr. Hanway was detained until the 10th of December at Langarood. On the 18th, he reached Astrabad-Bay, where the inhabitants were much alarmed, apprehending him to be a pirate. Having dissipated their fears, he immediately employed himself in the package of the goods he was entrusted with, in order to proceed on his journey. At Astrabad he was advised to sell part of his caravan in that city; but that being inconsistent with his views of going to Resched, he declined the proposal. After some time spent in securing and providing for the safety of his charge, he sent part of it before him, and was on the point of following it, when, on the 15th of January 1744, a rebellion broke out in the province, the city in which he remained was taken by the insurgents, his effects confiscated, and his person confined. His situation for some time was extremely critical, and his danger very great. By firmness and address, however, he had the good fortune to preserve himself from violence; and after being plundered of his property, was suffered to depart. His journey back was a continued scene of perils of every kind, whether arising from the weakness or the wickedness of those with whom he had any intercourse. "In three-and-twenty days (he says), since the city of Astrabad was taken by the rebels, I had not enjoyed an hour of security or unbroken sleep." At length, however, he arrived at Langarood, and was encouraged by Mr. Elton to hope that the Shah would do him justice, and obtain him satisfaction for the losses he had incurred. He had resolved, if necessary, to search for

him, but found it impossible immediately to execute that design, from his legs and feet being very much swelled and bruised; owing to his boots not having been off for sixteen days. In a short time he was restored to health and strength sufficient to enable him to pursue his intention, and accordingly set out for Resched. Early in March he arrived at Casbin, where he remained until the 11th, when he left that place; and on the 20th pitched his tent in the Shah's camp. His mission was so far successful, that he obtained a decree, the contents of which were, that he should give the particulars of his loss in writing to Behbud Khan, the Shah's General in Astrabad, who had orders to deliver to him whatever part of the goods might possibly be found, and to restore them in kind, and the deficiency to be paid out of the sequestered estates of the rebels to the last denier. This, though not perfectly satisfactory, he was obliged to be content with, and the 27th left the camp; and on the 5th of April was kindly received at Langarood by Mr. Elton. He intended to have gone from thence to Astrabad by sea, and waited with impatience until the end of that month for the arrival of Capt. Woodroffe; but that gentleman disappointing him, he, on the 11th of May, began his journey by land. On the 16th he entered Astrabad the second time, and on the next day presented the Shah's decree to Behbud Khan the General, who promised to obey it. During a long stay at this place, he was employed in endeavouring to obtain a performance of the decree, and a restitution of his effects. After many delays he received, including the cloth, 85 per cent. of the whole sum demanded. He at this juncture found his health much affected, and before it was re-established, a rupture with Mr. Elton perplexed his situation further. In September he came to Resched, and left it on the 13th, intending to depart for Astracan. The whole sum hitherto recovered was invested in raw silk, and he had now the satisfaction to see it safe on ship-board. On the 29th of September he came to an anchor at Yerkie, and on the 11th of October had the mortification to learn that he was ordered to perform a six weeks quarantine on an uninhabited island. But the Governor of Astracan apprehending he might have something to communicate, gave permission for his coming into that city, on condition of remaining a week on quarantine detached from the crew, and without bringing the least part of his cloaths or baggage. There

conditions he performed, and on the 27th entered Astracan, where he spent his time very disagreeably, being detained there until the six weeks were expired. On the 22d of November he obtained leave to depart for St. Petersburg, and on the 22d of December arrived at Moscow, where he received letters acquainting him with the death of a relation, by which he reaped certain pecuniary advantages, much exceeding any he could expect from his engagement in the Caspian affairs. After a stay of a few days, he proceeded to St. Petersburg, at which place he arrived early on the 1st of January 1745, having been absent a year and 16 weeks, in which time he says, "I had travelled about 4000 English miles by land, through a variety of adventures and accidents, not indeed the most perilous, yet such as loudly call for a grateful acknowledgment of the goodness of Providence."

Though Mr. Hanway's conduct during this expedition seems to have been directed by the strictest rules of integrity, yet some difficulties arose in settling his demands on his employers. These, however, in the end were referred to the determination of impartial arbitrators, who at length decided in his favour. "I obtained (he says) my own; and as to any other personal advantage, it consisted in exercising my mind in patience under trials, and increasing my knowledge of the world."

He now settled at St. Petersburg, where he remained five years, with no other variations in his life than such as may be supposed to occur in the dull round of a mercantile employment. During this time he interested himself greatly in the concerns of the merchants who had engaged in the Caspian trade; but the independence he had acquired having excited a desire to see his native country, he, after several disappointments which prevented him from accomplishing his wish, left St. Petersburg on the 9th of July 1750, went to Dantzic by sea, and afterwards proceeded leisurely by Berlin, Potsdam, Dresden, Leipzig, Hanover, Zell, Hamburg, Bremen, Amsterdam, Hague, Rotterdam, and Helvoet, to England, where he arrived on the 27th of July.

At each of the principal places in his route to England, he staid time enough to see and describe the most remarkable particulars respecting them. On his arrival in his native country, he did not immediately relinquish his mercantile connections, though he seems to have left Russia with that view. He employed himself

some time as a merchant; but afterwards, more beneficially to the world, as a private gentleman.

In 1753, he published "An Historical Account of the British Trade over the Caspian Sea; with a Journal of Travels from London through Russia into Persia; and back again, through Russia, Germany, and Holland. To which are added, the Revolutions of Persia during the present Century, with the particular History of the great Usurper Nadir Kouli," 4 vols. 4to. a work which was received, as it deserved to be, with great attention from the public. It is remarkable, that at this juncture our author had no intention of being so frequent an employer of the press as he afterwards became. In his dedication of his second volume to Lady Elizabeth Germaine he says, "It has been long a maxim with me, that a book should be the true picture of the author's mind: such, with all its imperfections, I am sure is this. The folly of writing, if it be one, is a folly I shall never commit again; and having taken this resolution, I have said all that I have to communicate to the public."

The above resolution was scarcely made before it was broken. Immediately on the publication of the above Travels, he was attacked in an appendix to a pamphlet, entitled, "Reflections upon Naturalization, Corporations and Companies, as relating to the Levant Trade or Turkey Company." To this he published a short answer, in an 8vo. pamphlet, immediately on the publication of his antagonist's work.

At this period the clamour against the Jew-Bill ran very high, and Mr. Hanway was induced to join the cry. During an absence abroad, in 1753, a pamphlet, written by him, entitled, "A Review of the proposed Naturalization of the Jews, being an attempt at a dispassionate Enquiry into the present State of the Café; with some Reflections on general Naturalization," 8vo. was published, which soon came to a second edition; to which he added a note or two, sent from Amsterdam. A third edition, corrected and enlarged, and a dedication to Mr. Pelham, dated Tunbridge Wells, Aug. 5, 1753, also appeared with the addition of "Letters Admonitory and Argumentative, from J. H—y merchant, to J. S—r merchant," in reply to particular passages and the general argument of a pamphlet entitled, "Further Considerations on the Bill, &c." This controversy

was soon ended by the repeal of the obnoxious Bill.

In 1754, we find Mr. Hanway commending a plan offered for the advantage of Westminster, and suggesting hints for the further improvement of it, in "A Letter to Mr. John Spranger, on his ex-

cellent Proposal for Paving, Cleansing, and Lighting the Streets of Westminster, &c." 8vo. A few years afterwards, when a scheme of the like kind was carried into effect, many of Mr. Hanway's ideas, thrown out in this pamphlet, were adopted. [To be continued.]

The POLITICAL STATE of the NATION, and of EUROPE, for SEPT. 1786.
No. XXXI.

THIS month has been productive of little else internally than loyal and affectionate addresses to his Majesty, congratulating him on his deliverance from assassination, and answers to the same, accompanied with creations of a numerous band of Knights upon the occasion. We cannot help thinking that many of the addressers have been mistaken in their ideas of this very fashionable business. If it had appeared that the instrument of assassination had been directed by the hand of a band of treasonable conspirators, and pointed resolutely to the Royal breast, it would have been very proper and becoming every body of men in the kingdom to have expressed their abhorrence of the foul design, their indignation against the conspirators, and their ardent desire of bringing them to condign punishment, whatever might be their station and rank in life, high or low. But when it has been publicly asserted by authority that the attempt was the mere random act of a mad woman, and attended with no fatal consequences, nor any appearances or probability of fatal consequences, we must look upon the inundation of addresses as outre and superfluous, as so many cautions and admonitions to a woman confined in Bedlam, incapable of profiting by advice, caution, or threatening, and who is probably immured so as neither to see nor hear these addresses, much less to profit by them. We do not see any other end these multitudinous addresses can answer, unless Ministers of State were mean enough to look for their share of flattery, couched under the effusions of popular affection to their Royal Master. If so, they have been grievously disappointed. Nothing of this kind has met our eye. Perhaps there never were so many loyal addresses of congratulation presented to a Sovereign, with so little adulation to his Ministers for the time being: it is therefore a great humiliation to the Minister. It is a well-known maxim in our constitution, that the King can do no wrong; but the people know well that his Minister may do, and often does, very wrong, and they act accordingly.

Early in the month our Island was honoured with a visit of a Royal Imperial Pair and their suite: we hope they come peaceably, and fraught with good wishes and benevolent intentions towards our nation; and that their journey is not merely an excursion of fancy, curiosity, and pleasure, without a mixture of business favourable and beneficial to the old faithful allies of their august family. May they neither be disappointed of their expected pleasure among us, or of their good intentions towards us! The House of Austria is the proper ally of Great-Britain, if we have any on the Continent.

If writing and printing about it in the news-papers would have done it, we should have already a very complete, beneficial, and firm commercial treaty with France, for which our courtly politicians have been giving Ministry ample credit these six months; and if any credit is to be given to intelligence from that quarter, we might promise our readers a candid investigation of that compact in our next month's lucubrations; but we have no faith in those assurances, so often repeated, and as often defeated. When the treaty comes forth to public view, we will endeavour to exercise our judgment upon it, without partiality or prejudice, in the best manner we can.

While ministerial writers have been lavish in their encomiums upon the French treaty, they have observed a profound silence on the commercial treaty depending between us and the Russians; until near the close of the month, when called upon by some politicians, not quite so courtly, to account for this backwardness of the Russian treaty, they have given a very awkward reason for its long suspension, or rather total stagnation—something about the armed neutrality!—a story too ridiculous to be a moment attended to!—We guess a very different matter is the cause of this *remora*, originated in the folly of our Minister, and completed by his obstinacy.

The spirit of electioneering has run high in some parts of the country, even

to riot and bloodshed, though we know not for what, as neither principles nor parties in the Senate were at the bottom. Those persons who go to such extremes of disorderly behaviour are the greatest enemies to the freedom of election.

It is a melancholy consideration that our criminals multiply so fast, and grow so abandoned and hardened, that all the wisdom and justice of the nation united cannot properly dispose of them, without adopting remedies equal to, or worse than, the disease. It is much to be feared, the cause in part lurks in a radical defect in our criminal laws. They are too sanguinary to be executed to the full, without cruelty and barbarity: hence the lax execution of the laws renders them of little or no effect by their punishments *in terrorem*. Our laws being so indiscriminating between enormous crimes and mere peccadillos, how often do we see Judges and Juries driven to the painful alternative of straining their consciences on the merciful side, or of passing a cruel bloody verdict, in strict conformity to the letter of the law? After all the efforts of Judges and Juries to mitigate the rigour of law, how many sentences of death are passed upon convicts who are afterwards found objects of Royal clemency; sometimes one-half, sometimes three out of four, or five out of six! There cannot be a stronger demonstration that our laws are too severe and indiscriminating, or that they are unduly, consequently ineffectually, executed. This is a crying and alarming evil, calling loudly upon the Legislature, the Ministry, and the Magistracy, for their united utmost efforts to investigate and rectify.

Frequent accounts from Ireland of the lawless atrocious proceedings of the insurgents calling themselves White Boys, or Right Boys, denote the government of that kingdom to be in a very feeble and relaxed state. Either the civil power is remiss in redressing real grievances, or incapable of correcting the disturbers of the peace, under pretence of fictitious grievances. If these malecontents have real cause of complaint, shame to that administration which does not enquire into and redress their wrongs; if not, still greater shame to suffer such outrages to be committed upon the peaceable and inoffending subjects as we daily hear of. These disorders cannot now be ascribed to the constitutional or unconstitutional interference of our Parliament. Little did the patriots of Ireland think what they asked for when they claimed independency on Great-

Britain; as little did our shallow Ministers of that time know what they were about, to grant them their demand. Neither party considered the difficulties and embarrassments that would fall upon the trade and mutual intercourse of both kingdoms, when separated and alienated from one another: these difficulties will recur in every treaty which Great-Britain makes with foreign Powers. Ireland will therefore soon find, like America, her independency to be an idle dream, a source of much trouble and distress in her future connexions with all foreign nations in commerce and navigation, and in the disposal of her produce and manufactures.

We could barely notice the death of the King of Prussia in our last essay; an event which we have long thought must be productive of various alterations in the political affairs of Europe. None of the acts of the new King have reached us either to justify or disannul that opinion. Much will depend on the opinion which surrounding Potentates will form of his disposition, principles, views, and designs, and his abilities to carry them into execution. The Emperor is certainly upon the watch to observe whether or not this is the critical time for him to revenge the wrongs done his illustrious mother and family by the deceased Prince, who never sought a much better title to any dominions than the opportunity and power of taking them. Be these things how they will for the present, there is one thing which will soon call forth some of his talents in negotiating, or for fighting; and that is, the perplexed, critical, distressed case of his brother-in-law, the Prince of Orange, which is come to that issue now to be decided, Whether he is to be or not to be *STADTHOLDER*?

The Dutch Republic appears to be convulsed through its whole internal frame, in every limb, in every joint and part of its government: the Stadtholder against the States-General; the States-General against one another; a majority of them against some of the Provincial States; and they, in their turn, against some of their own towns, and the magistrates of these towns; while the whole populace is agitated with party rage in favour of some of these bodies against others!—In short, a general confusion prevails, and threatens ruin to many, if not the dissolution of their famous union. He who would wish to set all this to rights, would not know where to begin, or where to end. We know but of one thing that would reunite the discordant parts of the confederation,

tion, and that is, the Spanish Monarch resuming the ancient jurisdiction of his ancestors, and endeavouring to enforce his authority over them. This would drive them to the exercise of their fundamental axiom, "*Concordia res parvæ crescunt.*" In the mean time, the King of Prussia cannot very decently stand quite still and see his brother-in-law overwhelmed by a faction, without doing something to rescue him from the impending calamity. This will, in some measure, shew the temper and metal of the man. We hope our Ministers will have no hand in these Batavian quarrels; as they have thrown themselves into the arms of the French, let the French heal their divisions if they can. We are rather apt to think the French are the instigators of all these feuds, animosities and commotions.—But that the Dutch themselves may look to, and thank themselves for. It is the natural result of their own base, sordid, ungrateful policy.

The Venetians seem to have brought themselves into a dilemma by entering into a confederacy with the two Imperial Courts against the Turks; they daily feel the effects of it, and the prospect darkens upon them. If they do not soon detach themselves from this impolitic confederation, they will find themselves in a very irksome situation.

The Emperor and the Czarina both lower their tone since the Ottoman Cabinet has assumed such a firm and determined aspect, and the Grand Admiral, the Captain Pacha, has put the fleet in motion. They are in the right to be careful how they step; a war between them and the Turks might, at this time, bring very serious important consequences after it.

Denmark and Sweden enjoy a profound tranquillity, unconcerned in the broils

that are fermenting several nations of Europe: those two Powers, formerly jealous rivals, are now cordial friends and good neighbours, and mutual safeguards to one another.

The advanced season of the year affords a security for the continuation of the general tranquillity for some months, and an opportunity for contending parties to negotiate a more permanent pacification; which will probably be the case, if some of the powerful Potentates are not resolutely bent on war.

While we are writing these observations, presents itself to our view the missive letter of the King of Prussia to the States General, by no less a messenger than his Minister of State, which fully justifies our conjectures before stated. By this sensible, spirited, and nervous address, it clearly appears that his Prussian Majesty will not be a passive spectator of the deposition or degradation of the Stadtholder, or the disinheriting of his posterity after him; nor yet will he consent to any essential alteration of the constitution of the Republic, posited to near as it is in the vicinity of part of his own dominions. In short, he lets them know, that though Frederic is dead, his spirit, views, designs, and plans live and flourish vigorously in his successor, who has taken up the business where his predecessor left it, as a political legacy to be executed in due time. This well-conceived and well-expressed declaration may also serve to the other Powers of Europe as a specimen of the abilities, spirit, and magnanimity of the man who has just ascended the throne of Prussia, and they are to form their plans and take their measures accordingly. The Hollanders are going great lengths; it is high time they were put a stop to, if they are to be stopped at all.

The FRUITS of MODERN PHYSIC: A JEU D'ESPRIT.

A CERTAIN lover, on the point of losing his mistress by a dangerous illness, went in search of a physician on whose skill he might with safety depend. In his way he meets with a person possessed of a Talisman, by whose virtue he can distinguish objects imperceptible to the naked eye.—With a round sum of money he purchases this Talisman, and hastens to the house of an eminent physician. There he beholds a multitude of souls.—They were those of his patients, whom, in attempting to cure, he had killed.—More or less of these he beheld in the house of every medical gentleman in town. Almost in

despair of finding one fit for his purpose, he is on his return home; when he receives intelligence of a practitioner, in an obscure corner, who, during his peregrinations, had escaped his notice. Here are to be perceived only two little souls.—“Well,” thought the lover in a transport, “at length I have found one good physician.”—“Bless me!” cried the Doctor—“how did you find me out?”—“How!” replied the other—“why, by your reputation, your skill.”—“My reputation!—Lord! Sir, I have not been eight days in business, nor seen but two patients.

ON MICHAEL DRAYTON.

PERHAPS few considerations are more grateful than those which we generally feel upon being the means of recalling to notice the deserted productions of ingenious men, whose works a variety of concurrent circumstances have equally tended to obscure. The present age, tho' it may not be that of great and impatient action, is certainly an age of diligent and unremitting enquiry; and amongst its best characteristics a taste for relishing every species of antiquity has for some time past been making its way, both with rapidity and success. As poetry from its immediate connection with the history of a country claims no inconsiderable share of our attention, it is the business of this paper to recommend to notice the works of Michael Drayton; a poet whose name though not forgotten is yet neglected, and whose works though occasionally mentioned are seldom read. An attempt to account for the neglect of merit would be but to examine the folly and the perverseness of mankind; no very pleasing task at best: as such therefore I shall make the poet speak for himself, and rest the whole of my arguments in favour of him on the testimonies I produce. To admire is an easy and a common task; to excite admiration in others in opposition to time and prejudice is difficult; to gain this point however is my wish. Through the means of other channels I have occasionally taken the opportunity of mentioning Drayton; I have here confined myself to part of his works only, and that perhaps the most inferior. The curious and important geographical descriptions that the Poly-Olbion abounds with, will furnish much information to every antiquary who has a regard for his country; nor are there wanting poetical beauties of every kind. His great display of observation in the way of natural history cannot fail to please if not to instruct every researcher into that line of science; and that general strain of benevolence which pervades his works, deserves better treatment from the world than the lot of oblivion. May this slight essay in some degree gain him attention, who deserves notes and a commentary, and whose name should be mentioned amongst the first classics of his country. On subjects that are connected with scripture, very few are those who have in any degree succeeded. In that way, Milton is a monarch who reigns alone; yet we find much real poetry in the *David and*

Goliath, in *The Flood*, and in *The Birth of Moses*. A critic of a very superior order, has lately noted the many obligations that Milton lies under to Drayton. To what he has adduced, I shall here add many passages. In the following passage Milton seems to have had Ariosto in his eye in the Orlando Furioso; he might however have caught the hint from Drayton.

—As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest; with such delay
Well pleas'd they slack their course, and
many a league
Chear'd with the grateful smell old Ocean
smiles.

Par. Lost, B. 4. 160.

See Drayton's Ode to Virginia, in which he mentions a variety of sweet-smelling trees that regaled those who sailed near.

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land,
Above the seas that flows,
The clear wind throws,
Your hearts to swell
Approaching the dear strand.

It has often been observed, in what strong and feeling terms Milton has universally spoken of music.—He mentions the nightingale perpetually, yet never perhaps exceeds Drayton, who seems to have equally felt and described this bird.—The following passage bears some resemblance to lines in Milton—

—all but the wakeful Nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant
fung;
Silence was pleas'd.—

Par. Lost, B. 4. 602.

—The warbling Throistle-cock,
The Ousel and the Nightingale among,
That charms the night-calm with her powerful song.

DRAYTON'S OWL.

These birds are likewise mentioned together in Drayton's 3d Eclogue, in which species of writing (by the bye) our author seems to have peculiarly excelled. The eclogues of Spenser, of Pope, and of Phillips, are continually mentioned; but where do we find the name of Drayton?—Collins and Drayton are the only English poets who have written eclogue.

that will bear perusal: Spenser is not himself when he touches the crook.— This idea in the following passage, which supposes music to have derived its original from the song of the nightingale, is perfectly new and beautiful,——

——Philomel in spring

Teaching by art her little one to sing;

By whose clear voice sweet music first was found,

Before Amphion ever knew a sound.

See DRAYTON'S *Owl*.

The lines which immediately follow the above are fine, and remind us of the ballad of the Children in the Wood, and of a passage in that great poet Collins,——

Covering with moss the dead's unclosed eye,
The little red-breast teacheth charity.

DRAYTON, *ibid*.

The red-breast oft at evening hours

Shall kindly lend his little aid,

With hoary moss and gather'd flowers,

To deck the ground where thou art laid.

COLLINS.

In *The Flood*, Drayton has the following beautiful image of the nightingale sitting disconsolate in the Ark. After describing with great exactness the many species of birds, he adds,

——and in a little nook

The nightingale with her melodious tongue
Sadly there sits, as she had never sung.—

* Our correspondent as well as our readers will probably be pleased to read the following extract from Dr. Farmer's very scarce *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*, p. 30. on this subject. "You must not think me infected with the spirit of Lauder, if I give you another of Milton's imitations:

——"The Swan with *arched neck*

Between her white wings mantling, proudly rows

"Her state with oary feet."

B. 7. v. 438.

"The ancient poets," says Mr. Richardson, "have not hit upon this beauty; so lavish as they have been in their descriptions of the *Swan*. Homer calls the Swan long-necked *δολιχοδέτερον*; but how much more *picturesque*, if he had *arched* this length of neck?"

For this *beauty*, however, Milton was beholden to *Donne*; whose name, I believe, at present is better known than his writings:

——"Like a ship in her full trim,

"A *Swan*, so white that you may unto him

"Compare all whitenesse, but himselfe to none,

"Glided along, and as he glided watch'd,

"And with his *arched neck* this poore fish catch'd."

Progress of the Soul, St. 24.

Those highly-finished landscapes the Seasons are indeed copied from Nature: but Thomson sometimes recollected the hand of his Master:

——The stately sailing Swan

Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;

And arching proud his neck, with oary feet

Bears forwards fierce, and guards his oger ile,

Protective of his young.—

The following idea Dryden might, perhaps, have taken from Drayton; it is to be found in Dryden's first Ode to Cecilia, part of which is quoted and admired by Dr. Warton, in his *Essay on Pope*, Vol. I. p. 53, though perhaps not so much for this idea as for the foregoing lines, which I do not produce.

Less than a God they thought there could
not dwell

Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.

David's Harp is thus described in his *David and Goliath*,

The wiry chords now shake so wondrous
clear,

As one might think an angel's voice to
hear

From ev'ry quaver, or some spirit had pent
Itself of purpose in the instrument.

The following well-known description of Milton is nearly equalled by a description of the same kind in Drayton, and which seems to have furnished Milton with part of his expression*.

——The swan with arched neck

Between her white wings mantling,
proudly rows

Her state with oary feet.

Par. Lost, B. 7.

Drayton thus describes the swan in the Ark.

The swan by his great Master taught this good,

T' avoid the fury of the falling flood,
His boat-like breast, his wings rais'd for his sail,

And *oar-like feet*, &c.

Flood, Vol. II. 1535.

Drayton in his poem on the Miracles of Moses has many passages very sublime. He represents the arms, implements of various sorts, the chariots and horses of the routed army of Pharaoh, as affrightening the *monsters of the deep*, whilst floating over them. He finely adds in a very bold style,

Death is discern'd triumphantly in arms
On the rough seas his *slaughtery* to keep,
And his cold self in breath of mortals warms,

Upon the dimpled bosom of the deep.

Vol. IV. 1600.

Among the conquests gained, the following original lines occur, which remind us of those heroes whom Milton calls "*giants of mighty bone*," P. Loft. B. xi. 642. and which seem strongly to have struck his imagination.—The Ballad of Hardyknute likewise presents us with an image of the same kind.

Proud Norse with giant body tall,

Braid shoulders and arms strang.

See *Hardyknute*, 1st Part.

TO THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

As the Public have of late years shewn an avidity for old Songs and Ballads, I have sent you the following, which I have selected from an old M. S. Musick-book, lately fallen into my possession. The setting of the Tunes and Hand-writing seem to be the work of a Learner. The Book is dated in 1698; and perhaps some of the subsequent Songs may be in some other Collections; but as they are *new* to me, they may be the same to many of your Readers, who would not be displeas'd to see them in your valuable Repository. If you please to insert them they are at your Service. I am, &c.

L. P.

THE following is much in the taste and manner of the Love Poets of the time of Queen Elizabeth.

SONG I.

SLEEP, wayward thoughts, and rest you with my love,
Let not my love be with my love displeas'd:
Touch not, proud hands, lest you her anger move,
But pine you with my longings, long diseas'd.
Thus while she sleeps I sorrow for her sake;
So sleeps my love, my love; and yet my love doth wake.

And Og's great fall of a gigantic strength,
Whose bed of iron fashion'd to contain
(In breadth four cubits, doubling it in length)

The living remnant of the iron race
Of big-bon'd Anack terrible and dread,
Which long time fattning in that fertile place,

Grew like the fat soil wherein they were bred.

DRAYTON, Vol. IV. 1617.

He makes mention soon after of those whose helms were *thunder-proof*.—The idea of war suggested by the approach of the Philistines is thus described.

Grim-visag'd War more sternly doth awake
Than it was wont, and furiously doth shake
Her lightning sword,—— &c.

The brows of Goliath are thus mentioned:

His brows like two steep pent-houses hung down
Over his eyelids.——

This last idea occurs in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, and in the Poems of Churchill.

C——T——O.

(To be continued.)

But oh! the fury of my restless fear!
The hidden anguish of my warm desires!
The glories and the beauties that appear
Between her brows near Cupid's closed fires!

Thus while she sleeps I languish for her sake;
So sleeps my love, my love; and yet my love doth wake.

My love doth rage, and yet my love doth rest;
Fear in my love, yet is my love secure;
Peace in my love, and yet my love oppress'd,
Impatient, yet of perfect temperatour.
Sleep, dainty love, while I sigh for thy sake;
So sleeps my love, my love; and yet my love doth wake,

There are several Bacchanalian songs against *Care*. The one beginning, "Be gone, Old Care," is common. Perhaps the following is one of the most ancient of the kind, and from which others have been imitated.

SONG II.

CARE, away goe thou from me,
For I am not fit match for thee;
Thou bereav'st me of my wits,
Wherefore I hate thy frantic fits;
Therefore I will care no more,
Since that in care comes no restore:
But I will sing hey down, adown, adee,
And call care away, away from me.

If I want, I care to get,
The more I have the more I fret;
Have I much I care for more;
The more I have I think me poor:
Thus I with grief my mind opprefs,
In weath or woe find no redress;
Therefore I will care no more, no more
in vain,

For care hath cost me meikle pain,
But I will sing hey down, &c.

Is not this world a slipp'ry ball,
And think men strange to catch a fall?
Doth not the sea both ebb and flow,
And hath not fortune a painted show?
Why should men take care or grief,
Since that in care comes no relief?

There's none so wise but may be over-
thrown,
And the careless may reap what the careful
have sown.

And I will sing hey down, &c.

Well, then, learn to know thy self,
And care not for the worldly self;
Whether thine estate be great or small,
Give thanks to God, whate'er befall:
So shalt thou then live at ease,
No sudden grief shall thee displease:
Then may'st thou sing hey down, adown,
adee,
When thou hast cast all care and grief from
thee.

* Littleton explains *Chorus circularis Barley-break*, when they dance taking hands
round.

So in *The Virgin Martyr*, A. 5. S. 1.

He is at *barli-break*, and the last couple are now in hell.

The Guardian, A. 1. S. 1.

Hey-day! there are a legion of young Cupids
At *barli-break*.

A New Wonder, a Woman never vex, 1632, A. 1.

—If you find my mistress

Have a minde to this coupling at *barly-breake*,

Let her not be the last couple to be left in hell.

Keynard's Deliverance of 266 Christians, 1608. Sign. A. 3.

—or rather, as lovers roming after young damocels

At *barli-breake*.

REEL'S Ed. of *Doddsley's Old Plays*, vol. viii. p. 295.

SONG III.

WO worth the time and eke the place
That she to me was known,
For since I first beheld her face,
My heart was ne'er mine own, mine own,
My heart was ne'er mine own.

Some time I liv'd at libertie,
But now I do not so:
She hath my heart so faithfully
That I can love no mo, no mo,
That I can love no mo.

To be refus'd of love, alas!
All earthly things adiew!
My mistress she is mercifless,
And will not on me rue, me rue,
And will not on me rue.

Now am I left all comfortless,
And no remead can crave,
My mistress knows no tenderness;
What comfort can I have, I have,
What comfort can I have?

SONG IV.

COME, love, let's walk to yonder spring,
Where we shall hear the Blackbird sing,
The Robin Red-Breast and the Thrush,
The Nightingale in thorny bush,
And the Mavis sweetly carolling;
This to my love, this to my love content
will bring.

In yonder dale grow fragrant flowers,
With many sweet and shady bowers;
A pearly brook whose silver streams
Are beautified by Phœbus' beams,
Still stealing through the trees so fair;
Because Diana, because Diana,
Batheth her there.

Behold the Nymph with all her train
Comes tripping through the park again,
And in this place she here will stay,
At *barley-break* to sport and play,
And we shall sit us down and see
Fair beauty mixt, fair beauty mixt
With challitie.

Nor let us fear Acteon's fate,
The victim of Diana's hate;
For with unlawful love he came,
And thought to seize the heavenly dame;
But when Acteon the epicid,
Then to the thicket, then to the thicket,
Fast she bled.

Diana's joy was here to be
In woodland sport, and merry glee,
Delighting in this silver stream,
Among her buxom Nymphs to swim;
Untill Acteon did intrude;
And soon he requited, and deeply despited,
A crime so rude.

For soon by magic art she wrought,
And sudden vengeance on him brought:
No tongue to tell what he did see,
Whilst he a Hart was turn'd to be:
Thus whilst he view'd Diana's train,
His life he lost, his life he lost,
Her love to gain.

SONG V.

WHY should beauty be so proud
In things of no surmounting?
All her wealth is but a shroud,
Nothing worth accounting.
Then in this there is no bliss,
Which is but vain and idle;
Beauty's flower hath its hour,
Time doth hold the bride.
Health is but a glance of joy,
Subject to all changes;
Mirth is but a noisy toy,
Which mishap estranges.
Tell me then, O silly man,
Why art thou so weak of wit,
As to be in jeopardy,
When thou may'st in safety sit?

SONG VI.

GATHER rose-buds while you may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And that same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow may be dying.
The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he is getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer is to setting.
That age is best that is the first,
While youth and blood are warmer;
Expect not then the last and worst
Be better than the former.
Then be not coy, but use your time,
And whilst you may, go marrie;
For having once but lost your prime,
You may for ever tarrie.

SONG VII.

THE lowest trees have tops, the ant her gall,
The fly her spleen, the little spark its heat;
The slender hairs cast shadows, tho' but
small;
And bees have stings, although they be not
great.

Seas have their course, and so have little
springs;
And love is love in Beggars as in Kings-
Where waters smoothest are, deep are the
fords;
The Dial stirs, yet none perceives it move;
The firmest faith is in the fewest words;
The Turtles cannot sing, and yet they
love;
True hearts have eyes and ears, no tongue
to speak;
They hear, and see, and sigh, and then they
break.

THE LADY'S ANSWER.

Bushes have tops, but Cedars rise far higher;
A hair casts shadow less than Faro Tower;
The spark casts heat, but greater heat the
fire;
A bee can sting, but not with scorpion's
power.

Keep hope in store, and ne'er deplore,
Though you be small indeed:
Remember ay will come a day
When friends a friend will need.
You have a friend so friendly and so true;
Keep well your friend—I say no more.
Adieu.

SONG VIII.

The beginning and end of this Song
appear to have been torn out of my M. S.
What of it remains has merit, and is as
follows:

* * * * *

Since that among them all,
I dare well say is none,
So far from joy, so full of wo,
Or hath more cause to moan;
For all thing living hath
Some time a quiet rest,
The ploughing Ox, the bearing Ass,
And every other beast;
The peasant and the post,
Which are at all assays,
The ship-boy and the galley-slave
Have time to take their ease;
Save I, poor wretch, whom care
Doth so me now constrain,
To wait the day and weep the night
Continually in pain:
From painfulness to pain,
From pain to bitter tears;
From tears to painful pain again,
And so my life out-wears:
Or when I hear the sound
Of song or instrument,
All things, alas, that joyful be
But make me more lament—
* * * * *

The following, which breathes so
much of the spirit of the Crusaders,
seems to have been written about the
time when Prince Eugene gained some
considerable victories over the Turks.
Though

Though from his mentioning *Constantine* as a Crusader, the writer of it appears ignorant in history, yet it is evident he alludes to the wild and romantic expeditions of the Cross; and it would not be the most forced conjecture, were we to suppose that some parts of this martial ditty were imitated or preserved from some of the ancient popular ballads in the time of the Crusades. The mention of cannon might have been introduced when this ballad was revived in the time of Prince Eugene. Many a more loose conjecture has been seriously laid before the public, when Rowley and Chatterton afforded the topic. At any rate, I trust the following is a curiosity, for I never met with it but in the above-mentioned M. S.

BRAVE Mars begins to rouse,
Sternly he bends his brows,
And blows up Etna's fire.
Tho' he may lose the field,
Let the soldier never yield;
Tho' thousands be beside him kill'd,
Let the soldier still aspire.

When cannons are roaring and bullets are flying,
He that would honour gain, must not fear dying.

Tho' Constantine be dead,
Who left us honour,
And taught brave christian kings
Under his banner;
Pagans amazed were
In a great wonder,
To see brave christians come
Like claps of thunder.
When cannons, &c.

Raised are the worthies nine,
And now ascending;
Even by a power divine
Peace now is ending.
Barons, Knights and Earls
Join the brave adventure,
On their fiercest foes
Rushing first to enter.
When cannons, &c.

Soldiers with sword in hand
To the wall a-coming,
Men about the streets
Riding and running;
Ladders against the wall
Some are uprearing
Women with stones in laps
To the walls a-bearing.
When cannons, &c.

Portcuizies in the port
Watchmen down-letting;
Burghers in every street
With heart and hand abetting;
Alarm-bells in each tower
Loud are a-ringing;
Children sticks and stones
To the walls a-bringing.
When cannons, &c.

Centinels o'er the gates,
Arm, arm, a-crying;
Petards against the ports,
Wild fire a-flying;
Trumpets on turrets high
Loud are a-sounding;
Drums beating out again,
Echoes resounding.
When cannons, &c.

Captains in open field
On their foes rushing;
Gentlemen Volunteers
With their pikes pushing;
Ingeneers in the trench
Earth, earth up-throwing;
Gunpowder in the mynes
Pagans up-blowing.
When cannons, &c.

Horsemen in glittering steel
From the gates now fall;
Pagans scatter'd o'er the field,
Have no power to rally:
Some in bloody heaps lie dead,
Some disarm'd a-flying;
And Victory, Oh Victory,
The christians are a-crying.
When cannons are roaring and bullets are flying,
He that would honour gain, must not fear dying.

LETTER from Dr. GAUDEN, BISHOP of EXETER, to LORD CHANCELLOR CLARENDON*.

[From Vol. III. of Lord CLARENDON'S "State-Papers," lately published.]

MY LORD,

GIVE me leave once more, in my serene temper, to expresse my sense of my affaires at Exeter, and my desire;

leaving to your lordship to esteeme of mee as you shall see I may deserve. I am not dissatisfied soe much with the place, though

* Whoever may be desirous of seeing the evidence produced concerning the Author of the *Icon Basilike*, previous to the publication of this letter, may be referred to Toland's Life of Milton, and his Amyntor — Wagstaffe's Vindication and Defence — Neal's History of the Puritans — Dr. Birch's Dissertation, in the Appendix to the Life of Milton — Dr. Burton on the Genuineness of Lord Clarendon's History — Hume's History — Dr. Nash's History of Worcester-shire, and Bishop Warburton's Observations there published — Nichols's Anecdotes of Bowyer, &c. &c.

EDITOR.

