

European Magazine,

A N D

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

C O N T A I N I N G

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 D E C E M B E R , 1786.

[Embellished with, 1. A Striking Likeness of JOHN COAKLEY LETTSOM, M. D. : And 2. SPECIMENS OF ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE, Plate I.]

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L O N D O N :

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[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We should be glad to oblige our Correspondents at Dover, but their account of the play acted there would take up more room than we can at present spare. Their account of the theatre we may probably insert when we have occasion, as we shall have soon to notice the private theatre at Wynnstay.

Our poetical Correspondents are at present too numerous to allow their favours to be inserted immediately. *Philodamus's* pieces are therefore sent as he desires.

Eliza Knipe in our next.

A. G. W. W. S—n—t, Maria Falkener, Fragment of Leo, Celia, Eudoxus, Fairplay, and *Z. Z.* are received.

Young Pindar can hardly suppose we should insert such lines as these:

For this all antiquarians agree
Is a most curious morsel of antiquity.

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

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

WALES, Dec. 4, to Dec. 9, 1786.

North Wales	5	3	4	4	2	11	1	7	3	10
South Wales	4	10	3	8	2	9	1	6	4	5

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER. NOVEMBER.

BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.
29—29 — 80	49	N.N.E.
30—29 — 80	42	N.

DECEMBER.

1—29 — 80	38	N.
2—30 — 00	44	E.N.E.
3—29 — 50	47	E.
4—29 — 04	46	N.
5—29 — 19	41	E.N.E.
6—29 — 20	47	N.
7—29 — 50	49	N.N.E.
8—29 — 95	40	N.N.E.
9—29 — 74	48	N.
10—29 — 90	45	N.
11—29 — 50	47	N.
12—29 — 50	46	E.
13—29 — 51	47	W.S.W.
14—29 — 55	43	W.
15—29 — 75	38	W.S.W.
16—29 — 43	38	W.
17—29 — 55	36	N.
18—29 — 52	35	W.
19—29 — 57	31	5
20—29 — 71	31	5

21—29 — 90	27	N.
22—30 — 13	28	N.N.W.
23—29 — 88	32	5
24—30 — 08	30	E.
25—29 — 95	29	E.N.E.
26—29 — 69	24	W.
27—29 — 70	33	S.
28—29 — 96	36	W.S.W.

PRICE of STOCKS,

Dec. 23, 1786.

Bank Stock, —	India Stock, shut
New 4 per Cent. 1777, 93 1/2	3 per Ct. Ind. Ann.
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785, shut	India Bonds, 70s. a 72s.
3 per Cent. red. 74 1/2	New Navy and Vict. Bills —
3 per Cent. Conf. shut	Long Ann. 22 1-16th
75 1/2 with div. for opening	10 years Short Ann. 1777, —
3 per Cent. 1726, shut	30 years Ann. 1778, —
3 per Cent. 1751, —	Exchequer Bills,
South Sea Stock, —	Lot. Fick. 14s. 16s. 6d
Old S. S. An. 73 3/5	Bank. for Jan. 151 1/2
New S. S. Ann, —	Consols for Jan. 75 1/2

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

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

CHARACTER of DR. JOHN COAKLEY LETTSOM.

(With an ADMIRABLE LIKENESS of HIM, excellently engraved by HOLLOWAY.)

ALTHOUGH it is unusual with us to take notice a second time of such persons as have already fallen under our consideration, we have been induced to break through the rule on the present occasion, to oblige a correspondent and friend from the country, to whom we are obliged for the portrait of Dr. Lettsom with the following character. (Anecdotes of this gentleman have already appeared in our Magazine for June 1783.

THIS physician, though scarcely in his fortieth year, an age when practitioners in general begin to emerge from obscurity, already enjoys a share of business unusual at this period of life; with a character respected by his friends.

The principal use of biography is faithfully to exhibit those examples which exalt human nature, in order to excite emulation in the reader; who seeing what has been performed by the happy conjunction of diligence and abilities, may be induced to dedicate his time and talents to the benefit of mankind.

On this account, those who have arrived at eminence from a state of mediocrity, which may be considered as the general theatre of mankind, become the most proper objects of public consideration. From this state of mediocrity Dr. Lettsom originated; but possessing a spirit of laudable ambition, this native of the smallest island in the Atlantic is now become a popular character in this metropolis; and though we have formerly in-

duced Anecdotes of him, yet as what has already appeared is very imperfect, the present occasion of enlarging them is now embraced.

It must be confessed, that no great variety can be expected in a detail of the life of a medical practitioner. However, as that of Dr. LETTSOM differs, in a great measure, from most of the profession, it may not be improper to present our readers with a cursory sketch of the manner in which that gentleman usually employs the week; which may serve as an epitome of that routine which forms the course of an active though regular life.

The doctor, we are informed, rises early, and is usually in his carriage by nine in the morning; from which hour till nine at night the time is often employed in professional engagements, with a leisure scarce sufficient for those periodical refreshments which constitute the chief business of many who claim the title of rational beings.—Twice a week, however, the doctor enjoys the conversation of his friends, from the hour of six to eight in the evening, either in London, or at his country seat, Grove-hill, where he sometimes sups and sleeps.

Besides his occasional attendance, on Sundays, of the meeting of that religious profession to which he belongs, being educated a Quaker, he spends the evening with his family in the perusal of the bible, or some other book of religious instruction.

It is said, however, that the literary
3 E 2 correspondence

correspondence of this gentleman is very extensive; and that reading and writing are performed in his carriage; by which management of his time he is enabled to compose publications, and to hold an intercourse with many parts of the globe.

The doctor was an early and active promoter of the HUMANE SOCIETY, and was lately elected one of the *Vice Presidents*, as well as unanimously requested to accept of the *Office of Treasurer*. He is likewise *Vice President* of the FINSBURY DISPENSARY, and *Treasurer* of the GENERAL DISPENSARY; and is also well known to be a liberal and zealous supporter of many other public institutions.

But the benevolent disposition of this gentleman appears in a more amiable point of view, from what we have been able to discover of his conduct towards the unfortunate in private life, to whom his assistance has been in a variety of instances communicated; where the complicated evils of sickness and poverty have by his skill and generosity been happily relieved.

It is remarkable that the same conduct which, in a young candidate for popularity, is supposed to be extended merely as the means of his advancement, appears in Dr. Lettsom to result from a more exalted principle, as his assiduity to his acquaintance and his bounty to the indigent are rather increased than diminished,

since his acquirement of medical reputation; and the augmentation of fortune serves only to enlarge the extent of his liberality.

While emulation strongly marks the character of this physician, he appears free from those emotions of envy which distinguish little minds; and is ever ready to acknowledge and applaud merit, both in his own and every other profession. And here we cannot help mentioning the assiduity which he has shown in promoting the subscription for prison charities and reforms, and for erecting a statue in honour of the excellent Mr. Howard, whose genuine benevolence must gain him the cordial approbation of those who possess souls congenial to his own.

It is hoped for the honour of human nature, that there are many who entertain sentiments of a philanthropic kind; but such a disposition is of little use, if it amounts to no more than indolent wishes for the prosperity of others: it is only where humanity and activity unite that an individual becomes beneficial to mankind; an instance of which we observe in the gentleman whose character we have attempted to delineate, and whose diligent attention to a multiplicity of objects is aptly expressed in the words of the Mantuan bard:

Animum nunc huc, nunc dividit illuc;
In partemque rapit varias perque omnia versat,

POLITICAL STATE of the NATION, and of EUROPE, for DEC. 1786.

No. XXXIV.

THIS mid-winter month, as might be expected, has been productive of very little new matter in the political world; consequently our politicians have had very little to exercise their speculative talents upon; excepting a continuance of their observations on the Commercial Treaty recently concluded with the French court. But this unfortunately happens to be a subject which most of our would-be-politicians, paragraphical scribblers, are totally ignorant of. Hence the many gross effusions of ignorance, folly, and stupidity, we daily see blackening the pages of diurnal history, in the various newspapers of the day. This same treaty, which requires a very comprehensive knowledge of the political system of Europe, and of the present state of trade and navigation of the several powers of the same, to qualify any man to think, speak, and write accurately upon it, is yet daily

commented upon with the greatest freedom, we had almost said with the greatest effrontery, by men who seem to know nothing either of the one or the other; while modest sensible judicious men are afraid to venture out with their opinions into public view, upon this momentous, important, and, to many people, very intricate national subject.

And here lies our danger, that the great bulk of those gentlemen, by whose voice the fate of our nation is to be determined, either are, or profess themselves to be, incompetent judges of the matter. Go among them, and ask each man privately or publicly his opinion of the commercial treaty, he excuses himself from giving an explicit answer, by saying, "I do not know: it is too commercial, too intricate, too abstruse, for me to form any judgment upon: I cannot dive deep enough into it, to form any
" founded

“founded opinion: I must therefore wait further information from those who know better than myself, the contents, tendency, and probable consequences of this grand contested affair.” The consequence is, that each man casts anchor in the ground he belongs to. The court member relies implicitly on the *ipse dixit* of the minister, takes his word for the whole, and votes plump with him; the opposition-men follow their leaders; and so the whole will perhaps depend upon the interest of the minister, and that bane of politics as well as of religion—*implicit faith, without examination, free enquiry, or rigid investigation.*

In this fluctuating and uncertain mode of thinking about this perplexed intricate subject, there appears something clear and pellucid to shine through the surrounding cloud of darkness, which may serve as a guiding star in this our political voyage, which we shall endeavour to state briefly and clearly, viz.

It is generally agreed on one side, and not denied on the other side, that the commercial treaty of 1786 is a copy, or transcript of the treaty of 1713, which was rejected by the legislature of that time, in opposition to the whole weight of court influence most vigorously exerted in its support. It seems also to be agreed, that the treaty of 1786 is not a very good or perfect copy of that of 1713; and that where they differ, the present agitated treaty suffers by comparison, being a worse edition, with all the faults, and without some of the beauties, of the original.

Now, from the above premises, which seem to be undisputed and indisputable, we draw this inference; That a treaty of commerce and navigation, which was radically bad for Great Britain anno 1713, cannot be radically and essentially good in 1786—unless the world has turned upside down since, and the whole system of affairs therein is changed thoroughly and completely. The question then comes to this—Were the majority of the house of commons of those days misled by their informants; and these last quite mistaken as to their own real interest and permanent welfare; or, did they wilfully mislead their patrons in the house of commons to act against their own apparent interest?—It is incumbent, therefore, on the strenuous advocates of the present ministers to prove that the ministers of queen Anne only were in the right, and the parliament and people were

all in the wrong, grossly ignorant of what was conducive to their own welfare, and that of the nation in general; or they must admit unequivocally, that the treaty of Utrecht was radically bad for this country. It will then remain with them to shew, what changes Great Britain and France have respectively undergone since that time, in their internal frames and external circumstances, sufficient to render a measure radically bad and pernicious for this country at the former period, quite safe, eligible, and beneficial at this period, and in all future time. Until they shall perform this task, we recommend to all worthy, well-meaning, though wavering Britons, to look with a jealous suspicious eye upon this and every boon that France may offer Great Britain.

Botany Bay has been alternately abandoned and resumed by our ex-politicians, in the course of this month: it has likewise been rejected for a substitute.—Because New Holland was by much too great an island for our ragamuffin colony, we deviated to the opposite extreme, by adopting a very small island, scarce visible on the globe, and scarcely *findable* in the great Southern Ocean, called New Norfolk, for the prison of our convicted criminals. Ultimately, if we may believe report, they are to be put in possession of both these islands.

If we were to consult reason and common sense on the occasion, we should conclude that ministers of state would not attempt the execution of either the one or the other enterprize, without waiting for the formality of taking the sense of parliament respecting such a gross expenditure of the public money. Whether our self-sufficient minister thinks this a mere formality that may be dispensed with occasionally; or thinks he may as well ask the advice of parliament after, as before the deed is done, is not for us to pronounce upon, but we must leave it to be developed by his actions.

Ministry are reported to be excessively fond of negotiation; so much so, as to have commercial treaties on foot with almost all the powers of Europe, and even with the American States!—Their success in their first attempt at a commercial treaty with our fellow-subjects of Ireland, might have taught them a little modesty concerning their negotiating talents; and men endowed with a moderate share of modesty and prudence, would have waited with some diffidence, to see the reception the French commercial-treaty will be honoured with by the parliament and people

of Great Britain, before they embarked in a number of divers other treaties with powers unnumbered and unknown. As to our treaty with the Americans, it will be time enough to begin that, when their treaty with their great and good ally expires, or is broken through, whichever period happens first; till then we can have no good commercial treaty, or any other treaty, with the Thirteen United States of America.

The meetings of British and Irish parliaments are fixed nearly as they were last year: that of the latter was merely domestick last year:—the ensuing session is likely to be more comprehensive and extended in its views and deliberations. On one momentous subject we suppose that both parliaments will have occasion to bestow the most serious and profound deliberation. How far they will agree or recede from one another in opinion and judgment, must be left to time to discover.

Stocks have been very low and drooping this month, contrary to the expectation of many of the dealers in that commodity, at least as they pretended. Leaving various lesser adventitious causes out of the question, we believe the main cause which has depressed the funds has been the minister's design to bring forth another war-budget now in the time of profound peace, in the approaching session. A new loan! more taxes! money, money, money! is the minister's constant tone.

The White Boys in Ireland seem to grant a truce previous to the meeting of the parliament of that kingdom. It is high time the Irish government should redress their grievances, if they labour under any, or otherwise correct their irregularities, and restore the country to peace and good order.

We now see the fruits of the late treaties of peace with France and Spain developing themselves to the public view of even the most cursory observers.—Our ministry ceded West Florida, which had been conquered, and gave away East Florida, which had not been conquered, both into the hands of the Spaniards, without reversion, and without any equivalent or consideration whatsoever. The use that is to be made of this cession and concession, it seems, is, these two provinces to be given by the Spaniards to the French, for a strong hold, to keep the North American States in subjection

to the French court, and to be a thorn in the sides of our West India Islands, and a continual curb upon all the shipping going to and coming from them to these islands (Great Britain and Ireland) in peace, and perhaps to wrest them from us finally, whenever another war shall break out between the two nations. What France fails of her pursuits in arms, she generally accomplishes by the insidious pen of negotiation.

The revolted Americans now feel severely the loss of their relation and connection with Great Britain; and they deplore the loss of that protection they enjoyed under her covering wing, from the depredations and cruelties of the Barbary States! They can neither protect themselves by arms from all or any of them, nor yet make peace with one of those predatory powers! What were all their wise heads thinking of, when they were tearing themselves from the arms of the mother-country, not to foresee that these things, and many other calamities would be the consequences of the final separation they ardently sought after, and fought for against their best friends and guardians.

The Dutch still quarrelsome among themselves, without rightly knowing what they quarrel about, or what either of the contending parties aim at, or what would please them if they could obtain their will. At the same time some of them shew a disposition of renewing their dispute with the emperor.—So much for French mediation between contending neighbours.

The King of Prussia carries on things with moderation and discretion, and appears to put the French court to the trial, to see what sort of a republican government they would wish to establish in Holland, in lieu of that they are secretly undermining and endeavouring to blow up. In the mean time his interference keeps the rank republicans of French manufacturing in awe, and restrains them within some bounds, which they would otherwise overleap, to the utter confusion of their divided and distracted country.

Portugal and Spain remain very silent; the former probably wanting to see what sort of a commercial treaty we shall finally make with France.

Russia somewhat in the same way as to us: how she stands with the Porte is difficult to say. Both parties study silence and profess moderation. Every thing on that

that quarter appears to hang on the thread of the Grand Signior's precarious life.

Poland, whose diet is the most turbulent in Europe, has commenced its æra of

tranquil deliberation, and quiet session.

The Emperor keeps looking on coolly among them all, only galling the Dutch a little on their old sore, the Scheldt.

SIR BERTRAND *. A FRAGMENT. By Mrs. BARBAULD.

SIR Bertrand turned his steed towards the woods, hoping to cross these dreary moors before the curfew. But ere he had proceeded half his journey, he was bewildered by the different tracks; and not being able, as far as the eye could reach, to espy any object but the brown heath surrounding him, he was at length quite uncertain which way he could direct his course. Night overtook him in this situation. It was one of those nights when the moon gives a faint glimmering of light through the thick black clouds of a lowering sky. Now and then she suddenly emerged in full splendour from her veil; and then instantly retired behind it, having just served to give the forlorn Sir Bertrand a wide extended prospect over the desolate waste. Hope and native courage a while urged him to push forwards, but at length the increasing darkness and fatigue of body and mind overcame him; he dreaded moving from the ground he stood on, for fear of unknown pits and bogs, and alighting from his horse in despair, he threw himself on the ground. He had not long continued in that posture when the sullen toll of a distant bell struck his ear—he started up, and turning towards the sound discerned a dim twinkling light. Instantly he seized his horse's bridle, and with cautious steps advanced towards it. After a painful march he was stopt by a moated ditch surrounding the place from whence the light proceeded; and by a momentary glimpse of moon light he had a full view of a large antique mansion, with turrets at the corners, and an ample porch in the centre. The injuries of time were strongly marked on every thing about it. The roof in various places was fallen in, the battlements were half demolished, and the windows broken and dismantled. A draw-bridge, with a ruinous gateway at each end, led to the court before the building—He entered, and instantly the light, which proceeded from a window in one of the turrets, glided along and vanished; at the same moment the moon sunk beneath a black cloud, and the night was darker than ever. All was silent—Sir Bertrand fastened his steed under a shed, and approaching the

house traversed its whole front with light and slow footsteps—All was still as death—He looked in at the lower window, but could not distinguish a single object through the impenetrable gloom. After a short parley with himself, he entered the porch, and seizing a massy iron knocker at the gate, lifted it up, and hesitating, at length struck a loud stroke—The noise resounded thro' the whole mansion with hollow echoes. All was still again—He repeated the strokes more boldly and louder—another interval of silence ensued—A third time he knocked, and a third time all was still. He then fell back to some distance, that he might discern whether any light could be seen in the whole front—It again appeared in the same place, and quickly glided away as before—At the same instant a deep sullen toll sounded from the turret. Sir Bertrand's heart made a fearful stop—He was a while motionless; then terror impelled him to make some halty steps towards his steed—but shame stopped his flight; and urged by honour, and a restless desire of finishing the adventure, he returned to the porch; and working up his soul to a full steadiness of resolution, he drew forth his sword with one hand, and with the other lifted up the latch of the grate. The heavy door, creaking upon its hinges, reluctantly yielded to his hand—he applied his shoulder to it and forced it open—he quitted it and stepped forward—the door instantly shut with a thundering clap. Sir Bertrand's blood was chilled—he turned back to find the door, and it was long ere his trembling hands could seize it—but his utmost strength could not open it again. After several ineffectual attempts he looked behind him, and beheld, across a hall, upon a large staircase, a pale bluish flame, which cast a dismal gleam of light around. He again summoned forth his courage and advanced towards it—it retired. He came to the foot of the stairs, and after a moment's deliberation ascended. He went slowly up, the flame retiring before him, till he came to a wide gallery—The flame proceeded along it, and he followed in silent horror, treading lightly, for the echoes of his footsteps startled him. It led him to the foot of

* On this Fragment the new Pantomime called the ENCHANTED CASTLE, (performed on Tuesday the 26th instant, at Covent-Garden Theatre) is partly founded.

another stair-case, and then vanished!—At the same instant, another toll sounded from the turret—Sir Bertrand felt it strike upon his heart. He was now in total darkness, and with his arms extended, began to ascend the second staircase. A dead cold hand met his left hand, and firmly grasped it, drawing him forcibly forwards—he endeavoured to disengage himself, but could not—he made a furious blow with his sword, and instantly a loud shriek pierced his ears, and the dead hand was left powerless in his—He dropped it, and rushed forward with a desperate valour.

The stairs were narrow and winding, and interrupted by frequent breaches, and loose fragments of stone. The staircase grew narrower and narrower, and at length terminated in a low iron grate. Sir Bertrand pushed it open—it led to an intricate winding passage, just large enough to admit a person upon his hands and knees. A faint glimmering of light served to show the nature of the place. Sir Bertrand entered—A deep hollow groan resounded from a distance through the vault.—He went forwards, and proceeding beyond the first turning, he discerned the same blue flame which had before conducted him—He followed it. The vault, at length, suddenly opened into a lofty gallery, in the midst of which a figure appeared, completely armed, thrusting forward the bloody stump of an arm, with a terrible frown and menacing gesture, and brandishing a sword in his hand. Sir Bertrand undauntedly sprung forwards; and aiming a fierce blow at the figure, it instantly vanished, letting fall a massy iron key. The flame now rested upon a pair of ample folding doors at the end of the gallery. Sir Bertrand went up to it, and applied the key to a brazen lock—with difficulty he turned the bolt—instantly the doors flew open, and discovered a large apartment, at the end of which was a

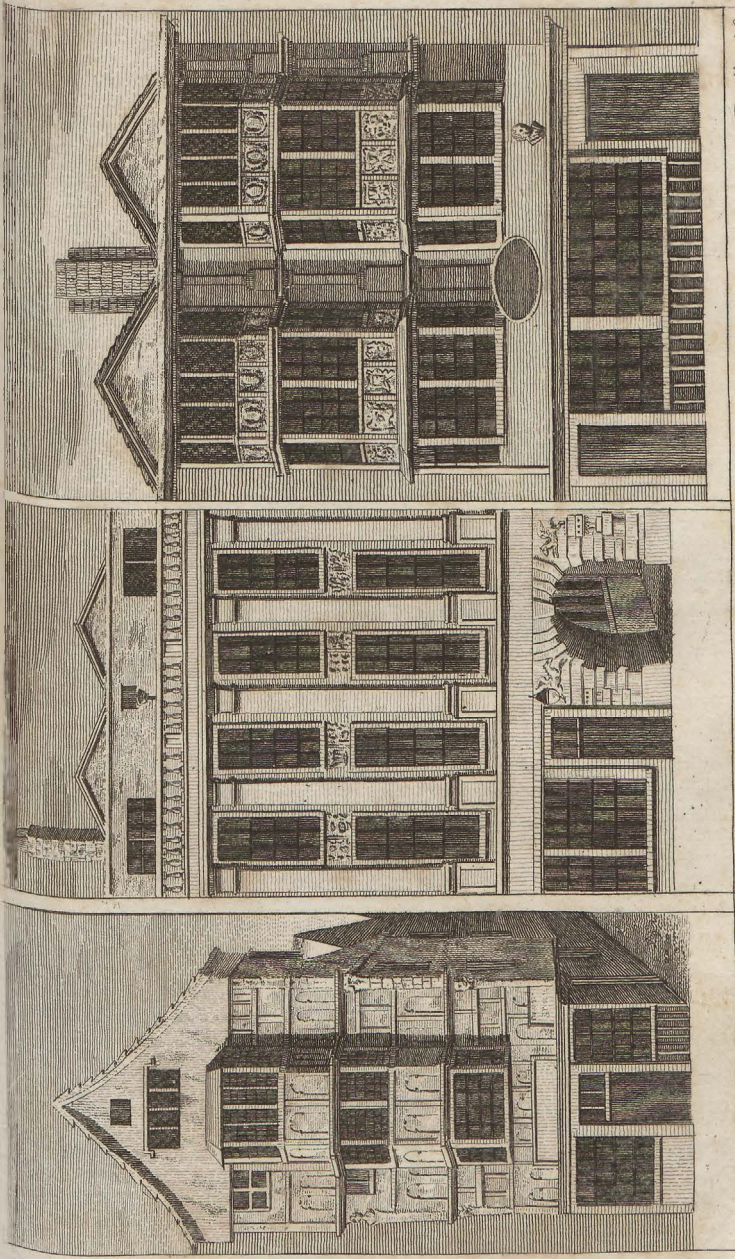
coffin rested upon a bier, with a taper burning on each side of it. Along the room on both sides were gigantic statues of black marble, attired in the Moorish habit, and holding enormous sabres in their right hands. Each of them reared his arm, and advanced one leg forwards, as the Knight entered; at the same moment the lid of the coffin flew open, and the bell tolled. The flame still glided forwards, and Sir Bertrand resolutely followed, till he arrived within six paces of the coffin. Suddenly, a lady in a shroud and black veil rose up in it, and stretched out her arms towards him—at the same time the statues clashed their sabres and advanced. Sir Bertrand flew to the lady, and clasped her in his arms—she threw up her veil and kissed his lips; and instantly the whole building shook as with an earthquake, and fell asunder with a horrible crash. Sir Bertrand was thrown into a sudden trance, and on recovering found himself seated on a velvet sofa, in the most magnificent room he had ever seen, lighted with innumerable tapers, in lustres of pure crystal. A sumptuous banquet was set in the middle. The doors opening to soft music, a lady of incomparable beauty, attired with amazing splendour, entered, surrounded by a troop of gay nymphs more fair than the Graces—She advanced to the Knight, and falling on her knees thanked him as her deliverer. The nymphs placed a garland of laurel upon his head, and the lady led him by the hand to the banquet, and sat beside him. The nymphs placed themselves at the table, and a numerous train of servants entering, served up the feast, delicious music playing all the time. Sir Bertrand could not speak for astonishment—he could only return their honours by courteous looks and gestures. After the banquet was finished, all retired but the lady, who leading back the Knight to the sofa, addressed him in these words: *

* * * * *

SPECIMENS of ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE, PLATE I.

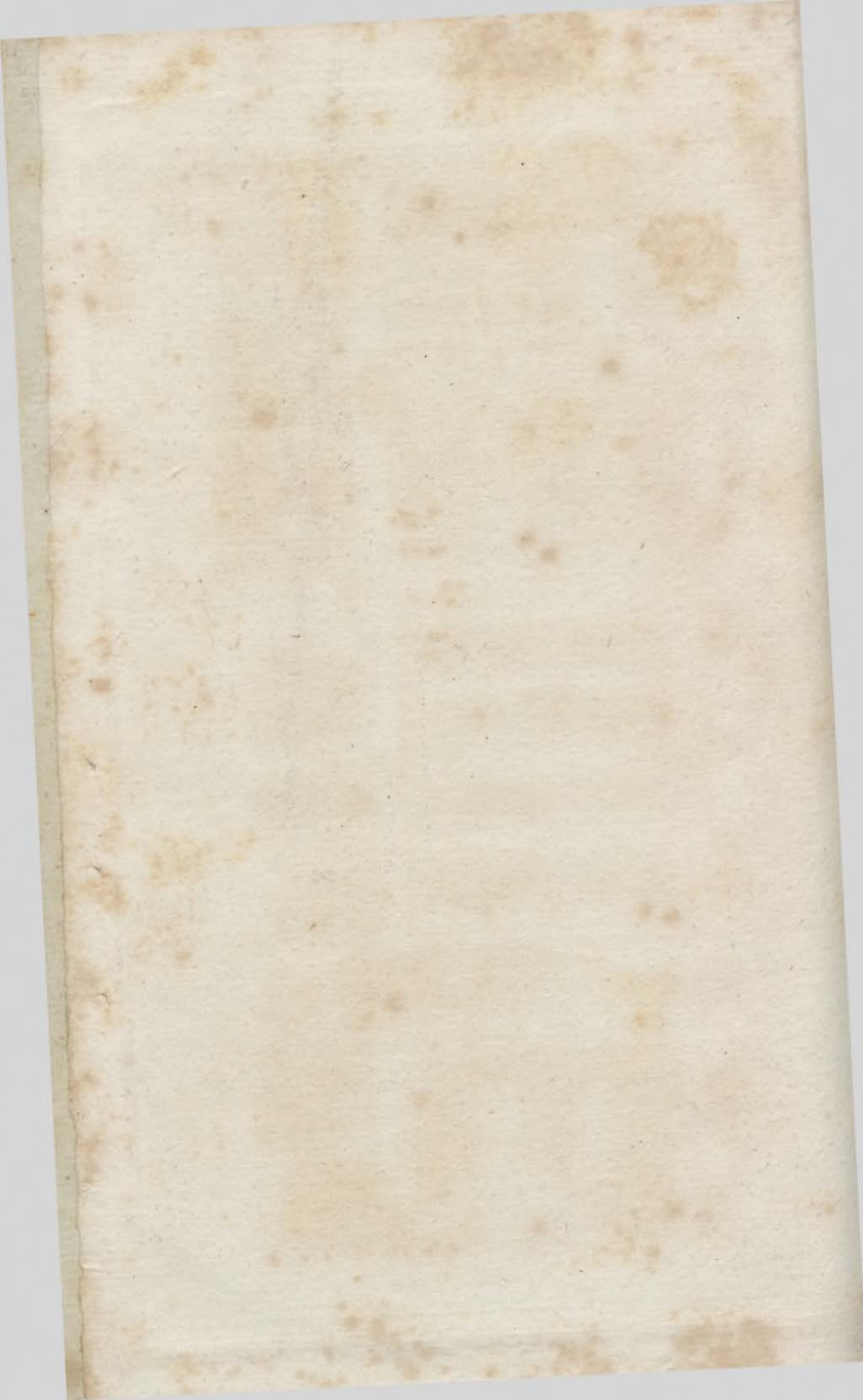
TO compare the progress of improvement at different periods, and to contemplate the vicissitudes of fashion, are objects certainly amusing, and, it may be asserted, have a claim to approbation from their intrinsic value. Of the variations which the lapse of time occasion, none are more striking than those which are to be seen in the buildings of a commercial and flourishing nation. The transition from strength and convenience to elegance and taste may be discovered at this time in many parts of the metropolis. But the rapidity of improvement joined to the accidents incident to a populous city re-

quire that some memorials should be preserved of the talents of our ancestors in the style of their houses. What may be now done with success will be impossible in the course of a few years. We shall therefore, at different times, present our readers with Views, which we have already engraven, of the several styles of architecture which have prevailed heretofore in London, and as a specimen select for this month the annexed Plate; containing, I. The house at the corner of Chancery-Lane. II. The entrance of the Inner Temple. III. The house of Mr. Owen, bookseller, a few doors from thence.



Prattentice

SPECIMENS OF ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE



For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

A DIALOGUE between a TUTOR and his PUPIL, chiefly upon the STUDY of HISTORY and POLITICS.

Hoc opus, hoc studium, parvi properemus & amplius patriæ volumus, si nobis vivere cari.

HORAT. EPIST.

TUTOR.

UPON my word, I begin to fear these *Novels* will entirely divest you of all relish for other kinds of reading, which are certainly more useful, and, to a taste not depraved, equally, or more, pleasant.

PUPIL. Indeed, Sir, to confess the truth, I am such a bigot to these kind of books, that I am but little inclined to give them up for others, which I entirely agree with you may be more *useful*, but, I am sure, not more, or indeed equally *pleasant*.—Nay, there is something so wonderfully pleasing in taking part, as it were, in the adventures of some fictitious *hero of the piece*, or in weeping together with some disappointed *lover*, and the like, that while I can but enjoy myself in this manner, I envy not the laborious student, who can pore over dry lessons of *morality*, *metaphysical* researches, or the whole region of *politicks* and *parliamentary* debates.

TUTOR. Indeed I must blame your opinion—I do not think it by any means a right thing, for those of your age especially, to engage *too deeply* in the studies you condemn, nor, indeed, do I so far blame your choice of books as *entirely* to condemn them.—'Tis the excess I blame, and that too often in the lowest class of this sort of reading. *Novels* and *romances* are to be met with, where the best and truest pictures of human life are delineated, and which tend to inculcate the most amiable virtues, and best lessons of *morality*. This, to be sure, is not in general the character of *romances*; but though the pictures of life represented in them are not so faithful or so numerous, I do not wish to discourage them. The young mind may certainly be allowed to amuse itself with them. They tend to call forth its generous feelings, and to inspire such a *manly* deference towards the fair-sex, with such a romantic spirit, as, I verily believe, will keep up, in a great measure, that courage and contempt of danger which every *Briton* ought to possess.—Nay, there is in general something of so generous a cast in those compositions, that they cannot but enlarge our mind and ideas, and root out all narrow thoughts and conceptions.

VOL. X.

But surely such studies ought *now* to give way to more useful and important ones; you are past the age in which they are not merely allowable, but to be recommended.—Had you begun when quite young with the strict truths of morality and philosophical reasoning, or with tedious histories, you might have conceived a lasting disrelish to them, or have been of so cold a turn of mind, as to despise the beauties of imagination and poetry.

PUPIL. Well, I am glad, then, I have not begun with those dry studies so soon, if I might possibly have lost by their means a relish for the noble flights of *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Gray*, *Milton*, with hundred others whom, you must do me the justice to own, I have never neglected.

TUTOR. I cannot refuse it you—and I have conceived no low opinion of you, from your love of such writings.—I only wish your love of them had led you to make deeper researches into History, that you might be the better able to understand not only their various allusions, but the people and nations many of them have written about.

There is no fear of the rapturous fallies of your imagination being stopped by an attention to the graver subjects I would recommend.—If you have a turn for adventures and romance, I am sure the Life of Charles the Twelfth, that famous King of Sweden, would give you the highest delight.—The Roman History will shew you some of the finest heroes, whether in war or council, that the world ever saw.—But the first history a man should read, ought certainly to be that of his own country.—He feels himself interested in what he reads; he is as much pleased with the good acts of a sovereign of several centuries ago, as the people themselves were, who lived at that time; or displeas'd at the encroachments and tyranny of a bad sovereign; for he considers the good done as a benefit intended to himself, though at so distant a period; and equally considers such bad actions as an evil of which he himself might feel the ill consequences, and which might have hurt the happiness or privilege of the subject as long as the kingdom itself remained.

3 F.

'Twill

It will be endless to mention the peculiar delight you must receive in reading the history of your own country, in preference to that of any other. The History of England abounds with as great men, in all capacities and noble actions, as the history of any one nation whatsoever.

PUPIL. I remember to have heard it remarked, that our English Histories are too much filled with tedious debates and minute descriptions of the transactions of the several Parliaments, so as to make them more like dry journals than pleasing histories.

TUTOR. It is certainly a just observation; and I do not wonder that young people are disgusted with them on their first perusal.—Our Histories have indeed been urged as a mark of the grave turn of mind, which fits an Englishman for the disquisition of such subjects; but the disgust wears off as we grow older, and feel ourselves more interested in the political management of our country.—And this brings me to a subject, which I have long intended to converse with you about.

PUPIL. Pray, what may it be, Sir? I should guess Politics.—

TUTOR. The very fame.—And that you may be somewhat more inclined to hear what I have to say concerning them, I shall begin with quoting a passage on this subject, from an author of great sense and observation. “It is a mark of the social and public spirit of this nation, that there is scarcely a member of it who does not bestow a considerable portion of his time and thoughts in studying its political welfare, its interest, and its honour. Though this general taste for politics, from the highest to the lowest orders of the people, has afforded subjects for comic ridicule, yet I cannot help considering it both as a proof of uncommon liberality, and as one of the firmest supports of civil liberty. It kindles, and keeps alive, an ardent love of freedom. It has hitherto preserved that glorious gift of God from the rude hand of tyranny, and tends, perhaps more than any other cause, to communicate the noble fire of true patriotism to the bosoms of posterity.” This is very true: besides, Politics are immediately connected with History. Not that I wish you should ever become an eager zealot for any political party, or that an indolent warmth should lead you into debates out of which you cannot extricate yourself without dissention, and (as is too frequently the case) without conceiving an hatred, perhaps never to be rooted out, against your antagonist. This I have

known to be the sweets which many a furious politician has enjoyed, as the fruits of his mad zeal and ridiculous obstinacy.

What I mean, when I recommend Politics to you, is to have a knowledge of the present proceedings of your country in such matters, without which you cannot be fit for common conversation; but above all, a substantial knowledge of the constitution of your country (which, by the bye, M. de Lolme, not to mention other authors, will instruct you in); without this it is impossible you can be a proper judge of the transactions in the political world.

PUPIL. Good God! how often have I heard men blamed for entering into such a study as that of Politics!—

TUTOR. That I do not doubt—but then those are pretenders who start up, and will give their opinions of any political measure with as much confidence, or propagate their conjectures on any future state of affairs with as much sagacity as a prime minister, or any other person who has made Politics the prime study of his whole life.

But I do not wish you to busy yourself with shrewd conjectures of what would be the state of all Europe, should the king of France, or any other mighty monarch, die; nor with the political intrigues of foreign courts and ambassadors [this may be in character for statesmen]—I only wish you to have such a knowledge of these matters, as will not only fit you for conversation and commerce with mankind, but furnish your mind with subjects of contemplation. Under this head “Politics,” you ought to consider the kingdom in its various improvements in *learning* and the *arts*, as well as in *commerce* and *power*: these are all properly connected, though perhaps not what are generally and exactly understood by the word “Politics.” And “What” (to use the words of the author I before quoted) “can constitute a more rational object of contemplation than the noble fabric of society, civilized by arts, letters, and religion? What can better employ our sagacity, than to devise modes for its improvement and preservation?”

Indeed, I wonder how the man who is so happy as to be a subject of Great Britain, can so shamefully neglect this study, without having even a curiosity to know how his country goes on; or for what wise institutions the government of England is so much the admiration of the whole world; or in what consist his own, an
Englishman's

Englishman's peculiar privileges, which are the envy of the subjects in every other state, and which have gained his country the name of "*The Land of Liberty*."—But to enjoy this study properly, or to turn it to any advantage, we should first—

PUPIL. I was just going to ask what I perceive you are about to inform me of.—

TUTOR. We should first, then, be well versed in History; we should read it with discernment, and accustom ourselves to consider and think of what we read, that we may be enabled to form right ideas of man and society.—But I am proceeding too far on the subject; I hope I have said enough to engage you to turn your thoughts to other things than those which have as yet engaged them.

PUPIL. Indeed you have—I begin to see such studies as these in a different light than what I have as yet considered them in—and already begin to feel the importance of being a member of such a state as ours, though I know so little concerning it;—and I seriously am determined to sit down to study it without delay.

TUTOR. You will, I am sure, reap the benefit of such studies. It will be needless for me to say more on this subject; your own daily experience will shew you the proper means to make you such a politician as I have endeavoured to delineate, distinct from the noisy and ignorant tribe of party-men, who are hurried by their foolish zeal they know not whither, into debates and dissensions.

But to return to our books.—I cannot sufficiently recommend to you the study of History. You will read the Histories written by Herodotus and Thucydides with me very soon, as you have made sufficient progress in your Greek for that purpose: these will afford you a vast fund of entertainment and useful knowledge; and in your avocations from business with me, do act like a man; and let what you do read, be such as becomes a man endowed with reason and contemplative powers.—What an exquisite delight is it to bring back to your mind, a long series of glorious heroes of old, and their noble actions! to see the rise and progress of empires, to watch the circumstances which led to their exaltation, and by what means their downfall was expected. What a wide field for Morality! And how glorious to call to mind the virtuous actions of great men, to be inflamed with a passion for glory, and an eager desire to follow their examples! Nay, in a word, can any thing be more glorious than to know

the history of the whole world! I could enlarge without end on the great delight resulting from such studies; but you are able to figure them to yourself.

PUPIL. I assure you I am quite inflamed with a desire of such studies, and from henceforth abjure the meagre food I have as yet fed upon.

TUTOR. I do not wish you to give up all other kinds of reading neither; a change, and especially for such as Poetry, will agreeably amuse, and open your ideas equally; and you will thus return to your more serious subjects with greater avidity.—'Tis the more trivial volumes which I am averse to.

PUPIL. I perfectly understand you:—but if a man's genius inclines him to any particular kind of reading or study, would you wish to stop this, and make him follow what he does not approve, and cannot of course make any progress in?

TUTOR. I would by no means balk a man's genius, provided it is turned to an useful and manly subject. Was this to be the case, and all were compelled to follow the same studies, we should not possibly have such adepts in the various arts and sciences as we now have. It is in frivolous pursuits that a man's genius, or, to speak more properly, his depraved taste, ought to be balked.—So that I do not say, that every individual must follow the same studies which I have been discouraging upon, to the very height, if his talents lie another way.—I only mentioned them as studies which every one would find their advantage in (and absolutely necessary to be known, in more than a superficial manner, by every one who makes the least pretension to be a scholar or gentleman) and more particularly opposed them to readings of an inferior nature.

Where the genius is not particularly otherwise inclined, I know none more worthy of a man's attention.—Do not imagine I mean to make Religion a *secondary* study; this certainly ought to be our very first care: but we will talk of this some other time; at present I am only to be understood of what is generally meant by *Learning*. I shall not at present enlarge upon the study of other things, such as the various arts and sciences, which are necessary to be known, in a great measure, by every one whom more important avocations do not forbid; but not to be too deeply attended to, unless, as I before said, our particular genius is that way; or we intend to make them our primary object.—Nor, indeed, is it possible for any one man to be deeply

skilled in every branch of learning.—Let him turn his thoughts to the most useful and entertaining to himself.

But of these things I will speak more largely at some future opportunity; at present I have only endeavoured to direct a taste in some measure bad in itself.

PUPIL. You only say in *some* measure bad; I wish you would be more explicit.

TUTOR. I say, in *some* measure, because I do not *entirely* condemn Novels, Romances, and various kinds of reading of equal importance: where they are the best of the kind (and good many are) I gave you my reasons at first for approving of them.—I have endeavoured then to direct this taste, which indeed is very blameable when carried to excess, and to conduct a wavering mind to the study of what may worthily fix his attention.

PUPIL. What do you say to Travels and Voyages?—

TUTOR. These I consider as a branch of History. Where they are written by *real* Travellers, and people to be depended upon, they make you more particularly acquainted with the country, and peculiar dispositions and customs of a people; as in History these are given in a more gene-

ral way, and indeed you have only the striking features of a people in general.

I would advise you to look for every place mentioned in your histories and travels, in a map, or globe, which I will take care to provide you with.

This will be doubly improving yourself; besides, it is impossible either to clearly understand many parts of history, or common conversation, without a competent knowledge of Geography.

PUPIL. Well—I am certain I shall improve as much from the lecture you have now given me, as I have from any former one; though I hope I have made as good an use of those I have already received as can be expected.

TUTOR. Indeed I have no fault to find—but come—So fine a morning must not be *entirely* spent in this manner; the health of the body is of as much consequence as that of the mind; for indeed the latter cannot subsist without the former.

—So to horse—

PUPIL. With all my heart.—I believe you will not say, you ever found me slow in this particular; nor shall you in those more noble studies you have now recommended to me.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

A SCHEME for the ADVANCEMENT of POETICAL GENIUS in this KINGDOM.

— *formidine fustis*

Ad bene dicendum delectandumque redacti.

HOR. EPIST. AD AUG.

THERE has been a grievous outcry of late in this nation, that men's wits are no longer equal to the production of any noble work in Poetry, and that some late poetasters are so much cried up and read, that the great masters of the art are disregarded. And indeed it is certain that Homer and Virgil are at present less relished than Voltaire, and Terence's comedies are not so much prized as O'Keefe's; a taste which must be partly imputed to the increasing refinement of the age, and partly to that dislike of the ancient tongues which the purity and perfection of modern languages naturally excite. It is true, that some have laudably endeavoured to restore the declining age of Poetry, by recurring to the usage of simple ballads and legendary tales; yea, and in this way have succeeded so well, that men would hardly believe their works to be produced in an age of literary research. But it is surely an over-fondness for antique Poesy

which makes men admire her swaddling-clouts; and we may suspect the age of doating, when it returns to the gewgaws and rattles that delighted its infancy.

Edificare casus, plostello adjungere mures,
Ludere par impar, equitare in arundine
longa,

Si quem delectet barbatus, amentia verset.

In one respect it is unlucky for our modern wits, that the great Ancients have gone before them, viz. that they have anticipated us in very many good thoughts; so that it would greatly benefit us if a second Orpheus could procure a cask of the Lethæan flood to rebate the keen memories of our diurnal critics. But on the other hand, great geniuses are seen in their imitators, as the sun is visible in his reflected images, after he has sunk beneath the horizon, and weak eyes can view him, which could not bear to look up during his meridian splendour. Besides,

the

the tendency to the *βαδύς* is so strong in many readers, that they are happiest when they contemplate a great luminary through the smoked glass of modern imitation. We should therefore no more blame a man for preferring S—t to Tacitus, H—y to Virgil, or S—th to Tibullus, than the Hottentot, who, after visiting the most polished scenes of Holland, returned to the splanchnoid cincture and alpersive knighthood of his countrymen. However, I am unwilling to believe that there is an absolute failure of poetical genius among us, and am rather inclined to account for our want of original productions from other causes. Now the principal cause seems to be this, that our writers are all in too comfortable a situation; for among the ancients Homer was a blind beggar, Virgil a broken farmer *, Horace an outlaw †; and among the moderns, was not Shakespeare a deer-stealer, Ben Jonson a bricklayer, Dryden a Tory, and Pope a Roman-catholic? But though their heads might bear such disqualifying circumstances, I would be loth to expose the brains of living wits to such dangerous influences; and therefore I have set myself seriously to excogitate what may have aided the best poets in their compositions, collaterally, or, as it may be more elegantly expressed, by the bye. And here I remembered, to my great contentment, how Camöens wrote his *Lusiad*, Cervantes his *Don Quixote*, and Sir Walter Raleigh his *History of the World*, in prison; or how, in earlier times, Ovid penned his *Tristia*, (wherein he foretold the late Revolution in America) after his banishment to an island in the Bay of Naples. For Poetry is like gunpowder, which, the closer you pen it up, makes the louder explosion; it is like dung, which ferments more, the more ordure you heap upon it; but then it is like steel, which may be bent till it snaps, and flies back to give you a slap in the face.

