





In fearful Vales the
 Off, rushing sudden
 Mountains of snow their
 From steep to steep, loud
 And herds, and flocks,
 Or hamlets sleeping
 Are deep beneath the



where embraced
 happy Prisons dwell,
 from the boated cliffs,
 gathering horrors roll,
 thundering down they come,
 and travellers and swains,
 in the dead of night,
 smothering ruin overwhelm'd.

THOMSON.

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND
London Review.

Containing the

Literature, HISTORY, Politics,
Arts, Manners & Amusements of the Ages

Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitae

BY THE

Philological Society of London.

VOL. XI. for 1787.



L L L L L

Printed for J. Sewell, Cornhill. 1787.



3330



European Magazine,

A N D

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

CONTAINING THE

LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS, ARTS,
MANNERS, and AMUSEMENTS of the AGE;

By the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON;

For JANUARY, 1787.

[Embellished with, 1. An Emblematical FRONTISPIECE of WINTER. 2. An engraved TITLE-PAGE and VIGNETTE. 3. A Likeness of the Rev. WM. COXE, A. M. Author of Travels, &c. And 4. SPECIMENS of ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE. Plate II.]

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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. SEWELL, Cornhill;

And J. DEBRETT, Piccadilly.

[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Another Cantab—A Hymn to Spring—A Tale—W. P.—L. S.—Sarsier—and Hibernicus, are received.

The Prologue and Epilogue from Dover are obliged to be postponed until next Month.

As is also *Caufidicus's* favour.

We desire to see the Letters mentioned by *Savola*.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from Jan. 15, to Jan. 20, 1787.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London	4	5	3	3	2	10	2	3	3	6
COUNTIES INLAND.										
Middlesex	4	7	0	2	8	2	5	3	10	
Surry	4	8	3	0	2	10	2	3	4	3
Hertford	4	6	0	2	9	2	2	3	11	
Bedford	4	3	2	11	2	6	1	11	3	7
Cambridge	4	3	3	4	2	6	1	9	3	4
Huntingdon	4	5	0	2	7	1	9	3	4	
Northampton	4	8	2	6	2	5	1	11	3	4
Rutland	5	0	0	2	8	2	0	3	10	
Leicester	5	2	2	9	2	8	2	0	4	3
Nottingham	5	1	3	4	3	1	2	4	4	6
Derby	5	9	0	3	1	2	5	5	3	
Stafford	5	1	0	2	10	2	1	4	9	
Salop	4	10	3	7	2	8	1	10	5	0
Hereford	4	2	0	3	0	1	11	4	10	
Worcester	4	8	0	2	10	2	2	4	6	
Warwick	4	5	0	2	9	1	11	3	11	
Gloucester	4	11	0	2	9	2	2	4	6	
Wilts	4	6	0	2	7	2	0	4	7	
Berks	4	4	0	2	6	2	2	3	9	
Oxford	4	3	0	2	6	2	5	3	11	
Bucks	4	3	0	2	7	2	0	3	6	

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

	Wheat	Rye	Barl.	Oats	Beans
Essex	4 10 0	2 8 1	11 3 3		
Suffolk	4 13 0	2 5 1	11 3 1		
Norfolk	4 2 2	10 2 5	11 0 0		
Lincoln	4 9 2	10 2 5	11 3 4		
York	5 0 3	6 3 1	2 14 7		
Durham	5 0 3	9 2 10	11 4 0		
Northumberland	4 7 3	6 2 7	1 10 4		
Cumberland	5 11 3	5 2 4	1 10 0		
Westmorland	5 8 3	7 2 5	1 14 4		
Lancashire	5 4 0	7 2 7	2 14 0		
Chefshire	5 6 3	7 2 10	1 11 0		
Monmouth	5 3 0	0 3 1	1 9 0		
Somerfet	5 3 3	8 3 0	1 10 4		
Devon	5 4 0	0 2 7	1 6 0		
Cornwall	4 11 0	0 2 6	1 6 0		
Dorset	4 10 0	0 2 9	2 14 6		
Hants	4 3 0	0 2 6	2 0 3		
Suffex	4 4 0	0 2 6	2 0 3		
Kent	4 4 0	0 2 8	2 12 11		

WALES, Jan. 8, to Jan. 13, 1787.

North Wales	5 2 4	4 2 9	1 7 3	11
South Wales	4 10 4	2 2 9	1 4 4	0

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

DECEMBER.

BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.
29—29 — 78	46	W.S.W.
30—30 — 43	38	W.S.W.
31—30 — 64	38	W.S.W.

JANUARY, 1787.

1—30 — 48	39	S.S.W.
2—30 — 46	34	N.
3—30 — 43	39	W.
4—30 — 59	44	W.
5—30 — 51	45	W.
6—30 — 41	47	N.
7—30 — 50	46	W.
8—30 — 70	30	W.
9—30 — 50	37	W.
10—30 — 40	38	N. E.
11—30 — 36	35	E.
12—29 — 81	35	E.
13—29 — 57	39	S.
14—29 — 80	38	S.
15—30 — 06	35	E.
16—29 — 93	32	E.
17—30 — 14	36	N. E.
18—30 — 23	33	W.

19—30 — 33	35	W.
20—30 — 20	46	W.S.W.
21—30 — 19	44	W.
22—30 — 18	46	N.
23—30 — 05	40	N. E.
24—30 — 11	38	E.
25—30 — 20	38	E.
26—30 — 10	36	E.
27—30 — 00	32	E.

PRICE of STOCKS,

Jan. 27, 1787.

Bank Stock, 151 $\frac{3}{4}$ 152	India Stock,
New 4 per Cent. 1777, 93 $\frac{3}{4}$	3 per Ct. Ind. Ann.
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785, shut 110 $\frac{1}{2}$	India Bonds, 54s. pr.
	New Navy and Vict. Bills —
3 per Cent. red. 74 $\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	Long Ann. 22 $\frac{1}{2}$
3 per Cent. Conf. shut 73 $\frac{7}{8}$	10 years Short Ann. 1777,
3 per Cent. 1726, shut	30 years Ann. 1778,
3 per Cent. 1751, shut	Exchequer Bills, —
South Sea Stock, shut	Lot. Tick. 15l. 4s.
Old S. S. An. —	Consols for Jan. —
New S. S. Ann. —	Ditto for Feb. 76 $\frac{1}{2}$ 2 $\frac{1}{2}$

P R E F A C E.

AT the commencement of a new volume, and of a new year, it is incumbent on the Proprietors of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE to acknowledge their obligations to a generous Public for the patronage they have received. From a long and careful observation, they are convinced that a Magazine, to be successful, must deserve success. Unsupported by merit, not all the efforts of novelty, the arts of business, or the exertions of interest, can insure its success; unsupported by merit it must fall. Hence it is, that though this species of publication is sufficiently numerous, few arrive at any maturity; they appear and depart, they depart, and are forgotten.

Impressed with this conviction, the Editors of this work will not suffer their vigilance to be surprised, nor their attention dissipated, by foreign pursuits. They are not insensible that the Public have a claim on their industry, and they do not consider their employment as insignificant or degrading. Of late an importance has been annexed to Magazines, which has exalted them to a very respectable rank in the literature of the nation: and justly; as productions of this kind have been often known to inspire a taste for knowledge imperceptibly.—And while they inspire it, they gratify it too. They steal some moments from the round of dissipation; they relieve the minds of men of business, who cannot easily pass from severe labour to severe study; and they preserve the dangerous idleness of many from worse employment. Hence writers of the first abilities and of acknowledged reputation have not disdained to enrich them with their studies, to grace them with their wit, and warm them with the boldest flights of invention. Conscious of this, the present Editors will be ever on their guard, and do not despair of raising a structure which neither their country nor themselves will be ashamed to own.

Of the various objects of a periodical Miscellany, the hardest task is Rejection. Many performances are daily sent, which either from their subject are improper, or from their length inconsistent with the plan of this Magazine. Our materials, for some time past, have been increasingly numerous; and we can assure our Correspondents, that their favours will be perused with candour, and not hastily thrown aside. We have, on a former occasion, pointed out what we would willingly give the preference to; and in the present overflow of contributions, think it not improper to repeat them. They are Essays moral and literary; such as illustrate dark passages of History; Biographical Anecdotes of Men of Eminence, either

living or dead ; Letters on Erudition and Criticism ; original Letters of celebrated Persons ; and Accounts of new Inventions, or remarkable Characters. They are already in possession of many pieces within these descriptions, which are intended for future Numbers, and rely on the liberality of their Friends for a fresh supply before these are exhausted.

In one department they are conscious of their superiority over every competitor, and feel some exultation when they refer their readers to the Engravings with which they have ornamented their work. These, they trust, will bear the most rigid comparison with any thing that can be produced by the best rival publication. In this particular they can confidently say, that if any change in future is to be observed, it will be by improvement. They are already in possession of many subjects for Plates, which are in the hands of Artists who will neither disgrace themselves nor the present work by hasty or slovenly performances. Any hints for the improvement of this part of the undertaking will be thankfully received.

To conclude: The Public may rely on the engagements the Proprietors have entered into with them being performed ; and they desire no encouragement beyond what they fairly claim from the exertions of diligence, circumspection, and impartiality, to produce a work worthy of the patronage of the world.

THEATRICAL REGISTER, 1787.

DRURY-LANE.

- Jan. 1. SHE Would and She Would not—
Harlequin's Invasion.
2. Grecian Daughter—Virgin Unmasked.
 3. Wonder—Richard Cœur de Lion.
 4. School for Scandal—Jubilee.
 5. Fair Penitent—Harlequin's Invasion.
 6. Trip to Scarborough—Richard Cœur de Lion.
 8. Heiress—Jubilee.
 9. Tempest—Harlequin's Invasion.
 10. Rele a Wife and Have a Wife—Richard Cœur de Lion.
 11. Hamlet—Harlequin's Invasion.
 12. She Wou'd and She Wou'd Not—Richard Cœur de Lion.
 13. New Way to pay Old Debts—First Floor.
 15. Winter's Tale—Ditto.
 16. Twelfth Night—Ditto.
 17. Jealous Wife—Ditto.
 18. Stratagem—Richard Cœur de Lion.
 19. School for Scandal—First Floor.
 20. Trip to Scarborough—Richard Cœur de Lion.
 22. Country Girl—First Floor.
 23. Othello—Ditto.
 24. Natural Son—Ditto.
 25. Heiress—Ditto.
 26. Maid of the Mill—Ditto.
 27. Country Girl—Richard Cœur de Lion.

29. Cymbeline—Romp.
31. School for Scandal—First Floor.

COVENT-GARDEN.

1. Provoked Wife—Enchanted Castle.
2. Bold Stroke for a Wife—Ditto.
3. Love in a Village—Ditto.
4. Beaux Stratagem—Ditto.
5. Love for Love—Ditto.
6. Funeral—Ditto.
8. Zenobia—Ditto.
9. He Would be a Soldier—Ditto.
10. Love in a Village—Ditto.
11. Love Makes a Man—Ditto.
12. He Would be a Soldier—Ditto.
13. Artaxerxes—Ditto.
15. Merope—Ditto.
16. He Would be a Soldier—Ditto.
17. Love in a Village—Ditto.
18. Merry Wives of Windsor—Ditto.
19. He Would be a Soldier—Ditto.
20. Artaxerxes—Ditto.
22. Love in a Village—Ditto.
23. Provoked Wife—Ditto.
24. Love Makes a Man—Ditto.
25. He Would be a Soldier—Ditto.
26. Provoked Husband—Hob in the Well.
27. Orphan—Man Milliner.
29. Romeo and Juliet—Ditto.
31. Rule a Wife and Have a Wife—Three Weeks after Marriage.

T H E

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

A N D

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

For JANUARY, 1787.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An ACCOUNT of the Rev. WILLIAM COXE, AUTHOR of TRAVELS, &c.
(With an excellent ENGRAVING of HIM.)

IF the Editors of the European Magazine feel any particular satisfaction in the conduct of their work, it arises from the opportunities they have had, at various times, of producing to public notice persons who have excited curiosity by their genius, or are intitled to applause from the exercise of it. Several have lately been communicated to them which will ornament future Numbers; and the gentleman to whom we are obliged for the following notices will accept our acknowledgments for the information we have received from him. Of Mr. Coxe's talents we, in common with the rest of the world, are warranted to join in terms of approbation. Of his virtues, the general estimation in which he is held by his friends will speak more effectually than any eulogium pronounced by strangers, were we disposed to be, which we are not, the panegyrists of any gentleman whose life or works may fall under our consideration.

WILLIAM COXE is the son of Dr. William Coxe, a physician, and was born in Dover-street, on the 7th of March, 1747, O. S. At the age of between four and five years he was sent to the school at Marybone kept by Mr. Fountaine, where he continued but a short time, being, at the age of six years, removed to Eton, under the care of the Rev. Dr. Barnard. At this seminary he continued until June 1765, when he was admitted of King's College, Cambridge; of which society, in 1768 he was chosen a Fellow.

At Cambridge he distinguished himself as a polite scholar, and obtained, for two years successively, the first prizes for the best Latin dissertations: and determining

to devote himself to the church, he was, in December 1771, admitted into deacon's orders by the Bishop of London. In March 1772, he was ordained priest. On his last examination for deacon's orders, he wrote a Latin Thesis, with which the Bishop of London was so well satisfied, that when he applied to be ordained as a priest, Dr. Terrick paid him the compliment of saying, that on the former occasion he was convinced of his abilities, and that it was needless to examine him further.

Tracing the events of Mr. Coxe's life, we find him, soon after his ordination, serving the curacy of Denham near Uxbridge for a few months, until he was, without any solicitations on his part, appointed tutor to the Marquis of Blandford, eldest son to the Duke of Marlborough, in whose family he remained two years, when he retired.