I have

I have noe convenient dwelling as yet, much lesse with the people: none can bee more ingenuous and obliging, yea liberally kind; my reall trouble is, that I cannot live here in such a conspicuity of hospitableness and charity, yea of gratitude, as becomes the king's service, the church's honor, a bishop's dignity, and my owne relations, ever wanted to ampleties and freedome of all things. The revenue is noe more than 500*l. per ann.* and of this I see yet very little: The fines cannot bee any great matter, since there is yet noe citate cleare of former lives in it. And by what time purchasers are satisfied, and myselfe repaired, as to charges, truly there can bee noe advantages to be envied, or reckoned, as a fixed revenue. That which I desire chiefly to spend is, at least 1000*l. per ann.*; at lesse I cannot live here, where all things are as deare as at London, for the maine, and some dearer. I believe your lordship did expect the revenue would answer your favour to mee, who left that concerne wholly to your lordship, as you commended mee. My undertaking was to doe my work, and to spend handiomey my wages; and though I knew it one of the smallest preferments for profit, and very inconvenient for distance from my friends and affaires, yet I was over-ruled by your lordship, because I seemed much desired by the country. Now, my lord, is it an impossible thing for me to be supported, while I am here, so as may content mee, and encourage mee in this great service? from which to remove in discontent and dishonor, will not become mee, lesse those that sint mee. All I desire is an augment of 500*l. per annum.* Yf it cannot be at present had, in a *commendam*, yet possible the king's favour to mee will not grudge mee this pension out of the first-fruits and tenths of this diocesse, till I bee removed or otherwise provided for: nor will your lordship startle at this motion, or wave the presenting it to his Majesty, yf you please to consider the pretensions I may have beyond any of my calling, not as to merit, but duty performed to the royal family. True, I once presumed your lordship had fully known that *arcantum*, for soe Dr. Morley told mee, at the king's first coming, when he assured mee the greatnes of that service was such, that I might have any preferment I desired. This conscioulines of your lordship (as I supposed) and Dr. Morley made mee confident my affaires would bee carried on to some proportion of what I had done, and he thought deserved. Hence my silence of it to your lordship. As to the King and Duke of

York, whom, before I came away, I acquainted with it, when I saw myselfe not so much considered in my present disposure as I did hope I should have beene, what sense their royal goodnes bath of it is best to be expressed by themselves; nor doe I doubt but I shall by your lordship's favour, find the fruits as to something extraordinary, since the service was soe; not as to what was known to the world under my name, in order to vindicate the crowne and the church, but what goes under the late blessed king's name, the *EXOR*, or portraiture of hys majesty in hys solitudes and sufferings. This book and figure was wholly and only my invention, making, and designe, in order to vindicate the king's wildome, honor, and piety. My wife indeed was conscious of it, and had an hand in disguising the letters of that copy, which I sent to the king in the Isle of Wight, by the favour of the late Marquie of Hartford, which was delivered to the king by the now Bishop of Winchester. Hys Majesty graciously accepted, owned, and adopted it as his sense and genius; not only with great approbation, but admiration: He kept it with him, and though his cruel murderers went on to perfect his martyrdom, yet God preserved and prospered this book to revive his honor, and redeeme hys Majesty's name from that grave of contempt and abhorrence, or infamy, in which they aymed to bury him. When it came out, just upon the king's death; good God! what shame, rage, and dispute, filled his murderers! what comfort, hys friends! How many enemyes did it convert! how many hearts did it mollify and melt! What devotions it rayled to his posterity, as children of such a father! what preparations in all men's minds for this happy restauration, and which, I hope, shall not prove my affliction! In a word, it was an army, and did vanquish more than any sword could. My lord, every good subject conceived hopes of restauration; meditated revenge and reparation. Your lordship, and all good subjects, with hys majesty, enjoy the reall, and now ripe fruites of that plant. O let not mee wither! who was the author, and ventured wife, children, estate, liberty, life, and all, but my soule, in soe great an atcheivement, which hath filled England, and all the world, with the glory of it. I did lately present my fayth in it to the Duke of York; and by him to the King; both of them were pleased to give mee credit, and owne it as a rare service in those horrors of times. True, I played this best card in my hand something too late; else I might have sped

as well as Dr. Reynolds *, and some others; but I did not lay it as a ground of ambition, nor use it as a ladder. Thinking myself secure in the just valew of Dr. Morley, who I was sure knew it, and told me your lordship did so too; who I believe intended mee something at least competent, though less convenient in this preferment. All that I desire is, that your lordship would make that good which I think you designed, and which I am confident the king will not deny mee, agreeable to his royall munificence, which promiseth extraordinary rewards to extraordinary services. Certainly this service is such, for the matter, manner, timing, and efficacy, as was never exceeded, nor will ever be equalled, yf I may credit the judgment of the best and wisest men that have read it; and I know your lordship, who is so great a matter of widome and eloquence, cannot but esteeme the author of that piece; and accordingly make mee to see those effects which may assure mee, that my loyalty, paines, care, hazard and

silence, are accepted by the king and royall family, to which your lordship's is now grafted, where I wish it may, together with the other branches, flourish; that under that shadow I and mine may thrive, while they enjoy the honor and influence of that constellation of wisdom, and piety, and patience, which beares the glorious name of the great paterne of kings, christians, men, and martyrs. I was well before I was removed, and wanted nothing; it is not covetousness now, as not ambition before, that moyed in me. I only desire I may bee considered as a person able and willing to serve the king; of which that book is testimony enough. And shall I bee dejected, or discouraged, in soe great a diocese, and after so great services, for want of revenew suitable to my place and work? God forbid! The king is too generous, and I hope your lordship will be more a just favourer of your honor's humble servant.

JAN. 21, 1660.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

[With an ENGRAVED PORTRAIT † of Him, from an ORIGINAL PAINTING.]

MR. JOHN KYRLE, commonly known by the name of the MAN OF ROSS, was a native of that place, which is situated in the county of Hereford. He died in the year 1724, at the age of ninety, and was buried in the chancel of the church at Ross. He was a bachelor, possessed of five hundred pounds a-year, of which there is a tradition that he spent only fifty pounds for the support of himself. He distributed medicines to the poor gratis, and when the advice of a physician was necessary, he sent for one at his own expence. He redeemed poor debtors from prison, and gave them small sums to begin trade with. In almost all disputes he acted as a mediator, and prevented the parties from going to law. He bought all sorts of coarse cloth, which he caused to be made for the use of the poor, and distributed to them meat and bread. So celebrated was he in his time for his singular virtues, that Mr. Pope, whose voice was fame, celebrated him in the following lines.

But all our praises why should Lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing THE MAN OF
ROSS;
Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding
bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause refunds.

Who hung with woods you mountain's lustrous brow?

From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?

Not to the skies in useles columns tost,

Or in proud falls magnificently lost,

But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain

Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.

Whose cause-way parts the vale with shady rows?

Whose seats the weary traveller repose?

Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?

"THE MAN OF ROSS," each lisping babe replies.

Behold the Market-place with poor o'er-spread!

THE MAN OF ROSS divides the weekly bread!

He feeds you alms-house, neat, but void of state,

Where age and want sit smiling at the gate;

Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans best,

The young who labour and the old who rest.

Is any sick? THE MAN OF ROSS relieves,

Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes and gives.

Is there a variance? Enter but his door,

Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.

Despairing quacks with curses fled the place

And vile attorneys, now an useles race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!

* Dr. Edward Reynolds, at the Restoration consecrated Bishop of Norwich.

† See the MISCELLANEOUS PLATE annexed.

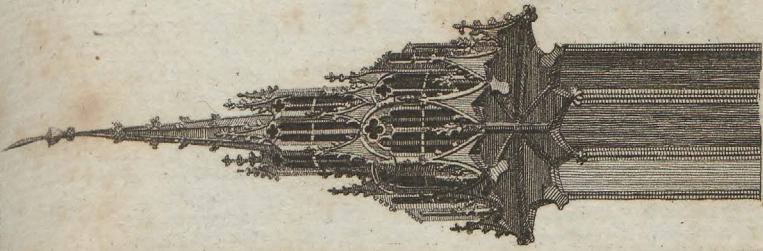




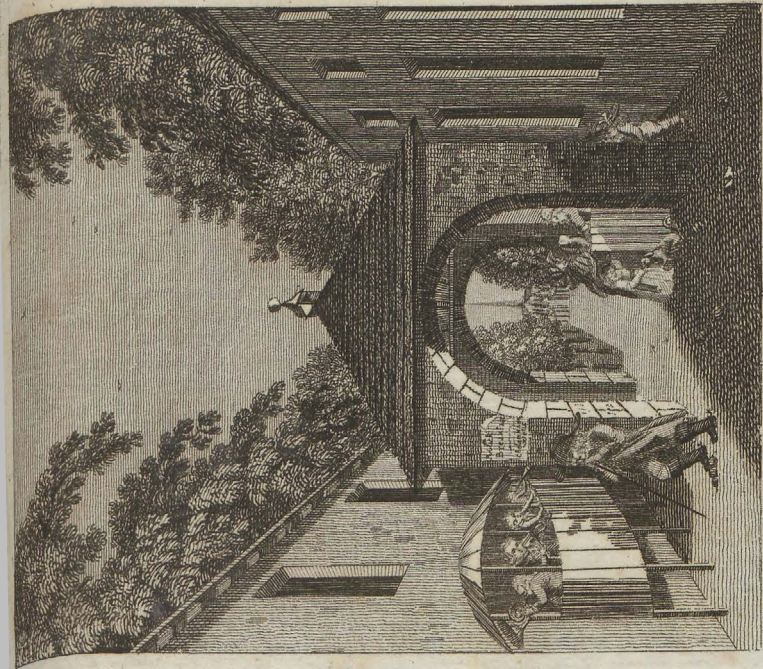
The MAN of ROSS.



LELAND the ANTIQUARIAN.



The Sounding Board
in Allsthorough Ch.
Bucks.



Cheltenham Wells, Gloucestershire.

Published by Snowell Cornhill 1786.

Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?

What mines to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,

This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a-year:

Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!

Ye little stars, hide your diminish'd rays.

B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone?

His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,

Will never mark the marble with his name: Go, search it there, where to be born and die,

Of rich and poor makes all the history;

Enough that virtue fills the space between, Prov'd by the ends of being to have been.

Dr. Johnson, however, observes, that "this praise of Kyrle, the Man of Rofs, deserves particular examination, who, after a long and pompous enumeration of his public works and private charities, is said to have diffused all those blessings from five hundred a-year. Wonders are willingly told and willingly heard. The

truth is, that Kyrle was a man of known integrity and active benevolence, by whose solicitation the wealthy were persuaded to pay contributions to his charitable schemes. This influence he obtained by an example of liberality exerted to the utmost extent of his power, and was thus enabled to give more than he had. This account Mr. Victor received from the minister of the place, and I have preserved it, that the praise of a good man being made more credible, may be more solid. Narrations of romantic and impracticable virtue will be read with wonder; but that which is unattainable is recommended in vain: that good may be endeavoured, it must be shewn to be possible."

The Print of this very excellent man, given in our present Magazine is taken from an old portrait, painted on a wooden pannel over the fire-place in one of the parlours belonging to the King's-Arms Inn at Rofs, known by the name of the Man of Rofs's House. When or by whom it was painted, does not appear. Probably it was placed there when Mr. Kyrle resided at the above house.

JOHN LELAND.

[With an ENGRAVING * of HIM, from an ORIGINAL PICTURE.]

OF this author it will be sufficient to refer our readers to his Life published at Oxford, together with those of Anthony Wood and Thomas Hearne, a few years since. The present engraving

is copied from a picture in the possession of Rowe Mores, Esq; of Low Layton, Essex, deceased, in whose family the original now remains.

The SOUNDING-BOARD in ADLESBOROUGH CHURCH, BUCKS.

[Illustrated by an ENGRAVING.*]

ADLESBOROUGH or Edlesboro Church is situate among the hills in Buckinghamshire, about six or seven miles S.W. from Dunstable, near the Buckingham road. The outward appearance of this church has nothing worthy the notice of travellers, being in a very ruinous state; but on entering the church the eye

is caught with the Gothic appearance of the sounding-board, which is fixed up against the wall between two arches over the pulpit. It is of exquisite workmanship and in perfect condition, and forms no unpleasing contrast to the mutilated seats underneath it.

CHELTENHAM WELLS, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

[Illustrated by a PERSPECTIVE VIEW* of the PUMP-ROOM, &c.]

THESE Wells are pleasantly situated, near the church, in the market-town of Cheltenham, 100 miles West from London, and ten miles N. E. from Glou-

cester; and are much frequented in the summer season by the nobility and gentry of the neighbouring country. These waters partake of the quality of those at

* See the MISCELLANEOUS PLATE annexed.

Scarborough, and were first found out by some husbandmen in the year 1740, by observing that all the pigeons in the neighbourhood and places adjacent came thither to quench their thirst.

A physician of credit and experience who has made several trials and observations of their different effects, having prescribed them to many persons of various constitutions and distempers, says, that on evaporation they are found to contain in one gallon of water eight drachms of nitrous salt, with two drachms of alkaline earth; that they are compounded of a large quantity of nitre, to which they owe their purgative quality, a light sulphur with foetid dejections manifested, and a volatile stench, discovered by a transparent blue colour, when mixed with an infusion of Nut Galls. Alkaline spirits have no effect on them; but they ferment with acids. He further adds, they act according to the dose administered, by emptying the bowels gently and easily, without sickness, nausea, gripes, or causing great lowness of spirits. They give a good appetite, an easy digestion, and quiet night, in all nephritic

and gouty cases, when not under the fit, and in all rheumatic, scrophulous, scorbutic, and leprous cases; but especially in spermatic, urinary, or hæmorrhoidal cases: he thinks them not to be equalled in inflammatory cases: in a word, they do great cures in most chronical disorders, if proper regimen and exercise be ordered. Those of healthy strong nerves and firm constitutions bear them with high spirits; but they do not agree with those of weak nerves, paralytic, hypochondriac or hysterical disorders, or those who are subject to any kind of fits, cramps, or convulsions.

Here are several good lodging-houses, particularly the Great House. Public breakfasts and assemblies are kept here, all which are regulated by a Master of the Ceremonies*. The Wells are within-side a brick arched building (as delineated in the annexed Plate), surrounded with a wooden paling which forms a kind of bar, where stands a woman to deliver out the waters, &c. The building on the right side is part of the public Breakfast-Room.

OBSERVATIONS on the PASSIONS.

By R. CUMBERLAND, Esq.

PEOPLE have a custom of excusing the enormities of their conduct by talking of their passions, as if they were under the controul of a blind necessity, and sinned because they could not help it. Before any man resorts to this kind of excuse it behoves him to examine the justice of it, and to be sure that these passions, which he thus attempts to palliate, are strictly natural, and do not spring either from the neglect of education or the crime of self-indulgence.

Of our infancy, properly so called, we either remember nothing, or few things faintly and imperfectly; some passions however make their appearance in this stage of human life, and appear to be born with us, others are born after us; some follow us to the grave; others forsake us in the decline of age.

The life of man is to be viewed under three periods, infancy, youth, and manhood. The first includes that portion of time before reason shews itself; in the second it appears indeed, but being incompetent to the proper government of the creature, requires the aid, support,

and correction of education; in the third it attains to its maturity.

Now as a person's responsibility bears respect to his reason, so do human punishments bear respect to his responsibility: infants and boys are chastised by the hand of the parent or the master; rational adults are amenable to the laws, and what is termed mischief in the first case becomes a crime in the other. It will not avail the man to plead loss of reason by temporary intoxication, nor can he excuse himself by the plea of any sudden impulse of passion. If a prisoner tells his judge that it is his nature to be cruel, that anger lust or malice are inherent in his constitution, no human tribunal will admit the defence; yet thus it is that all people deal with God and the world, when they attempt to palliate their enormities, by pleading the uncontrollable propensity of their natural desires, as if the Creator had set up a tyrant in their hearts, which they were necessitated to obey.

This miserable subterfuge is no less absurd than impious; for what can be more degrading to a being, whose inherent

* Simcon Moreau, Esq.

attribute is free-agency, and whose distinguishing faculty is reason, than to shelter himself from the dread of responsibility under the humiliating apology of mental slavery? It is as if he should say, *Excuse the irregularities of my conduct, for I am a brute and not a man; I follow instinct and renounce all claim to reason; my actions govern me, not I my actions*;—and yet the people to whom I allude generally set up this plea in excuse for those passions in particular, which have their origin in that stage of life when the human mind is in the use and possession of reason; an imposition so glaring that it convicts itself: notwithstanding this it is too often seen, that whilst the sensualist is avowing the irresistible violence of his propensities, vanity shall receive it not only as an atonement for the basest attempts, but as an expected tribute to the tempting charms of beauty; nay, such is the perversion of principle in some men, that it shall pass with them as a recommendation even of that sex, the purity of whose minds should be their sovereign grace and ornament.

The passion of fear seems coeval with our nature: if they who have our infancy in charge suffer this passion to fix and increase upon us; if they augment our infant fears by invented terrors, and

present to our sight frightful objects to scare us; if they practise upon our natural and defenceless timidity by blows and menaces, and crush us into absolute subjection of spirit in our early years; a human creature thus abused has enough to plead in excuse for cowardice; and yet this, which is the strongest defence we can make upon the impulse of passion, is perhaps the only one we never resort to: in most other passions we call that constitution, which is only habit.

When we reflect upon the variety of passions to which the human mind is liable, it should seem as if reason, which is expressly implanted in us for their correction and controul, was greatly overmarched by such a host of turbulent insurgents; but upon a closer examination we may find that reason has many aids and allies, and though her antagonists are also many and mighty, yet that they are divided and distracted; whilst she can in all cases turn one passion against another, so as to counterbalance any power by its opposite, and make evil instruments in her hands conducive to moral ends. Avarice, for instance, will act as a counterpoise to lust and intemperance, whilst vanity on the other hand will check avarice; fear will keep a bad man honest, and pride will sometimes make a coward brave.

The ADVANTAGES of PUBLIC EDUCATION exemplified in the STORY of GEMINUS and GEMELLUS.

[BY THE SAME.]

GEMINUS and Gemellus were twins of a country gentleman of fortune, whom I shall call Euphorion. When they were of age to begin their grammar learning, Euphorion found himself exceedingly puzzled to decide upon the best mode of education; he had read several treatises on the subject, which instead of clearing up his difficulties had increased them; he had consulted the opinions of his friends and neighbours, and he found these so equally divided, and so much to be said on both sides, that he could determine upon neither. Unfortunately for Euphorion he had no partialities of his own, for the good gentleman had had little or no education himself. The clergyman of the parish preached up the moral advantages of private tuition; the lawyer, his near neighbour, dazzled his imagination with the connections and knowledge of the world to be gained in a public school. Euphorion perceiving himself in a strait between two roads, and not knowing

which to prefer, cut the difficulty by taking both; so that Geminus was put under the private tuition of the clergyman above mentioned, and Gemellus was taken up to town by the lawyer to be entered at Westminster-school.

Euphorion having thus put the two systems fairly to issue waited the event; but every time that Gemellus came home at the breaking-up, the private system rose and the public sunk on the comparison in the father's mind, for Gemellus's appearance no longer kept pace with his brother's: wild and ragged as a colt, battered and bruised and dishevelled, he hardly seemed of the same species with the spruce little master in the parlour. Euphorion was shocked to find that his manners were no less altered than his person, for he herded with the servants in the stable, was for ever under the horses' heels, and foremost in all games and sports with the idle boys of the parish. This was a fore offence in Euphorion's eyes, for he abhorred low

company, and being the first gentleman of his family, seemed determined to keep up to the title. Misfortunes multiplied upon poor Gemellus, and every thing conspired to put him in complete disgrace, for he began to corrupt his brother, and was detected in debauching him to a game a cricket, from which Geminus was brought home with a bruise on the shin, that made a week's work for the surgeon; and what was still worse, there was conviction of the blow being given from a ball from Gemellus's batt: this brought on a severe interdiction of all further fellowship between the brothers, and they were effectually kept apart for the future.

A suspicion now took place in the father's mind, that Gemellus had made as little progress in his books as he had in his manners; but as this was a discovery he could not venture upon in person, he substituted his proxy for the undertaking. Gemellus had so many evasions and *alibis* in resource, that it was long before the clergyman could bring the case to a hearing, and the report was not very favourable in any sense to the unlucky school-boy, for Gemellus had been seized with a violent fit of sneezing in the crisis of examination, to the great annoyance of the worthy preceptor, who was forced to break up the conference *re infecta* and in some disorder; for amongst other damages which had accrued to his person and apparel, he presented himself to the wondering eyes of Euphorion with a huge black bush wig stuck full of paper darts, and as thickly spiked as the back of a porcupine. The culprit was instantly summoned, and made no other defence, than that *they slept out of his hand, and he did not go to do it.* "Are these your Westminster tricks, firrah?" cried the angry father, and aiming a blow at his scull with his crutch, brought the wrong person to the ground; for the nimble culprit had slipped out of the way, and Euphorion, being weak and gouty, literally followed the blow, and was laid sprawling on the floor. Gemellus flew to his assistance, and jointly with the parson got him on his legs; but his anger was now so enflamed, that Gemellus was ordered out of the room under sentence of immediate dismissal to school. Euphorion declared he was so totally spoilt, that he would not be troubled with him any longer in his family, else he would instantly have reversed his education: it was now too late, (he observed to the parson, whilst he was drawing the paper darts from his wig) and therefore he should return to the place from whence he came,

and order was given for passing him off by the stage next morning.

A question was asked about his holiday-task, but Geminus, who had now entered his father's chamber, in a mild and pacifying tone assured Euphorion that his brother was provided in that respect, for that he himself had done the task for him. This was pouring oil upon flame, and the idle culprit was once more called to the bar to receive a most severe reprimand for his meanness in imposing on his brother's good-nature, with many dunces and blockheads cast in his teeth, for not being able to do his own business. Gemellus was nettled with these reproaches, but more than all with his brother for betraying him, and, drawing the task out of his pocket, rolled it in his hand and threw it towards the author, saying "he was a shabby fellow; and for his part he scorned to be obliged to any body, that would do a favour and then boast of it."—Recollecting himself in a moment afterwards, he turned towards his father, and begged his pardon for all offences; "he hoped he was not such a blockhead, but he could do his task, if he pleased, and he would instantly set about it and send it down, to convince him, that he could do his own business without any body's help." So saying, he went out of the room in great haste, and in less time than could be expected brought down a portion of *sacred exercise* in hexameter verse, which the parson candidly declared was admirably well performed for his years; adding, that although it was not without faults, there were some passages that bespoke the dawning of genius.—"I am obliged to you, Sir," said Gemellus, "it is more than I deserve, and I beg your pardon for the impertinence I have been guilty of."—The tears started in his eyes as he said this, and he departed without any answer from his father.

He had no sooner left the room than he perceived Geminus had followed him, and, being piqued with his late treatment, turned round and with a disdainful look said—"Brother Geminus, you ought to be ashamed of yourself; if you was at Westminster, there is not a boy in the school would acknowledge you after so scandalous a behaviour."—"I care neither for you nor your school," answered the domestic youth; "it is you and not I should be ashamed of such reprobate manners, and I shall report you to my father."—"Do so," replied Gemellus, "and take that with you into

"the bargain."—This was immediately seconded with a sound slap on the face with his open hand, which however drew blood in a stream from his nostrils, and he ran screaming to Euphorion, who came out upon the alarm with all the speed he could muster. Gemellus stood his ground, and after a severe caning was ordered to ask pardon of his brother: this he peremptorily refused to do, alledging that he had been punished already, and to be beaten and beg pardon too was more than he would submit to. No menaces being able to bring this refractory spirit to submission, he was sent off to school penniless, and a letter was written to the master, setting forth his offence, and in strong terms censuring his want of discipline for not correcting so stubborn a temper and so idle a disposition.

When he returned to school the master sent for him to his house, and questioned him upon the matter of complaint in his father's letter, observing that the charge being made for offences out of school he did not think it right to call him publicly to account; but as he believed him to be a boy of honour, he expected to hear the whole truth fairly related. This drew forth the whole narrative, and Gemellus was dismissed with a gentle admonition, that could hardly be construed into a rebuke.

When the next holidays were in approach, Gemellus received the following letter from his brother.

"BROTHER GEMELLUS,

"IF you have duly repented of your behaviour to me, and will signify your contrition, asking pardon as becomes you for the violence you have committed, I will intercede with my father, and hope to obtain his permission for your coming home in the ensuing holidays; if not, you must take the consequences, and remain where you are, for on this condition only I am to consider myself

"Your affectionate brother,
"GEMINUS."

To this letter Gemellus returned an answer as follows.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"I Am sorry to find you still bear in mind a boyish quarrel so long past; be assured I have entirely forgiven your behaviour to me, but I cannot recollect any thing in mine to you, which I ought to ask your pardon for. Whatever consequences may befall me for not complying with your condition, I shall remain

"Your affectionate brother,
"GEMELLUS."

[To be concluded in our next.]

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

The NEWSPAPERS.

An ADDRESS spoken by Mr. BANNISTER, jun. at the Theatre Royal HAY-MARKET, on Miss GEORGE's first and second appearances in the ROMP.

Written by Mr. STUART.

[Newspapers lying on the table.

THE Play quite over the Address not written!

What shall I do? Miss George is fairly bitten.

Flat as a cit 'fore dinner—hipp'd by vapours,

But can't I steal from all these morning papers?

We tiny wits glean all jokes from the news,

Tho' these best friends, our puffers, we abuse:

When all their temporary strokes we cull,

To hide our *thefts*, we damn them, they're so dull.

What paper's this? *The HERALD*, often bright,

Now blazes with a *bulse* ne'er brought to light.

[As if reading.

Keen for half price the REGISTER contending,

Full price the GENERAL vig'rously defending!

Were half-crown bucks allow'd to enter here,
The actors all must brew their own small-beer;

And could they with such stop so greatly shine,

As when well stuff'd with beef and gen'rous wine?

It would improve, indeed, the tragic school;
For you'd receive "great cry for little wool."

But could you, merry folks, in either gall'ry,
Laugh half so hearty, dock'd of half your salary?

No!—Then still see full pieces for full pay,
And ne'er sneak in at tag end of a play.

The LEDGER next: what have we here—
"The Friend:

"Number five hundred!" friendship without end!

This is indeed a friend we seldom meet,
Back'd by five hundred more of Garr'way's fleet.

[Looking at the ship advertisements.
The GAZETTEER—"our citizens all sigh

"At Swanhop breakfasts of nice stew'd
lamb's fry,

"In sack—they hate to eat by Deputy.

The POST—"Miss George this evening plays the Romp;

"'Tis hop'd no nibbling critic in stiff pomp
"Will

“ Will sneer at her essay and voice melodious ;

“ Remember, “ All comparisons are odious.”
What have we here ? “ *The PUBLIC ADVERTISER*—

“ Theatricals—*dash*—AND—*dash*—we advise her—

“ *Dash*—let Miss George—*dash*—*teifse* *nofce*—

“ *Dash*—she's not Jordan—*dash*—nor Madam Pizzv” —

Dash—*dash*—*slapdash*—*The CHRONICLE* at last,

Fame's pleasing trump, without one envious blast,

Good-natur'd — ne'er can genius rob,
With nothing black about him—but his bob.

What's here ? “ Miss George's great attempt to-night

“ Cannot offend, but may give some delight :
“ She's young and volatile—has fun and ri,

“ Her *Tippet* and *Miss Jenny* prove she's gig-

“ Though wond'rous Jordan be Dame Nature's choice,

“ Yet sprightly George has got a charming voice.

“ Had no young candidate e'er try'd their art

“ To play a great performer's choicest part,
“ *Jordan* and *Siddons* we had never gain'd,

“ For *Clive* and *Cibber* would have always reign'd.”

Has not our little Gen'ral on this plain
Drill'd heroes as recruits for Drury-lane ?

Searching for genius ever, and rewarding,
Has he not fill'd the *list* of Covent-garden ?

Let candour, then, not cynick snarls prevail ;

Let no one cock his glass, and say “ she'll fail !

“ She's not the *Jordan* !” that she knows indeed,

But none can be more anxious to succeed
Than she, to make you merry—not to teize you,—

She'll do her best—none can do more—to please you.

*** The lines respecting the *Ledger*, the *Register*, and the *General Advertiser*, were omitted in the speaking, owing to the too great length of the Address.

Aug. 29. A Comedy of three acts called “ *Tit for Tat*,” was performed, for the first time, for the benefit of Mr. Palmer.

Mr. Palmer being soon to be elevated to a Dramatick Throne, we considered his choice of a new Play for his Benefit as a specimen of the talents for which he is to wield his sceptre. We were surpris'd that the Play was not new ; but an alteration of an alteration from the French of Marivaux, which has been published under the title of *Mutual Deception*.

The characters and situations wanted novelty, but the dialogue was lively and

rich ; and it seem'd to be greatly relish'd by the audience.

P R O L O G U E

To the COMEDY of TIT FOR TAT.

Written by Mr. COLMAN.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

LONG hath Old England given, as from the helm,

Dramatick Law to every sister realm.
Scotland her Theatres delights to rear,
But for Supplies, for Ways and Means, looks here :

Hibernia too improves the friendly hint ;
“ A new Play, Honey ! fait, there's nothing in't,

“ For we have all their manuscripts in print.”

Teague speaks but truth. Across St. George's Channel

John Bull in vain his Juries would impanel ;

In vain expect great Chancellors to sit,
And guard by equity the rights of wit ;

While distant Managers feel no compunctions,
And laugh alike at actions or injunctions.

Yet to be just ourselves, we own to-day
That from Hibernia comes our printed play ;

A play first flowing from a Frenchman's pen,
Cork'd, bottled there ; decanted here again—

Three acts in Paris kept the scenes alive,
And those three acts in Dublin swell'd to five ;

But Dwarfs ne'er treading Giants *Caufeway*,
we

Lop off two legs, and rest again on three.

Oh, on our Tripod may we firmly stand,
And hail, like them, our cargo safe on land !

French, Irish, English, whatsoe'er the freight,
Your sentence stamps its merit, seals its fate.

From me, whose utmost aim is your delight,

Accept the humble offering of to-night !
To please, wherever plac'd, be still my care,

At Drury, Haymarket — or Wellclose Square !

E P I L O G U E

To TIT FOR TAT.

Written by a FRIEND.

Spoken by Miss FARRER.

IN times of yore, our ancestors discreet,
Thought woman's safest station was retreat :

Over her tender chick Dame Partlet then
Preach'd this grave lesson, “ Mind, beware of men !”

Still o'er and o'er repeating night and day,
“ Fly, shun 'em all as animals of prey !”

But now, or theirs is chang'd, or else our Nature,

And man's not held so terrible a creature

No

No dame now takes beneath her wing her charge,
 But lets the tender chicken roam at large.
 Should Square-Toes fret—the answer then is pat,
 Our girl's no fool—she'll give 'em Tit for Tat.
 Mifs, free from school, and strong by sanction grown,
 Leads half a score wild fellows round the town.
 For ev'ry smile a smile is at command—
 For every bow a curtsey's near at hand—
 For ogling, flirting, frolic, fancy, chat,
 Belles equal beaux—and Mifs gives Tit for Tat.
 The first that offers wins her easy heart,
 And Gretna's blacksmith joins 'em ne'er to part.
 Now like fair Venus' turtles view the pair,
 This coos—my love, and that returns—my dear.
 At length a short moon waded, one to that,
 How runs the reck'ning of—Our Tit for Tat.
 He rails—the scolds—they're yet upon the square,
 There's still a Rowland for an Oliver.
 To clubs abroad and taverns shou'd he roam,
 She'll have her cards and private friends at home.
 “Your temper, Madam!”—“Sir, our tempers suit,
 “ You once were kind, and you, but now a brute.”
 Shou'd he prove false, what remedy for that?
 Gallant for Mistress—'tis but Tit for Tat.
 Since, like to like, how shall our friend requite
 Those whom their kindness have brought here to-night?
 Be pleas'd with his endeavour, grant but that,
 And well you will repay him Tit for Tat.

Sept. 15. This evening the Hay-market Theatre closed for the present season with Tit for Tat, and The Agreeable Surprise and on the succeeding night,

Sept. 16, Drury-Lane Theatre opened with the School for Scandal and All the World's a Stage. On the following Monday,

Sept. 18, The Theatre of Covent Garden opened for the season with the comedy of The Belle's Stratagem, to which the restoration of Mrs. Pope and Mrs. Mattocks gave its original sprightliness and vigour. The part of Flutter was played by Mr. M'CREADY, from Dublin, whose person and features, though neither strikingly elegant or expressive, are sufficiently neat and regular to qualify him for the representation of a variety of comic characters. He buffled through Flutter with tolerable success, but the part does not shew scope enough to enable the comedian to display his powers to full advantage.

* The house was formerly used as the converted it into an elegant little Theatre.

P R O L O G U E
 T O T H E
 R E V E N G E,

Spoken by WILLIAM FECTOR, Esq;
 On the first Opening of his Private Theatre, in Dover, Oct. the 30th, 1783.

HONOR'D once more with such a brilliant view
 Of Beauties, Wits, kind Friends, and Critics too,

Permit me, just as *Manager*, to say
 A word concerning actors, house and play.
 Tho' novelties please most of human race,
 I can't present you e'en with one new face;
 But since my veteran corps can give delight,
 Their former laurels must not fade to-night.
 * This house of pleasure, once the choicest scene

Of festive dance and all the mirthful train;
 Here rival toasts all others could excel,
 And rival beaux their tender tales might tell.
 Tho' chang'd the plan, the aim is still the same,

Votives of pleasure differing but in name.
 The Tragic Muse still claims superior praise,
 And souls refined will honor all her lays.
 With quick pulsations throbbing at my heart,

I'm now about to act a villain's part;
 But hope for once those moralists must err,
 Who hold that fiction best tells what we are;
 Far be from me those wily arts t' excuse,
 Which form'd by villains, none but villains use.

Yet feels for *Zanga* every gen'rous mind;
 An untaught son of Africa's burning clime,
 With whom revenge is honor's first great rule,

Unlearn'd in polish'd Europe's softer school.
 Unknown are war's refin'd ideas to them,
 Victory or death is still their darling theme;
 Captivity they wish not to survive,
 And time but keeps each angry thought alive.

Forgiveness is an attribute divine,
 Revenge congenial to a savage mind.

Now to a candid audience I appeal,
 To hope their favour will our faults conceal.
 Genius and Wit will ne'er descend to satire,
 But every plaudit flow from your good-nature.

P R O L O G U E
 T O

OTWAY'S Tragedy of VENICE PRESERV'D
 (Performed by Mr. FECTOR, and his Dramatic Party, in Dover, on the 5th of Oct. 1784.)

Spoken by WILLIAM FECTOR, Esq;
 who also personated JAFFIER.

“ EYE Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,

“ And catch the manners living as they rise.”
 Assembly-Rooms, until Mr. William Fector

So says Dan Pope, and frankly I confess
 A fear, that we this night shall give our
 guests,
 A more than common mark of their success.
 'Tis true, did reason hold a sovereign sway,
 And none her strictest dictates disobey;
 Did all revere her ever-honor'd laws,
 And only merit gain her just applause;
 Much might my friends and self be made to
 dread
 With tragic steps the mimic stage to tread;
 But most philosophers and wise men know,
 And to our foibles oft indulgence shew,
 Some ruling passion all mankind obeys,
 And each his hobby mounds in different
 ways.

Perhaps this night censorious folks may
 say,
 "Ambition, more than Judgment, chose the
 play;
 "Our powr's unequal to the great design
 That paints each conflict of the human
 mind."
 Venice's stern laws, I hope, won't here
 prevail,
 But mercy more than justice hold the scale.
 Candour will sure each liberal mind inspire,
 That should we err, to please is our desire;
 That ruling passion all our hearts prof^d,
 And my soul's *darling passion* stands confest'd.

THOUGHTS and REFLECTIONS on VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

I. THE generality of what the World
 calls *friends*, are but our *shadows*.
 They accompany us while the sun shines;
 but quit us soon as it disappears. *Felix se
 nefcit amari*, says Lucan: and the Distressed
 have no patron, says experience.

II. The heart is to the Man, what the
 fun is to Nature. The richest principles in
 one, and the most vegetative powers in
 the other, would lye dormant, without the
 enlivening warmth of the Soul of morals,
 or of the Universe.

III. Our eyes are quicker than our ears;
 example, therefore, goes further than pre-
 cept; and facts operate stronger on our
 minds, than sentences.

IV. Definition of a *Route*—Where people
 come only to remark, and go away to be
 remark'd upon.

V. Woman's prate is generally too *ab-
 stracted*; for they seldom say any thing that
 is *material*.

VI. Virtue, like the *loadstone*, can only
 communicate its properties to susceptible
 natures.

VII. Why should not a man be allowed
 to commend his Wit as well as his Hon-
 esty?

VIII. The French word *louer* signifies
 both to *hire* and to *praise*. That nation
 shews by this, their knowledge of mankind,
 in thus making *flattery* the price of favour.
Commend and command, is a good adage for
 this maxim.

IX. *Personne*, in the feminine gender,
 signifies *somebody*; but in the masculine, *no-
 body*. So that in France Women, it seems,
 are considered as *every-thing*, and Men as
nothing.

X. There is a dependance and connection
 runs through things where it is not suspected.
 The difference of Government is thought to
 have depended on the arbitrary election of
 the first Legislator; but it follows the nature
 of men, which follows the constitution of
 the climate. The hot and violent dispositions
 of the people could never be restrained by
 northern laws. 'Tis necessary also to incu-

cate superstitions, reverence, and awe of
 their Moguls, Sultans, and Sophys, to go-
 vern the inward man by obedience, as well
 as the outward one by force, in such ex-
 tensive empires.

XI. An unimpassioned heart, like lead,
 is dull and cold: melt it, and it shines and
 flows.

XII. Wit is not a *fund*, but a *faculty*:
 Humour is a *complexion*: and Story-telling
 a *knack*.

XIII. No man would change intirely
 with another.

"Better to bear those ills we have,

"Than fly to others which we know not
 of."

XIV. The insolence of men arises from
 their own meanness of spirit: conscious of
 the tameness with which they would them-
 selves bear an insult, they thus dare offer
 one to others.

XV. What is exile, but being *obliged* to
 live in some country, where a whole na-
 tion abides by *choice*?

XVI. Scurrilous people throw more dirt
 than hurt against those they abuse.

XVII. Honesty, like Charity, should be-
 gin at home: but the Miser first robs him-
 self.

XVIII. Time, like a river, rolls imper-
 ceptibly away, 'till it loses itself in the vast
 ocean of Eternity. Happy they who mark
 its periods by deeds which shall bear record,
 when time itself shall be no more!