I therefore humbly propose, that some of our most promising wits may forthwith be shut up in whatever prison government shall deem proper; and that they be detained there till they produce something deserving the regard of posterity. Heroic writers will be best accommodated perhaps in the Tower, which has been the theatre of so many bloody tragedies; not to mention the inspiration to be derived from the report of the guns on rejoicing-days; Pastoral writers in the King's-bench; and

Elegiac-men in Newgate. I should advise the latter to attend to the Ordinary's pamphlets, and that excellent history the *Newgate Calendar*: but I observe that some late writers in that sort have already availed themselves of those publications. While these worthies are under confinement, their regimen should be carefully laid down; especially as it is likely to be proved, by some great physiologists, that the vital principle is secreted in the stomach, and the genius must consequently depend greatly on the nature of the aliments. Now, having formerly studied intellectual dietetics myself, to increase the aptitude of my pupils towards acquiring the knowledge of the *Horn-book*, I shall venture to lay some remarks on this subject before the reader.

1st. The diet of the heroic poet must be very low; for though Horace says of the others, that "*Vinum fere dulcis mane oluere camenæ,*" yet Milton says of the heroic poet,

— parca Samii pro more magistri
Vivat, & innocuus præbeat herba cibos;
Stet pro fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
Sobriaque e puro pocula fonte bibat.

Eleg. vi.

He has not indeed specified the vegetable to be used in diet, but this omission is fortunately supplied in the

Salve brassicea virens corona,

Cabbage, therefore, must be the food of the heroic poets, and water their beverage. The reader will give me credit for foregoing a conceit on this occasion.

2dly. Left the powers should become torpid for want of exertion, the candidates for immortality must be indulged with a certain quantity of motion daily. Their exercise should be short, for fear of interrupting their meditations, but violent, that it may be effectual. Tossing in a blanket is a good passive exercise; but if some constitutions should require more activity, they may practise pumping and coal-heaving.

3dly. If any of the candidates should appear indolent and drowsy, flagellation, vesication, and scarification, must be applied. Pumping cold water on the head will be very useful in this case.

4thly. The minor poets may be a little more indulged in diet, but it will be necessary to limit them in the article of *Gin*. I know very well that no man needs to drink more than two pots a day of that

* See his first Eclogue, with the Annotations.

† See his Epistles.

liquor, in order to write very good Pastorals.

5thly. As the Ode-writers will probably be lodged in Moorfields, they may partake of the discipline observed among the ingenious philosphers of the college in that quarter.

Thus have I detailed, for the use of my dear countrymen, a scheme formed by long labour, and perfected by assiduous contemplation;—a scheme which will produce great honour to the present age, and infinite delight to posterity. For my own part, having no poetical talents, as all the world knows, I can expect no personal benefit from it, except what government (which will doubtless adopt the proposal) may think fit to bestow upon me.

I am conscious that objections may be brought against me, by some snarling critics, on pretence of my violating personal liberty. But do we not see personal liberty violated every day, in the case of lunatics? and have not poets and lunatics always been classed together?

Aut insanit homo aut versus facit.

HOR.

Besides, I always looked upon poets as bad citizens; for Poetry, as the name expresses, is only the art of agreeable lying; and we shall lose nothing by shutting up men who invent stories, most frequently of persons who have been dead for ages.

I have also classical authority for my scheme; for what does Ovid allude to in his story of the escape of the Muses from the house of Pyreneus, but an idea of this

kind? Pyreneus receives the Muses in his house, locks them up, and offers them violence; upon which they spread their wings, and soar above him. No allegory in Spenser can be more exact. Homer represents Demodocus, the bard of Alcinoüs, as blind; and a prisoner is in a great measure like a blind man; all the difference is, that the one sees very few objects, and the other none at all. These are mysterious hints, which no former critic has taken notice of (and this is the true manner of reading the ancients) for the first idea of which I confess myself indebted to the discoverer of the Eleusinian mysteries in the sixth book of the *Æneid*.

If it should be objected that my method may fail, upon trial; I reply, first, that I do not believe it will fail; secondly, that if it should, there will be no harm done; nay, some of the candidates may find their constitutions improved by the regimen; thirdly, that this is an age of experiment, and I am proposing a new experiment; and, fourthly, that the expence will be very trifling to government in a good cabbage season; especially as nobody will think it worth while to contract for the supply of so small a number.

And thus having provided a settlement for every poetical genius,

“*Ἢ γὰρ ἀνδρῶν ἢ ὕστερον αὐτῶν ἰοῦσα,*

I return with great peace of mind to my schemes for promoting the improvement of all branches of literature, in a manner equally benevolent and agreeable.

TO THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

As to note Imitations, and trace back Ideas to their primary sources, has ever been deemed an essential part of rational curiosity, if it is not inconsistent with the plan of your Miscellany, I shall request the insertion of the following parallel passages, which chiefly relate to the works of Pope.

C—T—O.

THE first poem of any note in the philosophical way which this country seems to have produced, was the Immortality of the Soul, by Sir John Davies; which, though barren in the general of imagery and digressional ornament, is, as to language, neat and peripatetic.—In a poem on Dancing by the same author, there is a species of metaphysical fancy that is not disagreeable.—Mr. Pope, in his Ethical Epistles, seems to have remembered Davies.

Self-love but seems the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;

The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads.

Epist. iv.

The same simile, though on a different subject, is to be found in Davies—

As when a stone is into water cast,
One circle doth another circle make,
Till the last circle touch the bank at last.

Sir J. D.

In Davies's Introduction we find the following lines, which exactly correspond with a precept of Pope's.

Myself

Myself am centre of my circling thought,
Only myself I study, learn, and know.

Sir J. Davies.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is Man.

Pope.

The following passage of Pope has been much approved, and very justly :

The spider's touch how exquisitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.

Pope.

I suspect it had its origin in the following lines of Davies, in whom the same idea occurs again :

Much like a spider that doth sit
In middle of her web, that spreadeth wide ;
If ought do touch the utmost thread of it,
She feels it instantly on every side.

Sect. 8.

Pope, by compression, has given both beauty and emphasis to the idea.—Pope in his Epistle to Sir R. Temple, has likewise imitated Davies ; but the passages are too long for a quotation. I cannot resist, now I am mentioning Sir J. Davies, setting before your readers the following simile, which, for a happy illustration of its subject (not to omit its beauty and its truth) is hardly to be equalled in the whole collection of English poetry.

But as Noah's pigeon, which returned no more,
Did shew the footing ground for all the flood ;
So when good souls departed thro' Death's door,
Come not again, it shews their dwelling's good.

The expression in the following line of Pope, I think is taken from Milton.

Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire—
Messiah.
And join thy voice unto the heavenly quire,
From out the sacred altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

Milton's Ch. Nat. stanza 4.

In the Albion's England of Warner, 1612, there is a passage or two which must remind every reader of Pope, though it is improbable that Pope should have given himself the trouble of wading through so much black letter as was necessary to have got at the passage. Sir J. Mandevil, during his travels, writes a letter to Eleanor, the cousin of king Edward, who, according to Warner's story, had honoured him with her love ; the following is an extract from it.

Great store of beauties have I seene, but none
as your's exact,
Courts also more than stately, with faire ladies
in the same,
Which seem'd but common forms to me,
rememb'ring but your name.
When in the Holy-Land I pray'd, even at
the holy grave,
(Forgive, my God) a sigh for sinne, and three
for love I gave.
Against the fierce Arabians I the Soldan's
pay did take,
When oft as onset For St. George, St. Eleanor
I spake.

The turn of sentiment in the Eloisa to A belard similar to this, would be impertinent almost to point out. For this remark I am indebted to a very dear and a very ingenious friend.

Pope says of the lark,

Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings,
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Eth. Epist. iii.

Thus Milton of the serpent ;
— Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest—

Par. L. B. IX. v. 634.

Sir W. Davenant says,
Calm as forgiven saints at their last hour.
Gondibert, Cant. VIII.

Pope has,
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven.
Eloisa.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE. Of the ART of ACQUIRING REPUTATION.

THE errors of young men, committed in pursuit of honour and esteem, are so various, that I have been easily prevailed upon, by some youths of my acquaintance, to set down what observations my reading and experience furnish me with on this subject. For it is certain, that, on the one hand, men have sometimes failed of attaining their end from ignorance and want of proper advice ; and,

on the other, that life is too short for the slow progress which unassisted merit makes towards distinction. I have therefore undertaken to point out the nearest way to this object. But in order that I may be perfectly understood, it is necessary in the first place to distinguish between Fame and Reputation. Fame is in a manner the birthright of a few men, elevated by their natural abilities above the

the rest of their species. It is truly said by the Poet, that Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil; for, being intended to crown those who produce something difficult, original, and useful, it is seldom conferred on the living inventors, because men are always tardy in searching for merit, and after death higher applause is desired than that of mortals. But Reputation is not only produced on earth, but with proper cultivation may be reared in barren soils, and brought to produce abundant fruit. It is of the management of this earthly plant that I design to speak at present, the former having been largely considered by many preceding authors.

Integrity, talents, and humanity, are the qualities requisite for gaining reputation, and whoever possesses them has a just title to the goodwill and respect of mankind. But as they are generally accompanied by diffidence, they are frequently overlooked, and it becomes necessary to take some method of displaying them to the Public. This necessity is now so well understood, that every man is expected to make the most shining possible exhibition of his talents upon every occasion. It was some time ago a maxim in politeness, Never to introduce yourself, your profession, or affairs, in conversation, without some urgent necessity: so inconvenient a rule could never hold its authority long, and it is accordingly abrogated. But this, with the other methods of displaying merit, will come under consideration hereafter. There are many persons who possess only two of the qualities necessary to form the basis of reputation, many who have only one, and many in whom they are entirely wanting. Now, as the honour and esteem of our fellow-creatures is desirable to every man, and the three classes abovementioned must covet them more ardently in proportion to the obstacles which nature or education has thrown in their way, I shall deliver a set of rules by which not only a person of real merit may shew himself to advantage, but one of no merit at all may bring himself into high reputation. I give them with perfect confidence, because I could affix a probatum to each direction; and as old men love a gossiping style, I shall beg leave to address my reader in the second person.

1st. Like Pythagoras, I begin with desiring you, not indeed to respect, but to admire yourself. This must be done cautiously, for fear of exciting contempt; therefore your admiration must be sted-

fast, moderate in appearance, and accompanied with a proper degree of external pomp and dignity. As you are supposed to know yourself better than any other person can, men will take you at your own price, if you do not alarm their self-love by excessive pretensions; and to prevent this danger you must,

2dly. Profess philanthropy, and a general admiration of your acquaintance. To assist you in this course, it will be very useful to employ some words in a new sense. Thus, by a man of great parts, you will denote one who gives you good dinners; by wit, you will mean a hearty laugh at your friend's expense or your own; by universal benevolence, benefits conferred on yourself; and by good-nature, the most perfect dullness and insipidity. Depend upon it, that this part of your conduct is indispensable; and if your feelings cannot submit to it, you must resign all hopes of reputation. I may strengthen my assertion with Addison's authority: "If you allow another man wit," says he, "he will allow you judgment." Reverse the proposition, and it will equally hold.

3dly. Always walk the streets slowly. People in general are so little aware of this rule, that they hurry along as if they were afraid of being overtaken. Many a man, however, has walked himself into credit. Pálmanazar got much reputation by his fits of the gout, which he feigned when he was a stout young fellow; and it is certain, that an appearance of infirmity increases a man's dignity and consequence; witness the effect of spectacles, so well understood by the Spaniards, and not unknown in this nation. I have seen a very foolish face acquire significance from them, and should have worn them myself if I could have forborn the society of the women in my young days. By all means stamp with your cane as you go along, to warn people within doors that you are passing by.

4thly. If your situation leads you to attach yourself to a party, you will have no trouble in supporting your principles. It is enough if you adopt the name of the party, you need not even enquire into its opinions; especially if you are a man of tender conscience, and afraid of finding any thing in them that may shock your feelings. But if it is your interest to be impartial, always admit the reasoning of the company you may happen to be in: if you cannot preserve this golden mean, take the accommodating part, and above all endeavour to convince them that you think

think every individual on either side of the question a most admirable man.

5thly. Set yourself strenuously against innovations, particularly those proposed by men of genius. Fame and reputation are contrary things, and can never agree, consequently you are the natural enemy of all those who appear likely to become famous. I do not advise you to make use of calumny against your enemies, because calumny is disgraceful when it is traced; but slight hints and insinuations are only defensive arms, and may be lawfully employed.

6thly. Many reputations have been acquired by publication; but this is a nice point. If you should determine on the step, however, I would advise you to consider previously what kind of readers you wish for. That class which consists of idle readers, but which is just *out* of its novel reading, and *got into* the minor literary writers, will be delighted with a tolerable compilation, from books very well known in a higher class. If you determine to be the Coryphæus of this class, you incur the contempt of the higher; but it is in general more lucrative (which I suppose to be your object) to become a favourite with the lower; and if you manage your plagiarisms with common decency, you may defy the critics. For the judgment of your readers will be insulted, when they are informed that the book which they praise is composed of scraps retailed for the thousandth time, and their own pride will steel them against any remarks injurious to you.

7thly. It will be a great security to your writings, as well as a personal honour, if you can, by any means, get acquainted with men of established literary credit. Never mind though you should be the lowest and meanest of the company, or even the butt of the ordinary butts; but comfort yourself with the prospect of displaying your intimacy with the great men hereafter. Thus, if any one disputes your judgment of the weather, you may reply, "the very learned and ingenious Dr. Nebulosus said this morning, that he hoped it would turn out a fine day:" if any of your phrases should be questioned, "you have it on the authority of the great grammarian and learned linguist Crangaides:" your arguments will be thought irrefragable, and at the same time much lustre will be reflected on yourself from your authorities. Second-hand merit may be so ordered as to look equally well with the new.

8thly. Several authors of the present

age have acquired great honour by quoting themselves. This requires some art, and excellent specimens of it may be seen in the works of James Harris and others. Doubtless the reader must be overcome with awe, when on a difficult point a great man saith, "But this we have proved already, in a treatise," &c. &c. Whenever you practise this, be sure to exhibit an admiration of what you had formerly written.

9thly. In all your writings speak of yourself in the plural number. This, you may alledge, is done to prevent egotism; but certainly it is more majestic, and conveys more conviction to the reader, to say, "we are of opinion," than simply "I think."

10thly. You may derive great credit from misrepresenting the ideas of any great man, or any philosophical sect, and then very laboriously refuting your own mistakes. These will indeed be discovered; but you will pass for a prodigious man, one deceived by the astonishing reach of his mind, and one who sees much further than other people.

11thly. In conversation, advert as frequently as possible to yourself, and let every body see that you are of consequence enough to fill up a great place in your own thoughts. This will give you a title, of course, to take up a good deal of theirs.

12thly. You will probably love news: now, in order to indulge this passion with applause, you must be every one's *good friend*; that is, you must be the first person to acquaint a man with bad news relating to himself or his friends. This will shew your concern for him, and at the same time justify your enquiries into his affairs. The more irremediable any misfortune is, you must be the more anxious to inform the sufferer of it, especially if he cannot immediately discover it himself; for it is always proper that people should know the worst.

13thly. Get together as many titles as your situation will admit—no matter of what kind. With people in general, a Member of the Academy of Beaux Esprits in New Holland is as respectable a title as that of Fellow of the Royal Society.

14thly. Be sure to deny the study of the ancients. This will have a double effect: it will cover a defect under which you may probably labour, and it may prevent some idle people from too curiously tracing up your ideas, if they suspect they have met with them before. For no scholar will suspect a denier of the an-

cients of an intimate acquaintance with them.

15thly. You must admire all kinds of poetry; for every man has his favourite poet, as every householder keeps his dog; and the one can no more bear to see his bard despised, than the other to have his cur kicked.

16thly. Take care to heap commendations on the works of every fellow book-maker, whose interest does not interfere with yours.—There is much reason, as well as ill-nature, in those lines of Pope,

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.

And changing the opprobrious terms, I would recommend the advice strongly to candidates for reputation.

Many directions might be added, but these are sufficient for a general view of the subject. I am only afraid that some gentlemen of established characters may think I have disclosed too many secrets already; but it has always been my private opinion, that some tenderness should be shewn to the rising generation, and that old men should facilitate the painful progress of young persons, from a recollection of the difficulties under which themselves formerly laboured.

NESTOR,

THE
LONDON REVIEW,
AND
LITERARY JOURNAL.

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

Observations on the City of Tunis and the adjacent Country, with a View of Cape Carthage, Tunis Bay, and the Goletta. London. 4to. 10s. 6d. Edwards.

AN enquiry into the present state of a country which formerly was the seat of empire and of commerce, which bore so considerable a share in the declining affairs of Greece, and contended with Rome, when in its full vigour, for the dominion of the world, cannot fail to afford amusement to every reader, but must be particularly interesting to the lovers of polite literature. The danger of travelling at present in this country, added to the dreadful devastation made by the Saracens and Moors, who have destroyed almost every monument of antiquity, having prevented the curious traveller from visiting the site of ancient Carthage, the accounts we have of it are of course incorrect: to supply this deficiency, the author has described more fully than has been hitherto done, the places he visited during a residence of two years in the country; to which he has added some general observations on the soil and climate, which, he says, still continue what they were represented to have been in the most flourishing period of Carthaginian opulence.

Tunis, the capital of the kingdom so called, which is the principal object of Mr. Stanley's enquiry, stands on a rising

ground, near a lake of the same name, is about four miles in circumference, and contains nearly 300,000 inhabitants. The streets are narrow, as in most hot countries, and not being paved, are dirty in winter and dusty in summer. Most of the houses are low, and have a porch or gateway, with benches covered with mats. Here the master of the house transacts his business, and receives his friends, as nobody, except on some extraordinary occasions, is admitted any farther. This porch in the Consul's houses, serves by way of Exchange, for the merchants and captains of vessels and brokers to meet and transact their business. Beyond this is an open court paved with marble, stone, or glazed tiles, according to the ability of the owner, covered over and sheltered from the sun and weather by a strong cotton or linen cloth, fixed to the wall, and capable, by means of pulleys, of being folded or unfolded at pleasure. When entertainments are given, the company meet in the court, which is always kept very nice and clean.

When the house has two stories, there is sometimes a cloister in the court, and a gallery over it; the rooms are the whole length of the court and galleries, but ve-

ry seldom communicate, the stairs going up from the porch or court. It is not unusual, it seems, for a whole family to live together in one chamber.

In the houses of people of distinction the walls are hung with silk hangings half-way down, contrived to hook on and be changed at pleasure, according to the seasons; they are likewise furnished with mats for the shoulders to lean against.

Most of the water used in this city is rain-water preserved in tanks or large cisterns, which hold sufficient to serve the families five or six months. The roofs of the houses being flat, and nicely terraced, on the first appearance of rain the conduits are stopped, to prevent the dirt and filth running into the cisterns; when they find the roofs clean, the pipes are opened, and the water runs in. Almost every cistern has the base of a marble column hollowed out to cover the mouth, thousands of them being put to this use all over the country, the remaining parts of the columns having been broke, and used in their buildings. The court of the great mosque at Tunis is adorned with many beautiful columns of different colours. The city is surrounded by a wall, but too weak to resist the regular attack of an enemy. The air is wholesome, and considerably improved by the great quantities of wild rosemary and other aromatics used in heating the ovens and bagnios.

The markets are plentifully supplied; beef and mutton at a penny per pound; poultry, especially pigeons, uncommonly large and fine, in abundance; the bread cheap, and remarkably good: in short, all sorts of provisions are at so moderate a price, that three pence per day are sufficient to provide a labouring man comfortably with bread, meat, and herbs.

The Bazar, or receptacle for merchandise, is divided into different quarters, and each trade generally works by itself. The whole of the silver business is engrossed by the Jews, into whose hands most of the gold and silver medals, great numbers of which are found in this country, fall. They are chiefly found after the heavy rains in October; but they are generally defaced by the country people who find them, their method being to spit upon them, and scour them with sand, so as to obliterate both the figure and legend.

The Jews are very numerous at Tunis, being computed at 30,000, and are governed by two alcaids, chosen among themselves, and approved by the bey.

They are the general brokers, but for the most part poor, and ill treated by the Moors.

The bagnios are numerous, and much crowded, the expence of bathing being only two aspers each time.

The bey, we are told, resides at BARDÁ, two miles west from Tunis, in a spacious and handsome palace; the court large, and surrounded by a cloyster adorned with marble columns, carved at Genoa, and the apartments are good and elegantly furnished. The dignity of bey is hereditary, and his power absolute, the regency, or dowan, being rarely summoned.

Four miles from Barda, and six from Tunis, is MANUBA, a village belonging to the bey. Here is a noble aqueduct, a mile in length, sixty feet high, and the channel in which the water runs three feet deep.

HAMMAM LEEF, twelve miles to the eastward of Tunis, is celebrated for its hot baths, which are much frequented by the Tunisiens, as being efficacious in rheumatic and many other complaints.

SULIMAN is six miles distant from those baths, in a beautiful fertile plain: the inhabitants, who are descended from the ancient Moors of Andalusia, still retain the Spanish language, and are very civil to Christians.

“ZOWAM,” Mr. Stanley says, “is a small town south of Tunis, and distant from that city about thirty-six miles, with a very high mountain above it. Here is a temple of Diana, erected in the earliest times of the Carthaginians, the form of which is still entire. The principal walls are built with very large stones of a dark brown colour, diamond cut, to correspond with the aqueduct. The entrance of the temple is by two doors of the same figure and dimensions, large and high, with an ascent of ten steps, which takes in the whole length of the edifice. Between the doors are two oval basons, which communicate and form a reservoir; the basons are of the same stone as the temple, but begin to decay.

“From the mountain issues the famous stream of water which formerly supplied Carthage; the aqueduct of which had scarcely its equal in length, beauty, and solidity. It conveyed the water sixty miles, and may still be traced quite to Carthage. Many of the stones are of twenty tons weight. The source passes under the temple, and falls in a large stream into the basons between the doors. There are still to be seen within the temple several

ral niches, which, probably, were for statues; but the dome is quite ruined. Pieces of columns, of several beautiful kinds of marble, are still observable among the rubbish. This temple is delightfully situated; from the two doors may be discovered Tunis, the Goletta, Cape Carthage, Cape Bona, with a vast extent of country. The town of Zowam, at the bottom, is small and ill built, as are all the towns in this country; the houses consisting only of a ground floor.

“This prospect is wonderfully variegated; adorned with many fine gardens, full of oranges, lemons, pistachies, and other fruit-trees peculiar to this climate, all watered from this source, which is conveyed by little channels to the roots of the trees. I may with truth affirm, no part of the globe furnishes a richer or more beautiful landscape, or affords a more delicious and salubrious air. The inhabitants consist chiefly of the families of Christian renegadoes, descended from the ancient Andalusians, expelled their country in the reign of Ferdinand, called the Catholic, and Isabella his consort. They are in general more civilized, and, in consequence of their origin, shew less aversion to the Christians, than the other natives of this country.

“The Lake of Tunis is about thirty miles in circuit, and was of sufficient depth, in the time of Carthaginian glory, to receive large vessels; but is now almost choked up with filth from the sewers of Tunis. In the Lake is a castle called Scheckeley, which formerly might have been of consequence, but is now fallen to decay. Large flocks of flamingos frequent this lake, and by the beauty of their plumage are a great ornament to it.”

Mr. Stanley proceeds to describe the Goletta; but as he refers to the plate, we pass it over, and proceed to ARIANNA, a small village, six miles north-east from Tunis. At this place is a beautiful range of the aqueduct, 74 feet high, supported by columns 16 feet square, and which increased in splendour as it approached Carthage. The stones are cut in the same manner as at the temple of Zowam. Several ancient Matamones, or subterraneous magazines for corn, have within these few years been discovered near this spot, strongly arched with large square stones, capable of containing a thousand bushels, which the barbarians have already begun to demolish.

At the entrance of the bay, on the summit of Cape Carthage, the town of SEEDY

BOOSIDE, so called from the sanctuary of a Moorish saint buried there, is delightfully situated.

The few remains of Carthage consist only of some fragments of walls, and seventeen cisterns for the reception of rain-water. These are the smaller cisterns, being situated near the Byrsa, in the upper part of the city: the larger ones, of which very little remain, were nearer the aqueduct. In a small village called Melcha, built on the ruins of Carthage, numbers of cisterns are still to be seen, which Mr. Stanley supposes belonged to private houses; for having had frequent opportunities of going over the remains of that celebrated city, he calculates that it must have been nearly 15 miles in circumference.

There are, he says, three eminences which are so many masses of fine marbles pounded together, and were, in all probability, the sites of temples and other distinguished buildings. The present ruins, he observes, are by no means those of the ancient city destroyed by the Romans, who, after driving out the inhabitants, totally rased it, and ploughed up the very foundations: what now remains are the ruins of a city built on the site of the old one, and which subsisted 700 years after its first demolition, and was finally destroyed by the Saracens in the beginning of the seventh century.

“Carthage was situated in an air so pure and serene, that it was remarked, there was hardly a single day in the year, how bad soever some part of it might be, but the sun was occasionally visible. This observation,” continues Mr. Stanley, “made so many years since, I have recently found to be invariably true, during a residence of two years in the vicinity of the spot on which that city stood; nor can I suppose any place in the world could boast a clearer and more salubrious air, it being built on a peninsula, and enjoying a fresh sea-breeze in the summer.”

At MUSA, two short miles from Carthage, in a very pleasant situation, the bey has two country-houses; one a costly work, built by Hassan Bey, furnished the Good. From these houses are orange-groves reaching almost to the sea-shore, on the edge of which is a famous well of sweet water, esteemed the best and lightest in the kingdom; and close to this a coffee-house. Numbers of people from the neighbouring places resort here to drink coffee, and a glass of this natural luxury, so peculiarly enjoyed in the East-

ern Countries; few persons, except those who have lived in hot climates, knowing the blessing of a good spring.

“ In the middle of the court there is a large mulberry-tree, under the shade of which they sit, and smoke and play at chess; inhaling the comfortable sea-breeze, that refreshes this charming spot. Nothing can be more picturesque than to see the Moors gallantly mounted, with their attendants, complimenting one another.

“ The water is drawn up by a camel with the Persian wheel, and distributed to the neighbouring gardens.

“ Here are the remains of an ancient port, or cothon (supposed to be an artificial one) built by the Carthaginians, after Scipio had blocked up the old port; nothing but the turret and light-house being left.”

PORTO FARINA, which is about twelve miles from Cape Carthage, was formerly the port from which the large vessels of the bey were fitted out, and laid up after a cruise; but small vessels now can only enter, a bar having been formed by the soil brought down by the river. It is, however, still the arsenal for naval stores. Seven miles inland from this place is BOOCHATER, formerly Utica, celebrated for the retreat and death of Cato.

Scarce any vestiges of its ancient grandeur remain, except some magnificent ruins which evidently shew it has been a considerable place. The sea, though now seven miles distant, beyond a doubt came up to this city.

The last place mentioned by our author is BISERTA, beautifully situated upon a canal, between a large lake and the sea, about 40 miles N. W. of Tunis, surrounded by a fine and fertile country. This place being in the centre of the Mediterranean, is well calculated for carrying on an extensive commerce; but the indolence of the Moors is an insurmountable obstacle. The lake abounds in mullets, the largest and best in Barbary; great quantities of their roes are dried and made into Botargo, and sent into the Levant, where they are esteemed a great dainty.

Having thus described all the places he could with safety visit, Mr. Stasley concludes with some remarks on the air, soil, and produce of the country; but for these we must refer the reader to the book itself, as well as for some sensible observations interspersed in the body of the work; particularly some strictures, highly meriting attention, on the different modes of conduct pursued by our Consuls on the coast of Africa, and those of other nations.

History of the Voyages and Discoveries made in the North. Translated from the German of John Reinhold Forster, J. U. D. and illustrated by several new and original Maps. 4to. 11. 1s. Robinsons. 1786.

(Concluded from Page 339.)

DR. Forster, after examining the discoveries of the Romans in the North, which were comparatively inconsiderable, trade and agriculture being their principal occupations, and their notions respecting the geography of the northern nations very confined and incorrect, proceeds in the second book to give a detail of the discoveries made by the Arabians; and here he has taken uncommon pains in endeavouring to accommodate the modern to the ancient names: he seems, however, sometimes to have been too much guided by a similarity of sounds, and is too fond of conjecture, suffering his imagination to get the better of his judgment; as when he supposes the two great empires of Mexico and Peru to have been founded by some people who were sent by Kublai-Khan for the purpose of conquering Nippon, but who were driven by a violent storm on the coast of America, towards the end of the thirteenth century. Upon

the whole, it appears that the knowledge of the Arabians concerning our northern parts of the globe, are very imperfect; for though their conquests were extensive, they were not much addicted to writing; and even those who were possessed of some learning, seldom turned their thoughts to geographical studies.

The voyages of the Saxons, Franks, and Normans, next engage our author's attention. To these were principally owing the discoveries to the northward. At the end of the eighth century, the Danes and Norwegians, who, taken collectively, bore the name of Normans, ventured to England, Scotland, the Orkney and Shetland islands, and even to Ireland.

In 861, a pirate of the name of NAD-DODD was driven by a storm on an island never before discovered, which, on account of the snow which lay on the high mountains belonging to it, he called

Schnee

Sknæe, or *snow-land*. In consequence of the account given by him of this island, a Swede named GARDAR SUAFARSON went thither in 864, and having sailed quite round it, called it *Gardarholm*, i. e. *Gardar's Island*; and having wintered there, on his return to Norway represented the country as entirely covered with wood, and in other respects as a very desirable tract of land. This induced another Swede named *Flocke* to visit this new-discovered island, who arriving safe, wintered on the northern side of the island, where meeting with great quantities of drift ice, he gave it the name of ICELAND, which it still bears. His report of its soil and situation was by no means favourable; some of his companions, however, described it as flowing with milk and honey. These contradictory reports, our author thinks, have, as usual, been exaggerated on both sides; it being known from authentic information, that corn has been cultivated in Iceland; though at present, besides a few stunted birch-trees, and other underwood, there is not a tree on the island, and no corn will grow on it. This he attributes to the straits between the eastern part of Greenland and Iceland having been for many years past choaked up with ice, which has occasioned so great a change in the temperature of the latter.

"About this time," continues our author, "HAROLD SCHOENHAAR, one of the petty Sovereigns in Norway, began to conquer and bring into subjection the other Chiefs of that country; and in 875 established the Norwegian monarchy. GORM THE ANCIENT likewise attacked all his neighbours round him, and united the petty States of Jutland and the Danish islands into one, as INGRALD ILLRODE had done long before in Sweden. It was impossible for such great changes in the posture of affairs, and those so contrary to the old establishment, to be effected without making a vast number of malcontents. These, at this juncture, found a sure refuge in Iceland; and at length so many among the great people, and some indeed of the blood-royal, repaired to the new asylum, that King Harold thought proper, by way of putting a stop in some measure to these emigrations, to publish an edict, forbidding any man to go to Iceland without previously paying to the King half a mark of standard silver."

In the course of their expeditions the Danes again invaded England, and obliged Alfred in the beginning of his

reign to relinquish it entirely to the ravages of these plunderers. But soon after, falling forth from his retirement, and being joined by his subjects, he fell unawares on the Danes, and made great havoc among them. Alfred, however, did not chuse to exterminate his vanquished foes, but gave them their lives, and permitted them to live in Northumberland, a province that had been laid waste by their countrymen. By this humane conduct he conciliated the affections of many of the Danes. Among those who continued at his Court was a Norman named OHTHER, and a Jutlander of the name of Wulfstan, both famous for their travels: their accounts Alfred collected with great care, and having determined to translate the *Ormeisa of Orosius* into the Anglo-Saxon language, he introduced in this translation the relations of Ohter and Wulfstan, together with such further information as he had procured elsewhere, concerning the three parts of the world known at that period.

After giving a literal translation from the Anglo-Saxon of such part of this curious work as relates to the northern parts of Europe, the Doctor, after describing the mode of construction of the northern vessels, which totally differed from that of the Greeks and Romans, proceeds to the discoveries made by the Italians in the North, as well by land as by sea. Among these, the Chevalier Nicolo Zeno and Pietro Quirini particularly merit attention. An account of the latter has been given in a former Number of this Work, and we shall now just mention some circumstances of Zeno's voyage.

Nicolo Zeno having been shipwrecked, in 1580, on the island of Friesland, and rescued from the inhabitants by Prince *Zichmni*, he put himself and his followers under the protection of that Prince, who was Lord of certain small islands to the south of Friesland, which were called *Portland*, and were the most fertile and populous islands thereabouts. This Prince, who was likewise Duke of *Sorany*, a place lying over-against Scotland, was celebrated for his courage and skill in navigation. The year before Nicolo's arrival, *Zichmni* had defeated Hakon, King of Norway, and was now come to conquer Friesland. Zeno on account of his knowledge in maritime affairs was taken with all his crew on board the fleet, consisting of thirteen vessels, eleven of which were small barks, and only one was a ship. With these they sailed to the west-

westward, took several islands, and arriving at *Sanestol*, were met by *Zichmni*, who came by land, conquering all the country as he went. After staying here a short time, they again set sail to the westward, when, after doubling the other cape of the gulph, they found some more islands which they likewise reduced. For his services during this expedition, *Zeno* was knighted, and received many liberal presents; and after his return to *Frieland* was appointed Admiral of the fleet, and sent for his brother *Anthony*, who arrived safe, and continued fourteen years in that country. The spring following, *Zeno* having fitted out three small ships, set sail in July, and steering northwards, arrived in *Engroveland* (*Engronland*, *Groenland*, and *Greenland*), where he found a monastery of *Prædicant* friars, and a church dedicated to *St. Thomas*, near a mountain that threw out fire like *Ætna* or *Vesuvius*. A description of the country and manners of the inhabitants is given, which our limits will not permit us to insert. The climate disagreeing with *Nicolo*, he soon after his return fell sick and died, leaving two sons, and was succeeded in his dignity and honours by his brother *Anthony*, whom *Zichmni*, notwithstanding his entreaties, would not permit to return to his country, but continued to employ on sundry expeditions, of which he gives an account in letters to his brother *Carlo*. For these we must refer the reader to the book itself.

It having been alledged, that the whole of this narrative has the appearance of a mere fable, the Doctor thinks he can do much towards clearing this history from the difficulties which seem to attend it. He therefore, after endeavouring to get over the geographical objections, in doing which he displays much ingenuity, goes on to the historical proofs, as he calls them, and here exhibits a specimen of etymology too curious to be omitted.

No such name as *Zichmni* being to be found among the Princes or Sovereigns of the Orkneys between the years 1370 and 1394, the Doctor has recourse to the following passage in the History of the Orkneys at this period to elucidate the subject:

“The ancient Earls of Orkney, the descendants of *Jarl Einar Terf*, being extinct, the King of Norway in 1343 nominated *Erngifel Sunafon Bot*, a Swedish Nobleman, Earl of Orkney, and the treasure of the Earldom was seized for the Crown. In 1359, *Malie Conda*, or

Malie Sperre, by his guardian *Duncan Anderlon*, made his claim to the Earldom as rightful heir in the female line. Afterwards, in 1369, *Henry Sinclair* (da Santa Clara) likewise put in his claim, and in 1370 was nominated to the Earldom by King *Hakon*. But *Alexander of Ards*, or *Le-Ard*, also claiming the Orkneys, he was in 1375 appointed to the Earldom for a year. *Henry Sinclair*, however, vanquished *Le-Ard*, and having taken possession of the Orkneys, made suit to the King to be invested with the Earldom, which was granted on his paying 1000 golden nobles, and promising to accommodate matters with the other claimants, so that they should make no farther pretensions to the Orkneys. And it appears that *Henry Sinclair* was still Earl of the Orkneys in 1406, and likewise in possession of the *Shetland Islands*.” With the help of these few historical anecdotes, *Dr. Forster* is of opinion, that we may be able to elucidate what before seemed involved in obscurity. The name of *Sinclair*, or *Siclair*, he says, is easily taken for *Zichmni* by an Italian who only hears the words pronounced.—The above reminds us of a story of a Scotsman, who declared he was personally acquainted with *Nadir Shah*; better known by the name of *Thomas Kouli Khan*, before he left the Highlands of Scotland. He said, he was born in the same parish; that his name was *Thomas McLaughlin*, alias *McKillechan*; that he went as servant to an Highland officer to the East-Indies, where having committed a fauxpas, he fled into *Perûa*, and by an easy transition was by the Persians called *Thomas Kouli Khan*, having dropped the *Mac* for fear of discovery.

After taking a general review of the state of affairs at this period, and making some strictures and remarks, the author in the Third Book enumerates the discoveries made in the North by the English, the Dutch, the Spaniards, the Portuguese, the Russians, and the Danes, and exhibits an abstract of all the voyages made in those regions in modern times; a task which, amidst such a multifarious and extensive mass of materials, required not only great judgment, but the most indefatigable perseverance to perform it properly. This arduous undertaking the author, from his experience in nautical affairs, was particularly well qualified for; and he has acquitted himself with much reputation, and concludes the whole with some general observations, which were given in our last Number.

An exact Representation of the very uncandid and extraordinary Conduct of Dr. John Coakley Lettson, as well previous to, as on, the Day of Election for Physician to the Finsbury Dispensary; with some Remarks on the Establishment of the New Finsbury Dispensary. By Thomas Skeete, M. D. 8vo. Fielding. 1786.

THIS pamphlet (the profits of which are to be appropriated to the benefit of the *New Dispensary*) places the conduct of Dr. Lettson, one of the Vice-Presidents of the old Finsbury Dispensary, in a very unfavourable light. Dr. Skeete charges him not only with a direct violation of his promise, but also of employing some very extraordinary means to carry his point, and accuses him of encouraging opposition and contest, under the pretence of charity and humanity, mostly with a view to render himself conspicuous. The case is briefly this:

On Dr. Rogers resigning the office of Physician to the Finsbury Dispensary, Dr. Skeete made the earliest application to Dr. Lettson for his vote and interest, knowing him to have great weight with the electors; and received for answer, "That he thought him a proper person for such a situation; that he had every reason to think he should vote for him; but that, with regard to his interest, it was not his intention to exert it on such an occasion, as he had reason to think the Governors were displeas'd with the claim which he had made upon them in a former election; and that therefore he determin'd, in future, not to interfere." — During the interview, Dr. Skeete mentioned the probability of Dr. Meyer's becoming a candidate: this Dr. Lettson seem'd to doubt; but added, that if he did, he was under a promise to give him his *vote*. In consequence of this conversation, Dr. Skeete reasonably concluded, that although Dr. Lettson might, in virtue of his promise, vote against him, he would not, at all events, take any active measures to serve his opponent. He was therefore not a little surpris'd at seeing, a few days afterwards, a public recommendatory letter to the Governors, in favour of Dr. Meyer, signed by Dr. Lettson. This induced him to repeat his visit, to inform the doctor of his sentiments on the occasion; that he thought he had deceiv'd him, and had acted contrary to his declaration; and at the same time declar'd, that he consider'd himself as call'd upon, both for the satisfaction of his friends, and his own justification, to publish his conduct, and make known his want of candour. The doctor seem'd, at first, not a little irritat'd by this declaration; but, cooling by de-

grees, attempt'd to vindicate his conduct in espousing Dr. Meyer, on the principle of the warmth of friendship, and endeavour'd to prevail on Dr. Skeete to decline the contest, in the present instance, by saying he would make a point of bringing him in on some future occasion; and when Dr. Skeete, in answer to his enquiry of "What would satisfy him?" told him, that as it was too late to withdraw his letter, he had, he thought, a right to expect he would take no farther steps against him, and that he would give up the idea of making new subscribers, and submit the event to the fair and regular choice of the old ones; he replied in such a manner, and was so civil before they parted, that the doctor, and a gentleman who accompanied him, flatter'd themselves that this interview had produc'd the desired effect, and that Dr. Lettson would no farther interfere. In this, however, they were deceiv'd; for on the succeeding day, notwithstanding all this civility, he determin'd to take the most active part against him; attend'd the various committees for conducting Dr. Meyer's election; and was frequently heard to say, during the *caucus*, that he would make sure of the election, however great the expence. After some severe, and some laughable strictures on the doctor's conduct in this stage of the business, the author gives the following account of his singular behaviour on the day of election.

"It was not sufficient for Dr. Lettson that he should be a *witness* to the overthrow; he was determin'd to be *principal agent*. He therefore exhibit'd himself in the character of *judge*, by filling the chair at the election; a measure so very unprecedented, and shockingly indelicate, that most of those who were present express'd their surprize. It seem'd strange that Dr. Lettson, although a Vice-President, should be permit'ted to take the chair, when the Treasurer of the Dispensary, and various others, not only of character, but of moderate sentiments, were present. Behold him, then, seated in the chair, when, without the slightest civility or respect to the numerous subscribers who were waiting to give their votes, and several of whom were immediately oblig'd to go into the country, or were call'd away by particular business,

business, in direct violation of the rules prescribed on such occasions, he speedily occupied the balloting glass, and with inconceivable dexterity proceeded to call over a list of *proxies*, for each of which he gave a vote; but which proxies had neither been paid for, nor the receipt for the money, according to custom, produced.

“To this unprecedented plan several persons objected, and insisted that a receipt should be produced with each of the new proxies, before any of them could be considered as votes. This simple form of objection was, however, inadequate. An act of violence only could restore things to their proper channel. A gentleman, therefore, interrupted the communication between the President’s *hand* and the *glass*, by forcibly placing his hat over the latter. The doctor, provoked at any measure which seemed levelled at the *dignity of his purse*, gave strong indications of passion and displeasure; and drawing from his side-pocket a bundle of bank-notes, to the amount, it is believed, of 2000*l.* dashed them on the table in the most insulting manner, observing, if they should not prove sufficient, his *banker’s check-book* was ready to supply the deficiency. He haughtily called upon the spectators to remember, that he, with a few others, had founded the institution, and wished they would be unanimous in one cause, which he called the cause of charity. This would not satisfy them. The whole became a scene of uproar and confusion, and even some of Dr. Meyer’s friends

joined in the cry of *shame*.—The tumult, however, at length subsided.

“The *persevering* doctor, regardless of these public marks of censure, losing sight of every thing but the *prize in view*, seemed rooted to the spot, and continued in his *dignified situation*.

“In fine,” concludes Dr. Skeete, “my friends and myself were not in the least surprised to find, at the close of the ballot, that there appeared for Dr. Meyer 885 votes—for myself 310, of which 294 were old subscribers, 20 new ones having only been made in my favour, and four of these, through accident, not having voted.”

In the above account, we have, as much as possible, avoided introducing any of Dr. Skeete’s comments on the business, and simply adhered to facts, as we by no means wish to make ourselves parties in the dispute, or be accessory in widening the breach between men of acknowledged abilities, and established reputation: we shall only farther remark, that if Dr. Lettson, on the one hand, does not, throughout the transaction, seem to have been guided by the *spirit of moderation*; Dr. Skeete, on the other, has, we think, yielded too much to the impression of resentment in stating the case: one benefit appears, however, to have resulted from it—It has laid the foundation of a new institution, of which Dr. Skeete is appointed Physician, and by that means afforded to the benevolent and humane a wider field for the exercise of their charity.

A Vindication of Dr. Lettson’s Conduct relative to the Election at the Finsbury Dispensary. In a Letter from J. C. Lettson, M. D. to S. Hinds, M. B. London. J. Fielding. 1786.

THIS letter was written to Mr. Hinds immediately, it should seem, after the election, and previous to the publication of Dr. Skeete’s pamphlet. Dr. Lettson asserts, in direct contradiction to Dr. Skeete, that he told him, on his first application, that in case Dr. Meyer offered himself as a candidate, he was bound by promise to give him his *support*. Whether, therefore, Dr. Lettson did not express himself sufficiently *clearly* on the subject, or whether Dr. Skeete *misunderstood* him, as there were no witnesses to the conversation, “and (to use the doctor’s own words) as parties may be supposed interested persons, and may state the same facts in different points of view,

less credit is due to their assertions,” we must leave it to the reader to determine between them. No notice is taken of the charges brought against the doctor’s conduct on the day of election; which is the more extraordinary, as even admitting he did not violate his promise, the subsequent measure of purchasing a majority of votes, seems highly reprehensible, any present advantage arising from such a practice being greatly overbalanced by the ill effects inseparable from it. Upon the whole, this letter, which bears evident marks of being written in haste, will tend but little to justify the doctor’s behaviour, and still less to encrease his literary fame.