In October 1775, he went abroad with Lord Herbert, only son to the Earl of Pembroke, and travelled with him through several parts of Europe, until October 1779, when he returned to England. During this tour, he wrote "Sketches of the natural, civil, and political State of Swisserland," in a series of letters to William Mehnth, esq. which were published in 8vo. in the spring of 1779, and a second edition in the latter end of the same year. During his residence at Petersburg, he particularly directed his enquiries to the discoveries which have been lately made by the Russians in the sea that separates Asia from America. For this purpose he endeavoured to collect the respective journals of the different voyages

voyages subsequent to the expedition of Beering and Tschirikoff in 1741, with which the celebrated Muller concludes his account of the first Russian navigations in those parts.

Having been informed, in the course of his researches, that a treatise in the German language, published at Hamburg and Leipic in 1776, contained a full and exact narrative of the Russian voyages from 1745 to 1770; and having been assured that this publication, though anonymous, had been actually compiled from the original journals, he could not avoid considering it as a work of the highest credit, and well worthy of being more generally known and perused. Its exactness, as well as authenticity, were sufficiently ascertained in a letter written to Mr. Coxe by Mr. Muller, who, by order of the Empress, had arranged the journals from which the anonymous author of the German treatise is said to have drawn his materials.

A translation of this treatise, moulded however into a somewhat different and convenient form, and illustrated by occasional notes and references, Mr. Coxe gave the public in a 4to. volume in 1780, entitled "Account of the Russian Discoveries from Asia and America: to which are added the Conquest of Siberia, and the History of the Transactions and Commerce between Russia and China."

—This work in the same year arrived at a second edition, and a third, we are informed, is now preparing for the press. In the next year, 1781, he published a small pamphlet, entitled, "Account of the Prisons and Hospitals in Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, with occasional Remarks on the different Modes of Punishments in those Countries." 8vo.

In 1784, his greatest work appeared, viz. "Travels into Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark," in two vols. 4to.

which has been so well received, that a second Edition was printed in the next year 1785; and this, we are well informed, will, in a short time, be followed by a third in 8vo. which is now in the press. Soon after the publication of this work, Mr. Coxe was solicited to repeat his tour with Samuel Waitbread, Esq; junior, and accordingly, in May 1785, he proceeded in company with that gentleman through Flanders, Germany, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Poland, Switzerland, and Italy. During this tour he collected further materials for a supplemental volume to his Northern travels, and additions and corrections to his Letters on Switzerland. We are informed by a Gentleman who is just returned from a tour on the continent, that he met Mr. Coxe at Paris, whose reception there and at Versailles was extremely flattering; and that Mons. de Vergennes in particular paid him the highest compliments on his literary talents, and the political knowledge he has displayed in his last work. He returned to England in June 1786, and had been scarcely three weeks in his native country, before he received an offer from William Henry Portman, Esq; of Bryanston in Oxfordshire, to superintend his son's education, and to travel with him. This he has accepted of, and from his future pursuits we doubt not but the world will derive still further information and amusement.

Mr. Coxe, though now arrived at the age of forty years, seems to have obtained neither patronage nor preferment, notwithstanding the rank and affluence of the persons with whom he has been connected. This we remark with some surprize, without any power of accounting for it. His works are at this time held in the highest estimation abroad, and have been translated into most modern languages.

The POLITICAL STATE of the NATION and of EUROPE, for Jan. 1787. No. XXXV.

THE principal and almost the only topic of public speculation, at the commencement of the year, was, the disposal of our convicts at Botany Bay, Norfolk Island, or somewhere else, nobody knew where!—the Commercial Treaty being deferred, by general consent, to the meeting of Parliament, the proper time of discussing it; and strange guesses and conjectures there have been about it, and about it, without any thing being revealed by authority on the strange

novel subject!—We have all along suggested that Ministers would want the authority of Parliament for this supposed vast expenditure of publick money. How and in what manner they have asked for this sanction, we leave our readers to judge for themselves.

The middle of the month was taken up with preparations for, and the actual solemnization of the Queen's birth-day, on the day adopted for that purpose; which was held with a cold kind of solemnity,

nity, on account of the absence of two branches of the Royal Family, whose joint presence used to give life, hilarity, and eclat to the joyous part of this convivial rejoicing-day.

In the mean time, advices from the centre of Government in the East Indies, indicate some discontents among the Governors, in resentment of the abrupt dismissal of the Chief Governor, who had opportunely stepped in to supply the place of one returned home before a successor was appointed. This may produce some inquietudes among our Nabobs and Nabob-makers. The East India Company is in a very odd situation at present, somewhat like a ship guided by two helms, in the hands of two different pilots, who steer by different and differing compasses, —and with different points in view. Witness the jealousies and bickerings between the Board of Directors and their new Directors the Board of Controul, — here at home! Well then may they wrangle and jangle abroad.

At length, after long prorogation, Parliament has met, and his Majesty has addressed both Houses as usual, in a speech from the throne; one of the shortest that we think we ever remember at the opening of a Session! —As the speech and the correspondent addresses seem to have been admitted on both sides of both Houses to pass *pro forma*, without dipping into particulars therein contained or referred to, we shall follow the example, and avoid any discussion of the one or the other, until some future proceedings of Ministers shall throw more light upon the subject than we can at present view it in.

The grand object of publick attention, towards the close of the month, is, the Commercial Treaty with France, and the reception it meets with from, and the proceedings that will be had thereon in the Grand Council of the Nation. A subject of magnitude truly, and consequence immense and unknown; requiring all the care, circumspection, deliberate consideration, and mature judgment that the minds of Britons are capable of! —A mistake in this business, will be to the nation like a false step in marriage to a delicate woman; marrying a prodigal and a brute, undoes her for ever. —We cannot help thinking our Ministers are somewhat fool-hardy in this awful and tremendous business: they seem little to know their own strength, ability, and negotiating talents, compared with their counter-parties. A little more modesty, delicacy, and self-diffidence, would do

them infinite service, and the nation through them. If they go on careless, fearless, and undaunted, they will assuredly be caught in the snare which that old cunning French fox has artfully spread for them. But if Ministers will run on, without looking backward or forward, and plunge headlong into the pit of the Frenchman's digging, we hope and trust the Legislature will not be led on by the intemperate zeal of a rash impetuous inexperienced youth into a system which more than threatens national ruin; but will act cautiously, coolly, and circumspectly in this momentous consequential concern. —If this treaty is really salutary and beneficial for Great Britain this year, it would certainly be equally so in the next year, abating only the loss of one year's expected benefit, which might be amply compensated by the melioration and improvement it would naturally undergo during so long and critical an investigation; consequently neither nation could sustain any loss by the prudent delay. On the other hand, should it prove an insidious, injurious, and pernicious compact to Great Britain, how dreadful the consequence? —Where might the mischief end? —We think we see abundant cause to dread this pretended boon of France to the sons of Britain, which our concise plan will not permit us to go into the minute detail of at present. Possibly, in our next, we shall not deal in bare assertions without well-founded arguments, and sound candid reasoning upon them. Above all things, we deprecate haste and rashness in the proceedings on the subject, which would tend directly to certain ruin. Consider, O Britons! in and out of Parliament, whose hands we are now in — the French Cabinet. Who guides that Cabinet? The aged, experienced, sly, and sagacious Count de Vergennes, who, at this moment, is leading all the courts of Europe in iron or golden chains — or with silken cords; and wants only this nation in his trammels, to make the catalogue complete.

The opening Speech of the Irish parliament seems to denounce vengeance against the Whiteboys! We hope they will first enquire into their grievances, and, where they find them well-founded, redress them. They will then find it a much easier task to suppress all the irregularities and outrages said to be perpetrated by these discontented people. The discussion of the Commercial Treaty, so far as it respects Ireland, we leave to the investigation of

Irish politicians, in and out of parliament. —We shall only say, that we think there is either too much or too little said about Ireland in the treaty.

The whole French nation is all curiosity and warm expectation as to what their Grand Monarch is going to do with them in the Bed of Justice which he has summoned together! They will find it soon enough to their cost, when he lays his heavy hand of taxation upon them, under the sanction of this semblance of a parliament, or body of representatives of the people, not of their choosing but of his election. Under this sanction of a mock parliament, a despotic prince may safely do what he durst not name by his own arbitrary power.

Spain has undergone a great revolution in its interior cabinet, by the removal of the monarch from the exercise of his government, on account of insanity, real or pretended: we pretend not to be in the secret. —This nation will not probably suffer much by the derangement; as the present viceroy cannot be more devoted to the French than his predecessor.

The Emperor has found a great deal of difficulty to persuade himself to take a long journey to meet his beloved sister and ally the Empress of Russia, on her long expedition to her new-acquired dominions; and even after resolving in part, is yet undetermined as to the whole of the way proposed: so that, from the hindrances she meets with, and the hindrances he meets with, each in their own way, — and the discouragements they thereby throw in one another's way, we are doubtful whether this projected complex journey will take place at all. —Indeed, considering the relative situations of both in their respective dominions, we scruple not to pronounce it an impolitic undertaking on both sides, for various obvious reasons; but this we must leave them to discuss.

The Czarina's affairs do not yet wear a very promising aspect of being finally settled with the Porte, since that power has assumed a more firm and determined aspect than it wore some years ago. The intermediate dependent nations between these potentates add to the difficulties and uneasinesses of both those extensive Empires.

The Ottoman Empire, which has, at all times, rebellions raging somewhere or another in its bosom, is not without its usual share of internal commotions now. —Still it holds up its awful head, bidding defiance to its numerous potent enemies, regardless of their entreaties, remonstrances, and threatenings. —Strange composition of a terrestrial government! incomprehensible to distant observers! —and even those who have had ample opportunity of viewing it microscopically, can give us but very little insight into it.

The new King of Prussia seems to study to carry his cup even with all surrounding powers, and keep himself out of all their bickerings, except the internal feuds of the Dutch; in which, however, he moves very cautiously, without burning his fingers on behalf of either side. —It does not yet appear, that any other potentate wishes to put his courage and conduct to the test. His mediatorial office in Holland, consequently, goes on very quietly and very slowly. Perhaps slow and sure is best in this as in many other cases.

The States of North America keep rushing more and more into anarchy, confusion, and political destruction. They are said to have concluded a treaty with the Emperor of Morocco: much good may it do them! They will not find it a very easy matter to feed him with presents; and even then they would have more work on their hands than ever they will be able to perform.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SPECIMENS of ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE.

PLATE II.

IN pursuance of our promise of presenting our readers with Specimens of the Architecture of their humble ancestors; we now offer to them the following, viz. Plate II.

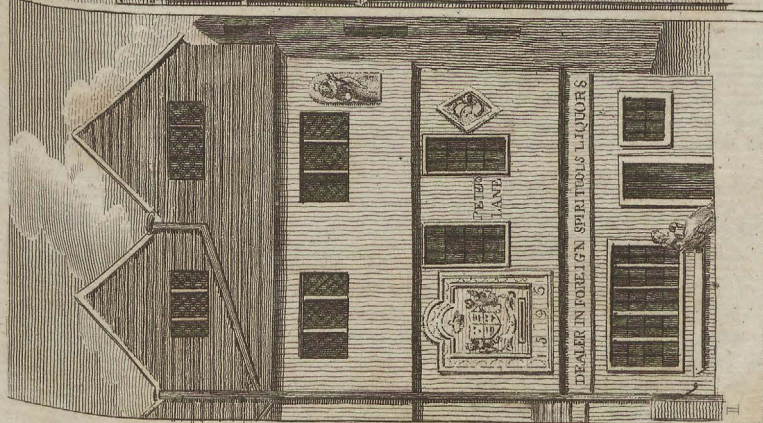
Fig. 1. Represents a House situate at the corner of St. John's-lane, in St.

John's-street, Clerkenwell.

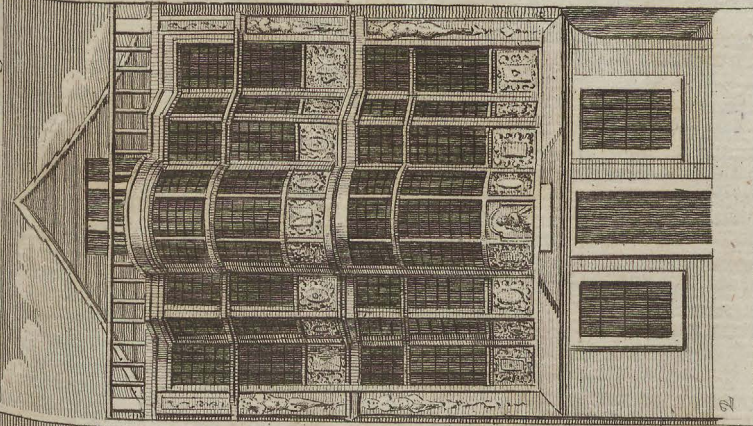
2. Exhibits a House now standing in Bishopsgate-street Without.

3. Is the Front of a House now standing in the middle of St. John's-lane, in St. John's-street.

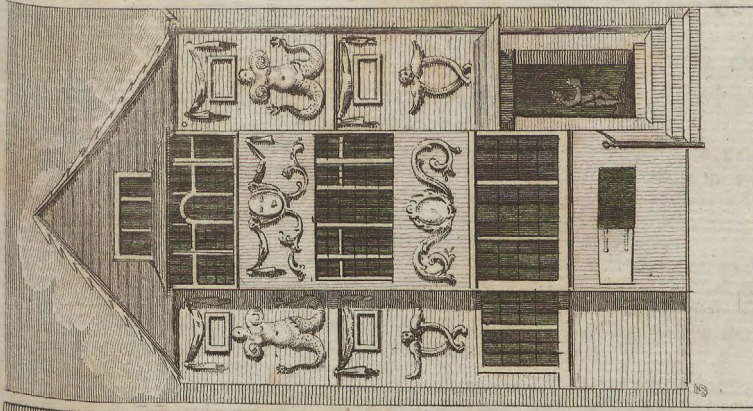
To



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SPECIMENS OF ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE.