XIX. Reason may be compared to Steel;
 it must be kept bright by use—*splendet usu*.
 If suffered to lie by, it will rust sooner than
 a baser metal; and the sooner still for the
 fineness of its polish.

XX. Reading is the food, Conversation the
 exercise, and Contemplation the physic of
 the Mind.

XXI. The happiness of Marriage, like the
 rents of an Estate, flows from a perma-
 nent source, renewing still as it waxes.
 Libertines, like Spendthrifts, break in up-
 on the *Fee-simple*, and soon turn Bankrupts.

THE
LONDON REVIEW,
AND
LITERARY JOURNAL.

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

ΕΠΙΕΑ ΠΙΤΕΡΟΕΝΤΑ ; or, The Diversions of Purley. Part I. By John Horne Tooke, M. A. 8vo. 7s. 6d: Johnson. 1786.

WE have here a valuable and entertaining dialogue on universal or philosophical Grammar. Mr. Horne Tooke, after such things as naturally and properly lead the way to the subject, thus enters upon it: "I think Grammar difficult; but I am very far from looking upon it as foolish: indeed so far, that I consider it as absolutely necessary in the search after philosophical truth; which, if not the most useful, perhaps, is at least the most pleasing employment of the human mind. And I think it no less necessary in the most important questions concerning religion and civil society." This last remark is so obvious and just, that perhaps some lovers of mystery may be for rejecting it. The ingenious author, after various observations from the different dialogists, thus goes on: "I acknowledge philosophical Grammar to be a most necessary step towards wisdom and true knowledge. From the innumerable and inveterate mistakes which have been made concerning it by the wisest philosophers and most diligent inquirers of all ages, and from the thick darkness in which they have hitherto left it, I imagine it to be one of the most difficult speculations. Yet, I suppose, a man of plain common sense may obtain it, if he will dig for it; but I cannot think that what is commonly called learning, is the mine in which it will be found. Truth, in my opinion, has been improperly imagined at the bottom of a well: it lies much nearer to the surface; though buried, indeed, at present, under mountains of learned rubbish, in which there is nothing to admire but the amazing strength of those vast giants of literature who have been able thus to heap Pelion upon Ossa. This at present is only my opinion, which perhaps I have entertained too lightly." And we venture to add, *perhaps not*, since there

is a real foundation for such an opinion. After many other entertaining and useful things, one of the dialogists says, "you will begin then either with *things* or *ideas*; for it is impossible we should ever thoroughly understand the nature of the *signs*, unless we first properly consider and arrange the *things signified*. Whose system of philosophy will you build upon?" To this Mr. Horne Tooke answers, "What you say is true. And yet, I shall not begin there. Hermes, you know, put out the eyes of Argus; and I suspect that he has likewise blinded Philosophy: and if I had not imagined so, I should never have cast away a thought upon this subject. If therefore Philosophy herself has been misled by language, how shall she teach us to detect her tricks?" Here ends the Introduction. We beg leave to say, that in our opinion, Philosophy, by vainly attempting to put out the eyes of Language, lost her own: and this we think may be fully proved from Mr. Horne Tooke himself: however, we are glad, upon the whole, that he imagined otherwise, since that thought occasioned The Diversions of Purley.

Chap. I. relates to the divisions or distribution of language. The purpose of language, says Mr. Horne Tooke, is to communicate our thoughts. This he mentions as the true principle upon which the whole matter rests, and also as that principle which, being kept *singly* in contemplation, has misled all those who have reasoned on the subject—"For thus, says he, they reasoned—Words are the *signs* of *things*. There must therefore be as many sorts of words, or *parts of speech*, as there are sorts of *things*. The earliest inquirers into language proceeded then to settle how many sorts there were of things; and from thence how many sorts of words, or parts

of speech. Whilst this method of search *strictly* prevailed, the parts of speech were very few in number; but *two*; at most *three* or *four*. All things, said they, must have names. But there two sorts of things: 1. *Res quæ permanent.* 2. *Res quæ fluunt.* There must therefore be *two* sorts of words, or *parts of speech*: viz. 1. *Notæ rerum quæ permanent.* 2. *Notæ rerum quæ fluunt.* Well; but surely there are words which are neither *notæ rerum permanentium*, nor yet *notæ rerum fluentium*. What will you do with them? We cannot tell: we can find but these two sorts in *rerum natura*; call therefore those other words, if you will, for the present, *particles*, or inferior parts of speech, till we can find out what they are.—Or, suppose you call them *conjunctions*, or *connectives*. About the time of Aristotle, a fourth part of speech was added, the *definitive*, or *article*. Here concluded the search after the different sorts of words, or parts of speech, from the difference of things.—The difficulty and controversy now was, to determine to which of these four classes each word belonged; in the attempting of which, succeeding Grammarians could neither satisfy themselves nor others:—however, by this attempt and dispute they became better acquainted with the differences of words, though they could not account for them; and they found the old system deficient, though they knew not how to supply its defects. They seem therefore to have reversed the method of proceeding from things to signs, pursued by the philosophers; and still allowing the principle (viz. that there must be as many sorts of words as of things), they travelled backwards, and sought for the things from the signs: from this time the number of parts of speech has been variously reckoned.—But what sort of difference in words should intitle them to hold a separate rank by themselves, has not to this moment been settled.” But it seems, words are now no longer allowed to be the signs of things; modern Grammarians call them, after Aristotle, the signs of ideas; at the same time denying the other assertion of Aristotle, that ideas are the likenesses of things. “No doubt, says Mr. Horne Tooke, this alteration approached so far nearer to the truth; but the nature of language has not been much better understood by it.” We can by no means give our author credit for this assertion, that the alteration approached so far nearer to the truth. Was nature

followed, when words were made the signs of ideas; that is, the signs not of real things without the mind, but of some undefinable images within the mind? Does all obscurity vanish, when we are told, that ideas are not the likenesses of any things existing without the mind? Or, will it clear up the matter to affirm that words are the signs neither of real things without the mind, nor of their likenesses within the mind? Philosophy might perhaps see better, if the number of her eyes were less. We perfectly agree with Mr. Horne Tooke in the following remarks: Grammarians have since pursued just the same method with *mind*, as had before been done with *things*. The different operations of the mind are to account now for what the different things were to account before; and when they are not found sufficiently numerous for the purpose, it is only supposing an imaginary operation or two, and the difficulties are for the time shuffled over.

Mr. Horne Tooke was called upon, in the dialogue, to say what he meant by supposing that Hermes had blinded Philosophy. In explaining this, he unfolds the design of his book. “Imagine, says he, that it is, in some measure, with the vehicles of our thoughts, as with the vehicles for our bodies. Necessity produced both.—But should any one, desirous of understanding the purpose and meaning of all the parts of our modern elegant carriages, attempt to explain them upon this one principle alone, viz. that they were necessary for conveyance—he would find himself woefully puzzled to account for the wheels, the seats, the springs, the blinds, the glasses, the lining, &c.—*Abbreviations* are the *wheels* of language, the *wings* of Mercury; and though we might be dragged along without them, it would be with much difficulty, very heavily and tediously.—The errors of Grammarians have arisen from supposing all words to be *immediately* either the signs of things, or the signs of ideas: whereas in fact many words are merely *abbreviations* employed for dispatch, and are the signs of other words. And these are the artificial wings of Mercury, by means of which the Argus eyes of Philosophy have been cheated.—The first aim of language was to communicate our thoughts; the second, to do it with dispatch.—The difficulties and disputes concerning language have arisen almost intirely from neglecting the consideration of the latter purpose of speech; which, though subordinate to the

the former, is almost as necessary in the commerce of mankind, and has a much greater share in accounting for the different sorts of words. Words have been called *winged*; and they well deserve that name, when their abbreviations are compared with the progress which speech would make without those inventions; but compared with the rapidity of thought, they have not the smallest claim to that title.—Abbreviations are employed in language three ways: 1. In terms. 2. In sorts of words. 3. In construction. Mr. Locke's Essay is the best *guide* to the first; and numberless are the authors who have given particular explanations of the last. The second only I take for my province, at present; because I believe it has hitherto escaped the proper notice of all."

Mr. Horne Tooke begins here to throw new light upon the whole system of language; it is necessary, therefore, to guard against the consequences of being dazzled, lest the very means of detecting error should become an occasion of leading us into it. It seems to be a fact, that many words are merely abbreviations employed for dispatch, and are the signs of other words: now if those other words were signs either of things, or ideas, must not their abbreviations also be, so far, the signs either of things, or ideas? Grammarians, therefore, did not err in considering all words to be the signs either of things, or ideas; since we are told, that there neither is, nor can be, a word in any language, which has not a complete meaning and signification, even when taken by itself. Grammarians only erred in supposing all words to be immediately either the signs of things, or the signs of ideas; whereas many of them are merely abbreviations, and the signs of other words; and are the signs of things, or ideas, only as they are the *substitutes* of other words. Now let Grammarians, in this particular, bear the weight of their own ignorance; but let them not be charged with the absurdities of other men. Grammarians, following nature, considered words to be the signs of things; Philosophers thought fit to correct them, and made words the signs of ideas. Grammarians then considered ideas as the likenesses of things without; but Philosophers again interposed, and corrected them a second time, and denied that ideas are the *likenesses* of

things without. Grammarians left words, as they found them, with an obvious and determinate meaning; Philosophers have done what they could to strip words of all their importance, and have left them without any determinate meaning at all. The artificial wings of Mercury may perhaps have concealed some of the graceful limbs of his own body, but they never cheated the *Argus eyes* of Philosophy; but Philosophy has often attempted to clip, and injure the artificial wings of Mercury: as for instance, when she called them mere *pegs* and *nails*, and *hooks**; or, when she named them *particles*, or marks of the *stops*, *vicus*, *postures*, and *turns* of the mind; and refused them a particular consideration. Had Philosophy been as faithful to nature as Mercury, she would never have laboured so often, as she has done, to put out the eyes of mankind.

Chap. II. *Some Considerations of Mr. Locke's Essay.* Mr. Horne Tooke calls that performance, A *Grammatical Essay*, or a *Treatise on words*, or on *language*; though he thinks the title which Mr. Locke gave it was a lucky mistake; for had it been called what it really is, it would not have been so much read. This view of Mr. Locke's Essay is new, but evidently just. It may, indeed, be objected, not only from the title of the book, but from Mr. Locke's own words, that he did not consider it as such; for he says, he had not the least thought a good while after the commencement of his work, that any consideration of words was at all necessary to it. To this Mr. Horne Tooke answers in as express terms, from Mr. Locke himself, who, in the progress of his work, found it had so near a connection with words, that unless their *force* and *manner* of signification were first well observed, there could be very little said clearly and pertinently concerning knowledge; and therefore he wrote the third book of his Essay on the nature, use, and signification of language. Mr. Horne Tooke supposes, that if Mr. Locke had been aware of the inseparable connection between words and knowledge, before he treated of the *origin* and *composition* of ideas, it would have made a great difference in his Essay: for instance, he would not have talked of the *composition* of ideas, but would have seen, that it was merely a contrivance of language;

* Note—Yet the man who so finely ridicules this ridiculous abuse of figurative speech, himself defines "Abbreviations the *wheels* of language."

and that the only composition was in the terms; and consequently, that it was as improper to speak of a complex idea, as it would be to call a constellation a complex star; and, that they are not ideas, but merely terms, which are general and abstract. Mr. Horne Tooke also thinks, that Mr. Locke would have seen the advantage of thoroughly weighing not only the *imperfections* of language, but its *perfections* also: for, says this writer, (and let it never be forgotten) "The perfections of language, not properly understood, have been one of the chief causes of the imperfections of our philosophy." And, indeed, Mr. Locke seems to him, to have suspected something of this sort, from the hints which he has thrown out in his last chapter. It may be asked, If the greatest part of Mr. Locke's Essay, that is, all which relates to what he calls the composition, abstraction, complexity, generalization, relation, &c. of ideas does indeed merely concern *language*, what then has he done, in the third book of his Essay? To this Mr. Horne Tooke answers, "He has really done little else but enlarge upon what he had said before, when he thought he was treating only of *ideas*." He continues to treat singly, as before, concerning the *force* of words; and has not advanced one syllable concerning their *manner* of signification. The force of a word, says Mr. Horne Tooke, depends upon the number of ideas of which that word is the sign. Our author refers to the 7th chapter of the third book of Mr. Locke's Essay, as containing the only division he has made of words, which is into *names* of ideas and *particles*: and this he considers as done in a very loose and uncertain manner, leaving it doubtful what he really meant by particles. He considers that chapter as a full confession and proof, that Mr. Locke had not settled his own opinion concerning the *manner* of signification of words; and that it still remained (though he did not chuse to own it) a *desideratum* with him, as it had done before with our great Bacon. Mr. Horne Tooke has shewn great penetration and much good sense in this second chapter; which we shall have occasion to look at again.

Chap. III. Of the Parts of Speech. In English, says Mr. Horne Tooke, and in all languages, there are only *two* sorts of words which are *necessary* for the communication of our thoughts; and these are, the noun and the verb. Language, indeed, he supposes may be di-

vided into as many parts of speech, as shall be thought most convenient; but he considers nouns and verbs as the only *necessary* parts: all other words, which are not necessary to speech, but merely *substitutes* of the first sort, he includes under the title of *Abbreviations*. And as the great proof of what he advances, this writer says, that without using any other sort of word whatever, and merely by the means of the noun and verb alone, he can relate or communicate any thing that is usually related or communicated with the help of all the others. He confesses, indeed, that without *abbreviations* language would get on but lamely; and therefore they have been introduced in different plenty, and more or less happily, in all languages. And upon these two points—*abbreviation of terms*, and *abbreviation in the manner of signification* of words—depends the respective excellence of every language. Mr. Horne Tooke supposes that a consideration of *ideas*, or of the *mind*, or of *things* (relative to the parts of speech), will lead us no farther than to *nouns*, or names of ideas. The verb must be accounted for, from the necessary use of it in communication. It is in fact the communication itself; for the verb is, *quod loquimur*; the noun, *de quo*.

Chap. IV. Of the Noun. It being the best understood, says Mr. Horne Tooke, I shall need *à present* to say little more than that it is the *simple* or *complex*, the *particular* or *general sign* or *name* of *one* or *more* ideas. He observes, that at this stage of his enquiry concerning language comes in most properly the consideration of the force of terms; which is the whole business of Mr. Locke's Essay; to which our author refers his reader. Then follow some ingenious and pertinent strictures on Mr. Harris, respecting the genders of nouns.

Chap. V. Of the Article and Interjection. To the latter of these Mr. Horne Tooke shews an uncommon dislike, and he so expresses himself as if he really wished to banish the use of it from language. We are ready to confess, that it does not seem to be properly ranked among the parts of speech; but we doubt, whether it can be truly said, that the dominion of speech is erected upon the *downfall* of Interjections; since we see and feel, that the most interesting passions frequently reject the use of deliberate speech, and eagerly embrace the Interjection, as affording them a method of communication better suited to the ob-

obvious state of the soul than words could be. There certainly may be sounds very significant, which yet are not sounds articulate: and besides, Interjections are often connected with appearances far more expressive than the most significant words that could be chosen—with appearances and passions that cannot, for the moment, admit of any other sounds than those which constitute the Interjection. Men do not, as Mr. Horne Tooke supposes, in the moment of voluntary interjections, forget the use of speech, or perceive a want of time to exercise it: No; they feel the insufficiency of language, and betake themselves to those means of communicating their passions and situation which are understood by all mankind, in every part of the world, and which, for that reason, are more significant and forcible than words could be. We cannot approve of this expression—the *brutish inarticulate Interjection*—for the Interjection is not brutish, because inarticulate; since, as used by rational beings, it discovers what no tones or sounds of brute animals can ever intimate; and men, perhaps, are never further from brutes, than during those moments in which they feel themselves most disposed to the use of Interjections. It is nothing to the purpose to ask, If we can find the Interjection amongst laws, or in books of civil institutions, in history, or in any treatise of useful arts or sciences? Wherever we find most of the human heart; wherever we see life and manners described just as they are; there we shall most frequently meet with Interjections. Neither rhetoric, nor poetry, nor novels, nor plays, are the worse for Interjections, unless they be unskilfully used. And even history, if history be written as it

ought to be written, teaching men by examples, will find frequent occasions for the use of Interjections.

Mr. Horne Tooke, on the Article, returns to a better mind and to his usual penetration. After some pertinent quotation from Mr. Locke, he says, "From the necessity of general terms follows immediately the necessity of the Article; whose business it is to reduce their generality, and upon occasion to enable us to employ *general* terms for *particulars*. So that the Article also, in combination with a general term, is merely a *substitute*. But then it differs from those substitutes which we have ranked under the general head of *Abbreviations*; because it is *necessary* for the communication of our thoughts, and supplies the place of words which are *not* in the language; whereas *abbreviations* are *not necessary* for communication, and supply the place of words which are in the language." Without supposing Mr. Horne Tooke to have erred in judgment, the last sentence but one is by no means so clear as we could have wished. He says here, that the Article is *necessary* for the communication of our thoughts: In the second chapter, as we have seen, he says, "nouns and verbs are the *only* sorts of words *necessary* for the communication of our thoughts." He here adds, that the Article *supplies the place of words which are not in the language*. Is this the case of the Article in combination with a general term? It must be an odd kind of substitute. Without some additional light, we can have no solid proof whatever that the Article is *more necessary* for the communication of our thoughts, than any other substitute, or *abbreviation*.

(To be continued.)

The History and Antiquities of the County Palatine of Durham. By William Hutchinson, F. A. S. Vol. I. 4to. 11. 1s. Robinsons.

NO effort of the human genius is, in the opinion of our author, more laudable, than that of collecting the various events of remote ages, and classing them in such order and arrangement, as to present a faithful delineation of the rise and progress of states, the civilization of mankind, and the advances of science. By this we acquire not only the knowledge of the various vicissitudes attendant on human affairs, but an insight into the principles which influence the prosperity or hasten the decline of empires, and from such affecting examples are enabled to deduce precepts of the greatest utility.

The History of the County Palatine of Durham being unavoidably connected, especially in the earlier part of it, with the general History of England, the author has been in some measure obliged to give a concise account of the public transactions of those times, in order to place the immediate object of his investigation in a clearer point of view.

In tracing the rise and advancement of this opulent Bishopric, and the original state of the Palatinate, Mr. Hutchinson begins his narrative from the accession of the Romans, at which time the Brigantes were the inhabitants of this district; the Ottadini holding the territories north

north of Tyne bordering on the German ocean; and the Gadini, the mountainous district to the west. After giving an account of the first introduction of Christianity into Britain, and the state of the interior police of the Britons at this period, he continues the detail during the Saxon government, till the Northumbrians, in 634, raised Oswald to the throne. In his reign the See of Lindisfarne was founded; in which originated the opulence and honours of the Principality of Durham. The first Bishop was Aidan, a pious presbyter, brought up in the monastery of *Hii* or *Jona*, one of the Hebrides, who arriving at Oswald's court in 634, by his moderation and persuasive eloquence, his temperance and exemplary life, converted the nobles and chiefs of this powerful people, and having reaped such happy fruits of his labours, chose the Island of Lindisfarne for his residence, which afterwards obtained the name of Holy Island. But the personage who claims the greatest attention among the ancient Bishops of this See, is St. Cuthbert, who was elected to the episcopacy in 684. This pious man resided twelve years as abbot in the monastery of Lindisfarne, when conceiving that a monastic life afforded enjoyments incompatible with contemplation and the service of the Deity, he retired from thence, and commenced the life of an Anchorite in the largest of the Farne Islands; a place admirably adapted to a life of mortification and severity, being on a stormy coast, surrounded by rugged rocks, destitute of fresh water, without tree for shelter or ornament, producing nothing wherewith to sustain human life, and, to complete the scene of wretchedness, said to be haunted by devils. "Miraculous," says our author, "was the change, indeed, according to the Legend. From the rocks, issued fountains of water; under the tillage of his holy hands, the soil produced barley; trees and shrubs by his care flourished abundantly, the storms abated, the plains were covered with verdure, and the evil spirits were bound in eternal darkness."

After living nine years in this solitude, he was reluctantly prevailed on, by the entreaties and fears of his sovereign, to accept of the new dignity to which he had been elected. He however enjoyed his dignity but a very short time; for his health declining, he within two years resigned his See, and returned to his cell at Farne, where he survived only two months, departing this life on the 20th of March 687. He was interred with great

funeral pomp, first in the cemetery of the old Church of Lindisfarne, and when the Cathedral was rebuilt, on the right side of the high altar; and, for his exemplary piety and virtue, was by the Church inrolled among the saints.

He, it is said, on his death bed requested the Monks to remove his remains, in case the Island fell into the hands of an enemy, who paid no veneration to the Christian Church; and from hence his panegyrist infer, that he foresaw the troubles which would ensue, and the enthusiastic veneration that would be paid in future ages to his ashes.

Before Cuthbert's consecration, the Northern Churches were but slenderly endowed. On his accession to the See of Lindisfarne, Egbert gave fundry lands and tenements to the Bishop and his successors, as fully and amply as the King himself held the same. These territorial possessions continued increasing during the time of his successors; and no material event appears to have taken place in the See of Lindisfarne till the irruption of the Danes, when Eardulph the Bishop, and such of the brethren as were willing to accompany him, quitted the place, to escape the fury of these barbarous savages, carrying with them the uncorrupt remains of their patron saint, and several other relics; and wandered about for a considerable time, till peace being restored and Guthred established on the throne, the sacred remains were removed to Chester-le-street, and a new Cathedral there founded.

Guthred, in pious gratitude for the distinguished patronage of St. Cuthbert, considerably augmented the possessions of the Church by a donation of all that tract of country lying between the rivers Were and Tyne, which grant was confirmed by Alfred. But in 995, 113 years after the See had been settled at Chester, Sweyn, king of Denmark, invading the kingdom, Bishop Aldune was induced to quit Chester and travel to Ripon with the remains of St. Cuthbert. Peace being restored, he attempted to return with the holy relics; but on the way, as they approached where Durham now stands, by a miraculous interposition, the carriage on which the body of St. Cuthbert was borne, became, we are told, immovable. From this miraculous resistance the ecclesiastics concluded, that Heaven would not permit the saint to return to his former resting-place; they accordingly determined to fast and pray till the will of Heaven should be revealed: at length Eadmer,

one of the most favoured of the attendants, received the revelation, and Dunholme was declared to be the resting-place decreed for the holy saint on earth. The Bishop and his attendants were not a little embarrassed to find this place; they wandered about in search of it, till fortunately a woman enquiring after her cow which strayed in Dunholme, put an end to their labours, and they immediately erected a small church of wood to shelter the holy relics for the present. Our author, rather humorously, observes on this occasion, "that nature could not have produced a more beneficent animal than a cow to point out the seat of this rich See."

After Bishop Aldune's death, which happened in 1017, the See remained vacant for three years, at the expiration of which time the following singular election took place.

"It had been customary," says our author, "on the decease of their prelate, for the Chapter to elect a successor, who was a Monk, though the religious body were secular clergy. They were, perhaps, anxious to appoint one of their own body; but from their divisions and delay, it seems there was not a man amongst them of such character as was eligible to that high function.

"While the Ecclesiastics sat in Chapter to agitate this important subject, a priest called Eadmund, descended of noble progenitors, but of a facetious character, entered the Church, and being informed of the nature of their deliberations, and their divisions, in a jesting manner exclaims, "Why cannot you make me a Bishop?" The assembly startled at the question, and knowing him to be a man of strict piety and religious virtue, received this interrogation in a more serious sense than he ever intended; for they conceived his coming there and uttering these expressions was by divine impulse. As many momentous concerns in that age were influenced by superstition, they determined, that thus the will of Heaven had been pronounced to them by an involuntary messenger, and all agreed in his election. Such was his humour, that it is said, at first he conceived the holy body, though met in solemn convention, were returning the jest upon him when he was told they had elected him. Being assured it was truth, he repented much of his facetiousness and jesting; would willingly have refused the nomination, and chosen to have enjoyed his secularity and benefice, with the pleasures of a life of liberty and ease,

preferable to the solemnities and self-denial of the cowl, and the toil, religious care, and sacred burden of the episcopacy. Symeon, according to the religious prejudices of those times, would not suffer the account of this election to pass to posterity without aggrandizing the event by the relation of more miraculous circumstances. Accordingly he writes, that a confirmation of the act of the Chapter was heard distinctly pronounced from the shrine of St. Cuthbert; after which they laid hands on Eadmund, and constrained him to take the government of the Church."

Mr. Hutchinson here makes some observations on the tenure of church-lands. Though it is not said in what manner the lands of St. Cuthbert were held by the people, he thinks it is self-evident they were held by military service; and that notwithstanding the immunities of the Church, and the exemptions of ecclesiastics from tallages to the service of the state, yet, as a royal Thane, the Bishop was obliged to do military service for his lands. Every donation in lands to the Church would otherwise have been so grievous a burthen to the state, as not to have been tolerated. It is therefore probable, from the metropolitical example, that they were held under similar conditions and services, viz. that the tenants shall perform all the attendance and duties of those who serve on horseback; that they shall be bound to all payments belonging to the privilege and custom of the Church, and all other dues belonging to it, unless the Bishop shall think fit to release any part of the terms: they are likewise obliged to swear to comply with the Bishop's orders with all submission and regard; they are bound to offer their service in person whenever the Bishop shall require; to furnish him with horses, and ride themselves; to keep the steeple of the parish-church in repair, and assist in building castles and bridges: they are also to impale the Bishop's parks, and find him in hunting-furniture; that after the expiration of three lives the lands shall revert to the bishopric; at which time it shall be in the power of the Bishop, for the time being, either to enter upon the lands, or make the tenant a new grant. Such, according to the opinion of Sir Henry Spelman, was the usual mode of granting Church-lands in those times.

The Palatine power of the Bishops of Durham, according to Sir Edward Coke's opinion, commenced soon after the time of William the Conqueror. The same
cause

cause that occasioned the creation of the County-Palatine of Chester might, our author thinks, have introduced that of Durham, viz. the country being so situated as to make a proper barrier and safeguard against the incursions and depredations of the Scots; for which reason it was necessary to repose in the viceroy there such powers and authorities as might best enable him to render essential service to the state, in times of public danger, and according to the nature of the exigency. It hardly seems probable that a mere principle of devotion to St. Cuthbert's memory, without some concomitant political motive, should have produced such extensive authority as the Bishops appear to have possessed.

"They had power," we are informed, "to levy taxes for the defence and service of the Palatinate, and make truces with enemies; to raise defensible troops, within the liberty, from 16 to 60 years of age, and to impress ships for war. They sat in judgment of life and death, and held execution by life or limb. They had power to create Barons, who, with their vassals, were bound to attend the Bishop's summons in Council: and thence may be observed, the greatest part of the lands within the liberty are held of the Bishop as lord paramount *in capite*. They coined money, granted licences to embattle castles, build churches, found chantries and hospitals, instituted corporations by charter, to which the Crown's assent was not essential to maintain their legality, and granted markets, fairs, &c. They had all manner of royal jurisdiction, both civil and military, by land and by water, for the exercise whereof they held proper courts, and appointed officers and other ministers of every department, as well such as the Crown nominates without the liberty, as such as the King has been used to depute, according to the exigency of special cases, or for the special execution of Acts of Parliament. The Bishop's officers by patent are, the temporal Chancellor, to whom belonged the care of the levies, the custody of the armour, and the pay of the troops; Constable of Durham Castle, the Great Chamberlain, Under Chamberlain, Secretary, Steward, Treasurer, Comptroller of the Household, Master of the Horse, Stewards of the Manor and Halmot Court, Sheriff, Prothonotary, Clerks of the Chancery, Crown, and Peace; Keeper of the Rolls, Curator, Registers, and Examiners in Chancery; Clerk of the County Court, Stewards of Borough Courts, Escheators, Feoda-

ries, Auditors, and Under Auditors; Clerks of the Receipts of the Exchequer, Supervisors of Lordships, Castles, Mines of Coal, Lead, and Iron; Coroners, Conservators of Ports and Rivers; Officers of the Marshalsea, Clerks of Markets, Keepers of the Great Seal, of Ulage, of his Wardrobe and Harnes, and Master Armourer. He had several Forests, Chaces, Parks and Woods, where he had his Foresters, who held courts in his name, and determined matters relative to forests; Parkers, Rangers, Pale-keepers. He was Lord High Admiral of the sea and waters within and adjoining the County Palatine; had Vice-Admirals, and Courts of Admiralty; Judges to determine according to the Maritime Law; Registers, Examiners, Officers of Beaconage, Anchorage, &c. and he awarded commissions to regulate waters and passages thereon. Thus by themselves and officers they did justice to all persons, in all cases, without either the King or any of his bailiffs or officers interfering ordinarily in any thing. Whatever occasion the King had within this liberty, his writs did not run here; they were not directed to his own officers, as in other counties, but to the Bishop himself, or, in the vacancy of the See, to the proper officers of the Palatinate. When King Henry II. sent his Justices of Assize here upon an extraordinary occasion of murders and robberies, he declared by his charter, that he did it with the licence of the Bishop, and *pro hac vice tantum*, and that it should not be drawn into custom either in his time, or in the time of his heirs, not being done but upon absolute necessity; and that he would nevertheless have the lands of St. Cuthbert to enjoy their liberties and ancient customs as simply as ever."

Having thus enabled the reader to form a judgment of the origin and nature of the Palatine power of the Bishops of Durham, the author proceeds with the history of the Palatinate, which does not afford many interesting events. Some of the principal ones, however, we shall in a future review lay before our readers; and for the present conclude with observing, that Mr. Hutchinson must have bestowed uncommon pains in investigating the various authorities he has adduced in order to elucidate his subject; a work which cannot fail of being acceptable to many readers, and particularly so to those who residing in the vicinity of Durham are more immediately interested in what relates to its history.

(To be continued.)

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

(Concluded from page 93.)

THE Second Volume consists of *An Epistle to Dr. Moore; Part of an irregular Fragment, found in a dark passage in the Tower; Peru; Sonnet to Mrs. Sidons; Queen Mary's Complaint; Euphelia, an Elegy, and a Sonnet to Expression.* Of these, only two, the *Fragment* and *Peru*, require any notice of the critic, except a reprehension of the catastrophe of the *Elegy* styled *Euphelia*. This *Lady*, it seems, had been prevented by her cruel father from giving her hand to the youth to whom she had given her heart. Alfred, the favoured youth, had on this retired to

— the mountain drear,
On whose lone verge the foaming billows roar;
and the nymph at midnight goes to the same place, where she supposed her "*Lover's bleeding relics*" lay:
"For sure 'twas here, as late a shepherd stray'd
" Bewilder'd, o'er the mountain's dreary bound,
" Close to the pointed cliff he saw him laid,
" Where heav'd the waters of the deep around.
" Alas, no longer could his heart endure
" The woes that heart was doom'd for me to prove:
" He sought for death—for death, the only cure
" That fate can give to vain and hopeless love."

After a great deal of very flowery and talkative sorrow, *Euphelia* destroys herself, in the pious hope that

—"When I live again,—I live to love!"
She said, and plung'd into the awful deep—
He saw her meet the fury of the wave;
He frantic saw! and darting to the steep
With desp'rate anguish, fought her wat'ry grave.
He clasp'd her dying form, he shar'd her sighs,
He check'd the billow rushing on her breast;
She felt his dear embrace—her closing eyes
Were fix'd on Alfred, and her death was blest—

In proportion as any man of common sense admires the elegant genius and happy turn for verification possessed by our youthful poetess, he must be grieved and chagrined at the romantic, girlish nonsense of ascribing happiness to the death of a suicide lover, on receiving what must have given the shocking and horrid conviction that she herself had defeated her most ardent wishes. It is the rage, the very *mania* for *tenderness* that leads our young writers into such impossible and unnatural representations of a happy death.

Of all this *Lady's* works, *Peru* has afforded the most scope to critics of different ranks. It has been called an *Epic Poem*, and highly extolled. That the verification and many of the parts deserve high praise, we readily allow. But in what its title to the name of *Epic Poem* consists, we cannot discover. *Epic* is derived, as every school-boy knows, from the Greek word for *discourse*, and thus far the most inconsistent jumble ever given in a fanatic sermon or political dispute at the *Goose* and *Gridiron*, may be called *Epic*. But when the word *Poem* is added to the epithet, it has by the canons of criticism, from time immemorial, always been applied and understood to belong only to such poems as narrate some one principal event in its progress and catastrophe, elucidated by episodes connected with the event and its catastrophe, as the branches are with the tree. But such is not the conduct of Miss Williams's *Peru*. It is not even a Tale; for every tale, to be such, has an unity of one event in view. The following abridgment of the arguments of the six Cantos of this poem will give the reader the best idea of its conduct. The argument of the first is thus:

General description of the country of Peru, and of its animal and vegetable productions—the virtus of the people—character of Ataliba, their Monarch—his love for Alzira—their nuptials celebrated—character of Zorai, her father—descent of the Genius of Peru—prediction of the fate of that empire.

Of the second Canto thus:

Pizarro, a Spanish Captain, lands with his forces—his meeting with Ataliba—its unhappy consequences—Zorai dies—Ataliba imprisoned, and strangled—Alzira's despair and madness.

Of the third :

Pizarro takes possession of Cuzco—the fanaticism of Valverde, a Spanish priest—its dreadful effects.—A Peruvian priest put to the torture—his daughter's distress—he is rescued by Las Catas, an amiable Spanish ecclesiastic, and led to a place of safety, where he dies—his daughter's narration of her sufferings—her death.

Of the fourth :

Almagro's expedition to Chili—the Chilese make a brave resistance.—Manco-Capac heads the Peruvians—Almagro leaves Chili—a band of Spaniards led by Alphonso come to a valley, and observe the natives employed in searching the streams for gold—they resolve to attack them.

Of the fifth :

Character of Zamor, a Bard—his passion for Aciloe, daughter of the chief of the valley—the Peruvians are defeated—Aciloe's father made prisoner, and Zamor supposed to be slain—Alphonso enamoured of Aciloe, offers to marry her ; she rejects him—her father for this is put to the torture—she appears to consent in order to save him—meets Zamor in a wood—Las Casas joins them, leads the two lovers to Alphonso, and obtains their freedom—and Zamor conducts his bride and her father to Chili.

And thus the last :

Manco-Capac defeated, flies—Cora, his wife, goes in search of him with her infant in her arms—overcome with fatigue, rests at the foot of a mountain—Capac comes to the same place—Cora discovers her husband—their interview—her death—he escapes with his infant—the Spaniards quarrel among themselves, and both their chiefs are killed—Las Catas dies, and Sensibility descends and stands on his grave, and speaks his praise—Gasca, another humane priest, arrives with great power—his virtuous conduct—The annual festival of the Peruvians—their late victories over the Spaniards in Chili—and, with a wish for the restoration of their liberty, the poem concludes.

From the above, the total want of connection is evident. Peru, as said before, is even not a Tale ;—and General Howe's American Gazettes strung together only want rhyme to be equally intitled to the name of an *Epic Poem*. But justice must here own that it is not herself, but some more zealous than wise, of her admirers, who have given the title of *Epic Poem* to Miss Williams's *Peru*. She herself thus modestly professes that

"She has only aimed at a simple detail of some few incidents that make a part of that romantic story, where the unparalleled sufferings of an innocent and amiable people form the most affecting subjects of true pathos, while their climate, totally unlike our own, furnishes new and ample materials for poetic description."

The versification of Peru, and her other poems, has great natural ease, elegance and harmony. It is only when she does not trust to herself, but is straining after the manner of others, that she is faulty on that head. On other views she discovers inexperience, and mistaken ideas of pathos and poetry ; it is not an eternal talking of *love*, and *woe*, and *delicious tears*. But whatever ample materials for poetic description the climate of Peru may furnish, our authoress has availed herself little of them. We can trace nothing appropriated in her landscapes. The hackneyed strain of all our flowery eastern tales, and visions, is adopted. Take the opening of the poem, which her argument calls, *A general description of the country, its animal and vegetable productions* :

Where the pacific deep in silence laves
The western shore, with slow and languid waves,
There, lost Peruvia, rose thy cultur'd scene,
The wave an emblem of thy joy serene :
There nature ever in luxuriant showers
Pours from her treasures the perennial flowers ;
In its dark foliage plum'd, the tow'ring pine
Ascends the mountain, at her call divine ;
The palm's wide leaf its brighter verdure spreads,
And the proud cedars bow their lofty heads ;
The citron and the glowing orange spring,
And on the gale a thousand odours fling ;
The guava and the soft ananas bloom,
The balsam ever drops a rich perfume :
The bark, reviving shrub ! Oh not in vain
Thy rosy blossoms tinge Peruvia's plain ;
Ye soft'ning gales, around those blossoms blow,
Ye balmy dew-drops o'er the tendrils flow.
Lo, as the health-diffusing plant aspires,
Disease, and pain, and how'ring death retires ;
Affection sees new lustre light the eye,
And feels her vanish'd joys again arise

The pacos * and vicunnas † sport around,
And the meek lamas ‡, burdened, press
the ground.

Amid the vocal groves, the feather'd
through

Pour to the list'ning breeze their native
song;

The mocking-bird her varying note essays,
The vain macaw his glitt'ring plume dis-
plays.

While spring's warm ray the mild suffu-
sion sheds,

The plaintive humming-bird his pinion
spreads;

His wings their colours to the sun unfold,
The vivid scarlet, and the blazing gold;

He sees the flower which morning tears
bedew,

Sinks on its breast, and drinks th' am-
broſial dew:

Then seeks with fond delight the social
nest

Parental care has rear'd, and love has
blest:

The drops that on the blossom's light leaf
hung,

He bears exulting to his tender young;

The grateful joy his happy accents prove,
As nature, smiling on her works of love.