An Amorous Tale of the chaste Loves of Peter the Long, and of his most honoured Dame Blanche Bazu, his real Friend Blaise Bazu, and the History of the LOVERS WELL, imitated from the Original French, by Thomas Holcroft. 8vo. Robinsons. 1786.

GREAT has been our disappointment on perusing this *Amorous Tale*. From a knowledge of Mr. Holcroft's talents, we expected to have found some strokes of a lively imagination, some degree of humour; instead of which, we are sorry to say, we meet with nothing but a series of dull, uninteresting, insipid adventures, without either plot, moral, or sentiment; remarkable only for the peculiarly uncorrect and affected style in which they are related. As a specimen we have selected Peter's description of his mistress.

"I had not looked at Blanche, not a minute, no I am certain, not a minute, before, without knowing or suspecting aught, I sighed; yea, from the very bot-

tom of my heart. Genevieve, I do acknowledge, was a tall well-shaped maiden, yea, and also very handsome. But Blanche! Oh! Blanche was the fairest, sweetest, gentlest—Her cheeks were so red! and so white!—Angels out of doubt, must handsome be, and beautiful, but no! not so beautiful, sure, as Blanche! Where she was, every heart in love must be!—For mine own part, I certainly thought my soul would forth from my body start outright, and into her bosom leap."—Peter was *fascinated*, and so doubtless must his imitator have been, to risque his reputation by such a publication.

Considerations on the Attorney Tax, and Proposals for altering and regulating the same, so as to render it easy in Operation, and just in Principle. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Kearsley. London. 1786.

THE author in this pamphlet points out the absurdity of the law, as it now stands, in many instances. It obliges, he says, all attorneys resident in London, Westminster, and Edinburgh, to pay the annual sum of 5l. and those residing in the country only 3l. By this means many who have chambers in town, will, by calling themselves country practitioners, escape for 3l. though very able to pay the 5l. But, exclusive of this collusion, he adds, the tax does not bear equitably; the old established lawyer, whose business is extensive, pays no more than the man just entering into life, who with difficulty procures a maintenance.

To remedy these difficulties, he wishes the act to be repealed, and another passed in its stead, ordering every attorney to pay a sum proportionate to the sum sued for; such sum to be imposed on a stamped paper, containing the plaintiff's commission to the attorney to proceed. These commission stamps at the following rates,

viz. 2s. 6d. in actions from 5l. to 10l. 12s. from 50l. to 100l. 1l. 5s. from 200l. to 300l. 2l. 10s. from 500l. to 1000l. and 5l. for all above 1000l. he calculates would produce an annual revenue of 87,400l. But if it produced only half the money, or 43,700l. it would be more than double the estimate of the present tax, exclusive of the expence saved in the collection. He farther proposes laying a tax of one shilling on every sheet of writing paper, whereon is any writing constituting the cause of action in any suit; this he estimates at 22,400l. per annum; and as the gentlemen at the bar ought to contribute their mite, he would have them pay a certain sum for every appearance, motion, or pleading, together with an additional duty of sixpence on every two pages of the draft-paper of all their judicial proceedings: thus, continues he, would every man be taxed according to his gains.

Correspondence between Lord Macartney and Major General Stuart, since Lord Macartney's Arrival in England. 4to. 1786. Debrt.

GENERAL Stuart, in consequence of his being dismissed from the command of the army in the East Indies, took offence against Lord Macartney, the president of the select committee which dismissed him. The charges brought against him, he says, were *unjust* and *false*. On

his arrival in England, he presented a petition to his Majesty, expressing his resentment against the president, in similar terms. On Lord Macartney's return, a correspondence took place, copies of which letters are here laid before the public.

An Explanation of the Case relating to the Capture of St. Eustatius. 8vo. 1s. Stockdale.

THE intent of this publication is to afford information to all concerned in that capture who are the parties really responsible, and of whom they are intitled to demand an explanation. It con-

tains the appointments of the several agents to conduct the business, and points out the most effectual means to the captors of obtaining relief, and securing the *remains* of their property.

Account of the Association for a Periodical Tontine, for the Benefit of Persons of all Ages. 8vo. 6d. Southern. 1786.

THE scheme here proposed, is for the benefit of survivorship. A subscription is proposed to be opened for seven classes of ages, each subscriber to pay 100l. The sum subscribed to be veited in Old South-sea Annuities, and form a joint stock for each class. The increasing interest to be regularly divided among the living subscribers for a certain number of years, and at the expiration of that time, the capital to be divided among the survivors.

The first class is to consist of children under seven years of age, and each class to rise by seven years till they arrive at forty-nine. The annuities of the first class are to continue fourteen years, so that the final division will take place when the survivors come of age, and will af-

ford the means of establishing them in life. The capital of the last class of annuitants is not to be divided till the subscribers shall be reduced to one-tenth of their original number, so that each survivor will then be intitled to 1000l. for his original 100l. together with his share of the interest annually.

This plan differs from, and has the advantage over others of a like kind, by the money not lying unproductive, but producing its full value to the subscribers, which value, by deaths, increases every year; and by the capital, instead of sinking on the death of the last annuitants, as is generally the case, being divided at a fixed period among the survivors.

The Gentleman Angler. Containing brief Instructions, by which the Beginner may, in a short Time, become a perfect Artist in Angling for all Kinds of Fish, with several Observations on Anglers' Rods, Artificial Flies, &c. also the proper Times and Seasons for River and Pond Fishing; when Fish spawn, and what Baits are chiefly to be used; with the Art of Rock and Sea Fishing; and an Explanation of Technical Terms. By a Gentleman. 12mo. 1s. 6d. Kearsley.

THIS little book may be useful to those who are possessed of a sufficient portion of patience to enable them to practise the rules here laid down. These are, however, chiefly compiled from former

publications on the same subject, and are upon the whole too complex, and often conveyed in a language not easily understood by one who is not an adept in the art, even with the aid of the glossary annexed.

The Two Farmers; an exemplary Tale; designed to recommend the Practice of Benevolence towards Mankind, and all other living Creatures; and the religious Observance of the Sabbath-Day. By Mrs. Trimmer. 12mo. Longman. 1786.

THIS Tale is a continuation of a former publication of the same author, entitled *The Servant's Friend*.—*Thomas Simkins* marries his fellow-servant, commences farmer, and by his industry acquires wealth and happiness, and ends his days in peace, in consequence of a well-spent life. On the other hand, *Mills*, who likewise became a farmer, neglects his business, and attends to nothing but cocking and horse-racing, and is in every respect the reverse of Simkins. At length one Sunday having been on a drinking

party, on his return home in a state of intoxication, he is thrown from his horse, breaks his thigh, and being in a bad habit of body, a fever ensues which puts a miserable end to his existence.

From the above the author takes occasion to inculcate many useful sentiments, and particularly censures inhumanity to dumb creatures; a practice too general, and not sufficiently noticed and reprobated by those whose duty it is to instruct mankind.

A Description of the various Scenes of the Summer Season: A Poem. 8vo. rs. 6d.
Dilly. 1786.

BAD poetry is an unpardonable crime, no man being under the necessity of writing verse; but it is an aggravation of the offence, when there is neither *reason* nor rhyme. We have inserted the following stanzas of this Poem for the benefit of such readers as *can* understand them; we readily confess they are past our finding out.

“ Sweet Summer, thro’ Creation’s realm,
With lavish bounty has display’d
The charms that sorrow overwhelm,
Imparadizing all the mead.
I wou’d resound in kindred strains
Illustrious honours here reveal’d,

And borrow notes from heavenly plains,
T’ attune the theme by cherubs *peal’d*.

“ But what shall favour me inclin’d
T’ extol, of *water gems* bereft?
What penetrative thought can find
Conceal’d and scatter’d jewels left?

“ Good Angels who attendant wait
To serve and guard me, lend your aid;
Arriv’d from the celestial gate,
You’ll not our Sovereign’s works degrade,

“ Morning, with solitary gloom,
Lies drowly in cool Nature’s lap:
Faint are the gleams that yet presume;
Nor gentle breezes *pinions flap*.”

Is this poetry or prose run mad?

Memoirs of a French Officer who escaped from Slavery. Small 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Rivington.

THE officer whose memoirs are here related, was cast away on the coast of Africa, where he continued a long time in a state of slavery, from which he was at last released, with several others, by the assistance of the French Vice-Consul. A lively description is given of his

sufferings during his captivity, and the manners of the savages are strikingly delineated; the whole exhibiting such scenes as cannot fail to excite emotion and pity, and an abstract of which the reader will find in this and the preceding Number of our Magazine.

A Descriptive Journey through the interior Parts of Germany and France, including Paris; with interesting and amusing Anecdotes. By a young English Peer of the highest Rank, just returned from his Travels. 8vo. 2s. Kearsley. 1786.

“ *FRONTIS nulla fides* ;” that is, never believe a title-page. We, however, do not mean to dispute the claims of this anonymous Peer to the *highest rank*; from his stile we have no doubt he occupies the *first floor*, and

overlooks the whole street, and like the late Henry Fielding would be glad to be taken a *story* lower. The account here given of the several places is trite and superficial, and the anecdotes more lively than interesting.

Preaching Christ crucified, the most useful Preaching. Two Sermons preached at Exeter by William Lamport. Buckland and Sewell. 1786.

THESE are good and well-meant discourses, in which the author proves the utility of preaching Christ crucified, which he says is the chief if not the only

doctrine that should be preached; speculative theories being much better calculated for the amusement of the closet than the edification of the hearers.

A Sermon preached at the Old-Jewry, on Occasion of a New Academical Institution among Protestant Dissenters, for the Education of their Ministers and Youth. By Andrew Kippis, D. D. F. R. S. and S. A. 8vo. rs. Cadell. 1786.

THE dissenting interest in England having been in a declining state for some time past, the ministers and members of that community have set on foot a new academical institution for the education of their youth in general, and of

the candidates for the ministry in particular. This sermon on education by Dr. Kippis was preached on the occasion, and abounds with that good sense, that candid spirit, and those liberal views, by which his writings are distinguished.

Sermons by the late Rev. Dr. James Paterfon, one of the Clergymen of St. Paul’s English Episcopal Chapel in Aberdeen. 8vo.

WE recollect few sermons in which the different consequences of virtue and vice are set in a more striking point of view—in which the practical and prominent truths of the Gospel are in-

culcated in a more natural, or a more animated, style—or from which the pious Christian will reap greater benefit or greater pleasure.

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

(Concluded from Page 342.)

On the Pursuits of Experimental Philosophy. By Thomas Percival, M. D. F. R. S. &c. &c. Read May 14, 1784.

HERE we have the pleasure of seeing the worthy President in his own proper character: a modern philosopher, defending the present mode of philosophizing, and dealing out cautions to the young experimenter.

This excellent paper probably originated in some philosophical disputes which have happened between Doctor Percival and his friends; and which seems to have staggered for a moment his *belief* of the superior excellency of modern philosophy over the syllogistic reasonings of Aristotle and “the very learned and ingenious author of *Hermes*.” But having duly reflected upon the subject, he saw it in its true light: and having traced the causes of the *seeming* contrarieties which will ever arise, more or less, in philosophical pursuits, he digested his ideas upon the subject, and communicated them to the public.

Be this as it may, every experimentalist should learn these salutary lessons: That dogmatism is unbecoming a philosopher; that fallacy may attend our clearest views; and that unperceived diversities, in the subjects of our investigation, may render truth compatible with contrariety of evidence.

“An eagerness to establish systems, and a fastidious disdain of perplexity, contradiction, or disappointment, are dispositions highly unfavourable to physical investigation. Lord Bacon has well observed, “that one who begins with certainties, shall end in doubts; but if he will be content to begin with doubts, he shall end in certainties.” The progress of science is usually slow and gradual; and in all ordinary cases, the *pace* is not to the swift, but to the steady, the patient, and the persevering. A man of lively parts and fertile imagination generally engages in philosophical researches with too much impetuosity; and if he be fortunate in the attainment of a few leading facts, he supplies all remaining deficiencies by conjecture and hypothesis. But should his career be obstructed by contradictory phenomena, he quits the study of nature with disgust; and concludes that all is uncertainty, because he has had the mortification to find himself mistaken. A scepticism like

this, founded in pride and indolence, is equally subversive both of speculation and of action. We can apply to no branch of human learning which is secure from illusion, or exempt from controversy; nor engage in any plan of life with undeviating judgment and uninterrupted success.

“But as disappointments in life often furnish the best lessons of wisdom, so those in philosophy may, frequently, be applied to the promotion of science. In experimental pursuits which are not undertaken at random, but with consistent and rational views, we necessarily form a pre-conception of the induction to be established. If the trials succeed in which we are engaged, our end is obtained, and, for the most part, we rest satisfied. But if the proofs fail, some unexpected phenomena often occur, which awaken our attention, suggest new analogies, and excite us, perhaps, to the investigation of other propositions of more importance than the antecedent ones. The very interesting and comprehensive discoveries of Doctor Black concerning the nature of calcareous earths and alkaline salts, in their different states of mildness and causticity, originated from an incident of this kind; and many similar examples might be adduced from the records of philosophy. But whether such be the fortunate event or not, a negative truth may be of as much value as a positive one; and consequently, success or disappointment may prove equally useful in experimental researches.

“To deduce the general characters of a body from one single property of it, individually considered, seems contrary to the rules of philosophizing; and the young experimenter should be cautious both of admitting and of forming such analogies. Yet they are sometimes so strong as to force conviction even against the evidence of sense, and of general opinion. The diamond was held by chemists, in the time of Sir Isaac Newton, to be apyrous, and could not be suspected, from any of its known qualities, to be of an inflammable nature. Yet this vigilant philosopher did not hesitate to consider it as an *unEuous coagululum*, solely from its possessing a very high degree of refractive power on the rays of light. For this power he found to depend chiefly, if not wholly, on the sulphureous parts of which bodies are composed. Late experiments have confirmed this

opinion, and fully proved that diamonds consist almost entirely of pure phlogiston, since they are capable of being volatilized by heat in close vessels, of pervading the most solid porcelain crucibles, and of being converted into actual flame.

“The accuracy of this inference is a striking proof of the importance of judicious and comprehensive analogies; and of the advantages resulting from the mode of reasoning by induction. For, to use the words of Sir Isaac Newton, “though the arguing from experiments and observations, by induction, is no *demonstration* of general conclusions, yet it is the best way of arguing which the nature of things admits of; and may be looked upon as so much the stronger, by how much the induction is more general.” This improved species of logic was first recommended and introduced into physics by Lord Verulam, who, at a very early period of life, saw the futility of Aristotle’s syllogistic system, which, proceeding on the superficial enumeration of a few particulars, rises at once to the establishment of universal propositions: a mode of philosophizing which, unfortunately for human knowledge, century after century, kept the world in ignorance.

Observations on the Influence of fixed Air on Vegetation: and on the probable Cause of the Difference in the Results of various Experiments made on that Subject; in a Letter from Mr. Thomas Henry, F. R. S. to Thomas Percival, M. D. &c. Read May 14, 1784.

This paper is evidently made up between the two gentlemen mentioned in the title of it, to settle a dispute agitated some years ago with Doctor Priestley, and to give the palm to Doctor Percival; who contended that fixed air is the food of plants; while Doctor Priestley asserted that it was poisonous to them, and that phlogiston is the pabulum of vegetables.

But a third philosopher has arisen; and the dispute is settled by our authors in this manner.

“I am informed, says Mr. Henry, that an ingenious philosopher of Geneva has made some experiments, in which he has proved, not only that phlogiston is the food of plants, but also, to the satisfaction of Doctor Priestley, that it is in the form of fixed air, in proper proportion and

place, that this pabulum is administered. The latter is the whole that we contended for; and which, we thought, we had satisfactorily proved, eight years since. On this occasion, therefore, I thought it not improper to recur to my journal of experiments, and to take this method of laying an account of them before the Literary and Philosophical Society, in order to ascertain your claim to the discovery in question.”

This, no doubt, is pleasing to Doctor Percival and his ingenious friend; and whether or not they have sufficient cause of exultation, it must be highly pleasing to every friend of agriculture to find that efforts like these are making towards ascertaining the food of vegetables. For although, as yet, no satisfactory theory is established, it seems highly probable, that these essays will, in the end, terminate in discoveries beneficial to mankind.

Meteorological Imaginations and Conjectures. By Benjamin Franklin, L. L. D. F. R. S. &c. &c. Communicated by Doctor Percival. Read December 22, 1784.

How much we admire the plainness of language, the simplicity of manner, and the elevation of ideas of this *great philosopher!* In him we discover no affectation of learning—nor attempts at fine writing. This is the plain modest *natural* language of philosophy.—[For the substance of this paper see our Magazine, Vol. VIII. page 412.]

A Description of a new Instrument for measuring the specific Gravity of Bodies. By Mr. William Nicholson. Read May 4, 1784.

An ingenious Instrument.

Memoirs of the late Doctor Bell. By James Currie, M. D. Read March 23, 1785.

The life of Doctor Bell may be very interesting to “the presiden and members of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester;” but it does not appear to us to be of sufficient importance to be *published* in their Memoirs.

A Trans-

A Translation of Dr. Bell's Thesis de Physiologia Plantarum. By James Currie, M. D. Read March 30, 1785.

This Thesis was delivered in 1777, on the author's admission to the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and was published at Edinburgh in the same year.

It is a very *ingenious* performance, and shews that the author has bestowed some pains on the study of plants themselves, and much more on the study of books which have been written concerning them. The matter adduced is copious, and the arrangement of it judicious: all together, it would have been well calculated to please the ear without offending the understanding—the main intention perhaps of an inaugural thesis—had not the writer unfortunately discovered, towards the close of it, a *liveliness of imagination* ill suited to philosophical researches. After saying much of the *vital energy* of plants in general, and having mentioned the *sensible* and other *irritable* plants, he continues, “that these plants *live* will be granted; but I suspect that they likewise *feel*.” I doubt whether we are right in confining the capacity of pleasure and pain to the animal kingdom:” and having said a few *ingenious* things in support of this conceit, he mounts himself on its wings, and closes his dissertation with telling us, that “this view of the life of vegetables adds fresh beauty to the parterre, and gives new dignity to the forest.” No wonder Dr. Percival's speculations should be so *immaterial*, when we find that they are merely an emanation from this *bright thought*.

This blemish apart, the essay before us has great merit; displaying much application and ingenuity; and we sincerely regret, with the Society, the loss of this very promising young man.

Some Observations on the Phenomena which take Place between Oil and Water, in a Letter to Dr. Percival. By Martin Wall, M. D. F. R. S. Prælector of Chemistry in the University of Oxford. Read Nov. 17, 1784.

Here we find this able experimentalist throwing fresh light on two interesting subjects; namely, the effect of oil and oily substances in preventing the crystallization of salts; and in smoothing the

surface of troubled waters, thereby rendering them transparent.

Their effect in the granulation of salts, Dr. Wall thinks, is owing to the film which they form on the surface of the brine, cutting off the free access of the air; which, Dr. Wall observes, “is requisite to the formation, and perhaps, as well as water, makes a constituent part of every perfect crystal. If the surface of the water have not a free communication with the air, and the boiling be rapidly carried on, the salt falls down in small granules, and no crystals are formed.”

“Of the effect of oil in smoothing troubled waters,” says our author, “so full an account is given by Dr. Franklin, in the Philosophical Transactions for 1775, that it is not necessary to be particular as to the matter of fact, which is now generally known. I think this fact also is easily explicable upon the principles which I have laid down, viz. that the particles of oil have a stronger attraction for each other (or *inter se*) than they have for water, and probably, than they have for air. Air, we know, has a considerable attraction to water, so that the one is seldom free from the other, and, when they are brought into contact, they seem to unite and adhere by the double force of chemical affinity and mechanical cohesion. Therefore, when a considerable body of air is forcibly impelled, as in a storm, upon the surface of water, it in a manner *lays hold* of the water, carrying or forcing it along with it in its course, until the water, reacting by its gravity, returns forcibly to repair its level; and by this repeated impulse and reaction, the surface of the water undergoes that violent agitation which constitutes a storm. But if oil be thrown on the surface of the water, it spreads itself over it to a considerable extent, and the wind is prevented from *laying hold* of the water, but glides ineffectually over it without causing any tumult or agitation.

“In some parts of this illustration, I shall be found to agree with Dr. Franklin, but to differ materially in this, that he ascribes the spreading of the oil on the water to a *repulsive* force, which, with the utmost diffidence and deference to his eminent abilities, I am disposed not to admit. I think the principle which I have laid down, sufficiently adequate to the explanation of the phenomenon, that the particles of oil have a very strong attraction

traction for each other, and have none at all for water, and probably not for air. The very circumstance of the oil's spreading over the whole surface of the water in one uninterrupted film, seems to favour my hypothesis; for, if the particles of oil had a repulsion to water, and at the same time a strong attraction *inter se*, they would probably not spread equally over the surface, but form into distinct globules, and immediately upon touching the water, would recede from it to the nearest part of the margin or shore. But, according to my supposition, when any quantity of oil is poured upon water, being lighter than that water, it will necessarily swim upon it; and by the common laws of hydrostatics, it will immediately tend to form an exact horizontal level: in doing this, it will spread upon the surface of the water, till it forms a film almost inconceivably thin, and perfectly unbroken, on account solely of the strong attraction of the particles of oil to each other."

We can readily agree with Dr. Wall, that on a *calm* level surface, this disposition of the oil would take place by the common laws of hydrostatics; but how it is preserved on a surface *violently agitated*, does not to our conceptions appear so obvious. The fact is indubitable; and although the theory held out by this able writer is not altogether satisfactory, it may be near the truth.

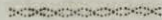
"The world," says our author, "is disposed to call this a discovery of Dr. Franklin; but in that they are much mistaken. He himself does not pretend to claim the discovery of this fact; nay, he produces many proofs, that it was well known and applied long ago. It requires, however, very frequently the name of an ingenious man to persuade us to take notice of a very common phenomenon; for this singular operation of oil, though it excited so much attention, as a novelty, when introduced by Dr. Franklin, was long ago remarked by naturalists much less informed than those of modern times."

Among these "less informed" philosophers Dr. Wall mentions *Pliny*, *Plutarch*, and *Erasmus*; and then continues, "Nor has this property of oil been considered merely as a matter of speculation and amusement to philosophers: it has been applied, from time immemorial, by the natives of various and distant countries, who could not have learned it from each other, to the most important use in procuring provisions; by the

fishermen on the coast of Provence, to enable them more readily to see the mussels and other shell-fish under the sea; by the same order of men in the Tagus, near Lisbon; and by the inhabitants of the Hebrides, even the most remote of the western isles, St. Kilda.

"About fifteen years before the publication of Dr. Franklin's Memoirs, the following paragraph, perhaps copied from some London newspaper, was inserted in the Annual Register. 'It has been remarked, it is said, that the oil spilt into the river to prevent the spreading of the late dreadful fire in Thames-street, visibly quieted the waves thereof. This efficacy of oil, in smoothing the surface of water, seems to have been long known. By an ancient law, when goods were to be thrown overboard to lighten the ship in stormy weather, if there happened to be any oil on board, and it could be come at, it was to go first; and the Ragusians at this day, when they go a fish-spearing, throw oil upon the water with a sprinkling brush, and thereby obtain a clear prospect of the bottom. The openings thus formed by the drops they expressly call *windows*.'

This transparency is easily accounted for on Dr. Wall's principles. The slightest rippling of the surface lessens the transparency of water. If violently ruffled, it becomes entirely opaque; but a film of oil being spread on the surface, the wind has no longer access to the water, and cannot *lay hold* of the oil; the consequence is a polished surface; and, if the water be clear, a perfect transparency.



Facts and Queries relative to Attraction and Repulsion. By Dr. Percival.

Extracts of two Letters from Dr. Wall of Oxford to Dr. Percival, in Reply to the foregoing Queries, &c. Read Jan. 12, 1785.

Dr. Wall, in his paper on the Effects of Oil on Water, says, "I am inclined to believe that the species of attraction which constitutes chemical affinity is not counteracted by any principle of repulsion, in those cases where no affinity appears to take place; and that the *apparent repulsion* depends upon a perfectly different cause." This, with other sentiments of the same nature, which Dr. Wall lets fall in the course of his arguments, induced Dr. Percival to draw together a variety of facts, collected from a variety

of writers, in order to establish a *positive repulsive power*.

He mentions the swinging tumbler charged with oil and water; the effect of the effluvia of burnt grease upon the lungs; the globules of water on the leaves of colewort; the swimming needle; and the partial attractability of dew; subjects in themselves extremely curious. Dr. Wall replies to each of these (except the last) with great strength and closeness of argument; and draws his conclusions with the diffidence of a modern philosopher. "After all," says he, towards the conclusion of his first letter, "I would have it perfectly understood, that I would by no means pretend to deny the facts which seem to evince a repulsive principle; but only presume to offer my opinion that, *in chemistry*, these facts may be explained by the doctrine of superior elective attraction, without the necessity of introducing more principles or causes than the facts seem to require."

It does not fall within the limits of our plan to enter into the particulars of this friendly controversy; suffice it, therefore, for us to say, that we think Dr. Wall has much the best of the argument. Dr. Percival is an elegant writer, and reasons with considerable adroitness; but from his several papers which we have reviewed in these two volumes of *Transactions*, we think he writes on *philosophical* subjects as an *amateur* rather than as a *master*.



On the voluntary Power which the Mind is able to exercise over bodily Sensations. By Thomas Barnes, D. D. Read November 3, 1784.

This should seem to be one of the Doctor's best sermons, printed by way of making the second volume as large as the first. We do not mean this as a censure of the production itself; but judge, from the matter adduced, and the manner in which it is disposed, that it was not written either as a *literary* or a *philosophical* essay. As a pulpit-oration, we really think it has very great merit. The conclusion, we flatter ourselves, will be sufficient to establish our opinion.

"The sublimest feelings which can govern the human heart, are those inspired by religion. For religion carries the soul beyond itself, and centers all its strongest affections upon our Creator, and a better world. If these be properly

that is, habitually felt, they will be most friendly to that self-possession, which braces the mind in all its best and most lasting energies. These feelings are permanent in their nature, and large in their object. And how wonderful are often their effects! In that most awful hour of dissolving nature, when the body is racked with expiring agonies, faith and hope have often presented the most astonishing spectacles of fortitude, yea even of triumph! The mind, borne upwards towards its Maker, has been able to smile in pangs, and to exult in dissolution.

"The moral influence of this sentiment is highly interesting and important to us all. It furnishes an argument in favour of virtue and religion, too considerable to be passed over in silence. For goodness not only inspires the purest satisfactions, both in the present moment, and in future reflection, but it actually lessens the degree of bodily suffering. It not only increases the mental enjoyment, but it diminishes corporeal pain. It not only administers the sweetest consolations under disease, but it renders the disease itself less afflictive.

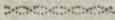
"Born into a world exposed to sorrow, and inhabiting bodies liable every moment to various sufferings, of what value is it to have our minds in a condition able to sustain, and even to mitigate the sharpness of corporeal feeling! of what importance, to possess a spirit firm, vigorous, manly! and of what moment, to act under the direction of those principles, and under the impulse of those affections, which tend to produce self-possession, and inward strength!

"In order to this, it will be necessary to cultivate the habit of self-command. It will be proper to accustom the will to a dominion over sense. And it will be wise to cherish those affections, which carry the mind beyond itself, to objects permanent and noble.

"Stoicism, which affected to secure to its votaries an exemption from evil, and which, in order to this, denied that corporeal pain deserved the name, not only took its aim too high, but omitted the proper means of achieving what it is possible to attain. It enjoined resolute self denial. It established the dominion of mind over sense. But it did not expand, or elevate the passions to their noblest objects. Hence, it failed in its effect. For it will follow from what has been observed, that a mind which would be firm, must be humble. Pride may
be

be indeed a lasting passion—but it is selfish. And there are many moments in the present life, when the high sense of dignity must yield to humiliating circumstances, to the consciousness of weakness, and of ill desert.

“But the nobler passions, which we have before mentioned, improve by time, and meliorate by habit. The soul, whose better affections are centered upon proper objects, increases in inward strength; it is better fortified against distress and pain; and it is ripening for a world, where pain and anguish shall annoy it no more for ever,”—and ever, Amen.



A Narrative of the Sufferings of a Collier, who was confined more than seven Days without Sustenance, and exposed to the Choke-damp, in a Coal-pit not far from Manchester; with Observations on the Effects of Famine; on the Means of alleviating them; and on the Action of Foul Air on the Human Body. By Thomas Percival, M. D. F. R. S. and S. A. &c.

In this affecting circumstance are drawn a multitude of incidents elucidatory of the interesting subjects which our author has here undertaken to explain; subjects painful to reflect upon, but of the greatest importance to mankind.

In this paper we see Dr. Percival to advantage; he has here data to go upon: and we know not which to admire most,—the sedulous adduction of facts;—the masterly manner in which they are disposed;—or the professional skill with which they are treated of; and there needs no hesitation to pronounce it the most valuable paper which has yet appeared in the Manchester Memoirs: for, notwithstanding its “undue length,” every page is interesting and instructive.

The means of alleviating famine, and those of fortifying the body against foul air, ought to be universally known.

“The American Indians are said to use a composition of the juice of tobacco, and the shells of snails, cockles, and oysters calcined, whenever they undertake a long journey, and are likely to be destitute of provisions. It is proba-

ble, the shells are not burnt into quicklime, but only so as to destroy their tenacity, and to render them fit for levi-gation. The mass is dried, and formed into pills, of a proper size to be held between the gum and lip, which, being gradually dissolved and swallowed, obtund the sensations both of hunger and of thirst. Tobacco, by its narcotic quality, seems well adapted to counteract the uneasy impressions, which the gastric juice makes on the nerves of the stomach, when it is empty: and the combination of testaceous powders with it may tend to correct the secretion that is supposed, by an eminent anatomist, to be the chief agent in digestion, and which, if not acid, is always united with acidity*. Certain at least it is, that their operation is both grateful and salutary; for we find the luxurious inhabitants of the East Indies mix them with the betel nut, to the chewing of which they are universally and immoderately addicted. Perhaps such absorbents may be usefully applied, both to divide the doses, and to moderate the virulence of the tobacco. For, in the internal exhibition of this plant, much caution is required, as it produces sickness, vertigo, cold clammy sweats, and a train of other formidable symptoms, when taken in too large a quantity. During the time of war, the impressed sailors frequently bring on these maladies, that they may be admitted into the hospitals, and released from servitude. It would be an easy and safe experiment to ascertain the efficacy, and to adjust the ingredients of the Indian composition which I have mentioned. And I am inclined to believe, that the trial would be, in some degree, successful, because I have repeatedly experienced, in the course of my professional practice, that smoking tobacco gives relief in those habitual pains of the stomach, which appear to arise from the irritation of the gastric secretions. The like effect is sometimes produced by increasing the flow of saliva, and swallowing what is thus discharged †. And I have elsewhere related the case of a gentleman, who used to masticate, many hours daily, a piece of lead, which, being neither hard, friable, nor offensive to the palate, suited his purpose, as he thought, better than any other substance. He continued the cus-

* See Mr. John Hunter's paper, on the digestion of the stomach after death, Philosoph. Transact. for 1772.”

† “A lady, in this neighbourhood, was relieved of a chronic pain in the stomach, by chewing *amara dulcis*, after various other remedies had failed: and I have seen good effects from the *calamus aromaticus*, used in the same way.”

tom many years, deriving great ease from it, and suffering no sensible injury from the poisonous quality of the metal. On mentioning this fact to a navy surgeon, he acquainted me, that the sailors, when in hot climates, are wont to mitigate thirst, by rolling a bullet in their mouths. A more innocent mean might be devised; but the efficacy of this evinces, that the salivary glands are, for a while, capable of furnishing a substitute for drink. When a scarcity of water occurs at sea, Dr. Franklin has advised, that the mariners should bathe themselves in tubs of salt-water: for, in pursuing the amusement of swimming, he observed that, however thirsty he was before immersion, he never continued so afterwards; and that, though he soaked himself several hours in the day, and several days successively, in salt-water, he perceived not, in consequence of it, the least taste of salt-ness in his mouth. He also further suggests, that the same good effect might perhaps be derived from dipping the sailors apparel in the sea; and expresses a confidence that no danger of catching cold would ensue.

“To prevent the calamity of famine at sea, it has been proposed, that the powder of *Salep* should constitute part of the provisions of every ship's company*. This powder, and portable soup, dissolved in boiling water, form a rich thick jelly; and an ounce of each of these articles furnishes one day's subsistence to a healthy full-grown man. Indeed, from the experiments which I have made on *Salep*, I have reason to believe the supposition well founded, that it contains more nutritious matter, in proportion to its bulk, than any other vegetable production now used as food †. It has the property also of concealing the nauseous taste of salt-water; and consequently may be of great advantage at sea, when the stock of fresh-water is so far consumed, that the mariners are put upon short allowance. By the same mucilaginous quality, it covers the offensiveness, and even, in some measure, corrects the acrimony, of salted and putrescent meats. But, as a preservative against hunger, *Salep* would be most efficacious, combined with an equal weight of beef suet. By swallowing little balls of this lubricating compound, at proper intervals, the coats of the stomach would be defended from irritation: and as oils and mucilages are highly nutritive, of slow digestion, and

indisposed to pass off by perspiration, they are peculiarly well adapted to support life, in small quantities. This composition is superior in simplicity, and perhaps equal in efficacy, to the following ones, so much extolled by Avicenna, the celebrated Arabian physician; to whom we are indebted for the introduction of rhubarb, casta, tamarinds, and scenna, into the *Materia Medica*. “Take sweet
“almonds, and beef suet, of each one
“pound; of the oil of violets two
“ounces; and of the roots of marsh-
“mallows one ounce: bray these ingre-
“dients together in a mortar, and form
“the mass into boluses, about the size
“of a common nut.”

In treating of foul air, Dr. Percival introduces an instance of alarm given lately in the neighbourhood of Manchester, by the noisome effluvia of certain cotton works; owing principally to rancid oils, and a want of cleanliness, and a proper ventilation. But by the interference of the magistrates, and some salutary regulations suggested by Dr. P. and the other gentlemen of the faculty in Manchester, the cause of alarm was removed. “Still, however,” says our author, “the delicate and valetudinary incur a risque in visiting them. For foul air, though it contain no contagious particles, may yet possess a virulence, that is capable, in particular habits, of producing fever. Like certain poisons, it effects an instantaneous change in the nervous system, by which the organs of secretion are disturbed, and the secretions themselves corrupted. The common precautions, therefore, ought not to be neglected by those who expose themselves to the influence of such vapours. The valetudinary, especially, should not enter the works with an empty stomach, should previously fortify themselves by a glass or two of wine, and counteract the sedative operation of the putrid miasms by the stimulus of hartshorn, eau de luce, or camphorated vinegar, applied to the nose. But these volatile substances are to be suffered, as much as possible, to rise spontaneously, and not to be drawn forcibly into the nostrils; for by such inhalation the noxious atoms, floating in the air, will be conveyed to the olfactory nerves with additional energy; and, being lodged in the Schneiderian membrane, they may exert their baneful powers, when the action of the antidote shall cease.”

* Lind on the Diseases of Hot Climates.

† See the Author's Essays Medical and Experimental, vol. II.

Result of some Observations made by Benjamin Rush, M. D. Professor of Chemistry in the University of Philadelphia, during his Attendance as Physician General of the Military Hospitals of the United States, in the late War.

This paper is a striking contrast to the generality of the papers exhibited in these Transactions. The result of the Observations of the Physician-General of the American Hospitals, we find here comprised in three loosely-printed pages. There are writers in the Memoirs of the Manchester Society who could have made three hundred upon such an occasion. They are introduced by the following laconic epistle to Mr. Henry.

“ Dear Sir,

“ The inclosed observations are at your service. Instead of dilating them with theories and cases, which would add only to the number of books, but not to the stock of facts, I send them to you in as short a compass as possible. They are not so fit for the public eye as I could wish; but if you think them worthy of a place in your Transactions, you are welcome to them.”

From these observations, numbered from 1 to 19, we learn that the principal diseases which proved fatal, were putrid fevers; frequently produced by the want of sufficient room and cleanliness, and a want of a free circulation of air, in the hospitals.

That “ the army, when it lay in tents, was always more sickly than when it lay in the open air: it was always more healthy when kept in motion than when it lay in an encampment.

“ Militia officers and soldiers who enjoyed health during a campaign, were often seized with fevers upon their return to the *vita mollis*, at their respective homes. There was one instance of a militia captain, who was seized with convulsions the first night he lay on a feather-bed, after lying several months on a matras and on the ground. The fever was produced by the sudden change in the manner of sleeping, living, &c. It was prevented, in many cases, by the person lying, for a few nights after his return to his family, on a blanket before the fire.

“ Those officers who wore flannel shirts or waistcoats next to their skin, in general escaped fevers, and diseases of all kinds.

“ Lads under twenty years of age were subject to the greatest number of camp diseases.

“ The southern troops were more sickly than the northern or eastern troops,

“ The native Americans were more sickly than the Europeans.

“ Men above thirty and thirty-five years of age were the hardiest soldiers in the army. Perhaps this was the reason why the Europeans were more healthy than the native Americans; they were more advanced in life.

“ The troops from Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, sickened for the want of salt provisions. Their strength and spirits were only to be restored to them by means of salt bacon. I once saw a private in a Virginia regiment throw away his ration of choice fresh beef, and give seven shillings and six-pence specie for a pound of salt meat.

“ Most of the sufferings and mortality in our hospitals were occasioned not so much by actual want or scarcity of any thing, as by the ignorance, negligence, &c. in providing necessaries for them. After the *purveying* and *directing* apartments were separated (agreeably to the advice of Dr. Monro) in the year 1778, very few of the American army died in our hospitals.”

The volume closes with an extract from the minutes of the Society, setting forth the adjudication of a gold medal, of the value of seven guineas, promised to the author of the best experimental paper on any subject relative to arts and manufactures, &c.—and a silver medal, of the value of one guinea, to any young man attending the Society’s meetings, and under the age of twenty one, who should furnish the best paper on any subject of literature or philosophy; which gold and silver medals were adjudged to Mr. Delaval, for his elaborate Essay on the permanent Colours of Opaque Bodies; and to Mr. Thomas Henry, jun. for his Review of the Controversy between Henry Cavendish, Esq. F. R. S. and Richard Kirwan, Esq. F. R. S. relative to the cause of the diminution of common air in phlogistic processes.

Before we close our review of the volume before us, we think it right to mention an idea which has struck us more than once in perusing this and the first volume of these interesting Transactions.

The common occurrences of life afford little fresh matter of reflection to the philosopher; but among every nation, and in every age and period of time, extraordinary incidents and great natural facts arise from time to time, and present themselves to his contemplation. From single incidents, however, useful inferences can seldom be drawn: but from a combination of facts result the

most

most important truths. Therefore a permanent register of facts, carrying them down from one generation to another, becomes a thing of the utmost importance to philology.

This nation has long enjoyed a receptacle of the great natural facts which have arisen in it. The Royal Society of London has been, and still remains, one of the most respectable associations of philosophers the world ever knew; and its Transactions must inevitably endure, while the language they are written in exists. Ought not, therefore, every great natural fact, which presents itself in this country, to be recorded in that unperishable Register? Not only the advancement of human knowledge, but the honour of the nation appears to us to be concerned in this matter.

We cannot mean to give offence to the Society of Manchester by this observation; as most of its principal members are Fellows of the Royal Society. Nevertheless, we beg leave to consider the Manchester Society as a temporary association; arising out of the mere circumstance of a constellation of philosophers, some of them of the first magnitude, residing on the spot, or in its neighbourhood; a circumstance which even twenty years may make a considerable alteration in: in fifty years the Society may be annihilated, and in a century or two more its Memoirs be buried in oblivion, and with them the great natural facts of

which, to speak somewhat figuratively, they have *robbed* the Philosophical Transactions; which, from the situation they occupy, and from the broad basis on which they are built, can never be shook, much less overturned, and their place supplied, by a *provincial Society*.

It is far from us to think or wish evil to the Society of Manchester; we hope to see it (and other provincial societies) flourish; for, under its present patronage, it has been, and may be rendered, highly beneficial to the advancement of science: not, however, by interfering with what we conceive to be the grand purport of the Royal Society; but in drawing together and elucidating a variety of interesting subjects in EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

If it were not presumption in us to offer our advice to this respectable Society, who have styled themselves *Literary* and *Philosophical*, we could recommend to their especial attention, *English Literature* and *Experimental Philosophy*; subjects which have long suffered, and in a similar manner, under the mistaken discipline of the schools. But we repeat (if even thereby we incur the displeasure of the Society) that while the Philosophical Transactions of London remain open, let it not be presumed to record the great natural facts which may arise in this country, on the deciduous leaves of *any* provincial Register.

To the EDITOR.

Looking the other day over some old papers, I found the following letter. It was written by the well-known Dr. ISAAC SCHOMBERG to a Lady, on the culture of whose mind he bestowed much attention, and whose lamentable end (for she was destroyed by a fire) he deplored with extreme sorrow.

Dr. Isaac Schomberg, besides being a man of sense and erudition, had a soul tinged with the purest principles of integrity; and he was gifted with a noble pride of nature, which scorned the meanness of dishonour. He lived on the most familiar terms with the first characters of the age; and his death was an affliction to every man who knew him.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

W. T.

The METHOD of READING for FEMALE IMPROVEMENT.

MADAM,
CONFORMABLE to your desire, and my promise, I present you with a few thoughts on the method of reading; which you would have had sooner, only that you gave me leave to set them down at my leisure-hours. I have complied with your request in both these particulars; so that you see, Madam, how absolute your commands are over me. If my remarks should answer your expectations,

and the purpose for which they were intended; if they should in the least conduce to the spending your time in a more profitable and agreeable manner than most of your sex generally do, it will give me a pleasure equal at least to that you will receive.

It were to be wished that the female part of the human creation, on whom Nature has poured out so many charms with so lavish a hand, would pay some regard to the cultivating

vating their minds and improving their understanding. It is easily accomplished. Would they bestow a fourth part of the time they throw away on the trifles and gewgaws of dress, in reading proper books, it would perfectly answer their purpose. Not that I am against the ladies adorning their persons; let them be set off with all the ornaments that art and nature can conspire to produce for their embellishment, but let it be with reason and good sense, not caprice and humour; for there is good sense in dress, as in all things else. Strange doctrine to some! but I am sure, Madam, you know there is—You practise it.

The first rule to be laid down to any one who reads to improve, is never to read but with attention. As the abstruse parts of learning are not necessary to the accomplishment of one of your sex, a small degree of it will suffice. I would throw the subjects of which the ladies ought not to be wholly ignorant, under the following heads:

HISTORY,

MORALITY,

POETRY.

The first employs the memory, the second the judgment, and the third the imagination.

Whenever you undertake to read history, make a small abstract of the memorable events, and set down in what year they happened. If you entertain yourself with the life of a famous person, do the same by his most remarkable actions, with the addition of the year and the place he was born at and died. You will find these great helps to your memory, as they will lead you to remember what you do not write down, by a sort of chain that links the whole history together.

Books on Morality deserve an exact reading. There are none in our language more useful and entertaining than the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians. They are the standards of the English tongue, and as such should be read over and over again; for as we imperceptibly slide into the manners and habits of those persons with whom we most frequently converse, so reading being, as it were, a silent conversation, we intently write and talk in the style of the authors we have the most often read, and who have left the deepest impressions on our mind. Now in order to retain what you read on the various subjects that fall under the head of Morality, I would advise you to mark with a pencil whatever you find worth remembering. If a

passage should strike you, mark it down in the margin; if an expression, draw a line under it; if a whole paper in the fore-mentioned books, or any others which are written in the same loose and unconnected manner, make an asterisk over the first line. By these means you will select the most valuable, and they will sink deeper in your memory than the rest, on repeated reading, by being distinguished from them.

The last article is Poetry. The way of distinguishing good poetry from bad, is to turn it out of verse into prose, and see whether the thought is natural, and the words adapted to it; or whether they are not too big and sounding, or too low and mean for the sense they would convey. This rule will prevent you from being imposed on by bombast and sustian, which with many passes for sublime; for smooth verses which run off the ear with an easy cadence, and harmonious turn, very often impose nonsense on the world, and are like your fine dressed beaux, who pass for fine gentlemen. Divest both from their outward ornaments, and people are surprised they could have been so easily deluded.