Trallescopia.



TO THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

Some MSS. of a late celebrated Historian and Critick having accidentally fallen into my hands, I send you two of them for insertion in the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE. They appear to have been intended for some periodical work, but why they were suppressed it is now vain to enquire.

Kensington,
8th Dec. 1786.

I am, Gentlemen, &c.

D. G.

REMARKS on Dr. JOHNSON'S ESSAY on EPITAPHS.

THE work now about to be considered, is not the first this author has given the public, to shew that a man may be an excellent writer, and a most miserable critic. His Essay upon Epitaphs lays down rules for monumental inscriptions; a species of writing which we will venture to say ought not to fall under the laws of criticism. If nonsense, as the poet says, is eloquence in *love*, it ought to be far more so in *grief*—*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus?* says one of the best of critics.

It seems never to have occurred to this author, that expressions of grief are to be confined to no rules; that they differ according to the habit, temperament, and complexion of the party: some are calm and sedate, others vehement and plaintive: but a true critic, who, we think, is but a learned man of sense, will always consider the effect which an epitaph has upon his own feelings. This Essayist upon Epitaphs says, that they seem entitled to more than common regard. "Nature and reason (says he) have dictated to every nation, that, to preserve good actions from oblivion, is both the interest and duty of mankind; and therefore we find no people acquainted with the use of letters, that omitted to grave the tombs of their heroes and wise men with panegyric inscriptions." Panegyric inscriptions upon tombs, or at least the general use of them, is, we apprehend, of a modern date, when compared to the remote antiquity in which monumental inscriptions came in use; and we believe this author can produce few or none preceding the Augustan age. Had he consulted Aldus, Tanutius, and other writers, who are conversant in Greek and Roman inscriptions, he would have perceived how frugal the ancients were of panegyric in their epitaphs. Even those of fathers or mothers upon their children were confined to the following sentiment, which we find in Cato Major: "*Cujus a me corpus erematum est: quod contra decuit ab illo meum*": the meaning of which is, The father performed those duties for the son,

which the son ought to have paid to the father. In short, we can by no means approve of the very extraordinary fancy of laying down rules for discharging the offices of grief and affection.

Next follows a Dissertation on the Epitaphs of Mr. Pope. The first specimen of our author's criticism arises from the first two lines of that poet's epitaph on the earl of Dorset:

Dorset, the grace of courts, the Muses' pride,
Patron of Arts, and judge of Nature dy'd.

"The first distich of this epitaph, says our author, contains a kind of information which few would want, that the man for whom the tomb was erected, died." We can scarcely believe our own eyes in reading such an observation upon two lines so unexceptionable in their sentiment as well as composition, that they may be justified by the example of every good poet, from the days of Homer to those of Pope. It would be offering even an insult to any liberal understanding to bring quotations in their vindication, as they occur in almost every classic page. "What is meant by *judge of Nature* (says our author) is not easy to say. Nature is not the object of human judgment, for it is vain to judge where we cannot alter. If by Nature is meant what is commonly called *Nature* by the critics, a just representation of things really existing, and actions really performed, Nature cannot be properly opposed to *Art*; Nature being, in this sense, only the best effect of *Art*."

This criticism puts us in mind of a very merry device, invented by the profound author of a three-half-penny book commonly called the Child's Guide:

When the cat's away,
The mouse may play.

Mr. Pope is no more; but we may venture to say, that the lowest dunce he lashed in his *Dunciad* never was guilty of such a criticism as this. Does judgment in the arts imply a legal power of condemnation and censure; or is there

C

such

such a hypercritic existing as to say, that when a man is praised for being a judge of nature and art, he perceives what is beautiful in both? We affirm as dogmatically as this author does, on the other side, that nature is the object of human judgment. Where is the impropriety of saying, What judgment do you form from the appearance of the weather? or is there a peasant in England who does not understand that phrase as well as if the querist had said, What opinion do you form?—But let us examine the sentiment as well as the language.

Mr. Pope says that Dorset was the patron of arts, and a judge of nature.—We are of opinion that he could not have, with propriety, been the former without being the latter. All beauty is either absolute or relative. Regularity and the principles of symmetry chiefly constitute the former, as may be seen in architecture, and the judicious execution of some mechanic arts. Relative is in fact imitative beauty in two of the finest arts, those of painting and poetry. Every man admires nature in both arts; but how can he judge of either, without knowing what nature is? Can he, for instance, judge of the beauty of an Antinous or a Venus de Medicis, without being acquainted with the natural forms of man and woman? What charms can the finest landscape of Poussin have in the eyes of a man who never saw nature in the sky, the wood, or the flood? and the more intimately he is acquainted with Nature, must he not the more exquisitely relish the execution of the artist?

Though we are almost ashamed to animadvert upon this critic, yet his character as a writer gives him a claim to more indulgence than we can afford to bestow upon vulgar authors. We shall just touch upon another of his curious criticisms. The two following lines occur in the same epitaph;

Blest courtier! who could king and country
please,
Yet sacred keep his friendship and his ease.

“Whether a courtier can properly be commended for keeping his *ease sacred*, may perhaps be disputable. To please king and country, without sacrificing friendship to any change of times, was a very uncommon instance of prudence or felicity, and deserved to be kept separate from so poor a commendation as care of his ease. I wish our poets would attend

a little more accurately to the use of the word *sacred*, which surely should never be applied in a serious composition, but where some reference may be made to a higher Being, or where some duty is exacted or implied. A man may keep his friendship *sacred*, because promises of friendship are very awful ties; but methinks he cannot, but in a burlesque sense, be said to keep his *ease sacred*.”

We believe there is not a more justifiable application of any word in the English tongue, than that of *sacred* in the line before us; and had this criticism fallen from the pen of any other than that of its reputed author, we should have pronounced him ignorant of the common idioms of language. Why should not a word of heathen original, and which implied no more than any thing or place set apart from common use, be applied to the same purpose in English? The two lines, if turned into prose, express no more than that lord Dorset was happy in performing his duty to his king and country, without sacrificing his friendship or his ease; meaning that self-satisfaction and contentment of mind, without which no true ease can be obtained.

Has not our critic heard of an *otium cum dignitate*? and what do the lines he quarrels with imply, but an explanation of that expression? and we will venture to say, that two happier lines are not to be met with in English poetry.

We shall, in tenderness to this author, forbear to animadvert upon his other criticisms on Mr. Pope, because they are below contempt. After the most ungrammatical charge brought against the two last lines of Sir Godfrey Kneller's epitaph, for ungrammaticality, that we believe ever fell from a pen which could write English, he omits to tell us what perhaps is the only real impeachment that can be brought against that author's epitaphs, viz. that those two lines contain an almost literal, and indeed childish translation of Bembo's epitaph upon Raphael:

Hic situs est Raphael; timuit quo sospite vinci

Rerum magna parens, et moriente mori.

We perhaps ought to make an apology for the length of this article; but its object carries a great deal of sail in literature, and being a large hulk, required, in the nautical phrase, *a good deal of drubbing*.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE;

FRAGMENTS by LEO. No. X.

The CRITICAL CLUB—TWO PROFOUND GRECIANS.

MY last memoir of our Literary Society concluded with the mention of Tom Triplet's promise that Dr. Omicron, notwithstanding the rage with which he had left us, would certainly attend our next meeting; at which time we might expect some curious criticism on the verses which Triplet had put in his hand as a translation from the Greek by William Caxton, the father of English printers. Accordingly, on my entering the room last night, I not only found Dr. Omicron seated at the head of the table, but also a stranger with him, of a very grotesque appearance. He was tall, bony, and very thin. His eyes, which were quick, and betrayed much discontent and supercilious contempt, were mostly fixed on the table, and his countenance was remarkably sharp and long. In short, he appeared to me as a man who had formed sanguine expectations, founded on his idea of his own merit; and having experienced nothing but disappointments, had become morose, self-conceited, and out of humour with all mankind. For true it is, there are people in the world who console themselves under the most mortifying proofs that the public look upon their abilities in the most contemptible light, by heightening their ideas of their own importance, accomplished genius, and extensive acquirements; who, in return for the neglect with which they are treated, lament and pity, from their very hearts, the ignorance and frivolous disposition of this degenerated age. Nor was I wrong in my conjectures. Dr. Omicron, who sat next me, informed me in a whisper, that the stranger, Dr. Delta, was a profound Grecian; and one of the best, though most unfortunate, schoolmasters in the kingdom; that he had devised a mode for children to acquire the learned languages vastly superior to the common method, one principal part of which was, that schoolboys should be obliged to sleep in the day-time, and to study in the night, according to the practice of the most eminent of the learned of all ages. "And the advantages of this mode, added he, are self-evident. In the day-time a thousand various objects engage the attention of youth, and of the aged too. Even a hermitage has a thousand things to call off our attention in the day-time; the lowing

and bleating of cattle, the singing of birds, the rising and setting sun, the various appearances of the clouds, and the natural anxiety we have about the weather, all combine to take off even the hermit's attention from study: and how much more so must be the distracting objects which surround the man who is obliged to live in a city, unless he has the wisdom and prudence to sleep by day, and devote the night to the study of the Greek and other ancient languages;—the night, that blest season"—By this time Dr. Omicron, who had begun in a whisper to me, had raised his voice so loud, that the room was all attention to him—"The night, said he, that blest season for study, when all nature is serene and solemn, and hardly one intruding object to divert the mind from its learned pursuits! Hail, sacred Night! Well did the wise Athenians give thy solemn bird as the symbol of wisdom! And what man was ever admired for his learning who did not study by night? Impressed by these considerations and great examples, my friend Dr. Delta, here present, conceived the idea of instituting night-schools for instruction in the Classics; but alas! he has fallen in evil days. Though he has tried this excellent method in various parts of the kingdom, the ignorance and prejudiced stupidity of mothers and maiden aunts, aye, and of many fathers too, have constantly defeated his noble intentions; and, poor man, he now employs his midnight hours in correcting the press for booksellers." "Aye, aye, Dr. Omicron, says Dr. Delta, this is a barbarous and gross age. It has no relish for solid learning; but this is to me a melancholy subject: do let us console ourselves with your criticism on that admirable little copy of verses in the black letter, which you shewed me on your kind visit the other night."—"The verses, indeed, said Dr. Omicron, have great merit: they have the genuine and elegant simplicity of Hesiod and Theocritus; but after the meditation of several nights, I cannot as yet determine which of the Greek poets they belong to. And it is much to be lamented that the original Greek cannot be discovered, and is perhaps totally lost. Howbeit, I am convinced, by internal evidence, that it is a translation from the
Greek

Greek; though a learned friend objected to me, that William Caxton neither understood Greek nor Latin, but translated wholly from the French; and was withal so ignorant of the sublime fictions of the ancient poets, that he fancied the *Eneid*, which he translated from a French version, was a true history. But why, I replied, might not one Frenchman translate a festival hymn or song from the Greek, as well as another the *Eneid* from the Latin, from both of which Caxton was free to borrow? But the verses will speak for themselves; they are as follow:

Blete, goode black shepe, b'ete,
Tell me what offering does thou
bringe of wole?

Goode parcels thre complete,
Schal paie myne yery tribut meet
and ful.

An is to gif my martial maister
joie,

And an schall be a pillowe for my
dame;

And an to playe the prettie boye
That carollieth in the lane.

What elegant and true Grecian simplicity! Who can hesitate a moment to pronounce it of Greek extraction, when he considers the festival songs and other hymns in that noblest of languages? But I must own, that I am not determined in my opinion of what was the occasion of this little morsel of true Sicilian or Arcadian poetry. Strong reasons induce me to think it was no other than a sheep-shearing song; and other reasons, equally forcible, incline me to believe it a hymn sung at a solemn sacrifice to the infernal gods. In support of the first supposition, it is a fact well known to every Greek scholar, that the wealthy proprietor of cattle always gave a feast to his friends and neighbours, when he sheared his sheep; and what song more proper for such an occasion than that we have just read? The shepherd, just as he is going to shear it, accosts his sheep. First, with the most beautiful simplicity, he bids it bleat, and then asks it what offering of wool it has got. The sheep then, according to the true spirit of poetry, replies to the shepherd, that she has got good store, a proper and full payment for her yearly pasture, and the care of the shepherd. Now the fiction grows bolder. The sheep appropriates her three lots of wool in the

most tender and domestic manner, setting her master's family, as it were, before our eyes; which, we are given to understand, consisted of the master, his spouse, and their little son. We think we see the "prettie boye carolling in the lane."—This is poetical imagery indeed, conveyed in all the beautiful and affecting simplicity of Theocritus himself. And though this ancient song points out a particular family, I make no doubt but the last verse was varied, according to the number and circumstances of the family of the person who gave the sheep-shearing feast. But satisfactory as these reasons may appear, much may be said in support of the other opinion, that it was an hymn sung at a solemn sacrifice to the infernal gods. Now, if we suppose the sacrifice was made by disconsolate parents on the death of a dearly-beloved infant son, every thing will be plain and natural. It is a fact notorious, that the Greeks sacrificed black sheep to the infernal deities, and white ones to the celestial. The priest, now ready at the altar, accosts the victim, and bids it bleat; that is, give us a good omen. And now a matter of great moment occurs in its proper place. It was a custom among the Greeks to comb and cut off their hair when they devoted themselves to death. Thus we find the Spartans employed on the evening before the battle of Thermopylæ. To this custom our unknown poet artfully alludes, and makes the victim, as if conscious of its approaching fate, devotes its wool, that is its hair, not only to the infernal deities, but also to the manes of the boy, on whose death the sacrifice was made. One lot of my hair, says the sheep, shall rejoice Pluto, who is here called *martial*, from his finally subduing the greatest heroes, and all their mighty hosts. Another lot shall be a pillow to Proserpine, a gift most acceptable to all females: and the victim calls her Dame, inasmuch as she was soon to pass to her regions. But the most beautiful of the whole is the very happy and delicate manner in which the priest introduces the manes of the deceased boy. He still retains his innocent and pleasant habits; "he carolleth in the lane," that is, the passage from the farther side of the Styx to the Elysian Fields, whither he goeth to be happy, for he goeth *carolling*, or *singing*. Nay, the victim is made to give the youth equal honours with Pluto and Proserpine; an apotheosis most artfully and delicately introduced, and no doubt highly delightful to the parents. But the expression that the third lot of wool

was to *play* the pretty boy, is certainly a corruption; for it cannot be supposed that the happy ghost of a boy, on the way to Elysium, should stop to play with a bag of wool. The original Greek, therefore, never had it so. The word used there must have been from the verb *χοσμίω*; as one would say, *ἀγὼ ἐν τιμῇ τινα*; and so he was *τιμῶ* or *ἐνδοξῶ*, being in every point *τὸ καλόν*:—which rich mode of expression the ignorance of the French translator rendered *jouer*, and which Mr. Caxton as ignorantly followed in his expression “to *play* the pretty boy,” which, by the bye, is bad English, as it uses an active verb in a neutral sense. And as to the sheep giving the response, nothing was more common in the Greek epigrams; witness, to mention no more, one of the epitaphs on the divine Plato. But I shall not repeat it in Greek, having the grief, the other evening, to find that few of the company understood, or relished, that most glorious language. I have, therefore, thus translated it into English. A passerger speaks:

Eagle, why art thou perch'd upon this stone,

And gazest thence on some god's starry throne?