But the bird bringing food to its nest
is not "totally unlike" our own climate;
and the above mention of quadrupeds
and birds is as unlike Thomson's de-
scription of the animals of different
countries, as a catalogue of names is to
poetic description.

Miss Williams thus characterises the
Peruvians:

Nor less, Peruvia, for thy favour'd clime
The virtues rose unfeign'd and sublime—

Simplicity in every vale was found,
The meek nymph smil'd, with reeds and
rushes crown'd;

And Innocence, in light transparent vest,
Mild visitant, the gentle region blest—

But neither in these, nor in the Charity
of Peru in taking care of the aged, is
there any thing peculiar to Peru. Miss
Williams's Ataliba and his bride Alzira
are in the very sublime of the Fairy
Tales:

And as o'er nature's form the solar light
Diffuses beauty, and inspires delight;

So o'er Peruvia flow'd the lib'ral ray
Of mercy, lovelier than the smile of day!

In Ataliba's pure and gen'rous heart
The virtues bloom'd without the aid of art.
His gentle spirit love's soft power possess'd,
And stamp'd Alzira's image on his breast;
Alzira, form'd each tenderness to prove,
That soothes in friendship, and that charms
in love.

But, ah! in vain the drooping muse
would paint

(Her accents languid, and her colours
faint)

How dear the joys love's early wishes
fought,

How mild his spirit, and how pure his
thought.

Mr. Mason, in his pathetic Tragedy
of Elfrida, has with great judgement de-
viated from the truth of history, in
making his heroine the disconsolate
mourner, and not the joint murderer, as
history informs us, of her husband.
The reason is obvious. In such Trage-
dies as Mason's we forget the history en-
tirely, and are only engaged by the cha-
racter we conceive from the passions ex-
pressed by it. This comes home to our
feelings. But the mere *ipse dixit* of the
poet, little better than the contents of a
Canto in rhyme, has a very different ef-
fect, when we read a concise narrative
which outrages every idea given by hi-
story.

Where all the loves in Otahcite stray—

is as absurdly applied to that vile brothel
and slaughter-house of infants, by a cer-
tain Muse, as amiable innocence is to the
ancient effeminate Peruvians; and not
a trace of Miss Williams's *Ataliba*, and
his happy reign, is to be found in history.
The empire of Peru was yet reeking with
the blood of its natives shed in the civil
wars between Atabalipa and his elder bro-
ther Huefcar, when the Spaniards arrived.
Huefcar was in prison, where he was
murdered by order of Atabalipa, a few
days before that Prince's own murder by
the Spaniards; and the number of his
concubines was one of the crimes alledged
against him by the Spaniards in his mock
trial. We should not be surpris'd were
we to find some *pathetic* German poets
celebrating our Henry the Eighth for
his wonderful and unshaken love and
constancy to Anne Bulleine and Jean
Seymour. Had Miss Williams confined

* The pacos is a domestic animal of Peru. Its wool resembles the colour of
dried roses.

† The vicunnas are a species of wild pacos.

‡ The lamas are employed as mules, in carrying burdens.

her stories of love, all ardour and purity, to names wholly fictitious; as her Zamor and Aciloe; her Zilia, &c. &c. they might have passed very well; but where we have no character delineated before us by a train of conduct, as in the Iliad, and in every good Tragedy, the concise assertions of the poet, as in Miss Williams's *Ataliba*, ought not to outrage the facts of well-known history. When the poet falls into this error, the reader, who knows the history, is as much dissatisfied as he would be with a serious elogy on the conjugal tenderness and constancy of our Eighth Henry.

From the arguments of the six Cantos of Peru it appears that the author's design was to aim at tenderness, and to excite pity and the finer feelings. Love and the happy deaths of lovers, some self-murdered and some dying of pure grief, are the chief business of every Canto; and one half of such stories might either be left out, or twenty more added, without the least injury to the connection of the poem; if it be allowable to talk of the connection of a poem which in reality has none.

To those who admire the flowery strain and romantic and wild tenderness of eastern tales (not often quite natural) we recommend the Fifth Canto of Peru. It is, indeed, a master-piece of the kind, and, detached from the rest, is one complete tale, where the interest arising from *unity* is pleasingly felt by the reader. It is, without doubt, in every respect the best part of Peru, which, on the whole, as we have already said, contains, in particular parts, great and genuine poetic merit.

We have much exceeded our usual bounds in these remarks on the Poems of Miss Williams. Our good opinion of her happy genius led us into it, and we were sorry to see a young lady capable of all the natural ornaments and elegant simplicity of classical diction, too often led astray from the bent of her own genius, in search of that tawdry tinsel richness of strained expression, which is too much the characteristic of a great part of the present *fashionable* poetry; and we flatter ourselves that she will profit by the consideration of the blemishes we have pointed out. A favourable prognostic of this kind forcibly strikes us. A correspondent

in our Magazine for July, 1785, accuses Miss Seward of borrowing from Miss Williams; and another, in that for the following November, retorts the charge, with the appearance of justice, on Miss Williams. The former, in her Elogy on Cook, has this line,

Bring the bright plumes that *drink the torrid ray*;

and Miss Williams, in her first edition of Peru, had these;

The bright macaw expands his glossy *plume*,

While as he soars it *drinks a warmer bloom*.

The feathers of a bird *drinking the torrid ray*, or *drinking a warmer bloom*, are certainly very turgid and affected expressions, and far remote from Attic simplicity. But this, and others of the same turgid strain, copied from her friend and sister Mu c, the better taste of Miss Williams has in the present edition rejected. This we say is a good prognostic, and we warmly recommend it to Miss Williams to study that Attic simplicity, for which, when she trusts to herself, her genius seems so happily turned, and to consider that genuine poetry does not consist in tinsel ornament and forced metaphor,

But we have not yet mentioned the poem which we esteem the best display of Miss Williams's poetical powers. It is the irregular Fragment, supposed to be found in a dark passage in the Tower, and borrowed from the idea of a young painter, who, she informs us, on observing an unopened door in the Tower, was told, "Heaven knows what is within that door; it has been shut for ages;" from which he had conceived the idea of representing it as the rendezvous of all the Ghosts of those who had been murdered in that state prison. From his pencil, she says, she took the idea of this animated Ode, which breathes a spirit of poetry very superior to that of many of the lyric productions of some celebrated names. But we forbear giving any extract from it, as we would recommend the perusal of the whole to our readers of taste, and would advise Miss Williams, in her future Odes, to trust more to herself, and not to strain after the manner even of a Gray.

Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. Vol. II. Cadell.

IN taking a view of this second volume, we shall observe the method we adopted in reviewing the first volume of these interesting Transactions; namely, consider each paper, as far as the nature of it will admit, as a separate article.

"A brief

“ A brief Comparison of some of the principal Arguments in Favour of Public and Private Education. By Thomas Barnes, D. D.”

“ A Plan for the Improvement and Extension of Liberal Education in Manchester. By the same.”

“ Proposals for establishing in Manchester a Plan of Liberal Education for Young Men designed for Civil and Active Life, whether in Trade or any of the Professions. By the same.”

These three papers tend to the establishment of a COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES in Manchester; which, by a code of “ Constitutions and Regulations” annexed, we find has since been established, under the PATRONAGE of the Lord Lieutenant and the Knights of the Shire for the county of Lancaster, and under the PRESIDENCY of Dr. Percival. The principal *Prælectors* are, Mr. Henry, author of a paper in the first volume, obviously tending to this establishment; and Dr. Barnes, the painstaking author of the three papers before us.

“ On Orichalcum. By the Rev. Richard Watton, D. D. F. R. S. &c. Lord Bishop of Landaff.”

It is somewhat extraordinary that a man who has gained so much credit upon a subject which reduces human knowledge to a degree of mathematical certainty, should be able to write twenty readable pages on a subject so vague and uncertain as is that of the nature and properties of the Orichalcum of the ancients; which, for any thing even Dr. Watton can produce to the contrary, was neither more nor less than the brass of the moderns.

After adducing a variety of observations, drawn from ancient writers and eastern history, the learned Bishop with great justness and liberality observes, that “ Considering the few ancient writers we have remaining whose particular business it was to speak with precision concerning subjects of art, or of natural history, we ought not to be surpris'd at the uncertainty in which they have left us with respect to Orichalcum.” What he adds, is a still greater proof of his liberality and discernment; and shews the efficacy of experimental philosophy, in wiping from the eye of science the dust of ancient learning. “ Men have been ever much the same in all ages; or, if any general superiority in understanding is to be allowed, it may seem to be more properly ascribed to those who live in the

manhood or old age of the world, than to those who existed in its infancy or childhood; especially as the means of acquiring and communicating knowledge are, with us, far more attainable than they were in the times of either Greece or Rome. The Compass enables us to extend our researches to every quarter of the globe with the greatest ease; and an historical narration of what is seen in distant countries, is now infinitely more diffused than it could have been before the invention of printing.”

To convince our readers of the uncertainty of this subject, and the unprofitableness of pursuits of this nature, as well as to give them an opportunity of regretting with us the loss of that time and attention which might have been employed so much more advantageously, we shall quote the two concluding paragraphs.

“ There is as little agreement amongst the learned concerning the etymology of Orichalcum, as concerning its origin. Those who write it *Aurichalcum*, suppose that it is an hybridous word, composed of a Greek term signifying copper, and a Latin one signifying gold. The most general opinion is, that it ought to be written *Orichalcum*, and that it is compounded of two Greek words, one signifying copper, and the other a mountain, and that we rightly render it by, Mountain Copper. I have always looked upon this as a very forced derivation, inasmuch as we do not thereby distinguish Orichalcum from any other kind of copper; most copper mines, in every part of the world, being found in mountainous countries. If it should be thought, that some one particular mountain, either in Greece or Asia, formerly produced an ore, which being smelted yielded a copper of the colour of gold, and that this copper was called Orichalcum, or the mountain copper, it is much to be wondered at, that neither the poets nor the philosophers of antiquity have bestowed a single line in its commendation; for as to the *Atlantis* of *Plato*, before mentioned, no argument for the existence of natural Orichalcum, on such an uncertain foundation: and, if there had been any such mountain, it is probable, that the copper it produced would have retained its name, just as at this time of day we speak of *Leiton* copper in *Staffordshire*, and of *Paris* mountain copper in *Anglesea*.

“Some men are fond of etymological inquiries, and to them I would suggest a very different derivation of Orichalcum. The Hebrew word *Or*, *Aur*, signifies light, fire, flame; the Latin terms *uro* to burn, and *aurum* gold, are derived from it, inasmuch as gold resembles the colour of flame; and hence, it is not improbable, that Orichalcum may be composed of an Hebrew and a Greek term, and that it is rightly rendered,

flame-coloured copper. In confirmation of this it may be observed, that the Latin epithet *lucidum*, and the Greek one *φαινωδης*, are both applied to Orichalcum by the ancients; but I would be understood to submit this conjecture, with great deference, to those who are much better skilled than I am in etymological researches.”

(To be continued.)

The Commercial and Political Atlas; representing, by means of stained Copper-plate Charts, the Exports, Imports, and general Trade of England; the national Debt, and other public Accounts; with Observations and Remarks. By William Playfair (Author of Regulations for the Interest of Money). To which are added, Charts of the Revenue and Debts of Ireland, done in the same Manner, by James Corry, Esq. The commercial Part is taken from the Custom-house Books, and the public Accounts from the Journals of the House of Commons, and other Papers belonging to that House, not yet published. 4to. Sewell, 1786.

THAT a concise, clear and accurate view of the subjects mentioned in the title-page is of the greatest importance to every individual of this country, cannot admit of a doubt.

That our author has succeeded in giving to his performance the two first of these qualifications, we will without scruple venture to affirm; nor can we well suspect his accuracy, considering the sources from which he drew his information. The plan on which he has proceeded, of representing the various fluctuations of our commerce, and the increase or decrease of our expenditure, by charts, is, we believe, novel, and to some of our readers may appear whimsical; but they will perhaps change their opinions when they hear his reasons for adopting it.

“The giving form and shape,” says he, “to what otherwise would only have been an abstract idea, has, in many cases, been attended with much advantage; it has often rendered easy and accurate a conception that was in itself imperfect, and acquired with difficulty.”

“Figures and letters may express with accuracy, but they never can represent either number or space. A map of the river Thames, or of a large town, expressed in figures, would give but a very imperfect notion of either, though they might be perfectly exact in every dimension; most people would prefer representations, though very indifferent ones, to such a mode of painting.”

“Information that is imperfectly acquired, is generally as imperfectly re-

tained; and a man who has carefully investigated a printed table, finds when done that he has only a very imperfect idea of what he has read; and that, like a figure imprinted on sand, is soon totally erased and defaced.

“The amount of mercantile transactions in money, and of profit or loss, are capable of being as easily represented in drawing as any part of space or the face of a country; though till now it has not been attempted, Upon that principle these charts were made: and while they give a simple and a distinct idea, they are as near perfect accuracy as is any way useful.”

To this we shall add what our author says in his Advertisement, on the propriety and justness of representing sums of money by parts of space. “Suppose,” says he, “the money that we pay in any one year for the expence of the Navy were in guineas, and that these guineas were laid down upon a table in a straight line and touching each other, and those paid next year were laid down in another straight line, and the same continued for a number of years; these lines would be of different lengths, as there were fewer or more guineas; and they would make a shape, the dimensions of which would agree exactly with the amount of the sums; and the value of a guinea would be represented by the part of space which it covered. The charts are exactly this upon a small scale, and one division represents the breadth or value of ten thousand or a hundred thousand guineas, as marked, with the same exactness that a square

a square inch upon a map may represent a square mile of a country."

To each chart are subjoined general observations on the matters represented in it; and he has besides given summaries of the exports and imports in figures, which were certainly in a great degree necessary, considering the small scale on which his charts are constructed, in some of which the line allotted to a million is so short that were it divided into ten parts, the divisions would be almost imperceptible.

Our author begins with a general chart of the imports and exports of England to all parts of the world, from the year 1700 to 1782, which, indeed, presents a most melancholy view.—In his contents of the plates, however, he has only given the numbers from 1700 to 1780, as follows:

1700	4,550,000	6,300,000	1,950,000
1710	4,900,000	7,000,000	2,100,000
1720	5,350,000	8,600,000	3,350,000
1730	7,500,000	10,900,000	3,400,000
1740	7,550,000	12,000,000	4,450,000
1750	7,250,000	12,650,000	5,400,000
1760	10,300,000	14,250,000	3,950,000
1770	11,650,000	16,300,000	4,650,000
1780	10,750,000	12,400,000	1,650,000

Here it is obvious to remark, that, from 1700 to 1750, our trade uniformly increased, and with it the balance in our favour. From that time to 1780, though our imports and exports increased, the balance lessened; and in 1780, on a trade

of £23,150,000 it is £300,000 less than it was in 1700, on a trade of only £10,850,000. This certainly affords but a melancholy prospect. However, there are some allowances to be made, and during the last four years our affairs are certainly on the mending hand, and may probably continue to do so while we can contrive to keep free from war.—This author in no part of his work comes lower down than 1782, in which year, by his statement, it appears that our imports were £2,400,000 less, and our exports £1,800,000 more than in 1781, and that the balance in our favour was increased from £1,350,000 to £2,850,000. But when it is considered that the bare Interest of our National Debt amounts within a trifle to the whole value of our exports, the prospect Mr. Playfair sets before us is truly alarming.

He has considered with some attention Mr. Pitt's Scheme for paying off the National Debt, of which he seems to entertain no very favourable idea; but as what he says would be unintelligible without a sight of the chart he has given on that subject, we must refer our readers to the work itself, which we will venture to say will convey to them valuable information, though of the gloomy kind.—The author cannot boast much of the graces of style; but his subject requires only plainness, and as he tells home-truths, a deficiency of that kind may easily be excused.

The new Polite Preceptor; containing the Beauties of English Prose. Selected from the Writings of the most eminent Authors, in order to form the Style and promote a Literary Emulation in the Youth of both Sexes. By the Editor of the Sunday Monitor. 12mo. 3s. 6d. E. Johnson, Ludgate-Hill. 1786.

THE utility of compilations of this kind is manifest, and the number of similar publications that have lately appeared are sufficient proofs of it. Mr. Johnson, however, by giving a greater degree of variety to his collection, at the same time that he has taken care to confine himself to the best authors, seems to have gained the palm from all his pre-

decessors in this useful line. He has given manifest proofs of his taste and judgment in the pieces he has chosen, and we heartily recommend his book to the attention of those who have the care of the education of youth, as we think it admirably calculated for the design which Mr. Johnson announces in his title-page he had in view.

The Novelties of a Year and a Day: In a Series of picturesque Letters on the Characters, Manners, and Customs of the Spanish, French, and English Nations; interspersed with real Anecdotes. By Figaro. 12mo. 3s. Murray.

THE author, in the character of Figaro, entertains his readers with the remarks he made on the manners, characters and customs of the French, Spanish and English nations, during his trip to Paris and London. His observations,

which are lively, are however principally confined to France, and he is not a little indebted to the *Tableau de Paris* for his description of that metropolis and the amusements of its *environs*. He has likewise introduced some trite observations

vations on literary subjects. Upon the whole, this *bagatelle*, though it does not convey much instruction, may serve *pour passer le temps*. As a specimen take the author's last letter, in which he contrasts the English and French ladies.

"The English women are possessed of more true modesty and decency than the French. From the habits of education an English lady would shrink at the idea of a gentleman's attending her to a toilet, or even at his approaches towards her bedchamber.

"Constancy in love has always been the marking characteristic of the English women, and it is still proverbial in France to say, when alluding to that passion, *aimer comme une Angloise*: this is a compliment the English women in general merit, and which even the jealousy and rivalry of the French does not hinder them from bestowing on their fair neighbours. But although female incontinency is not so prevalent in England as in France, yet I will venture to say, that in proportion as luxury, politeness and

French manners are universally adopted, we shall see rapid strides made towards equalling the French in that respect.

"An English husband, like a Spanish one, exposes the infidelities of his wife, and it would be deemed dishonourable to live with her after he has discovered them. A Frenchman, on the contrary, screens the capricious wanderings of his wife, views them with indifference, and continues to live with her in habits of intimacy and friendship.

"The English women have a natural reservedness which forbids the approaches of strangers. Should a foreigner regard their beauty with looks of admiration, he has only in return a frowning look and disdainful air. The French women, on the contrary, have a cheerful and inviting address, and they collect all their charms to make themselves agreeable to strangers, and to gain their admiration; indeed, it is impossible to be silent in their company: hence there are more *prudes* in England, and more *coquettes* in France."

Delectus Sententiarum et Historiarum, in Usum Tironum accommodatus. 12mo. 2s.
Printed at Reading, and sold in London by Robinsons.

THE object which the compiler of this volume aims at is, to select from the purest Latin writers such passages as may by gradually and distinctly leading from one rule to another, elucidate Grammar and Syntax, and make the learner perfect in parsing those which constantly occur, previous to his entering "the wide field of grammatical analysis." He was induced to undertake the task from the consideration of there being no classical author sufficiently easy to initiate youth in Latin construction. The books generally used for this purpose are *Phædrus*, *Æsop*, *Corderius*, or *Sententia Pueriles*. The two former Mr. Valpy disapproves of, as being too difficult; a similar objection lies against *Corderius*, on account of the elliptical forms of speech inseparable from the nature of a dialogue; and the *Sententia*, he remarks, are placed alphabetically, without regard to their difficulty, or the rules of Syntax

on which they depend. To remedy this defect, he says, two books were formerly published: *Selectæ e veteri Testamento, et e profanis Scriptoribus Historiæ*. To the former, he thinks it sufficient to object, that it is unclassical. In the latter, he observes the pure language of Cicero is so blended with inelegant translations from the Greek, that the scholar is at a loss where to apply for classical authorities. The present selection seems not to be liable to any of the above objections, and will, we doubt not, with the assistance of a proper instructor, prove highly useful. To prevent that facility of finding materials for their composition on every subject, which represses the exertions of genius, he has avoided arranging the passages under proper heads, and has afforded the judicious teacher an opportunity of instilling wholesome principles into the minds of his pupils.

General Tarif, or Book of Rates, for all Ports and Frontiers, and Custom-Houses of the Russian Empire, except Astracan, Siberia, &c. as settled by the Commissioners of Commerce in 1782. 4to. 1os. 6d. Becker.

THIS Tarif, which must be of considerable use to the mercantile world, is written, in order to make it more generally so, in Russian, Dutch and English:

it is not however remarkable for correctness. A Dedication to the Empress and Preface in German are prefixed to the work.

Sepulchral Monuments in Great Britain, applied to illustrate the History of Families, Manners, Habits, and Arts, at the different Periods from the Norman Conquest to the seventeenth Century, with introductory Observations. Part I, containing the four first Centuries. Folio, 6l. 6s. Payne.

THIS anonymous work comes from an able hand, and if one may be allowed to conjecture from the coat of arms in the title-page and other circumstances, from a gentleman who ranks very high in the Society of Antiquaries of London.

As to the performance itself, our author appears, by a commendable spirit of emulation, to proceed upon the model of the great antiquary of a neighbouring nation, Dom. Bernard de Montfaucon, and from his *Monumens de la Monarchie Francoise* has taken his motto, *La sculpture peut aussi fournir les monuments en quantité: la plupart sur les TOMBEAUX*. Some account of Pere Montfaucon's design, and that of the French author Monsieur *Le Grand Aussy*, is given in the Preface; as also the following well-concerted plan by Mr Horace Walpole respecting the antiquities of our own nation, extracted from a letter addressed to Mr. Cole of Milton in 1769.

"With regard to an history of Gothic architecture, in which Mr. Essex desires my advice, the plan I think should be in a very simple compass. Was I to execute it, it should be thus: I would give a series of plates, even from the conclusion of Saxon architecture, beginning with the round Roman Arch and going on to shew how they plaistered and zigzagged it, and then how better ornaments crept in, till the beautiful Gothic was arrived at its perfection; then how it declined in Henry the VIIIth's reign; archbishop Warham's tomb at Canterbury being, I believe, the last example of unbastardized Gothic. A very few plates more would demonstrate its change. Hans Holbein embroidered it with some morsels of true architecture. In queen Elizabeth's reign there was scarce any architecture at all; I mean no pillars, or seldom; buildings then becoming quite plain. Under James a barbarous compulsion succeeded. A single plate of something of Inigo Jones in his heaviest and worst style should terminate the work; for he soon stepped into the true and perfect Grecian.

"The next part Mr. Essex can do better than any body, and is perhaps the only man that can do it. This should consist of observations on the art, pro-

portion, and method of building, and the reasons observed by the Gothic architects for what they did. This would shew what great men they were, and how they raised such aerial and stupendous masses, though unassisted by half the lights now enjoyed by their successors.

"The prices and wages of workmen, and the comparative value of money at the several periods, should be stated, as far as it is possible to get materials.

"The last part (I don't know whether it should not be the first part) nobody can do so well as yourself. This must be to ascertain the chronologic part of each building; and not only of each building, but of each *tomb* that shall be exhibited; for you know the great delicacy and richness of Gothic ornaments was exhibited on small chapels, oratories, and tombs. For my own part, I should have wished to have added detached samples of the various patterns of ornaments, which would not be a great many, as, excepting pinnacles, there is scarce one which does not branch from the trefoil, quatrefoil, and cinquefoil, being but various modifications of it. I believe almost all the ramifications of windows are so, and of them there should be some samples too. This work you see could not be executed by one hand, Mr. Tyson could give great assistance. I wish the plan was drawn out and better digested. This is a very rude sketch, and first thought. I should be very glad to contribute what little I know, and to the expence too, which would be considerable; but I am sure we could get assistance, and it had better not be undertaken than executed superficially.

"Mr. Tyson's history of fashions and dresses would make a valuable part of the work, as in older times especially much must be depended on tombs for dresses. Pray talk this over with Mr. Tyson and Mr. Essex. It is an idea worth pursuing."

After taking some notice of Messieurs *Strutt* and *Granger*, not much indeed to their advantage, our author proceeds to observe, that it would not be impossible to form a list of pictures relative to the history and antiquities of England, beginning with the tapestry at *Bayeux*;

to complain of our former incorrect draughts of monuments, and faulty copies of inscriptions; and at last to add, as the strongest recommendation of his own work, that it exhibits "a set of prints, epitaphs, and descriptions, entirely new." And it is certain, that by making annual excursions, as he tells us, into various parts of England, for a considerable length of time, he became admirably well qualified for an undertaking of this kind.

After the Preface, and a List of the Plates (which are in number 95), follows an *Introduction*, of 194 pages—a most diffusive and elaborate work—wherein our author has displayed an infinity of erudition, and a more than Herculean labour, in illustrating every minute particular concerning the modes of interment, and the progressive improvements of our ancestors in the art monumental, as one may call it, from the *Norman Conquest* to the close of the XIVth century.—The abundant pains which he has taken in this part of his publication, the variety of articles he has elucidated therein, and the immense fund of learning he has occasionally introduced, would almost compel one to think that it would be extremely useful to all students and lovers of our *English* antiquities, if this excellent composition were to be reprinted apart, in a separate volume.

The History of Athens politically and philosophically considered, with a 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 99.)

IN the ninth and tenth chapters of this work the author treats of governments, of the energy of a newly-formed Republic, of Liberty, of Colonies, and the progress of Athens: in those immediately following we meet with an account of the first and second Persian war, and some farther remarks on Ostracism: the thirteenth chapter contains a relation of the consequences of the Persian war, the rebuilding of Athens, and the following sensible strictures on *great men*, whom Mr. Young looks upon as "factitious beings."

"The farther the analysis is pursued, the more rational the "*nil admirari*" of the old Numicus will appear; the more we shall be led to think, that they are much indebted to casualties for their elevation; and remarking the extravagan-

To come now to the work itself.—This very grand and most noble achievement reflects, without doubt, the highest honour upon the author, who certainly has the justest right in the world to say, with Horace,

*Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
&c.*

nay, and with good reason, to imagine, that his work will undoubtedly live long after the monuments themselves, which it represents and describes, have totally perished and been destroyed. And as the volume is so elegant and superb, the plates being engraved by the best masters, *Baſire* and *Cook*, and most of the drawings made by *Baſire* himself, and the rest by Sir *Charles Frederick*, Messrs. *Tyson*, *Kerrich*, *Carter*, *Senn*, and *Pouncey*, it redounds no less to the glory of our nation, which at no time has ever produced any thing parallel to it in magnificence and splendour. The printer, Mr. Nichols, comes in for no little share of this commendation.—We conclude this review with a hearty wish that the worthy and learned author may enjoy life and health to complete his design by accomplishing a Second Part, similar to that he has now given us;—and there is not the least doubt, but all the *Literati* in Europe will concur with, and second us in the ardency of so flattering a wish.

cies on which their pretensions to superiority are often founded, perhaps imagine that merit as well as opulence is in the hands of fortune; whilst by her good favour crimes are aggrandized into heroism, and vice, which in a meaner state was turned from in abhorrence, becomes respected in its excess. Even the real virtue which some few times hath found its way to pre-eminence, perhaps was not of a more sublimate or ethereal temper than that of myriads depressed in oblivion: as the statue of Memnon in Egypt, which spoke when the rising sun beamed upon its head; so many a seeming block in private life might vivify, were a timely ray of fortune directed to its recess of spirit. Perhaps those minds endowed with the most transcendent qualities, have through every age passed
with

with little notice, and without general esteem: the soldier who asked Miltiades, "wherefore he wore the laurel his country had won?" if he spoke not from envy, was of more intrinsic worth than Miltiades: some alloy is necessary to make a character current.

"The younger Pliny well observes, "that Genius cannot alone struggle into day; it must be drawn forth by season and circumstance; nor will these suffice, unless too it be abetted by the patronage of social favour and introduction." Is there a man so visionary, and so little practised in life, as not to know that the price of public notice is the abatement of many parts essential to the theory of exalted virtue? The candidate must often prostitute his opinion, if not his morals; it is the only key to the barrier of vanity; and if he disdain that path to the good graces of mankind, he had better forego all hopes of attainment: and after all, and even the most brilliant exertion of ability, the simple reason of preference will often prevail against him, which raised Poppæus Sabinus to the favour of the Emperor Tiberius; "*nullam ob eximiam artem, sed quod per negotiis, reque supra erat*;"—a policy in choice well deserving attention.

"The subtily of intellect, or spirit of enterprize, or whatever else may enter into the composition of those we vulgarly term *great men*, are particularly to be guarded against in popular governments: ascendancy of private character may discompose the union, or corrupt the virtue of the people; favour to particular men may beget factions in the state, and social love recoil from the extent of patriotism to the narrow circle of party; then is it retreated midway to domesticity and to self-interest; self-interest in its turn will quickly sway, and the commonwealth be distracted with various and private influences. Even a virtuous man too much distinguished and exalted above his peers may open this sluice to the ruin of his country. Let us draw a character more dangerous, as more fitted for self-elevation; let us delineate the hero of Salamis: his mind was of a sublimate and active spirit, that pervaded in a momentary course the past, the present, and the future; and had a command of experience, subtily and foresight, for the exigencies of the hour, or the protractations of policy; quick in thought, and tardy to execute; or dilatory in purpose, and immediate and bold in perpetration. 28 juncture ne-

cessitated, or as season required: no scheme was too deep for his capacity; no enterprize too hardy for his courage; he had not the winning softness, but he had the force of eloquence; his tongue was not persuasive but commanding; its art was the simplicity of truth: when he spoke, it was not a plausibility of address, it was not a specious shew of argument, or an appeal to the pathetic, that drew the favour of the assembly; but a something comprehensive, intuitive, prophetic, a something of genius that rivetted the attention, and on the self-diffidence of the hearer raised an uncontrollable command; the minds of the audience were amazed and daunted into acquiescence, even when not argued into conviction, and the artful Rhetor forgot his art, and the opinionative were abashed before him: such and like pre-eminence of character was fatal to the commonwealth of Athens. Miltiades prepared the way for Themistocles; Themistocles for Pericles. Crouching to the successive ascendancy of their great men, the people were habitually brought to consider their popular state as dependant; and rather to confide their public weal to the abilities of a statesman, than to the wisdom of the constitution: they insensibly deviated from the sound and simple principle of conduct adopted by their forefathers, and to a free progress in the straight road of virtue, preferred a leading-string in the maze of politics; they were then often led to injustice, often bewildered in ruinous practices, often betrayed to bloody and useless expeditions; at length injured to suberviency, they were at times the means of glory and power to the ambitious, tools to the crafty, wealth to the avaricious, dangerous to good men, and a subterfuge to the criminal. We shall find other causes co-operate, but much of these evils is imputable to the ascendancy of great men."

The fourteenth chapter furnishes us with remarks on the principles of national and private happiness; on conquest, and on the acquisitions and power of Athens. Happiness, in Mr. Young's opinion, consists in the activity of our faculties; enjoyment is the result of motion; all would add to, or change something to-morrow of what they possess to-day; "the fear of Alexander, that there were no more worlds to conquer, belongs to every human eye in the private circle of difficulties surmounted or subdued." It is the ardor for acquisition which im-

pels an individual to gain, and a state to conquer; extensive conquests he however concludes, are destructive to a people whose form of government approaches to Democracy; and that among the principles of their decline is that instinctive activity pushing on to acquisitions dangerous to, and corruptive of the possessors. Ambition is but a prouder species of avarice; gain equally produces desire; possession is equally wide of content: the object not being enjoyed, in either case cannot satiate.

The fifteenth chapter contains observations on the manners of the people, and the state of the republic at the close of the Persian wars. In the commonwealth as instituted by Solon, and as re-established by Clisthenes, the larger mass of the people, though possessed of considerable privileges, had but little influence or authority; opulence, though regulated by Agrarian and sumptuary laws, and the pretensions of family, however obliterated by the spirit of the constitution, separated the noble and wealthy from the multitude; who, obliged to have recourse to the menial arts for subsistence, were willing to forego public occupation and consequence, and entrusted the direction of the state exclusively to those whose property made them more perfectly responsible.

But at the period they were now arrived at, such moderation could no longer be supposed to distinguish the commonalty, whom the circumstances of the times had approximated to the higher classes. Riches now flowed from various sources, and afforded leisure as well as competence to each citizen; the workshop was given up for the assembly, more citizens crowded into action, more individuals became public men, and the state of Athens became more democratic. This growing taste of the people for political interference, was cherished and promoted by those leaders who courted their favour and applause, and the obstacles to popular ambition were removed by successive decrees.

Speaking of the effect of public habits on the domestic demeanor of the Athenians, our author remarks, that at this era national pride was connected with philanthropy, and the strict republican character softened by social intercourse; men's minds became enlarged, and they were taught to comprize others as well as Greeks within the circle of their benevolence.

This complacency of manners, how-

ever, implied no depraved or luxurious habits of life: private luxury, or even private ostentation seems to have gained but little ground in this age. But the accumulated riches of the state, or of its citizens, lay not hidden in coffers; though private temperance rejected their abuse, the superfluities resulting from economical management were employed in aggrandizing the state, or increasing the splendor of the city.

The remaining chapter of this book is dedicated to the Arts, the progress of which in this republic Mr. Young has traced, and added some pertinent remarks on the subject.

The second book opens with a detail of the administration of Pericles, whose character is drawn in a masterly style.—This is followed by an account of the dominion of Athens and of the Peloponnesian war to the Argive alliance. The succeeding chapter treats of the Sicilian expedition, and contains observations on navigation and commerce, and on the spirit of trade, well deserving the attention of the reader.

“That a state should by degrees mould to the spirit of its constituents; that an humane and impartial legislation, tending to favour the occupation of the citizen, should attract the foreigner; that the public polity should profit of the concurrence and increase in funds and population; that industry should lead to riches, and riches to authority; that each citizen should seek that channel through which his pride, his pleasures, his ambition, his every passion was to be gratified; that, in a word, from the advantages of trade and navigation, a commonwealth should become powerful, and its constituents polished and opulent, are subjects too well understood to need farther detail. But this over-nutritious stimulative to greatness, bears it not something poisonous and destructive in its consequences? —Runs not such a state the career of a midnight revel, progressive through the various steps of civility, wit, and spirit, to the conjoined weakness and hot passion of ebriety; till grown drivelling and torpid, it is oppressed without resistance and removed at pleasure? In the moral as in the physical world, the point of maturity is but that of a moment, whilst increase and decrease have their periods, and in general of reciprocal duration: with the same haste a commercial nation accedes to empire, it speeds to dissolution; and the very circumstances which

first opened the prospect of its success, prove the cause of its downfall.

“Application and frugality, the first promoters of trade, finally become victims to the very success of enterprise; the importation of luxuries gradually enervates the industry that is in pursuit of them; the influx of money at once enhances the value of the manufacture, and renders the artificer indolent; other nations, not yet emerged from competency, undersell the articles of life; some subterfuge or resource must be found to evade the rivalry.—The liberal arts have perhaps followed commerce to her elevation; their assistance is now required, invention is racked, and workmanship studied of the most exquisite kind, to allure the sense, and put the comparison of price at a distance; then too the mere underling artificer grows idle and monied, and puts in his claim with the rest to be dissolute and luxurious:—thus the whole community becomes corrupt, and begins to weigh light in the scale of nations. The last resource from immediate ruin is the restriction of what it actually possesses to domestic circulation; nor can this preserve it long; a marine armament is its only defence, and such a navy is not to be supported but on the basis of a commercial one.

“Wealth, though the least certain mark of happiness, is the surest object of envy; avarice and impatience of inferiority beget envy and discontent in the neighbouring states; the pride of riches knows not how to concede; a private agreement becomes a public quarrel; war is declared; the fleets are found on the decline; the number of artificers is multiplied tenfold; of sailors, decreased; no longer invincible at sea, the commonwealth must have forces too by land: but whence are they to be drafted? The selfish citizen pleads occupation; the countrymen are but few; mercenaries must of course be collected; still the republic is wealthy, and under hireling banners it opens a campaign at least with splendour: but these troops fight not their own cause; they are quickly dispirited by loss, they are mutinous in success, they are insupportable to the country, they are exhausting to the state, and whether victorious or not the war concludes in ruinous debt and impoverished resources.

“Such is the obvious career of every state subsisting on its commerce, and depending on its navy, without enumerating the intermediate casualties to which it

is more especially and in its very nature exposed; of these some, and the most fatal too, may originate in its very force and opulence:—such is the facility its navy affords of great and distant enterprise, too often suggested by a vain people, and adopted by a corrupt administration; little considerate that the wealth and power of the nation are then on a single venture, and, as what is idly undertaken is seldom wisely pursued, are generally on the worst of ventures.—To the general tendency towards a decline, and to the phrenzy of expedition, let us add fortuitous losses and a defective government, and we then have in view the evils which co-operated to hasten on the republic of Athens in its ruinous course, and which accelerated the hour of dissolution. The town, thronged with slaves, merchants, allies, and foreigners, of all sorts, exposed not to immediate view the ravages which pestilence and war had made in the number of the citizens; fourteen thousand and forty were numbered in the census of Pericles at the commencement of hostilities, but five thousand were the most that ever from this time assembled on the most general and important concern; yet the streets wore the appearance of plenty and population, the commonalty were delighted with the view, and maddened with that elation which each demagogue for private purposes had artfully wrought up, and now coloured afresh with the Argive treaty, they gave ear to every flattery, and, filled with the admiration of the speaker and of themselves, harmonized their vanity with his ambition, and accorded to the most extravagant projects of new and extensive conquest.”

The author next characterizes the leaders who conducted the unfortunate Sicilian expedition, on which ten thousand talents had been expended, and in which the Athenians lost 40,000 of their best troops, and a fleet of 240 sail; and concludes with these reflections, which recent experience has but too fully proved to have been well founded.