I have now, Madam, given a few rules, and those such only as are really necessary. I could have added more; but these will be sufficient to enable you to read without burdening your memory, and yet with another view besides that of barely killing time, as too many are accustomed to do.

The task you have imposed on me, is a strong proof of your knowing the true value of time, and always having improved it to the best advantage, were there no other; and that there are other proofs, those who have the pleasure of being acquainted with you can tell.

As for my part, Madam, you have done me too much honour, by singling me out from all your acquaintance on this occasion, to say any thing that would not look like flattery; you yourself would think it so, were I to do you the common justice all your friends allow you; I must therefore be silent on this head, and only say, that I shall thank myself well rewarded in return, if you will believe me to be, with the utmost sincerity, as I really am,

Madam,

Your faithful

and humble servant,

I. SCHOMBERG.

ACCOUNT of the TASTE, MORALS, MANNERS, MODE of LIVING, OCCUPATIONS, and AMUSEMENT, of the EGYPTIANS.

[From M. SAVARY'S "Letters on Egypt," lately published.]

LIFE is more a passive than an active existence at Grand Cairo*. The body during nine months of the year is oppressed with the excellent heats. The mind partakes of this state of indolence. Far from being continually tormented by the desire of seeing, of acquiring knowledge, and of acting, it sighs after calm and tranquility. Under a temperate sky inactivity is a pain; here, on the contrary, repose is an enjoyment. The most frequent salutation therefore, that which is made use of on accosting, and repeated on quitting you, is, † *Peace be with you!* Effeminacy is born with the Egyptian, grows up with him as he advances in life, and follows him to the tomb. It is a vice of the climate. It influences his taste, and governs all his actions. It is to satisfy this disposition that the most luxurious piece of furniture in his apartment is the sofa; that his gardens have delightful shades, convenient seats, and not a single alley one can walk in. The Frenchman, born in a climate, the temperature of which is continually changing, receives every instant new impressions which keep his soul awake. He is active, impatient, and inconstant as the air he breathes in. The Egyptian who for two-thirds of the year almost invariably experiences the same degree of heat, the same sensation, is slothful, serious and patient.

He rises with the sun to enjoy the coolness of the morning. He purifies himself, and goes to prayer according to the precept ‡. He is presented with a pipe and coffee. He remains softly reposing on his sofa. His slaves, with their hands crossed on their breasts, stand in silence at the bottom of the apartment. Their eyes fixed on their master, they strive to anticipate all his wishes. His children standing in his presence, unless he gives them permission to be seated, display in all their behaviour the utmost tenderness

and respect. He gravely caresses them, gives them his blessing, and sends them back to the *Haram* §. He alone interrogates, and is answered with decency. He is at once the chief, the judge, and the pontiff of the family, which respects in him those sacred rights.

After breakfast he applies himself to his commercial affairs, or to those of the place he occupies. As to differences, they are very rare amongst a people where the monster of chicanery is dumb, where the name of attorney is unknown, where the code of laws is confined to a few clear and well-defined precepts of the Coran, and where every man is his own advocate.

If any visitors arrive, the master of the house receives them without many compliments, but in an affectionate manner. His equals go and seat themselves by him with their legs crossed; a posture by no means fatiguing with clothes which do not fetter the limbs.

His inferiors are on their knees, and seated on their heels. Persons of great distinction sit on an elevated sofa, from which they overlook the company ||. Thus Æneas was in the place of honour in the palace of Dido, when seated on a high bed, he related to the queen the disastrous fate of Troy, reduced to ashes. As soon as every one is seated, the slaves bring pipes and coffee, and place in the middle of the chamber a pan with perfumes, the delicious vapour of which fills the whole apartment. They are next presented with sweetmeats and sherbet.

The tobacco made use of in Egypt comes from Syria. It is brought in leaves, which are cut in long filaments. It has not the pungency of the American tobacco. To render it more agreeable, it is mixed with the scented wood of aloes. The pipes, usually made of jessamine tipped with amber, are

* From the month of March to November the height of the thermometer is constantly from twenty-three to thirty-six degrees. In the other months it is seldom lower than nine degrees above the freezing point.

† This is the salutation of the Orientals. The christian religion, which is of Asiatic origin, has preserved it. At the high festivals, the priests salute each other during the communion, saying, *Peace be with you!*

‡ *O! ye Believers, before you begin the prayer, wash your face and hands up to your elbows. Wipe your head and feet down to your heels.* Coran, p. 107. tome premier, of Mr. Savary's translation.

§ *Haram* is an Arabic word, signifying forbidden place; it is the apartment of the women, called by us improperly the Seraglio.

|| *Inde toro pater Æneas sic orsus ab alto.* Æneid, lib. 2. The epithet of father, given by Virgil to Æneas, proves that this great poet was perfectly acquainted with eastern manners, with whom the name of father is the most respectable title one can confer on any man. They still think it an honour to be so called. On the birth of a son they quit their proper name for the appellation of father of such a one.

frequently enriched with precious stones. As they are extremely long *, the smoke one inhales is very mild. The Orientals pretend that it tickles agreeably the palate, at the same time that it gratifies the smell. The rich smoke in lofty apartments with a great number of windows.

Towards the conclusion of the visit, a slave holding in his hand a silver plate on which are burning precious essences, approaches the faces of the visitors, each of whom in his turn perfumes his beard. They then pour rose-water on the head and hands. This is the last ceremony, after which it is usual to withdraw.

You see, that the ancient custom of † perfuming one's head and beard, celebrated by the royal prophet, still subsists in our days. Anacreon, the father of joy, the poet of the pleasures, never ceases repeating in his odes, “ † I like to perfume myself with precious essences, and to crown my head with roses.”

About noon the table is covered. A large flat plate of copper tinned receives the dishes. No great variety is displayed, but there is an abundance of provisions. In the middle rises up a mountain of rice boiled with poultry, seasoned with saffron and a quantity of spices. Round it are placed hashed meats, pigeons, stuffed cucumbers, delicious melons, and other fruits. Their roast meat consists of flesh cut into small morsels, covered with the fat of the animal, seasoned with salt, spitted and roasted on the coals. It is tender and juicy. The guests are seated on a carpet round the table. A slave holding a baton and ewer, offers it to wash with. This ceremony is indispensable in a country, where every one puts his hand into the plate, and where they are unacquainted with the use of forks. This is repeated at the end of the repast. These customs appear very ancient in the East.

After dinner, the Egyptians retire into

their Harams, where they slumber a few hours in the midst of their children and their women. It is a great article of voluptuousness with them, to have a convenient and agreeable place of repose. Mahomet accordingly, who neglected nothing that could seduce mankind, whose wants and tastes he knew thoroughly, says to them, § “ The guests of Paradise shall enjoy the luxury of repose, and shall have a delicious place to sleep in at noon.”

The poor, who have neither sofa nor Haram, lie down on the mat where they have dined. Thus, when Jesus Christ took the supper with his disciples †, he whom he loved had his head reposed upon his bosom.

In the evening one goes in a boat upon the water, or to breathe the cool air on the banks of the Nile, under the shade of orange and sycamore trees. Supper-time is an hour after sunset. The tables are spread with rice, poultry, vegetables, and fruit. These aliments are wholesome during the heats. The stomach, which would reject more substantial nourishment, has occasion for them. They eat little. Temperance is a virtue of this climate.

Such is the usual life of the Egyptians. Our places of amusement, our noisy pleasures, are unknown to them. That sameness which would be the greatest punishment to an European, appears to them delicious. They pass their whole life in doing the same thing, in following the established customs, without desiring any thing beyond them, without extending their ideas any further. Having neither lively appetites, nor ardent desires, they are strangers to what we call *l'ennui*; that is, a torment reserved for such persons as neither being able to moderate their passions, nor to satisfy the extent of their tastes, are a burthen to themselves, *s'ennuient* wherever they are, and only live where they are *not*.

ACCOUNT of the EGYPTIAN ALME, or DANCING-GIRLS.

[From the SAME.]

EGYPT, as well as Italy, has her *Improvisatori*. They are called *Alme*, knowing they have merited this name, from having received a better education than other women.

They form a celebrated society in this country. To be received into it, it is necessary to have a good voice, to understand the language well, to know the rules of poetry **.

* One sees pipes fifteen feet long. The general standard is five or six.

† Sicut unguentum optimum in capite, quod descendit in barbam Aaron. *Psalms* 132.

‡ Anacreon, ode 15.

§ Coran, ch. 25, p. 119.

|| Erat ergo recumbens unus ex discipulis ejus in sinu Jesu quem diligebat Jesus. *St. John*, ch 13, v. 23.

** The Arabic have the same quantity as the Latin verses, with the varied measure and rhyme of the French poet *y*. These advantages are not to be found in a language the prosody of which is not distinctly marked.

and be able to compose and sing couplets on the spot, adapted to the circumstances. The *Almés* know by heart all the new songs. Their memory is furnished with the most beautiful *mouls**, and the prettiest tales. There is no festival without them; no entertainment of which they do not constitute the ornament. They are placed in a rostrum, from whence they sing during the repast. They then descend into the saloon, and form dances which have no resemblance to ours. They are pantomime ballets, in which they represent the usual occurrences of life. The mysteries of love too, generally furnish them with scenes. The suppleness of their bodies is inconceivable. One is astonished at the mobility of their features, to which they give at pleasure the impression suited to the characters they play. The indecency of their attitudes is often carried to excess. Their looks, their gestures, every thing speaks, but in so expressive a manner, that it is impossible to mistake them. At the beginning of the dance, they lay aside with their veils the modesty of their sex. A long robe of very thin silk goes down to their heels, which is slightly fastened with a rich girdle. Long black hair, plaited and perfumed, is flowing on their shoulders. A shift, transparent as gauze, scarcely hides their bosom. As they put themselves in motion, the shapes, the contours of their bodies seem to develop themselves successively. Their steps are regulated by the sound of the flute, of castanets, the tambour de basque, and cymbals, which accelerates or retards the measure. They are still further animated by words adapted to such scenes. They appear in a state of intoxication. They are the *Bacchantes* in a delirium. It is when they are at this point, that throwing off all reserve, they abandon themselves totally to the disorder of their senses; it is then that a people so far from delicate, and who like nothing hidden, redouble their applauses. These *Almés* are sent for into all the *Harams*. They teach the women the new airs; they amuse them with amorous tales, and recite in their presence poems, which are so much the more interesting, as they furnish a lively picture of their manners. They initiate them into the mysteries of their art, and teach them to contrive lascivious dances. These girls, who have a cultivated understanding, are very agreeable in conversation. They speak their language with purity. The habit of dedicating themselves to poetry renders the softest and most honourous expressions familiar to them. They repeat with a great deal of grace. In singing, nature is their only guide. I have heard them sing gay airs, the time of which

was quick and light like that of some of our *ariettes*; but it is in the pathetic that they display their talents. It is when they recite a *moul*, from the movement of the romance, that the continuity of tender, affecting, and plaintive sounds, inspires a secret melancholy, which insensibly increases, and changes into tears of commiseration. The Turks themselves, the Turks, enemies of all the arts, pass whole nights in hearing them. Sometimes two of them sing together, but always with the same voice. It is the same with an orchestra, where all the instruments playing in unison, execute the same part. Accompaniments are only made for enlightened people, who, at the same time that the melody flatters their ear, wish to have their mind occupied by the justness and perfection of the harmony. Those nations, on the contrary, whose sensibility is more affected than their hearing, little capable of enjoying the charms of harmony, like only the simple tones whose beauty goes directly to the soul, without requiring reflection to perceive it.

The Hebrews, to whom the tastes of the Egyptians had become natural, from a long residence in Egypt, had also their *Almés*. It appears that they gave lessons to the women, at Jerusalem, as well as at Grand Cairo. St. Mark has preserved a fact which proves what an empire the oriental dance had over the minds of men. "Herod celebrated his birth-day in the midst of a sumptuous banquet, where he had gathered together the chiefs of the nation, the tribunes, and the princes of Galilee. Whilst the guests were at table, the daughter of Herodias entered, and danced before them after the manner of the country. The whole assembly applauded the graces she displayed. The king, enchanted, vowed that he would grant her what she should demand, were it the half of his kingdom. Urged by her mother, the young Herodias demanded the head of John the Baptist, and obtained it."

The *Almés* assist at the marriage ceremonies, and march before the bride, playing on instruments. They make a figure likewise at funerals, and accompany the procession, singing sorrowful airs. They break forth into groans, and lamentations, and give every sign of grief and despair. These women are paid very high, and seldom appear but amongst the *grandees* and rich men.

I was invited lately to a splendid supper, given by a rich Venetian merchant to the Receiver-general of the finances of Egypt. The *Almés* sung several airs during the entertainment. They then celebrated the praises of

* For a specimen of which, see page 320.

the principal guests. The passage which appeared to me the most striking was an ingenious allegory, wherein the messenger of love is made to speak. After the entertainment there was play, and I perceived that handfals of sequins were sent to the fingers from time to time. This entertainment produced them at least fifty louis d'or. It is true they are not always so well paid.

The common people have also their *Almés*. They are girls of the second class, who try to imitate the former, but they have neither their elegance, their graces, nor their know-

ledge. They are every where to be met with. The public places and the walks about Grand Cairo are full of them. As the populace require allusions still more strongly marked, decency will not allow me to relate to what a pitch they carry the licentiousness of their gestures and attitudes. It is impossible to form an idea of it, without having been a witness to these scenes. The *Boya-dieres* of India are models of chastity compared to these Egyptian women dancers. You have here, the chief amusement of the Egyptians. It constitutes their delight.

ACCOUNT of the TASTE, MANNERS, EMPLOYMENTS, DIVERSIONS, &c. of the EGYPTIAN WOMEN.

[From the SAME.]

I Have given you some account of the manner of living of the male inhabitants of this country, but I have spoken very little of the women. This * oriental reserve cannot be agreeable to an European. I am now going to give you, therefore, a general idea of the manners of the Egyptian women.

The women act a brilliant part in Europe. They appear as sovereigns on the theatre of the world. They preside over manners, and decide on the most important events. The fate of nations is often in their hands. In Egypt, what difference! They are there only to be seen loaded with the chains of slavery. Condemned to servitude, they have not the smallest influence on public affairs. Their empire is limited to the walls of the Haram; for there are buried all their graces and their charms. Confined within the bosom of their family, the circle of their life does not extend beyond domestic employments †.

Their first duty is the education of their children. Their most ardent wish is to have a great number of them, since the public esteem as well as the tenderness of their husbands are measured by their fecundity. Even the poor man who earns his bread with the sweat of his brow, prays to heaven for a numerous progeny, and the barren woman would be inconsolable, did not adoption indemnify her in some degree for the injury of nature. Every mother suckles the child she has brought into the world. The first smile

of that tender creature, and an easy childbed, repay her for the pains and cares imposed upon her by this duty.

The overflowings of the milk therefore, and other disorders, which drain the sources of life of the young spouse unobservant of this law, are not known in this country. Mahomet has converted this custom, which is coeval with the world, into a precept ‡. "Mothers shall suckle their children two whole years, provided they are disposed to take the breast so long. The mother shall be permitted to wean her nurse-child with the consent of the husband." Ulysses descending into the gloomy kingdom of Pluto §, saw there his mother, who had nourished him with her milk, who had reared up his infancy.

When circumstances compel them to have recourse to a nurse, she is not looked upon as a stranger. She becomes part of the family, and passes the rest of her life in the midst of the children she has suckled. She is honoured and cherished like a second mother.

The Haram is the cradle and the school of infancy. The helpless being, just brought into the world, is not infolded in wretched swaddling-clothes, the source of a thousand disorders. Stretched out naked on a mat, exposed to the air in a spacious apartment, he breathes without restraint, and moves his delicate limbs at pleasure. His entrance into the new element wherein he must pass his

* The Egyptians never mention their wives in conversation. When they are obliged to speak of them, they say the mother of such a one, or the mistress of the house, &c. Politeness prevents one from saying, How is madam your wife? It is necessary to imitate their reserve, and say, How is the mother of such a one? Even this they would look upon as an affront, were it not the salutation of an intimate friend or relation. I relate these traits, as perfectly characteristic of oriental jealousy.

† The compiler, *Pomponius Mela*, pretends that the women do all the out-of-door labour in Egypt, and the men take charge of the house, p. 59. This assertion is contradicted by every writer who has travelled in that country.

‡ Coran, p. 40 t. 1. *Mrs. S's translation*.

§ Odyssy, lib. 23 p. 373.

life, is not remarked either by grief or tears. Bathed in water every day, reared up under his mother's eye, he grows rapidly. Free in all his movements, he tries his growing strength; he is in constant action, he rolls about, he gets up, and if he happens to tumble, his falls cannot be dangerous on the carpet or mat * which covers the floor. He is not banished his father's house at seven or eight years old, to send him to a college, where he loses his health and his innocence. It is true that he acquires little knowledge. His education is often limited to the art of reading and writing. But he enjoys a robust state of health; whilst the fear of the divinity, respect for old age, filial piety, the love of hospitality, virtues which every object presents to him in the bosom of his own family, remain deeply graven on his heart.

The girls are brought up in the same manner. The whalebone, and the bulks to which the European women fall martyrs, are unknown to them. They are left naked, or only covered with a shift until they are six years old. The habit they wear the remainder of their lives does not fetter any of their limbs, and allows the whole body to assume its natural structure. Nothing is so uncommon, therefore, as to see children full of humours, or crooked persons. It is in these eastern parts of the world that man rises in all his native majesty, and that woman displays all the charms of her sex. It is in Georgia and in Greece that those well-defined features, those admirable forms, impressed by nature on the *chef-d'œuvre* of her works, are in the highest preservation. It is there that Apelles would still find models worthy of his pencil.

The women do not solely confine themselves to the education of their children. All the domestic affairs are in their department. They are the house-keepers, and do not think it any disparagement to prepare the victuals for themselves and for their husbands with their own hands. The ancient custom which still subsists makes it their duty. Thus we see Sarah hastening to bake the cakes on the ashes, when the angels visited Abraham, who offered them the usual repast of hospitality. Before the departure of Telema-

chus †, Menelaus says to him, "I go to command the queen and her attendants to prepare a splendid repast with the provisions that are contained in this palace."

Subject to custom, whose unalterable laws govern the countries of the East, the women are not admitted into the society of the men, not even at table ‡, where the assemblage of the two sexes produces gaiety and *bons mots*, and gives a zest to the entertainment. When the rich are desirous of dining with one of their wives, they give her previous notice. She disposes the apartment, prepares the most delicate dishes, and receives her lord with respect and with the most refined attention. The women of the lower class usually remain standing, or seated in a corner of the room, whilst their husband is at dinner. They frequently present him water to wash himself, and help him at table §. These customs which the Europeans might justly style barbarous, and against which they might exclaim with reason, appear so natural in this country, that they have no idea of their being different in other climates. Such is the force of habit over the human mind. A custom established for ages seems to be the law of nature.

Domestic cares leave the Egyptian women a great many leisure moments, which they employ amongst their slaves in embroidering a sash, in making a veil, in drawing designs on stuff to cover a sofa, and in spinning with the distaff.

Labour, however, has its interludes. Joy is not banished the interior of the Haram. The nurse interests you in the history of past times, by the manner in which she relates the tale. Gay or tender airs are sung; slaves accompany the voice with the tambour de basque and castanets. The *Almè* sometimes come to enliven the scene by their dances, and the touching melody of their voices. They gracefully repeat passionate romances. A collation, where perfumes and exquisite fruits are in abundance, terminates the daily scene. Thus do the Egyptian women strive to charm the littleness of their captivity.

Yet they are not wholly prisoners. They have permission once or twice a week to go to the bath, and to visit their relations and

* In Egypt the rooms are paved with large flag stones, which are washed, at least, once a week. In summer they are covered with a cane mat, neatly worked, and in the winter with a carpet.

† *Odyssey*, lib. 15.

‡ Sarah, who prepared dinner for Abraham and his guests, did not seat herself at table; she remained shut up in her tent.

§ I dined lately with an Italian who was married to an Egyptian woman. He has adopted the manners of the country he has lived in so long. His wife and sister-in-law stood up before me; with difficulty I prevailed on them to be seated, and place themselves at table with us. Their timidity and embarrassment were very great.

their friends. Another duty they are permitted to perform, is, to weep over the dead. I have often seen, in the environs of Cairo, disconsolate mothers repeating funeral hymns around the tombs, which they had covered with odoriferous plants.

The Egyptian women treat one another in the most affectionate manner on their visits. When a woman enters a Haram, the mistress of the house rises, makes offer of her hand, puts it on her heart, embraces her, and seats her by her side. A female slave hastens to take off her black cloak, and she is desired to put herself at her ease. She lays aside her veil, and her shift*, and retains only a flowing robe, which is perfectly adapted to her shape, and is fastened round the middle by a sash. Compliments are then paid her in the oriental style †. “My mother or my sister, why have you so long neglected us? We were sighing after your company. It embellishes our house, it constitutes the happiness of our lives, &c.”

Slaves then present her with coffee, sherbet, and sweetmeats. They chat, they laugh, and toy together. A large dish is placed on the sofa, which is covered with pomegranates, bananas, and excellent melons. The daughter of the house, holding a ewer full of water mixed with rose-water, presents it to wash with, in a silver plate. During the time they eat, noisy mirth and joyous conversation season the repast. The wood of aloes is kept burning in the cassole, and perfumes the apartment. After the collation, slaves dance to the noise of cymbals, and the ladies often take a share in their amusements. Before they part they often repeat, “God preserve your health! Heaven grant you a numerous progeny! God preserve your children, the joy and glory of your family ‡.”

During the whole time a stranger is in the Haram the husband is not allowed to approach it. It is the asylum of hospitality, and cannot be violated without dangerous consequences. This is a privilege the Egyptian women carefully maintain, and it is rendered dear to them by a very powerful motive. A lover in disguise may be thus introduced into the forbidden place§, and it is of the last importance not to be discovered. Death would pay the forfeit of the attempt. Love in this country, where the passions are impetuous, both from

the nature of the climate, and the obstacles it meets with, is often followed by tragic scenes.

The Turkish women go always under the guard of eunuchs, to take the air on the Nile, and enjoy the prospect of its charming banks. There are handsome apartments in their boats, richly decorated. They are adorned with sculpture, and are agreeably painted. They are distinguishable, from the blinds let down over the windows, and the music that accompanies them.

When they cannot go abroad, they endeavour to enliven their prison. Towards the setting sun they mount upon the terrace, and enjoy the cool of the evening amidst the flowers which are carefully preserved there. They often bathe themselves, and enjoy, at once, the coolness of the water, the perfume of odoriferous plants, the fresh air, and the sight of a million stars shining in the firmament.

So was *Bathsheba* bathing herself, when David || saw her from the top of his palace.

The Turks, to prevent their women from being seen from the tops of the minarets, oblige the public criers to swear that they will shut their eyes at the hours when they mount up them to announce the prayers; but a more effectual precaution they take is, to choose *blind men* for these pious functions.

Such is the ordinary life of the Egyptian women. To bring up their children, to employ themselves solely in the affairs of house-keeping, to live retired in the interior of their family, constitute their duties. To visit and give entertainments to each other, where they often resign themselves to wanton mirth, and to the greatest freedoms, to go on the water, or walk under the shade of orange-trees, and to hear the *Alm*; these are their amusements. They deck themselves out with as much art to receive their acquaintances, as the French women do to distinguish themselves in the eyes of the men. Naturally timid and gentle, they become forward, and are hurried away by passion, when once a violent appetite gets possession of their souls. Then neither bolts nor bars, nor the Cerberuses who surround them, are any obstacle to their desires. Death itself, suspended over their heads, does not hinder them from contriving means to satisfy their passions, and they are seldom ineffectual.

* A habit of ceremony which goes over the other clothes, except the collar; it is like the *chemise* adopted by the French women. It is taken off, as soon as they are seated, to be freer and lighter clad. In Arabic they call it *comis*.

† The titles of Mrs. Miss, &c. are unknown in Egypt. An elderly woman is called *mother*, a younger woman *sister*, a younger girl *daughter of the house*.

‡ I mention these wishes, which are very ancient in the East, since they are often to be met with in the holy scriptures.

§ I have already said that *Haram* signifies prohibited place.

|| Book of Kings, chap. 11.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

P R O L O G U E

TO THE COMEDY OF
HE WOULD BE A SOLDIER,
Written by FREDERICK PILON,
AUTHOR OF THE COMEDY,
And spoken by Mr. FARREN.

PROLOGUES were first plain, simple
hills of fare;

You just were told your entertainment there
Without parade, or aim at brilliant hit,
Genius was thrifty then, as rich in wit.
Our modern bards a different plan pursue,
And a fair outside always hold to view;
With point and jest the prologue still must

play,
And strike each insect folly of the day.
But folly now unstricken, wild may fly,
For the muse wasts a favourite to the sky.
Can li the objects charm or fill the mind,
When Howard's claims are known to all
mankind?

Distance and clime in him excite no fears;
He visits dungeons, and the sick-bed cheers;
Fearless of danger, nobly on he goes
Round the whole globe, to heal the wretch's
woes:

Brother to all who like himself had birth,
He walks his Maker's messenger on earth;
And in the monument his country rears,
That country a divided glory shares.
To a great people, thus to merit true,
Why for our bard should we protection sue?
Worth still you foster; and where faults are
found,

You probe to heal, and not enlarge the
wound.
The reason strong that guides your ev'ry
aim,

Cancels or seals disinterested fame.
If English genius, soaring eagle-high,
All nations drops still in a lower sky,
It is because the sons of fame well know,
The praise that's worth ambition, you be-
stow.

E P I L O G U E

Written by the AUTHOR of the COMEDY,
And spoken by Mrs. POPE.

NOW critic Jove the scale aloft suspends,
On whose dread beam the poet's fate de-
pends;

Ye Gods above, high arbiters of wit,
Who on your shining thrones in council sit;
You I implore, for our poor bard afraid,
To grant celestial, upper-gallery aid;
If you approve, with Cato I shall cry,
The gods take care of poets in the sky!
As for the Ladies—they'll sure hear my
pray'r.

New charms good-nature lends the fairest
fair;

Besides, I hardly think they can be so
To a fond maid who a brave soldier chose.

VOL. X.

Who like a soldier charms the fair-one's eyes?
The queen of beauty was a soldier's prize.
In love, as war, the brave man best succeeds;
Our sex reveres that valour which it needs.
Ye beaux; softly-waisted now-a-days,
That one would almost swear you put on
stays;

You, I confess, create no great alarm,
You haven't spirit to do good—or harm.
But yonder I esp' some dangerous faces;
Good critics, I entreat your favouring graces;
All I request is, when a fault's set down,
Its neighbouring beauty may be told the
town.

But after this, if you attempt to growl,
I'll excommunicate you; ev'ry soul!
In my lawn sleeves, and shirt, I'll come so
big,

In every thing a bishop, but his wig:
Nay, if you doubt, an army I will bring
Of bishops, who may crown the greatest
king;
Their sleeves of lawn, the down-wings of
the dove;

Their sash, the cestus of the queen of love.
With aid like this, and aid you'll own di-
vine,

Who would not think success were surely
mine?

In anxious hope I wait the dread decree,
That must be final both to bard and me.

Nov. 22. Mr. Doddsley's once popular
Tragedy of Cleone was revived at Drury-
lane, in which Mrs. Siddons represented the
principal character, with a degree of excel-
lence which the original performer of it (Mrs.
Bellamy) though successful in this part, was
ever incapable of. The refined feelings of
the present times affect to revolt at Tragedies
where insipidity does not prevail. Cleone
was neglected, and after a second representa-
tion laid aside.

The same evening Mr. Ryder performed
Falstaff in Henry IV. and it would be doing
injustice to the public not to say, that heto-
tally failed in the representation of this excel-
lent, but arduous character. In his perfor-
mance there was less to commend than even
the least successful Falstaff that has been ex-
hibited for the last twenty years.

25. A School for Greybeards; or, the
Mourning Bride, a Comedy, by Mrs. Cow-
ley, was acted the first time at Drury-lane.

The plot is laid in Portugal, and the cus-
toms of that kingdom form the ground-work,
and furnish the incidents of the piece. Don
Alexis is married to the young and beautiful
Seraphina—and Don Gaspar is, on the morn-
ing of the day on which the comedy opens,
married to the charming and unhappy Anto-
nia. She had before been contracted to Don
Henry,

Henry, whom she supposed dead, and to fly from the persecution of youthful admirers, she determined to throw herself into the protection of the wrinkled Don Gaspar. Don Henry arrives on the day of the marriage, and hence the lively interest of this couple arise. Ostavio happening to see Seraphina at vespers, becomes enamoured of her charms, and believing she was the daughter of Don Alexis, instead of the wife, asks and obtains his consent for their union. This gives rise to a series of very interesting and eloquent gallantries between Ostavio and Seraphina, who favours the deception, at once to gratify her love of admiration, and to serve Donna Viola, who is attached to Don Sebastian.

In this piece Mrs. Cowley must be allowed, even by her friends, to have been less successful than on former occasions. The first night it seemed to be generally condemned, and it is not likely to obtain any firm establishment on the stage. The following Prologue and Epilogue, by Mr. Cobb, were spoken before and after it, by Mr. Bannister, jun. and Miss Farren.

P R O L O G U E

PROLOGUES, like mirrors which opticians place

In their shop windows, to reflect each face
That passes by, still mark how Fashion varies,
Reflecting Ton in all her wild vagaries;
Point out when hats and caps are large or small,
And register when collars rise or fall:
Nay, bolder grown, have sought for your applause,
With many a naughty joke on cork and gauze.

Yet how forc'd the saucy Comick Muse
Delights fantastick Fashion to abuse,
From pert Thalia's wit let's try to save her,
And see what can be said in Fashion's favour.
How many own immortal Handel's sway,
Since Fashion to the Abbey led the way!
There taking long-neglected Nature's part,
She hail'd him Shakespeare of th' harmonick art.

In vain had warbled Galatea's woe,
If Fashion had not bid the tear to flow;
"Hailstones and fire" had spent their rage in vain;

You might as well have heard a shower of rain.

But now awaken'd to his magick song,
Folks wonder how the deuce they've slept so long.

His tortur'd airs, all voices made to suit;
His chorusses, adapted for a flute;
Hand-organ, hurdygurdy, tambourine,
In Handel's praise all join the general din.

When Miss is seiz'd to sing by every guest,
And fond Mama, too, joining with the rest,
Cries, "Get the new guitar! Papa has bought you,
'Play the last lesson Mr. Tweedle taught you,'

Miss hems and simpers—feigns a cold of course—

After the usual, "Dear Sir—I'm so hoarse,"
Instead of a cotillon from her book,
Where favour'd Handel triumphs o'er Malbrook,

By way of prelude to the charming squall,
Thrums like a minuet the march in Saul;
Papa, too, who a connoisseur now grows,
Accompanies divinely with his nose.

Since musick is so universal grown,
Shall not our Mourning Bride its influence own?

Sure 'tis the wish of every female breast,
That Harmony may soothe her soul to rest.
Guided by Harmony's enchanting laws,
Her sweetest musick will be—your applause.

E P I L O G U E.

"A Mourning Bride! that would be something new!

"That I'm a mourning husband is too true,"

Cries Old Sir Testy in his gouty chair—

"Ah! could I Wedlock's fatal slip repair.
"But young wives are a sort of flying gout;

"Torments for which no cure was e'er found out:

"Both old men's plagues—to punish youthful tricks,

"Equally difficult, alas, to fix!

"Of wife and gout, alike I stand in dread;

"For both, I fear, sometimes affect the head."

Thus rail Old Cynics, striving to disparage
The charming silken ties of modern marriage.—

In former times, when folks agreed to wed,
The silent Bride by silent Bridegroom led,
Up to the Altar march'd in solemn state:
All was demure, and stupidly sedate.
Impress'd with awe, while neither dar'd to speak;

A Wedding was a mere *Ballet Tragique*.

Thank Heaven, we're past the ages of romance,

Wedlock is now a kind of country dance,
Where man and wife with smiles each other greet;

Take hands, change sides, and part as soon as meet.

Pleasure's soft accents every care dispel,
While Hymen fiddles *Vive la Bagatelle*.

Blest age! when ceremony's charms arc worn,

Like bracelets, not to fetter, but adorn!
When we assume deep mourning's sabbic shew,
'Tis Etiquette prescribes the form of woe.
Whate'er our loss, we must have fashion's leave,

'Ere we can venture decently to grieve.
Blameless the heir o'er the dear parchment chuckles,

If he's unpowdered, and he wears black buckles,

'Till the Grey Frock speaks his first anguish
o'er,

And he's but half as wretched as before.—

'Ere the gay Widow first abroad is seen,

Deckt in exhilarating bombazeen;

While the dear Colonel visits unsuspected,
And she's "as well as could have been ex-
pected;"

Custom's indulgence wisely does the borrow,
In cases of compliment displays her sorrow;
Of tears her black-edg'd paper fills the place,
Mourns as her proxy, and preserves her face.

Our Mourning Bride—who with no for-
row labours,

And mourns but in appearance like her
neighbours,

Tho' forced by etiquette to drop a tear,

Good-humour loves as well as any here;

Blest in the fate which those kind smiles de-
cree her,

Hopes that her friends will often come to
see her.

December 6. Mrs. M'George appeared
the first time at Drury-Lane, in *Andromache*,
in *The Distrest Mother*. As this lady
was propos'd to supply the second characters
in plays with Mrs. Siddons, perhaps it was
injudicious to suffer a comparison on her first
performance. In the present dearth of tra-
gic actors, Mrs. M'George deserves encour-
agement.

The same evening *The Girl in Style*, a
farce, by Mr. Schoen, was acted at Covent-
garden. This piece, had it been produced
at the time it was originally written, might
have been successful; at present the humour
of it was obsolete, and it met with so much
disapprobation that it ended with only two
representations.

The following is a specimen of the Au-
thor's poetry;—

Jockey Song—by Mrs. MARTYR.

TO the post we advance, at the signal to start,
Thrice I flourish my whip over *Slimmer-*
kin's ears;

When springing amain by a resolute dart,
He gains a whole length of the proudest
of peers.

That advantage to keep, as I lift him along,
Behind me full many a glance do I throw—
I soon find *Pve* the foot, but old *Nabob* is
strong,

(And the poor little peer carry'd weight,
as you know.)

I tried then to cut the third post pretty close,
At the same time the length I had gain'd
to preserve;

I gave *Slim* the whip, but he kick'd at the
dose,

And (a vile little devil) attempted to
fierce.

I chang'd, and a left-handed cut brought
him to;

But the peer, between me and the post,
made a push,

And lay neck and neck with me all I cou'd
do,

Not seeming to value my efforts a rush.
I led him, however, again to the slough,
Where he sunk to the fetlock at every stroke;
The peer had the bone—he press'd hard at
me now,

And seem'd to enjoy much the best of the
joke.

But I cross'd at the next post, and stretching
my hand,

(As I hope to be sav'd, without malice or
heat.)

I put all his trials of skill to the stand,

For I threw the unfortunate peer from his
seat.

He recover'd his saddle by seizing the mane,
But *Slim* darted forward as swift as the
wind;

Nor heard I of *Nabob* or *Lilly* again,

'Till I turn'd and beheld them come
panting behind.

My pleasure alone that sensation defines,

Which the Laplander courts from the
breeze of the South,

When I saw the peer distanc'd, and dash'd
up the lines,

With my horse hard in hand, and my
whip in my mouth.

The following Prologue, written by the
author, was spoken by Mr. Holman.

ON Burlington's dead wall, where many a
song

Flutters, or swells the packthread line
along;

In wooden plates, where truncheon'd Chief-
tains frown,

Who has not mark'd—*The World turn'd up-*
side down?

There humbled man the matron needle
plies,

Shakes up the swelling bed, or pinches paste
for pies;

While lordly woman haunts chace, fight, or
feast,

A sportsman, soldier, mariner, or priest.

But shall we blame th' incautious fair who
stray,

When man himself points out the devious
way?—

A vast tiara, trimm'd with Mecklin lace,

Shading the fable honours of his face,

Sir Flimsy rises.—A fauteuil repairs

The dire fatigue—of twelve descending stairs.

When, thus my lady;—"Do you ride to-
day?

The weather's charming;—try your new-
bought bay."

"What I!—what, ride!—on horseback
too, in May?"

This room's an air-pump, where we gasp
together;

Calcutta's cold to London in this weather.

The night was killing— I am scarce alive;
Yet I will ride—with you—if you will drive,

Who

Who now shall wonder, should his lovely
wife

Hold fast the reins he thus resigns for life?
Up springs the fair, in health's attractive
charms,

Enfolds her infant daughter in her arms;
And bears her where the well-poisd phaeton
waits,

And four bred horses nod in silver plates;
Smiling to mark her rosiate kisses stray
O'er the proud muzzle of each conscious
grey.

Some years have past since first our author's
brain

Teem'd with this Farce; — nor teem'd, we
hope, in vain.

Since, therefore, follies which have reign'd
of yore,

Detron'd by Fate or Fashion reign no more;
Frown not, if here I venture to recall
Scenes, brilliant scenes! scarce yet forgot by
all;

And bid you, Chorus-like, in lofty rhyme,
"To entertain conjecture of a time;"

When creeping murmur, and the poring
dark,

O'ertook fair foldiers in the tent-clad Park;
And from Whitehall to Hyde-park's utmost
bound,

"The hum of either camp did silly sound;"
When dauntless taylor's meaner toil forbore,
To trim the regimentals that they wore;

A time when Generals' sisters, wives and
nieces,

Wore leather-stocks, and criticiz'd field-
pieces.

But soft, our Girl attends, half dead with
fear,

Though never female mis'd protection
here.

11. Mrs. Jordan, whose attraction, to the
honour of public taste, still continues, per-
formed Miss Prue in *Love for Love*. We
have already praised this excellent performer
so often, that we shall only say on the pre-
sent occasion, that she deserves the commen-
dations which have been by the town so li-
berally bestowed upon her.

13. Mr. Didier, from Bath, appeared at
Covent-Garden, in *Dashwou'd, in Know
Your Own Mind*. In this character he ac-
quitted himself in a manner that promises
him to be a proper successor to Mr. Lee
Lewes.

20. A new tragedy, called *ELOISA*, com-
posed of the principal characters of Rousseau's
novel of that name, the story of which is also
adhered to in its chief points, was brought
forward at Covent-Garden. The gentleman
by whom the novel has been dramatized, is
Mr. Reynolds, who produced the tragedy
founded on the story of Werter, which ap-

peared two seasons since at Bath, and was
finely played at this theatre. He is entitled
to some indulgence, on the score of youth; as,
report says, he is little more than twenty.

Some variations are made from the origi-
nal both in the characters and incidents:—
instead of Eloisa's father an uncle is substi-
tuted. Villars is introduced for Rousseau's
Lord B——, Wolmar is omitted, and St.
Preux becomes the husband to Eloisa. The
part of Clara is also left out.

With these transpositions and alterations
the progress of the drama is as follows:—
Herauld the uncle is solicitous that his niece
should receive the addresses of Villars, an
English gentleman of high rank. Eloisa, on
the other hand, is strongly attached to St.
Preux;—the passion is reciprocal, but St.
Preux, considering her as descended from
the dignified family of Montmorenci, the
pride of France, admonishes her to receive
Villars and forget him. On Villars appear-
ing before Eloisa, he discovers by her con-
duct that her heart is disposed of; and on
hearing St. Preux is the favoured object, pro-
fesses a friendship for him, promises to assist
his suit, and serve him by every means in his
power. This declaration is faithfully adhered
to by Villars, and both the lovers appear
duly impressed with his generosity. The
uncle finding his views to effect Eloisa's mar-
riage thus defeated, engages Courcy, a gen-
tleman in his train, to assassinate St. Preux;
and the deed is reported to have been perpe-
trated. Eloisa becomes frantic at the intelli-
gence, and, in one of her lucid intervals, begs
to be led to the tomb where her lover is sup-
posed to be buried:—here she is followed
by her uncle, who upbraids her with the ig-
noble attachment; and being irritated by her
reproaches, draws his sword, and is on the
point of killing her, when St. Preux rushes
from the sepulchre, where he had been con-
cealed, and prevents the blow: thus inter-
rupted, the uncle attempts to slay St. Preux,
but is defeated by Villars entering, who
pledges to protect St. Preux, and draws his
sword in his cause. Herauld a second time
attempts the life of St. Preux, but Villars at
the instant pierces him to the heart, and res-
cues his friend, who is thereby left in pos-
session of Eloisa.

The incidents of this Tragedy are artfully
arranged, though some of them are pantomi-
mical; the sentiments elevated, glowing,
and virtuous: and the language, though gene-
rally juvenile, is often elegant and beautiful.

We like the dawnings of the Author's ge-
nius; and hope in time to applaud his writ-
tings.

MEMOIRS of a FRENCH OFFICER, who escaped from SLAVERY.

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(Concluded from Page 368.)

ON the 23d, before I went to work, I visited my fellow-sufferers, whom I found in a state of tranquillity, and still disposed to do nothing without me. After taking my leave, I felt some one lay their hand upon my shoulder: It was a Moor, who wished to force me into his hut. Knowing pretty well the disposition of my master, and the troubles I should get into if I staid long from home, I made a stout resistance. He was roused at my opposition, and gave me two blows with his fist, which laid me on my back, and gave him an opportunity of dragging me into his hut before I could recover myself. Here he threatened to kill me, if I stirred from the place where I now lay; in the mean while he went to reap some advantage from the materials washed on shore from the wreck.

Considering within myself, that I was not his slave, and fearing still greater misfortunes if I staid in his service, I took advantage of his absence, and set out to find my old master.

Scarce had I got an hundred yards, but the plunderer pursued me, and made me yield under the pressure of his blows.

Many Moors who were distant spectators of this transaction, ran with speed to inform my master of it. He instantly hastened to the spot, less affected by the loss of me, than inflamed by the insult he had received from the plunderer.—Armed with his carving-knife and other accoutrements, he demanded of my ravisher an explanation of his conduct. Too feeble to attack him (for there were six more well armed to assist him) my master returned home to get some friends to his support. The force was now equal on both sides, and both parties were determined to stand their ground. My master was resolved to perish sooner than leave me in the hands of his enemy; and my ravisher was too much interested to give me up without putting the matter to a trial. However, whilst the skirmish was in continuance, my old mistress marched off with me victoriously from the field.

When the conflict was ended, the relations and clan of my vanquished ravisher, who were working on the shore, attracted by the cries of the women, and animated by the discourse of some of those who had fled for se-

curity, collected themselves together in a strong body, and armed themselves with sabres, in vengeance of the affront they had received in the person of one of their chiefs*.

My master was apprised of the danger to which he was exposed, and collected together his clan also. The whole field now resounded with the clangor of martial instruments. The Mussulmen advanced in excellent order. The Mougeares, as brave as their enemies, kept their files closely linked, and were led on by the cool intrepidity of their Chief. Both clans took a view of each other, and breathed vengeance and destruction to their opposers; howling and bellowing as if invoking their infernal gods. Thus two whole tribes were involved in a dispute, which originated only in two persons.

Some women, uncertain of the issue of the combat, dragged us to a distant spot. Indeed, the idea of being sacrificed to their rage, in case our masters were beaten, made us inclined to withdraw from the scene of action. Every thing was completed that was necessary to an obstinate engagement. Each army was equipped in the warlike habiliments of their respective districts; they had an equal share of natural courage, which was assisted by good order and discipline; and to render their innate ardor for glory more vehement, they were roused by the animated harangues of their leaders.

But at this instant, when all was expectation, a body of women rushed in between the lines, and threw them all into confusion. They seized hold of their sabres, and entreated them to desist, by their tears and prayers, from putting their murderous wishes into execution. The Chiefs of each clan now advanced, and after a short conversation between them, led off their men in peace to their habitations; the Mussulmen retired to their part of the country, and the Mougeares to theirs; and, after laying down their arms, they met again at the sea-side to enrich themselves by plundering the wreck.

My master having returned to the coast, gave me the liberty to go where I would: all the work he exacted of me, was to procure wood enough for the daily consumption.

* The place where we were wrecked was on the borders of the province of the Mussulmen. The Mougeares, a people situated more southerly, were the first who perceived us after our shipwreck; and by a law established amongst them, all captives are their property; thus they were our first masters.

On the 28th we entirely forsook the strand, having loaded the camels with every article of value which we had saved. About noon, almost all the natives had disappeared, taking with them their slaves, without permitting them to embrace each other at parting.