Then the eagle replies;

I Plato's soul, to heav'n flown, represent;
His body's buried in this monument.

And this affords a most convincing proof that the sheep-shearing song, or funereal hymn, we have been examining is of genuine Greek original: besides, were they wanting, a thousand other proofs might be brought.”

“Indeed they might, said Dr. Delta; but though I perfectly agree with you, Dr. Omicron, that the verses are certainly from the Greek, I cannot, learned and ingenious as they are, agree with your conjectures. The same subject has employed my thoughts these *three* last nights, and certain I am I have hit upon the true occasion of this festival hymn. First, then, it is neither Sicilian nor Arcadian, but truly Thracian; and this I prove by its being a solemn hymn sung at the great annual sacrifice to Mars, the god of that country. Let us examine it attentively. The victim is desired by the priest to *bleat*, that is, to give an auspicious omen; and thus far Dr. Omicron is perfectly right. But it escaped him that Mars is particularly pointed out both by the colour of the victim and the nature of the offering. Black sheep were sacrificed to the infer-

nal gods: and who sends more ghosts to the infernal regions than Mars? Again, To which of the gods is wool so proper an offering as to Mars? Homer tells us, that Nestor's helmet was lined with wool; and Eustathius, *in loco*, and all the scholiasts assure us, that all helmets used in battle were so furnished. Nay, we have the very name of Mars in the text, “my martial maister.” And the wool is to give him joy; that is, to make the helmet sit easy on his head. And in farther compliment to the god of war, those that are dearest to him are also honoured. Venus, whom the sheep very aptly calls her Dame, is to have a pillow of wool, which accommodation would no doubt endear her embraces to Mars: and Cupid has likewise his share. How excellently is the god of love described under the character of a “pretty boy carolling in the lane;” that is, the passage to the apartment of the lover's mistresses. Aye aye, Dr. Omicron, Cupid laughs and sings when, in our youthful days, he leads us to the favourite fair. But that he *plays* with a parcel of wool is indeed absurd enough; though I do not agree with you that Mr. Caxton translated it so from the French word *jouer*. I am rather convinced the French word was *plaire*, to please, and that Caxton translated it “to *please* the pretty boy;” and therefore “to *play* the pretty boy” is evidently the mistake of some ignorant transcriber.—”

Here the two learned Grecians, as disdain any dispute with people they deemed so little acquainted with the Greek tongue, suddenly rose and abruptly left the room.

“And these are your learned Grecians, Mr. Distich, said Tom Triplet, with an arch smile! Very deep, indeed! But to let you into the secret, it was I myself who got the important verses printed in the black letter, on an old bit of dirty paper, and they are only my own paraphrase of an old foolish nurse's rhyme, which I heard a girl in the fields the other day mistuning to a wayward child. The wonderful original is no other than this;

Baugh, baugh, black sheep,

Have you any wool?

Yes I have plenty,

Three bags full:

One for my master,

Another for my dame,

And one for the naughty boy

That's crying in the lane.”

“Who can help laughing, said our president of the evening, at such absurdities, as our two learned Grecians have exhibited. But how many a learned page is

loaded with the very same species of criticism, the same method of converting the most whimsical conjecture into absolute certainty, and of discovering gold in the very dross of lead. For my part, said he, I laugh at first when I meet with such *sagacious absurdities*, such impudent assuming of unfounded *data*; but my mirth soon sinks into melancholy, when I consider the miserable waste of time, ingenuity, and the knowledge of languages (for I cannot call it learning) which some men make, at the very moment when they think they are most learnedly employed. The motto of every scholar ought to be,

NISI UTILE EST QUOD FACIMUS, STULTITIA EST. And he who contributes his mite to laugh out of countenance that spirit of assuming dullness, and that fastidious gravity of pedantry and hyper-criticism, which vitiates and bewilders the literary taste of our youth, acquits himself as a worthy votary of the Republic of Letters; and that Republic is indebted to him."

N. B. *In the notice in Italic, at the end of the last Fragment of Leo, line 9, in place of different, read difficult. See our Mag. for last October, p. 243.*

TO THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

I know not how far the following Anecdote will be acceptable to you; but should it not be agreeable to the plan of your work, I have no objection to its being suppressed. For my own part, I do not think that the welfare of society is at all affected by the misdeeds of those who have acquired any degree of eminence being known. On the contrary, I am persuaded, when it is seen that, in spite of considerable talents, poverty and contempt (as in the present instance) generally accompany any deviations from the rule of right, it will tend to promote the practice of virtue, and be attended with consequences beneficial to the community.

I am, &c.

D. G.

MRS. Della Riviere Manley was concerned in the year 1705 with one Mrs. Mary Thompson, a young woman who had been kept by a gentleman of the name of Pheasant, of Upwood, in Huntingdonshire, and then decaled, in prosecuting a suit in Doctors Commons, on the part of Mrs. Thompson, as the widow of Mr. Pheasant; the object of the suit being to establish her right of dower out of Mr. Pheasant's estates, which were about 1500l. a year. It appears on the evidence, which is of record in Doctors Commons, that Mrs. Manley and Mrs. Thompson were jointly concerned in the prosecution, and that she was to have had 100l. per annum for her life, if it had succeeded. They had procured one Edmund Smith, a very infamous fellow, and then a prisoner in the Fleet, to forge a marriage entry in the register at a church in Alderigate-street, which was supported by Smith's swearing himself to have procured the parson who performed the ceremony, and that he and a Mr. Abson were present at the wedding. The parson fixed on was one Dr. Cleaver, who appears from the evidence to have been a low and scandalous priest, and I believe the man who married at the Fleet. Cleaver and Abson were both dead when Smith was examined. The cause was supported by some weak collateral evidence, and

was overthrown by the strongest evidence to the wickedness of Smith's character, and by proof that the entry which Smith swore was entered by Mr. Pheasant himself, was not Mr. Pheasant's hand-writing, and that Mr. P. lived with Mrs. Thompson as his mistress and not as his wife. Upon the whole, Mrs. Manley's conduct in this affair shews her to have been a base and wicked woman, capable of suborning perjury and forgery for gain. It is to be noted this was in the year 1705. In the latter part of queen Anne's reign she was in high favour with the Tories, as a party-writer, and was noticed by Dr. Swift. Whether he knew her real character is perhaps uncertain. She afterwards lived with Swift's very good friend John Barber, alderman and printer, as his mistress: she must have been fortunate if her baseness was not known; if it was, Dr. Swift's friends at least are not much credited by their connections with her. It is not very likely that Mrs. Manley's conduct was a secret, as she was known as a writer before 1705; and Smith, in his evidence, swears that he first heard of the cause being instituted at a *coffee-house* accidentally, where Mrs. Pheasant's cause was talked of; and Mr. Peere Williams, then an eminent counsel, was examined as a witness, so that the matter was certainly of public notoriety.

OPTIMISM;

OPTIMISM: A DREAM.

By M. MERCIER.

I HAD been a whole day reflecting on the good fortune which attends the wicked, and the evil that pursues the virtuous man. Night had spread its wings:—but who can sleep on the downy bed, whilst the unhappy suffers—whilst his plaintive groans reproach our repose, and awake in our hearts the invincible sensation of pity? It is not the philosopher, or, in other words, it is not the philanthropist;—his sensitive soul is too closely connected with the fate of his fellow-creature to be unconcerned like the wicked man. The virtuous man cannot be happy whilst mankind are miserable.

My feeble senses gave way to sleep, but my free and powerful thoughts still pursued my meditations. I did not lose sight of the fate of the unfortunate;—my imagination was awake, and interested in them. I was still irritated, although in a dream, at the view this wretched earth offered me, where insolent vice is triumphant, and timid virtue scorned and persecuted.

I experienced those torments which a man cannot resist who is not wrapped up in the single point of his own existence. I walked sorrowful in a slow pace across the beautiful plains of Azora;—but tranquillity, which reigned over the smiling face of nature, did not penetrate my heart. Scenes of injustice, crimes, tyranny, all rushed into my thoughts.—On the one hand, I heard cries of famished indigence dispersed in the air; on the other, the mad and blustering exultations of barbarous and insensible beings abounding with superfluities. All the miseries which load the human race, all the griefs which consume and destroy it, crowded on my memory; I sighed; and the soft, but bitter, shaft of pity wounded my heart deliciously, and briny tears flowed down my cheeks.—I gave way to my complaints, and was so imprudent as to murmur against the Almighty Hand that rules the world. I exclaimed,—“Oh God! let not mine ears any longer hear the sighs of misery and the groans of despair; let not mine eyes behold man destroying his fellow-creature; no longer let me witness the sparkling sword of despotism, or the odious chains of slavery; or give me another heart, that I may no longer suffer with an unhappy world.

Alas, thou hast given life to so many innocent creatures, who did not solicit it! Was it only to see them come into the world, suffer, and die?—Sorrow sweeps over this afflicted earth like a furious hurricane, whilst pleasure is as rare and light as the inconstant wing of Zephyrus.”

I was going on with my complaint, when I felt myself elevated in the air by an unknown power: the earth shook, the heavens sent forth their lightning, and my terrified sight traced the immense space beneath. I perceived I had sinned, and exclaimed:—“Mercy, Oh my God, shew mercy to a poor weak creature who adores thee, but whose heart is too susceptible to human misery! Instantly my feet were firm on an unknown land: I was in a profound obscurity, where I remained some time; at length a ray more rapid and penetrating than lightning dissipated the darkness that surrounded me. A Genius adorned with six brilliant wings, presented himself before me; I knew him by the celestial lustre which shone around his head, by the divine characters imprinted on his luminous countenance, to be one of the angels of the Most High.—“Listen,” said he, with a countenance that inspired me with courage, “listen, and no longer censure Providence, because thou art a stranger to its ways:—follow me.” I followed him to the foot of a mountain, whose summit reached the skies. I ascended, or rather climbed. Figure to yourself enormous rocks, suspended one above the other, which threatened every instant to fall and crush the plain. In vain the eye sought a plant or tree in the midst of this frightful prospect, which had a resemblance to animated nature; nothing was to be seen but a range of rocks, half calcined by the thunder-claps. Trembling, I followed my conductor; and the roaring of lions and tigers, more dreadful from the echo, struck me with terror; at each step I was obliged to support myself on my assistant angel, and on each side—Oh dreadful sight! wretched mortals were endeavouring to scale those high rocks, and hanging on their points, but soon overcome by their efforts, tottered, called in vain for help, fell crushed to pieces, and became the prey of tygers, who fought for their mangled limbs in the valley.

I dreaded

I dreaded the same fate awaited me, when the angel said to me:—"Thus Providence punishes man's rash audacity. Why will man penetrate into what is impenetrable? His first duty is to acknowledge his weakness. Every thing turns invisibly under the hand of God; God vouchsafes to pardon you; he does more, he enlightens you."—At that instant he touched my hand, and I was on the summit of the mountain. What an enchanting surprise! The declivity we descended was an agreeable and magnificent garden, where verdure, the harmony of birds, and the perfume of flowers enchanted the senses; a superior charm animated the most indolent being. My divine conductor shewed me at some distance a temple of a most astonishing structure; but the way that led to it was so intricate, it was impossible to get there without a guide.

At our approach, the gates of the temple opened; we entered, and they were suddenly closed by an invisible power, with a noise equal to thunder.—"No one can open them, no one can shut them, but the omnipotent voice of God," said my illustrious protector. Awed with respect, I read the following words wrote in letters of gold:—"God is just, his voice is hidden: who will dare fathom his decrees?" I cast my eyes on the magnificent height of this temple:—this glorious building was supported by three columns of white marble; in the middle an altar was erected; instead of the image of the Divinity, an odoriferous smoke ascended, whose effluvia filled the temple. On the right was a black marble table, and opposite, a glass of pure crystal. The angel said to me:—"It is here thou art to learn, that if Providence sometimes ordains the good man to be unhappy, it is to lead him more certainly to happiness." Cold terror no longer froze my senses; a pure, mild, ineffable joy succeeded which filled my soul. I shed relenting tears; my knees bent, my arms raised themselves towards heaven, and I could only silently adore the Supreme Bounty. A majestic voice, but divested of terror, said to me:—"Arise, look, and read."