“Athens was weakened by domestic dissensions, by the intrigues of leading men, and by the fluctuation of popular assemblies; but even had its superiority abroad been decisive, and its interior administration able and firm, great were the dangers and difficulties to be obviated in such *distant* enterprise: the invidious appearance of aggressorship, the alienation of general good-will ever attending it,

the desperate resistance of those who fight for property and liberty, the languor of troops so far removed from their own country, the difficulties of recruiting, the casualty of losses, the hazard of shipping, and, lastly, the advantages which may be taken by rival states of each disaster, or even of the occasions which so great expenditure and the ab-

sence of so much national force may too frequently afford: in the course of this war each of these had its influence, and they combined together to crush the power of Athens, and to leave an awful lesson to future statesmen and to *maritime powers*."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Lucubrations: consisting of Essays, Reveries, &c. in Prose and Verse. By the late Peter of Pontefract. 8vo. 3s. 6d. London. Doddsley. 1786.

THESE *Jeux d'Esprit* are by no means calculated to injure the literary reputation established by the author of the *Spiritual Quixote*; many of them possess considerable merit; we do not, however take Politics to be Peter's forte, nor can we subscribe to this doctrine:

"Things are not right"—what's that to me?

"Good subjects MUST obey the powers that be:"

it favours too strongly of *passive obedience* and *non-resistance*.—We have selected some extracts from the Prefatory Essay, on the power of habit, as they will serve in a double capacity, as the author's apology for writing these Lucubrations, and as a specimen of the work. "The influence of *habit* on the actions of men, cannot have escaped the notice of the most inattentive observer; and its *general tendency* to produce either a virtuous or vicious conduct, has been so frequently the subject of moral writers, that nothing very new can be said upon the occasion.

"The effects of habit both on the bodies and minds of men, are indeed as mechanical, as on those animals which are governed by mere instinct.—A sobber citizen goes with the same regularity, and with as much satisfaction, to his usual seat in the coffee-room, as a pack-horse to the inn where he has been used to feed, and is miserable if any business intervenes to deprive him of his evening recreation.

"A lady, long accustomed to cards, sits down with as keen an appetite to the whist-table, as an epicure to a haunch of venison: and I was not surprised, that an old dowager, some time since, at Bath, should expire with the cards in her hand.

"Instances are unnecessary on so trite a subject; yet I cannot forbear mentioning one more, which shews, that by *indulging* themselves in idle habits, men may lose all relish for the beauties of na-

ture, and every amusement but that to which they have been long accustomed.

"I some years since accompanied an old bachelor, of a genteel profession, in the Strand, to a gentleman's seat in St—dibire, with whose family he had some connection. After coffee, in the evening, we took a walk together on the lawn: when the declining sun had tinged with its golden beams the neighbouring hills, and gave a rich lustre to every object,—"Well," said I, "this place is quite an Elysium, and the family are extremely agreeable; we shall spend a week here quite to our satisfaction."

"I don't know that," replied my friend;—"the place and the people are well enough; but I shall be glad when we get back to our club at *the Five-Bells*."

"Thus do people who are habitually attached to any one mode of life, lose all taste for every other enjoyment.

"There are many amusements, innocent enough in themselves, become really criminal when indulged, as they too frequently are by solitary people, to a culpable excess: of this kind are smoking tobacco, taking snuff, and *scribbling*—whether in prose or verse. Of these, the two former are most injurious to the health of those who practise them; but the latter proves frequently more pernicious to society, as it is too often employed in corrupting or unsettling the principles of pious christians, or peaceful citizens; in disturbing the tranquility of families, or injuring the characters of individuals.

"And when once a man, whether from pique or disappointment, or any other cause, has been engaged on any subject, especially of the polemic kind, for some time, he continues it from habit, even when the cause is removed, or on very dissimilar occasions. Thus Cato concluded every speech with *Delenda est Carthago*—and every patriotic paragraph-writer, though his subject be the *Queen's Birth-day*, or the *Lord Mayor's Show*,

ends

ends with the complaint of the infringement of our liberty:—nay a *disappointed* ecclesiastic, whether churchman or dissentor, even in a *charity* sermon will growl at the *establishment*, and give a snap at the Trinity.

“To this inveterate habit I would willingly attribute many of the later works of Bolingbroke and Voltaire against religion and the moral attributes of the Deity; as one cannot conceive any person to be actuated by so diabolical a motive, as at the age of seventy or eighty intentionally to strike at the foundation of all morality, and of course at the very existence of society and the general happiness of mankind.

“The later rhymes of Swift, upon every the most trifling occurrence, must, I am persuaded, have been almost the involuntary effects of the same habitual indulgence.

* * * * *

“The author of the following ebullitions of an idle fancy, would willingly shelter himself under these respectable examples; and as custom has “been considered as a second nature,” would hope, that his having unfortunately contracted a *habit of scribbling*, might be deemed as good a plea as that of a gentleman, who being reproved for swearing, replied, “that he was *born so* :”—for though few people are born either of a *rhyming* or of a *swearing* constitution, yet the author had actually got a trick of rhyming before he had learned his Catechism.

“But though it should be admitted as some alleviation of a man’s folly, who by indulgence has acquired an habitual thirst, that it is become *morally* impossible for him to abstain from drinking—is that any excuse, you will say, for his appearing in *public* in a state of intoxication?—“Ah! there’s the rub”—The apology for one’s amusing one’s self in *private*, runs on fluently enough; but—“why then publish?”

“Pope himself, after many plausible reasons for a poor d—ned poet’s perseverance in scribbling, has no other re-

source than the partial judgment of friends :

“Congreve approv’d, and Swift endure’d my lays.”

“The author of the following Lucubrations has not even this to plead; he has therefore ventured them into public, to take their chance, with all due submission to the candour of his readers.

“For an author to say, that he publishes nothing *immoral*, is like Horace’s slave, who plumed himself that he had stole nothing; and may expect a similar answer: “Well, then, you shall not be hanged in chains.” The author, however, flatters himself that some of the pieces in this volume have at least the merit of a moral tendency; and declares, that throughout the whole, he never intended making any one unhappy or less pleased with himself: he likewise humbly cautions the reader not to consider the poetical part of the collection as always expressive of his serious opinion (“for who will swear to the truth of a song?”); and concludes with the following serio-comic caution to young people against this habit of *rhyming*.

“They may consider it,” he says, “as a kind of dying speech of an old offender; who would exhort them to beware of rhyming company and handsome women, and never to profane the sabbath by reading any other poetry on that day than Sternhold and Hopkins—or such pious strains as have no tendency to elevate and inflame the imagination.—Let them, if they find themselves inclined to it, try their hand at a sonnet or a stanza on their first love; but by no means indulge that inclination, unless they are conscious of a truly poetical genius; in which they are very likely to be deceived. Young people, however, of this turn are like adventurers in a Lottery—every one fancies himself a favourite of the Muses; and though the world rarely bestows more than one or two laurel crowns in an age, he flatters himself that his is the fortunate ticket.”

Cary’s Actual Survey of the Country fifteen Miles round London, on a Scale of an Inch to a Mile; wherein the Roads, Rivers, Woods, and Commons, as well as every Market-Town, Village, &c. are distinguished, and every Seat shewn, with the Name of the Possessor, preceded by a General Map of the Whole. To which is added, an Index of all the Names contained in the Plates. 8vo. 1786.

THE title of this work so amply sets forth its design, that nothing more needs to be said on it. The utility of the performance is manifest, and a similar one, though less extensive, by the same author, was, we think, published in the month of January, which met

with general approbation. This being an enlargement and improvement of the former, cannot fail of being at least equally acceptable, and will be particularly useful to foreigners or country gentlemen who come to London, as it will serve them for a complete Directory to all

all the places within fifteen miles of the metropolis; so that nothing worth seeing within that distance will escape their notice.—The work is equally elegant, and so far as we have examined it is equally accurate with the preceding; and as that comprehended none of the roads to the Eastward or Southward of London, and extended only twelve miles to the Westward and Northward, this cannot fail of being much more useful. It is likewise to be remarked, that both have this advantage, that from the accuracy with which they are engraved, the several

parts may be pasted together so as to form one large map of the country, proper for a room; or they may be made up in the manner of a pocket map, for such travellers as would rather chuse them in that form than in a book. It is likewise to be observed, that the distance of fifteen miles round London is reckoned in a right line; so that many places are comprehended in the survey, which, by the common method of reckoning, are considerably above twenty miles distant from it.

The Triumph of Benevolence: occasioned by the National Design of erecting a Monument to John Howard, Esq. 4to. 1s. 6d. Dilly.

THIS Poem is addressed to the Committee for erecting a Statue to the benevolent Mr. Howard, and is published by their order and at their expense, with a view to promote this truly virtuous design.

As a specimen of the author's abilities we shall select the four last stanzas:

True to the awful charge by Justice giv'n,
Fame still *will* follow with her clarion high,

On Rapture's plumage bear the sound to
Heav'n,

Nor suffer virtue such as thine to die:

And oh, that wond'rous virtue has been
sung *

In deathless lays by Britain's loftiest
bard,

Hymn'd by a lyre that Seraphs might
have strung,

For HAYLEY'S MUSE has given *her*
fair reward.

But feeble all that mortal man can raise,
Feeble the trump that peals each hon-
our'd name,

Feeble an Hayley's lyre, a nation's praise,
And all th' applausive notes of human
fame.

Yet *take our pledge*, tho' mix'd, alas,
with earth:

Then hear the power that whispers in
thy breast.

That voice from Heav'n alone can speak
thy worth,

A recompensing GOD will give thee
rest.

The pamphlet likewise contains a Sonnet to Dr. Lattom, by W. Upton, and several pieces relative to the design of paying a public tribute to the character of Mr. Howard, re-published from the Gentleman's Magazine, together with a state of the subscriptions for erecting the Statue and raising a fund for prison charities and reforms. For this last purpose it appears that the Committee had on the 28th of August "funded 500l. three per cent. Consols, which will continue as a perpetual fund for prison charities." We conclude with our hearty wishes for the success of this benevolent plan, the projectors of which merit the warmest thanks of the public; and it is with pleasure we hear that the above fund is now more than doubled, upwards of 1000l. being already subscribed.

The Gamesters: a Novel, in three Volumes. By the Authoress of Burton Wood and Joseph. Baldwin. 1786.

THE fatal consequences resulting from a propensity to that too fashionable vice *gaming*, are here painted in strong colours, and held up as a beacon to guard the unwary from running on a coast, where not only every finer feeling is blunted, and every tender tie dissolved, but where fortune, reputation, health and

peace must in the end be inevitably lost. Such being the evident design of these volumes, the author is entitled to commendation for her endeavours in so laudable a cause, and the goodness of her intention will more than compensate for any little defects which may occur in the work.

* Alluding to Mr. Hayley's very beautiful Ode inscribed to John Howard, Esq.

ACCOUNT of the MANNER of SILVERING LOOKING-GLASSES; and of the TIME when that ART was DISCOVERED.

[From Vol. IV. of Dr. WATSON'S "Chemical Essays."]

THE mixture of quicksilver with gold, or silver, or lead, or tin, or copper, or any other metallic substance with which it is capable of uniting, is called an *amalgam*, and the operation by which the union is effected is called *amalgamation*. Authors are not agreed as to the derivation of the word *amalgam*: some think that it is composed of two Greek words (*αμα* and *γαμειν*) by which the intimate union, or *marriage*, as it were, of the two metals is denoted; others are of opinion, that it ought to be written a *malagma*, and that it is derived from a Greek word (*μαλασσω*) signifying to soften, inasmuch as the metal, be it what it may, is always softened by its union with the mercury. An amalgam, made of four parts of tin and one of quicksilver, in the form of a ball, is used by some under the pretence of purifying water: it cannot, I think, contribute in any manner to that end; but as the ball is always boiled in the water, the seeds of vegetables, or the fish spawn, or the animalcules, &c. with which water is often polluted, may be precipitated by the action of boiling. But there is another purpose to which a mixture of tin and quicksilver is applied with great utility—the silvering of looking-glasses.

Tin may be beat out into leaves not thicker than paper, called *foils*; on tin foil, sily disposed on a flat table, quicksilver is poured, and gently rubbed with an hare's foot; it soon unites itself with the tin, which then becomes very splendid, or, as the workmen say, is quickened: a plate of glass is then cautiously slid upon the tin leaf, in such a manner as to sweep off the redundant quicksilver, which is not incorporated with the tin: leaden weights are then placed on the glass, and in a little time the quicksilvered tin-foil adheres so firmly to the glass, that the weights may be removed without any danger of its falling off. The glass thus silvered is a common looking-glass. About two ounces of quicksilver are sufficient for covering three square feet of glass.

It is generally believed, that the art of making looking-glasses, by applying to their back surface a metallic covering, is a very modern invention. *Muratori* expressly says, that glass *specula*, such he means as are now in use, are not of any great antiquity.—*Sæcæ autem antiquitati novimus fuisse specula, quorum usus nunquam desit; sed eorum fabricam apud Italos unice forsam Veneti per tempora multa servarunt et adhuc servant: quæ tamen alio translata nunc in aliis quoque regnis floret**.—The authors of the *French Encyclopédie* † have adopted the same opinion, and quoted a *Memoir* printed in the 23d vol. of the Academy of Inscriptions, &c.—Il est d'autant plus étonnant que les an-

ciens n'aient pas connu l'art de rendre le verre propre à conserver la représentation des objets, en appliquant l'étain derrière les glaces, que les progrès de la découverte du verre furent, chez eux, poussés fort loin.—Mr. *Nixon*, in speaking of the glass *specula* of the ancients, says, "before the application of quicksilver in the construction of these glasses (which I presume is of no great antiquity) the reflection of images by their being besmeared *behind*, or tinged *through* with some dark colour, especially black ‡." I have bestowed more time in searching out the age in which the applying a metallic covering to one side of a looking-glass was introduced, than the subject, in the estimation of many, will seem to deserve; and, indeed, more than it deserved in my own estimation; *isuf* the *difficiles nugæ*, the *stultus labor ineptiarum*, when once the mind gets intangled with them, cannot be easily abandoned: one feels, moreover, a singular reluctance in giving up an unsuccessful pursuit. The reader would pardon the introduction of this reflection, if he knew how many musty volumes I turned over before I could meet with any information which could satisfy me, in any degree, on this subject; I am not yet quite satisfied, tho' I take the liberty to say, in opposition to *Muratori*, and the other respectable authorities which I have quoted, that the applying a metallic covering to looking-glasses is not a modern invention;—it is probable it was known in the first century, if not sooner, and it is certain, I apprehend, that it was known in the second.

The Romans, before the time of the younger Pliny, not only used glass, instead of gold and silver, for drinking-vessels, but they knew how to glaze their windows with it, and they fixed it in the walls of their rooms to render their apartments more pleasant. Now a piece of flat glass, fixed in the side of a room, is a sort of looking-glass, and if the *stucco* into which it is fixed be of a dark colour, it will not be a very bad one. And hence I think the Romans could not fail of having a sort of glass *specula* in use: but this, though admitted, does not come up to the point; the question is, Whether they covered the posterior surface of the glass with a metallic plate? It has been observed before, that the Romans knew how to make a patte of gold and quicksilver, and it appears from Pliny also, that they knew how to beat gold into thin leaves, and to apply it in that state both on wood and metal: now there is a passage in Pliny, from whence it may be collected, that the Romans began in his time to apply a coat of metal to glass *specula*, and that this coat was of gold. The passage occurs in the very place where Pliny

* *Muratori Antiq. Vol. II. p. 393.*† *Art. Miroir.*‡ *Philos. Transf. 1758, p. 602.*

professes to finish all he had to observe concerning specula *. An opinion, says he, has lately been entertained, that the application of gold to the back part of a speculum, renders the image better defined. It is hardly possible that any one should be of opinion, that a plate of gold put behind a metallic speculum, could have any effect in improving the reflected image; but supposing Pliny (whose transitions in writing are often abrupt) to have passed from the mention of metallic, to that of glass specula, then the propriety of the observation relative to the improved state of the image is very obvious. If we suppose the Romans in Pliny's age to have simply applied some black substance to the back surface of the glass, or even to have known how to put tin behind it, yet the observation of the image being rendered more distinct by means of gold, might have been made with more justice than is generally supposed; for Buffon is of opinion, that a looking-glass made with a covering of gold and quicksilver, would reflect more light than one made in the ordinary way with tin and quicksilver †; and hence Pliny's expression, *certiorem imaginem reddi auro appposito averfis*, will be accurately true.

Alexander Aphrodisicus flourished towards the end of the second century; he wrote several works in Greek, and amongst the rest, two books of problems: one of his problems is this ‡:

Δια τι τα ὕλινα καθότιζα λαμπρῶσι ἄγαν;

The only part of the answer which we are concerned with, is,

Ὅτι ἐνδοθεν αὐτὰ χρῆσι κασσιτέρῳ.

Because they besmear the inside of them with tin.

The Greek word which I have here rendered *besmear*, does not clearly point out the manner in which the operation of fixing the tin upon the glass was performed. Pliny uses a Latin word (*illitum*) of exactly the same import as this Greek one, when he speaks of copper vessels being tinned; and as in that operation, tin is melted and spread over the surface of the copper, I see no difficulty in supposing, that the tin may have been, in the time of Alexander Aphrodisicus, melted and spread over the surface of the glass, when previously heated.

Having carried up the invention of covering glass specula with a metallic coating to the second century, we may be the more ready to admit that the *Sydonians* possessed this art, before Pliny wrote his *Natural History*; for in that work, he not only praises them for their former ingenuity in various glass manufactures, but he adds—and they had invented specula also ||. — Now, there is some reason to think, that if the *Sydonians* had only invented the art of using a flat piece of glass as a speculum, without knowing how to give it a metallic coating, on which its excellency chiefly depends, they would not have merited the mention which Pliny makes of them; for their looking-glasses must have been inferior to the metallic mirrors then in use at Rome. There seems to be but one objection of any consequence to this conclusion,—had the method of giving a metallic covering to plates of glass been known, at least to the Romans, (for it might have been known in *Asia* long before it was known in *Italy*) it seems probable, that the metallic specula would have fallen into general disuse, much sooner than there is cause to think they did; for it would have been much easier to make a looking-glass, than to polish a metallic mirror; and the image from the glass would have been superior to that from the metal, and on both accounts the mirrors would have become unfashionable.

The first mode of fixing a coat of tin on a looking-glass, I suspect to have been that of pouring the melted metal on the glass; and I have some reason, not now to be insisted on, to think, that this mode was not disused in the fourteenth century.—*Baptista Porta* lived in the fifteenth, and died towards the beginning of the sixteenth century; he gives us a very accurate description § of the manner in which looking-glasses were then silvered; it differs from that now in use only in this, that the tin-foil, when silvered, was taken up and gently drawn upon the glass. *J. Maurice Hoffman* published his *Acta Laboratorii Chemici* in 1719; he there speaks ** of a mixture of one part of tin with three of quicksilver, which some time ago, he says, was usually applied to the back-surfaces of looking-glasses; although the *Venetians* did then make looking-glasses by pouring quicksilver upon tin-foil placed on the back surface of the glass.—This mode of silvering

* Atque ut omnia de speculis peragantur hoc loco. Optima apud majores fuerant Brundisina stanno et ære mixta. Præolata sunt argentea. Primus fecit Praxiteles, magni Pompeii ætate. Nuper credi captum certiorem imaginem reddi auro appposito averfis. Hist. Nat. L. XXXIII. S. XLV.

† Ou pourroit trouver le moyen de faire un meilleur étamage, et je crois qu'on parviendroit en employant de l'or et du vis-argent. Hist. Nat. Buffon. Sup. Tom. I. p. 451.

‡ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΟΥ ΑΦΡΟΔΙΣΕΩΣ ἰατρικὰ ἀπορημὰ καὶ φυσικὰ ἀπορημὰ. Parisiis, 1541.—If there be any doubt concerning the authenticity of these problems, I leave it to be discussed by the Critics.

|| Aliud (vitrum) statu figuratur, aliud torno teritur, aliud argenti modo cælatur. Sydone quondam iis officinis nobili, siquidem etiam specula excogitaverat. Hist. Nat. L. XXXVI.

§ Magia Nat. L. IV. C. XVIII.

** Page 245.

the glass was not *then* invented by the *Venetians*, as appears from what Baptista Porta had advanced above two hundred years before; though the mode of silvering the tin-foil, when *laid* upon the glass, was an improvement on that prescribed by Baptista Porta, just as the mode now in use, is a great improvement on that practised by the *Venetians* in the time of Hestman.

The men who are employed in silvering looking-glasses often become paralytic, as is the case also with those who work in quicksilver mines: this is not to be wondered at, if we may credit Mr. Boyle, who assures us, that mercury has been several times found in the heads of artificers exposed to its fumes*. In the Philosophical Transactions †, there is an account of a man, who having ceased working in quicksilver for six months, had his body still so impregnated with it, that by putting a piece of copper into his mouth, or rubbing it with his hands, it instantly acquired a silver colour. This, though a surprising, is not a fact of a singular nature; it

is well known that sulphur, taken inwardly, will blacken silver which is carried in the pocket; and I have somewhere read of a man whose keys were rusted in his pocket, from his having taken, for a long time, large quantities of diluted acid of vitriol. I remember having seen at Birmingham, a very stout man rendered paralytic in the space of six months, by being employed in fixing an amalgam of gold and quicksilver on copper; he stood before the mouth of a small oven strongly heated, the mercury was converted into vapour, and that vapour was inhaled by him. A kind of chimney, I believe, has of late been opened at the farther side of the oven, into which the mercurial vapour is driven, and thus both the mercury is saved, and the health of the operator is attended to. The person I saw was very sensible of the cause of his disorder, but had not courage to withstand the temptation of high wages, which enabled him to continue in a state of intoxication for three days in the week, instead of, what is the usual practice, two.

ON THE

EXCELLENCIES and DEFECTS of the PRESENT SYSTEM of EDUCATION.

[From the Same.]

OF all the amusements or employments in which country gentlemen are engaged, that of superintending with intelligence the cultivation of a farm is one of the most useful to the community, as well as to the individual who applies himself to it. Great improvements have been made in agriculture within the last fifty years. There is a chaos of printed information on the subject, which wants to be digested into form, in order to be made generally useful. The several agricultural societies which have been established by gentlemen in different parts of the kingdom, have done great service; we owe to their endeavours, and to the patriotic exertions of one deserving citizen †, the present flourishing condition of our husbandry; but far more gentlemen would, probably, have been induced to turn their thoughts that way, and all of them with better prospects of succeeding in their enquiries, had they, in their youth, been carefully instructed in the *principles of vegetation*, in the *chemical qualities of soils*, and in the *natures and uses of different manures*.— But I mean only to give a hint concerning an institution, which I have no manner of expectation of seeing established, though I am fully persuaded it would be both a public benefit, and highly useful to that class of persons of whose education I have been speaking.

Young men of fortune feel not the want of personal merit during the short time which they spend at the Universities: they see consequence and respect, it is true, an-

nexed in those seminaries to learning and talents, but in the world they see little respected but wealth; and possessing that, or expecting to possess it from their ancestors, they are easily lulled by the indolence which is natural to the human species, and by the improvidence which is incident to their time of life, to shrink from the task of acquiring accomplishments really honourable, really useful, and really their own. When they are called to the legislation of their country, or when they become masters of families, or are in any way settled, as it is called, in the world, then they begin to be sensible of the deficiencies of their personal acquirements; they cease not to lament through life their own want of foresight, in neglecting the opportunities of improvement which were offered to them in the Universities; or the supineness of those who had the care of their education, in not having stimulated them to the pursuit of useful studies. This is only the general account, for there are some to whom it is not applicable: and though it may not be in our power to counteract the indolent propensities of nature, or to stem the torrent of fashionable levities, to which young men, by a too early introduction into the world, are fatally exposed; yet it is our duty to endeavour to augment the number of those, who at so green an age have learned to make a proper estimate of their future intellectual wants; and I know no method better adapted to effectuate this desirable end, than to propose to them entertaining objects of

* Boyle's Works, Vol. III, p. 339.

† 1665.

‡ Arthur Young, Esq.
study,

study, of which they may clearly perceive the immediate utility, in the application of the knowledge they attain, to the important purposes of legislative policy and rural economics.*

I shall be told, that there is not time for this; that even classics, ethics, mathematics, and, God forbid I should omit what is of infinitely more value than all the rest, the institutes of christianity, can be but superficially attended to during the few months which these young men reside in the Universities. I will not attempt to obviate this objection by making an invidious comparison between the utility of classics, ethics, or mathematics, and the branches of study here hinted at; I admit the force of it in its full extent. But I beg leave to ask, whose fault is it that young men of fortune stay not more years with us, and reside not amongst us more months in every year? Why must they, as soon as they have huddled through six or eight terms, be hurried abroad as if it were from an apprehension, that they have learned as much as an English University can teach them? Foreign travel is of great use, when it is undertaken by men who have learned to bring their passions under the controul of reason and religion; who have had some experience in life, acquired some knowledge of the manufactures, policy, revenues, and resources of their own country: the acquaintance of such men will be sought after by persons of character and learning in every country they pass through; they will be in a condition to receive, because they will possess the ability of communicating knowledge. But the present mode of sending our young men into France

and Italy tends only to fill Great-Britain with dabblers in Virtue, pretenders in Taste, sciolists in Literature, and infidels in Religion.

But I perceive myself insensibly falling into what I mean to avoid—a discussion of the excellencies and defects of our System of Education. Our excellencies are greater, perhaps, than those who know us not are apt to suppose; and our defects are not so much defects in our institution (though I have never scrupled to profess an humble opinion that it might be amended) as in our discipline; and the defects in our discipline are not so properly our defects, as the defects of the Manners of the Age. If a young man at seventeen be accustomed at home to have horses always at his command; to follow country diversions without restraint; to mix in long convivial familiarity with persons of advanced age; to drink as much as he pleases at his father's table; to hear improper connexions with the sex spoken of in all companies as venial levities, and not to hear them seriously censured in any as offences against christian morality; and if to all this he be supplied, through a destructive indulgence, with sums of money excessive for his age, and far superior to his wants; can it be a matter of wonder, that it is not in the power of an University to rectify the disorders of such a domestic education? I have no intention to mislead the opinion of the world concerning us, nor to exculpate ourselves by criminating others. If we yield to the corruption of the age, we yield as slowly as we can; and it is not, perhaps, possible for us wholly to escape the malignity of its influence.

An ACCOUNT of the METHODS of making ARTIFICIAL PYRMONT or SELTZER WATER*.

[Illustrated with an Engraving, representing THREE DIFFERENT APPARATUS for that Purpose.]

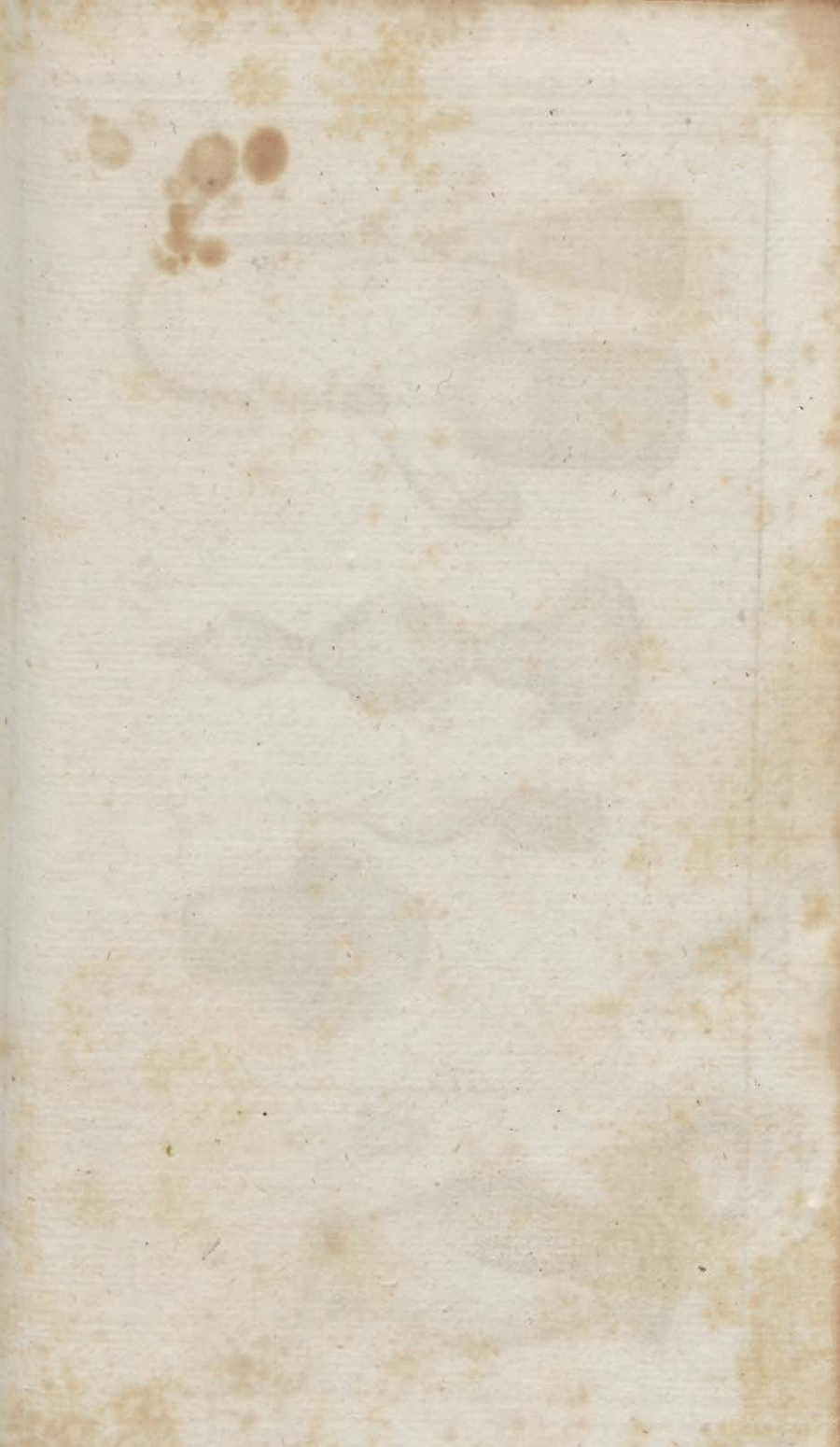
PYRMONT Water may be imitated very nicely by art in the following manner: Take a quart of the purest and lightest water, add to it thirty drops of a strong solution of iron made in spirit of salt, a drachm of oil of tartar per deliquium, and thirty drops of spirit of vitriol, or a little more or less, as is found necessary, not to let the alkali of the oil of tartar prevail too strongly, though it must prevail a little. Shake all briskly together.

The basis on which this is founded, is the analysis and trial of the true Pyrmont water; by which it is found to contain a

subtile aqueous fluid, a volatile iron, and a predominant alkali, all joined together into one brisk pungent spirituous water. The artificial Pyrmont thus made, if the proportions be carefully minded, will extremely resemble the natural, and will have the same effect as a medicine.

But the best method of forming artificial Pyrmont water is by impregnating common water with fixed air, for which we are indebted to Dr. Priestley. The first idea of this kind occurred to him in 1767, when, having placed shallow vessels of water within the region of fixed air, on the surface of the

* It is now well known that the Pyrmont Water, and other mineral waters of the same kind, owe their acidulous taste, and peculiar virtues, to the fixed air they contain. The recent discovery, therefore, of an easy method of imitating this medicinal water, or of impregnating common water with fixed air, has proved of the greatest service to society; water thus impregnated, having been demonstrated to be a very powerful antiseptic; not only resisting, but correcting putrefaction; and having been given, consequently, with great success, in putrid fevers, the sea-scurvy, &c.



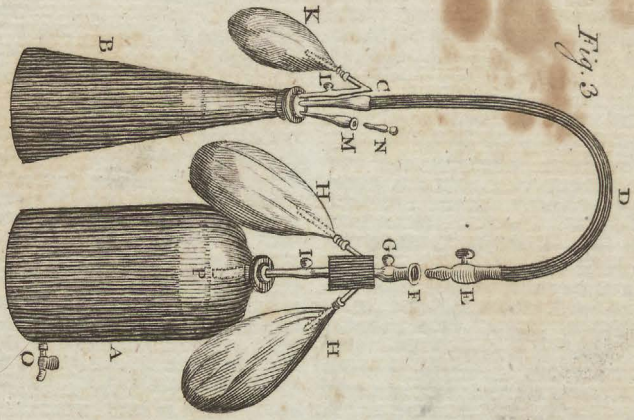


Fig. 3

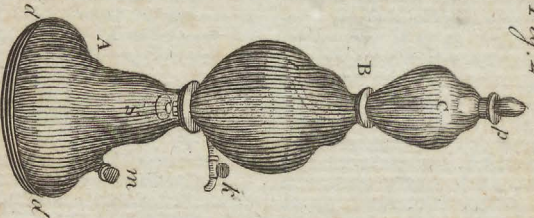


Fig. 2

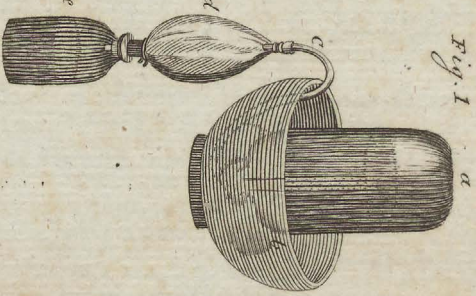


Fig. 1

Apparatus for impregnating Water with fixed Air.

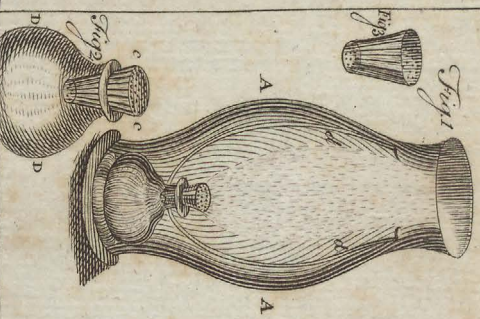


Fig. 1

Fig. 2

Apparatus for impregnating Wort &c with fixed Air.

fermenting vessels of a brewery, and left them all night in that situation, he found that the water had acquired a very sensible and pleasant impregnation. He proceeded to accelerate the impregnation by pouring the water from one vessel into another, while they were both held within the sphere of the fixed air. The method of effecting this by air dislodged from chalk, and other calcareous substances, did not occur to him till the year 1772, when he published his Directions for this purpose, together with a drawing of the necessary apparatus, which he had before communicated to the Board of Admiralty. This apparatus is represented in No. 1. of the annexed Plate. Fig. 1. consists of a glass vessel *a* with a narrow neck, so formed that it will stand upright with its mouth downwards; this vessel, when filled with water, and covered with a slip of paper or thin pasteboard, pressed close to it, to prevent the admission of common air, is inverted into another vessel *b* with a little water in it, so that the slip of paper or pasteboard may be withdrawn, and the end of the pipe *c* introduced into it. This pipe is flexible and air-tight, and best made of leather, sewed with shoemaker's waxed thread. It is kept open at both ends by a piece of a quill while one of them is introduced into the vessel of water, and the other into the bladder *d*; the opposite end of which is tied round a perforated cork kept open by a quill, and the cork is made to fit a phial *e*, two-thirds of which should be filled with chalk just covered with water. Dr. Priestley has since found it most convenient to use a glass tube; and to preserve the advantage which he had of agitating the vessel *e*, he makes use of two bladders, communicating by a perforated cork, to which they are both tied. He also observes, that the flexible pipe is not necessary; but instead of this a bent tube of glass must be ready to be inserted into the hole made in the cork, when the bladder containing the fixed air is separated from the phial in which it was generated. The extremity of this tube being put under the vessel of water, and the bladder being compressed, the air will be conveyed into it, as in the other case. Instead of the bladder, a small phial may be interposed between the phial containing the chalk, &c. and the vessel of water: for thus the chalk and water that may be thrown up the tube communicating with this phial will lodge at the bottom of the other, while nothing but the air will get into the pipe communicating with the water. The apparatus being thus prepared, let the phial containing the chalk and water be detached from the bladder, and the pipe also from the vessel of water; pour a little oil of vitriol upon the chalk and water; and having carefully pressed all the common air out of the bladder, put the cork into the bottle presently after the effervescence has begun. Also press the bladder once more after a little of the newly-gene-

rated air has got into it, in order the more effectually to clear it of all the remains of the common air; and then introduce the end of the pipe into the mouth of the vessel of water, as in the Drawing, and begin to agitate the chalk and water briskly. This will presently produce a considerable quantity of fixed air, which will distend the bladder; and this being pressed, the air will force its way through the pipe, and ascend into the vessel of water, the water at the same time descending, and coming into the basin.

When about one half of the water is forced out, let the operator lay his hand upon the uppermost part of the vessel, and shake it as briskly as he can, not to throw the water out of the basin; and in a few minutes the water will absorb the air, and taking its place, will nearly fill the vessel as at the first. Then shake the phial containing the chalk and water again, and force more air into the vessel, till, upon the whole, about an equal bulk of air has been thrown into it. Also shake the water as before, till no more of the air can be imbibed. As soon as this is perceived to be the case, the water is ready for use; and if it be not used immediately, should be put into a bottle as soon as possible, well corked, and cemented. It will keep, however, very well, if the bottle be only well corked, and kept with the mouth downwards.

It may be proper to observe on this process, that the phial *e* should always be placed considerably lower than the vessel *a*; that the water to which the chalk is put should be changed after every operation; that with a vessel of water holding three pints, and a phial containing the chalk and water of ten ounces, a little more than a tea-spoonful of oil of vitriol will produce air enough to impregnate such a quantity of water; that the whole process does not take up more than a quarter of an hour, and the agitation act five minutes; and that in this method the water is easily made to imbibe an equal bulk of air; whereas Dr. Brownrigg found that Pyrmont water at the spring-head did not contain so much as one half. This apparatus has received considerable improvements, which we shall briefly recite; but in justice to the merit of the original inventor, his method deserves to be recorded; and besides, it requires less time, and is much less expensive than those that are now generally used.