These barbarians have no other shelter than a coarse stuff, woven with a mixture of goats and camels hair, stretched upon poles eight feet in length: their furniture was very trifling, consisting of some goats skins, which served them for raiment, and a mat made of rushes, which was the bed of the whole family; husband, wife, children, and domesticks, sleeping constantly together. It was some hours before they gave me any nourishment, which, in general, was a short commons of four milk. Afterwards I retired to sleep among the goats, which were always confined in their tents at night, to secure them from the attacks of the wild beasts that infest those parts. At sunrise they ordered me to get some fuel, and rewarded me, on my return, with a little milk. At nine they sent me to drive the goats to the pasture, accompanied by a child to shew me the proper spot. Before sun-set they were driven home; after this was finished, I went a second time for wood, and received a larger portion of food than ordinary. This was my constant method of living, all the time I was with my first master.

The land in this climate is so dry and barren, that scarce any thing but bushes is to be seen; not a tree or shrub of any height throws forth its verdant foliage. A parching thirst consumed me daily, nor could I find a rivulet to assuage its intenseness. A broiling sun tormented me, nor was there one retired spot that could afford me shelter from its ardency. By no invention could I rid me of the inconvenience, till I took to the disagreeable necessity of going naked, and of making my shirt into a turban. Barefooted, I ran without cessation over the thorns to collect my scattered flock.

One day, fatigued by excessive heat, and abandoned to despondency, I had forgot my flock, which was scattered here and there, when the sight of a fierce tiger made my heart recoil with terror. Perhaps a swift pursuit might have exposed me to the fury of this animal; be that as it may, I ran immediately amongst the bushes, and hid myself from its sight. Trembling, and scarce able to breathe for fear, I saw the tiger fall on my helpless goats. The hungry beast killed three, and glutted himself with devouring their trembling limbs. All the rest ran off, and took shelter in different parts of the country, so that I had much ado to reassemble them together. Now the trying moment approached—I had yet another brute to shun—I had yet to acquaint

my master of the accident. Left in a dilemma, what was to be done? My duty called me home; my fears bade me escape. Thus divided, the sun was set before I recollected myself.

[After giving an account of his having been dreadfully beat and bruised by his master, who left him bound hand and foot in the open fields, the author proceeds as follows:—]

When the day began to dawn, they came to untie me, but, alas! I could not perceive my deliverers. The thickness of the dew deprived me of my sight. All hopes were now totally at an end; I could no longer endure the weight of so unexpected a misfortune. Repentance seemed to take possession of my master for his brutal conduct; every word he spoke brought fresh proofs of his penitence. But my mistress was more cruel—she said I was a useless slave, and that if I did not recover my eye-sight in three days, she would knock my brains out when I was asleep. Only imagine what ideas such unnatural expressions must have raised in my mind. I invoked the Supreme Being, I beseeched him to recover me, or take me out of misery.

My master's son made me enter into the tent, and having given me some milk, had compassion on me, and fomented my eyes. He tried to lull me to sleep; but my heart was worn raw with frequent feverity, and my mind was far from being in a state of composure—I wept—I prayed for mercy. The least noise threw me into convulsions. I dreaded every instant the approach of some bloody villain to put in execution the counsel of my mistress.

Thirty-five hours had elapsed since my blindness first commenced. At this period my master's son came, as usual, to bathe my eyes, when I could faintly discover my mistress near me. With transports of joy I ran to inform her of my recovery; and my felicity was increased, by the satisfaction she expressed at the event. I was no longer sent out to seek firing, or to tend the goats; they thought only how they could get rid of me. An opportunity soon offered itself, and I was sold to a Moor that was on his journey for three goats.

On the 14th of February I followed my new master, who lived about 100 leagues from the old habitation. I found out that he was very rich, and that he possessed a large stock of sheep, goats, oxen, and horses; that he had 87 camels, six male and three female negroes, and that he was the most opulent merchant in the country: in short, I was ignorant of nothing but the work to which he intended to put me. All over the mountains my feet were exposed to the sharp flints, nor was it till the evening that we got a sight of the

the next village. It struck me that that place was our home, for I did not think about merchandize: I was ignorant of the vast quantities of goods they carried with them to exchange for cattle and wool. As these clans were very hospitable, there was no necessity to carry much provision with them; a pair of scissars, a knife, or any trifling article, would furnish them with more than they could consume in eight days. They were always well armed, and marched in bodies that they might defend themselves from the robbers that might attack them.

On my first entering the place, they gave me some barley-meal steeped in water. I swallowed it with avidity, and slept soundly after it, although I lay on the bare ground. Next day we set out on our route. Before ten in the morning my legs could not carry me any farther, so that I was forced to sit down to rest myself. My master seeing me left at some distance behind, sent a Moor to flog me on with a cord, of which he was not at all sparing. More than ten times I was driven to the extremity of drinking the urine of the camels to allay my thirst, and to add to my misfortunes, the sun had raised a blister on my back, and another on my thigh, which was already much inflamed with excessive exercise. My master had no kind of feeling for me, for, in spite of all these sufferings, he exacted the same from me every day, and made me go on foot, bruised and maimed as I was. Oftentimes, when he was beating me, I have prayed him to kill me; but nothing would do; the reward of my petition was a double bastinado. At last, after a great deal of difficulty, they got me to the next resting-place. Here a violent fever seized me, which prevented me from taking either sleep or nourishment, and lasted for so considerable a time, with such unremitting vehemence, as to leave no room to doubt my dissolution.

On the approach of morning, my master called me up to prepare for the rest of the journey; but he was at last convinced that it would be better for himself that I should be taken some care of; so they placed me on a camel, and bound me fast down, that they might have the less trouble about me in case I should fall. The jolts or leaps these animals made in walking bruised me terribly, and threw me into a violent perspiration. At last, on the 25th of February, we reached the long-wished village where my master lived. Many negroes came out to meet us, and usher in their returning lord, which was attended with fortunate circumstances for me, as they brought with them plenty of meat and drink.

Three days were given me to rest my tired

limbs, which were swelled to a very great size, especially my legs, which nearly equalled the bulk of my body. Several wounds I had received on the journey, from the inhuman stripes my master gave me whenever I lagged behind, began to suppurate. My piteous condition attracted the attention of the Moors, who now turned their thoughts to some mode of cure. For this purpose they stretched me out upon the sand, and whilst four persons held me down, my master burned away the proud flesh with the blade of a carving knife, which was previously made red-hot. My God! what excruciating pangs did I feel! With what a roaring did I express the agonies I underwent! When I was recovered, he one day took me out a walking, and made enquiries about my fellow-sufferers. He informed me that some lived within a few days walk, and that he would send for them to come and see me. No news in the world could be more agreeable to me; returning hope added fresh vigour to my soul. I would often ask my master if he intended ever to part with me; but his answers were only such as to hint at some approaching alteration—his purpose was merely to make a better price of me.

When his wishes were accomplished, he put me on a camel, and led me to a little village called Glimy, situated about three leagues off. Many of the inhabitants came and examined me; they joined in purchasing me, but disagreeing afterwards, they came and returned me again. In the morning of the next day, one of them who had seen me in the market, came and struck a bargain with my master, and I became a slave to a third person, who brought me back to Glimy on the 15th of March.

Mahomet, which was the name of the man who bought me, sold half his share of me to a Jew of the name of Aaron. My way was to live three days with one, and three days with the other successively.

During my stay with these two joint masters, M. Mure, Vice Consul of France to the Emperor of Morocco, got intelligence of our situation, and spared no pains to extricate us from our state of bondage.—Letters, written to the Emperor, were sent express by Moors to discover the immediate place where we were; and neither money nor promises, presents nor temptations were kept back, that could at all facilitate our re-union.

This at length the Consul accomplished; and by his continual assiduity, their liberty was obtained, and they were sent to France; and on the 21st of November 1784, they were presented at Versailles.

AN HISTORICAL and CRITICAL ESSAY on CATHEDRAL MUSIC.

[From the Rev. Mr. MASON'S "Collection of Anthems," lately published]

[Concluded from Page 364.]

I Engaged a young person perfectly well grounded in the rules of composition, and of promising abilities as a composer, to attend to me for some time while I repeatedly read one of the shortest of these Hymns with all the care and accuracy, with respect to accent and pause, that I was capable of; and, when he had got a complete sentence perfectly in his head, to write down on a single line, with the common musical characters, a variety of minims, crotchets, and quavers, equivalent to the times of my pronunciation, either in common or triple measure, as he found most convenient. The novelty of the attempt was a little embarrassing at first, but it soon became sufficiently easy to him, and proceeding, sentence after sentence, he produced on paper, with much exactitude, the musical time in notes, rests, and bars, of the whole Hymn *, according to my recitation. The ground-plan (as I may call it) of the musical structure being thus adjusted, I told him this was the foundation on which he was to proceed in the composition of a new Service; that he was to observe all the dimensions precisely, and neither lengthen nor shorten a single note, or vary a single rest in the whole of the melody, and that his harmony also must proceed under the same strict limitations. He thought, as might be expected, this law wondrously severe, and seeming indeed to doubt the justice and sagacity of the lawgiver, pleaded strongly to be at least indulged in a few repetitions of the words in order to facilitate his modulation. This was refused, yet still his youth and docility led him to undertake the task, till under all these restrictions he produced the *Nunc Dimittis* in four full parts, which answered my idea so

perfectly, that I ventured to practise his abilities under the same limitations on the *Te Deum*; but in this, before he sat down to compose, we regulated together what part of the words should be set chorally, and which in trio, duo, or solo, and for what kind of voices. He was even more successful in this second attempt than in the former. His composition had an unaffected simplicity in the style, and agreeable variety in its modulation; and in point of articulation was so intelligible, that without losing any thing of musical sweetness, it expressed every word almost as distinctly as solemn speaking: I say almost, because in such music, to produce this perfectly, the performers must also submit to a new regulation, and must occasionally be taught to trespass a little on the length of a musical bar, with the rests within it, so as to make it as much as possible accord with the true punctuation of the sentence.

The recommendation of this breach of time, I know will offend the musical reader at the first; but I would wish him to consider that the invention of bars † in music is of no long standing, and their use not of equal importance in every species of music. In continued airs, and dancing measures, they are of essential service: but to the music in question they appear to me by no means so necessary; for tho' I would not absolutely reject them, I would not suffer them to mark the time so precisely as to occasion any improper breaks in the continuation of a period. For this music, tho' very different in itself from recitative, ought in a great degree to be performed as that is, and might occasionally admit recitative into it, if we had a real national one ‡. But whether I am right or wrong

* The musical reader will recollect, that as the whole was written on a single line, all the notes were the same, marking only one found of the octave. Hence this scheme regulated only the duration and pauses, emphasis being put out of the question, because the duration of each syllable being ascertained, emphasis, if the music was well performed, would result from it, so far as was necessary for the purpose.

† The Historian tells us, with his customary and commendable accuracy, that their "use is not to be traced higher than 1574," and it was not till some time after, that the use of them became general. Barnard's Cathedral Music, printed in 1641, is without Bars, but they are found throughout in the Ayres and Dialogues of Henry Lawes, published in 1653. From whence it may be conjectured, that we owe to Lawes this improvement." See *Hawkins*, vol. III, p. 518. This Henry Lawes was the friend of Milton, and set the songs in his *Comus*. He found, I imagine, the use of bars more necessary to mark the time of his Ayres, than to span the just accent and quantity of his words. See note, *Series 1st*, p. 11.

‡ Had Purcell lived longer, it is probable this want would have been supplied. The model which Handel has given us, tho' as good as could possibly be expected from a foreigner, who had little knowledge of the genius and turn of our language, is not what a native like Purcell would have formed, or that which might, perhaps, yet be formed from the specimens he has left us, were they divested of those quavering divisions which he has set, probably, to please his scholars, and which (if in any) are in the French taste.

in this notion, (which I know is too singular to find easy and general acceptance) I am persuaded, from the success of the experiment here described, that these Services by this means would be cleared of their principal defect, tho' performed in the usual manner; for I have had the pleasure to find my young composer's attempt not only admired by the generality of hearers, but approved by many well versed in musical science.

And let it not be imagined that Church Music, so far simplified as I wish it to be, would require less real art or taste either in the Composer or Performers, than the complex style now in use. It is true these powers must take a different direction; for in order to make Sound subservient to Sense, the Composer, on his part, will find it necessary to study the force and genius of his own language, full as much as the old laws of Counter-point; to enter also, somewhat philosophically, into the nature of sounds to find those which best express the different passions, in order to adapt the tone and movement of the strain to the verbal sentiment; and tho' he must refrain from that part of his art which the eloquent J. J. Rousseau (under the article *Fugue* in his Musical Dictionary) calls "l'ingrate chef d'œuvre d'un bon harmoniste," yet he is precluded from no other exertion of his musical science.

With respect to the performers, their business, it is true, will be rendered less *operose*, yet it will not, therefore, have less merit; for to sing with taste is surely more difficult than to sing in tune. The effect of all those supplemental graces which really serve to assist musical expression, they must diligently study, and judiciously apply, either to enforce a single word, or give the proper effect to a whole sentence; and tho' they must do this without sacrificing distinct articulation to delicacy of tone, yet must they still endeavour to hit that precise medium in the vocal faculty, which pronounces and sings at the same time, and which is at once, in point of sound melodious, and in point of speech articulate: a merit to which only first-rate performers generally attain; the rest may be met with in every Catch-club throughout the Kingdom.

I have now taken notice of every musical part of our Cathedral Service, except that of

the unaccompanied chaunt used in the versicles and responses, and that other which is accompanied by the organ in the use of the Psalter. As to the former, its long prescriptive use is its best defence, except indeed that in very large Churches it serves to make the voice more audible; and tho' the monotonous cast of it, in some measure, prevents emphasis and expression, yet by a minute observance of those pauses in pronunciation which come not within the restriction of even a comma in our marks of punctuation, it may be performed with sufficient intelligibility; and has this one great merit, that it prevents all affectation of what is called modern *fine* reading, a thing almost as misplaced in the Church Service as old *curious* music.

Concerning the accompanied chaunt used in the Psalter, I agree with Dr. Bayley §, that "some regard ought to be had to the general subject of the Psalms for the day, using plaintive chaunts with mournful Psalms, and cheerful with thanksgiving." But as the Psalms, in their present order, vary materially among themselves in this point, so that a penitential one is often immediately followed by another of a different cast, I would go farther, and wish that a Cathedral Psalter was composed by some judicious person, in which every Psalm should have a peculiar chaunt affixed to it; and that these chaunts, succeeding one another in the allotted portions of the Rubric for the day, should pass from major to minor keys, and *vice versa*, according to the established rules of modulation. For this purpose no new chaunts need be invented, but only a good selection made from the great variety now in use. The metrical Psalms, we know, have long had their peculiar harmonies, and I know no reason why those in prose have not as good a right to their peculiar chaunts.

I shall now close this Essay; which, short and superficial as it is, may yet go some way towards abating an ill-grounded deference to antiquity, merely because it is antiquity. When Dr. Burney, in the course of his Musical History, treats this part of his subject, I have good reason to hope that whatever I may have here advanced consonant to true taste, will be supported by more scientific argument.

ANECDOTES of HUNTING, ANTIENT and MODERN.

THE ardour for prey has formed a kind of society between the dog, the horse, the falcon, and man, which began very early,

which has never since ceased, and which will probably be permanent.

There is not a nation in which it has not

§ See Dr. Bayley's Preface to his Anthem-Book for the Royal Chapel, p. xv.

been found necessary to restrain by laws the ardour for Hunting; so natural is this exercise to man, and so apt is it to degenerate into a passion injurious both to health and to society.

Hunting was one of the first exercises of man; it was a kind of natural right, and was free to all. Every nation, however, has thought it necessary to fix restraints upon this liberty.

Solon, in order to prevent the Athenians from neglecting the mechanic arts, prohibited Hunting; the passion for which they carried too far.

The ancestors of the French, who esteemed no other profession than that of arms, after their conquest of the Gauls, abandoned the culture of the land to the natives, and reserved Hunting to themselves. It became then a noble exercise, and the principal amusement of Kings and Princes. The French Kings successively augmented their assumed rights in hunting; till Lewis XIV. at length, by his edict of 1669, claimed to himself the primitive and sole right to that diversion; asserting, that none of the nobility of his kingdom had a right to hunt, without the permission which he might grant them, whether by infeodation, concession, or privilege; and that he would be at liberty to restrain that right whenever he thought proper.

Nimrod, who reigned at Babylon, devoted himself to Hunting, and delivered his subjects from the savage beasts that desolated the country. In the sequel, he easily made soldiers of his companions in the chase, and employed them in extending and establishing his conquests.

Bold Nimrod first the lion's trophies wore,
The panther bound, and lanc'd the bristling boar;

He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
And wheel the courser in his mid' career:
Ah! had he there refrain'd his tyrant hand!

TICKELL.

The sacred history describes the first warriors under the name of Hunters. Nimrod is represented as "a mighty Hunter before the Lord." Hunting was indeed so useful and so necessary to the rising societies, that there is reason to think the first King was a Hunter. It is no wonder then that the first Kings or Heroes of which Antiquity makes mention, should be characterized as celebrated Hunters. Bacchus is drawn by tigers, because he had subdued them. Apollo obtained the laurels that encircle his head, by killing the serpent Python. The heroes named Hercules (for there were many of that name) ac-

quired thrones and altars by delivering mankind from a variety of monsters; and Diana merited her temples for having been constantly employed in the destruction of noxious animals. In a word, Hunting is an employment prescribed in the book of Moses, and desired in the theology of the Pagans.

The Egyptians, in their most splendid times, were much addicted to Hunting; it was the most common exercise of the children that were educated in the court of Sesostris.

The sculpture in the two palaces of Babylon represented the Huntings of Ninus and Semiramis.

The two Cyruses delighted in Hunting; and the latter had a park full of deer, at Celenes, a town of Phrygia.

The Persians considered Hunting as a very serious employment, and an excellent preparative for war; in which they employed the same weapons, the arrows and javelins, the hatchet, the pike, and the buckler.

The Lacedemonians, who were warriors by profession, cultivated Hunting with incessant care: it was their ruling passion: they had very swift dogs, which, it is supposed, were grey-hounds. Virg. Georg. iii. 405.

The dexterity of Ptolemy Epiphanes in Hunting is celebrated by Polybius: his Ambassador told the Athenians that his master had killed a wild bull with a single arrow; and he deemed this a sufficient eulogy.

Xenophon, the disciple of Socrates, was an admirable describer of the Hunting of the hare, the stag, and the wild boar. He has indeed written a treatise expressly upon this subject.

The Romans, on the contrary, held Hunting in such contempt, that they left the use of it to their slaves, and to the very dregs of the people. They were apprehensive that Hunting, which so easily becomes a passion, might divert the citizens from their essential duties. Nevertheless, being sensible that this exercise, from the fatigues which it occasions, the dangers incident to it, and its injuring the spectator to the shedding of blood, was proper to form men to war, they adopted the idea of frequently entertaining the people with dreadful and magnificent representations of the Hunting of wild beasts, &c.

In the year 502 of Rome, 142 elephants, that were taken in Sicily from the Carthaginians, were brought to the Circus, and afforded the people a public exhibition, in seeing these animals fight and destroy each other.

Augustus, in a single day, caused 500 wild beasts to fight in like manner; and Scavrus introduced a sea-horse and 500 crocodiles.

The

The Emperor Probus exhibited 1000 stiches, 1000 stags, 1000 wild boars, 1000 deer, 1000 hinds, and 1000 wild rams; afterwards 100 Syrian lions, 100 lionesses, and 300 bears.—Sylla had given, before him, 100 lions; Pompey, 315; and Cæsar 400.

The Lords, who, in the Low Countries, still retain the semblance of feudal power in the criminal jurisdiction, possess also, in their baronies or manors, most of the rights that are enjoyed by the Lords of Manors in England. These rights, in some instances, have been abridged by the laws of Brabant. As an example of this sort, it may be remarked, that by an article in the Joyous Entry of Brabant in the fourteenth century, it is declared, that all the natives of that Province shall enjoy the privilege of Hunting with hound and hawk through all the lands of Brabant, excepting only in the forests of the Prince, and in those manors, few in number, that had acquired the right of free warren before the beginning of that century; an article which marks, among many others, the early influence which the Commons acquired in this Province, who were thus able to controul the feudal Barons in those amusements of which they were the most jealous, the amusements of the chase. The same article extends also to all the natives of Brabant the right of fishing in the river Senne, which passes through Brussels. The Brabanders have not failed, by the exercise of these rights, to maintain the possession of them.

In the forest of the Ardennes St. Hubert was held in particular veneration. Of this Saint the holy legends record, that he was born of noble parents, was an idolater, and a Hunter in the woods, when, as he pursued the game, a deer presented itself, between whose horns was planted a miraculous cross. Struck by this miracle, St. Hubert forsook the rude life of a Hunter, and embracing the Christian faith, became an eminent Apostle in the Ardennes. The festival of St. Hubert, precious to sportsmen, and consecrated to the chase, still recalls the delight that this Saint took in his first profession of a Hunter. Neither has St. Hubert ceased to work miracles, and to lend his aid to those who suffer harm from the dog, his faithful companion in the chase. All who have the misfortune to be bit by a mad dog repair to the Ardennes and the Abbey of St. Hubert, and by their devotion to the Saint obtain, as it is said, a complete cure.

Horace says that the chase is a noble exercise, which contributes both to health and reputation; and as such he re-

commends it to his friend Lollius. *lib. I. Epist. 18.*

Pliny the younger, writing to Tacitus, boasts much of a chase in which he had taken three wild boars. "You cannot imagine," he adds, "how much the exercise of the body contributes to the sprightliness of the mind."

The Emperor Adrian was so much addicted to Hunting, and so fond of horses and dogs, that he erected monuments to their memory, and inscribed epitaphs on them. He also built a city in Mysia, which he called Adrianoterres, i. e. Adrian's Chase, to commemorate his having, with his own hand killed a wild boar in that country.

Polibius relates, that Maximus restored discipline in the Roman legions, by often exercising them in Hunting.

It was an observation of John-James Rousseau, that the savages of America, who live only upon the produce of their Hunting, have never been subdued.

Hunting was common among the ancient Gauls. In every town they had a sacred tree, on which the Hunters suspended some parts of the animals they had killed, and consecrated them to their goddesses Arduenna.

In the first ages of the French monarchy, no freeman, or noble, ever went abroad without a hawk upon his fist. This was what distinguished him, in particular, from a vassal. The game laws too were as severe against offences under their cognizance, as against more atrocious crimes. A person convicted of having stolen a greyhound was to pay 45 sous of the money of those times, which was the punishment fixed for the murder of a Roman tributary; and the stealing of a hawk was punished by a fine equal to that which was decreed for the murder of a slave.

By the laws of Gondebaut, Duke of Burgundy, any person that stole a dog, was sentenced to lick his posteriors, in the presence of a whole company. The stealer of a hawk was obliged to let that bird eat five ounces of flesh from his stomach, unless he chose rather to pay six crowns to the proprietor, and two, as a fine, to the exchequer.

A Hunting party terminated the great assemblies, which the first Kings of France held under the name of Parliaments.

Charles IX. King of France, composed a learned treatise on Stag-Hunting. It was printed at Paris in 1625, and is dedicated to Lewis XIII.

(To be continued.)

REMARKS on the EPOCHAS of VARIOUS INVENTIONS.

IT is proved, by the testimony of Philostrates and Pzetzes, that in the first century of the Christian era, methods of making certain testaceous fishes produce real pearls, were discovered on the shores of the Red Sea. As to the first false pearls, they were fabricated at Murano; and they consisted of small beads of glass, coated within-side by a varnish of a pearl colour; but this varnish, in the composition of which entered an amalgam of mercury, was probably what induced the republic of Venice to forbid, at the commencement of the 13th century, the fabrication and sale of these pearls.

The paving of the highways appears to be due to the Carthaginians. The streets of Thebes were paved, as well as those of Herculaneum, Pompeia, and other ancient cities, in which not only pavements are observed, but even footways on each side of the streets. The city of Cordova was paved toward the middle of the 9th century by the fourth Spanish Caliph. Paris was not paved till the middle of the 12th century, in the reign of Philip II. London was paved in the 11th century; and Augsburg in the year 1415, at the expence of a rich merchant. Philip the Hardy instituted the first regulations for keeping the streets clean; but the houses of Paris having no privies, and the cattle, and particularly hogs, being allowed to go at liberty in the streets, it was long before the city could enjoy the benefit of these regulations. It was not till the year 1131, that the young

King Philip, having been thrown from his horse, by a hog running between his legs, it was forbidden to leave the cattle thus at liberty; but the hogs belonging to the Monks of the Abbey of St. Anthony, were not included in this prohibition. In 1700, the proprietors of the houses in Paris were obliged to be compelled, by an order of police, to make a sufficient number of privies, &c. and it was in 1748, that a person undertook to clean the streets for 200,000 livres (8,750*l.*) and to clear away the snow and ice for 6000 livres (261*l.* 10*s.*).

The Emperor Augustus had a collection of natural history in his palace. It does not appear that any private persons had a collection among the Greeks and Romans; and it was not till the 16th century, that such collections began to be common in Europe.

The use of chimneys and stoves appears to have been absolutely unknown to the Greeks and Romans. Chimneys, raised above the roofs of houses, were not yet in use in the 13th century. The first was constructed at Venice in 1347, and the second at Rome in 1368; the latter by the order, and for the use, of a nobleman of Padua, who ornamented it with his arms.

These anecdotes are extracted from a German work just printed at Leipsic, written by the Counsellor Beckmann, and entitled "Memoirs collected for the History of Inventions."

A METHOD of PRESERVING FRUITS FRESH and GOOD, and of CONVEYING THEM IN LONG VOYAGES: With a METHOD also of PRESERVING such SUBSTANCES as are liable to FERMENTATION and DISSOLUTION, when exposed to the OPEN AIR.

[From the "JOURNAL POLYTYPE DES SCIENCES & DES ARTS."]

FOR this simple, easy, and unexpensive method, we are indebted to M. Carrier, Surgeon. This gentleman brought a quantity of pine-apples, plantains, sapotas, oranges, &c. from the island of St. Domingo. When they arrived at Havre, after a passage of forty-eight days, and three days after being landed, the fruit was found perfectly good to eat. The certificate of the captain, officers, and passengers of the ship was presented to the Royal Academy of Sciences; and some of the fruit was packed up in bran, and sent to that illustrious society. They did not arrive at Paris till a fortnight after, when they were decayed, from the fermentation which the bran had occasioned. It is known, moreover, that the more fermentable bodies are kept from the action of the air, the sooner

they yield to that action when they are exposed to it.

The method adopted by M. Carrier is founded upon the principle, that "the fermentation of fruit is caused only by the action of the atmospherical air upon the glutinous matter, which serves as a cement to the earthy and mucilaginous parts of bodies." But whether this be the real principle; or whether the fermentation arise from a new combination, occasioned by principles brought and communicated by the air; it is certain, that by keeping fruit and provisions from the action of that element, their freshness and duration has been prolonged; a circumstance not unknown to country house-keepers.

In consequence of this acknowledged fact, M. Carrier put his fruit, most of which was perfectly

perfectly ripe, into a hoghead, which he closed as well as he could, there not being a cooper on board. This hoghead he put into a larger one, in such a manner, that there was a hollow space of three or four inches all round; and he filled this interval with seawater, which he took care to renew every day, because the exterior hoghead was bad and leaky. This is the whole secret.

M. Carrier has presented his process to the Academy of Sciences. Messieurs de Jussieu and Fougereux de Bondaroy, commissaries, have given their opinion, that this object was "worthy the attention of the Academy, and that they ought to encourage the author, and engage him to continue his experiments."—In communicating his process to the public, M. Carrier has put it into the power of every person to make the trial himself; and there is reason to think, that experiments made with more precautions than it was possible for M. Carrier to take, would be attended with success.

It often happens that bottles of wine, forgotten for many years, at the bottom of a well, have perfectly preserved their liquor. In many countries fruit is preserved in small cellars, or vaults, closely shut; and grapes

may be kept in them till Easter. Some persons have succeeded in keeping peaches a long time, by wrapping them in hemp prepared for spinning, and then dipping them in melted yellow wax, drawing them out thus hermetically sealed from the air. The ancients put fruit into vessels with sand well-dried; they then buried them in the depth of five or six feet. The women in the country boil their eggs as when they would eat them in the shell: they then put them into cool water, which they change every three or four days. When they would eat these eggs, they boil them once more, and they become perfectly good and fresh again. M. de Reaumur had an idea of coating them with varnish, or of dipping them in oil of raddish. Sea water, which is bituminous, loaded with nitre, and more continuous, and heavier than fresh water, appears to us very proper to produce the effect which M. Carrier attributes to it. This gentleman has certainly rendered an important service to society: for, in a country where the population is great, and where the spoiling of provisions would be a real loss, the methods of preserving them cannot be multiplied too much.

POLITICAL E C LOGUES, No. II.

Though in the following Eclogue our Author has not selected any single one of *Virgil* for a close and exact parody, he seems to have had his eye principally upon the *Vth*, or the *DAPHNIS*, which contains the *Elegy* and *APOTHEOSIS* of *Julius Cæsar*.

ARGUMENT.

Mr. WILKES and Lord HAWKESBURY alternately congratulate each other on his Majesty's late happy escape. The one describes the joy which pervades the country: The other sings the dangers from which our constitution has been preserved.

THE sessions up, the Treasury-boys depart,
Each to the culture of his favourite art;
First to Brighthelmston flies, elate to see
His schemes matur'd in—cups of smuggled tea;
To plant of Eastern equity, *Dundas*
And comely *Villiers* to his votive glass;
Rose to revenue dreams; to dalliance *Steel*;
And hungry hirelings to their hard-earned meal.

A faithful pair, in mutual friendship tied,
Once keen in hate, as now in love allied,
(This, o'er admiring mobs in triumph rode,
Libell'd his Monarch, and blasphem'd his God;
That, the mean drudge of tyranny and *Bute*,
At once his practis'd pimp and prostitute)

VOL. X.

Adcombe's proud roof receives, whose dark
recess
And empty vaults, its owner's mind express,
While block'd-up windows to the world display
How much he loves a tax, how much invites
the day.

Here the dire chance that god-like *George*
befel,
How sick in spirit, yet in health how well,
What Mayors by dozens, at the tale affrighted,
Got drunk, address'd, got laugh'd at, and got
knighted,
They read, with mingled horror and surprize,
In London's pure Gazette, that never lies.
Ye Tory bands, who taught by conscious
fears,
Have wisely check'd your tongues—and sav'd
your ears,—
Hear, ere hard fate forbids—what heav'nly
strains
Flow'd from the lips of these melodious
swains:
Alternate was the song, but first began,
(So the Muse order'd) the regenerate man.

WILKES.

Bless'd be the beef-fed guard, whose vigorous
twist
Wrench'd the rais'd weapon from the mur-
derer's fist,

3 M

Hira,

Him, Lords in waiting shall with awe behold
In red tremendous, and hirsute in gold.

On him, great monarch, let thy bounty shine,
What meed can match a life so dear as thine?
Well was that bounty measured, all must own,
That gave him *half* of what he saved—a crown*.

Bless'd the dull edge, for treason's views unfit,
Harmless as *Stanhope's* rage, or *Bearcroft's* wit.

Blush, clumsy patriots, for degenerate zeal,
Wilkes had not guided thus the faithless steel!

Round your sad mistress flock, ye maids elect,
Whose charms severe your chastity protect;
Fear'd by whose glance, despairing love descends,
That Virtue steals no triumph from your eyes.

Round your bold master flock, ye mitred hive,

With anathems on Whigs his soul revive;
Saints! whom the sight of human blood appals,
Save when to please the Royal will it falls.

He breathes! he lives! the vestal choir advance,

Each takes a Bishop, and leads up the dance,
Nor (1) dreads to break her long-respected vow,

For chaste—ah! strange to tell!—are bishops now:

(2) Saturnian times return!—the age of truth,

And—long foretold—is come, the Virgin Youth,

Now sage professors, for their learning's curse,

Die of their duty in remorseless verse:
Now sentimental Aldermen expire

In prose, half flaming with the Muse's fire;
Their's—while rich dainties swim on every plate,

Their's the glad toil to feast for Britain's fate:
Nor mean the gift the Royal grace affords,
All shall be knights—but those that shall be lords.

Fountain of Honor, that art never dry,
Touch'd with whose drops of grace no thief can die,
Still with new titles foak the delug'd land,
Still may we all be safe from *Ketch's* menac'd hand.

JENKINSON.

(3) Oh wond'rous man, with a more wond'rous Muse!
O'er my lank limbs thy strains a sleep diffuse,
Sweet as when *Pitt* with words disdain'ding end,
Toils to explain, yet scorns to comprehend.
Ah! whither had we fled, had that foul day
Torn him untimely from our arms away?
What ills had mark'd the age, had that dire thrust
Pierc'd his soft heart, and bow'd his Bob to dust?
Gods! to my labouring fight what phantoms rise!
Here Juries triumph, and there droops Excise!
Fierce from defeat, and with collected might,
The low-born Commons claim the people's right:
And mad for freedom, vainly deem'd their own,
Their eye presumptuous dares to scan the throne.
See—in the general wreck that smother's all,
Just ripe for justice—see my *Hastings* fall.
Lo, the dear Major meets a rude repulse,
Though blazing in each hand he bears a BULSE;
Nor Ministers attend, nor Kings relent,
Though rich Nabobs so splendidly repent.
See *Eden's* faith expos'd to sale again,
Who takes his plate, and learns his French in vain.
See countless eggs for us obscure the sky,
Each blanket trembles, and each pump is dry.
Far from good things *Dundas* condemn'd to roam,
Ah!—worse than banish'd,—doom'd to live at home.
Hence dire illusions! dismal scenes away—
Again he cries, "What, what!" and all is gay.

NOTES.

IMITATIONS.

- (1.) —nec magnos metuent armenta leones.
(2.) Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,
(3.) Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine Poeta
Quale sopor fellis in gramine.

Come, *Brunswick*, come, great King of
loaves and fishes,
Be bounteous still to grant us all our wishes! (4)
Twice every year with *Beaufoy* as we
dine, (5)
Pour'd to the brim—eternal *George*—be
thine
Two foaming cups of his nectareous (6) juice,
Which—new to Gods,—no mortal vines produce.
(7) To us shall *Brudenell* sing his choicest
airs,
And cap'ring *Mulgrave* ape the grace of
bears;
A grand thanksgiving pious *York* compose,
In all the proud parade of pulpit prose;
For sure Omniscience will delight to hear,
Thou 'scapedst a danger, thou wert never
near. (†)
(8) While ductile *Pitt* thy whisper'd with
obeys,
While dupes believe what'er the Doctor says,
While panting to be tax'd, the famish'd poor
Grow to their chains, and only beg for more;
While fortunate in ill, thy servants find
No snares too slight to catch the vulgar
mind:

Fix'd as the doom, thy Power shall still remain,
And thou, wife King, as uncontroul'd shalt
reign.

WILKES.

Thanks, *Jenky*, thanks, for ever could'st thou
sing,
For ever could I fit, and hear thee praise the
King.
(9) Then take this Book †, which with a
Patriot's pride,
Once to his sacred warrant I deny'd,
Fond though he was of reading all I
wrote:
No gift can better suit thy tuneful throat ||.

JENKINSON.

And thou this Scottish pipe, (10) which
Famie's breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in
death,
From lips unhallow'd (11) I've preserv'd it
long:
Take the just tribute of thy loyal song.

NOTES.

† The public alarm express'd upon the event which is the subject of this Pastoral, was certainly a very proper token of affection to a Monarch, every action of whose reign denotes him to be the father of his people. Whether it has sufficiently subsid to admit of a calm enquiry into facts, is a matter of some doubt, as the addresses were not finished in the last Gazette. If ever that time should arrive, the world will be very well pleas'd to hear that the miserable woman whom the Privy Council have judiciously confin'd in Bedlam for her life, never even aim'd a blow at his august person.

† Essay on Woman.

|| The ungrateful people of England may possibly be of a different opinion.

IMITATIONS.

- (4) Sis bonus O! felixque tuis—
(5) Pocula bina novo spumantia lacte quot—annis
Craterasque duos statuas tibi.
(6.) Vina novum fundum calathis Arvisia nectar.
(7.) Cantabunt mihi Damætas et Licæius Agon,
Saltantes Satyros imitabitur Alpheisibæus.
(8.) Hæc tibi semper erunt, &c. &c.
(9.) At tu sume pedum, quod cum me sæpe rogare
Non tulit Antigenes, et erat tum dignus amari.
(10.) Est mihi—
Fistula, Damætas dono mihi quam dedit olim,
Et dixit moriens, "Te nunc habet ista secundum."
(11.) Nec dum illis labra admovi,

P O E T R Y.

S I R R O L A N D ;

A F R A G M E N T.

— **T**HE Knight with starry shield,
 Chas'd the gigantic spoiler from
 the field ;
 But foon each sorrow of his foul returns,
 With jealous rage and fierce revenge he
 burns ;
 Spurs his fleet courser on in wild despair,
 And calls aloud his violated fair.
 Now midnight reign'd, and thro' the trou-
 b'lous skies
 The sharp hail drives, and yelling blasts
 arise ;
 Yet brave Sir Roland with unslacken'd
 force,
 O'er the lone heath pursues his eager course ;
 With curses rends the air, and draws to war
 The potent Wizard of the shadowy car.
 Far off he view'd a solitary light,
 Whose paly lustre pierc'd the gloom of night ;
 Thither the love-lorn Hero bends his speed,
 While mountains answer to the neighing
 steed.
 Soon as arriv'd, his wond'ring eyes behold
 A pensive damsel, deck'd in robes of gold,
 While mingling diamonds their effulgence
 shed,
 With the pearl's modest white, and ruby's
 red.
 Beneath an aged cypress she reclin'd,
 A pendant lamp was waving in the wind,
 That scatter'd far a melancholy gleam,
 And ting'd the watry waste with feeble
 beam.
 For near, an Ocean roar'd and dash'd around
 Its foamy billows, with terrific sound ;
 And ever and anon was heard the cry
 Of shipwreck'd men in dying agony.
 At his approach she starts, then lifts her veil,
 And shews a sunken visage ghastly pale ;
 On the intrepid Knight her languid gaze
 Intently fixes, and at length she says :
 " The wish'd for hour is come, by fate's
 decree,
 " And thou shalt traverse yonder deep with
 me.
 " The bark attends ; and lo ! the wanton
 gale
 " Swells the soft bosom of th' impatient sail.
 " Then linger not, but all-enraptur'd share
 " The promis'd bliss, nor mourn thy ra-
 vish'd fair :
 " I love thy manly form, thy youthful face,
 " Admire thy valour, and adore thy grace."
 The knight observ'd her with astonish'd
 eye,
 And much he wish'd, but more he scorn'd
 to fly :

For as the breeze assail'd her gorgeous vest
 The opening folds disclos'd a putrid breast
 Nearer he comes, and marks, depriv'd of
 skin,
 Her haggard jaws display a direful grin :
 Onward she goes ; by incantation's laws
 Th' amaz'd Sir Roland unresisting draws.
 " Here leave thy steed, she cries, and never
 more
 " Shalt thou behold him on this hated shore.
 " But gentlest joys th' approaching hours
 await,
 " And Beauty spreads for thee her couch of
 state."
 Then beck'ning mounts the bark, the knight
 obeys,
 Nor quits her guiding lamp's unhallow'd rays.
 Soon as the vessel cuts the foamy tide,
 Around strange spectres and fell monsters
 glide :
 One bathed in tears rose from the liquid
 bed,
 With the soft semblance of a virgin's head,
 Thrice wav'd her hand, and shook her seagy
 hair.
 And heav'd a piteous sigh, and cried—" Be-
 ware !"
 Next came an aged seer, whose feeble breath
 Could scarcely utter,—“ Knight, beware of
 death !
 Then plunging downward in a serpent's
 form,
 They curl'd the surges like an angry storm.
 Now thousand other grisly shapes were seen,
 Rolling their fiery eyes the waves between :
 Here shrieking maidens felt the fore'd em-
 brace,
 There Murder laugh'd, and shew'd his guilt-
 ty face.
 A moment after all was hush'd, and o'er,
 And such portentous phantoms threat no
 more.
 But now the female at Sir Roland's side,
 Who silent long the dauntless youth had ey'd
 With soul grimaces, on a sudden press'd
 The knight abhorrent to her mangled breast :
 Strove with the winning voice of love to speak,
 And laid her bare skull on his lily cheek ;
 Imprints the bony kifs, and fain would win
 The chaste Sir Roland to the deadly sin.
 But when she finds not magic an inspires
 The wild commotion of unholy fires,
 Observes him shrink beneath her love's excess,
 And turn in anguish from the loath'd care,
 Starting the left him, and in fury cried,
 " O knight accurs'd ! thou soon shalt rue
 thy pride ;"
 Then seiz'd her lamp, and scowling with
 disdain,
 Sought the calm bottom of the roaring
 main.

Dark was the night, and o'er the pathless way
 With rapid force the ship appear'd to stray.
 In vain the youth with eye attentive seeks
 The first faint dawning of the eastern streaks;
 But all was hopeless, and no glimm'ring light
 Gave the with'd earnest of departing night.
 Now to a shore the bark quick striking came,
 And as the shock sent forth a sudden flame,
 The Hero leaps upon th' uncertain strand,
 And lifts his unsheath'd sword with desperate hand.

While slow he trod this desolated coast,
 From the crack'd ground uprose a warning ghost,
 Whose figure all-confus'd was dire to view,
 And loofe his mantle slow'd of shifting hue;
 He shed a lustre round, and sadly press'd
 What seem'd his hand upon what seem'd his breast;
 Then rais'd his doleful voice, like wolves that roar
 In famih'd troops on Orcus' sleepy shore.

"Approach yon antiquated tow'r, he cried,
 "There bold Rinaldo, fierce Mambrino died:
 "Thou too, perchance, shalt tread the self-same road,
 "Approach (so fate commands) the dark abode."
 The knight advancing struck the fatal door,
 And hollow chambers send a fullen roar.
 As slow it opens, there appears a page,
 With limbs of pliant youth and face of age:
 "Welcome, he cried, from dangers thou hast shar'd,
 "The banquet's ready, and thy bed prepar'd."

Thro' winding passages the knight he leads,
 And often sighs, and often tells his beads;
 Stops at an entrance stain'd with blood, and said,
 "Accept, brave youth, the banquet and the bed."

Then screaming loud he vanish'd from the sight,
 And the bell toll'd amid the silent night.
 Sir Roland enters, where, throughout the room,
 One taper shews the melancholy gloom;
 And rudely hanging by her twisted hair,
 A slaughter'd female's starting eye-balls glare;
 While from the curtain'd bed sush groans arose,
 As spoke the anguish of severest woes,
 * And smote his heart——

R. M.

EXTRACT.

— **C**hampions of Slavery!
 What unknown fury fills your
 harden'd breasts,

What demon urges thus your alien tongues
 To celebrate your own eternal shame?
 Whence springs that direful thirst of wealth,
 which scorns
 But by the blood of millions to be quench'd?
 Go ye for men?—Yes, men in outward form,
 In inward, more resembling the brute beast,
 That, pinch'd by famine, roams the desert woods.
 Ye from Experience speak—experience vile!
 Perhaps from interest too, ye might have said.

Far be from me Experience of that kind!
 As far—the comforts bought by others woe!
 But say—can laws or human or divine
 Give thee, presumptuous wretch! the right
 thou claim'st?

Most certainly they cannot—yet avarice can;
 And avarice all adore.—Not all perhaps;
 There are, whom Love can call her votaries,
 Unbounded love—the love of humankind!
 There are too, whom Compassion dares to own;

Whom Sensibility has mark'd as her's;
 In short, there are (for which kind Heav'n
 be prais'd!)

Numbers, who never tasted of that stream
 Whose pois'nous draught corrodes th' inhaling heart.

Oh! could ye (yet alas! I fear it much)
 Could ye conceive those hardships ye inflict!
 One moment could your flinty bosoms feel
 But half that pain, which inward cuts the soul

Of those poor wretched vagrants—even more
 Than the rude iron's chafe their waiting frames,

Or than the scorpion lashes of your whips,
 Sharp tho' they be, torment their mangled flesh;

Surely you'd then relent.—Why seek those
 pleas,

Those slender pleas, which may excuse the deed?

Should you not rather, by your nature urg'd,
 Strive to embrace those gentler arguments
 Which, tho' they mar thy profits, make thy praise?

Behold this almost dying slave, 'gainst whom
 Thy ready arm, invested with the fangs

Of punishment unmerited, is rais'd;

And ere thou strik'st, consider what he is;
 Look on him—is he not thy very self?

In shape, in size, in ev'ry part like thee?
 Does he not move those wearied limbs of

his
 As thou dost thine?—and does he not too
 seem

To feel—when at each lash the pale blood
 flows?

To joy—when the short respite gives relief?

To mourn—when comforts past rise in his
 breast?

* To excite horror by description has already succeeded in Mr. Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*, and in the *Sir Bertrand of Mrs. Barbauld*; the above is an attempt of the same kind in verse, though the author is very sensible that the jingle of rhyme must in a great measure destroy the effect.