I cast my eyes on the glass, and saw my friend Sadak; Sadak, whose constant and magnanimous virtue had often filled me with wonder, who had learned to defy indigence, and even make it respectable. I saw him seated in a room with bare walls; he leaned his languishing head

on the last moveable that was left him, his body shivering with hunger, and yet more cruel despair. One only tear stole from his eye, but it was a tear of blood!—Unhappy man, he dared not weep. Four children called to their father for bread:—the youngest, feeble and languishing, stretched on a handful of straw, had not strength to utter a word,—he was breathing the last of an innocent life. The wife of this unfortunate man, exasperated by misery, forgetting her natural tenderness, and sweetness of temper, reproached him for the excess of their distress. Those cruel complaints rent his heart and increased his torments.—Sadak rises, turns his eyes from his children, and, in that weak condition, creeps abroad to seek assistance.—He meets a man, to whom he had formerly rendered the most important services;—this man was obliged to him for a genteel employment he possessed. Sadak acquaints him with his deplorable situation: he describes his famished children ready to expire in his arms.—His friend, abated to be compelled to know him, looks around with an inquisitive eye, to see if he was not observed speaking to one who bore the badge of indigence;—he gets rid of the poor suppliant by vague promises, cold civility, and retires with great expedition.—This was the tenth time he had thus inhumanly treated him to whom he was indebted for all he possessed. Sadak, in despair, rambles on, meets one of his creditors, who stops him, treats him with the foulest language, gathers a mob around the miserable man, publicly threatens him, and is ready to strike him, more from contempt than anger. At last, I saw him wandering from door to door, stretching a suppliant hand, sometimes repulsed, sometimes receiving alms given to importunity. He buys a loaf, takes it home, divides it among his children, sheds tears of joy in allaying their hunger, and on his knees gives thanks to Providence for the rich blessing she had showered upon him.

I exclaimed with grief, astonishment, and dread. My eyes replete with tears, turned to the black marble table, and an invisible hand wrote upon it these words:—"Make an end of contemplating Sadak, and condemn, if thou darest, Providence that rules all things." I turned my eyes again to the glass, and again saw my friend Sadak.—But how altered! how different was the scene! It is no longer the poor, necessitous, but tender,

der, virtuous, compassionate Sadak, full of honour and humanity;—it is Sadak in plenty, become opulent by an unexpected legacy; it is Sadak, who, corrupted by affluence, no longer cherishes the virtues he possessed. Sunk in luxury, he is morose, gives his orders with haughtiness, and no longer in distress, forgets there are unhappy wretches in the world, and that he was of the number. I read immediately with respectful admiration, what the mysterious table taught me. “Virtue often suffers, because it would cease to be virtue if it had no struggles. When awful Providence sends misfortune on mortal heads, her sister, Patience, accompanies her, Courage supports her, and by this gift Virtue wants no other aid, and is even happy when misfortunes seem to overwhelm her.”

I turned my inquisitive eyes to the glass. But what an affecting object struck my heart! I observed my country, my dear country, the happy town that gave me birth! Oh heavens, what a sight! In a moment a formidable army had overspread the plains, had surrounded its strong works, had prepared the infernal machines of destruction for its ruin. The sword is drawn, vengeance and rage have lighted their torches.—Oh stately city, thou shakest, notwithstanding thy bold defenders. The enemy thirsts for the plunder of thy treasures. Yet you still oppose him with courageous resistance. Vain efforts!—They mount—they scale thy proud towers; blood flows, death flies, the flame rages;—thou art no more,—a thick smoke, a heap of stones cover the place of thy site. My unhappy countrymen who escaped the flames wander in the woods;—but direful famine awaits them in the desert;—it slowly devours them, and prolongs their sufferings and death.

I exclaimed, “Just God! shall a million fall the victims of one ambitious man, children be murdered at their mothers’ breasts, the gray hairs of the venerable old man be dragged in blood and dust, innocent beauty become the prey of the foul murderer, a whole city disappear, because the covetousness of a monster thirsts for its wealth!”—“A country filled with prevaricators,” replied the table, “deserves the chastisement of a Divinity too long despised.—Those who were not guilty are torn from the danger of becoming so; and if the hand of Providence has struck them, it

“is to preserve them from a more terrible fate than the suffering a transitory death;—their refuge is in the clemency of an eternal God.”

The palace of the minister Aliacin, whose gilt pyramids almost reached the skies, was too magnificent to escape my attention. How often has my heart been filled with indignation at the sight of this happy monster, who, with a venal soul, a barbarous heart, depraved morals, a despotic mind, had, as it were, chained fortune to his chariot! His elevation was due to his meanness, his treasures the reward of treachery. He had sold his country for gold.—An entire province groaned under his oppression. Sometimes he laughed at the weak murmurs of a people inured to slavery; at another they stifled sighs he called revolt. Each day he committed some wicked attempt,—each day crowned his audacity.

Yet the inside of his palace, with its silken furniture, displayed only histories of generosity and virtue; the busts of the greatest men of antiquity adorned the dwelling of the most flagitious wretch; and those silent marbles, which should have reproached his heart, were heedlessly past over. I dwelt on this wretch, invested with power, surrounded with flatterers, dreaded by enemies, adulated by the public, but secretly cursed. Thousands of rare curiosities adorn his cabinet,—the price of each only an act of iniquity.

He was clothed in purple, at the cost of those who were naked,—and the wine he drank in a cup ornamented with precious stones, might properly be called the essence of the tears he had caused to be shed.

He rose from his pompous table, and laid at the feet of a concubine the orphan’s patrimony. He attends her to the window, and there calmly beholds a brave and worthy citizen, who has dared to remonstrate against the abuse of his power, put to death.

This good man is strangled; and within an hour a courier arrives to inform the minister, that the sultan, to reward his great services, presented him a considerable tract of land. The monster smiles, and, become more powerful, meditates how to be more formidable.

My hatred to this odious tyrant was so great, I turned about several times towards the table impatiently, as if to hasten the sentence it was to pronounce,—but nothing appeared as yet wrote on it. I turned my sorrowful eyes again on

the wondrous crystal. I perceived Aliacin entering a private study. What a secret satisfaction penetrated my heart!—Nature, the wretched, and even the earth are revenged. This powerful man, who seemed the happiest of mortals, reads a letter, turns pale, trembles, finites his forehead with the same hand that cut the innocent throat. Distracted with unconquerable despair, he goes, he comes, he rages, rent more through fear than remorse. He tears, he tramples on the marks of his dignity, and, in his rage, weeps like a child. I endeavoured to find out the cause of this frenzy; when one of his favourites, more base than his master, enters his study, and informs me the cause of his despair. One of his confidants, a spy at court, had just wrote him a fresh storm was gathering against him; that he was on the point of losing his place and credit, if he had not the address to ward the blow. This abandoned favourite instantly advised his master, in a firm tone, what any other would not have dared with impunity. This horrible advice pleased the barbarian.—He commanded his daughter to be brought into his presence. Nouremi appeared.—She was beautiful and virtuous. Oh God! with what horror did she hear her father intended to give her up to the sultan's lascivious embraces, as an immolated victim to his insatiable ambitious views!—She falls almost senseless at her father's feet;—the tears of beauty, of nature, of innocence, find utterance.—A severe look commands her to obey;—she obeys and dies.

Was Aliacin happier? I saw him in the bosom of repose, stretched on the bed of down, or plunged in the delicious bath. One would imagine he was couched on thorns.—He is in terror for his life.—He rises,—his trembling knees

bear him round his palace;—he finds his slaves asleep, and envies their peaceful slumber. The day appears:—ever uneasy,—ever suspicious,—he shudders as he eats,—he turns pale when he drinks,—uncertain whether he conveys death or nourishment to his breast. He dreads even the carcases of the women over whom he tyrannizes, and whose slave he is. If any one is raised to an employment, a thousand serpents gnaw his heart; it is the rival who is one day to displace him,—he is the formidable man who is to be seated in his post.

Full of respectful expectation, I consulted the table of the awful judgments of the Eternal, and read:—"Truth is terrible to the wicked; and it is incessantly present to their eyes: it is this that causes all their torments; this dreadful glass is ever before them, where they see their bad actions, and the deformity of their souls."

Suddenly a rumbling noise, like distant thunder, was heard. I turned and saw the palace of Aliacin. His gardens, his pyramids, his statues, even himself, all had disappeared.—In the room of his mansion, where every luxury had been collected, nothing was to be seen but a receptacle of filthy snakes crawling in muddy marshes. Such is the foundation of palaces raised by foul deeds. The following words, engraved on the black marble, acquainted me with Aliacin's fate:—"He is swept off the earth like the vile dust, and future generations will doubt if he existed."

This dreadful picture will never be erased from my memory, and from that time I fetch a sigh whenever I see a man in power. The world admire his elevation, and I view him exposed to the arm of Divine Justice.

(To be concluded in our next.)

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

The following Letter from the celebrated DUKE OF WHARTON to his Sister, was lately found amongst the papers of a Jacobite Gentleman deceased. It does not appear to have been ever printed.

T. T.

TO LADY JANE HOLT.

DEAR SISTER,

MY name has been so often mentioned of late in the public prints, and consequently the subject of private conversation, that my personal friends (you in particular) may with reason expect to know from myself, what steps I

have taken, and what were the reasons of my present resolutions.

As to the reasons of my conduct, I do not think it proper to write them directly to you; I must refer you to some papers you will see published through all Europe. I will not trust the good manners

by the good-nature of my enemies, by writing any thing to you, that might expose you to trouble; for it would sharpen the prosecutions begun against me, if you should suffer the least inconvenience for your tenderness to me.

Whatever relates to myself gives me no uneasiness: every virulent vote, every passionate reproach, and every malicious calumny against me, are so many real commendations of my conduct; and while you and my sister Lucy are permitted to live quietly and securely, I shall think our family has met with no misfortune, and has no claim therefore to the compassion of its truest friends.

I know your concern and affection for me, and I write chiefly to give you comfort, not to receive any from you; for I thank God, I have an easy contented mind, and that I want no comfort. I have some hopes, I have no fears, which is more than some of your Norfolk neighbours can say of themselves. I desire your prayers for the success of my wishes, and the prosperity of my family. I scorn the false pretended compassion of my enemies, and it would grieve me much more to receive the real pity of my friends. I shall not wonder if, at first, you be affected with the warmth of the proceedings against me, and should shew some concern at the attempts to strip our family of its title, and to rob them of their estates; but you will soon change your mind, when you consider, that my real honour does not depend on Walpole, or his master's pleasure; that a faction may attain a man without corrupting his blood; and that an estate seized for a time by violence and arbitrary power, is not irrecoverably lost. The word Late is now become the most honourable epithet of the peerage; it is an higher title than that of Grace; and whenever you hear me spoke of in that manner, I beg you to think as I do, that I have received a mark of honour, a mark dignified by the Duke of Ormond, Earl Marishal, and others.

You that have often read Lord Clarendon's History, must needs know, that during the reign of Cromwell, and the Rump Parliament, the whole peerage of England was stiled the Late House of Lords. There was then no want of Late Dukes, Late Earls, and Late Bishops; and why should that now be reckoned a reproach to a single peer, which was then the distinguishing title to the whole body? Was that impious usurper Cromwell the

fountain of honour? Had he who murdered one king any more power to taint the blood of his fellow-subjects, than his illustrious successor, who had fixed the price upon the head of another? For, as Lord Harcourt finely observes in his speech on Dr. Sacheverel, there is little or no difference between a wet martyrdom or a dry one. Can a high-court at present, or a secret committee, tarnish the honour of a family? Is it a real disgrace to be condemned by Macclesfield, Harcourt, Townshend, or Trevor? Is it a dishonour to be robbed of a private fortune, by those who have stripped the fatherless and widow, who have sold their country, who have plundered the public? No, my dear sister, assure yourself that this unjust prosecution is a lasting monument erected to the honour of our family; it will serve to render it illustrious to after-ages, and to atone for the unhappy mistakes of any of our misguided ancestors. If it should end with me, it would, however, have out-lived the liberty of England.

Those honours which we received at first from the Crown, can never be more gloriously interred than in the defence of the injured rights of the crown, than in the cause of the rightful monarch of Britain, the greatest of princes and the best of masters. But I forget myself, by enlarging too far on a subject that may not be so conveniently mentioned in a letter to you. My zeal for my country, my duty to my sovereign, my affection to you, and my respect to my family, and its true honour, have carried on my pen further than I intended. I will only add, that no change in my circumstances ever shall lessen my tender concern for you or my sister Lucy, to whom I desire you would present my love; and charge her, as she values my friendship, never to marry without my consent. Be assured, that no distance of place, nor length of time, shall abate my affection for you: and my enemies shall find, whenever I return to England, it shall be with honour to myself, and with joy to my friends; to all those, I mean, who wish well to the Church of England, and to their native country. Neither shall any thing ever tempt me to abandon that cause which I have deliberately embraced, or to forsake that religion wherein I was educated. Wherever I am, I shall always be, dear sister,

Your sincere friend

Madrid, June
19, N. S. 1726.

and brother,

WHARTON.