The apparatus contrived by Dr. Nooth, is represented by Fig. 2. It is made of glass, and stands on a wooden vessel *dd* resembling a tea-board: the middle vessel *B* has a neck which is inserted into the mouth of the vessel *A*, to which it is ground air-tight. This lower neck of the vessel *B* has a glass stopple *S*, composed of two parts, both having holes sufficient to let a good quantity of air pass through them. Between these two parts is left a small space, containing a plano-convex lens, which acts like a valve, in letting the air pass from below upwards, and hindering its return into the vessel *A*. The upper

vessel C terminates below in a tube r t , which, being crooked, hinders the immediate ascent of the bubbles of fixed air into that vessel, before they reach the surface of the water in the vessel B. The vessel C is also ground air-tight to the upper neck or the middle vessel B, and has a stopple p fitted to its upper mouth, which has a hole through its middle. The upper vessel C holds just half as much as the middle one B; and the end t of the crooked tube goes no lower than the middle of the vessel B.

For the use of this apparatus: Fill the middle vessel B, with spring or any other wholesome water, and join to it the vessel C. Pour water into the vessel A (by the opening m , or otherwise) so as to cover the rising part of its bottom: about three-fourths of a pint will be sufficient. Fill an ounce phial with oil of vitriol, and add it to the water, shaking the vessel so as to mix them well together. As heat is generated it will be best to add the oil by a little at a time, otherwise the vessel may be broke. Put to this, through a wide glass or paper funnel, about an ounce of powdered raw chalk, or marble. White marble being first granulated, or pounded like coarse sand, is better for the purpose than pounded chalk, because it is harder; and, therefore, the action of the diluted acid upon it is slower, and lasts to a considerable time. On this account, the supply of fixed air from it is more regular than with the chalk: and besides, when no more air is produced, the water may be decanted from the vessel A, and the white sediment washed off, and the remaining granulated marble may be employed again, by adding to it fresh water, and a new quantity of oil of vitriol. The funnel in this process is made use of, in order to prevent the powder from touching the inside of the vessel's mouth; for if that happens, it will stick so strongly to the neck of the vessel B, as not to admit of their being separated without breaking. Place immediately the two vessels B and C (fastened to each other) into the mouth of the vessel A, as in the figure, and all the fixed air which is disengaged from the chalk or marble by the oil of vitriol, will pass up through the valve in S into the vessel B. When this fixed air comes to the top of the vessel B, it will dislodge from thence as much water as is equal to its bulk; which water will be forced up through the crooked tube into the upper vessel C.

Care must be taken not to shake the vessel A when the powdered chalk is put in; otherwise a great and sudden effervescence will ensue, which will perhaps expel part of the contents. In such case it may be necessary to open a little the stopple p , in order to give vent, otherwise the vessel A may burst. It will be proper also to throw away the contents and wash the vessel; for the matter will stick between the necks of the vessels, and cement them together. The operation must then be begun afresh. But if the chalk be

put into the vessel loosely wrapt up in paper, this accident will be still better guarded against. When the effervescence goes on well, the vessel C will soon be filled with water, and the vessel B half filled with air; which will easily be known to be the case by the air going up in large bubbles through the crooked tube r t .

When this is observed, take off the two vessels B and C together as they are, and shake them so that the water and air within them may be much agitated. A great part of the fixed air will be absorbed into the water; as will appear by the end of the crooked tube being considerably under the surface of the water in the vessel. The shaking them for two or three minutes will be sufficient for this purpose. These vessels must not be shaken while joined to the under one A, otherwise too great an effervescence will be occasioned in the latter; together with the ill consequence above mentioned. After the water and air have been sufficiently agitated, loosen the upper vessel C, so that the remaining water may fall down into B, and the unabsorbed air pass out. Put these vessels together, and replace them into the mouth of A, in order that B may be again half filled with fixed air. Shake the vessels B and C, and let out the unabsorbed air, as before. By repeating the operation three or four times, the water will be sufficiently impregnated.

Whenever the effervescence nearly ceases in the vessel A, it may be renewed by giving it a gentle shake, so that the powdered chalk or marble at the bottom may be mixed with the oil of vitriol and water above it; for then a greater quantity of fixed air will be disengaged.

When the effervescence can be no longer renewed by shaking the vessel A, either more chalk must be put in, or more oil of vitriol; or more water, if neither of these produce the desired effect.

Mr. Magellan has still further improved this contrivance. He has two sets of the vessels B and C. While he is shaking the air and water contained in one of these sets, the other may be receiving fixed air from the vessel A. By this means twice the quantity of water may be impregnated in the same time. He has a wooden stand on which to fix the vessels B, C, when taken off from A, which is very convenient. He has a small tin trough for measuring the quantity of chalk or marble requisite for one operation, and a wide glass funnel for putting it through into the vessel A, to prevent its sticking to the sides, as mentioned before.

He has also contrived a stopple without a hole, to be used occasionally instead of the perforated one p . It must be of a conical figure, and very loose; but so exactly and smoothly ground as to be air-tight merely by its pressure. Its use is to compress the fixed air on the water, and thereby increase the impregnation. For by keeping the air

on the water in this compressed state, the latter may be made to sparkle like champagne. And if the vessels are strong, there will be no danger of their bursting in the operation.

The water thus impregnated may be drawn out at the opening *h*. But if it is not wanted immediately, it will be better to let it remain in the machine, where it has no communication with the external air. Otherwise the fixed air flies off by degrees, and the water becomes rapid and flat. But it may be kept a long time in bottles well stopped, especially if they are placed with their mouths downwards.

Dr. Withering of Birmingham has lately contrived a new apparatus for impregnating water with fixed air, which, he says, is preferable to that in common use, because it can be made at less expence, and is more easily prepared; because the whole quantity of fixable air produced is converted to use, without any waste of the vitriolic acid; because it impregnates three times the quantity of water at one time, more completely and with less trouble; and the impregnated water will always retain its virtue, if the joints and cocks of the machine are made perfectly air-tight; for which purpose they should once a year be supplied with a small quantity of unsalted lard. This apparatus is exhibited by Fig. 3, and consists of a glass vessel *A*, about ten inches high in the cylindrical part, and six inches and a half in diameter; another glass vessel *B*, about twelve inches high in the conical part, one inch and a half in the neck, and five inches in diameter at the bottom; a copper pipe *C* passing through the stopper of the vessel *B*, and tied fast in the flexible tube *D*, made of strong leather, air-tight, and kept hollow by means of a spiral wire passing through its whole length; a conical brass pipe *E*, with a stop-cock fastened to the tube *D*; another conical pipe *F*, with a stop-cock *G*, into which the end of the tube *E* is accurately ground so as to be air-tight, and cutting off all communication with the atmosphere when the pipe *E* is removed; two large hog's bladders *H, H*, each of which ought to hold two quarts; a stop-cock *I* to prevent the water rising into the bladders, when the vessel *A* is agitated; a bladder *K*, tied to the crooked tube with the stop-cock *L*, which occasionally opens or shuts the communication with the vessel *B*; a glass funnel *M*, accurately fitted with the glass stopper *N*; an aperture *O*, fitted with a glass stopper or a silver cock, from which the impregnated water is to be drawn for use; and, lastly, the tube *P*, opening into the vessel *A*. When this apparatus is used, let the vessel *A* be filled with pure water, and any other ingredients that are required, in a proper proportion; into the vessel *B* put as much marble or whiting, in small lumps, as will cover its bottom to the height of about two inches, and pour in water to the height represented by the dotted line; let the mouth of the

vessel *A* be well fitted with a cork, and thro' a hole in the cork pass the tube *P*, putting upon the cork melted sealing-wax of the softest kind, or modelling-wax, so as to make the whole air-tight. The modelling-wax may be procured at the engravers, or it may be prepared by adding to half a pound of melted bees-wax two ounces of tallow, and one ounce of Venice turpentine: to this mass add a sufficient quantity of red-lead or Spanish-brown to give it a colour, and let the mixture be stirred till it is cold: let the mouth of the vessel *B* be stopped with a piece of mahogany, turned into a conical figure in a lathe, and of a size somewhat larger than the mouth of the glass will admit; put this of wood into melted bees-wax, and heat the wax till the wood begins to grow black: when cool, turn it again till it fits the mouth of the vessel: the tubes *C*, *L* and *M* are fitted into holes and bored thro' the wooden stopper, previous to its being immersed in the wax; push these tubes through the holes, and press the stopper into the orifice of the vessel *B*, and cement the whole with sealing or modelling-wax; shut the stop-cocks *I* and *L*, having previously pressed the air out of the bladder *K*; open the stop-cocks *G* and *E*; then squeeze the air out of the bladders *H, H*, and afterwards press the conical pipe *F*; pour about a large spoonful of oil of vitriol through the funnel *M*, and stop it with its stopper *N*. The fixable air let loose by the effervescence in the vessel *B*, rising through the tube *C*, passes into the bladders *H, H*, and distends them. In this case open the stop-cock *I*, and from the aperture *O* draw out about a quart of water; and the space before occupied by the water will be filled with fixable air, which soon begins to be absorbed by the remaining water, and is still supplied from the bladders *H, H*, and from the effervescing mixture in the vessel *B*. When the bladders are considerably collapsed, more vitriolic acid must be added through the funnel *M*, so that they may be always kept pretty fully distended. When an impregnation is speedily required, turn the stop-cocks at *G* and *E*, and open that at *L*; then separate the pipe *E* from the tube *F*, and agitate the vessel *A*; the fixable air will pass into the bladder *K*, and may be pressed into the two other bladders, when the parts of the apparatus are united. During the agitation, the stop-cock at *I* should be closed, and opened only occasionally to supply out of the bladders *H, H*, the fixable air absorbed by the water. If a strong impregnation be required, this process should be carried on in a room, the heat of which does not exceed forty-eight degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. Dr. Withering observes, that the impregnated water receives no taste from the bladders; and that if the vessel *A* with its impregnated water be separated from the vessel *B*, at the conical parting *E, F*, it may be included in a pyramidal mahogany case, out of the lower part of

which the silver cock at O projects; and thus serve for an ornamental as well as luxurious and salubrious addition to the side-board, particularly in the summer and autumnal seasons.

The artificial mineral waters thus made, are more pleasant to the taste than the natural Pyrmont or Seltzer waters; which, besides their fixed air, contain saline particles of a disagreeable taste, which are known to contribute little or nothing to their medicinal virtues, and may, in some cases, be hurtful. They are likewise considerably stronger. According to Sir John Pringle, these waters may be made more nearly to resemble genuine Pyrmont water, by adding to each pint of them from eight to ten drops of *tinctura maris cum spiritu salis*. Or this may be done, by adding to the water in the middle vessel B, (Fig. 2.) in the proportion of about thirty grains of Epsom salt, ten grains of common salt, a scruple of magnesia alba, and a dram of iron filings or iron wire, clean and free from rust, to one gallon of spring water, and impregnating the whole with fixed air in the manner already described. Let them remain till the other ingredients, and as much of the iron as is necessary, are dissolved, which will be in two or three days; or the magnesia may be omitted, and then the operation will be finished in less than half that time. These waters may be rendered ferruginous or chalybeate very easily, by putting in the middle vessel two or more slender phials, filled with cuttings of fine iron-binding wire, or with small iron nails; because the impregnated water will dissolve the iron so fast, as to become well saturated with it in a few hours, according to the experiments of Mr. Lane. But the method of rendering these artificial waters chalybeate, used by Dr. Hulme, is to add one grain of salt of steel to each pint (sixteen ounces) of water already impregnated with fixed air.

But the ingenious Mr. Bewley has invented a still better method of exhibiting fixed air as a medicine. He directs a scruple of alkaline salt to be dissolved in a sufficient quantity (a quarter of a pint, or less) of water, which is to be impregnated with as much fixed air as it can imbibe: this is to be drank for one dose. Mr. Bewley directs it to be prepared in larger quantities at a time, and calls it his mephitic julep. If immediately after it a spoonful of lemon juice, mixed with two or three spoonfuls of water, and sweetened with sugar, be drank, the fixed air will be extricated in the stomach; and thus a much greater quantity of it may be given than the same quantity of water alone can be made to imbibe. Fixed air acts as a corroborant; and, therefore, may be given with success in weakness of the stomach, and in vomitings arising from that cause. It has also been given with success in the stone, and in nephritic complaints. When the lungs are purulent, fixed air, mixed with the air drawn into the lungs, has repeatedly been found to perform a cure. The bark also may be given with advantage in water impregnated with fixed air, as they both coincide in the same intention. Fixed air may be applied by means of a syringe, funnel, or otherwise, to inflamed breasts, putrid ulcers, mortified parts, ulcerated fore throats, and has been found in such and similar cases to have very remarkable efficacy. It may also be given internally at the same time. In putrid dysenteries, and in putrid stools, fixed air may be given by way of clyster. Fermenting cataplasms are of service chiefly as they supply fixed air to the part. In cases of puridity, fixed air has been successfully applied to the surface of the body, exposed to streams of it. It is also found an excellent cooling as well as strengthening beverage in hot relaxing weather, and has the advantage of being pleasant to the taste.

Illustration of the APPARATUS for IMPREGNATING WORT and other FERMENTABLE LIQUORS with FIXED AIR, represented in No. II. of the PLATE annexed*.

FIG. 1. A A The Cask in which the Wort is to be impregnated.
(d d) The Strings by which the Vessel is to be let down.
(e e) The Pegs to which the Strings are to be fastened.

FIG. 2. D D The Air Vessel, similar to the bottom Part of Dr. Nooth's Glass Machine, to be made of Glass or Earthen Ware.

(c c) A Glass Stopper, ground in to fit the Mouth of the Vessel, having a Number of Capillary Tubes running from bottom to top in a diverging Direction, so as to spread the Air in its Passage through the Liquor.

FIG. 3. The Stopper viewed separately to show its Capillary Tubes.

* See page 107 for Dr. HENRY'S "Experiments and Observations on Ferments and Fermentations," &c. of which this PLATE is illustrative.

A DIALOGUE between a PHILOSOPHER and his GARDENER*.

By Mr. MERCIER.

Paradoxil. WHAT's the news with thee, Maturin?

Maturin. Good news, fir! The good wife is lately brought to-bed of a chopping boy, who is to be baptized this night; and this business being well over, I feel I shall work better to-day than usual.

Par. Why then I find you are well pleased, Maturin?

Mat. Lord, fir! who would not be so in my situation? If I had time I would dance by myself.

Par. But how canst thou be so merry, just when thy child is come into a scene of misery and trouble?

Mat. Oh! let him not be more unhappy than his father, and all will go well.—If he has troubles, he will also have some pleasure. Can one be without the other? If he is not lazy, if he works, he will not be sorry to have been born. For my part, I am not sorry to find myself here.

Par. What! you are happy?

Mat. And why not, pray? Yes, I am happy.

Par. Poh! you only fancy so.

Mat. But why not? I feel, I hope, what I feel. Do you want to make me believe I am miserable? No, no, I am very well satisfied, especially now the good woman is delivered; for I am relieved from a burden. I don't complain of what I cannot help; I chuse rather to enjoy what God Almighty sends me, than to be murmuring and grunting to no purpose; that is the reason I married, because it is a great satisfaction to have a pretty little woman who loves and caresses one, and a greater still to kiss the child she nurses on her lap.

Par. Dost thou know how thy child came into the world?

Mat. Odds bobs! he came in like all others; the King's children don't come otherwise; 'tis all one; and, zooks! when I think on it, 'tis a good lesson for your proud folks.

Par. But that's not what I would say.—How dost thou think thou hast been able to beget a being like thyself?

Mat. That's a very strange question! When I plant a tree, I put the shoot in the earth, and then go about my business; it grows when God gives it a blessing. It is not those that make the finest arguments are the wisest men.

Par. But what idea hast thou of the mystery of generation?

Mat. Since you say it is a mystery, I cannot know any thing of the matter. It has

pleased God to conceal his secrets from us, since he executes them before our eyes, and we cannot see into them.

Par. But still what dost thou think on this subject?

Mat. I know nothing, I think nothing: I only know when to plant a tree, but I do not know how it grows. It is the same with children, I suppose: after having been fond of one another of a night, one must send of a morning for the midwife, and the child cries. How those children came into the world, is beyond our conception; in short, they do come; that is the principal business: what signifies the rest to us?

Par. How! what signifies it to us? Dost thou not know, then, if this science was thoroughly known, it would furnish us the means of bringing the human species to greater perfection; and instead of so many silly fools, we should have nothing but people of genius and philosophers?

Mat. But if every one was a wit and a philosopher, there would be no more block-heads; then who would there be to admire learned men and philosophers? Truly, fir, they would be finely taken in. But they are a good sort of people necessary to have about us, like you, my dear master; for observe me, you are a very good man: and give me leave to tell you, I like your actions more than your speeches.

Par. Psha, if am not better, the reason is, I am not yet enlightened enough. But I wish you would tell me freely your thoughts on generation.

Mat. Why, I tell you, I have none; it is your business, that know all about it, to tell me. But, between ourselves, it would be better to get a child than rack your brains how it is got.—But since you have got so much knowledge, let us hear, tell us all your doctrine. In the mean time I will go on with my work; not to lose time.—Now for it. How do you settle the fabricating of man? Have you ever been in the manufactory?

Par. Why, pretty nearly.

Mat. What the devil! what's that you say?

Par. I have opened some two or three hundred goats after copulation, and by the assistance of the scapel, I have pursued, in the ramifications of the veins—

Mat. What! you have made those cruel experiments! you are become an executioner to be learned! Instead of sparing those poor animals, you have committed a slaughter that has answered no purpose.—By Jove!

* The author exposes the different systems on generation, by exhibiting the ridiculousness and futility of them.

I am glad of it; for it is not by destroying that one will discover the cause of life.

Par. I am pleased with thy good sense. It is with regret I made this philosophical slaughter, but the desire to know nature—

Mat. Remain in ignorance rather as I am, and do no harm to any thing. Zooks! if you was suffered to go on with the curiosity that excites you, perhaps you would begin to embowel our —— excuse my freedom—and only to see better.

Par. Oh! always speak thy mind. I like that words should be as free as thoughts; and I prefer thy conversation to that of many of the learned.

Mat. Well, then, listen to me.—You are a very good man while you are not curious.—You would not hurt a child.—But when the demon of knowledge possesses you, you are more cruel than all the huntsmen together.—They are in the right to say all over the village you are a little cracked.—You laugh.—I said nothing of it to any one; but I know the ugly experiments you made with those glasses that make every thing so large. Fie upon it! the operations of the black art are not so diabolical. All the secrets in the world are worth nothing when compared to the shameful means of acquiring them. I have often blushed for you.

Par. Well, faith, friend Maturin, I never thought of blushing: I have seen all those things philosophically, as a scrutinizor of nature; and every thing that has existence is formed to be seen and considered by man.

Mat. Come, come, that is not the way to become learned.—Go see where——But you will be punished for your curiosity; you will know nothing. Here you are in the world; what the devil signifies it how you came here?

Par. I wish to discover the origin of so extraordinary an animal as man. The instant of casting a statue is that which impresses for ever its grace and beauty. If we knew well the mould of the human species, we might shape it; and art, which in every thing else wonderfully assists nature, might second her in this circumstance. If thou didst but know all that has been thought on this subject, it would seem to thee very curious, and would certainly make thee have a better opinion of those experiments.

Mat. Well, relate them all to me: I shall then be as knowing as you, and shall have nothing to reproach myself with.

Par. That is a very subtle distinction, master Maturin; you will know every thing and pay nothing.

Mat. You make arguments; that's your trade; I grow cabbages; you eat my cabbages, let me taste of your arguments.

Par. That is all right.—Well, my friend, you must know it was a mere chance that

thou and all the human race never had existed.

Mat. Ah! Ah! egad that's very comical.—The world had a great escape then: But how happened that?

Par. We must proceed regularly. Listen to me. There are millions and hundreds of millions of shoots more innumerable than the sands of the sea, which being formed to expand themselves, perish and never come into life. Thy shoot fortunately or unfortunately, I do not know which, has expanded.

Mat. I am not sorry for it—

Par. Thou art grown, thou hast understanding, whilst for many millions of others have sunk into nothing. All proceeds from the first man, and even the universe was originally but a favoured shoot among so many thousands of others.

Mat. What! did the world grow as I did? How! do you believe that?

Par. Yes, the world may have begun by a shoot no bigger than an egg.

Mat. (*laughing*) This same philosophy is a very comical thing! But the hen that laid this egg?

Par. The sun, the moon, the earth, the sea, present and future generations, all those things, I tell you again, depended, as thou didst, on small beginnings.

Mat. (*laughing louder*) But the hen, I say the hen?

Par. Very well; thou, for example, wert in thy father; and thy father was in thy grand-father; and thy grand-father and father were in thy great grand-father; and thy great great grand-father and thy great great grand-fathers and thou were in the loins of our father Adam when he walked in the garden.

Mat. What, then, I was walking with him? By Jove, then, I have followed my father's trade—I am a gardener too.

Par. Right. But what was thy dependance then, thee and the whole human species?

Mat. Oh, heavens, I was so small then!

Par. Why you wretch! do you think yourself bigger now? What is thy form of five feet four inches on the globe? Thou wilt scarcely have appeared before thou art swept away. The first step thy child takes pushes thee towards the grave. There is no rest in nature; as thou walkest through life thou art hastening to death; an irresistible power drives thee on; thou sufferest through thy state, and thou diest through necessity.

Mat. A fine consolation, truly! And is this what you call philosophy? It does not wear a rose-coloured complexion at least.

Par. Do you want to be deceived?

Mat. No.

Par. Well, attend to truth.

Mat. Let us for once, then, see her countenance.

Par. Thou art like the flowers thou didst dress.

Mat. Who me ?

Par. Yes. Thou art a walking plant ; they shoot forth, they grow, they perish in thy garden by the same laws that make thee live.

Mat. What ! I am a walking plant then ?

Par. Doubtless. Thy stomach, which thou fillest with gross food, represents the roots that suck the juices in the earth which makes them grow. Flowers respire and perspire as thou dost ; they feed and discharge their superfluities as thou dost ; they visibly unite together and make love.

Mat. My flowers make love ! Oh, no ! that won't do.

Par. Yes, thou fool, that hast eyes and canst not see.

Mat. Into what, master ?

Par. Lay down thy spade, draw near, and learn to reverence philosophy.

Mat. I do not understand a word ;— I ought to reverence ?

Par. Look on the calix of that tulip ; the top of the stamina, or rather the little male flower that leans amorously towards the female flower, and endeavours to dart its dust. Thou wilt every where see the eagerness of the male flower to find out the one of the other sex : if thou hast an inclination to see this amusement, squeeze dextrously and suddenly a close male flower, and thou wilt see spout from it a smoaky dust that will cover the pistil. Palm trees incline towards and embrace each other, notwithstanding every obstacle ; they squeeze and compass one another forcibly : thus flowers come by the same principle thou art come into the world. There is an uniform system in generation : and minerals, which are so hard, or rather appear so, experience in themselves a perpetual action ; every thing is animated and alive in this matter which you think lies dormant. Stones, marbles, are produced exactly like man, all by the help of a matrix, strings, cuticles and placenta.

Mat. Lord ! my head is distracted with all those hard names. What, my spade is come into the world just as I did ?

Par. Yes, and the iron in the mine is expanded by the same laws that have expanded thy body. Fire, water, and earth, are sprung from particular atoms ; they are all gifted like thee with the faculty of reproducing themselves. The innumerable number of vortices, of suns, of habitable earths, a system which I explained to thee the last time—

Mat. Oh ! I remember it well ; I did nothing but dream all night of stars bigger than the village.

Par. Be sure, then, remember my lessons. All this, I say, (no, thou wilt not be-

lieve it yet) all this may formerly have been contained in a grain whose bigness would scarce equal a pea.

Mat. Say a bean, at least, my dear master.

Par. No.— The milky way I shewed thee with my telescope is a groupe of little worlds that are only come out of the shell about sixty or eighty years ago. Planets produce planets, and the great globe has had an embryo like the smallest fly, or the smallest insect, the sport of the winds. The winds scatter the universal seeds of being—

Mat. And make the apricots fall.

Par. What's that to the purpose ? Do not interrupt me.— It seems Venus has lately produced a satellite ; our earth formerly brought forth the moon ; a nation called Egyptians have the certificate of its birth, which has since been lost. But as the earth is not yet worn out with age, it may very possibly procreate a second moon.

Mat. And who will make good to us the expence of lanterns which we have lately purchased for dear ? Will they return us our money again, sir ?

Par. Money is never returned, let what will happen, my honest fellow.

Mat. In that case, you would do better to exert yourself in recovering it than in racking your brains with planets which get children.

Par. Why will the magnitude of this globe hinder thee from seeing and acknowledging what thou every day perceivest in the beings which surround thee ? Thou canst not conceive that every thing in nature unfolds itself as well as in the confined space of thy garden ; that the sun generates other suns, as the seed of the tallading generates sallad ? Even thyself would suffice, if the entire race of mankind were destroyed, to renovate their existence.

Mat. What, I alone ?

Par. Yes, I mean with thy fat wife.

Mat. Very well— let it be so, for goodness sake.

Par. Thou art a world in miniature, having in thyself every thing necessary for its re-production ; and the universe is a great living being, subject to the same laws which direct thee. In the mean time, it is only more or less of matter ; and what thou callest great or small, is no more than an illusion of thy eyes. From the moment thou hast existence thou art as great as the greatest thing in the world. There is no standard to measure thee by, thou art both totality and part.

Mat. Devil take me if I understand a single word of all you say !

Par. Listen to me, however.— Sometimes a vortex sickens, dissolves, and decays, like a peach thou wouldst pick up ; sometimes it is in the vigour of youth. Its du-

ration is some millions of years, and thine is eighty or a hundred; that is all the difference. But no reason why this vortex had not a beginning, as I told thee, by an egg, as well as thee.

Mat. What! was my beginning in an egg?

Par. Yes; that is thy origin. It is common to all beings. The size is nothing!—There must have been a beginning, whether it is the sun or a gnat.

Mat. (*pausing*) I began by being shut up in a shell! I have before now heard some of your companions, when walking with you, say so. But I am not of that opinion, I must tell you. I do not like the notion of being a prisoner in a shell. I am afraid of having a beak. I prefer the opinion of those who are for breaking all those eggs, and leave me a round, unpointed visage.

Par. No bad reason. I very well knew I should make something of thee. Thou preferrest the system of organical particles of matter!

Mat. What is that, pray?

Par. They are small, similar, and material points, which form a nose, an eye, an arm, a foot, a finger, a toe, and gather together through affinity.

Mat. Through affinity! what does that mean?—I do not understand it.

Par. Didst thou never play at prison bars?

Mat. Yes, when I was a school-boy; and since too, at the village feast.

Par. Well, at this play thou knowest the comers take their stations and dislodge those who come after them. Thus, then, the brisk eye and vigilant nose drives away all the heavy eyes and lazy noses. They place themselves wonderfully in order in their mould when they are not double and of equal strength; for then there is a great struggle, and the result is the production of a monster with two heads and four arms. But most commonly those particles of matter, as polite as the most civilized persons, who will not intrude themselves in a chair already taken up, place themselves on one side, or retire if there is no room; they take possession under a form similar to that they had when they floated in the individual that furnished them; they frame themselves on this individual.

Mat. But if all those little beings are alive, why do they sacrifice themselves to form only one and the same animal? If they have life, let them play their gambols by themselves; if they are dead, being reunited, they can do nothing of themselves. Moreover, when placed, something will be necessary to unite them. There must be cement with stones which form a building.

Then where is the cement of your organized particles? I confess I cannot comprehend it.

Par. Since thou wilt not believe in the production of several small, distinct, and similar beings, made to compose man, wouldst thou rather admit, that the primitive parts of matter should have sentiment and intelligence? It costs nothing in the supposition; and, in proportion to their mass and their power, they co-ordinate together from the ideas they have had.

Mat. This is all Hebrew to me, and to you also, perhaps.

Par. Well, wouldst thou rather have a successive progression by exaltation of the seed?

Mat. I shall not get a child the more with all those fine words.

Par. Then wouldst thou prefer the human brain, which gradually forms the rest of the machine?

Mat. I do not concern myself much about what is said on that subject.

Par. Let us try one more system to satisfy thee—What dost thou think of the entire man being originally abridged to a incomprehensible smallness, and that, in proportion to the contraction he experiences, he tends to dilate himself, and actually does dilate with the greatest spring, when the compressive power ceases to act?

Mat. Stop a little; I understand this something better; but it is not yet quite clear enough.

Par. Well, then, thou must be satisfied with the *spermatic animalcules*, that are every where in the atmosphere, that we swallow, more especially when we are hungry, and which are afterwards so friendly to the philosophy of love. Thou knowest how to distinguish celery from another plant?

Mat. When you talk of celery, I know what that means.—But I will prepare you a salad this night to cool your blood; for, with your good leave, my dear master, you are a little mad or so.

Par. How, when I argue with thee?

Mat. All you have said to me is certainly only to be laughed at.—If I knew how to write as well as read, I could soon strike out a dozen systems like your's.

Par. Who, thou?

Mat. Yes, me. We can give things what meaning we please. It is so with nature; she says nothing to any one, and still your learned gentlemen will make her speak.—Why the secret to destroy dormice that eat our fruits, is, by many degrees, more useful than guessing how we came into the world; for we know nothing of the matter, either coming or going out of it. I kill no goats

out of curiosity. I destroy as many caterpillars as I can, because they really are our enemies; if we were to let them go on, we should not have a pear left. Tell me now why your academicians do not employ themselves in finding out a way to destroy this cursed breed, instead of gazing all night at stars that fly from them in the morning? Is not the peach one eats better than the world one can scarcely see at the end of a glass? for you have filled my head with all those fooleries, and we see worlds above us now as thick as apples in Normandy.

Par. You see, then, there is some pleasure in contemplating the universe in its full extent; thou breathest more freely when thou lookest up to heaven; and sayest to thyself, There are gardeners above there just like me, who dig the earth and plant vegetables.

Mat. Zooks! I wish I was in a planet in summer, where it would rain only half an hour every day.—What joy it is to see a fine small rain now and then! That would be charming, and every thing would be the better for it in our garden; we should not be obliged, then, to be always fatiguing ourselves with drawing water; which hinders us also from musing on your fine systems.

Par. You enter now, master Maturin, on a very great subject. What do you complain of physical evil and moral evil?

Mat. What is all that, I pray you, sir?—We have never heard of those disorders, do you see; they may be fit for your city libertines.

Par. Thy mistake makes me smile, although it is not yet so great.—Well, my honest Maturin, some other time I will explain to thee how every thing is connected in the origin of things; I will shew thee the concatenation of beings.

Mat. The concatenation of beings!—But would it not be better to enjoy what we have than to be raving on such flighty matters?—I'll tell you what, when I embrace my wife, I hold a most charming truth, I will not seek any other. There is one thing, however, I would be glad to know, and after that another: Why does the Lord of the Manor despise me so much as he passes along? and why are we so many months without rain?—If I could come at the knowledge of this, I think I should know enough.

Par. My honest fellow, that Lord, with all his pride, has a gloomy countenance, has he not?

Mat. Yes, truly, he never smiles.

Par. He is not pleased with himself, and, therefore, swells with pride.—Believe me, thou art worth more than he, by thy utility in life, and, above all, by the goodness of thy heart.

Mat. Come, now, I love you when you speak to me so. Yes, I feel I am better than he; for if I was as rich, I think I

would do a great deal of good; and he gives all the neighbourhood a deal of trouble, what with his hunting, which tears up all our ground, and his footmen, who corrupt all our girls. That shoot should have remained in its primitive nothingness as well as those of dormice and caterpillars.

Par. Thou shalt know another time why his breed is come into the world.

Mat. No matter why; it is the means to destroy them I would wish to find out.

Par. At our next conversation I will explain every thing to thee.—At present I must go meet a comet that is coming to pay us a visit.

Mat. And I will go pick a salad.—But now I think on't, master, ought I to be afraid of this same comet? They say, the tails of those ladies are apt to bring inundations upon us.—Do endeavour to make her shew us her face.

Par. There is not the least appearance, my honest fellow, that it can do us any harm; but if it should approach a little too near the earth, make yourself easy before-hand, it would be only the business of a moment. An universal earthquake of a minute or so, and all would be over.—Thou wouldst perish with all the emperors, potentates, and philosophers of the world.

Mat. A fine consolation, truly! But is it not still putting an end to us? I value my life as much as they do theirs.—I beg, sir, you will remove my fears about this comet; otherwise I shall have no heart to work.

Par. Do not be frightened; the road those planets travel in is so broad there is no danger of their jostling one another.

Mat. So best; for if they should take a fancy to make love to one another, as you was saying a while ago, and should draw near each other in a little gamester sport, like my flowers, what would become of us?

Par. Poh, those majestic planets, in their vast and magnificent rotation, send each other tokens of tenderness at immense, not to say immeasurable distances.

Mat. Very good. I am much obliged to their majesties; but I would not be a planet, because at my wife's uprising we shall come to a right understanding together; we won't make love as your planets do.

Par. Well, thy thick head is more useful to her than all the suns and planets in the world, which are incapable of thought.

Mat. Well, sir, you have stunn'd this poor head. You will tell me the rest by and by before we go to bed. Supper is almost ready, and you will not have a dessert unless I leave you.—Adieu.

Par. Think of my strawberries.

Mat. (*going*) Thank God, I think more of them than of all your worlds.

COVETOUSNESS: A VISION.

By THE SAME.

I THOUGHT I was in an obscure wood, not knowing which way to bend my steps. The moon, obstructed by the leaves of the trees, shot a pale glimmering light which made the darkness of the night still more terrific.—I was as weak as a child forsaken in a desert. Every thing affrighted me; every shadow appeared a phantom; the least noise made my hair stand on end, and I stumbled at every root of a tree.

Aerial spirits, that I could neither see nor feel, were my unfolicited guides. They related a thousand ridiculous stories to me, to which they would have had me give credit; they led me into brambles and thorns; then insulting my ignorance, laughed at their tricks and my credulity. Not satisfied with this, they caused deceitful sparks of light to pass before my eyes, to stun or drive me to madness. I was always endeavouring to approach a clear but weak ray, which I could see at the end of an immense walk. I quickened my pace; but at the end of this long avenue, which I thought the termination of the forest, found a little void space, barricaded with impenetrable woods still darker. What tears did I not shed this long night! Yet courage and hope reanimated me, and time and patience at length brought the dawn to my relief. I got out of the dismal forest, where every thing had terrified me, only to enter another place where every thing astonished me.

I perceived vast plains enriched with all the gifts of fruitful nature; no prospect so charming had I ever beheld. I was tired, I was hungry; the trees were loaded with the finest fruits, and the vines rising under their branches encircled them with grapes, which hung in festoons. I sprang forward, overjoyed to allay my thirst, returning thanks from the bottom of my soul to God, the author of these blessings, when a man, very oddly dressed, opposed my passage with an iron arm. "Simpleton," said he, "I plainly see thou art still a child, and art a stranger to the customs of the world; read on that stone portico; its laws are engraved there; thou must submit to them or die."

I read with inexpressible astonishment that all this vast fine country was either hired or sold; that I was neither allowed to eat, drink, walk, nor even repose my head, without the express leave of the master: he was the exclusive possessor of all those fruits my empty stomach so much longed for; and that I had not a single spot of shelter on the whole globe, nor the property of an apple; every thing was usurped before my arrival.

I was likely to die of hunger, for want of certain little balls of quicksilver, very apt to be lost on account of their subtilty, which this hard-hearted man demanded in exchange for the nourishing fruits the earth produced. I said to myself "He has no better right than I have to this ground; he is certainly a tyrant; but as I am the weaker I must submit."

I learned, that in order to get some of those gliding balls, a man was obliged to put a large iron chain around his body, at the end of which there was still to depend a leaden ball, a hundred times heavier than all the little balls one could ever receive, and, indeed, I observed the man who had stopped me was according to order. He saw my distress, and told me in a tone charitably haughty, "If thou wanteest to eat, come hither; I am good-natured; draw near; put a ring of this great chain round thy neck, until thou art a little used to it."—As I was dying with hunger, I did not hesitate to comply.

As he offered me something to eat, he accompanied his gift with a severe fillip on the nose.

I murmured a good deal, and ate a good deal. I was still muttering between my teeth, when I was surprised to see another man, more heavily laden than the first, give him a violent box on the ear, which he received with great humility, kissing the hand that struck him; however, he received at the same time a great many of those little balls of quicksilver, which he seemed to idolize.

Then forgetting my resentment, I could not avoid saying to him to whom I was fattened, "How can you bear such an affront! Why had that man the insolence to insult you?" He looked at me, and said with a sneer, "My friend, thou art still a novice; but thou must know it is the custom of the country: every man who gives, always indulges instantly his pride or his inhumanity, at the expense of him that receives; but it is only as they say, a thing lent returned. Although I am enraged at the box, I do not seem to take notice of it, because he who gave it me has received many in his time, and I expect one day to bestow them at pleasure; but as yet I have been rather unfortunate, having only given here and there some fillips on the nose.—What! you seem surprised at this!—Poor lad! your time for astonishment is not yet come. You will see things that will surprise you much more. Come, and follow me."

I fol-

I followed him.—“Do you see,” said he, “those steep mountains at a distance? One of their tops almost reaches the clouds. Observe, there resides the perpetual object of all men’s desires. From between the rocks there springs a copious fountain of this subtle filver, of which, alas! I have but a small quantity.—Come along with me; let us surmount all difficulties; let us engage.—Do you support half the chain I am going to take up—the heavier it is, the sooner we shall make our fortune. If ever I succeed according to my wishes at this happy fountain, I swear I will give you a share.”