To weep—when other consolations fail?
And hast not thou thyself experienc'd this,
Those very passions in a lower degree?
Thou hast—but yet thou seem'lt to know it
not;

Or knowing, to bestow but small regard.
Consider too, (if thou would'ft not less claim
That share of reason thou deniest to them)
Consider, they like thee possess those ties,
Those strong-knit ties, which bind each to
his own.

They too have fathers, whose decaying age
Looks up to them, and them alone, for help!
Wives whose endearments, day by day, did
use

To ease their toil, and smooch their rugged
bed!

Children—whose playful innocence dispell'd
The gloomy furrows which perchance might
cast

Their baleful shadows o'er Hope's smiling
fields.

All these have they—and for their absence
feel.

What then must their sensations be, who
lose

In one a father, husband, brother, child!
To know that he, torn from their feeble arms,
Was forc'd in foreign climes to earn his
bread,

His bitter bread, by labours more severe
Than even death itself;—was forc'd to drag
The length'ning chain of wretchedness, whose
load,

Tho' great, becomes more pond'rous by re-
move.

They must be sad indeed! What then art thou
Who never once reflects on all those ills,
Nay scarce accounts them such!—Say to thy-
self,

E'er that thy ruffian arm aims the curs'd
blow,

Say to thyself—' This slave, this abject slave
O'er whom, ev'n now, my sternest vengeance
tow'rs,

Has those who daily mourn his injur'd peace,
Whose groans each moment breathe his bit-
ter lot,

Lot undeserv'd, and execrate their own.'
Say thus, thou tyrant! then strike—if thou
canst.

But ye, the advocates for Liberty,
That chief of blessings—long your names
shall live!

For in Compassion's book, which Time's fell
scythe

In vain shall strive t' efface, they foremost
stand

'Mid those, whose hearts, like thine, Oh *Ram-
say!* felt;

Like thine, O *Clarkson!* flam'd with manly
zeal.

ANACREONTIC.

On seeing several Gentlemen and Ladies
sporting and dancing in a Shade, on
Twickenham Mead.

DANCING on the flow'ry green,
Smiling boys and girls are seen;
Faithful to the tabor's sound,
Tap'ring ancles nimbly bound.

*Kisses, nectar's sweetest part,
Fire each youthful tender heart;
Am'rous eyes expreive glance,
Mingling in the sportive dance.

Soon to bless each favour'd pair,
Love shall come with golden hair;
Hymen too shall join the boy,
Crowning all with purest joy.

AN ELEGY

To the Memory of Mr. HAMMOND, Mr.
WEST, and Mr. SHENSTONE.

HAIL, tearful Muse! that rul'st the plain-
tive strain;
While fond remembrance bids my furrows
flow,

Indulgent lend thy aid, as I complain,
And prompt each word in melody of woe!

For thy own HAMMOND is the lay design'd,
He whose unspotted soul could loves impart,
That glowing stimulate the youthful mind,
Yet nor despoil nor stain the virtuous heart.

The loves, the graces wept when HAMMOND
died,

The sylvan nymphs bewail the shades among;
(In heaving throbs their feeling breasts
replied)

Of't pin'd—again to hear his tender song.

Thy son too, Cytherca, mourn'd his fate;
His bow he broke, aside his quiver flung;
The flaming torch no longer wav'd elate,
And wish'd the feather'd barb in vain had
flung.

+ And thou, dear WEST! shalt share the
Muse's dow'r,

Thou, whose lamented death could stop the
song

Of learned GRAY, who many a pensive hour
Implor'd the fates thy genius to prolong.

If Piety could stay their stern decree,
If purest Faith could tempt their hands to
slack,

(And Truth's bright visage charm that join'd
the plea)

Then had a tear not dropt to woo thee back!

* ————— Ocula, quod Venus

Quinta parte sanctætaris imbut. Hor. Ode 13.

+ A Gentleman, the author of several pieces in Mr. Gray's life and writings, the intimate
friend sincerely belov'd and admired by that Poet.

Nor Venus been again to grief a prey,
Untimely fall'n a youth, her bosom's joy,
Whotuneful sung her mild and blissful sway,
‡ Whose glowing breast aveng'd her favour'd
boy.

And thou, O BARD of LEASOWES' rural
seat!

Thou, who Elisium mad'st of humble earth;
Thou, who remote from vices of the great,
Bad'st sorrows cease, and gave to smiles a
birth;

Whose manly soul could scorn th' enticing
arms

In which gay Pleasure lulls the thoughtless
croud;

Admiring Virtue's plainer, simple charms,
To join her decent train supremely proud.

Yet when thy pulses danc'd to youthful joy,
Felt love's keen pain; by giddy passion
wring'd,

Oft' would the tender song thy muse employ;
Oit to thy plaintive tale the Dryads throng'd.

Yes, griev'd that Philida could, false, approve,
Caught by the pomp of dress, the flatterer's
guile;

Contemn the artless numbers of thy love,
And on the insincere bellow a smile.

While man shall burn o'er gay Anacreon's
page;

While Sappho's hapless muse records her
smart,

While Ovid's polish'd lines the youths
engage,

And soft Tibullus wins the feeling heart;

Your fame shall spread, sweet Bards! in
distant times,

Dear to each breast that glows with young
desires;

Your tuneful numbers heard, in diff'rent
climes,

Shall warm the bosom with congenial fires.

In some thick grove the pensive lover strays,
Where soothing fancy paints his absent maid,
An urn, memorial fair! to you he'll raise,
And 'twine the myrtle's ever-verdant shade:

And when the beauteous maid his arms infold,
Your names he'll join to pledge his tend'rest
vow,

(To list'ning swains again your names be told)
Again the tribute pay, as I do now.

PHILO-CLASSICUS.

E L E G Y.

LO! where Cynthia pale-glimm'ring re-
flects her dim rays,
With faint lustre gilding the slow-stealing
wave!

There oft' o'er that sad spot in anguish I gaze,
Where my poor William sleeps in his watery
grave.

He fell, hapless youth, in the morning of life,
To true love a victim, and sharp-tooth'd
despair!

Tho' Content lent her image, yet inward at
strife,

From the weeping eye oft' stole the trickling
tear.

One dark night, when storms 'gan to hover
around,

O'er the wild heath he wander'd—the distant
floods roar!

I sought him: but ah! he was not to be
found,

Those eyes ne'er beheld the dear fugitive
more.

Soon, alas! the dire tidings assaulted mine
ear:

Confirmation compleated what doubt first
began;

My reason gave way to the pangs of despair,
And my sorrows forbade me asserting the man.

Is then my fond brother, my William, no
more?

My constant companion, my dear bosom-
friend?

Was there none to protect from the torrent's
loud roar?

No arm stretch'd to save him from this hap-
less end?

Sweet shade, rest contented! I seek not to
chide;

I seek not to blame or insult the rash deed:
Yet ah! could'st thou not in thy HENRY
confide,

Who beheld not unconscious thy gentle heart
bleed?

Sensibility sure would have taught me to
grieve;

Perhaps sharing thy woes might have eas'd
thy full mind:

But alas! my concern thou didst always
deceive;

Hadst thou known my fond bosom, thou'dst
then been more kind.

‡ There is a pretty thought of Mr. West's, in his Elegia.

Quod mihi tam gratæ misisti dona camænæ.

Displaying the power of love, he continues:

Ille gregem taurosque domat, sævique leonem

Seminis; ille feros, ultus Adonis, apros.

Which I would thus render: He mildly rules the flock, the bull can tame,

And sweetly soothing still the lion's roar;

But stern avenger of Adonis' fame,

With rankling arrows galls the savage boar.

For think 'st thou thy Henry thy passion would
scorn,

Or upbraid the effusions of pointed distress ?
No; - I'd calm'd by soft pity thy poor heart
thus torn,

And by sweet soothing sympathy made the
pain less.

Nor shalt thou, tyrant custom, that nature
perverts,

Ever force me to hide what I inwardly feel ;
What—because cold Philosophy sorrow
deserts,

Must I never the force of affection reveal ?

Begone, ye unthinking!—my heart cannot
bear

To recall the rash deed, yet the torrent deny :
Shall I check the deep groan, chide the
quick starting tear,

Which slow-trickling steals from the sorrow-
ful eye ?

No—I will not.—By reason, by nature
forbid,

Let uncur'd the brother indulge his sad
grief ;

Let him inourn the dear victim by friendship
unchid ;

Let him seek from the still-gushing anguish
relief.

Let him weep unavailing the fatal decree,
Which bereft him of all earthly comfort and
joy ;

Let him blame — wretch presumpt'ous, can
human eyes see ?

Just Heaven's intentions can vain mortals spy ?

Oh my God ! much I wrong thee—yet dost
thou forgive ?

Dost thou raise up reflection to lighten my
woes ?

Come then, calm resignation ! with thee let
me live,

In thy soothing arms let me welcome repose.

Faith and Hope both combining forbid me
to mourn :

I obey—and this sweet consolation is given,
Time will come when William and thou shalt
be one ;

Time will come when both shall be happy in
Heaven !

AUBINUS.

THE SEQUESTERED LOVER.

YE wild waving woods, that now closing
your shade,
Now wantonly parting, disport with the
beam,

Thou river whose current refreshes the mead,
And you, ye rude ruins that shadow his
stream ;

Ye flocks that hang white on the side of yon
hill ;

Ye herds who beneath, crop the grass of
the vale,

Ye that chirp in the hedge, or skim light on
the rill,

Or fluttering, give your gay wing to the gale.

Sweet inspirers of thought ! and thou sweetest,
thou *Dove*,

Whose silver plumes shine thro' the boughs
of the tree,

Escap'd from the cage and away from the
love,

All silent and sad, a companion to me !

Ah why, as I gaze on the landscape around,
Why suddenly starts the fond tear to my
eye ?

Tho' smiling each object, and chearful each
sound,

Why steals from my bosom the forrowing
sigh ?

Enchant the fair scenes, 'till enraptur'd I find
That sweetest oblivion the Muses bestow,

'Till the sun-shine that gilds you, shall heighten
my mind,

And my fancy forgets that my heart has a
woe !

So free may ye flourish, fair scenes as ye rise'
So still be your charms by Simplicity
grac'd,

In native luxuriance still please and surprize,
Nor by folly be fashion'd, nor tortur'd by
taste.

So when the glad seasons their blessings shall
yield,

And *Ceres* enrich you, and *Flora* adorn,
May the laborer's laugh echo loud in the field,

And the breeze whisper soft thro' the
mellowing corn.

And so when the evening's mild glories decline,
And fade from the sky the last blushes of
light,

Unfulfilled and cloudless may *CYNTHIA* shine
E'er yet you are hid by the envious Night'

And whilst her fair form glitters bright in the
flood,

And sheds on its bosom a tremulous ray,
Tips the top of the hill, gilds the gloom of
the wood,

And softens each beauty that glar'd in the
day.

"In such a night," following *Philomel's* voice,
As she sings her sweet song to the listening
air,

Sequester'd from crowds, or by chance or by
choice,

To this bow'er should some gentle spirit
repair :

Whilst tenderness breathes in the nightingales
strain,

To tenderness tun'd as delighted they stray,
This verse may they see, if this verse should
remain,

Nor heedlessly turn from a wanderer's lay.

Perhaps they will deem him neglected,
forlorn,

As they mark how his numbers all flow ;
O Fortune the sport, or of Beauty the scorn
Conjecture his sorrows, and pity his woe.

Ab,

Al! no, let them envy his happier fate,
 Let them envy the youth that to *Stella* is
 dear;
 Nor wish he was wealthy, nor wish he was
 great,
 Whose poverty proves that her love is
 sincere!

L I N E S

*Inscribed on a Temple in the Gardens of Castle-
 Town, in Ireland; erected by Lady LOUISA
 CONOLLY, and dedicated to Mrs. SIDDONS.*

TO thee, O *Siddons*, in this calm retreat,
 Approving Judgment dedicates the
 seat;
 Pledge of esteem, which from her friendship
 flows,
 Whose bosom with no mimic pathos glows.
 Not to thy genius or thy fame confin'd,
 Her admiration more applauds thy mind,
 And sweet simplicity which charms the
 heart,
 Beyond the mighty magic of thy art;
 Beyond the melting music of thy tongue;
 Beyond the graces that around thee throng;
 Beyond thy countenance, inspir'd to shew
 Each sad vicissitude of tragic woe:
 That from the obdurate breast a sigh can
 steal,
 Compelling torpid apathy to feel:
 Thy glowing cheeks which equally inflame
 When ting'd by love, and when suffus'd by
 shame;
 Thy lips, where keen contempt half smiling
 dies;
 The vivid anger flashing from those eyes;
 Whose brows, when agonizing griefs op-
 press,
 Bend to the eloquence of deep distress;
 Thy frantic piercing shriek which rends the
 ear,
 Chilling the soul with sympathetic fear;
 For strong Expression's every power divine,
 And all its vast varieties are thine.
 Nor less thy social worth in humbler life,
 The tender mother and the faithful wife,
 Shall from the actress half our praises
 claim,
 Whose private virtues gild her public fame.

On L A U R A's T O M B.

In Imitation of SANNAZARIUS.

By a distinguished young Nobleman.

IF tears in Heav'n had been a sign of woe,
 Each Deity had wept when *LAURA*
 died!
 But see, beside her tomb *Love* breaks his
 bow,
 And *Venus* too, has thrown her torch
 aside!

Dear *LAURA*, while the Heav'ns and men
 repine,
 Above such gen'ral grief is my despair:
 O could my soul pursue the track of thine,
 'Twou'd find *Elysium*, where it found my
 Fair!

On the DEATH of the PRINCESS

A M E L I A.

By *MARIA FALCONER*, aged 15.

SOME mournful muse assist my pensive
 lay!
 O fly from bow'rs array'd in purple bloom,
 Leave the sweet fragrance of the flow'ry
 May,
 And drop your tribute o'er *AMELIA*'s
 tomb.

O would angelic Milton's muse descend,
 And touch the string of her harmonious
 lyre,
 Then might her fame reach earth's remotest
 end,
 And ages yet unborn her worth admire.

Yet humble as I am, I wish to pay
 The last sad tribute to her mem'ry dear,
 Whose heart, unclouded as the new-born
 day,
 Knew well the task to check the rising
 tear.

As dew from Heav'n revives the drooping
 flowers,
 Her bounteous hand heal'd Sorrow's wounded
 breast;
 Where grim Oppression durst exert her
 powers,
 A sympathetic grief her soul express.

But why, lov'd Princess, do we mourn thy
 doom;
 Why wish thee back to life's uncertain
 shore;
 Why drop these fruitless tears upon thy
 tomb;
 Thy bliss shall last when time shall be no
 more.

EXTEMPORE on a PAIR of SCALES.

By the SAME.

WOULD thoughtless men their actions
 weigh
 In Reason's even Scale,
 And mind in all they do and say,
 That folly don't prevail!

Then might they shun the many ills
 Which inattention brings;
 By reason balance all their wills,
 And happier be than Kings,

O D E to H O P E.

[In Imitation of COLLINS's beautiful Ode to Simplicity.]

I.

○ Thou whose magic power
Can ev'ry bliss restore,
Which chance or baleful destiny oppose;
Who, prone to ease Distress,
And all her cries redress,
Com'st at Misfortune's call, and cheer'st her
woes :

II.

Thou whose unbounded store,
Like seas without a shore,
Along the tide of Time increasing floats ;
Who oft' with smiling ray
Illumes life's little day,
O nymph belov'd ! accept my lisping notes,

III.

When chill'd by Want's bleak blast,
The wanderer sinks aghast,
Thou bind'st his wounds and sooth'st his
tortur'd soul ;
Thy star divinely bright
Darts thro' the gloom of night,
And waves its genial fires from pole to pole.

IV.

Lo ! where with aching eye
The Child of Slavery
Unpitied groans beneath the tott'ring load ;
His lot no respite knows,
No aid his friendless woes,
Save thine, who strew'st with flowers his
thorny road.

V.

The trembling seamen's cries,
When threat'ning storms arise,
By thee are heard, from thee their comforts
flow ;
What tho' the rude winds roar,
And thund'ring billows pour,
Rise mountains high, or furious foam below :

VI.

Still 'mid the mad'ning scene
Thy form benign is seen,
Still sweeps thy pinions o'er th' inclement
waste ;
While in the lurid air
Thy whisp'ring voice they hear,
Calming the chaos mads to murm'ring rest.

VII.

But most thy influence breathes,
Where Love her roseate wreaths
In some sequester'd vale delighted twines ;
There oft' t' invoke thy aid,
Soft steals the list'ning maid,
There oft' resorts the train of rustic binds.

VIII.

Tho' fix'd with vengeful hand,
Death's crew terrific stand,
Tho' grisly-gleaming thirsts th' insatiate spear ;

Yet ev'n in that dread hour
Thy heav'n-appointed power
Prepares the soul, and blasts th' expiring
fear.

IX.

Friend of the bleeding heart,
Thy gentlest charm impart,
O deign to heal this grief-corroded breast ;
So shall, enhanc'd by care,
Sweet Peace once more appear,
And all my silent sorrows sink to rest.

Paraphrase on Isaiah, chap. ix. ver. 6.

Written for CHRISTMAS DAY.

“ And his name shall be called WONDER-
FUL.”

I.

AGAIN we hail th' auspicious morn
When our incarnate GOD was born,
In mortal flesh array'd !
How strange, how *wonderful*, that He,
The great, almighty Deity,
A helpless “ Child ” was made !

II.

How *wonderful*, when here we view
The “ Counsellor ” divinely true,
To whom all wisdom's giv'n !
In adoration lost, we trace,
Within the new-born Infant's face,
The “ MIGHTY GOD ” of Heav'n !

III.

Most *wonderful* to hear this *Child*,
The “ EVERLASTING FATHER ” stild,
And glorious “ Prince of Peace ! ”
This mystery *Angels* ne'er could scan ;
E'en *They*, like weak and feeble Man,
To *wonder* ne'er shall cease !

E. T. P.

PASTORAL ODES.

○ N Æther's soft bosom of shade
As Evening hung hov'ring around,
In silvery softness array'd,
And bent o'er the grey-mantled ground ;

A myrtle, the symbol of love,
He bore from its mossy recess,
And, taught by the shade-dwelling dove,
'Twas Damon's his flame to confess.

The rose-bud expanding to view,
In imag'y equall'd the fair ;
As kind and benign as the dew,
That softens Aurora's first air.

His sorrows he told with a sigh,
Melodious as Philomel's tale,
Whose notes are re-echoed and die
On the ear of the list'ning vale.

But

But much more enduring than those of the
shade,
They mantled and liv'd in the mind of the
maid.
Kent. W. P.

HOW rusty and dark is the grove!
Thè beech her gay verdure has lost!
Can this be a season for love,
This season of winds and of frost?

The curlews with clamorous care,
And field-fares revisit the mead;
The wood-pigeons darken the air,
In flocks to the wheat-closure lead.

An elm that was shelter'd from cold,
Its leaves to the cold unresign'd,
Past scenes of felicity told,
Of Summer still put me in mind:

The Summer all-smiling as thee,
Dear Delia, as sweet as the breeze,
Which play'd round our wood-skirted lee,
And bow'd in respect the green trees.

Return, ye soft moments, ah why did ye
cease

To rob me of Delia, of comfort, and peace!
Kent. W. P.

On seeing a most amiable and sensible Wo-
man in Tears, with a beautiful Child by her
Side in the same Situation.

SENSIBILITY, bright spark of sacred birth,
That marks the soul in all its radiant worth,
When Celia wept, I saw thee sit enshrin'd
Within the casket of her precious mind;
And when she wept not, then her sorrows
more

Spoke from her eyes than in her tears before.
And see her tender pledge of nuptial love,
Mild in her aspect as the turtle-dove!
Child of her heart, whose damask cheeks dis-
close

The tears like dew-drops on the morning rose.
Kent. W. P.

A S O N G.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

WHEN love hath charm'd the virgin's ear,
She hides the tender thought in vain,
How oft a blush, a sigh, a tear,
Betray the sweetly-anxious pain!

For thee a mutual flame I own,
Thy joy, thy sorrow both are mine;
Thy virtues all my soul have won,
That boasts a passion pure as thine.

No more shalt thou my coldness mourn,
I trust the tear that dims thine eye;
I see fair TRUTH thy lip adorn,
And hear her voice in ev'ry sigh.

ADDRESS to the NIGHTINGALE;

Written by the SAME.

LONE Minstrel of the moon-light hour,
Who charm'st the solitary plain,
I pensive haunt the secret bow'r
That echoes to thy mournful strain.

How soothing is the voice of woe
To me, whom love has doom'd to pine!
For 'midst the sounds that plaintive flow,
I hear MY sorrows melt with THINE.

S O N G

In the New Comedy of the GREYBEARDS.

SWEET rosy sleep! oh do not fly!
Bind thy soft fillet on his eye,
That o'er each grace my own may rove,
And feast my hapless, joyless love!

For when he lifts those shading lids,
His chilling glance such bliss forbids!
Then, rosy sleep, oh do not fly,
But bind thy fillet on his eye.

J E U D' E S P R I T,

On a Translation from the Greek by one
PETER KING, in the Year 1703.

(Never before printed.)

CEASE, Wits and Critics, cease your pains
To prove poor PETER has no brains
From foreign tongues to render:
I, resting on his mighty name,
And eager to build up his fame,
Will be his work's defender.

Comparisons of that or this,
Who censured well, but wrote amiss,
Whose lines are most melodious,
I hate,—and always pass them by,
Because—forsooth—I'll tell you why,
Comparisons are odious.

From guardians of the Common-Weal
Of Letters, I at once appeal

To Ministers of State, or—
The Bishops-bench assent will nod,
And, if 'tis wanted, swear by G—d
That KING's the BEST translator.

RULES of LAW fit to be observed in Par-
chasing.

FIRST see the land which thou intend'st to
buy,
Whether the seller's title clear doth lie,
And that no woman to it doth lay claim,
By dowry, jointure, or some other name,
That it may cumber:—Know if bound or
free

The tenure stand, and that from each feeoffee
It be releas'd:—That the seller be so old
That he may lawful sell, thou lawful hold.
Have special care that it not mortgag'd lie,
Nor be entail'd on posterity.—

Then if it stand in statute bound, or no ;
 Be well advi'd what quit-rent out must go ;
 What custom-service hath been done of old,
 By those who formerly the same did hold.
 And if a wedded woman put to sale,
 Deal not with her, unless she bring her male ;
 For the doth under covert-baron go,
 Altho' sometimes some also traffick so.

Thy bargain being made, and all this done,
 Have special care to make thy charter run
 To thee, thine heirs, executors, assigns,
 For that beyond thy life securely binds.
 These things fore-known, and done, you may
 prevent

Those wrongs rash buyers many times repent.
 And yet when as you have done all you can,
 If you'll be sure, deal with an honest man.

E P I G R A M.

A LESSON FOR YOUTH.

BY MR. HARRISON.

'FONDNESS of money is the vice of age,'
 Young Squander-Guinea cries ; 'I'll
 'take no thought about it!'—

Weak boy ! to doubt experience makes men
 sage :

Thou'lt know, when years bring sense, there's
 nothing done without it !

EPITAPH on a Monument, in LYDD
 CHURCH, Kent, written by Mr. ANSTEE.

On an amiable Lady, who died after a lin-
 gering illness in the 31st year of her age,
 and had earnestly prayed that her only
 child might not survive her.—The child
 died in a short time after its mother.

N. B. An Angel is represented on a Mo-
 nument in basso relievo, holding up a
 Child to its Mother in the clouds, and is
 supposed to speak the following lines :

THY prayer is heard—releas'd from
 mortal harms,

Receive thy darling infant to thine arms—
 Sweet Saint ! on thee when pining sickness
 prey'd,

Thy beauty canker'd, and thy youth decay'd.
 'Twas *thine*, with patience meek, to Heav'n
 resign'd,

With Faith that arm'd, and Hope that cheer'd
 thy mind,

Death's ling'ring stroke undaunted to sustain,
 And spare thy pitying Friends' and Husband's
 pain ;

Studious thy heartfelt anguish to disguise
 From sympathizing Love's enquiring eyes,
 Conceal the tear, repress the struggling sigh,
 And leave a bright example how to die :—

'Tis *mine* to crown thy wish, reward thy worth,
 To wean each fond, each yearning thought
 from earth ;

And bring this much lov'd object of thy care,
 Thy joys to perfect, and thy Heaven to share.

The following EPITAPHS are the produc-
 tion of LADY CRAVEN and Miss
 HANNAH MORE. They are inscribed
 upon Monuments in the parish-church of
 Claybrook in Leicestershire.

To the memory
 Of CHARLES JENNER,
 Clerk, M. A.

Vicar of this parish,
 Who died May 11, 1774,
 Aged 38.

HERE in the earth's cold bosom lies
 entomb'd

A man, whose sense by every virtue grac'd,
 Made each harmonious Muse obey his
 lyre :

Nor shall th' erasing hand of powerful TIME
 Obliterate his name, dear to each tuneful
 breast,

And dearer still to soft Humanity ;
 For oft the sympathetick tear would start
 Unbidden from his eye ; another's woe
 He read, and felt it as his own.

Reader,

It is not Flattery or Pride that rais'd
 To his remains this modest stone ; nor yet
 Did partial fondness trace these humble
 lines,

But weeping Friendship, taught by Truth
 alone,

To give, if possible, in future days,
 A faint idea to the race to come,
 That here reposeth all the mortal part
 Of one, who only liv'd to make his friends,
 And all the world, regret he e'er should
 die.

E. C. 1775.

Sacred
 To the memory
 of

CLUER DICEY,
 Who died the 3^d of October, 1775,
 Aged 60.

Thou, or friend or stranger, who shalt
 tread

These solemn mansions of the silent dead,
 Think, when this record to enquiring eyes
 No more shall tell the spot where Dicey
 lies ;

When this frail marble, faithless to its
 trust,

Mould'ring itself, resigns his mould'ring
 dust ;

When time shall fail, and nature feel decay,
 And earth, and sun, and skies, dissolve
 away ;

The soul this consummation shall survive,
 Defy the wreck, and but begin to live :
 Oh pause ! reflect, repent, resolve, amend !
 Life has no length—Eternity no end.

HANNAH MORE,
 SURPRISING

SURPRISING EFFECTS of ORIGINAL GENIUS, exemplified in the POETICAL PRODUCTIONS of ROBERT BURNS, an Ayrshire Ploughman.

[From The LOUNGER*.]

TO the feeling and susceptible there is something wonderfully pleasing in the contemplation of genius, of that super-eminent reach of mind by which some men are distinguished. In the view of highly superior talents, as in that of great and stupendous natural objects, there is a sublimity which fills the soul with wonder and delight, which expands it, as it were, beyond its usual bounds, and which, investing our nature with extraordinary powers and extraordinary honours, interests our curiosity, and flatters our pride.

This divinity of genius, however, which admiration is fond to worship, is best arrayed in the darkness of distant and remote periods, and is not easily acknowledged in the present times, or in places with which we are perfectly acquainted. Exclusive of all the deductions which envy or jealousy may sometimes be supposed to make, there is a familiarity in the near approach of persons around us, not very consistent with the lofty ideas which we wish to form of him who has led captive our imagination in the triumph of his fancy, overpowered our feelings with the tide of passion, or enlightened our reason with the investigation of hidden truths. It may be true, that "in the golden time" genius had some advantages which tended to its vigour and its growth; but it is not unlikely that, even in these degenerate days, it rises much oftener than it is observed; that in "the ignorant present time" our posterity may find names which they will dignify, though we neglected, and pay to their memory those honours which their cotemporaries had denied them.

There is, however, a natural, and indeed a fortunate vanity in trying to redress this wrong which genius is exposed to suffer. In the discovery of talents generally unknown, men are apt to indulge the same fond partiality as in all other discoveries which themselves have made; and hence we have had repeated instances of painters and of poets, who have been drawn from obscure situations, and held forth to public notice and applause by the extravagant encomiums of their introducers, yet in a short time have sunk again to their former obscurity; whose merit, though perhaps some-

what neglected, did not appear to have been much undervalued by the world, and could not support, by its own intrinsic excellence, that superior place which the enthusiasm of its patrons would have assigned it.

I know not if I shall be accused of such enthusiasm and partiality, when I introduce to the notice of my readers a poet of our own country, with whose writings I have lately become acquainted; but if I am not greatly deceived, I think I may safely pronounce him a genius of no ordinary rank. The person to whom I allude is *Robert Burns*, an Ayrshire ploughman, whose poems were some time ago published in a country town in the West of Scotland, with no other ambition, it would seem, than to circulate among the inhabitants of the county where he was born, to obtain a little fame from those who had heard of his talents. I hope I shall not be thought to assume too much, if I endeavour to place him in a higher point of view, to call for a verdict of his country on the merit of his works, and to claim for him those honours which their excellence appears to deserve.

In mentioning the circumstance of his humble station, I mean not to rest his pretensions solely on that title, or to urge the merits of his poetry, when considered in relation to the lowness of his birth, and the little opportunity of improvement which his education could afford. These particulars, indeed, might excite our wonder at his productions; but his poetry, considered abstractedly, and without the apologies arising from his situation, seems to me fully entitled to command our feelings, and to obtain our applause. One bar, indeed, his birth and education have opposed to his fame, the language in which most of his poems are written. Even in Scotland, the provincial dialect which Ramsay and he have used is now read with a difficulty which greatly damps the pleasure of the reader: in England it cannot be read at all, without such a constant reference to a glossary, as nearly to destroy that pleasure.

Some of his productions, however, especially those of the grave stile, are almost English. From one of those I shall first present my readers with an extract, in which I think they will discover a high

* A periodical paper published at Edinburgh.

high tone of feeling, a power and energy of expression, particularly and strongly characteristic of the mind and voice of a poet. It is from this poem, entitled *The Vision*, in which the genius of his native county, Ayrshire, is thus supposed to address him :

With future hope, I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely carolled, chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fir'd at the simple, artless lays
Of other times.
I saw thee seek the founding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar ;
Or, when the North his fleecy store
Drove thro' the sky,
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
Strike thy young eye.
Or when the deep green mantled earth
Warm-cherish'd every flow'ret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In every grove,
I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.

When ripen'd fields and azure skies
Called forth the reapers rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.
When youthful love, warm, blushing, strong,
Keen shivering, shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adored name
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild, send thee Pleasure's devious way,
Mistled by Fancy's meteor ray,
By Passion driven ;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from Heaven.

Of strains like the above, solemn and sublime, with that rapt and inspired melancholy in which the poet lifts his eye "above this visible diurnal sphere," the poems entitled *Despondency*, the *Lament*, *Winter*, a *Dirge*, and the invocation to *Ruin*, afford no less striking examples. Of the tender and moral, specimens equally advantageous might be drawn from the elegiac verses, intitled, *Man was made to Mourn*, from *The Cottar's Saturday Night*, the *Stanzas To a Mouse*, or those *To a Mountain Daisy*, on turning it down with the plough in April 1786. This last poem I shall insert entire, not from its superior merit,

but because its length suits the bounds of my paper.

* Wee, modest, crimson-topp'd flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour,
For I maun crush among the flow'r
Thy slender stem ;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonie gem.
Alas ! 'tis no thy neighbour sweet,
The bonie lark, companion meet !
Bending thee 'mong the newy weet
Wi' speckled breast ;
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm ;
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.
The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High-sheltering woods, and wa's maun shield ;
But thou beneath the random bield
Or clod of stane,
Adorns the histie stubble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snowy bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou list'st thy unassuming head,
In humble guise ;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies !
Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade !
By love's simplicity betray'd,

And guileless trust,
'Till she, like thee, all foil'd, is laid
Low in the dust
Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd I
Unskilful he to note the card

Of prudent lore,
'Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er !
Such fate to suff'ring worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven

To misery's brink,
'Till, wrench'd of every stay but Heaven,
He ruined sink.
Ev'n thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—No distant date ;
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives elate,
Full on thy bloom,
'Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

I have seldom met with an image more truly pastoral than that of the lark in the second stanza. Such strokes as these mark

* Wee, little; maun, must; flow'r, dust; weet, wet, a substantive; cauld, cold; glinted peep'd; bield, shelter; stane, stone; wa's, walls; bistie, dry, chapt, barren.

the pencil of the poet which delineates Nature with the precision of intimacy, yet with the delicate colouring of beauty and of taste.

The power of genius is not less admirable in tracing the manners, than in painting the passions, or in drawing the scenery of nature. That intuitive glance with which a writer like *Shakespeare* discerns the characters of men, with which he catches the many changing hues of life, forms a sort of problem in the science of mind, of which it is easier to see the truth than assign the cause. Though I am very far from meaning to compare our rustic bard to *Shakespeare*, yet whoever will read his lighter and more humorous poems, his *Dialogues of the Dogs*, his *Dedication to C— H—*, *Esq.*, his *Epistles to a young Friend*, and to *W. S—n*, will perceive with what uncommon penetration and sagacity this Heaven-taught ploughman, from his humble and unlettered station, has looked upon men and manners.

Against some passages of these last-mentioned poems it has been objected, that they breathe a spirit of libertinism and irreligion. But if we consider the ignorance and fanaticism of the lower class of people in the country where these poems were written, a fanaticism of that pernicious sort which sets *faith* in opposition to *good works*, the fallacy and danger of which a mind so enlightened as our Poet's could not but perceive, we shall not look upon his lighter muse as the enemy of religion (of which in several places he expresses the justest sentiments) though she has been somewhat unguarded in her ridicule of hypocrisy.

In this, as in other respects, it must be allowed that there are exceptionable parts of the volume he has given to the public, which caution would have sup-

pressed, or correction struck out; but Poets are seldom cautious, and our Poet had, alas! no friends or companions from whom correction could be obtained. When we reflect on his rank of life, the habits to which he must have been subject, and the society in which he must have mixed, we regret perhaps more than wonder, that delicacy should be so often offended in perusing a volume in which there is so much to interest and please us.

Burns possesses the spirit as well as the fancy of a poet. That honest pride and independence of soul which are sometimes the muse's only dower, break forth on every occasion in his works. It may be, then, I shall wrong his feelings, while I indulge my own, in calling the attention of the public to his situation and circumstances. That condition, humble at it was, in which he found content, and wooed the muse, might not have been deemed uncomfortable; but grief and misfortunes have reached him there; and one or two of his poems hint what I have learnt from some of his countrymen, that he has been obliged to form the resolution of leaving his native land, to seek under a West Indian clime that shelter and support which Scotland has denied him. But I trust means may be found to prevent this resolution from taking place; and that I do my country no more than justice, when I suppose her ready to stretch out her hand to cherish and retain this native poet, whose "wood-notes wild" possess so much excellence. To repair the wrongs of suffering or neglected merit; to call forth genius from the obscurity in which it had pined indignant, and place it where it may profit or delight the world; these are exertions which give to wealth an enviable superiority, to greatness and to patronage a laudable pride.

CURIOUS METHODS by which our ANCIENT MONARCHS conveyed a GRANT of ROYAL LANDS to their FAVOURITES.

WILLIAM the Conqueror granted to an ancestor of Lord Rawdon the estates in Yorkshire, on which is the noble mansion called Rawdon Hall, still enjoyed by his father the Earl of Moira, in the following brief poetical deed, according to the custom of the times—

I William King, the thurd yere of my reign,
Give to the Paulyn Roydon, Hope and

Hopetown,

With all bounds both up and downe,
From Heven to Yerthe, from Yerth to Hel,
For the and thine therein to dwell,
As truly as this Kyng right is myn;
For a Crossbow and an Arrow.

And in token that this thing is sooth,
I bit the whyt wax with my tooth,
Before Meg, Mawd, and Margery,
And my third sonne Henry.

A grant of an estate in Devonshire was originally made by the celebrated John of Gaunt to a great family (viz. the Bassetts of Heanton Court) of that county, in a similar manner:

I John of Gaunt
Do freely give and grant,
From me and mine,
To thee and thine,
The Barton-Fee
Of Uंबरleigh.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Petersburgh, Oct. 27.

THE last advices from Archangel, the principal town of one of the most northern provinces of this empire, give a pleasing account of the general approbation expressed on the opening the great plan of national education, which the Empress commenced in all the provinces on Monday the 3d instant. In the morning of that day the inhabitants of the city assembled in the Great Church, where divine service was performed, in which was introduced a particular form of Thanksgiving for this distinguished blessing, which through the hands of our Sovereign the Almighty has been pleased to bestow on this country, a region hitherto enveloped in the grossest darkness of ignorance and superstition. In the evening the whole city was illuminated. The schools are now filled with the children of parents who never knew any thing more than Nature in her most brutal state could teach.—Our sagacious Sovereign sees that the true happiness and greatness of a nation is to be firmly established on no other basis than a general knowledge of those duties which religion and morality prescribe; and we flatter ourselves, that this new institution, which we owe to Catherine the Great, will in time dispel the barbarism of the North, and raise in the Russians a spirit of emulation, the very soul of industry and commerce.

The views of the Empress in this national improvement has called forth the zeal of some patriotic individuals. M. Demidoff has made a present of 5000 roubles [1125l.] towards the support of the schools in Moscow; and at the opening the seminaries at Twer, the nobility of the province, by a voluntary contribution, raised the capital sum of 27,398 roubles [6,261l.] for promoting the design of general civilization throughout that district.

Potsdam, Nov. 5. The pages of the late King of Prussia have sold all the wardrobe of their deceased master for 402 rix-dollars; but the Jews who purchased it sold it again for 4000, not owing to the value, but merely to the enthusiasm of the people, who discovered such eagerness to possess a relic of that Monarch, that an old lady gave 200 rix-dollars for a pair of ragged breeches. His Majesty had but eleven shirts, at least no greater number was found among his linen.

The following is a translation of two letters, the one from the Emperor, the other from the King of Prussia, to Mr. Blanchard, who had solicited the permission of those Sovereigns to make aerostatic experiments in their dominions:

‘ I received your letter, Mr. Blanchard. By various experiments made in different places, you have so fully gratified the curiosity of all those who were your spectators, that there remains no doubt of your success. But it is not until, by your scientific acquirements and repeated experiments, you shall have found out a method by which you can render those travels, which you denominate *aerostatic*, useful, that you can afford me any pleasure in coming to Vienna to instruct me on the subject. In the mean time, I remain yours affectionately,

[Signed]

JOSEPH.

‘ Vienna, Nov. 2, 1786.’

Letter from the King of Prussia.

‘ I am obliged to you, Mr. Blanchard, for the offer which you make me in your letter of the 23d of October; and if I decline accepting it, it is rather on account of the interest I feel in your preservation, than for any other cause. Notwithstanding all the confidence which might be reposed in your expertness and genius, the attempts which you make are so perilous, as by no means to secure you entirely from the fear of possible disaster. I should be most sensibly affected if such an event should happen in my dominions; and the very apprehension of it would be sufficient to destroy the pleasure which otherwise I should derive from an aerostatic experiment, conducted by the most enlightened mind. For these reasons, I must decline the offer you make me; at the same time praying sincerely to God, that he may take you under his protection.

[Signed]

WILLIAM.’

Versailles, Nov. 17. This laconic answer was returned by his Most Christian Majesty to a remonstrance from the manufacturers of Abbeville, complaining that the new treaty of commerce would greatly injure them in the sale of their cloths, owing to the acknowledged superiority of those manufactured in England:—“ Make yourselves easy,” said the Monarch to the Deputies. “ It is in your power to avoid the evil you dread: Try to do as well, or even better than your neighbours, and I answer for your obtaining the preference.”

Gratz, Nov. 18. We learn from Gnas, a town in the Lower Syria, in the jurisdiction of Gleichenberg, that the following very extraordinary circumstance took place there: One Charron, a widower, had a daughter arrived to years of maturity, and the young woman, transported to the most extravagant degree of superstition and fanaticism, imagined

gined

gined that she could have no hopes of salvation, unless she purified herself by fire. She communicated her intention to her father, who being equally superstitious, approved of her design, and even promised to assist her in carrying it into execution. All-Saints day was the time appointed for carrying this abominable project into effect. On the preceding evening the girl herself placed several faggots in the oven. When divine service began the next day, the miserable self-devoted victim set fire to the faggots, and when the oven was red-hot, with the assistance of her father, she entered the fiery

apartment, the door of which the father closed, and having stopped up the vacancies with clay tempered with water, placed a crucifix before the oven, and then went out of the house with every appearance of tranquillity and satisfaction. Having told some persons whom he met, that his daughter was doing penance in the heated oven, they hastened to her assistance; but, before their arrival, the body was entirely consumed. The father was apprehended and conducted to Gleichenberg, where he has undergone an examination.

SCOTLAND.

Scotland, Nov. 30.

WE are informed from Irvine, that a number of people, called *Buchanties*, have returned again to their old habitations. They relate many of Mrs. Buchan's tricks and impositions, and the high hand with which she ruled over these deluded people. The distribution of the provisions to every one, she kept in her own hand, and took special care that they should not pamper their bodies with too much food. When any person was suspected of having an intention to leave the society, she ordered them to be locked up and ducked every day in cold water, so that it required some little address in any one to get out of her clutches. The society being once scarce of money, she told them she had a revelation, informing her, they should have a supply of cash from Heaven; accordingly, she took one of the members out with her, and caused him to hold two corners of a sheet, while she held the other two. Having continued holding the sheet for a considerable time, without any shower of money falling upon it, the man was at length tired, and left Mrs. Buchan to hold the sheet herself. Mrs. Buchan, in a short time after, came in with five pounds sterling, and upbraided the man for his unbelief, which she said was the only cause that prevented it from coming sooner. Many of the members, however, easily accounted for this pretended miracle, and shrewdly suspected that the money came from her own

hoard. That she has a considerable purse is not to be doubted, for she fell on many ways to rob the members of every thing they had in value.

Among other things, she informed them one evening, that they were all to ascend to Heaven next morning; therefore it was necessary they should lay aside all their vanities and ornaments, ordering them, at the same time, to throw their rings, watches, &c. into the ash-hole, which many were foolish enough to do, but some very prudently hid any thing of this kind that belonged to them. Next morning she took out all the people to take their flight; after they had waited till they were tired, not one of them found themselves any lighter than they were the day before, but remained with as firm a footing on the earth as ever.—She again blamed their unbelief—that want of faith prevented their ascension—and complained of the hardships she was under in being obliged, through their unbelief, to continue with them in this world. She fell on a new expedient at last to make them light enough to ascend—nothing less was found requisite than to fast for forty days and for forty nights; the experiment was immediately put in practice, and several found themselves at death's door in a short time; she was then obliged to allow them some spirits and water; but many resolved to submit no longer to such regimen, and went off altogether.

IRELAND.

Cork, Nov. 18.

THE house of Mr. Casey, a woollen-drafter of this city, built in a hilly situation, near the North-bridge, which crosses the river Lee, and contiguous to a rock, which appeared to hang over its roof in the rear, was last night crushed to ruins by a vast fragment of the rock tumbling on it at midnight. The whole of the family, consisting of nine or ten persons, with a gentleman

who arrived in town yesterday, were all in their beds, and every one perished.

Dublin, Nov. 14. On Saturday last the gaoler of Kilmainham delivered up to the Hon. Prime Serjeant Brown, bonds, notes, and securities, to the amount of 5000*l.* in value, which were some time since stolen out of his house in Sackville-street. They were recovered in consequence of the respite granted to Cunningham, and delivered by

one of his comrades, in hopes of procuring a mitigation of the sentence.

The above robbery was committed under the guidance of a postilion in the Prime Serjeant's service, who admitted the robbers into the stable-yard, where a ladder was procured, by which means they entered the house, through one of the windows. They

went to the Prime Serjeant's bed-chamber, searched his pockets, and having found the key of his escrutoire, went out without his having awakened, unlocked it, took away all the papers and sixty guineas in cash, and went off very leisurely, without the least disturbance.

C O U N T R Y - N E W S .

November 24.

MR. Needham, a Leicestershire drover, who had been to Smithfield to sell his cattle, on his return as an outside passenger in one of the coaches, was on Wednesday evening taken dead out of the basket at Market Harborough. Upon searching his pockets, 500*l.* in bank notes, and upwards of 100*l.* in cash, were found on him. He is supposed to have perished from the cold. It cannot however be said that he died of necessity.

Bristol, Nov. 25. The damage done by a late hurricane at Barbadoes, is nearly confined to the shipping. Letters dated so late as the third of October, brought by the Polly and Charlotte, Capt. Lee, (late Gilbard) who was driven out by the storm, assure us, that the interior parts of the island scarcely felt it, and that there never was a greater prospect of good crops of sugar and cotton than the present year affords, the island having been favoured with very fine and seasonable rains. Part of the cargo of the Generous Plaster, (which was drove ashore and lost) with the hull and stores, were saved.