CONSIDERING the success which the treatise ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ, or the Art of Sinking in Poetry, of my deceased friend and much-honoured master, Martinus Scriblerus, hath had; what numerous disciples have proceeded from his school; what excellent examples of his precepts these latter days have produced, and how wonderfully his labours have guided and improved the stile of modern poetry; it has been matter of much surprize to me, that no one hath hitherto put forth some similar treatise on the *profund* in *prosaic* composition; more especially, considering the divers apposite illustrations which might easily be produced from writers of the past and present ages. Something of this kind has indeed been attempted and successfully executed respecting *one* stile of *prosaic* bathos, that is to say, the *Lexiphanic*, by the deceased Doctor Kenrick of *vituperative* memory. So far as his * tractate extendeth, it is sufficiently well performed, and may preclude the necessity of any other to the same purport; for which reason the *Lexiphanic* in prose shall be left either unnoticed, or slightly and collaterally touched on, in what I shall say concerning the *prosaic* division of the *profund*. My worthy predecessor, Martinus Scriblerus, hath well proved, that there is an art of sinking in poetry; and all his general arguments are so much to the purpose of proving also that there is an art of sinking in prose, that it is unnecessary for me to repeat here in less elegant diction, what hath been already so dierly and irrefragably urged by that learned man. I shall therefore proceed to enumerate, describe and illustrate the various stiles of the *profund*, so far as the same respects *prosaic* composition. And herein, as I purposely touch not on the *Lexiphanic*, for reasons before alledged, I go on to the stile more immediately adjoining thereto, that is to say, the *nebuloſe* or *obumbratory* stile. By the assistance of this species of the bathos in prose, a plain subject is obscured, simplicity is clothed with pomp, and a nothingness of idea puts on the garb of mysterious learning and profound research. In this stile is the definition which Hobbes has given us of a "Cause." "Causa est summa sive aggregatum accidentium omnium tam in agentibus quam in patiente, ad propositum effectum concurrentium quibus omnibus existentibus ef-

fectum non existere, vel quolibet eorum uno absente existere, intelligi non potest." "That is, says † Doctor Eachard, a Cause is a certain pack or aggregate of *trangams*, which being all packed up and corded close together, they may then truly be said in law to constitute a compleat and essential pack: but if any one *trangam* be taken out or missing, the pack then presently loses its packishness, and cannot any longer be said to be a pack." Similar thereto is the elaborate definition which the same author (master Hobbes) affordeth of an assertion or proposition. In common language, this may be termed the affirmation of one thing concerning another, and be well understood; but a writer well skilled in the Bathos will think this the least qualification of his compositions, and nobly aim at somewhat more praiseworthy. In this spirit, a proposition is said to be "Oratio constans ex duobus nominibus copulatis quæ significat is qui loquitur concipere se nomen posterius ejusdem rei nomen esse cuius est nomen prius." This is well likened to what Zacutus saith in his Treatise of a Spoon; which he defines, "instrumentum quoddam concavo-convexum, quo posito in aliquid in quo aliud quiddam divertum a posito ante positum fuit et retro posito in os ponentis, concipitur is qui posuit primum positum in secundum ex his positis aliquid concludere." Wherein, by the way, mark well, as a great beauty, the concluding pun concluded by the said definition. Howbeit these instances are notable in their way, yet have they nothing new in their stile; seeing, that more multifarious examples abound not only among the ancients, particularly *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Apuleius*, and *Plotinus*, (setting aside the grammarians and philologists among the ancient Greeks); but more especially, they are to be found among the schoolmen and divines of the middle ages. Nevertheless is Hobbes much to be praised, for his keeping alive the embers of a stile in his day almost extinguished; though I shrewdly suspect, considering how very seldom he has excelled in the *nebuloſe* or *obumbratory* species of the bathos, that he was driven thereto by the reproaches and attacks of his antagonist Bishop Bromhall. That some instances may not be wanting of this stile among the writers of the middle ages, I shall insert some brief notices

* The tract entitled "LEXIPHANES" was not written by Dr. Kenrick. EDIT.

† Works, vol. II. p. 16,

which one or two of those authors have given us concerning their *Ens* or *το ον*, and their *materia prima*. Specimens from the ancients above enumerated, I shall have occasion to quote in a future part of this my treatise. Speaking of *being* or *existence*, the great *Burgesilicinus* asserteth (Inst. Met. l. 1. c. 2. §. 11.) “ Proprius actus Entis est *esse*. Nam omne ens est, et quicquid est, *Ens* est: sicuti et quicquid non est, non est ens. Intelligitur autem *esse*, secundo adjectum, quod est *esse* simpliciter, non esse tertio adjectum, quod est *κατα τι*; competit enim id et non enti et *τω* nihil, veluti cum dicitur nihil est non ens, cæcitas est privatio. Communio igitur Entium quæ objectum est, communis illius conceptus est causa unitatis in illo conceptu, et ita est in communi ratione *ἢ εἶναι*.” All this might indeed, if it were necessary, be sufficiently expressed by saying, that all beings agree in the common circumstance of existence: but how obvious! how naked does this appear, when set by the side of the preceding quotation! This author farther observes, “ Deinde cum *Ens* sumitur ut participium pertinet ad quæstionem *ἢ εἶναι*: at cum sumitur ut nomen, referendum ad quæstionem *ἢ τί ἐστίν*. — Hinc fit ut *Ens* quod aliquid est, opponatur *τω* nihil, sed non immediatè. Ut enim Substantia non est nihil, et tamen multa sunt quæ neque nihil sunt neque Substantia. Ita quoque licet ens non sit nihil, quædam tamen dicuntur quæ nec ens sunt nec omnino nihil, sed aliquid inter *Ens* et nihil interjectum, ut accidentia inter substantiam et nihil sunt interjecta.” How delightfully unintelligible is this! Nor indeed is it very dissimilar in style to the question which young Montinus was accustomed to agitate. “ An præter esse reale actualis essentia sit aliud esse necessarium quo res actualiter existat?” Much of the same kind are the accounts we receive of the *materia prima*, or that which is generally called *matter*, when considered independently of its properties. Of this, although modern philosophy, with common consent, acknowledges utter ignorance; yet as properties cannot be conceived to exist without some substratum to support them, or subject in which they may inhere; and as this is all which is usually meant by *matter*; the idea is perfectly plain and comprehensible. For this reason an adept in the *bathos* will take great care so to express himself in de-

living his conceptions on this subject to his readers, that it shall be extremely doubtful what is meant, or whether any thing be meant, or whether the writer knows aught about it, or whether the reader is intended to be instructed.—And yet shall this be done with such semblance of profound thought and deep research, and in such a croud of learned terms of uncertain meaning, that, as the poet saith, each one shall exclaim, that

“ More is meant than meets the ear.”

In conformity to this rule, the schoolmen, as sir W. Blackstone observeth, currently defined their *materia prima* to be “ neque quid, neque quantum, neque quale, neque aliquid eorum quibus ens determinatur.” Adrian Hereboord moreover assures us, that “ *materia prima* non est corpus neque per formam corporeitatis neque per simplicem essentiam: est tamen ens et quidam substantia, licet incompleta: habetque actum ex se entitativorem, et simul est potentia subjectiva.”

The great masters of this art, however, are neither confined to the ancient nor middle ages; they flourish also in our own time, and upon various subjects. Even I myself remember, when attending anatomical lectures for the purpose of discovering, God willing, whether the infinitesimal particles of the nervous system of the fetus in utero were affected with synchronous and isochronous vibrations, our instructor began with the external teguments of the dead subject, and the pathology thereof. Fearing we should not be able to comprehend, that though *corns* were a disease of the scarfskin, yet *warts* were nervous excrescences from the true skin, he declared that he would so express himself, that we might never hereafter be at a loss to understand the difference; and to that end assured us, that the *veruca* or *αροχουρδων* was none other than a præternatural elongation of the villary process of the derma; while the *clavus pedum* or *τολος* was entirely incarcerated in the superior tegument, and perfectly epidermoë. And now that we are upon the subject of anatomy, a very admirable passage in the *nebulous* or *obumbratory* style of description occurs to my remembrance, which will still farther prove that we are not without some great masters in profane bathos, even in this our day. The late Doctor Fawcett, of Dublin, informs us in his posthumous Treatise on Midwifery, lately published, §. DVIII. that “ upon the fore and ex-

ternal part of the thorax, on each side of the sternum, lies a large conglomerate gland, the interstices of whose lobules being filled with fat, assist in raising it into a beautiful, round, smooth, projecting, conoid tumour, known by the name of MAMMA." This is doubtless a conveniently good exemplar of the stile we are discoursing of; but I much doubt whether the learned author did not write *adipose secretion* instead of *fat*, and insert what the negligence of his editor hath certes omitted, that is to say, the property of *compressibility* or *elasticity*, which, as every one knoweth, is competent thereto in the young subject. But haste we now to other instances in other authors, and on other subjects, that no endeavours of ours may be wanting to instruct our readers in the perfect knowledge of this important part of fine-writing. A nobleman of our day, of great learning, and one of our most perfect examples of the bathos in composition; who, among other things, has perfectly proved to his own satisfaction, that a state of nature among men is a state neither pacifical nor bellical, but quadrupedal and caudal; that a great many gentlemen, well known to his literary acquaintance, never had more than one eye, which they found equally serviceable with our two; that their progeny also were like themselves monopous; that men have constantly degenerated in mental and bodily faculties ever since they left off galloping up and down upon all-four, lashing their sides with their tails, and feeding like good king Nebuchadnezzar on the grass of the field; this great man, I say, who has been at the pains of instructing the world in these important and indisputable particulars, assures us also in a philological treatise, "that the man who opines must opine something; therefore the subject of an opinion is not nothing." To render this assertion still less liable to controversy, he gives us the authority of Plato to the same purpose. Nota bene, of Authorities I shall discourse more fully hereafter. Another learned gentleman of congenial soul, whose works undoubtedly furnish the completest instances of this species of the *profund* which modern literature can any where supply, having to define a *conjunction* and settle its classification, tells us, "that it is a part of speech devoid of signification itself, but so formed as to help signification, by making two or more significant sentences

to be one significant sentence ***. Some of them indeed have a kind of obscure signification when taken alone; and they appear in grammar like zoophytes in nature, a kind of middle beings of amphibious character, which, by sharing the attributes of the higher and lower, conduce to link the whole together." This gentleman had already defined a *word* (or part of speech) to be "a sound significant." But what common reader would suppose that this collection of high-sounding phraseology and learned allusion means neither more nor less, as Mr. Horne Tooke † observes, when put into common expressions, than that a "conjunction is a sound significant, devoid of signification, having at the same time an obscure kind of signification, and yet having neither signification nor no signification, but a middle something between signification and no signification, sharing the attributes both of signification and no signification, and linking signification and no signification together." This is, of a truth, truly philosophical language, and "a perfect example of analysis;" but somewhat too similar indeed to the $\tau\omicron$ \omicron and the $\tau\omega$ nihil of Burgerisdicius. Very skilful also was this same gentleman, Mr. James Harris, in that figure not utterly unknown, but which appertaineth to this district of our treatise on the Art of Sinking in Prose; the "explanatio ignoti per ignotius," or the explanation of a plain word or sentence into an obscure one. Thus, "'tis a phrase often applied to a man, says he, that he speaks his mind; as much as to say, that his speech or discourse is a *publishing of some energetic or motion of his soul*." So again, "for what indeed is to *assert*, if we consider the examples above alledged, but to publish some perception either of the senses or intellect?" In a still more profound stile of phraseology does this author prove that the time present is neither the time past nor the time future. "Let us suppose, says he, for example, the lines AB, BC,



I say that the point B is the end of the line AB, and the beginning of the line

† Letter to Dunning, 19.

BC. In the same manner let us suppose AB, BC, to represent certain times, and let B be a *nov* or *instant*. In such case, I say, that the instant B is the end of the time AB, and the beginning of the time BC. I say likewise of these two times, that with respect to the *nov* or *instant* which they include, the first of them is necessarily past time, as being previous to it, the other is necessarily future, as being subsequent." Highly delighted, as he well might be, with this most ingenious device for proving so important a proposition, he introduces in another place of the same treatise, a variation of this mode of proof. "In the first place, says he, there may be times both past and future, in which the present now hath no existence; as for example, in yesterday and to-morrow."

"Again, the present now may so far belong to time of either sort as to be the end of the past, and the beginning of the future, but it cannot be included within the limits of either. For if it were possible, let us suppose C the present now included

A B C D E

within the limits of the past time AD. In such case CD, part of the past time

AD, will be subsequent to C, the present now, and so of course be future. But by the hypothesis it is *past*, and so will be both past and future at once, which is absurd. In the same manner we prove that C cannot be included within the limits of a future time, such as BE."— Now saying, that by the assistance of his first diagram he has proved that the present time the *to us must necessarily*, and in the latter diagram that it *necessarily must not*, be included within the limits of the past and the future, nothing can exceed the Bathos excellence of these passages. Many other apposite examples this rare treatise, which the author in the true nebulous phraseology hath entitled *Hermes*, might easily furnish; but I content myself with one other, which the casual opening of the book hath just presented to my eye. Reader, "what is it to work and to know what one is about? 'Tis to have an idea of what one is doing; to possess a FORM INTERNAL, correspondent to the EXTERNAL; to which EXTERNAL it serves for an EXEMPLAR or ARCHETYPE." Herein note also, the profundity of the capital letters; and if thou needest other exemplars or archetypes of the true nebulous or obumbratory style of prose-writing, I refer thee to the other treatises of the said profound author, of whom more hereafter.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

Your having given a place to some Papers of different times, has encouraged me to service of your valuable Miscellany.

BISHOP Hurd, in his very acute remarks on Imitation, has said that he has no doubt but that the first stanza of Mr. Mason's Ode to Memory is taken from Strada Prol. Acad. I. The passage is, without doubt, particularly in point; but might not Mason's lines have originated from the following passage of Thomson?

Mother of Wisdom! thou, whose sway
The throng'd ideal hosts obey;
Who bidst their ranks now vanish, now appear,
Flame in the van, or darken in the rear.
Mason.

—With inward view,
Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
Her eye; and instant at her powerful glance,
The obedient phantoms vanish or appear;
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, &c.

Summer, 1774.

of Miscellaneous Observations of mine at send the following, which are much at the C—T—O.

Mr. Mason seems fond of this idea; he has it again in his *Isis*:

'E'en now fond Fancy leads th' ideal train,
And ranks her troops on Memory's ample plain.

P. Fletcher, in his *Purple Island*, has this expression, Cant. x. Stan. 4.

———— the World's wide regiment.