Curiosity, still more than the fatal necessity I was under, drew me after him. Oh, heavens! what a difficult road! what a tumult! what affronts and distresses did I experience!—I concealed my blushes under the weight of my chains.—My leader affected a smiling countenance; but sometimes I surprised him biting his lips till the blood issued, and quite disappointed, muttering in a low tone, whilst he called on me *aloud*, crying, “*Cheer up, my lad, all is well!*”—Eagerness gave him supernatural strength, and as my chain was fastened to his, he dragged me along.—We arrived at the foot of the mountain; but there the croud was infinitely greater. The vallies were full of a multitude of men, all rattling their chains, who snatched from each other with all the civility imaginable some drops of the quicksilver which flowed from the fountain.

I thought it almost impossible to get through this impenetrable crowd, when my conductor, with the most daring effrontery, began to break the rules of decency. He knocked down all on the right and left with the greatest violence—he inhumanly trod under foot those he overset. I felt for this behaviour, and shuddered as I walked—I trod upon the trembling bodies of those unhappy people, whilst I wished to go back, but could not; I was dragged forward in spite of me—we were covered with blood—the horror of their plaintive cries rent my heart. In this manner we having gained a little hill, my companion looked on me with a complacent air. “We go on well,” said he; “the first difficulty is got over, the rest must not deter us. Did you observe how we made them roll one over another? Here it is not so. We are near the fountain; but must not proceed so fast any longer. We must know how to elbow at a proper time with artifice and dexterity; but always without giving quarter; we nevertheless bring down our man: but scandal must be avoided with the greatest care. Such is the art of a courtier.”

My heart was too full to utter a single word in reply. I was stupified to consider

I was still fastened to him. I dreaded every minute he would take it into his head to prove upon me that he was right in acting thus; for he had a great many examples that seemed favourable to him—What a spectacle! What a tumult! What scenes, all variously frightful! All manner of passions came to bargain with all manner of crimes. Those who had virtues came to dispose of them, and without this traffic they were looked on as ridiculous. A black phantom had put on the mask of Justice, and filled her scales with mercenary weights. There were men, also, who were still covered with the mud from whence they sprang, who were honoured, and who insulted public misery.

Others rubbed their bodies with those balls of quicksilver, and strutted with lofty heads, pride in their looks, and debauchery in their hearts. They fancied themselves superior to others, and despised those who were not whitened like themselves. If they did not always give a box on the ear to those they met, yet their gestures were offensive, and even their smiles insulting: but this quicksilver often wore off; in which case those haughty, hard-hearted men became mean, submissive, and groveling. Then the contempt of which they were so lavish was retaliated on them with usury. They were inwardly devoured by rage, and they stopped at no criminality to regain their former situation. Indeed, it appeared, that this fatal quicksilver had got into their heads, so that they were deprived of reason. I saw one who was descending from the summit of the hill, oppressed with his weight, and motionless, and, as if in ecstasy, he admired his silver body, and would neither eat nor drink. I wished to assist him. He thought I intended to rob him. He opposed me with all his might, to guard his quicksilver, at the same time that he held out his hands in a supplicating manner, with a piteous look, begging I would help him to another small ball, and he would die contented.

A little higher, forty insatiable men, with eager looks, carried off a prodigious quantity of this metal in hogheads.

It was not drawn from the fountain head; it had been wrenched from the feeble grasp of women, children, old men, husbandmen, and the poor; it was tinctured with their blood, and sprinkled with their tears. Those extortioners had an army in their pay, who plundered by retail, and pillaged the indigent habitations. I observed those who possessed large quantities of this matter were never satiated; the more they had of it, the more hardened and the more untractable they appeared.

Yet my conductor only found in all these things still stronger motives for emulation.

“Come,

"Come, come," said he, "I believe thou art dreaming, with thy fixt and observant eye; let us go on. Dost thou observe what an enchanting sight through those rocks? Dost thou see that dazzling spring, with what strength it flows? How it falls in cascades? Let us run! I am afraid it will dry up. What crouds ye with each other! But at the same time let us take care of ourselves, we are not at it yet; the last steps are the most dangerous—How many, for want of prudence, have fallen from the summit into the abyfs! In throwing others down, let us guard against a fall so terrible. We must skilfully improve by the misfortunes of others. Come on; I have discovered a road that will lead us in more safety to the wished-for spot."

So speaking, he led me through a by-path, where few people would dare to follow; it was a sort of narrow, crooked gallery, cut out of the rock, and vaulted. We went forward some time; but our passage was obstructed by three figures of the finest white marble. Nothing but their astonishing whiteness could efface the idea of their being alive, so strongly were truth and gracefulness expressed in them. These figures, whose arms were interwoven and united, seemed to stop the passage to imprudent mortals. They represented Religion, Humanity, and Probity. Beneath was written, "*These images are the master-piece of human understanding; the originals are in heaven. O mortals! reverence these images; let them be sacred to you; for they are made to stop you in the perfidious road which leads to the abyfs. Woe be to him who will not be affected, and cursed for ever be the sacrilegious hand who dares to spoil them!*"

At this sight I was filled with a respectful emotion, blended with love. I looked at my conductor; he seemed for a moment much disturbed and irresolute: but having heard some shouts on a fresh eruption of the fountain, his countenance was flushed with a gloomy redness—he seized a stone, which he loosened from the rock—I endeavoured in vain to stop him—he broke this sacred monument with furious impiety, and passed over its ruins. I now redoubled my efforts, in opposition to his, and at length broke the odious chain that linked me to this monster.—"Go," said I, full of indignation, "go, unbridled man—fly—satisfy thy inordinate passion; the thunder of Divine Justice is ready."—He no longer heard me. I followed him with my eyes. The wretch, blinded by his crime, endeavouring too eagerly to draw from this fatal fountain, was hurried into it. Being carried away by the torrent which he had made his god, he was dashed to atoms on the points of the rocks, and his blood for some moments stained its former splendor.

Struck with fear, I, trembling, contemplated those adorable ruins scattered on the ground, not daring to move, lest I should tread upon them. Afflicting tears trickled down my cheeks. I looked to Heaven with uplifted hands, my heart oppressed with sorrow, when a Divine Power suddenly collected the relics, as beautiful, as majestic as before. I prostrated myself before those sacred images. Glorious! eternal! they never can be destroyed by the sacrilegious hands of impious mortals.—

THE DEAN OF BADAJOZ. A TALE.

FROM THE ABBE BLANCHET.

THE Dean of the cathedral of Badajoz was more learned than all the doctors of Salamanca, Coimbra, and Alcalá, united. He understood all languages, living and dead, and was perfect master of every science, divine and human, except that, unfortunately, he had no knowledge of magic, and was inconsolable when he reflected on his ignorance in that sublime art. He was told, that a very able magician resided in the suburbs of Toledo, named Don Torribio. Immediately he saddled his mule, departed for Toledo, and alighted at the door of no very superb dwelling, the habitation of that great man.

"Most reverend magician, said he, addressing himself to the sage, I am the Dean of Badajoz. The learned men of Spain all allow me their superior, but I am come to request from you a far greater honour, that

of becoming your pupil. Deign to initiate me in the mysteries of your art, and doubt not but you shall receive a grateful acknowledgement, suitable to the benefit conferred and your own extraordinary merit."

Don Torribio was not very polite, though he valued himself on being intimately acquainted with the best company in hell. He told the Dean, he was welcome to seek elsewhere for a master in magic, for that, for his part, he was weary of an occupation which produced nothing but compliments and promises, and that he would not dishonour the occult sciences by prostituting them to the ungrateful.

"To the ungrateful! cried the Dean; has then the great Don Torribio met with persons who have proved ungrateful? and can he so far mistake me as to rank me with such

such monsters? He then repeated all the maxims and apophthegms which he had read on the subject of gratitude, and every refined sentiment his memory could furnish.

In short, he talked so well, that the conjuror, after having considered a moment, confessed he could refuse nothing to a man of such abilities, and so ready at pertinent quotations. Jacintha, said he, calling to his old woman, lay down two partridges to the fire; I hope my friend the Dean will do me the honour to sup with me to-night. At the same time he takes him by the hand, and leads him into his cabinet; there he touches his forehead, muttering three mysterious words, which I must request the reader not to forget, *Ortobolan, Pistafrier, Onagriouf*; then, without further preparation, he began to explain, with all possible perspicuity, the introductory elements of his profound science.

His new disciple listened with an attention which scarcely permitted him to breathe, when, on a sudden, Jacintha enters followed by a little man, in monstrous boots, and covered with mud up to the neck, who desired to speak with the Dean on very important business.

This was the postilion of his uncle, the Bishop of Badajoz, who had been sent express after him, and had galloped quite to Toledo before he could overtake him. He came to bring him information that, some hours after his departure, his Grace had been attacked by so violent an apoplexy, that the most terrible consequences were to be apprehended. The Dean heartily cursed (inwardly that is, and so as to occasion no scandal) at once the disorder, the patient, and the courier, who had certainly all three chosen the most impertinent time possible. He dismissed the postilion, telling him to make haste back to Badajoz, whither he would presently follow him; after which he returned to his lesson, as if there were no such things as either uncles or apoplexies.

A few days after, he again received news from Badajoz, but such as was well worth hearing. The principal chanter and two old canons came to inform the Dean that his uncle, the Right Reverend Bishop, had been taken to heaven, to receive the reward of his piety; and that the chapter, canonically assembled, had chosen him to fill the vacant bishoprick, and humbly requested he would condescend, by his presence, the afflicted church of Badajoz, now become his spiritual bride.

Don Torribio, who was present at this harangue of the deputies, endeavoured to derive advantage from what he had learned,

and, taking aside the new Bishop, after having paid him a well-turned compliment on his promotion, proceeded to inform him that he had a son, named Benjamin, possessed of much ingenuity and good inclination, but in whom he had never perceived either taste or talents for the occult sciences. He had therefore, he said, advised him to turn his thoughts towards the church, and had now, he thanked heaven, the satisfaction to hear him commended as one of the most deserving divines among all the clergy of Toledo. He therefore took the liberty, most humbly to request his Grace to bestow on Don Benjamin the deanry of Badajoz, which he could not retain together with his bishoprick.

I am very unfortunate, replied the prelate, apparently somewhat embarrassed. You will, I hope, do me the justice to believe, that nothing could give me so great a pleasure as to oblige you in every request. But the truth is, I have a cousin, to whom I am heir, an old ecclesiastic, who is good for nothing but to be a dean; and if I do not bestow on him this preferment, I must embroil myself with my family, which would be far from agreeable. But, continued he, in an affectionate manner, will you not accompany me to Badajoz? Can you be so cruel as to forsake me just at the moment when it is in my power to be of service to you? Be persuaded, my honoured master; we will go together; think of nothing but the improvement of your pupil, and leave me to provide for Don Benjamin; nor doubt but, sooner or later, I will do more for him than you expect. A paltry deanry, in the remotest part of Estremadura, is not a benefice suitable to the son of such a man as yourself.

The canon law would, no doubt, have construed this offer of the prelate's into simony. The proposal, however, was accepted; nor was any scruple made by either of these two very intelligent persons. Don Torribio followed his illustrious pupil to Badajoz, where he had an elegant apartment assigned him in the episcopal palace, and was treated with the utmost respect by all the diocese, as the favourite of his Grace, and a kind of grand vicar.

Under the tuition of so able a master, the Bishop of Badajoz made a rapid progress in the occult sciences. At first, he gave himself up to them with an ardour which might appear excessive; but this intemperance grew, by degrees, more moderate, and he pursued them with so much prudence that his magical studies never interfered with the duties of his diocese. He was well convinced of the truth of a maxim very important to be remembered by ecclesiastics, whether addicted to forcery or only philo-

fophers and admirers of literature, that it is not sufficient to assist at learned nocturnal meetings, or adorn the mind with the embellishments of human science, but that it is also the duty of divines to point out to others the way to heaven, and plant in the minds of their hearers wholesome doctrine and christian morality.

Regulating his conduct by these commendable principles, the learned prelate was celebrated throughout Christendom for his merit and piety, and promoted, when he least expected such an honour, to the archbishoprick of Compostella.

The people and clergy of Badajoz lamented, as may be supposed, an event by which they were deprived of so worthy a pastor; and the canons of the cathedral, to testify their respect, unanimously conferred on him the right of nominating his successor.

Don Torribio did not neglect so alluring an opportunity to provide for his son. He requested the bishoprick of the new Archbishop, and was refused with all imaginable politeness. He had, he said, the greatest veneration for his old master, and was not forthy and ashamed it was not in his power to grant a thing which appeared so very a trifle; but, in fact, Don Ferdinand de Lara, constable of Castile, had asked this same bishoprick for his natural son; and, though he had never seen that nobleman, he had, he said, some secret, important, and, what was more, very ancient obligations to him. It was, therefore, an indispensable duty to prefer an old benefactor to a new one; but that he ought not to be discouraged at this proof of his justice, as he might learn, by that, what he had to expect when his turn arrived, which it certainly would be the very first opportunity.

This anecdote concerning the ancient obligations of the Archbishop the magician had the goodness to believe; and rejoiced, as much as he was able, that his interests were sacrificed to those of Don Ferdinand.

Nothing, therefore, was thought of but preparations for their departure for Compostella, where they were now to reside; though these were scarcely worth the trouble, considering the short time they were destined to remain there; for, at the end of a few months, one of the Pope's chamberlains arrived, who brought the Archbishop a Cardinal's cap, with an epistle, conceived in the most respectful terms, in which his Holiness invited him to assist, by his counsel, in the government of the Christian world; permitting him, at the same time, to dispose of his mitre in favour of whom he pleased.

Don Torribio was not at Compostella when the courier of the holy father arrived. He had been to see his son, who still con-

tinued a priest, in a small parish at Toledo; but he presently returned, and was not put to the trouble of asking for the vacant archbishoprick. The prelate ran to meet him with open arms.

My dear master, said he, I have two pieces of good news to relate at once. Your disciple is created a Cardinal, and your son shall—shortly be advanced to the same dignity. I had intended, in the mean time, to have bestowed on him the archbishoprick of Compostella; but unfortunately for him, or rather for me, my mother, whom we left at Badajoz, has, during your absence, written to me a cruel letter, by which all my measures have been disconcerted. She will not be pacified unless I appoint for my successor the archdeacon of my former church, Don Pablos de Silazar, her intimate friend and confessor. She tells me, it will occasion her death if she should not be able to obtain preferment for her dear father in God; and I have no doubt but what she says is true. Imagine yourself in my place, my dear master. Shall I be the death of my mother?

Don Torribio was not a person who would incite or urge his friend to be guilty of a parricide; nor did he indulge himself in the least resentment against the mother of the prelate.

To say the truth, however, this mother he talked of was a good kind of woman, nearly superannuated, who lived quietly with her cat and maid-servant, and scarcely knew the name of her confessor. Was it likely, then, that she had procured Don Pablos his archbishoprick? Was it not far more probable that he was indebted for it to a Gallician lady, his cousin, a young widow, at once devout and handsome, in whose company his Grace the Archbishop had frequently been edified during his residence at Compostella? Be it as it may, Don Torribio followed his Eminence to Rome. Scarcely had he arrived in that city, before the Pope died. It is easy to imagine the consequence of this event, The conclave met. All the voices of the sacred college were unanimous in favour of the Spanish cardinal. Behold him, therefore, Pope!

Immediately after the ceremonies of his exaltation, Don Torribio, admitted to a secret audience, wept with joy while he kissed the feet of his dear pupil, whom he saw sit with so much dignity the pontifical throne. He modestly represented his long and faithful services. He reminded his Holiness of his promises; those inviolable promises, which he had renewed before he entered the conclave. He hinted at the hat which he had quitted on receiving the tiara; but instead of demanding that hat for Don Benjamin, he

he finished, with most exemplary moderation, by renouncing every ambitious hope. He and his son, he said, would both esteem themselves too happy, if his Holiness would bestow on them, together with his benediction, the smallest temporal benefit; such as an annuity for life, sufficient for the few wants of an ecclesiastic and a philosopher.

During this harangue the sovereign pontiff considered within himself how to dispose of his preceptor. He reflected that he was no longer very necessary; that he already knew more of magic than was sufficient for a pope; that it must be highly improper for him to appear at the nocturnal assemblies of forcerers, and assist at their indecent ceremonies. After weighing every circumstance, his Holiness concluded, that Don Torribio was not only a useless, but a troublesome, dependant; and, this point decided, he was no longer in doubt what answer to return. Accordingly, he replied in the following words: "We have learned, with concern, that, under the pretext of cultivating the occult sciences, you maintain a horrible intercourse with the spirit of darkness and deceit; wherefore we exhort you, as a father, to expiate your crime by a repentance proportionable to its enormity. Moreover, we enjoin you to depart from the territories of the church within three days, under pain

of being delivered over to the secular arm, and its merciless flames."

Don Torribio, without being disconcerted, immediately repeated aloud the three mysterious words which the reader was desired to remember; and, going to the window, cried out, with all his force, Jacintha, you need spit but one partridge, for my friend the Dean will not sup here to-night. This was a thunderbolt to the imaginary pope. He immediately recovered from a kind of trance, into which he had been thrown by the three magic words, when they were first pronounced, and perceived that, instead of being in the Vatican, he was still at Toledo, in the closet of Don Torribio, and saw, by the clock, it was not yet a complete hour since he first entered that fatal cabinet, where he had been entertained with such pleasant dreams. In that short time he had imagined himself a magician, a bishop, an archbishop, a cardinal, a pope; and at last he found he was only a dupe and a knave. All was illusion, except the proofs he had given of his deceitfulness and evil heart. He instantly departed, without speaking a word, and, finding his mule where he had left her, returned to Badajoz, without having made the smallest progress in the sublime science in which he had proposed to become an adept.

P O E T R Y.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

ODE on a DISTANT PROSPECT
of ROME.

Y E awful wrecks of ancient days,
Proud monuments of ages past,
Now mould'ring in decay!
Vainly ye glitter in the parting rays!
Alas! like ev'ry fleeting blast,
Your splendor hastes away;
Yet yonder sun, with equal beam,
Has glow'd upon those dread remains,
Stupendous arcs, and tot'ring fanes,
When Rome of old, terrific Queen,
High plac'd on Victory's founding car,
With arm sublime, and martial mien,
Brandish'd the flaming lance of war;
Low crouch'd in dust lay Afric's swarthy
crowd,
And siken Asia sunk, and barb'rous Britain
bow'd.

Ah! what avails thy fame?
Vain mistress of the world!
Where are the legions now, that took the
field
In all the pomp of warlike pride,
The close-form'd cavalry and cohort wide?

To time invincible they yield.
The chiefs alone have left a name,
The rest to dark oblivion hurl'd:
Yet, like the transient meteors of an hour
Were e'en the heroes of thy haughty line,
Whose bosoms felt the sacred lust of pow'r,
From woful-nurs'd Romulus to Christian
Constantine.

To Fancy's retrospective eye
What visionary forms appear!
*There bloody Nero dooms mankind to die,
Deprav'd Tiberius madly riots here;
Aspiring Didius brings his gold,
And, lo! th' indignant empire's fold.
Hark, thro' the astonish'd Senate's dome,
The spreading murmurs run,
That speak a deed of glory done:
'Twas Cæsar fell! stern Brutus gave
A death to him he wish'd to save:
Proudly methinks ye roam,
Patriot conspirators! and waving high,
Thy banners fair are seen, celestial Liberty!

Now I turn my eager sight
To long-past scenes of vain delight,
Where exultation wakes the note;
The voice of triumph fills the air,
And rapt'rous measures wildly float,
Mixt with the wailings of despair.

* These historical facts are introduced without any regard to chronological exactness.

See advance the throne of gold,
 And the fiery steeds behold,
 While the fetter'd monarchs groan,
 While the female captives moan :
 There, with victory's garland grac'd,
 Is the mighty conqueror plac'd ;
 Rome, that humbles greatest kings,
 There her vanquish'd treasure brings ;
 All that pride unbounded knows,
 In the general bosom glows ;
 Trophies spread of conquer'd towns,
 Laurel wreaths and ravish'd crowns ;
 Glory's shout, and musick's lays,
 Join to swell the hero's praise :
 This is Rome's distinguish'd hour,
 Shews her wealth, and speaks her pow'r.
 But long, alas ! the gorg'ous scene is o'er,
 Her grandeur past, she charms no more ;
 Yet mournful Memory still reveres,
 With wat'ry eye, and heaving breast,
 Th' illustrious greatness of her brighter years,
 When half the then known world her sway
 supreme contest.

Again methinks the Rostrum pours
 A stream of classic eloquence around ;
 The list'ning multitude adores,
 Won by the captivating sound ;
 And as the nervous periods rise,
 Amaz'd Conviction opes her eyes ;
 'Tis Tully, orator divine !
 Indignant utters truth severe,
 That strikes with deep dismay the conscious
 ear
 Of shameless Antony and desperate Cati-
 line.

There too unhallow'd Worship wore
 An idiot mask, of yore ;
 But tho' in error's fatal cloud,
 E'en Paganism yet avow'd
 One God supreme, almighty Jove.
 O blind mistaken zeal !
 How wast thou wont to kneel
 Before th' unworthy shrine
 By ignorant mortals deem'd divine ;
 How didst thou supplicating rove
 From Mars with lifted spear,
 From Pluto all-severe,
 To hail the god of light,
 With ray benignly bright,
 Or melting lyre, or beaded bow ;
 To Pallas, Saturn, and the throng
 Of countless deities below,
 And Bacchus ever young.
 But now these phantoms all are fled,
 The mystic oracles, and augurs dead.
 Enlighten'd Europe with disdain
 Beholds the rev'renc'd heathen train,
 Nor names them more in this her clearer day,
 Unless with sabled force to raise the poet's
 lay.

What vision prefs my aching sight,
 Of foreign war, domestic fight ;
 Of luxury vain, its end destroy'd
 E'en by the means itself employ'd ;
 Of public pleasures stain'd with blood ;
 Of harden'd Tyranny, with eye severe,

Who midst his slaughter'd subjects stood,
 Nor felt a blush, nor dropp'd a tear.
 Yet sure, whatever great has been,
 Whate'er majestic, or sublime,
 Has mark'd the Roman register of time.
 Lo ! yonder is the alter'd scene,
 By ruthless Destiny's decree become
 The feeble shadow now of once imperial
 Rome.

But Art still there delights to stray,
 Reflecting on her changeful day ;
 To think what whilome Egypt brought,
 And all that perfect Athens taught ;
 To mark, in hoary pride elate,
 The fam'd Pantheon's awful state,
 And while the wond'rous pile she views,
 The vigour of her youth renews ;
 E'en as the phoenix shews her crest,
 Reviving on her sun'ral nest ;
 And most admir'd, where ancient structures
 rise,
 The lov'd Apostle's dome high tow'ring
 seeks the skies.

Now busy thought discerns the shade
 Where, Horace ! erst thy limbs were laid,
 And sweetly flow'd the lyric verse,
 Which only thou hadst pow'r to breathe,
 Crown'd by the grateful muse's wreath,
 O there again rehearse
 Gay songs to Lalage the fair,
 With wanton eye, and floating hair :
 When Winter brought his chilling woes,
 When Summer's baleful heats arose,
 Her presence could each hour beguile,
 With winning voice, and rapt'rous smile.
 And Virgil too shall join
 His manly lays to thine :
 The Sabine wine of brightest glow,
 The rich Falernum there shall flow ;
 Phillis shall jocund beat the ground,
 Her locks with ivy chaplets bound ;
 And fleeting Time shall think he sees restor'd
 The laughing scenes he lov'd, the days he
 most ador'd.

But ah ! how sadly chang'd,
 How dreary is the plain !
 Beneath the groves where Learning rang'd ;
 Beneath the calm retreats of Love,
 Where once the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
 Sweet Pleasure's train, were fond to rove,
 And cull gay Nature's fairest flowers ;
 Amid the vales where Valour glow'd,
 And oft his crimson current flow'd ;
 Amid the wide domain
 Where Wealth unbounded rul'd of yore ;
 The human breast exults no more :
 For sorrowing Time with scythe severe
 Has wreck'd unwilling vengeance here *.
 Lo ! Poverty with numbing hand
 Spreads desolation round,
 E'en Agriculture hence is fled,
 And yonder melancholy band
 Can scarcely force the niggard ground
 To yield them scanty bread.
 Let Pride here pause a while to gaze
 With grief unfeign'd, and sad amaze ;

* The original sketch of the above Ode was written in a situation not far distant from Rome, and under the immediate impression of those ideas which it attempts to describe.

So shall his humbled heart confess,
That wealth, and pow'r, each earthly
scheme,
Is shadowy as the way-worn trav'ler's
dream,
That human hope is vain, and transient
happinels.

O D E on A P A T H Y.

ACCURS'D be dull, lethargic APATHY !
Whether at eye the listless ride
In sluggish car by tortoise drawn,
Or at the orient blush of dawn
Enwrap her brow with ling'ring clouds of
night :

With mimic air of senseless pride,
She feebly throws on all her with'ring sight,
While too observant of her sway,
Unmask'd the droning subjects lie,
Alike to her who murmur or obey.

Ye midnight storms that dwell
In dreary Alpine cell,
Rush from your chill abode in frozen band,
Pierce the soft tyrant with your breath,
And bid her feel at least the icy pang of
death :

Or amidst Afric's sultry sand
Drive her the ray intense to meet ;
There fix her solitary seat ;
There let her opiate sceptre wave,
To curb the bloody tyger's ire,
Or damp the fell hyena's fire,
And from their hungry rage the shrieking
trav'ler save.

O would the sons of Italy arise,
And shake the leaden slumbers from their
eyes ;

Gaze on their fertile plains by nature bless'd,
And rouse the latent fire that warm'd their
breast ;

That dauntless energy of soul
Which sav'd the tott'ring Capitol,
When on Tarpeian height, with glory's
crown,

Brave Manlius stood,
And hurl'd indignant decads down
The redd'n'd Tiber's flood.

To calm the factious rage that tore
Each Guelf and Ghibeline of yore,
Must they be lull'd in such repose
As manly vigour never knows ;
Retire from martial fame, from glorious
strife,

And shun the busy scenes of life,
To waste with thee, O Apathy ! their days,
Heedless of right or wrong, of censure or
of praise ?

No ; let them now the proper medium
find ;

And prove to all mankind,
That virtue still can charm the present hour,
Not less admir'd, nor dear,
Than when pale Catiline felt Tully's power,
And violating Appius learn'd to fear :

So radiant Glory's beams divine
Shall once again transcendent shine
On this proud land of old renown'd,
† Which Appenines divide, and Alps and
seas surround.

S O N N E T to the M O O N.

Written on an Eminence near DIEPPE, in
FRANCE.

HERE by thy midnight beams I love to
stray,

And court the music of the waves below ;
Those waves to me sad melodies convey,
And modulate my soul to strains of woe.

For oft remembrance paints the parting
hour,

And brings those trying scenes again to
view ;

And oft I think on that relentless power
Which bade Cecilia breathe a long adieu.

Ah long indeed !—yet my fond heart pour-
trays

Her artless love, still faithful and sincere,
And taught by Hope's reanimating rays,
The lov'd idea prints its image there :

There shall it dwell, and nurs'd with tender
care,

Remove each doubt—and quell each rising
fear.

M—

S O N N E T to the LYRE of PETRARCH.

O ! for that shell, whose melancholy
found

Rung thro' Valclusa by the lucid stream
Of laurel-shaded Sorga !—its dear theme
Spread and yet spreads in Fancy's ear, around
High-built Avignon, to the rocky mound
That stems the dashing Rhone ; for in pure
dream

Elysian, its soft strains the senses bound,
And gently wak'd the Muses. Since I seem
Studious of song like thee, and O ! too like
In sad complaint of ill-requested love !

Sweet shell ! if mine thy matchless harmony,
Then might I, hopeless now, have power to
strike

Notes, which love-soothing tears wou'd
sanctify,

And cold Fidele's melting sighs approve.

Sept. 7, 1786.

JUSTITIA AMATOR.

The C H E R R Y T R E E.

Written at WRITTLE-HALL, in ESSEX.

By Mr. P R A T T.

ALL kneel to Shakespeare's Mulberry !
I bow to thee, blest Cherry Tree !
For tho' no roses deck thy shrine,
Nor planted by the bard divine ;

+ - - - - il bel paese
Ch' Appennin parte, e l' mar circonda e l' Alpe.

PETRARCA.

Yet

Yet oft' within thy verdant bound,
 The social found and lay went round;
 And oft' the hospitable board
 With all thy ruddy gifts was stor'd;
 Friendship, and Worth, and decent Wit,
 Beneath thy branches oft' would meet,
 And Zephir, Heav'n-descended guest,
 Attended fair Pomona's feast;
 And hither too has Flora stray'd,
 To breathe her fragrance o'er the shade;
 While Pity meek, and Frolic gay,
 Or wept or smil'd the hours away;
 But sweet the smile and sweet the tear
 That Mirth and Pity mingled here:
 'Twas Joy sincere gave this to glow,
 And fabled Grief bade that to flow;
 The moving lay, or tender tale,
 Where all the Charities prevail!
 Oh long may those, blest *Cherry Tree*,
 Whose gen'rous hearts incircle thee,
 A destiny so partial share,
 As *actual* bliss and *fancied* care;
 And long as these fair woodbines twine
 Around this russet coat of thine,
 May I to all thy friends be join'd,
 In fondest union of the mind;
 Firm as this rosy pair, which twin
 Appear, than brothers more a-kin;
 And every summer may I see
 My favorites of the *Cherry Tree*!
 Then flourish long, thou genial shade,
 For pleasure, love, and friendship made;
 Still may thy social foliage grow,
 To guard the feast that smiles below!
 So shalt thou share, dear *Cherry Tree*,
 The homage of the *Mulberry*.

E L E G Y

On the DEATH of WERTER.

I.

WHENCE are those groans that pierce
 the midnight air?
 Those shrieks that rend yon high and
 lately dome?
 Say, can the loss of beauties heavenly fair
 Bid the pale lover leave his earthly home?

II.

Why thro' the sorrow-boding gloom of
 night
 Hear we death's engine melancholy sound?
 Why shrinks pale Charlotte, victim of affright,
 And falls a lifeless lump upon the ground?

III.

Mark yon domestic posting o'er the mead,
 Despair and wildness fluttering in his gait;
 His looks expressive of the bloody deed,
 His haste sure omen of approaching fate.

IV.

Thrice hath he rung at Albert's castle gate,
 Thrice hath the dome return'd the dreary
 found;
 Th' illusive echo big with Weter's fate,
 Sports the gay meads and varied lawns
 around.

V.

Not the dark-plum'd raven's flapping wing
 Beating incessant at the noon of night,
 Such terrors could to Charlotte's fancy bring,
 Or shake her conscious bosom with af-
 fright.

VI.

"Ah woe is me! for Weter is no more!"—
 Swift to her ear the fatal errand flies;
 She falls extended on the marble floor,
 And temporary darkness seals her eyes.

VII.

Devoted pair! the gentlest of your kind,
 Whose fate-divided love such horrors
 knew,
 Well had your wishes and your hearts com-
 bin'd,
 Where sentiment and social feelings grew.

VIII.

Fortune alone forbade the mystic rite,
 She, cheerful fair, those blessings could
 deny;
 Oft doth she intervene with ranc'rous spite,
 Regardless of the lover's ardent sigh.

IX.

Self-conscious both in love and friendship
 grew,
 Lost to the world and all its joys beside;
 The fatal bar to happiness they knew,
 The doom that one day must their hopes
 divide.

X.

No ray of hope to light them on their way,
 No gleam of happiness in years to come;
 So the tir'd trav'ler views the close of day,
 Far from his wife, his children, and his
 home.

XI.

At length the fatal day arriv'd, that gave
 To Albert Charlotte's hand and plighted
 love;
 Ill-match'd they were as beauty and the
 grave,
 As the fierce vulture and the gentle dove.

XII.

Her hand she gave, while her estranged heart
 Lodg'd in her gentle Weter's constant
 breast;
 But plighted vows and honour bade them
 part,
 Each of their sex the noblest and the best.

XIII.

Beneath yon yew-tree's shade pale Weter
 lies,
 Dishonest wounds his death untimely tell;
 If mercy for such failings Heav'n denies,
 His only crime was having lov'd too well.

XIV.

Bold and aspiring is the man, that dares
 Pluck from the hand of Heaven th'aveng-
 ing rod;
 Weter's misfortunes and his Charlotte's
 pray'rs
 May meet compassion at the hands of God,
 C. A.

O D E

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE

" TRIUMPH OF BENEVOLENCE *."

WHAT Muse sublime, of angel birth,
Rides on a sun-beam down to earth?
Does GRAY forsake the seraph choir,
To strike again his lofty lyre?
Or *Him*, to whom that lyre was giv'n,
When GRAY's blest spirit soar'd to Heav'n,
MASON, does MASON pour the lay
Congenial to his darling GRAY?
Or does PHILANTHROPY himself descend
To grace "the Prisoner and the Mourner's
friend?"

Ah Muse sublime, all hail thy art,
That triumphs o'er the yielding heart!
Ah Muse sublime, whose angel wing
Drops dew from a celestial spring,
Oh Helicon, surpassing thee,
Pure fountain of HUMANITY!
The SPIRIT OF THE ISLE shall rise,
And greet thy passage from the skies;
And fair BENEVOLENCE herself reward
The tuneful TRIUMPHS of her HOWARD'S
Bard.

CANTABRIGIENSIS.

The POINTER, the LAPDOG, and the
H O U N D.

A F A B L E.

HOW oft in idle whim we see
Folks given to wrath and ribaldry;
How oft on frivolous pretence
Do men assert pre-eminence;
So ready, like some snarling cur,
Each his own merits to prefer,
Each eager with presumption rude
On others' province to intrude,
That we with justice may define
Their manners selfish and canine.
The dinner smoaks, the table's spread,
And Nanny handing round the bread,
The parson rises from his place,
And mutters something of a grace,
With napkin tuck'd up to his chin;
When strait a leash of dogs brush in—
Trim, station'd at his mistress' side,
Ogled the beef with nostrils wide,
When strait from t'other side the board
Thus Carlo with impatience roa'd;
"Hence, lapdog, what dost thou do here?
Go, and maintain thy proper sphere—
Wrapp'd up all night in madam's muff,
Of rolls and cream you've had enough.
Do you affect an appetite,
Who dream all day and snore all night?
At dinner-time dost thou presume?
No! to thy betters now give room,
To dogs of higher breed give place,
And hide that mean unthinking face."
Thus far with patience Trimbrush heard,
His spirit now within him stirr'd—
"What dost thou here, thou angry snarler?
Such railers ill become a parlour;
Are not my merits great as thine?
Why, Carlo, may not lapdogs dine?

Pray when has Trim forgot to bark
When strangers enter'd in the dark?
When has he fail'd to give alarm
To save the house from nightly harm?
Who taught thee, friend, to be so free
To cavil and to snarl at me?
Those many ears and monstrous paws
Were never made to tumble gauze,
Or take a nap upon the trimming
Of fine and fashionable women.
'Tis Nanny's care to comb my hide,
And daily scrub me, back and side.
In kind return for all my service
Behold my picture done by Jervis;
See on my back those curls as big
As any moderate judge's wig;
Then how dar'st thou thy brags to make,
Such monstrous liberties to take?
And since you talk of making room,
Go to the stable with the groom;
For, on my soul, I can't determine
What place is properest for such vermin."

Quoth Carlo, "Merit in the field
To curriish sloth shall never yield;
Is't fit that I abroad should roam,
And starve on my returning home?
How oft at day-break am I seen
In stubble field or hedge-row green!
My better judgment never fails
In pointing partridges or quails;
To me the dainty pamper'd guest
Owes many a rich and savoury feast;
You brace, that on the table smoak,
But lately felt the fatal stroke;
For them each field and mead I try'd,
And stood them at the woodland side.
Own Carlo has a just pretence,
Nor here usurp pre-eminence."

At this young Phœnix rose, a hound
The favourite of the country round,
For swiftness fam'd, of trustiest scent,
Who thus explain'd her heart's intent:
"Each has his separate merits shewn,
And each in preference held his own,
But who with Phœnix can compare,
Swift to pursue the timid hare?
The windings of her course to trace,
For ever foremost in the chase?
Should merit on this point be try'd,
And simple worth alone decide,
E'en Carlo's self to me might yield
The honours of the sportive field."

Here doubtless had ensued a fray,
But Phœnix spy'd the parting tray,
As Nanny took the things away,
Here hunger made the discord cease,
And each devour'd his meal in peace.

So when the thunder big and loud
Bursts sudden from an angry cloud,
Vollies on vollies dreadful roll,
And all disjointed seems the pole;
Anon a calm succeeds; the air
Gilds the prospect bright and fair;
Hush'd is the tumult of the skies,
And straight the boisterous whirlwind dies.

C. A.

Great-Malvern, Worcester-
shire, 1786.

AN EPILOGUE.

Written by H. REPTON, Esq; and spoken by Mr. SCRAGGS, at the Theatre (a Barn) at Aylsham.

[*He comes on dressed as a Thresher, with a flail, supposed not to see the audience till the sixth line.*]

WELL, easter ass, the hardest work that's done,
Is threshing in a bearn.—Hey! what's this fun;

To kiver all the goaf with painted cloath?
I ne'er zeed such a trick; I'll take my oath;
The floar beant much amifs—let's try how't founds.

What have they kiver'd to the goaf—Odds zounds!

[*First discovering the audience.*]

What's here?—I'm not asleep, nor drunken neither!

Why all the town of Aylsham's got together.
A pretty crop of corn.—Why out upon it,
The straw is all made petticoat and bonnet.