Chatham, Nov. 29. A poor woman was this week committed to Maidstone gaol, on her own confession, of having been an accessory in a murder. Her declaration to the Justice was as follows;—That about six years ago she lodged at the house of a wo-

man who lived on the Point at Portsmouth, and carried on the employment of a procurer for seamen; that she then cohabited with a marine belonging to the Courageux, who having received about ten guineas prize-money, the daughter of the procurer's endeavoured to seduce him to sleep with her that night; but he refused. The marine being intoxicated with liquor, the daughter knocked him down with the poker, and repeated her blows till he was dead; they then all assisted in carrying out the body to the sea-shore; to which fastening stones, they endeavoured to sink it in the water; but finding that ineffectual, they dug a hole in the beach and buried it; the mother afterwards gave her six guineas, if she would not publish the fact, but would go over to Ireland: to which she consented, but her mind was so disturbed in consequence of the part she had taken, that she could have no peace by night or by day; and had therefore given herself up to justice.—A copy of the examination is sent to the mayor at Portsmouth.

Newmarket, Dec. 4. A bet of 100*g.* by his Grace the Duke of Queensberry, that Mr. Hull's Quibbler did not run twenty-three miles within the hour. Quibbler won, having performed his ground in fifty-seven minutes, ten seconds. There were numerous bets, and considerable sums won and lost on this occasion.

M O N T H L Y C H R O N I C L E .

Oct. 27.

THE man who had undertaken, for the sum of 20*l.* to bring to the ground the weathercock upon the spire of the old Abbey Church of St. Alban's, succeeded in his enterprising and very hazardous attempt; he descended about four o'clock in the afternoon, amidst the applauses of a great concourse of people. This adventurer is a young man, by trade a basket-maker; and he made his scaffold from the ground to the top of the spire entirely with osier twigs, forming a serpentine passage, with a kind of landing-place (if the phrase may be allowed) every six or eight steps,

20. This morning as one of the Bath mail-coaches was coming to town, it was

stopped by a highwayman, at Gunnersbury-lane, who was shot dead by the guard on the spot: there were found on him three watches, 25 guineas, and some silver.

Nov. 3. The young man who lately visited Carlisle gaol, and was very liberal to the felons, has since paid a visit to the prisoners in Derby gaol, and pulling out a handful of money, left five guineas to be distributed amongst them, which amounted to about 4*s.* each. He appeared like a farmer, but by his dusty shoes, seemed as if he had travelled on foot; he is tall, dark hair, and very plain in apparel.

The same person has been at York and Nottingham; at York prison he left five guineas for the felons; and at Nottingham he gave

gave to the felons, ten in number, a guinea each.

Saturday fe'nnight Mr. Simpson, cashier of the Aberdeen Bank, passed through Carlisle, having under his convoy a banditti of eight vagrants, men, women, and children, belonging to a gang of travelling tinkers, whose wives and children generally beg about the country. They were pursued into England for the purpose of recovering a part of 1600*l.* of Scotch notes, which were lost in a pair of bags about two months ago, in Fifeshire; and which were found by a beggarman: but this gang coming up, claimed and took possession of the greatest part of the property. The man who found them is now in Glasgow gaol, and gave information against this party, who were taken at Preston, and money, notes, and goods, to the amount of near 900*l.* recovered. In their progress South, they changed their rags for finery; purchased a caravan, and employed a hairdresser at Penrith, where they purchased 160*l.* worth of millinery goods, and before they left that place they were quite metamorphosed, by their dressing in a superior style: during their stay at Penrith, and in the course of their journey, they behaved with the most foolish generosity, and often refused taking change. When taken, they were making merry over a very large bowl of punch.

Capt. Right, lately carried to Corke gaol, in Ireland, was taken at the head of near 600 insurgents, called Right Boys, by two grenadier officers, having only 18 grenadiers under them. This little party has gained great honour by their bravery.—The officers are, Captains George and Charles Duke, sons of Mrs. Duke, a widow lady of Quarly, in Wilts.

4. This day the Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when sentence of death was passed upon twenty-nine capital convicts.

This night's Gazette contains Addresses to his Majesty from the counties of Selkirk and Corke.

9. The Lord-Mayor went to the Exchequer Chamber, accompanied by the sheriffs, aldermen, and city-officers, with little more than the state of private gentlemen. None of the shops in Cheapside, or on Ludgate-hill, were shut up.

The Gazette de Sante, published in France by authority, has made public the following cure for all scrophulous disorders, commonly called KING'S-EVIL, under the sanction of the College of Physicians:—"Take com-

mon aqua vitæ, or brandy, 20 ounces;
" of fixed volatile alkali concrete, and gen-
" tian root, otherwise called felwort or bal-
" mody, of each one drachm and a half.
" Let these infuse in the liquor for the space
" of 24 hours before you use it, and let it
" remain under the root, as it will get
" strength the more it is in that situation.
" The dose is fasting, before dinner and sup-
" per, at each time a table-spoonful of the
" mixture.

11. Came on in the King's Bench, a trial at bar in the remarkable cause between Miss Mary Mellish, natural daughter of the late Charles Mellish, esq; of Nottinghamshire, and Elizabeth Rankin, his niece. This cause had been tried at Nottingham before, when a verdict was obtained by Miss Mellish, which was set aside by a subsequent one in the Common Pleas. The deceased made two wills, one in 1774, which gave place to another in 1780. There was also a codicil in 1781, and the contest was, to which of the wills it applied; the plaintiff contending, that the will of 1780 was cancelled by destroying a counterpart in the possession of the testator; and the defendant shewing, that no such counterpart was ever executed. There were four subscribing witnesses to the will, one of whom deposed, that he, together with the others, subscribed two instruments; but his testimony was overturned by the three others, who only acknowledged to have signed one. The whole of the trial resting on this point, the jury were led by the body of evidence, when the plaintiff was nonsuited.

13. The following account, sent to us by a gentleman lately arrived from the East-Indies, contains a fuller relation of the loss of the Cato, than those which have already appeared in the Calcutta and Madras papers:—"In the beginning of the present year, some rumours that had been for some time in circulation concerning the Cato, were confirmed by the arrival of a French packet boat at Ceylon; the crew of which related, that a Maldiv^e boat put off to them to barter cocoa nuts for brandy; and that one of the officers perceiving a pistol in the hand of the chief of the Maldiv vessel, desired to examine it. Perceiving it to be uncommonly well mounted, he enquired how they came by it; when they informed him by means of a Moorish interpreter, who spoke tolerable French, that an English man of war had some time before been cast away on one of the islands named Santa Maria, and that the

* The Maldivia islands are a cluster of low
on this side the island of Ceylon.

islands in the Indian ocean, about 500 miles

sailors wanted to take their wives and their daughters from them; whereupon the king resolved that they should die, and accordingly he artfully prevailed on them to remove to another island, pretending that he was uneasy at having so many strangers near him. This proposal met the approbation of the Cato's officers and crew, and particularly as they depended upon being furnished with a Maldivian vessel, of burthen sufficient to carry them to one of the nearest English settlements. Upon the crew's being arrived on this island, a number of natives from the different islands, who had been treacherously concealed in a large cave, rushed upon the unhappy English, armed with European and other weapons; and having overpowered them, threw them from a rocky precipice into a deep cavern; and those who were not killed by the fall, were crushed by heavy stones thrown on them.—The account further stated, that most of the Cato's company were drowned when the ship was wrecked; as the number who escaped did not amount to more than 140.—It is supposed that this unhappy event took place in February 1783.

Whitehall, Nov. 14. This morning one of the king's messengers, dispatched by the right honourable William Eden, arrived with the most christian king's ratification of the treaty of navigation and commerce, signed the 26th of September last, which was exchanged with Mr. Eden, against his majesty's ratification, on the 10th instant, at Fountainbleau, by his most christian majesty's commissary and plenipotentiary.

18. This night's Gazette contains addresses to his majesty from the counties of Cumberland, Westmoreland, Berwick, Lanark, and Ayr; the bishop and clergy, and the mayor, aldermen, and citizens of Carlisle; the synods of Dumfries, Angus and Mearns; and the franchise of Wenlock in Salop.

A very important discovery has lately been made at Calcutta, respecting the influence of the moon in fevers and other diseases incident to the human race:

“Doct^r Balfour, who has lived at Bengal upwards of 14 years, has observed the influence of this planet to shew itself with respect to fevers in a very remarkable manner, and has found from repeated experience—
1st. That, in Bengal, a constant and particular attention to the revolution of the moon, is of the greatest consequence in the cure and prevention of fevers. 2^d. That the influence of the moon in fevers prevails, in a similar manner, in every inhabited part of the globe; and consequently, that a si-

ilar attention to it is a matter of general importance in the practice of medicine.”

21. Orders having been given for removing Mr. Aylett (the attorney convicted of perjury) in a coach, as privately as possible, he was on Tuesday morning at eight o'clock, taken from Newgate to the King's Arms, Palace Yard, by Mr. Blades, and other attendants.

At twelve the culprit was brought out, and placed upon the pillory, where his head and hands were completely locked down, according to the true intention of the law. The hissing, hooting, hallooing, and shouting, was incessant for a few seconds. The sheriff, under-sheriffs, high-constables, &c, kept moving within the circle, in contrary directions, and at the same time that it very much relieved the scene, it had the effect of keeping the strictest decorum. The crowd upon the houses, in the coffee-houses, in coaches, and on horseback, was very great. The culprit was turned round four or five times, and saluted with a fresh peal of hooting, accompanied with loud bursts of laughter; but it did not appear that the least attempt was made to throw any thing at him.

After the culprit was on the pillory a full hour, he was taken out; the officers drawing themselves into a phalanx, to conduct him back to the King's Arms. In about half an hour the mob was dispersed, and Mr. Aylett was reconducted to Newgate.

22. The following prisoners were executed on the platform opposite Newgate; viz. James Wood, Thomas Tanner, and Henry Lenham, for feloniously stealing in the dwelling-house of William Taylor, two gowns, two shirts, and other apparel; John Shepherd, for a robbery on the highway; George Woolford, and William White, for highway robberies; and Henry Brown, for burglary.

23. This day was transferred at the Bank the sum of 471,000*l.* on account of the Landgrave of Hesse, so much being due for Hessian soldiers lost in the American war, at 3*ol.* a man.

24. Letters from Normandy give an account of an act of heroism that deserves to be recorded. In the storm between the 6th and 7th of last month, the vessel commanded by Captain Robert of Fecamp, was driven on shore, when Jean Francois Patel, of the parish of Bernier sur Mer, judging that it was scarcely possible the vessel could escape being overset, undressed himself, and having tied a rope about his wrist, plunged into the sea, and gained the shore, notwithstanding the extreme darkness of the night, and the fury of the wind and waves. By means of this rope he saved the lives of ten persons
he

he left on board, and in two minutes after the last had quitted the ship, she was dashed to pieces.

Notwithstanding the immense numbers which compose that astonishing shoal of herrings which annually, in the month of June, comes from the North sea, and in its passage visits these kingdoms, a bulk which is supposed to exceed the size of Great Britain and Ireland,—yet the fecundity of this fish is not nearly so great as that of several other kinds. Mr. Harmer, in his accurate tables, has instanced the increase of the herring in the following manner. A herring, caught the 25th of Oct. weighed 5 oz. 10 penny-weights; the weight of the spawn was 480 grains, and the number of its eggs thirty-six thousand nine hundred and sixty. But a cod-fish, taken Dec. the 23d, contained 12,540 grains of spawn, and the number of its eggs was three millions six hundred and eighty-six thousand seven hundred and sixty. The fecundity of the flounder he has also shewn to be nearly one million and a half.

25. This night's Gazette contains addresses to his Majesty from Whitehaven, Kirkwall, Elgin, Tain, Wick, the Ministers and Elders of Lothian and Tweeddale, and from the boroughs of Cockermouth and Milborne-Port.

27. A city has been lately discovered not more than 130 leagues from Petersburg,

which in the magnificence of its ruins nearly equals those of Tadmor, and in the elegance of the vases, statues, &c. which have been found there, surpasses any thing that has been discovered in Herculaneum.

Lieutenant Egede, in his Danish majesty's service, who was left by captain Lowenorn at Iceland, to go on the discovery of East Greenland, arrived in Copenhagen on the 4th of this month, with the agreeable and important news, that he had approached within two miles of that country, hitherto unknown, where he saw cattle grazing, but that the ice prevented his going farther.

29. At a general meeting of the subscribers to the design of paying a public grateful tribute to the character of Mr. Howard, held at the Crown and Anchor tavern in the Strand, Mr. Alderman Boydell in the chair, Resolved, That as there is a great difference between the request of an individual and that of a community, there is room to hope Mr. Howard may, upon due consideration, overcome the repugnance, testified in letters to several of his friends (and by them communicated to the meeting) to the objects proposed by this subscription, and consent that a grateful community may, by erecting a statue to him, do itself the honour of shewing that it is not unworthy of such a member.

BIRTHS, DECEMBER 1786.

THE Duchess of Grafton of a daughter.

The Lady of the Right Honourable

Lord Napier, of a son and heir, at Kinsale, in Ireland.

P R E F E R M E N T S, Nov. & Dec. 1786.

THE Right Hon. Sir John Parnell, Bt. Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland, to be one of his Majesty's Privy Council of this Kingdom.

John Henry Cochrane, Esq. to be one of the Commissioners for the receipt and management of his Majesty's customs in Scotland.

The honour of knighthood on John Wilson, Esq. lately appointed one of the Judges of the Court of Common-Pleas.

Corps of Engineers. Colonel Sir William Green, to be chief engineer, vice Major-General James Bramham, dec. Lieut. Colonel John Phipps, to be Colonel; Capt Frederick Geo. Mulcafter, to be Lieutenant-colonel; Capt. Lieut. John Wade, to be captain.

30th. regiment of foot. Major-General William Roy, to be colonel, vice John Par-

slow. Brevet-Major William Gunn, of the 6th dragoons, to be Lieutenant-governor of Chester, vice Thomas Frazer. Brevet-Capt. William Wemyss, to be deputy Adjutant-general of the forces in North-Britain, with the rank of major, vice Alex. Ross.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has been pleased to appoint Dr. Gilbert Blane to be Physician to the household, in the room of Dr. Hallifax, promoted to be his Royal Highness's Physician, and Dr. David Pitcairne, to be one of his Royal Highness's physicians extraordinary.

The Rev. Mr. John Keet, to the office of Reader and Preacher to his Majesty's household at Hampton Court, vice Dr. Richard Dickson Lillington, dec.

Sir Alexander Munro, Knt. and Richard Prewin, Esq. to be Commissioners for the management of his Majesty's custom duties

in England, vice Sir Stanier Porten, knt. retired, and John Jefferys, Esq. dec.

Dr. Berkeley, prebendary of Canterbury (son of the celebrated Bishop of Cloyne) to the rectory of St. Clement Danes, Strand.

Earl of Ailesbury to be a Knight of the Thistle.

Mr. Richard Davis, of Lewknor, Oxfordshire, to be Topographer in ordinary to his Majesty, vice George King, dec.

Charles Bonnor, Esq. to be Resident Surveyor and Deputy to the Comptroller-General of the Post Office.

Sir Clifton Wintringham, Bart. to be Physician to his Majesty's forces, vice Sir Edward Wilmot, dec.

Thomas Leggat, gent. to be Deputy Commissary of the musters at Scilly.

The Rev. Dr. Ellison, master of Sidney College, Cambridge, to be Vice Chancellor of Cambridge, vice the right worshipful Sir James Marriott, Knt. LL. D. Master of Trinity-hall, who has declined accepting the office of Vice-Chancellor.

James Kirkpatrick, esq. Recorder of

Bridport, to be Town-Clerk of Bristol, vice Sir Abraham Elton, bart. resigned.

His Grace the Duke of Portland, High Steward of the city of Bristol.

Dr. Joddrell, F. R. S. physician to the London Hospital.

The Rev. Dr. Lamb, rector of Cheping Warden, in Northamptonshire, Principal of Magdalen Hall, vice Dr. Denison.

The Rev. George Travis, A. M. (author of the letters to Mr. Gibbon) to the Archdeaconry of Chester, vice the Rev. Mr. Taylor, resigned.

Sir Richard Jebb, bart. physician in ordinary to his Majesty, vice Sir Edward Wilmot, bart. dec.

General Fawcett and Lord Galway to be Knights of the Bath.

The Hon. Wm. Elphinstone, esq. to be a Director of the E. India Company, vice Rich. Hall, esq. dec.

The honour of knighthood on Richard Arkwright, of Wirksworth, in the county of Derby, esq.

MARRIAGES, Nov. and Dec. 1786.

GEORGE Douglas, esq; M. P. for Roxburghshire, to Lady Eliz. Boyle, daughter of the late Earl of Glasgow.

The rev. Mr. Johnston, curate of Ashley in Staffordshire, to Lady Townley, relict of the late Sir C. Townley, knt.

Sir G. W. Farmer, bart. of Mount Pleasant in Suffex, to Miss Sophia Kenrick, third daughter of Richard Kenrick, esq; of Nantclywd in Denbighshire.

At Ormskirk, Capt. Connor, aged 74, to Miss Latham, aged 27.

At Southampton, Dr. Carter, to Miss Mary Lee, of Corn-Hall, Shropshire.

John Buckworth Herne, esq; to Miss Price, daughter of Sir Cha. Price, of Blount's court, Berks.

P. W. Colebroke, esq; of the Royal Artillery, to Miss Eliz. Jane Grant, of Woolwich.

Storer Beaumont, of Barrow upon Soar, esq; to Mrs. E. Mounsey, of Lincoln.

The rev. Edward Jacob, rector of Shillington, Dorset, to Miss White, of Marlborough.

The rev. Thomas Topping, of Iwerne, Dorset, to Miss Mary Turner, daughter of the Rev. Wm. Turner, of Roxborough.

John William Commerell, Esq. of the horse guards, to Miss Bolanquet, of Bedford square.

At Bradfield, near Bury, the Rev. Mr. Smyth, rector of Euston, to Miss Burton.

Lieut. John Boscawen Savage, of the marines, to Miss Cock, of Portsmouth,

Robert Lambeth, Esq. of Dorchester, to Miss Sibella Green, of Exeter.

The Rev. John Williams, M. A. fellow of Jesus college, to Miss Dolben, of Rhinowadon, in Merionethshire,

Charles Cracroft, of Tretower in Breconshire, Esq. to Miss Watkins, daughter of Walter Watkins, Esq. of Dan-y-graig, near Abergavenny.

Walter Rice Howell, Esq. of Mafegwynn, to Miss Rees, youngest daughter of the late William Rees, Esq. of Laugharn.

Thomas Carr, M. D. to Miss Godby, daughter of Robert Godby, Esq. senior Alderman of Huntingdon.

At Winchester, the Hon. Capt. de Courcy, brother to Lord Kinfales, to Miss Ann Blennerhasset, niece to Major Poole, Lieutenant-Governor of Pendennis castle.

The Rev. Henry Eyre, of Landford, Wilts, to Miss Frances Petteward, of Putney, Surry.

John Johnston, Esq. late commander of the Barrington East-Indiaman, to Miss Carter, daughter of the late Richard Carter, Esq. banker.

Major Eyre Coote, of the 47th regiment, to Miss Sarah Rodbard.

The Rev. William Nelson, M. A. rector of Hillborough, in Norfolk, to Miss Young, sister of the Archdeacon of Norwich.

Robert Colville, Esq. of Hornington-hall, in Suffolk, to Miss Agill, daughter of Sir Charles Agill, Bart.

Colonel Fox, younger brother to the Hon. C. Fox,

C. Fox, to Miss Clayton, sister to Lady Howard.

Colonel St. George, of the 70th regiment, to Miss Chenevix, grand-daughter to Dr. Chenevix, late Bishop of Waterford, with a fortune of 60,000l.

John Moultrie, Esq. son of Gov. Moultrie, to Miss Ball, eldest daughter of Col. Ball, resident in Bristol.

Sir James Hall, of Douglass, Bart. to Lady Helen Douglas, daughter to the Earl of Selkirk.

Francis Wilson, Esq. of Somerset-Place, to Mrs. Linkill, of Newcastle upon Tyne.

At Wantage, the Rev. Edward Shaw, vicar of that parish, to Mrs. Seymour.

Colonel Culter, of his Majesty's 55th regiment of foot, to Miss Grant, daughter of Major Grant, of Shrewsbury.

John Liptrap, Esq. of Mile-end, to Miss Quarrill, only daughter of William Quarrill, Esq. of Snarebrook, in Essex.

At Southampton, ——— Jelly, Esq. to Miss Lucy Sharp, late of Compton, near Shaftesbury.

At Southampton, Edward Fiott, Esq. commander of the Hartwell East-Indiaman, to Miss Sarah Lys, of that town.

The Hon. Miss Arundell, Countess of the sacred Roman Empire, youngest daughter of Lord Arundell, Count of the Roman Empire, to the Hon. Charles Clifford, brother to Lord Clifford.

Mr. Thomas Barlow, jun. of Leeds, to

Miss Rudd, daughter of Dr. Rudd, of Darlington.

James Henry Lee, Esq. of Adlestrop, in Gloucestershire, nephew to the Duke of Chandos, to the Hon. Miss Twilston, eldest daughter of Lord Saye and Sele.

The Right Hon. Lord Henry Murray, brother to his Grace the Duke of Athol, to Miss Kent, daughter of Richard Kent, Esq. of Liverpool.

William Afsheton, Esq. of Cuedale, in Lancashire, to Miss Brooke, sister of Sir Richard Brooke, Bart. of Norton Priory in Cheshire.

The Rev. Mr. Lancaster, of Queen's college, to Miss Ping, of Oxford.

Lieutenant Colonel Emmerick, to the second daughter of John Spateman, Esq. merchant of London.

At Blackburn, the Rev. Mr. Wilson, to Miss Sophia Ricketts.

The Rev. Charles Bertie, M. A. rector of Honiton, to Miss Lucy Ewings: the gentleman is in his 82d year, the lady in her 64th.

Thomas Seawell, Esq. of Bookham, in Surrey, to Miss Newcombe, of Hackney.

John Thurlow Deering, Esq. of Crowhall, in Norfolk, to Miss Rebecca Kirby, of Skipington, in Leicestershire.

Hale Young Wortham, Esq. of Aspeden in Herts, to Miss Proctor, daughter of Thomas Proctor, Esq. of Benges-hall.

MONTHLY OBITUARY, DEC. 1786.

November 16.

MRS. Catherine Simond, in the 98th year of her age.

20. At Edmonton, aged 82, Mrs. Jane Aldworth, relict of Mr. Aldworth, of Ashwell; in Hertfordshire.

21. Sir Edward Wilmot, bart. of Chaddeven, in Derbyshire, in the 94th year of his age. He had been physician to the royal family 42 years.

Mr. Richard Crush, of Roxwell, Essex, aged 84.

Mr. Thomas Godfrey, farmer, in Boreham, aged 85.

At Kingstand Place, Mr. Maurice Dreyer, in the 50th year of his age.

Thomas Berney, Esq. aged 33, justice of the peace for the county of Norfolk.

Lately at Corke, Mr. West Digges, formerly of the Haymarket Theatre. His first appearance on the stage was at Dublin, in 1749.

23. At Wincanton, Somersetshire, Mr. Thomas Gapper, late of the Inner Temple.

John Wormald, esq. merchant and alderman of Leeds.

William Walker, esq. of Crow Nest, near Halifax.

Lately at Powick, near Worcester, Mrs. Russell, wife of William Russell, esq. and niece to Lord Somers.

24. Sir Walter Stirling, of Harpur-street, Red Lion-square.

Mrs. Turpin, wife of Mr. Turpin, bookseller, St. John's-street.

The Rev. Mr. Edward Clarke, rector of Buxted, Suffex. He was formerly chaplain to the Embassy to Spain, and author of a 4to. volume of Letters on Spain.

Lately at Plymouth Dock, of a fever caught by sleeping in a damp bed at an inn, aged 24, the Rev. Samuel Nanjulia, late of Trinity College, Oxford.

25. At Deptford, Captain Thomas Robinson, aged 98, upwards of 50 years a Commander in the West-India trade.

26. Mr. Fremont, apothecary, at Brompton.

Mrs. Dunn, of Tavistock-street, Bedford-square.

square, relict of Thos. Dunn, Esq. of Dulwich.

At Bell Dock, Wapping, Capt. Savages, for several years owner and commander in the West-India trade.

Lately at Kenfington, Winwood Serjeant, Esq. many years a land-surveyor of the customs of the port of London.

27. Mrs. Parsons, of Lower Grosvenor-street.

At Waterstock, Mrs. Ashhurst, mother of Mr. Justice Ashhurst.

Mr. Jefferey, ironmonger, Oxford-street.

Lately at Winchester, the Rev. William Cawthorne Unwin, rector of Stock cum Ramden, in Essex.

28. Thomas Spring, Esq. of the Custom-house, in which he had been 40 years.

Mrs. Rous, daughter of Thomas Rous, Esq. of Piercefield, Monmouthshire.

At Edinburgh, William Wallace, Esq. Advocate, Sheriff Depute of Ayrshire, Professor of Scots law in the University, and one of the Assessors to the city of Edinburgh.

Miss Jane Anriol Drummond, at York.

29. At the Manor-house, Chiswick, the Rev. Archibald Crawford, Master of the

Academy there, and formerly of the Academies in Hatton-Garden and Cross-street.

— Waylet, Esq. of Bishop's Hall, in Essex.

Mrs. Tatterfal, of New Quebec-street, Marybone.

The Rev. Mr. La Trobe, in the 59th year of his age.

At Sabergham, in Cumberland, Isaac Denton, Esq. Steward to the Bishop of Carlisle.

30. At Lowerby-Hall, Leicestershire, Sir Thomas Fowke, Groom of the Bed-chamber to the Duke of Cumberland.

Lately at Lisbon, George Speake, Esq. of Jordans, near Ilminster, Somersetshire.

DEC. 1. At Upper Clapton, Mr. Zachariah Gibborrie, in partnership with Messrs. Crank, wine-merchants, in Cannon-street.

George Lucy, Esq. of Charlote, in Warwickshire.

2. Mr. Edward Shewell, at Camberwell, stock-broker.

Mr. William Pyner, younger son of Mr. Pyner, of Lombard-street.

4. Mr. Jolliffe, Gardener, at Lambeth, in the 76th year of his age.

5. At York; the Rev. Richard Tillard, Vicar of Wirksworth, Derbyshire.

BANKRUPTS.

William Sutton and Isaac Cooper, of Cheapside, goldsmiths. Joseph Wilkin and John Milligan, of Bishop Bonner's Hall, Bethnal-green, cowkeepers. Philip Day, of Cheapside, carver. John Farrar, late of Liverpool, brewer. George Lewis, of Bristol, glover. Benjamin White, now or late of Cirencester, Gloucestershire, dealer. Thomas Jephcott, formerly of Daventry, Northamptonshire, ironmonger. John Meadowcroft, of Heap, Lancashire, and Robert Healey, of Bamford, Lancashire, cotton-spinners. Thomas Ansley, of Newland, Gloucester, cornfactor. Joseph Pasmore, of Church-street, Deptford, bricklayer. Vivian Davenport, of Coventry-street, linen-draper. Robert Solloway, of Gloucester, pin-maker. Samuel Cheesewright, of Aldersgate-street, hosiery. Joseph Bowles and Richard Bowles, of Great Ryburgh, in Norfolk, millers. James Radcliffe, of Worcester, mercer. James Wescombe, of Williton, Somerset, draper. Thomas Legg, of Bristol, vintner. Thomas Bingham, of Gainborough, draper. Richard Perkins, late of Holborn, horse-dealer. Robert Barnard, of St. Mary, Rotherhithe, Surry, broker. Jabes Carter Hornblower, of Bris-

tol, iron-manufacturer. Richard Earwaker, late of Prifat, Hants, but now of Chertsey, Surrey, dealer. William Jones, of St. Catherine's Bridge, shipbuilder. Sir Lawrence Cox, Knt. late of Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, but now of Scotland-yard, timber-merchant. Mary Sheppard, of Bond-street, milliner. Robert Denbigh Hicks, late of Teddington in Bedfordshire, apothecary. Sarah Goldsworthy, late of Taunton Saint Mary Magdalen, Somerset, mercer. Robert Dunlop, of St. Mary-Axe, merchant. Charles Bruce, late of Northampton, shopkeeper. Thomas Smith, of North Nibley, in Gloucestershire, blanket manufacturer. Abraham Schroder, of Litchfield-street, raylor. William Stark, of Bluccoat-buildings, Aldersgate, merchant. William Langley, of New-ton Abbott, Devonshire, grocer. Thomas Scarisbrick, of Kendal, Westmoreland, dry-salter. Adam Hill, late of Heap, Lancashire, woollen manufacturer. Thomas Dod, late of George-street, but now of Broad-street, laceman. Alexander Thom, of Pancras-lane, factor. Robert Hopper, late of Gravesend, Kent, dealer. Edward Leigh, of Lotherbury, haberdasher. Thomas Sprent, of Oxford-street, ironmonger.

* * * The Domestic Intelligence, as well as all the Monthly Lists and Theatrical Register, will be given complete to the End of the Year, in our next Number, together with the Index to this Volume.



S U P P L E M E N T
T O T H E
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER 1786.
T H E A T R I C A L J O U R N A L .

COVENT-GARDEN.

TUESDAY night, Dec. 26, a Pantomime entitled "*The Enchanted Castle*," was performed for the first time. The arrangement of the scenes, and the literary part of the performance, is by Mr. Andrews. The music is principally composed by Mr. Shield; a few airs only are compiled; and in the design and execution of some very delightful scenery, Mess. Richards and Carver have infinitely excelled their former labours.

It being impossible to give a particular description of every scene in this nouvelle exhibition, we shall only attempt to give a sketch of them in general.

Harlequin and his man Zana are *shipwrecked* on an enchanted island, where they would have been subjected to the powers of a formidable magician, and two of his diabolical auxiliaries; but fortunately Zana has procured the bough of a sacred tree, which possesses virtue sufficient to counteract all the tremendous powers of necromancy. They are informed by the Genius of the Wood of the efficacy of this bough, it having hitherto preserved them; he, however, changes it for the usual wand of the *motley hero*, with which he commences his adventures. Thus fortified, Harlequin ventures through all the mazes of an enchanted castle, and a succession of scenes are presented to the audience, calculated to inspire an awful terror. In this castle Columbine, who is the daughter of a Nabob, is confined; and Harlequin, after encountering many intimidating horrors, effects her release from the captivity of magic; but while they are taking a repast, the ardour of his passion occasions him to make a trespass upon her chastity, which she repulses with virtuous indignation, and is taken away from him. For this attempt he is deprived of his speech, but is directed to Boston in America, by the Genius, who tells him that he shall there recover it. Harlequin arrives at Boston, and regains his speech. A *raree show* is introduced, the contents of which Zana undertakes to explain; and this constitutes a vehicle for some strokes of temporary ridicule, in the different scenes it is supposed to display; at last it is opened, and Columbine issues forth, and the lovers are reconciled. From this place they depart in a vessel for England, which is unfortunately swallowed up in a dreadful tempest; but Neptune

afterwards releases them, and they arrive safe in London: they visit Guildhall, and Harlequin exerts the influence of his powerful wand, which brings down Gog and Magog, who present their formidable persons to the audience. They are afterwards involved in whimsical adventures, from which they are, as usual, relieved; and Harlequin, at last, in the grand temple of the Nabob, the father of Columbine, receives the hand of his fair mistress, which completes his happiness.

The Poetry is better than usually falls to the lot of a Pantomime; as the following specimen will evince.

A I R.—HYMEN.

'Tis your's to possess, if you practise no harm,
In the fulness of joy, life's most exquisite charm!
What no wealth can procure, what no power can remove,
That purest of passions, the virgin's first love.

How sweet is the candour of youth to impart
The earliest impression that fixes the heart!
Which fondly betrays, while it strives to reprove
The glance, and the sigh, and the whisper of love.

To read in that language which eyes only speak,
The tender avowal that flushes the cheek;
That softness which nature and reason approve,
When sanction'd by honor, and waken'd by love.

Oh, cherish that bliss, which so rarely is found!
Be your vows with the wreath of fidelity crown'd;
Then blest in the wife, new endearments you'll prove,
To equal the charms of the Virgin's first love.

Wednesday morning the 27th, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales arrived at the seat of the Earl of Sandwich, at Hinchinbroke, near Huntingdon. In the evening his Highness attended his Lordship's domestic theatre, in the middle of the frontpiece of which was his Royal Highness's crest, and

the following quotation, from one of Virgil's *Beloues*,

Melius cum veneris ipse canemus.

The performances were preceded by the following PROLOGUE (said to have been written by the Earl of Sandwich), which was delivered by Launcelot Brown, Esq. Member of Parliament for Huntingdon, and followed by the representation of the *Mock Doctor*, and *The Romp*, in which the characters were supported by Ladies and Gentlemen of his Lordship's acquaintance. *High Life below Stairs*, and the *Virgin Unmask'd*, were also acted. His Royal Highness left Hinchinbroke on Friday at noon.

It must be observed, that the former motto of Lord Sandwich's private theatre was,

Renascuntur quæ jam cecidere.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken before the PRINCE OF WALES, at HINCHINBROKE, the Seat of the Earl of SANDWICH, Dec. 27th, 1787.

VOLTAIRE, with wit, and every science blest'd,

By Princes envy'd, hated and carest'd,
Long in each polish'd Court of Europe shin'd,
By turns the scorn and wonder of mankind.
From Court at length to rural shades remov'd,
And still attended by the Muse he lov'd,
With youthful sports he sooth'd declining age,
And was himself an actor on his stage;
Of all the various systems he profess'd,
He found that Mirth and Laughter was the best.

Friends to his cause, his doctrine we embrace,
And dedicate to Mirth this ancient place;
With his example plac'd before our eyes,
This rural Theatre is bid to rise.

And now, while Faction tears this fated isle,

And hiring penmen each good act revile;
When BRITAIN, from some late events, may fear

New sets of rulers, almost every year;
When modern Patriots solemnly declare,
No country can such heavy burthens bear,
Yet void of shame, with unembarrass'd face,
Double those odious taxes when in place;
Let us with judgment our condition scan,
And say, Retirement is the wisest plan.

There, with good cheer, and pastimes such as these,

The neighb'ring circles we each night may please,

And with our friends, thus innocently gay,
Sport the remaining term of life away.

But let me add, that if our humble state
Attracts the notice of the good and great;
If those most elevated on the earth,
Respected for their virtues more than birth,

To visit these abodes should condescend,
And to our trifles their attention lend,
No longer will we call it a retreat,—
The world shall envy this much-honour'd feat.

PROLOGUE

To the Tragedy of ELOISA.

Spoken by Mr. POPE.

THAT Culprit's fate is ever counted hard,
Who meets no trial, and is doom'd unheard,
Our youthful Poet, yet an infant Muse,
Whom critics censure, and whom foes abuse,
Asks but that candour you so oft' have shewn,
And all his terrors, all his fears are flown.
Yet, by his future fame, he bade me say,
Though sense nor genius smile upon his lay,
Still he will never prostitute his page
To injure Virtue, or degrade the Stage.

Rouffeau, long since revolving in his mind
The various miseries decreed mankind,
With partial pity and peculiar care,
Recall'd the sorrows of a love-torn pair:
That pair! whose sorrows every breast has
fig'd,
Who liv'd lamenting, and lamented died.

Wrapt in their story, he a tale began,
Which though resembling, varied in its plan.
What once was Abelard he call'd St. Preux,
But to poor ELOISE he still was true.
He drew her form, her animated mien,
Her artless virtue, and her pride serene.
A gallant Briton too adorn'd his page,
A generous Husband, and a female Sage.

Such were the characters his fancy drew,
And such the scenes our Bard presents to you.
Yet much they're varied, much perchance are
marr'd,

For little has he watch'd his brother Bard.
Though hapless ELOISE is still the same,
Though lost St. Preux still maddens at her
name;

Yet other heroes, other scenes are shewn,
And the whole tale is nearly made his own.
But when he thinks how often you have
spar'd,

How oft' have pitied an afflicted Bard,
He hopes to meet a merciful reward.

EPILOGUE

To the Tragedy of ELOISA.

Spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS,

Written by M. P. ANDREWS, Esq.
RELEASED from scenic care, that mourn-
ful art,

Which paints in tears the anguish of the heart;
Freed from those wounds, which ever rankling
prove,
No thornless roses deck the wreath of Love;

The well-feign'd story done, and every breath
With real or fictitious woes imprest ;
(For oft the soften'd mind, when pensive grown
From other's ills, will contemplate its own)
Be't mine some cheerful moments to renew ;
And chafing sorrow, wake reflection too.

To you, ye fair, I make my first appeal,
Ere Fashion's witchery o'er your senses steal ;
Ere rip'ning Winter, big with fancy'd joy,
Scarce leaves one pause for reason to employ ;
Routs, concerts, balls, assemblies o'er and o'er,
With friendly visits to—each other's door ;
The private party, where, full nine in ten
Just mount the stair-case, and trip down
again :

Then to the sprightly Opera eager prance,
And croud the Coffee-room to—view the
dance ;

Or on grand gallop, scouring to and fro',
Pass a delightful evening—in the snow.

Ere thus immerg'd in Pleasure's gay career,
(Two months usurp th' enjoyment of a year)
Say, shall I quit a while my humble walk,
And join the tonish world in sprightly talk ?

" Aye, do," cries haughty Lady Susan Highup,
" Dear Mrs. Mattocks, what a part to cry up !
" How ! love a man only because he's good—
" Whose vulgar veins can't boast one drop
of blood ;
" What's youth and grace in commoners
forsooth ?
" I'd rather wed a Duke without a tooth."

" And so would I without a single feature,"
Cries sweet Miss *Dripping* ; fashionable
creature !

Papa, (a tallow-chandler by descent),
Had read " how learning is most excellent ;"
So Miss, return'd from boarding-school at
Bonv,
Waits to be finish'd by Mama and Co.

" See, spouse," (says Ma) how spruce our
Nan and tall,
" I'll lay she cuts a dash at Lord Mayor's
ball."

In bolts the maid—" Ma'm !—Miss's master's
come !"
Away fly Ma and *Nan* to dancing-room.

" Walk in, Monsieur—come *Nan*—draw
up like me."

" Ma foi, Madame !—Miss like you as two
pea !"

Monsieur takes out his kit—the scene begins—
Miss truffles up—my lady-mother grins—

" Ma'mselle, me teach a you de step to tread—
" First turn a your toe—den turn a your
little head—

" One—two—tree—fink a—rise a—balance
hon !

" Now entre-chat—and now the cotillon.

(Imitating the different steps.)

" Pardieu !—Man'selle be von enchanting
girl,

" Me no surprize to see her ved an Earl !"
" With all my heart, (says Miss) Monsieur,
I'm ready

" Idream'd last night, Ma, I should be a lady."

Thus do the *Drippings*, all important grown,
Expect to shine with lustre not their own.

New airs are got, fresh graces, and fresh
washes,

New caps, new gauze, new feathers, and
new fashes ;

'Till just complete for conquest at Guildhall,
Down comes an order to suspend the ball :

Miss screams—Ma scolds—Pa seems t'have
lost his tether,

Caps, custards, coronets—all sink together !
Papa resumes his jacket, dips away—

And Miss lives single 'till next Lord May'r's
day.

May no such disappointment wait our bard,
But all his labors meet their best reward.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

A Letter from Dinant, dated Dec. 2, says, " the castle of this place, which, in the course of last war, was used as a receptacle for prisoners taken at sea, has been lately blown down by one of the heaviest gales of wind that ever has been experienced in this part of the world. There was only four prisoners (natives) committed by the Commissaire, two of whom were buried in the ruins, and were afterwards dug out dead ; the others made their escape, and have not since been heard of.

We hear from Vienna, that in consequence of the number of prostitutes which appear in public, the Emperor has determined there shall be four houses assigned for their residence, and that they shall not be suffered on

any account to appear in the streets, to corrupt the manners of the people. It is said the convent of St. Laurent is to be appropriated for this purpose.

Naples, Dec. 2. The 13th of last month a terrible battle was fought near the island of Corsica, between a Maltese frigate commanded by a Noble Knight of Malta, and an Algerine cruiser of equal force ; the engagement began at ten o'clock in the morning, and continued without intermission till two in the afternoon, during which time they were along-side each other frequently, fighting yard-arm and yard-arm with the most determined resolution. The Algerines made several attempts to board sword in hand ; but were vigorously repulsed every time.

with great slaughter.—The Maltese, who are sworn enemies to the infidels, shewed astonishing bravery through the whole action, and fought like so many furies, determined never to strike; but at last unfortunately their ship caught fire, and in a short time blew up, and all on board perished except one man, who was taken up the next day upon a piece of the mast by a small bark, and brought in here a miserable spectacle. By this man's account, it is generally believed, what remained of the pirates must have sunk soon after, as their vessel was entirely dismantled, and in a very shattered condition a considerable time before the frigate blew up. He further says, that the Maltese frigate had not above 40 left alive, when she took fire, out of the whole complement, and that the captain and first lieutenant were killed in the beginning of the action.

The present winter has been felt very severely in most parts of the continent. The Danube was frozen over near Vienna so

early as the beginning of October; great quantities of snow fell about the Appennines and Pyrenées in the course of last month, and destroyed vast numbers of cattle and sheep. On the 6th of this month no fewer than 11 English ships and 28 of other nations were ice-bound in the harbour of Cronstadt.

By accounts from Naples, we hear that Mount Vesuvius, which had been tolerably free from eruptions for near eleven months, had on the 31st of October last, burst with uncommon violence, and thrown up vast quantities of calcined stones. The lava destroyed several vineyards four miles from the volcano six days after, and continued burning with great fury when the letters, which are dated the 23d of Nov. last, came away. It is remarkable, that no previous notice of this eruption was heard by any subterraneous noise taking place, which has generally heretofore been observed.

C O U N T R Y - N E W S.

Bath, Dec. 9.

ON Thursday morning last about three o'clock, a fire the most fatal in its consequences that ever happened in this city, broke out in the house of Charles Hayward, in Avon-street; every apartment in which was occupied by poor persons. Before any of the wretched lodgers were alarmed, the fire had got to such a height, that only seven out of fourteen were saved, two of whom jumped from the window of the attic story.—The names of those that perished were Eliz. Yapp (the widow of a razor-grinder) and her daughter who sold matches; Mary Hayward, daughter of the keeper of the house; Catherine Woolley, (a basket woman, whose husband had left her) and her two children; and a travelling boy who was sick.—Hayward and his wife, and Eliz. Priently, were among those that escaped; the latter was so much hurt in her knee by the fall, that it is feared an amputation must take place, if her life can be preserved.—Every article in the house was consumed; and the poor creatures, reduced to the greatest distress, are humble supplicants for the benevolence of the humane.

The screams of the miserable sufferers were dreadful beyond description, and the situation in which they were found truly affecting.—Elizabeth Yapp, kneeling at the feet of the bed with one arm round her daughter's neck; the daughter lying on the bed, with her arms round her mother's waist. Catharine Woolley, with her two children, under the bed. The young man who was ill of the small-pox, lying by the bed-side; and Hayward's daughter lying across the bed, with her legs hanging over, and almost

burnt off. Hayward was burnt in the face in attempting to save his daughter.

The fire began in the ground-floor, and was first discovered by the lodgers under ground!—Hayward procured water with a design of putting it out, but on opening the door the flames were so fierce, as to scorch him considerably, and the stair-case instantly taking fire, prevented the escape of his daughter, who had ran up stairs to alarm the lodgers above.

Lewes, Dec. 11. About eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, the St. Austle, a Cornish sloop, Capt. Walter Colmer, from East Loos, laden with oats, barley, &c. was driven on shore near the place where a Spanish ship had struck, and in a short time was dashed to pieces. The captain and crew, four in number, quitted the wreck in time to save themselves, but a young couple, passengers, who could not be prevailed on to leave the vessel, unhappily perished. The unfortunate lady, who was related to Lord Courtney, (who had procured her husband a place in the Admiralty-office, of which he was going to take possession) some time after the sloop struck, presented herself in a situation which, if possible, added horror to the scene, being suspended by the heels in the rigging, which had entangled her, till the wreck went to pieces, when the merciless ocean overwhelmed her, and she was no more seen.

The Captain says, that so averse was Mr. Giles (that being his name), who perished, to leaving the wreck, that after he and his crew had got safe to land, he lashed himself to a rope and swam again to the wreck, and having boarded her, fastened a rope round Mrs. Giles, for the purpose of having her
hauled

hauled on shore; but her husband immediately cast it off again, and exclaimed, "My dear Bella, don't leave me!" She staid!—Mr. Giles's body has since been found, and was yesterday evening interred in Newhaven church-yard. Diligent search was made after the body of Mrs. Giles, in order that she might be buried with her husband, but without effect.