Mr. Mason has an idea of the kind, which he has expanded with great force and sublimity.

———— think, think,
And let the thought restrain thy impious hand,

The race of man is one vast marsh'd army,
Whose numerous squadrons fill the plains of Time,
Their Leader the Almighty —

Elfrida.

Edwards's

Edwards's excellent sonnet on a Family-Picture might have originated from the following passage in B. Jonson.

How like a column, Radcliffe, left alone
For the great marke of virtue, those being gone
Who did, alike with thee, thy house upbeare,
Stand't thou, to shew the times what you all were ?

To Sir J. Radcliffe.

It seems that like *a column left alone,*
The tott'ring remnant of some splendid fane,
'Scap'd from the fury of the barbarous Gaul,
And wasting Time, which has the rest o'er-thrown,
Amidst our house's ruins I remain
Single, unpropp'd, and nodding to my fall.
Edwards.

There is a passage in the tenth Letter of Pope still more to the point.

The thought in the last line of the following well-known stanza of Collins, in his Dirge, is justly admired by every reader of feeling :

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed ;
Belov'd till life can charm no more ;
And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

It will be no detriment to the fame of the matchless bard above-mentioned to compare the following elegant, though forgotten, lines, which form a part of an elegiacal epitaph on Mrs. E. Filmer, by R. Lovelace, Esq. with his passage :

Thus, although this marble must,
As all things, crumble into dust ;
And though you finde this fair-built tombe
Athes, as what lies in its wombe ;
Yet her faint-like name shall shine
A living glory to this shrine,
And her eternal fame be read,
When all but very Virtue's dead.

Lucaſta, 1649. Lond.

When B. Jonson wrote these lines, had he not Shakespeare in his eye ? Speaking of C. Marlow, he says,

And that fine madness still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a Poet's brain.

A Censure of the Poets.

The following are among Massinger's many imitations of Shakespeare :

———— will it ever be ?
That to deserve too much is dangerous,
And virtue when too eminent a crime.

See Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, Scene 2.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies ?
No more do yours ; your virtues, gentle matter,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it !—

The following exclamation is of the same kind with one in Lear :

Why are these men in health, and I so heart-sick ?
Old Law. Scen. 2.

This passage in Lear is more impassioned, yet it seems to have been Massinger's prototype :

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all !
Lear, Scene last.

See Massinger's *Emperor of the East* :

Can I call back yesterday, with all their aids
That bow unto my sceptre ? or restore
My mind to that tranquility and peace
It then enjoyed ?
Scene 2.

This is evidently suggested by a passage in Othello, which I am unable to quote, not having the play at present by me.

Pulcheria, in the *Emperor of the East*, says, Scene 11.

I'll not bandy
Words with your Mightiness—

Thus Lear says :

To bandy busy words, to scant my fizes.
Scene 10.

Massinger's *Maid of Honour* concludes with a sentiment that very much prevails at the conclusion of the Greek tragedies—The *Oedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles ends with a similar reflection. Ovid in his third book of the *Metamorphoses* has the remark,

—ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo, sapremaque funera
debet.
Ver. 135.

Our immortal Gray may, I think, be sometimes faintly traced in the poetry of Thomson.—His comparison of Music to a Stream, in his *Progress of Poetry*, which has been much criticised, and is certainly, at best, but confused and embarrassed, is not unlike Thomson's comparison of Eloquence to a Torrent, *Liberty*, Part II. ver. 256.

The following lines of the *Castle of Indolence*, Cant. I. Stan. 14, reminds us of a stanza in his *Church-Yard* :

No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
From village on to village founding clear;
To tardy swain no shrill-voiced matrons
squall.

See Cant. ii. Stanza 27.

And woods embrown the *sleep*, or *wave along*
the shore.

Woods that *wave* o'er Delphi's *sleep*.

Gray.

The following expressions are somewhat similar; they are suggested by different situations, yet are equally beautiful.

Driven from your friends, *the sunshine of the soul*.

Thom. to the Mem. of Ld Talbot.

The tear forgot as soon as shed,

The sunshine of the breast.

Gray.

But perhaps the second Canto of the Castle of Indolence, Stan. lii. liii. will bring Gray to remembrance yet more strongly.

The following line of Thomson seems borrowed from Pope:

And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care.

Cant. of Ind. Cant. i. 27.

Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care.

Elois. to Abel. ver. 298.

The expression of *low-thoughted care* is from Milton's Comus, line 6.

It is, I believe, said by some of Shakespeare's Commentators, that the following simile in Titus Andronicus, is sufficient of itself to prove that Shakespeare had a hand in writing the play:

Upon his bloody finger he doth wear

A precious ring that lightens all the whole:

Which like a taper in some monument,

Doth shine upon the dead-man's earthly cheeks,

That shews the ragged entrails of this pit.

Scene 6.

Spenser, of whom Shakespeare was both a reader and a borrower, has an idea of

A N E C D O T E of H A Y D N.

THE Musicians of the Prince Esterhasi, having had some disagreement with the officers of his household, offered to quit his service, which was accepted, from a persuasion that they would soon change their humour. The day, however, of their departure was fixed, and the evening before they performed the last concert they were to give the Prince, the celebrated Haydn composed on this occasion a Symphony, the conclusion of which is of an extraordinary kind; it is an Adagio, in which each instrument plays, one after the other, a Solo: at the end of each part Haydn wrote these words,
Put out your candle and go about your

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the same kind, though of considerable less beauty:

The fight of whom, though now decay'd
and marr'd,

And eke but hardly seen by candle-light;

Yet like a diamond of rich regard

In doubtful shadow of the darksome night,

With starry beams about her shining bright,

These merchants fix'd eyes did to amaze, &c.

Faery Qu. B. VI. Cant. ii. Stan. 13.

I do not remember to have ever seen it remarked, that Shenstone's verses beginning, "'Twas in the land of Learning," &c. were suggested by Sir J. Denham's poem on a Quaker, &c.

All in the land of Essex, &c.

The following passage from Milton's Comus, which breathes the spirit of Plato, may be compared with a passage in Marston's Scourge of Villany:

—— but when lust,

By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,

But most by rude and lavish act of sin,

Lets in defilement to the inward parts,

The soul grows clotted by contagion,

Imbodies, and imbrates, 'till she quite lose

The divine property of her first being.

Verse 471.

—— For that same radiant shine,

That lustre wherewith natures Nature deck'd

Our intellectual parts, that gloffe is soyled,

With stayning spots of vile impiety

And muddy dirt of sensuality.

Book ii. Sat. 6.

Milton has a singular usage of the word *bow'd*. See Comus, 1015.

Where the *bow'd welkin* flow doth tend.

The same word applied to the same element occurs in the forgotten poetry of Henry More, edit. 1647. p. 305.

Nor can their careful ghosts from Limbo lake
Return, or listen from the *bow'd lake*,

To hear how well their learned lines do
take. Cupid's Conflict.

business. In fact, the first Hautbois and the second French Horn went away first; after them the second Hautbois and first Horn; then the Bassoons, and so on with the rest of the performers. There were left behind only two Violins to finish the Symphony. The Prince, quite astonished, asked the meaning of all this. Haydn told him that the Musicians were going away, and that their carriages were at the door waiting for them. The Prince had the generosity to fetch them back: he reproached them feelingly upon the manner in which they were going to desert so good a master: they threw themselves at his feet, and entered again into his service.

E

T H E

THE
LONDON REVIEW,
AND
LITERARY JOURNAL.

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

Letters on Egypt, with a Parallel between the Manners of its ancient and modern Inhabitants, the present State, the Commerce, the Agriculture, and Government of that Country; and an Account of the Descent of St. Lewis at Damietta: Extracted from Joinville and Arabian Authors. Illustrated with Maps. By Mr. Savary, Author of the Life of Mahomet, and Translator of the Coran. In two Volumes. 8vo. G. G. J. and J. Robinson. London. 1786.

THERE is, perhaps, no nation whose history is more intimately connected with ancient religions, with primitive customs, with the progress of arts and science, or with the various changes of empire which have happened in the world, than that of Egypt. The subject of these Letters, therefore, is alone sufficient to render them interesting to a curious and intelligent reader: wherever the author is successful in his arguments and illustrations, his Letters become still more interesting; and wherever he fails in these, there is then a larger field open for minute attention, for pertinent observations, and for friendly corrections. But a disputatious reporter of facts must expect, and indeed ought, some time or other, to meet with jealous critics: it is highly fit and proper that it should be so; lest, in many important cases, the public should be put off with wild conjectures instead of sober truth. However, as it is impossible to divest ourselves, at all times, of suspicions, so neither can we lay aside a strict regard to truth and justice. We shall arrange our quotations and remarks, on this occasion, into the following order: on the country itself; on the ancient and modern cities of Egypt; on their public works and the remains of art; on their general manners; on their religion and peculiar customs; on the various changes of their government; on the productions of nature in Egypt, such as plants, animals, &c. and on their commerce; following Mr. Savary as our general guide.

On the country itself.—Mr. Savary disputes the origin of every inch of the ground which was formerly known un-

der the name of ancient Egypt. When its limits are marked out, we must, therefore, enquire, whether this country had its origin in common with the lands of other nations. Egypt is bounded on the north by the Mediterranean; on the south by a chain of mountains, which separates it from Nubia; to the east by the Red-Sea and the Isthmus of Suez; and to the west by the Deserts of Lybia. Its greatest length is from Sienna, situated directly under the Tropic of Cancer to Cape Burlos, the most advanced point of the Delta, which, as we suppose, may be about thirty-one degrees east longitude, more or less; and, as Mr. Savary says, “almost terminates the thirty-second degree of latitude:” but of this we have our doubts, for reasons that will afterwards appear. “Its greatest breadth, says our author, is sixty-eight leagues, drawing a right line from the ruins of Pelusia to the Tower of the Arabs, formerly called Tapoliris.” This country is divided into Upper and Lower Egypt; the former of which begins at Sienna, and ends at Grand Cairo, no great distance from the ancient Memphis. There are two chains of mountains which take their rise from the last cataract of the Nile: their direction is from south to north, until they reach the latitude of Cairo, where separating to the right and left, one of them takes the direction of Mount Colzoum, on the east, and the other terminates in banks of sands near to Alexandria, towards the west. “Between these ridges of mountains is that long plain, which is no more than nine leagues broad, where it is the widest. It is there that the Nile flows
“between

“ between two insurmountable barriers :
 “ now smooth and tranquil, he slowly
 “ pursues the course traced out by nature
 “ and by art : now an impetuous tor-
 “ rent, reddened with the sands of Ethi-
 “ opia, he swells and breaks over his
 “ boundaries, and overflows the country,
 “ which he covers with his waters for
 “ the space of two hundred leagues. It
 “ is, says Mr. Savary, in this celebrated
 “ valley, that mankind first lighted the
 “ torch of the sciences, whose radiance
 “ diffusing itself over Greece, has suc-
 “ cessively illuminated the rest of the
 “ world.” This last sentence is short,
 but it seems to contain a great number
 of errors. It supposes Upper Egypt to
 have been the seat of science before Lower
 Egypt ; it supposes Upper Egypt to have
 given birth to the sciences ; it supposes
 that Greece, with respect to time, was
 the second nation in science and arts ; it
 supposes that the rest of the world, Egypt
 excepted, borrowed sciences, and arts,
 and their knowledge from Greece ! Did
 Grecian artists raise Babylon, and carry
 it to the highest pitch of magnificence ?
 Were they Grecian architects who built
 the palaces of great Nineveh ? or, were
 not these cities raised before a town was
 known even in Egypt ? Did Ecbatana
 owe its grandeur to the Greeks ? or, were
 Damascus or Persepolis founded by Gre-
 cian artists ? Did those mighty kingdoms
 borrow their legislation and principles of
 government from Grecian lawgivers ?
 Surely not. Had our author, on this subject,
 consulted Strabo, one of his most faithful
 guides, he would have told him, that the
 Greeks knew nothing of the Eastern na-
 tions but a very little while before the Per-
 sian wars : that neither Babylon, Nineveh,
 Ecbatana, nor the Syrian or Assyrian em-
 pires were so much as known even to
 the travelling Homer.

“ Lower Egypt, says Mr. Savary,
 comprehends all that country between
 Cairo, the Mediterranean, the Isthmus of
 Suez, and Lybia. To this immense coun-
 try the Greeks gave the name of Delta.
 It is formed by the two branches of the
 Nile, which separating below Cairo, fall
 into the sea ; the one near Damietta, on
 the east ; the other near Rosetta, on the
 west.” Here let it be observed, that in
 former times the Pelusiack branch of the
 Nile flowed into the sea, almost as far to
 the east of Damietta, as the distance be-
 tween Damietta and Rosetta ; and that the
 branch which now empties itself into the
 sea below Damietta, was, in the days of
 Herodotus, the middle stream of the Nile,

which flowed on in nearly a straight line,
 through the midst of the Delta. Hence
 this island, the most fertile in the world,
 has lost much of its extent ; since it was
 formerly bounded by Canopa and Pelu-
 sum.”