My measter bod me come to work forsooth,
Ecod here's work enough cut out in truth;
He bod me come and thresh—by goles, I'll shew him

Poor Robin beant no sale—thoaf he don't know him;

A jeering, joaking, jibing son of tinder,
To bid me come and thresh—all them folks thinder. [*Pointing to the gallery.*]

But hand a bit—I'll do my belt endeavour,
So to't I go—I'll strip me howsomdever.—

[*Throws off the disguise.*]

Nay, don't be frighten'd, having doot'd my rags,

Behold your humble servant, — Measter Scraggs.—

But now, methinks, a harder task I've found,
While with a grateful heart I gaze around;
To tell you all I see, nay, all can see't—
Trade without meanness—Law without deceit—

Beauty without affected airs to please—
Birth without pride—and with true greatness ease.

Such crops of virtue fill our barn to-night,
A glorious harvest—Oh! 'tis a glorious sight.
I thank you all—accept my thanks, I pray,
But chiefly you *, Sir, for the crop to-day.
Oh! I forgot—next week again we play.

SENSIBILITY.

LO! where the tear soft stealing glides
From 'neath the grief-dejected eye,
There SENSIBILITY resides,

There heaves full oft th' unconscious sigh:
She forms the heart to scenes of woe;
She hears th' internal tempest blow;

She hears, and melts at ev'ry breeze,
While thro' the soul a shiv'ring train,
Her white-rob'd offspring, roam in vain,
In vain attempt to find a momentary ease.

X.

The following EPITAPH, for his own tomb; was written at Ramsgate, a few days before his decease, by the late Judge NARES.

I N hope of future bliss content I lie,
Tho' pleas'd to live, yet not displeas'd
to die.

Life has its comforts, and its sorrows too;
For both to all-wise Heaven our thanks are due;

Eise thoughtless man would fix his place of rest,

Where nature tells him he can ne'er be blest.

How far my hopes are vain, or founded well,

God only knows, but the last day will tell.

EPITAPH

In St. George's, Hanover-Square, Burying-Ground.

Near this place lyes the Body of
The Rev. LAURENCE STERNE, A. M.
Died Sept. 13, 1768, aged 53 years.

"*Ah! molliter ossa quiescant.*"

I F a sound head, warm heart, and breast humane,

Unfully'd worth, and soul without a stain;
If mental powers could ever justly claim

The well-won tribute of immortal fame;
STERNE was the man, who, with gigantic

stride,
Mow'd down luxuriant follies far and wide:

Yet what, tho' keenest knowledge of mankind

Unseal'd to him the springs that move the mind;

What did it boot him? Ridicul'd, abus'd;
By fools insulted, and by prudes accus'd!

In his, mild reader, view thy future fate;
Let him despise what 'twere a sin to hate!

"This monumental stone was erected to the memory of the deceased by two Brother Masons; for although he did not live to be a member of their society, yet all his incomparable performances evidently prove him to have acted by rule and square: they rejoice in this opportunity of perpetuating his high and irreproachable character to after ages."

The following Lines, placed on the Monument lately erected in Bow Church to the memory of the late Dr. NEWTON, are from the pen of the ingenious Miss CARTER.

I N thee the fairest bloom of op'ning youth
Flourish'd beneath the guard of Christian Truth;

That guiding Truth to Virtue form'd thy mind,

And warm'd thy heart to feel for all mankind.

How sad the change my widow'd days now prove,

Thou soul of Friendship, and of tender Love!
Yet holy Faith one soothing Hope supplies,
That points our future Union in the Skies.

* Bowing to the Gentleman who bespoke the Play.

S O N G.

Written by PETER PINDAR, Esq.

THOU told'st me, dear perfidious Maid,
That Spring should lose her varied
Bloom :

That Cynthia's silv'ry Beam should fade,
And Sol no more the World illumine,
When thou, the pride of ev'ry Grove,
Shou'dst cease to bless me with thy Love.
Spring boasts her Bloom, and Cynthia's
Rays

Still chase the solemn Shades of Night,
Whilst Sol, with undiminish'd Blaze,
Pours on the Globe his golden Light.
And yet! my trembling Lips declare,
That thou art false as thou art fair.
But some will say, " Ah! silly Swain,
How darest thy Love to her aspire;
For whom a thousand sigh in vain,
I own the Folly, but what Breast
Swell'd not with Wishes to be blest!

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Copenhagen, Aug. 9.

THE Prince Royal has just given a striking proof of his judgment. His Royal Highness was applied to a few days ago, "to check the liberty of the press." An increase of the number of censors was recommended. The Prince answered, "That since it was impossible to restrain the liberty of thinking, it would be to little purpose to restrain the liberty of the press."—Since this answer, writers with less reserve have gone great lengths. It is true, that they have not exceeded the limits of propriety. It is also true, that some regulations may be adopted, if they should think proper to abuse the fair liberty, which the patronage of a young Prince, who almost alone sustains the weight of the government of a kingdom, allows them, with a view to oppose ancient prejudices, and expose the folly and danger of them. This Prince is no more than eighteen years of age.

Paris, Aug. 15. The first of this month Bernard Roye and Catherine Boiffel, Jean Marquaix, and Marie Teiffier, of Castel, in Perigord, celebrated the fiftieth year of their marriage at the castle of Rocque, the birth-place of the Archbishop of Paris; the Abbe Prunis, Prior of St. Cyprian, with

his whole chapter, assisted at the ceremony; the Sieur Maraval, curate of the place, pronounced a discourse upon the occasion; the Comte de Beaumont, Commandant of Perigord, Lord of the parish, gave an entertainment, at which were present several Noblemen of the neighbourhood, the two old couples, with 50 of their children, grand children, and great grand children. Marie Deudet did the honours of the table, which consisted of 262 covers. This woman, at the age of 115 years, has never had any material illness; she eats, drinks, and sleeps well; her only remedy when she has any little ailment is to drink some spring water. She came four leagues to assist at the above ceremony, partly on foot, and partly in boats; when she arrived upon the estate of the Comte de Beaumont, one of that Nobleman's carriages carried her to the castle, attended by a band of music.

Berlin, Aug. 19. The King of Prussia, having at intervals fallen into a kind of lethargy for the two preceding days, expired on the 17th inst. at three o'clock in the morning, in the 75th year of his age, having reigned forty-six years, two months, and seventeen days*.

* *Some particulars respecting the late King of PRUSSIA.*

His late Majesty of Prussia, who died on the 17th ult. at Berlin, was born on the 24th of January 1712. He married on the 12th of June, 1733, Elizabeth Christina, of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttle, born the 8th of Nov. 1715. Having died without issue, he is succeeded by Frederick William, now Frederick the Fourth, son of William Augustus, brother to the late King by the Princess Louisa Amelia of Brunswick Wolfenbuttle. Frederick IV. was born on the 25th of September 1743; he married July 24, 1765, first, the Princess Elizabeth Christina Ulrica, of Brunswick Wolfenbuttle; and secondly, on the 14th of July, 1769, Frederica Louisa, of Hesse Darmstadt, and he has issue by both marriages.

The late King of Prussia, when in his prime, was five feet six inches in stature; by the depression of age, his Majesty lost part of that height. When of the age of 48, his hair still retained a fine dark chestnut colour, which he took a pleasure in dressing himself, and was always worn in a queue; after this period, it gradually became grey. His voice was musical and articulate, and he scarcely ever spoke but with a smile. French was his accustomed language; he spoke it with the utmost fluency, and more correctly than the German. In his dress he was extremely regardless when out of the field, and never wore a night-gown, night-cap, or slippers, unless when indisposed. Three times in the year he appeared in a new suit of the uniform of the first battalion of his guards, which was blue faced with red, and silver brandenburgs, after the Spanish manner; his waistcoat was plain yellow, a point d'Espagne hat and white feather. He was so attached to boots, that he never, even on his public court days, wore shoes.

Some hours afterwards this event was publicly announced to the garrison of Berlin by the Governor, (the gates being shut) who at the same time caused the oaths of alle-

giance to his present Majesty to be tendered to the different regiments.

The King arrived here yesterday morning, and gave audience to his Ministers

His Majesty always rose at five in the summer, and about seven in the winter. He usually remained uninterrupted for an hour after he was up, during which time he took his breakfast; he then received letters, memorials, and other documents, and minuted the answers. From nine to eleven he gave audience to the officers of state and domestics. After these ceremonies he generally visited the parade, and gave the word himself; correcting the least error in the discipline, and requiring the utmost exactness in the exercise.

From the parade he usually retired to the great hall of the palace, to give public audience to his subjects, who were always encouraged to present their own petitions; and so strictly desirous was his Majesty of doing justice, that the least delay in his executive officers, always drew forth his reproofs.

His hour of dining was usually at half an hour past twelve. His party was constantly, when not indisposed, his own ministers, those from other courts, and the officers of his first battalion of guards. His table was established to 24 covers for dinner, and eight for supper, for which his Majesty allowed 33 German crowns, or five guineas and a half English money. The dinner-time was limited to an hour, after which he arose, walked about for half an hour with some of the company, and then retired to his study.

He always continued in private for three hours; after which he was constantly visited by his reader, who attended him till seven, when the concert commenced, and lasted till nine. His concert was chiefly composed of wind instruments and singing. He played extremely well on the flute, was a good judge of music, and extremely nice in the selection of vocal performers. Madam Mara was a disciple of his school, besides whom he had three other noble singers and a counter-tenor.

His supper was always served at half past nine, and he was cautious that his parties at this repast never exceeded eight; among whom the most distinguished in letters at his Court always found a place. Voltaire, Algarotti, Maupertuis, Lord Chesterfield, and others, were of this selection. On the moment the cloth was removed, all restraint was thrown off, and the *bons mots* came into circulation, without respect to person or condition. His fruits and wines were always of the rarest quality, and he was pleased to see the bottle go round. Though he himself did not drink much, he was particular that his company should partake of the bottle from which he filled his own glass. His remark was, "It may be poison; but if I lose my life, I'll not lose my friends." Voltaire in reply once told him, "That for his own part, he wished he was as well qualified to attend his Majesty as Shadrach, Meshach, or Abednego."

The last fifteen years of his reign were employed in the prosecution of measures, for which his name will be immortalized. During that period, Frederick was a protector of the commercial interests of his people. The dignity of his empire he maintained, by keeping a force adequate to the security of his dominions; and with 200,000 militia, together with the same number of regulars, he overawed his powerful competitors. He formed a new code of legislation, reforming the prevalent abuses in the system of jurisprudence; population he particularly encouraged and on the promotion of commerce he bestowed the utmost attention.

The King in his will has left the following legacies:

"To the Queen Dowager, besides her annual revenue, an augmentation of 10,000 rix-dollars a year. A sum of 200,000 rix-dollars to Prince Henry; 50 hogheads of Hungary wine, and the finest crystal lustres of the palace at Potsdam. Fifty thousand rix-dollars to Prince Ferdinand; his Majesty's finest coach and six of his finest horses. A pension of 10,000 rix-dollars to Princess Amelia, and a service of plate. A pension of 6,000 rix-dollars to the Princess Consort of Prince Henry. To the Princess Consort of Prince Ferdinand, 10,000 rix-dollars, and a very rich gold snuff-box. To the Dowager Duchess of Brunswick, 50,000 rix-dollars, and a service of plate. A superb ring, and two beautiful saddle-horses with their harness, to the reigning Duke of Brunswick. To Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, 10,000 rix-dollars, and a gold snuff-box. To the Dowager Duchess of Wurtemberg, 20,000 rix-dollars. To the Dowager Landgravine of Hesse-Cassel, 10,000 rix-dollars. To each foldier and subaltern officer of the horse and foot guards, two rix-dollars. To each officer of the two regiments of guards, a gold medal, on which shall be engraved the finest action of the seven years war."

The following is handed about as the preamble to the will:

"I give back to Nature the breath of life I had received from her, and my body to the elements of which it is composed. I desire my successor to remember that chance of birth makes a king. I would have him shew great regard to his uncles, especially Prince Henry. The legacies I have left are from my privy purse, and not from the state treasury, which I neither can nor ought to touch."

General Officers, and other persons of distinction, when his Majesty was pleased to confer the Order of the Black Eagle on Count Hertzberg. *L. Gazette.*

The king being on the parade on the morning after his accession to the throne, addressed the generals assembled there in the following short speech, which at once shews both a firmness of character and a sensibility of mind.

“ I thank you, gentlemen, for the fidelity, the honour, and the zeal, with which you served my predecessor. I thank you for the eagerness which you shewed to renew your oath of fidelity to me, and to grant me that confidence and love which have ever decided the glorious success of the Prussian arms. Our nation has ever been the terror of its enemies, and we will endeavour to preserve

that glory. I shall always keep up a severe discipline; it is indispensable for our troops. You shall find me grateful and beneficent to those who do their duty, and when I am obliged to punish I shall do it with great regret.”

The body of the late king, according to his own particular desire when living, was not embalmed, but only laid in state during the 18th, on which day upwards of 20,000 people were admitted into the apartment, and by order of the reigning king the regiment of guards was also conducted into the room, and not one of those brave fellows could refrain from tears on beholding the corpse of the hero who had so often led them on to glory.

The will of the late monarch was opened the day after his decease; it is dated in 1769.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

AUGUST 22.

ON Friday the 4th a trial was made on Blackheath, Sir Joseph Banks and several Gentlemen of the Royal Society being present, of a machine to sail by land, which went at a great rate till the mast broke, and by that accident the rudder and some other parts received material injury. It is, however, soon to be repaired, and a second trial is to be made of its performance.

24. Major Scott, Lieutenant Governor of St. Helena, who had a few days ago arrived here for the recovery of his health, was arrested by two Sheriff's Officers, at the Carleton Coffee-house, Pall-mall, for the amount of 2800*l.* The Major was in bed, and in so weak and dangerous a state, that he declared his total incapacity of being moved, or even of stirring, and the master of the house confirming the truth of his declaration, offered every accommodation which his house could afford, and full permission to bring as many of their assistants as they thought proper; but the officers refused every proposal, and insisted upon carrying their prisoner to a Spunging-house. By this time the physician who attended the Major arrived, and gave his opinion also; but nothing could avail, the officers persisted, and compelled the unfortunate gentleman to get out of bed, but in putting on his cloaths he expired!

26. This night's Gazette contains Addresses to his Majesty from Kingston upon Hull, Wakefield, Northumberland, Durham, Newcastle upon Tyne and Great Yarmouth, Westminster, Bedford, Canterbury, Exeter, Chichester, Cambridge, Reading, Maidenhead, Maidstone, Stamford, Portsmouth, Nottingham, Bedford, Cornwall, Falmouth, Huntingdon, Taunton, Plymouth, Edinburgh, Dublin, and Meath.

Extract of a letter from Hertford, Aug. 28.

“ I wondered at not seeing in any of the papers an account of the remarkable wind in this neighbourhood on the last day of July, about six o'clock in the evening. Its effects were most conspicuous in Sagem park, the seat of Timothy Caswall, Esq. where many very large trees were almost instantaneously torn up by the roots, and many others snapped in two and carried to a considerable distance from where they had been standing in perfect security for some centuries. The blast came in a north-west direction, and defied all opposition. The walls of Mr. Caswall's kitchen garden, though strong enough in appearance to withstand a storm of cannon balls, fell before it; and a man at work in it concluded that the end of the world was come.”

By a letter from Bury, in Suffolk, dated Aug. 26, we learn, that the above extraordinary phenomenon was equally violent at Saxham, Wesley, and Farnham, near Bury, about six o'clock in the evening of that day.

29. This night's Gazette contains Addresses to his Majesty from Berkshire, Liverpool, Pool, Bridgnorth, Hastings, Walsingham, Bridport, Truro, Kingston-upon-Thames, Ipswich, New Woodstock, Merionethshire, the island of Jersey, Gravesend and Milton.

30. A correspondent assures us, that the following very singular affair is strictly true. On the 29th of June, 1782, one Mr. Stammers, being in company at the Half-Moon at Clare, had ninety-nine guineas picked out of his pocket, without the least suspicion of the person who stole them. On Sunday the 6th instant, he received a letter, without any signature, which informed him, that if he went on the Windmill-Hill, he would there see three stakes standing in a

triangular form, between which stakes he would perceive a loose clod of earth, under which he would find the ninety-nine guineas that he had lost, and 11 guineas for the use of them. Mr. S. accordingly went to the place, accompanied by a friend, where he found the clod of earth, as described in the letter, and, to his great joy, 110 remarkable good guineas.—*Camb. Chron.*

SEPTEMBER 1. The Ratifications of the Convention between his Majesty and the King of Spain, signed the 14th of July last, were this day exchanged by the Marquis of Carmarthen, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, with the Marquis del Campo, Minister Plenipotentiary from his Catholic Majesty. *L. Gazette.*

2. This day came on at the Old-Bailey, the trial of James George Semple, alias Harrold, alias Kennedy, a noted swindler, who assumed the title of Major, for stealing a post-chaise, value 50l. the property of John Licet, in Whitechapel, on the 11th of September, 1785.—Mr. John Licet deposed, that the prisoner hired a post-chaise, in the name of Major Harrold, to Barnet, for seven days. On his return the 17th of July, 1785, he informed Licet, that he should shortly want another, and expected it upon cheaper terms, as he should want it for three weeks to make a tour to the North. It being agreed for that time at five shillings per day, Semple desired it might be fitted up with pistol holsters, a net at the roof, and a platform, and he would pay for the extra expence. The prisoner sent horses from the Saracen's Head, and on the first of September the chaise was taken away, and the prosecutor has never seen or received it back, nor heard the least tidings of it.

The prisoner made a very able defence, urging that he had actually purchased the chaise conditionally, had agreed to pay for the alterations, and had actually deposited 10l. in the hands of the prosecutor for that purpose. The Jury found a verdict guilty, with a felonious intent. The prisoner received the verdict very coolly, and walked off quite composed. He is a genteel young man, of about twenty-seven years of age.

Same night's Gazette contains Addresses from the Archbishop and Clergy of the Diocese of Canterbury; Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese of Salisbury; Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese of Worcester; also from Beverly; Counties of Huntingdon, Northok, and Essex; Durham, Leicester, King's Lynn, Newark, Chester, Stafford, Hythe, Sandwich, Lime, Henley, and Great Marlow; Counties of Dublin, Queen's, and Westmeath, in Ireland; and City of Glasgow, in Scotland.

3. This day the Archduke of Austria, brother to the Emperor, with his suite, arrived at a house taken for him in Dover-street, last from France.

On Thursday last his Grace the Duke of

Bedford arrived from the Continent, at his house in Bloomsbury-square.

5. This night's Gazette contains Addresses to his Majesty from the County of Somerset; the Inhabitants of Manchester; Island of Guernsey; Borough of Lymington; Port of New Romney; Borough of Preston; Borough of Pontefract; Borough of Scarborough; Burgesses of Radnor, Rlyader, Knighton, Knucklas, and Kevenellys; Borough of Andover; Borough of Totnes; and Town of Trowbridge.

St. James's, Sept. 6. His Majesty in Council was this day pleased to order, that the Parliament, which stands prorogued to Thursday, the 14th day of this instant September, should be further prorogued to Thursday, the 26th day of October next.

6. The sessions ended at the Old-Bailey, when fifteen convicts received sentence of death; 34 were sentenced to be transported; 15 to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour in the house of correction, several of whom are also to be whipped; three to be imprisoned in Newgate; nine to be whipped and discharged; and 32 discharged by proclamation.

Major Semple was ordered to the bar to receive sentence for the offence of which he was convicted on Saturday last. A motion was made to postpone judgment until next sessions, but which was over-ruled by the Recorder, whose sentence was, that Semple should be transported for seven years beyond the seas to wherever his Majesty, with the advice of his privy council, might judge it proper to send him.

Amongst the above convicts was John Shepherd, who has been tried four times for capital offences, and was once reprieved at the foot of the gallows, when just upon the point of being executed for forgery.

7. The Gatton estates sold on Thursday, at Christie's, for sixty-five thousand one hundred pounds. The Earl of Hertford is said to be the purchaser.

Same day the elegant pleasure yacht of the late Mr. Sharp was sold. Christie happily said of it, that it comprehended all the advantages of the most finished country villa, besides many which were peculiar to itself. It had all the accommodations of a house, and was free from the inconveniences of *bad neighbourhood*, for its *site* could be changed at pleasure; it had not only the richest but also the most *various prospects*; and it was a villa free from *house duty*, and *window lights*; it paid neither *church tythe* nor *poor's rate*; it was free both from *government* and *parochial taxes*; and it had not only a command of *wood* and *water*, but possessed the most extensive *fishery* of any house in England.

8. The Archduke and Duchefs of Austria went to Kew, and breakfasted with their Majesties, the Princess Royal, the Princess Augusta, in the great room in the Palace.
After

After breakfast, the royal company went to Richmond Gardens; and after a promenade in that delightful spot, they viewed the observatory and cottage, and then returned to Kew Gardens. While the royal visitors were in Kew Gardens, his Majesty drove one of his garden carriages with two horses; the Archduke sat at the King's left hand; the Duchesse on the Queen's right hand.

At a numerous meeting of the merchants and traders of London, at the London Tavern, for taking into consideration the proposed alteration of the hour of the departure of the mails; it was resolved, that Mr. Palmer be at liberty to complete his plan before any alteration be made, which may prevent an earlier delivery of the letters.

9. The Gazette contains Addresses to his Majesty from the Bishop of London, Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and Clergy of London and Westminster; the Bishops, Dean and Clergy of Gloucester, Hereford and Bangor; the counties of Hereford, Northampton, Radnor, Anglesea, and Chester; the cities of Bath and Wells; the towns of East-Retford, Dover, Maldon, Calne, Shaftesbury, Leeds, Doncaster, Beaumaris, Penryn, Tiverton, Wigan, Ripon, Derby, and Wilton.

This Gazette also gives a list of the members of a new Committee of Privy Council, for the consideration of all matters relative to trade and foreign plantations.

We hear from Morriston in Glamorgan-shire, that when the colliers came to work at Lockwood and Co's colliery, at Landore, a dreadful explosion took place; whereby five men were killed, viz. W. Young, aged 21, Edw. Williams, 45, William Williams, 55, Morgan Geey, 32, and Morgan Harry, 31. They have left four widows and seven children. David John had his thigh broke by two of the men who were killed being blown against him.

The following extraordinary phenomenon was observed to take place about a fortnight since, at Ewhurst, in Suffex: All the foliage of two large oaks, in the space of one night and a day, turned entirely white, which exhibited an appearance that was beautiful beyond description: At the height of their change, the trees appeared exactly as if covered with snow; and what makes the circumstance still more extraordinary is, the leaves are now recovering apace their original verdure. Such a sudden alteration in the vegetable creation, whether termed a *Lusus Nature* or not, we apprehend will puzzle naturalists to account for.

11. Lord Carmarthen, in his answer to the requisition of his excellency John Adams, Esq; &c. on the 20th of February, respecting the British posts held on the territories which were ceded, by the last treaty

of peace, to the United States, says, "That when America shall manifest a real determination to fulfil her part of the treaty, Great Britain will not hesitate to prove her sincerity to co-operate in whatever points depends on her to carry every article of it into real and complete effect."

He then states the grievances complained of "by merchants and other British subjects having estates, property, and debts due to them in the several States: that a British merchant is in some States positively, in others virtually, prohibited by their legislatures from recovering his property, which is a violation of the 4th article of the treaty of peace. In several States, judgment for interest for more than seven years is actually suspended by law, whilst in others, although the courts appear to be open, the lawyers are afraid to prosecute for British debts."

14. This day in the high wind the Bright-helmstone stage was blown over on its way to town, and one of the passengers had his arm broke.

The same day another stage-coach was overturned by the high wind near Waltham; the coachman had his shoulder put out, but none of the passengers received any hurt.

The high wind did considerable damage in London, Westminster, and Southwark, and the adjacent villages. A boy was killed in the city by the fall of a stack of chimneys; and several persons wounded by tiles, bricks, &c. that fell from the roofs of houses. In Hyde-Park several trees were torn up, and the wall of a gentleman's garden was thrown down at Kentish-Town.

A person lately having an Earwig crept into the ear, and knowing the peculiar fondness that insect has to apples, immediately applied a piece of apple to the ear, which enticed the creature out, and thereby prevented the alarming consequences which might have ensued; for,

Commission'd by th' Almighty Will,

A fly, an earwig, or a worm can kill.

Mr. St. Croix attempted a second aerial excursion from the market-place, Salisbury, but was benighted before his balloon was filled; he however ascended to the top of the council-house, where he remained perched till the mob had dispersed.

16. This night's Gazette contains Addresses to his Majesty from the Archbishop and Clergy of Bath and Wells, Rochester, Winchester, Chester, Laadass, Peterborough, Exeter, Ely, Limerick, Ardfer, and Agahdos; the Dean and Chapter of Westminster; the Ministers, &c. of the French and Dutch churches; the corporation of the Trinity-house of Newcastle-upon-Tyne; the counties of Flint, Kilkenny, Longford, Wick-

low, Oxford, and Lancaster; the cities of Aberdeen and Limerick; and the towns of Barnstaple, Sudbury, Camelford, and Thetford.

And also from the Protestant Dissenting Ministers in and about the cities of London and Westminster, presented by Dr. Samuel Stennet, attended by 17 other ministers of that body.—On receiving the above address, his Majesty was pleased to return the following answer:—"I thank you for this dutiful and loyal address, and for your affectionate congratulations on my providential escape from the attempt which was made upon my person. I have a firm dependence upon your steady attachment to my family and government, and you may be assured of the continuance of my protection in the enjoyments of your civil and religious liberties."

Te Deum has been sung in all the Catholic chapels, on account of the happy deliverance of our most gracious Sovereign.

This afternoon a man genteelly dressed rode up to the shop of Mr. Warner, in Aldersgate-street, and asked if he was at home? Mrs. Warner said No, but expected him in two hours; he then desired to speak with her, and accordingly got off his horse, and was introduced into the parlour, when he said, "Madam, do not make a noise; if you do, you are a dead woman (having a pistol in his hand) but deliver your money." He then robbed her of four guineas and a half, mounted his horse, and rode off full speed.

19. This night's Gazette contains Addresses to his Majesty from the Bishop, Dean, and Chapter of Lincoln and Coventry; the counties of Linlithgow, Pembroke, and Rutland; the boroughs of Tewksbury, Newbury, Northampton, Appleby, Athburton, Kirkby in Kendal, Christchurch, Westbury, and Arundel; and from the Corporation of Trinity-house of Deptford-Strond.

20. Notice was given at the Stock Exchange, that the interest upon India bonds, which has hitherto been 5 per cent. will at the expiration of six months be reduced.

A number of convicts under sentence of transportation are to be sent to the new settlement at Botany Bay, in New South Wales, which was discovered by Capt. Cook.

On Saturday se'nnight at the final close of the poll for a representative in Parliament for the city of Norwich, in the room of Sir Harbord Harbord, created Lord Suffield, the numbers were, for the Hon. Mr. Hobart 1450; for Sir Thomas Beevor, Bart. 1383. Majority for Mr. Hobart 67. The contest was the most violent ever known at that place.

21. On Saturday last Thomas Robson was executed at Carlisle, for sheep-stealing.

When the executioner attempted to put the halter about his neck, he said, "Do your business like a gentleman, and be d——d to you." On the ladder he made the following speech:—"Gentlemen, I was asked to make a confession, but I have made none; there is one printed, but I beg you will not buy it, as it is all lies."—He smoked his pipe through the city as he went to the gallows, seemingly without the least concern. It is said he has stolen upwards of 2000 sheep.

Extract of a Letter from Newcastle upon Tyne, Sept. 19.

"In consequence of an advertisement of yesterday, that Mr. Lunardi would ascend with his balloon from Spittal, should the weather prove favourable, he would have proceeded, but the wind blew so much from the West, that it was deemed unsafe to attempt ascending. This day at noon, being a very fine day, a multitude of people from all parts assembled in the Spittal Ground; when the balloon was nearly full, and most of the ropes which held it were let free, by some means the vitriol took fire, and Lunardi called out for water, but none being ready, the balloon burst from the remaining cords, and went up with great velocity. Unfortunately Mr. Heron, attorney, had his hand entangled in the valve cord, which drew him up after the balloon to the height of about 200 feet, when the cord gave way, and the young man came to the ground. He was taken up alive, was sensible, and spoke, but only survived three hours.

"Mr. Heron was between 21 and 22 years of age; he was not out of his clerkship with his father, who is an attorney, and the Under Sheriff for the county of Northumberland."

23. The foreign mails which arrived yesterday contain the following intelligence from Holland: That extraordinary meetings of two of the States had been held for the purpose of deliberation, and that the result was, a determination to transmit specific orders to all the troops of the two Provinces to hold themselves in momentary readiness to march, and to refuse yielding obedience to any person, power, or authority, except that which should issue from the command of the States. Thus far the popular party. The Stadtholder, on the contrary, had sent a detachment to the town of Elbourg, the burghers of which refused admission to the troops; but after some cannon were fired, rather with a sign of intimidation than of injury, it was thought prudent to cause the gates of the town to be opened; and the volunteers abandoning their arms, the troops entered without injury to a single inhabitant. A sim-
milar

miliar event took place at Hattem*, another Dutch town, where, after a little altercation, the military entered, on the gates being opened for their reception.

This night's Gazette contains Addreffes to his Majesty from the Bifhop, Dean, and Clergy of Bristol; the Bifhop, Precentor, and Chapter, and Archdeacon and the reft of the Clergy of St. David's; the Bifhop, Dean, and Chapter, the Archdeacons and Clergy of Norwich; the Bifhop and Clergy of Durham; the German Reformed Proteftant Congregation in the Savoy; the French Proteftant Refugees; the Merchant Adventurers of England refiding in Holland; from the port of Sunderland; the counties of Stafford, Fife, Buckingham, and Antrim; the univerfity of Gl'gow; the boroughs of Aylefbury, Malmfbury, Tamworth, and Irvine; the Mayor and Corporation and the Inhabi-

tants of Worcester; and the Catholics of Ireland.

26. This night's Gazette contains Addreffes to his Majesty from the boroughs of Minehead and Grantham, and from the counties of Waterford and Wexford in Ireland.

COUNTRY NEWS.

York, Aug. 29. On Wednefday, at forty minutes after one o'clock, Mr. Lunardi afcended with his balloon from Kettlewell's Orchard, behind the Minfter, York. He defcended an hour after his afcent in a cornfield, and obferving people flocking from every quarter towards him, by which he was apprehenfive that the corn would be injured, he therefore rofe again and went out of fight. At three o'clock he finally defcended between two hills, in a place called Greenock, in the parifh of Bifhop-Wilton, about eighteen miles from hence.

BIRTHS, SEPTEMBER, 1786.

THE Marchionefs of Graham, of a Son and Heir.

The Lady of Lord Clive, of a Daughter.

The Lady of the Bifhop of St. Afaph, of a Son and Heir.

Lady Harriet Elliot, of a Daughter.

PREFERMENTS, SEPTEMBER 1786.

THE honor of knighthood on Charles Marfh, of Reading, in the county of Berks, Efq.

On Michael Nowell, Efq; Sheriff of the county of Cornwall.

On Wm. Appleby, efq; of the city of Durham.

On William Altham, of the Borough of Thetford, Efq;

On Jonathan Phillipps, of St. Stephens near Launcefton, in the County of Cornwall, Efq

On Lawrence Cox, of the city of Weftminfter, efq;

And on Ifaac Pocock, efq. Sheriff of the county of Northampton.

The Right Honourable the Earl of Clarendon, to the office of one of His Majesty's *Bot-Mafters General*, vice Lord Tankerville.

Custody of the Seals of the Duchy and County Palatine of Lancafter to the Right Honourable Charles Lord Hawkefbury.

Lord Mornington, one of the Lords of the Treafury, vice John Buller, Efq; deceafed.

Grey Elliott, Efq; the office of an additional clerk of his Majesty's *Moft Honourable Privy Council in Ordinary*, for the particular fervice of the Committee of Privy Council appointed for the confideration of all matters relating to trade and foreign plantations.

His Grace the Duke of Northumberland to be his Majesty's *Lieutenant and Cufos Rotulorum* of Northumberland.

Phineas Bond, efq; to be *Conful* at New-York, New Jerfey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland, and alfo *Commiifary* for commercial affairs within the dominion of the United States of America.

Thomas Pechell, efq; to be gentleman ufer and quarterly waiter to her Majesty, in the room of Tho. Fauquier, efq; a gentleman ufer and daily waiter.

Mr. Tho. Romanfell to be *Operator for the Teeth* to his Majesty, in the room of Mr. Wm. Rae, deceafed.

Joseph Smith, efq. to be *Comptroller of the Mint*, vice J. Buller, efq. deceafed.

* The little town of Hattem, lately taken by the Prince of Orange's troops, ftands upon the banks of the Yffel, twelve miles from the Palace at Loo, and five miles from Elbourg. It was formerly a ftrong place; but when the French took it in 1672, they demolifhed the fortifications. However, it has always been confidered as a citadel, in the time of war, from its fituation, which commanded, or might command, the interior country.

Elbourg ftands upon the bank of the Zuyder Sea, and was formerly one of the *Hans-Towns*. It is a town of fquare figure, with three gates, and a fmall river running through it, over which river there are three bridges; and the fifh-market is kept upon one of them. The Zuyder Sea makes the port. It is a place of fome trade, and therefore of fome note.

MARRIAGES, SEPTEMBER 1786.

AT Edinburgh, Sir George Ramfay, of Banff, bart. to the Hon. Miss Eleonora Frazer, daughter of the late Right Hon. George Lord Saltoun.

At Richmond, the Rev. James Cowe, to Miss Elizabeth Palmer Wollaston, daughter of the Rev. George Wollaston, rector of Aldermary.

Lieut. James Murray, of the 9th regiment, to Miss Iveson, of Norwich.

The Rev. Benjamin Spry, vicar of St. Mary Redcliff, Bristol, to Miss Huntley, daughter of the Rev. Richard Huntley, of Boxwell in Gloucestershire.

Lieutenant-Colonel Mestayer, late of Bengal, to Miss Mary Bricot, of Walthamstow.

Benjamin Norton, esq; of Hillborough in Norfolk, to Miss Spencer, daughter of Dr. Spencer of York.

Tho. Turton, esq; of Jesus college, Cambridge, to Miss Michell, only daughter of the Rev. John Michell, of Thornhill in Yorkshire.

Ross Mahon, esq; of Castlegar, to Lady Elizabeth Brown, second sister to the Earl of Altamont.

At Abergavenny, Robert Morgan Kinsey, esq; to Miss Caroline Harington, youngest daughter of Sir Jas. Harington, bart. of Penpound.

At Islington, Mr. John Heylyn, son of Edward Heylyn, esq; to Miss Cogan, daughter of Thomas Cogan, esq.

Mr. Buty, surgeon, of Great Marlborough-street, to Miss Braithwaite, daughter of Daniel Braithwaite, esq; of the General Post-Office.

Robert Thornton, esq; Member for Bridgewater, to Miss Eyre, of Clapham.

At Windsor, —Reade, esq; lately returned from India with a fortune of 90,000l. to Mrs Anne Angell, of Stockwell.

Robert Harvey, esq; of the Juniskilling Dragoons, to Miss Bickerdyke, daughter of the late Thomas Bickerdyke, esq; of Knaresborough.

The Rev. Mr. Attwood, of Winchester, to Miss Cotton, second daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Cotton, many years master of Winchester Grammar School.

Stuckley Shuckburgh, Esq; brother to Sir George Shuckburgh, Bart. to Miss Tydd, daughter of Thomas Tydd, Esq; of Pendenis-castle, Cornwall.

Tho. Gray, Esq; of Harley street, to Miss Henrietta Armytage, of Wimpole-street.

Capt. Thomas Larkins, commander of the Warren-Hastings East-Indiaman, to Miss Mary Anne Sampson, daughter of Brook Sampson, Esq; Captain of one of his Majesty's packets at that place.

Lieutenant Colonel Haultain, to Miss S. Stert.

At Landilo, William Towers, esq; barrister at law, to Miss Carrett.

Wm. Greene, esq; late private Secretary to Lord Macartney, to Miss Yorke, only daughter of the late Rev. Philip Yorke, of Oundle, in Northamptonshire.

Capt. Milner, of the third regiment of guards, brother to Sir William Milner, bart. to Miss Fitzgerald, of Park-street.

BANKRUPTS.

WILLIAM Hooper, of South Town, otherwise Little Yarmouth, in Suffolk, shipwright. John Howell, late of Trefarclawdd, Salop, maltster. James Roberts, of Liverpool, merchant. Thomas Akerman, late of Winchcomb, Gloucestershire, mercer. William Flower, late of Broad-street, in the Parish of St. George in the East, Middlesex, merchant. Jonathan Briggs, of Whitechapel High street, cheese-monger. Wm. Hunt, of Derfet wharf, lime-merchant. Stephen Turner, of Eardisley, in Herefordshire, pig drover. Robert Johnston, of Kightley in Yorkshire, shop-keeper. William Heming, of Birmingham, dealer. Peter Sparrow, of Wolverhampton, butcher. Richard Dodd, of Liverpool, merchant. John Parsons, of New Shoreham, draper.

Thomas Cheeke Lea, of Oxford-court, London, merchant. Pontus Linroth, of Kingston upon Hull, merchant. Edward Appleby, late of North Shields, Northumberland, porter-merchant. Henry Greenwood, of Brentford, Middlesex, engineer, millwright, and pump-maker. Samuel Hoole, of Moorfields, London, money-scrivener. Francis Little, of Rickergate, in the parish of St. Mary, Carlisle, dealer. Robert William Rye, of Kingston upon Hull, china-man. Henry Major, late of Folkestone, in Kent, merchant. Joseph Milner and Thomas Binge, of Alford in Lincolnshire, grocers. Henry Nelson, late of Penrith, in Cumberland, money-scrivener. John Meader, late of Hermitage street, merchant. Thomas Gwatkin, of Hereford, grocer.

* * *The List of Deaths, &c. is unavoidably postponed to next Month.*