A melancholy accident attended the above wreck from the land:—A young man, a blacksmith, who had consented to be let down the cliff 140 feet high, to assist the persons in saving their lives from the wreck, had the misfortune to lose his own life, owing to the rope's breaking as he was hauling up again, when he fell to the bottom and was dashed to pieces.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

Nov. 30.

HIS Majesty's ship *Pegasus*, commanded by his R. H. Prince William Henry, is safe arrived at Halifax, Nova-Scotia; where his Royal Highness was welcomed on shore by Major-General Campbell, and Governor Parr, and received the congratulations of the officers and inhabitants; and a general illumination took place in the evening, notwithstanding his Royal Highness's request, that all military form and etiquette, with respect to his princely dignity, should be laid aside, and himself considered merely as a naval commander.

At Worcester, a town in Massachuset Province, New England, about 30 miles from Boston, a mob of 1500 people surrounded the court-house, where the Judges sit for the administration of justice. At twelve o'clock, when the Judges of the court, preceded by the High-Sheriff, approached the court-house, they were stopped at the door by points of bayonets,—in consequence of which they assembled at a tavern, and were under the necessity of adjourning *sine die*. The mob then held a convention, in which they passed a vote that the senate, the courts of common pleas, sessions, and judges, were grievances, and common nuisances, as well as expensive and unnecessary.

The American newspapers represent that country in a state of anarchy and confusion. The assembly of Rhode island had passed a law to inflict the penalty of 100l. on persons refusing to accept their *paper money*, or even uttering any expressions tending to depreciate it. The country people, by whom the towns were formerly supplied with provisions, have determined no longer to frequent the markets; and the inhabitants of Providence, and other places in Rhode island, are reduced to the utmost distress for want of the necessaries of life.

Aylett, the attorney, (for perjury) paid his fine of 500l. and was discharged from Newgate.

On the first inst. Jacob Martin Lorrel, and Mary Elizabeth Lorrell, his sister, were strangled and then burned at Orleans, for murdering their father, by whom they were

discovered committing the detestable crime of incest.

DEC. 1. A committee appointed by the planters and West-India merchants, at their late meeting at the London Tavern, waited on the Minister, to state to him, that the duty upon French brandy being reduced half-a-crown upon each gallon by the new commercial treaty with France, *rum*, which is the produce of our own islands, will, and inevitably must, thereby be very considerably injured and diminished in the consumption, unless a like proportion of the duty on rum is allowed to be taken off, in order to give the produce of our own islands the same chance in the market as heretofore. The representation being finished, the Minister replied, "that he could not think of making any alteration upon the duty of rum."

The masonic lodges in Pennsylvania have renounced their submission to and dependence on the masonic authority of Great-Britain, and declare themselves independent and free.

Mr. Eden has presented to his Majesty a miniature picture of the French King, set in diamonds, as a mark of his Christian Majesty's friendship towards his Britannic Majesty.

4. In consequence of the late application to the Gresham committee, the Royal Exchange was shut for the first time at three o'clock.

The American Plenipotentiary presented the Rev. Dr. White of Pennsylvania, and the Rev. Dr. Provost of New-York, to his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, to be consecrated bishops for the United States. The Rev. Dr. Griffith of Virginia is to be made a third, to complete the government of the episcopal church in those States.

Previous to the month of September 1785 the stables of Mrs. Nesbitt of Norwood had been often robbed; on the 19th of that month they were robbed, and on the 22d of October following they were again robbed by two men; but John Warren, her coachman, who lay over the stables, being alarmed, and prepared with a blunderbuss, fired at one of them, and killed him on the spot, since which many of the like attempts have been made, and the family alarmed, particularly

ticularly on the 3d of October last, when the stables were again robbed of a box coat, and other livery clothes. Thursday evening last, about six o'clock, Mrs. Nesbitt and family were alarmed by the report of a gun or pistol, and upon going out, Warren, the coachman, came running from the stables towards the house, saying, that a man came behind him as he was carrying a pail of water into the stables, and said, "damn you, I have been waiting for you, and now I have got you at last," and immediately fired at him with a horse-pistol, the ball of which had grazed his face and cut the lace of his hat. Upon examining the premises, it was discovered, that the robbers had taken away a pair of sheets, two blankets, two jackets, a blue coat, and other articles out of Warren's bed-room, the property of his mistress. Information of this alarming transaction being sent to Bow-street, Mr. Bond, with Mr. Jealous, went to Norwood to enquire into the matter. In the course of Warren's examination, Mr. Bond discovered something that induced him to believe that his story of being fired at was a fiction, and upon desiring Mr. Jealous to go and search his apartments over the stables, all the articles mentioned to have been stolen, were found hid under several trusses of hay. This naturally led to a suspicion of Warren's being the thief in the former robbery; his person being searched, a letter was found from a late female servant of Mrs. Nesbitt's, residing near Portland-chapel, in whose lodging the livery clothes were found, which she, on her examination, declared Warren brought there about a month since. Warren being brought to Bow-street, was committed to Tothill-fields bridewell for re-examination, and afterwards to Newgate, and the woman to a separate prison.

An application has been made to the court at Doctor's Commons, for a certificate of excommunication against a well known character, (Lord G. G—) for contumaciously refusing to appear in the ecclesiastical court to prove a nuncupative will. The certificate was refused.

[A nuncupative will is made by the last words of the deceased, in the nature of a request. The words must be spoken in the presence of a stated number of witnesses, and a certain person happens to be one. He does not deny the fact, but sets up an excuse, that as he is a mutual friend of both parties, for and against the will, he will not meddle in the business.]

Yesterday came on to be tried before Judge Buller and a special jury at Westminster hall, the long-depending cause, brought by the principal glass-sellers in London, to vacate Mr. Argand's patent for the lamps

now so much in use; when after a trial of six hours, the jury found for the Crown, being the third verdict found against Mr. Argand, by which the patent is entirely set aside.

This evening the ship Barberstein, Captain Van Vlanderen, from Middleburg to the East Indies, came to an anchor in the Downs, having on board about 200 recruits to relieve the Dutch garrison at the Cape. Between four and five o'clock the next morning the recruits mutinied, and after compelling the captain to get out of bed and shew them where the money was stowed, they confined him and the other officers, and placed centries over them. They then broke open three chests of dollars, and every one taking as many as he could carry, they hoisted out the boats and left the ship to the number of about 80 or 90. An armed brig (the Scout, capt. Le Herne) lying near, and observing the signals of distress made by the Indiaman, fired a shot at the long-boat, which was then got at some distance, and in which were 70 of the rioters, and brought her to, and upon search, a number of dollars, to the amount of about 12,000, were recovered; these men were then sent on shore, where they were received by a party of the 55th regiment of foot, appointed for that purpose. They were immediately secured, and lodged in Sandown Castle, where they now remain; and on a further search, about 400 dollars more were taken from them. Before the long-boat had quitted the ship's side, the captain and officers got upon deck, when a scuffle ensued, and it is supposed four or five of the rioters fell into the sea and were drowned. As these men had filled their pockets with dollars, their drowning was much facilitated, and it was observed that after they fell in, not one of them rose upon the surface of the sea. About 6,500 dollars are missing, a great part of which are supposed from the hurry and confusion to have been dropped into the sea.

7. The following gentlemen, delegated by the city of London, (viz. Sir Thomas Halifax, Aldermen Newnham, Watson, Lewes, Pickett, Sanderson, Le Mesurier, Newman, and the Comptroller and Solicitor, waited upon the Minister, to represent to him the several rights and privileges of the corporation which would be infringed by the general terms of the French treaty of commerce, unless they were particularly included therein: when Mr. Pitt, with the greatest candour and liberality of sentiment, gave them an assurance, "That altho' their rights and duties would have been unintentionally invaded and taken away, if this application had not been made, yet, being now fully possessed of them, he should think it his duty to protect them in the most ample manner, as well

as those of every other corporation whose claims were equally just with those of London.

9 This day ye'nnight the son of Mrs. Sparke, who formerly kept the Black Bull inn, Newcastle, but had retired to Benwell, after spending the evening with his mother, and having, it is supposed, drank too freely, (a practice he was too much addicted to) came down stairs, and ordered the girl to leave the house; but she not complying, he violently turned her out of the door, which he locked after her; on which the maid went and slept at a neighbouring house, and going home pretty early in the morning, she found the doors open, and was met by her master, who informed her that he had been fighting with the devil all night, and had at last killed him: she paying no regard to what he said, he referred her to the evidence of her own eyes, and told her the devil lay dead up stairs, dressed in his mother's cloaths. On her going up, a most horrid spectacle presented itself; Mrs. Sparke lying dead, wounded in many places, and the bed-cloaths strewed about the room all bloody. The coroner's jury brought in their verdict *wilful murder*, on which he was committed to Morpeth gaol.

Between five and six o'clock this afternoon, the house of farmer John Easthorn, at Prospednick, near Hëlston, took fire: the farmer being absent at the time was sent to, and made all the haste he could home, to preserve his money and writings, which were valuable; his child followed him up stairs, whom he threw out of the window into a neighbour's arms; he then ran to his books, and from thence back to the window, and put one leg out, but the fire was so strong that it overpowered him, and he was burnt to death.

11. This morning early, the body of William Livingstone, Esq; in partnership with Messrs. Gregory, Turnbull, and Co. merchants, King's Arms-yard, was found in the ditch between the gardener's ground and the road, leading from Kent-street turnpike to the Castle at Newington. Mr. Livingstone's horse was in the ditch likewise, and was taken to the Royal Exchange next day at noon to be owned, where it was discovered to whom it belonged by means of a fadler's recognizing the saddle, which he had sent home to Mr. Livingstone only on Saturday last. Mr. Livingstone had dined at the house of Mr. Turnbull, on Blackheath, and riding to town in the evening with some gentlemen, parted with them about eleven o'clock, at the turnpike, at the end of the road where this unfortunate accident happened. It is imagined the horse took fright at some object, and suddenly started off the road into the ditch. Mr.

Livingstone's arm was broken, and entangled in the bridle, when his body was found.

This morning early, two old houses in Spital-Fields, in which several poor families lived, were blown down, and ten men, women, and children, who were in bed, were buried in the ruins. Six of them were dug out but little hurt; two others so much, that they died soon after, and the others, who were the parents of the children, were killed.

The same morning a melancholy accident happened in Jermyn-treet:—About half past one in the morning, a voice was heard by the watchman, crying, "Murder! Murder!" the watchman ran to assist, and found a man stuck on the area rails; he assisted to get him off, and got immediate assistance to have him carried to St. George's Hospital, where he expired whilst under the surgeon's hands.—The Jury on the coroner's inquest, after a full investigation, brought in their verdict *Accidental Death*, in consequence of which five men and a boy, who had been taken into custody on suspicion, were released. It was proved that the deceased had fallen from an affluant to a very reduced state, and being obliged to submit to a toilsome method of getting his livelihood, stung with remorse on the recollection of his past devotion of his time and money to women and wine, he threw himself out of a window, and stuck upon the rails.

The Committee of Common-Council appointed to enquire into the causes of the high prices of provision, have published their report, in which they state, that the practice of forestalling by the carcase butchers and salesmen, is a principal cause of the high prices of meat.

12. A Proclamation in this night's Gazette fixes the meeting of Parliament to the 23d day of January.

The same Gazette contains addresses to his Majesty from the Islands of Barbadoes, Antigua, Grenada, Dominica, and St. Vincent, congratulatory of his Majesty's happy escape from assassination.

At the close of the election for a coroner for the county of Middlesex, on casting up the poll, the numbers were,

For Mr. Collett	—	1199
Mr. Hill	—	501
Mr. Stirling	—	438

Majority in favour of Mr. Collett 698.

At a general meeting of the Members of the London Library Society, the following gentlemen were chosen as a Committee for the year ensuing: Rev. Dr. Kippis, F. R. S. and S. A.; Rev. Dr. Rees, F. R. S.; Mr. H. Amory; Dr. Crawford, F. R. S.; Rev. Mr. Gregory, F. S. A.; Dr. Hamilton; Dr. Simmons, F. R. S.; W. Vaughan, Esq.; Rev. Mr. Walker; Dr. Lettsom, F. R. S.

and S. A.; Rev. Mr. Jarvis; Rev. Mr. Martyn, F. R. S.; J. H. Stone, Esq.; Rev. Mr. Lewis; Rev. Mr. Nares; W. Eлдаite, Esq.; Dr. Wells; and W. Scullard, Esq.

14. A gentleman of the name of Lock addressed the General Court of Bank Proprietors, and gave notice that he should move at the next Court in March, for an account of the Company's affairs to be laid before them. It is strange that such accounts should require a question, as the 12th bye-law directs that the state and condition of the Company should be laid before the Proprietors at every dividend Court; whereas no such state or condition is ever noticed at these Courts at all.

Last week Wm. Barnes, guard to the Liverpool stage coach, whilst stooping to buckle his shoe with a brace of pistols in his belt, then round his shoulders, one of them, loaded with three bullets, accidentally discharged itself; one bullet passed thro' his thigh, the other two lodged in his groin; of which he died in great agony, at the Cock-Inn at Stony Stratford;—where the next day Wm. Woodman, a passenger on the roof of the Coventry stage-coach, was killed passing thro' the gateway, the arch having caught his head, and crushed him so violently against the roof of the coach, that his neck and back were both fractured, of which he instantly died.

On Friday the 8th instant a circular cavity in the earth, about 6 feet diameter, was discovered in a corn-field at Handley, Dorset, belonging to Mr. Randall, by a shepherd's boy. On examination, this aperture leads to a considerable cavern at about the depth of ten feet from the surface, extending in every direction at least 20 feet in diameter; at about 35 or 40 feet is a body of water, supposed to be nearly 150 feet deep.—This discovery leads to various conjectures among the curious in the neighbourhood; but whether it be from a natural or artificial cause is yet undetermined.—The field where this cavern is, is nearly a plume, and the soil nearly a solid body of chalk.

19. A letter from Madrid, of the 7th ult. says, that the treaty between the Kings of Spain and France respecting the Floridas is actually concluded; and that the following are the leading articles in it. By the first article, his Catholic Majesty cedes the sovereignty of the Floridas to his Most Christian Majesty, for an equivalent to be agreed on between the two Courts.

20. The subjects of Spain, who chuse to remain in the said Colonies, are to be maintained in, and enjoy their ancient privileges.

21. His Most Christian Majesty is obliged to keep eight battalions of 500 men each, as a barrier to prevent the interruption of *strangers* on the Spanish Continent.

4th, His Most Christian Majesty, for himself and his successors, guarantees all the possessions of the Crown of Spain which it now possesses in South America, the South Sea, and all the islands in the Atlantic Ocean, which they actually possess at present.

5th, His Most Christian Majesty binds himself and his successors, never to alienate the aforesaid Colonies, without an equivalent in favour of Spain.—The other three articles are merely formal, as in all treaties.

Extract of a letter from Port Henderson, Jamaica, Nov. 5.

“We wrote you by the Prince William Henry, who has since returned dismasted, by another storm, which has fallen heavy on this unfortunate island. It began on the morning of the 20th of last month, between three and four o'clock, blowing S. E. to S. and continued till two o'clock in the afternoon. Though this storm has been less severe than either of the two last, yet the canes being much taller in this late season than they were in the former storms, have suffered more; but the plain trees not quite so much; nor have so many houses been blown down. The Leeward parishes have suffered most, and in some places the crops are entirely ruined. The shipping here, in proportion to their small numbers, have suffered as much as in any former storm. Provisions have not rose a great deal since the storm, the island being better provided with ground provisions than in the former storms.”

21. A general court was held at the East-India House, when it was resolved that the dividend from Midsummer to Christmas be eight per cent.

22. In the report of the committee on the high price of provisions, there is an article, intitled, a Statement of the Acts of Parliament for inclosing commons from 1775 to 1786; in which it appears, that more than half the number of acres inclosed are, by clauses in the respective acts, restrained from pasturing any sheep in them, for a certain number of years; some twelve years, others more, some less; so that the seed for sheep is thus clearly and positively decreased, and which circumstance undoubtedly tends to increase the price of mutton. The fact as it stands in the totals (after reciting the number of acres in each act, together with the names of the counties and parishes) is as follows;

From the year 1775 to the year 1786 (both inclusive) the gross number of acres inclosed, is 488,640

Of this number 233,522 acres have been inclosed, without any restraint in the mode of cultivation. But there are 255,118 acres inclosed, in which “no sheep are permitted to feed during a certain number of years;” some acts specify twelve years, some more, and some less. The obvious inference is,

that

that if there be less food, there will be a less quantity bred, and consequently it will be dearer.

The sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 23 prisoners received sentence of death; 52 were ordered to be transported beyond the seas, and four to Africa; eight were ordered to be privately whipped and discharged; nine to be publicly whipped, some of whom were also to be imprisoned; one was fined 12d. and to be imprisoned one month, and one for three months.

Among the above convicts, were Michael Walker, Richard Payne, alias James Davis, and John Cox; the first a principal, in feloniously and wilfully murdering one Duncan Robinson, near Smart's-Buildings, Holborn, by cutting him down the face and shoulder, and stabbing him in different parts of his arm, of which he died in about three days; and the other two for being present, aiding, and assisting in the said murder. One of the prisoners had picked the pocket of a Mr. Hunt, who was walking in company with the deceased—Mr. Hunt apprehended the thief, and a scuffle ensued, in which Mr. Hunt knocked down his antagonist twice, when Payne attacked him, and Mr. Robinson coming to his assistance, received the dreadful wounds from Walker. They were executed on Monday the 18th inst.

At the above sessions a soldier was indicted for breaking open a box and stealing a hat. In the course of the evidence it appeared, that the crime was committed with the express intent of obtaining a passage to Botany Bay. (The soldier had publicly declared so.) He was found guilty; and the Recorder immediately passed the following sentence: "Prisoner—you shall have your desire, in being transported; but it is fit that you, and every other mistaken wretch like yourself, who, rather than do their duty like a good soldier, prefer being disgracefully transported from your country, should know, that the Court have a power to alter the place of your destination—The Court therefore direct you to be transported to Africa, for the term of seven years."

James Bradley, a watchman, was also convicted of a robbery whilst upon the watch. The Recorder immediately passed sentence upon him, observing, that there was an end of all security, if the very men who are employed to protect his Majesty's subjects committed depredations themselves. Had the colour of his crime been a single shade deeper, it would have been a capital offence; and in that case, there could not have been the most distant hope of his Majesty's mercy. In the present instance, he should pronounce

the severest sentence the law would permit—transportation to Africa for seven years.

23 This night's Gazette contains the Address of the High Sheriff and the Hundred of Wirksworth, in the County of Derby.

The same Gazette contains the ceremonial of the knighthood and investiture of Sir William Fawcett, lieutenant-general and adjutant general of his Majesty's forces, and of the Right Hon. Robert Viscount Galway, comptroller of his Majesty's household, Knights of the most honourable order of the Bath.

In answer to the memorial of the West-India Planters and Merchants, the Minister has promised a reduction of 3d a gallon duty on rum;—the Merchants and Planters want 5d. which would be just two-thirds of the duty on brandy, and be on a level with Portugal and French wines.

24. Sunday last the three American Priests were ordained bishops at the Archbishop of Canterbury's private chapel, in Lambeth Palace, by his Grace, assisted by two other English bishops.

Butler, the celebrated author of Hudibras, was buried in St. Paul's Church, Covent-garden.—Some of the inhabitants of that parish bearing some time ago, that so famous a man had been buried in their church, and regretting that neither stone nor inscription recorded the event, entered into, and collected a subscription, for the purpose of erecting something worthy of Butler's memory. Accordingly they employed an artist, who constructed an elegant monument, and lately fitted it up in the portico of the church, bearing a medallion of that great man, which was taken from the monument put up by Barber, the Mayor of London, in Westminster-Abbey. The following lines were contributed on the occasion, at the request of the subscribing inhabitants of the parish, by Mr. O'Brien, and are engraved on the stone beneath the medallion:

A few plain men, to pomp and pride unknown,
O'er a poor Bard have rais'd this humble stone;
Whose wants alone his genius could surpass,
Victim of Zeal! the matchless Hudibras!

What though fair freedom suffered in his page!
Reader, forgive the author—for the age—
How few, alas! disdain to cringe and cant,
When 'tis the mode to play the Sycophant!

But oh! let all be taught from Butler's fate,
Who hope to make their fortunes by the great,
That Wit and Pride are always dang'rous things,
And little faith is due to Courts and Kings.

26. Last week the body of the unfortunate Mrs. Giles was found, very much disfigured, on the beach, between Newhaven and Seaford. Her remains were carried to Newhaven, and decently interred in the church-yard there, by the side of her husband.

Every account from America confirms the distractions that reign in those States; which, taking their rise from the absolute inability of the people to support the necessary expences of independent Governments, must necessarily subsist as long as their independency; nor will they probably enjoy a moment's tranquility till they put themselves under the protection of some foreign power. The only alternative, therefore, left for them is, to become subjects of France, or return to their former allegiance to England; and which of the two will be the most eligible, they may

easily judge, from a comparison of the treatment the French colonies receive from their mother country, with that which they formerly met with from Great Britain.—[*Heaven forbid that Great Britain should accept their offer!*]

29. From a statement of the public revenue and expenditure, published in the papers (for the accuracy of which we do not pretend to vouch) it appears, that the former, from Christmas 1785 to Christmas 1786, amounted to 14,210,000*l.* and the latter to 16,698,720*l.*

It appears that there were tried last year at the Old-Bailey	—	—	1149
Of whom were capitally convicted			133
Convicted of felonies	—	—	542
Acquitted	—	—	430
Of the number capitally convicted, there were executed	—	—	44

PREFERMENTS, DEC. 1786.

THOMAS Boothby Parkyns, Esq. appointed Groom of the Bedchamber to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, in the room of the late Sir Thomas Fowke.

The Right Hon. Lord Viscount Galway, Comptroller of his Majesty's household,

invested with the order of the Bath.—Richard Arkwright, Esq. of Wirksworth, Derbyshire, knighted.

Peter Franklyn, Esq. appointed collector of the Customs at Kingston, Jamaica, in the room of Thomas Davison, Esq. deceased.

MARRIAGES, DEC. 1786.

THE Rev. George Haggitt, M. A. to Miss Penelope Heigham, youngest daughter of the late Pell Heigham, of Bury, Esq.

The Rev. Mr. Stevenson, fellow of King's college, to Miss Thackeray, of Cambridge.

Owesley Rowley, of Huntingdon, Esq. to Miss King, of Benwick in the Isle of Ely.

John Dover, Esq. of Hockham Hall, Norfolk, to Miss Stewart, of Somerset-street, Portman-square.

At Dorchester, Lieut. Ferting, of the Navy, to Miss Colson, daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Colson, of Studland.

Charles Long, Esq. of Saxmundham, to Miss Long, of South Audley-street.

Charles Blatchley, Esq. to Miss Heigham; eldest daughter of the late Pell Heigham, Esq. of Bury.

At Prestwick in Yorkshire, Mr. Daniel Milns, aged 22, to Miss Betty Whitehead, aged 13. And (*as a contrast* may be added) at Haslingden, John Taylor, Esq. aged 81, to Mrs. Ramsbottom, 84.

Major Yeoman of Whithy, to Miss Hale, second twin-daughter of General Hale.

John Rush, of Streatley, Esq. to Miss Mayhew, daughter of John Mayhew, Esq. of Broad-street, Soho.

Baron Meurier, of Hanover, to Miss Pointer, of Enfield, in Hertfordshire.

MONTHLY OBITUARY, DEC. 1786.

Dec. 9.

MR. Munsey, parish-clerk of St. Mildred's, Poultry.

Mr. Edward Short, of the Tower.

Mr. Joseph Gates, marshalman to the Lord-mayor.

Mrs. Cawley, wife of Mr. Cawley, Norfolk-street, Strand.

The Rev. Thomas Wickham, A. M. vicar of Castle Cary, and prebendary of Wells.

10. Mr. Gregge, clerk of the Cheque, belonging to his Majesty's Yeomen Guards.

At the Grove, in Hertfordshire, the Right Hon. Thomas Earl of Clarendon, one of his Majesty's Postmasters General, a Lord of the Committee of Trade and Plantations, and a Privy Counsellor. His Lordship was second son of William the second Earl of Jersey. In the year 1752, he married Lady Charlotte, daughter of William Capel, the third Earl of Essex, by his first Countess, who was daughter of the last Earl of Clarendon. In the late reign he was several years Minister at Berlin, Dresden, &c. In 1743 he was

one

one of the Lords of the Admiralty, and was Member for Tamworth many years. In 1756 he was created Lord Hyde. In 1763 his Lordship was appointed Joint Postmaster General, in the room of Lord Egmont, but was removed in 1765 to make room for Lord Besborough. In 1771 his Lordship was appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, in the room of Lord Strange, deceased; which post he held until the year 1782, when he was removed to make room for Lord Althurton; and at the end of 1783, was *again* appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, which place he held until October, when he was a *second* time removed from the Duchy, and a *second* time appointed Joint Postmaster General, in order to accommodate an arrangement made in favour of Lord Hawkesbury; who was thereupon appointed Chancellor of the Duchy. In 1776 his Lordship was created Earl of Clarendon. His Lordship is succeeded by his eldest son, Lord Hyde, (who was born in 1753, and married in 1783, to Miss Ford) which occasions a vacancy in Parliament for Heston, his Lordship being Member for that borough.

11. John White, Esq. of Isleworth.

Mrs. Morris, relict of Robert Morris, of Swansea, Esq. in the 86th year of her age.

The Rev. Thomas Manning, who had many years conducted a private seminary of education at Kensington Gore.

Miss Susan Westkett, daughter of Mr. Westkett, of the Custom-House.

Lately at Pontefract, in Yorkshire, in his 87th year, Gervas Difuey, Esq. an eminent physician of that place.

12. William James, Esq. F. R. and A. S. formerly a banker.

Lately at Temple-mills, Berkshire, George Pengree, Esq.

13. Mr. Williamson, many years Parish-Clerk of St. Mary at Hill, Billingsgate.

William Waller, Esq. Barrister at Law.

Mr. John Thomas, several years cellar-keeper at the King's Bench prison.

14. Capt. Carr, of the Barwell East-India-man.

Lately at Adresford, Hants, Lieut. Col. John Van Tuilleken, late of the 45th regiment.

15. At Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Earl of Home.

16. At Manchester, aged 101, Mr. Jonathan Ridgway, formerly a master bricklayer.

17. At Ipswich, Mrs. Thurlowe.

In Clarges-street, Piccadilly, the Right Hon. Henry Roper, the eleventh Lord Teynham.

In Spring-gardens, in the 81st year of her age, Lady Iham, relict of Sir Edmund Iham, of Lampport, Northamptonsh. Bart.

Lately at Jamaica, Major David Cooper, commanding officer of the 14th regiment of foot.

18. Mrs. Marianne Chalie, wife of Mr. Matthew Chalie, merchant.

At Edinburgh, Charles Lord Gray.

19. Mr. John Dobinson, Attorney at Law, New-Inn.

20. In Dover-street, the Right Honourable Dowager Lady Beauclieu.

21. Mr. Scoones, sen. Attorney at Law, at Tunbridge.

Lately, on his passage from Amsterdam to London, — Mackenzie, Esq. Commissary for the British army in Germany in 1769.

Lately, advanced in years, — Blackburn, Esq. of Orford, in Lancashire, grandfather of J. Blackburn, Esq. Member for that County.

23. In Golden-square, Henry White, Esq. late of the Province of New-York, and many years a member of his Majesty's Councils.

Mrs. Susanna Matthew, of Westham, Essex.

The Rev. Dr. Burslem, rector of Wisbech, in the Isle of Ely, Minister of Romford in Essex, and Chaplain to Lord Townshend.

Philip Lewis, Esq. of Lanrumney, in the county of Glamorgan.

24. In Conduit-street, in the 76th year of his age, Mr. John Keeble, above 40 years organist to St. George's, Hanover-square.

At East Burnham, in Bucks, Charles Eyre, Esq. first Secondary of the Court of Exchequer.

Lady Mary Howard, aunt to the Earl of Carlisle.

Lately at Upsall, aged 77, the famous Walerino, the most celebrated natural Philosopher of the present age, well known for his curious works on mineralogy.

25. At Homerton, Mr. Thomas Hanby, formerly a wholesale ironmonger, in Fetter-lane, Cheapside.

At Kensington, the Hon. Capt. William Murray, brother to the Earl of Dunmore.

Isaac Baugh, Esq. senior Alderman of Bristol.

At Mile End, aged 96, Capt. Manship, many years commander of a vessel in the Turkey trade.

26. Mr. Ayre, of Sackville-street Tavern, Piccadilly.

Thomas Titter, Esq. of the Custom-House.

27. Major Charles Veitch, of Henrietta-street, Covent-garden.

29. Mr. John Curtis, brewer, at Wapping.

At Tooting, advanced in years, the Dowager Lady Learning, of the kingdom of Ireland.

At Walthamstow, Peregrine Bestie, Esq.

THO. Priefley, of Bradford, Yorkshire, Innkeeper, Dealer and Chapman. John Harrison, of Sowerby Row, Cumberland, woodmonger. Francis Page, of Watling-street, in the parish of Wellington, Salop, timber-merchant. Elizabeth Page and Tho. Page, of Watling-street, Salop, dealers in cheefe, horses, and co-partners. Jacob Bell, of Low Lights, in the parish of Tynemouth, Northumberland, ship-builder, dealer and chapman. Jacob Bell, of Tynemouth, ship-builder. John Elgie, of Cargo-street,

Ormesby, Yorkshire, corn-factor. John Small, of Crediton, mercer. Samuel Drinkwater, of Lea, Gloucestershire, farmer. Wm. Gracey, of Cow-cro's, Middlesex, cabinet-maker. Abraham Beresford, of Moneyath, inn-keeper. William Farrer, of Rotherhithe, inainer. John Armitage, of Newark upon Trent, coach-maker, David Lawson, of Rothbury, Northumberland, woollen-drapeer. Robert Preston the elder, of Stockton upon Tees, money-scrivener.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

DRURY-LANE.

Oct. 27. **C**HANCES—Richard Cœur de Lion.

28. Provoked Wife—Ditto.

30. Miser—Ditto.

31. Trip to Scarborough—Ditto.

November 1, till Monday the 13th, no Performance at either Theatre, on account of the Princess Amelia's decease.

13. Venice Preserved—Bon Ton.

14. Confederacy—Richard Cœur de Lion.

15. Every Man in his Humour—Ditto.

16. Clandestine Marriage—Ditto.

17. Fair Penitent—Too Civil by Half.

18. Ditto—Ditto.

20. School for Scandal—Richard Cœur de Lion.

21. Heiress—Ditto.

22. Cleone—Gentle Shepherd.

23. Twelfth Night—Romp.

24. Cleone—High Life below Stairs.

25. School for Grey Beards—Englistman in Paris.

27. Chances—Richard Cœur de Lion.

28. Trip to Scarborough—Ditto.

29. Country Girl—Lyar.

30. Heiress—Richard Cœur de Lion.

Dec. 1. Strangers at Home—Virgin Unmasked.

2. Macbeth—Gentle Shepherd.

4. Wonder—Richard Cœur de Lion.

5. Tempest—Catherine and Petruccio.

6. Distressed Mother—Waterman.

7. School for Grey Beards—High Life Below Stairs.

8. Ditto—Lyar.

9. Venice Preserved—Bon Ton.

11. Love for Love—Rich. Cœur de Lion.

12. School for Grey Beards—Ditto.

13. Isabella—Humourist.

14. School for Grey Beards—Richard Cœur de Lion.

15. Gamester—Virgin Unmasked.

16. School for Grey Beards—Romp.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Oct. 27. Rule a Wife and Have a Wife—Richard Cœur de Lion.

28. Duenna—Omâi.

30. Mourning Bride—Richard Cœur de Lion.

31. Foundling—Poor Soldier.

13. All in the Wrong—Cheats of Scapin.

14. Love in a Village—Barataria.

15. Love for Love—Rosina.

16. All in the Wrong—Cheats of Scapin.

17. Love in a Village—Country Wife.

18. He would be a Soldier—Richard Cœur de Lion.

20. Ditto—Ditto.

21. Ditto—Poor Soldier.

22. King Henry IV.—Poor Vulcan.

23. He Would be a Soldier—Tom Thumb.

24. Castle of Andalusia—Barnaby Rattle.

25. He Would be a Soldier—Love in a Camp.

27. Fair Penitent—Omâi.

28. He Would be a Soldier—Padlock.

29. Merry Wives of Windsor—Rosina.

30. He Would be a Soldier—Two Misers.

Dec. 1. Fontainebleau—Cheats of Scapin.

2. He Would be a Soldier—Omâi.

4. Mahomet—Ditto.

5. He Would be a Soldier—Midas.

6. Love in a Village—Girl in Style.

7. He Would be a Soldier—Ditto.

8. Duenna—Cheats of Scapin.

9. He Would be a Soldier—Love in a Camp.

11. Romeo and Juliet—Barataria.

12. He Would be a Soldier—Hob in the Well.

13. Know Your own Mind—Ditto.

14. He Would be a Soldier—Ditto.

15. Man of the World—Rosina.

16. Love in a Village—Cheats of Scapin.

18. Love

DRURY - LANE.

18. Love for Love—Rich. Cœur de Lion.
19. Douglas—Critic.
20. Country Girl—Richard Cœur de Lion.
21. Love for Love—Jubilee.
22. School for Grey Beards—Ditto.
23. Heirets—Ditto.
26. Geo. Barnwell—Harlequin's Invasion.
27. Tempest—Ditto.
28. Beggar's Opera.—Ditto.
29. Country Girl—Richard Cœur de Lion.
30. Every Man in his Humour—Harlequin's Invasion.

COVENT - GARDEN.

18. Fontainbleau—Hob in the Well.
19. Merchant of Venice—Love Alamo.
20. Eloifa—Hob in the Well.
21. Ditto—Anatomist.
22. Ditto—Poor Vulcan.
23. Beggar's Opera—Anatomist.
26. Jane Shore—Enchanted Castle.
27. Grecian Daughter—Ditto.
28. Love for Love—Ditto.
29. Fair Penitent—Ditto.
30. Wonder—Ditto.

A GENERAL BILL of all the CHRISTENINGS and BURIALS From DECEMBER 13, 1785, to DECEMBER 12, 1786.

Christened, Males	—	9183	Ten and twenty	—	855
Females	—	8936	Twenty and thirty	—	1612
In all	—	18119	Thirty and forty	—	1868
Buried, Males	—	10253	Forty and fifty	—	2007
Females	—	10201	Fifty and sixty	—	1675
In all	—	20454	Sixty and seventy	—	1305
			Seventy and eighty	—	982
			Eighty and ninety	—	437
			Ninety and a hundred	—	68
			A hundred	—	1
Whereof have died			A hundred and one	—	3
Under two years of age	—	6693	A hundred and two	—	1
Between two and five	—	2039	A hundred and six	—	2
Five and ten	—	906			

The DISEASES and CASUALTIES this YEAR.

Abortive and still-born	593	Evil	17	Palsy	80	Drowned	112
Abscefs	8	Fever, malignant fever, scarlet fever,		Pleurisy	13	Excessive drinking	6
Aged	1339	spotted fever, and		Quinfy	4	Executed	7
Ague	6	purples	2981	Rheumatism	4	Found dead	7
Apoplexy and suddenly	218	Fistula	4	Rickets		Frighted	
Asthma and phthisick	335	Flux	12	Rising of the lights	1	Froze	
Bedridden	13	French pox	66	Scald-head	1	Kill'd by falls, and	
Blisding	10	Gout	63	Scurvy	3	several other ac-	
Bloody-flux		Gravel, stone, and		Small-Pox	1210	cidents	58
Bursten and rupture	3	strangury	52	Sore throat	19	Killed themselves	22
Cancer	51	Grief	5	Sores and ulcers	13	Murdered	5
Canker	1	Head-ach	1	St. Anthony's fire	4	Poisoned	2
Chicken-pox	1	Headmouldshot,		Stoppage in the sto-		Scalded	1
Childbed	192	horfeshoehead, and		mach	9	Shot	
Cold	8	water in the head		Surfeit	1	Smothered	
Colick, gripes, and		Jaundice	51	Swelling	3	Starved	3
twitting of the guts	18	Impofthume	5	Teeth	457	Suffocated	4
Consumption	4987	Inflammation	264	Thrush	40	Chr. { Males 9183	
Convulsions	4981	Itch	1	Tympany		{ Females 8936	
Cough and whooping-cough	200	Leprosy	1	Vomiting and loose-			
Diabetes		Lethargy	1	ness	3	In all	18119
Dropsy	828	Livergrown	2	Worms	13	Bur. { Males 10253	
		Lunatick	34	CASUALTIES.		{ Females 10201	
		Measles	793	Bit by a mad dog			
		Miscarriage	6	Broken limbs		In all	20454
		Mortification	172	Bruised	1		
				Burnt	9		

CHRONOLOGY of the Most REMARKABLE EVENTS of 1786.

January 2.

THE Halfewell Indiaman lost off the Island of Portland; Captain Pierce, with seven young ladies, all the passengers and crew, except about fifty, were drowned.

3. A severe gale of wind at Plymouth, which damaged many ships, and destroyed and sunk some, particularly the fishing-boats. Some of the Quays were also blown down.

De Chameron, who committed the extraordinary robbery on Mr. Mackay, was, by order of the French King, committed to the Bastille, in Paris, and put to the torture.

4. A riot at Holdworthy, near Exeter, occasioned by the horse-tax, in which several persons were bruised.

9. Lord Macartney arrived in town from the East-Indies, having sailed from Calcutta, in the Swallow packet, the sixteenth of August, and left the government under the direction of Mr. Macpherson.

10. Trecothic outward-bound Indiaman lost in Talland Bay. Captain Elder, son, and eleven of the crew, drowned.

Much thunder and lightning in various parts of the Kingdom.

12. During the sitting of the General Quarter Sessions of Peace at New Malton, the center beam gave way, and upwards of 300 persons fell into the area, upwards of twelve feet, but no lives were lost.

14. A fraud was committed on the Bank of England by a person paying to the Cashier ten pounds, and receiving, as usual, a square bit of paper, with the sum written on it, which he changed to 100l.

18. The King of France published an arret revoking the droit d'Aubaine, and empowering foreigners of every religion to settle and purchase lands in France.

24. Parliament opened with a Speech from the Throne.

26. The Lord Lieutenant opened the session of Parliament in Dublin, and Mr. Orde gave the House of Commons an assurance that there was no intention to revive the Propositions.

27. The Ambassador from Tripoli was presented to his Majesty at St. James's. He brought a present to his Majesty from the Bey of a very curious saddle, with rich and elegant accoutrements.

February 6. Alarming fire in Guildhall.

11. Thirteen persons were found guilty and condemned at the Court of King's Bench, Westminster, for a design to blow up the King's Bench prison, in which they were confined.

13. Mr. Fox, in consequence of the scrutiny being declined by his opponents, and a return given at last, in his favour, made his election for Westminster.

17. Mr. Burke opened the subject of Mr. Hastings' impeachment, in a speech of three hours, and moved for various papers to enable him to substantiate the charge.

27. The plan of fortifications laid down by the Duke of Richmond, and proposed in the House of Commons by Mr. Pitt, was negatived by a majority of one; the casting vote being given by the Speaker.

March 3. Burleigh-house robbed of curious paintings, antiquities, &c.

8. Uncommon storm of wind and sleet in Westmoreland.

15. A fire broke out in the Haymarket, which consumed several houses, and upwards of fifty carts with hay in them.

23. The ticket No. 34,119, was drawn first at Guildhall, which transferred the property of Sir Ashton Lever's Museum to Mr. Parkinson.

24. Mr. Eden set off on his embassy to Paris.

25. The Sheriffs of London presented a petition to his Majesty, for enforcing the execution of the laws respecting capital convicts.

26. Accounts arrived from France of Prince Lewis de Rohan being deprived of the dignity of Cardinal by the Pope for consenting to be tried by a lay tribunal.

April 1. Mr. Edon had his first audience of the King of France.

6. The famous police-bill passed in Dublin.

The Judges in Ireland were stopped by the Right Boys in the county of Kerry, and prevented from continuing the circuit.

11. Lord Cornwallis appointed Governor-General and Commander in Chief of Bengal.

12. Sir Guy Carleton appointed Commander in Chief of Quebec, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland.

16. Officers of the guards wore swords instead of spontoons.

19. Near 2000l. worth of gold and silver coinage, of Charles I. and II. discovered by a labourer, in Lyme Regis, Dorsetshire.

25. The New England American States published a book of Common Prayer for the use of the Episcopal Church.

May 1. Mr. Hastings appeared to make his defence at the bar of the House of Commons.

The most luminous Aurora Borealis appeared that ever was remembered.

5. Lord George Gordon was excommunicated in the parish of St. Mary-le-bonne.

8. Lord Lieutenant of Ireland prorogued the Parliament of that country.

June 7. A duel was fought in Hyde-Park between Lord Macartney and General Stuart, in which the former was wounded in the first shot.

The sale of the Portland Museum closed, the whole purchase of which amounted to about 4546l. though it cost the Duchefs upwards of 100,000l. in the collection.

9. Mr. Fitzgerald was executed in Ireland, for the murder of Patrick Randall M'Donnell, Esq. together with Brecknock, his accomplice.

12. Remarkable blight in Kent, Suffex, and Berkshire, &c.

15. Sunday-toll at Blackfriars Bridge let for 355l. per annum.

Lord Sydney presented to his Majesty, at the levee, a bulse of diamonds, delivered to him from Mr. Hattings, through the medium of Major Scott, and said to be presented from the Nizam of the Decan.

20. Cause between the Honourable Mr. Fox and the High Bailiff of Westminster determined against the latter with 2000l. damages.

28. Intelligence received at the India House of the death of Tippoo Saib.

July 1. A copper coinage for the use of the Isle of Man issued from the Mint.

9. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales dropped his establishment, and appointed four gentlemen to arrange his affairs, and appropriate the greater part of his income to the payment of his debts.

11. His Majesty prorogued the Parliament with a Speech from the Throne.

The three youngest sons of his Majesty arrived at Stade, whence they set out for Hanover.

24. An earthquake at Bonn.

28. The Dutch conclude a truce of thirty years with the Algerines.

August 1. A treaty of commerce was concluded between his Prussian Majesty and the United States of America.

2. An attempt made on his Majesty's life by Margaret Nicholson, as he was alighting from his carriage, at the Palace-gate, St. James's.

5. Lord Galway's feat in Yorkshire was purchased for his Royal Highness the Duke of York, for 100,000l

16. A little before four o'clock in the morning, a shock of an earthquake was felt at Whitehaven, as also in the Isle of Man, Dublin, and various other places, but no damage ensued in either of them.

17. Their Majesties, with the Prince Royal, Princesses Elizabeth and Augusta, visited the University of Oxford, and afterwards Blenheim House.

22. Mr. Spearman was charged on the watch by Lord Shaftsbury, for endeavouring to interrupt his marriage with Miss Webb.

24. Major Scott, Lieutenant-General of St. Helena, was arrested by two Sheriffs officers, in his bed, at the Carleton Hotel, Pall-Mall; and though he was declared to be in such a situation that removing must be his death, and an offer made to let them take care of him where he was, the fellows inhumanly insisted on taking him away. As soon as he got out of bed, the unfortunate gentleman expired.

26. The Prince's stud was put up to sale.

September 1. The convention between his Majesty and the King of Spain was exchanged by the respective Secretaries of State.

4. The Duke of Milan, brother to the Emperor of Germany, arrived in England, accompanied by his Dutchess.

19. A Colony to be established in New-Holland.

A Mr. Heron, of Newcastle upon Tyne, killed by falling from Lunardi's Balloon.

25. Ship Mercury, — Davidfon, master, wrecked off Dunkirk, and 113 persons drowned, mostly trademen from Edinburgh, Leith, &c.

29. Commercial Treaty with France signed at Versailles, by Mr. Eden, and M. Vergennes.

Nov. 9. The Lord Mayor's Day observed in a private manner, on account of the death of her Royal Highness the Princess Amelia.

12. Lady Strathmore forcibly carried off by Mr. Bowes, and others, from a shop in Oxford-street.

28. Mr. Bowes, in consequence of an attachment issued against him, was produced in Court, and afterwards committed to the King's Bench prison.

29. Mr. Eden presented his Majesty with a picture of the King of France, richly set in diamonds.

31. The famous cricket match was played at Mon Brilliant, between his Royal Highness the Duke of York and a number of gentlemen, for 4000 guineas the main.

Dec. 11. Great encroachment of the sea at Brightelmstone, washing away the battery, houses, &c.

13. The Committee of Aldermen and Common Council appointed to enquire into the high price of provisions, published their report.