Our author next endeavours to prove,
 that the whole of the Delta originally
 formed a great gulph ; that the sea
 bathed the feet of those mountains where
 the Pyramids now stand ; and that the
 whole of the Delta is a modern country,
 lately raised into existence, when com-
 pared with Upper Egypt. We shall not,
 here at least, enter into any dispute how
 far the Delta originally was or was not a
 deep gulph ; while we mean just to review,
 one by one, the arguments used by our
 author on this occasion, merely that the
 candid reader may have an opportunity of
 judging what degrees of credit are due to
 Mr. Savary, as a philosophical Historian.
 Thus he proceeds : “ Now, that you have
 “ a general idea of Egypt, Sir, fix your
 “ attention on that rich country, and
 “ pursue the revolutions it has undergone.
 “ Beyond those times of which history
 “ has preserved us any epoch, a people
 “ descended from the mountains near the
 “ cataracts, into the valley which is over-
 “ flowed by the Nile : it was then an impe-
 “ netrable morass, covered with canes and
 “ reeds.” That is, if we put this passage
 into plain English, a people, of whose
 times the world never heard, of whose
 origin no one can tell, descended, but
 when no mortal ever knew, from the
 mountains near the cataracts, into the
 valley which is overflowed by the Nile,
 although the valley was then an *impen-
 trable* morass. The reader will be pleas-
 ed to observe, that all this, as well as the
 following paragraph, must be understood
 of Upper Egypt. “ Many years elap-
 sed before they thought of cultivating
 their native plants. Necessity awakened
 their industry.—Osiris taught men, who
 were at that time cannibals, to feed on
 the fruits of the earth instead of human
 flesh. Isis, the same with Ceres, taught
 them to cultivate corn, and were elevated
 to the rank of deities.” Now we have
 no reason to believe that the Egyptians
 were ever cannibals : no one argument,
 or proof, is so much as offered, to shew
 that the first Egyptians fed on human
 flesh ; we have no evidence of any kind
 to support us in maintaining, that they
 ever viewed Osiris in this light, or consid-
 ered Isis as the same with Ceres. Nei-
 ther the Egyptians, nor any of the great
 ancient nations in the East, were ever

such rude barbarians, even in the infancy of their states. Their reasons are sufficient to vindicate us, in refusing our credit to such childish tales. But we shall soon leap into an highly cultivated plain, which springs up at once from a deep gulph, accompanied with religion and laws. "Whilst the people of Upper Egypt, says Mr. Savary, were contending for their vast morasses with savage beasts, the sea, according to ancient accounts, bathed the feet of those mountains where the pyramids are built, and advanced on the side of the Tower of the Arabs, very far into Lybia. It covered a part of the Isthmus of Suez; and every part of what we now call the Delta, formed a great gulph. I pass over ages, and come to that period when the Egyptians, under the denomination of a religious worship, and of laws, formed canals to carry off the stagnant waters of the Nile, opposed strong dykes to its ravages, and, tired of dwelling in the caverns of the rocks, built towns on spots elevated by art or nature." We see what wonderful things may be fetched out, from beyond those times of which History has preserved us any epoch! and we see, on this occasion, with what ease a Philosopher can pass over ages, and set before us the Delta in all the grandeur of cultivation, without ever telling us when this great gulph was filled up; or where land first began to appear in it; or when the Egyptians began to discover the Nile again, that had been so long swallowed up; or when they became religious; or when they first formed canals; or how spots began to appear elevated by art, in this wonderful gulph!

It may indeed be said, that an account of the matter is afterwards given: but we answer, No: nothing is given that will solve any of the foregoing queries. An attempt is indeed made, which can only serve to shew, that Mr. Savary, in fact, had no account to give of any kind. The attempt itself is introduced with some degree of skill: for after the Delta had been presented, in all the beauties of cultivation, to the reader, and the supposed facts once affirmed, it was then much easier to evade a probable account of the commencement and progress of so wonderful a phenomenon as that of a fertile plain out of a deep and barren gulph of the sea. But our author's attempt must be given. "Separated from the rest of the world, the Egyptians cultivated the arts and sciences, and extended the li-

mits of their empire, either by protecting with banks the new lands they had acquired, or by cutting deep drains to dry up the marshy grounds. One of the Kings of Egypt, foreseeing possibly what must happen, undertook to change the course of the river—for meeting with an insurmountable obstacle to the right, it turned precipitately to the left, and taking its course to the southward of Memphis, it spread its waters through the sands of Lybia. The prince dug a new bed for it to the east of Memphis, and by means of a large dyke, made it discharge itself into the gulph that bathes the rock on which is built the castle of Cairo. The ancient bed of the river was still to be seen in the time of Herodotus.—Even now the channel is not unknown.—It is to the labours of the monarch who finished this great work, that Egypt is indebted for the Delta. The enormous weight of the waters of the Nile, which throw themselves into the bottom of the gulph, occasions a reflux of the sea. The sands and mud that are carried along with them, collected together in heaps; so that the Nile of the Delta, very inconsiderable at first, arose out of the sea, of which it has repelled the limits. It was a gift of the river." No King would ever undertake to turn the course of such a river as the Nile, without some prospect of advantage: this matter was too obvious to be overlooked: hence our author felt himself obliged to assign some reason; and we suppose that he gave the best he could think of. One of their Kings foreseeing that a large plain, of the most fertile soil in the world, covered with the richest productions of nature, would arise some time or other, if he turned the enormous weight of the Nile into a deep gulph of the sea, undertook, therefore, to change the course of the river, and it was done! But here Mr. Savary again, as he did before, passes over ages, during which the gulph was filling up by the waters of the Nile! without ever telling us when or where land first began to appear in it; or when the Egyptians first discovered the Nile again, distinct from the gulph; or when they began to cultivate the new lands they had thus acquired. Men of inferior abilities to Mr. Savary would perhaps reason thus: That the changing of the course of such a river as the Nile supposes previous cultivation; supposes previous art and management in those parts through which they meant to carry

carry its streams; or into which they meant to throw the enormous weight of its waters: and perhaps some might think that the ancient Egyptians had a much better prospect of acquiring the soil they wished for in Lybia, where the Nile then rolled along its fruitful streams, than by turning the enormous weight of its waters into a deep and barren gulph. But there is no resisting facts: facts are what we want: not facts beyond those times of which history has preserved us any account; for they are whatever the writer or (in case of any difference) whatever the reader pleases.

Mr. Savary affects to support his whole system by the authority of Herodotus; and therefore, on this occasion, quotes that ancient Greek in such a manner as best suits his purpose: but we shall follow the language of the venerable historian. Speaking of the priests, he thus continues the discourse: "Moreover they say that Menes was the first of men that reigned as king: that under him all Egypt, except the province of Thebes, was *ελος*, moist ground, or *fen*: and that there was none of those things then, which now exist below the lake of Myris." Lib. ii. c. 4. Homer explains the word *ελος*, when he says of the youth Simoisius, He fell as a tall poplar, which had grown up, *εν ειαμενη ελος*, in a grassy part of a great marsh, or *fen*. II. lib. iv. ver. 483. Here both the Delta and Upper Egypt, even as far as to the province of Thebes, are all described under one word, as being the same ground, consisting of the same kind of soil, capable of trees and plants, capable of improvement from the hands of men in the days of Menes. No intimation is given that the Delta was ever an island: nor do we suppose that it had then the least appearance of an island; or that any part of the Delta was at that time separate from the land of Upper Egypt. For Herodotus thus expresses himself afterwards: "The priests say that Menes the first king of Egypt joined it and Memphis by a bridge; or (as the phrase may be rendered) *defended Memphis by mounds*. For the whole river flowed along by Mount Psammis towards Lybia: but Menes higher up, as far as an hundred stades from Memphis, by banking up towards the south the turning of the river, dried up its ancient channel; and the river, thus directed in its course, flowed along between the mountains: and even now by the Persians the

"turning of the Nile, which flows on in a restrained course, is defended by strong barriers, being banked up with annual mounds; which if the river should break through, it would overflow on that part, and all Memphis would be in danger of being covered with the waters." Herodotus adds, that this Menes, after he had turned the course of the river, built Memphis within the ancient bed of the Nile. Lib. ii. c. 99. Here we have a decided testimony, that according to the ancient Egyptians themselves, the king of Egypt who turned the course of the river, did not throw the enormous weight of its waters into a deep gulph, but carried them along the same kind of ground with that where the turning of the river was first made: that the Delta was not an island, nor ever had the appearance of an island, till the Nile was introduced into it, and guided through various channels into all parts of it by the skill and hands of men: and that the Delta, whatever increase of soil it might receive from the Nile, yet was not originally a gift of the river; though it was brought into a state of high cultivation by means of its streams. Hence it is obvious, as indeed every rational person must perceive, that the Delta was cultivated and managed in such a manner as was suited to the purpose, previously to the introduction of the Nile; and that this fertile plain was under cultivation even before Memphis was built. Hence also we see the reason why Moses never calls any of the streams of the Delta otherwise than *Jar*, which signifies a canal, or passage for water formed by the hands of men: in the plural *Jariem*, canals: and the most eminent stream, in his time, is only distinguished by the name of *Hejar*, that is, *The Canal*, by way of emphasis. There were no streams or branches of the Nile in the Delta, whose course was not originally formed by the hands of men; and to this we suppose the prophet alludes, above an hundred years before Herodotus was born, when he thus describes the pride of the Pharaohs saying, "My river is mine own, and I have made it for myself." This river had not, as our author supposes, its name from *Nileus*, one of the successors of Menes: for the term *Nehel*, whence *Nilus*, signifies a stream of water that forms itself a bed in its course, and is often applied to torrents. But in the Delta every bed of water was formed by the hands of men: here therefore it ceased to be *Nehel*; this name therefore in ancient times

times was not given to any stream in the Delta, but only to the river all above the division.

But our author alleges the name of Herodotus, in order to shew the time when the Delta was in its infancy; thus: "In the time of Moeris, who lived five hundred years before the Trojan war, the Delta then appeared in its infancy. Her. p. 41. Euterp." We cannot rely upon this gentleman's quotations. Herodotus thus speaks: "Moreover the priests say, that under king Myris, when the river came to the eighth cubit, at least, it watered that part of Egypt which is below Memphis: and Myris had not been dead nine hundred years when I heard these things from the priests." Herodotus was born four years before the expedition of Xerxes into Greece: if then we count from the year of the battle of Salamis, which was near 3470 of the world, when Herodotus was quite a child, we cannot be considered as taking any advantage, since this must be several years before Herodotus was in Egypt. From 3470 deduct 900, and we are brought back to the year 2570 of the world, which was near the slaughter of Egion by Ehud, who then judged Israel. Can we say that the Delta was then in its infancy? Surely not. But Mr. Savary alleges another proof from Strabo; thus: "Eight cubits was then sufficient to overflow it, in all its extent. Boats passed over it from one extremity to the other; and its towns, built on artificial elevations, resembled the islands of the Ægean sea. Strabo, lib. 17." But fifteen cubits it seems were necessary to produce the same effects in the days of Herodotus. We scarce know how to follow our very active and ingenious author. This sentence, "Eight cubits was then sufficient to overflow it in all its extent," is taken from the first part of the foregoing passage, which we have already quoted out of Herodotus: These are none of Strabo's words, nor ought they to have been placed to his account. And besides, the priests did not tell Herodotus, that eight cubits in the days of Myris was sufficient to overflow the Delta, in *all its extent*, that is, from Pelusium to Canopa, together with two days journey into the country, on each side: no, no: They only said, that when the river came to the eighth cubit, it watered that part of Egypt which is below Memphis. There is nothing in their language that implies any such extent: and yet, if it had implied it, this would not have proved the Delta to

be then in its infancy: it would only have shewn what degrees of rise in the river were necessary to water the adjacent lands, at that time.

Mr. Savary had no right to apply these phrases, *Boats passed over it from one extremity to the other, and its towns built on artificial elevations, &c.* to the time of Myris. For Strabo, in that passage, drops not one syllable about the days of Myris, or the state of the Delta in his reign: he only says what its appearance was in his own times; and thus expresses himself: "Many different cuts through the whole island of the Delta have formed many channels, so that the whole is navigable.—In the overflowings of the Nile all is covered and appears as a sea, except their habitations; and these being placed on native hillocks, or mounds, as well memorable cities as villages, give to the sight at a distance the appearance of islands." He applies none of these things to the days of Myris, nor could our author have any right whatever to make such an application.

In calculating the degrees of rise in the Nile necessary to the production of plenty, Mr. Savary entangles himself; partly by overlooking the different extent of the Delta, at different times; partly by not considering that different degrees of rise in the river, would equally overflow the lands, just as the Egyptians thought fit, by means of their canals, and mounds, and reservoirs; partly, by confusing the different terms of historians, understanding more than they sometimes said; and partly, by confounding the cubit of one nation with that of another. Hence the different degrees of rise, at different times, seem to our author much greater than they really were. This will appear obvious, by comparing his remarks with Herodotus, and the more accurate language of Strabo. In the time of Myris, says Mr. Savary, "eight cubits was sufficient to overflow it in all its extent." This, as we have shewn, is much more than the historian asserts: and besides, he does not use a term that signifies to *overflow*. "When Herodotus, says our author, visited Egypt, fifteen cubits were necessary to cover all the Lower Egypt; but the Nile then overflowed the country for the space of two days journey, to the right and left of the Delta." That is, as the historian himself expresses it; "The Nile, when it overflows, goes not only over the Delta, but also the country which is called Lybian, and also over some parts of Arabia, and that on each

“ each side, to the extent of two days
 “ journey, more or less.” So that in his
 days, the Nile perhaps overflowed near
 four times a greater quantity of ground
 than it did in the reign of Myris. “ Un-
 “ der the Roman empire,” says Mr.
 Savary, “ sixteen cubits produced the
 “ same effects.” We should have won-
 dered very much if they had not. But
 let us hear Strabo, a much better guide,
 who thus writes: “ For the country,
 “ from its natural growth, yields much
 “ fruits; and being well watered, still
 “ more: and the greater the increase of
 “ the river, from its natural swelling,
 “ the more land it waters: yet skill and
 “ proper management will very often
 “ succeed, when the natural rise of the
 “ river fails; so that as much land shall
 “ be watered by smaller increases of the
 “ Nile, as is watered by larger ones, and
 “ that through the aid of canals and
 “ mounds. Before the time of Petro-
 “ nius, there was then the greatest abund-
 “ ance, when the Nile came up to the
 “ fourteenth cubit; but if it rose to the
 “ eighth only, there was great scarcity:
 “ but while he was perfect over the
 “ country, although the Nile swelled up
 “ only to the twelfth cubit, there was
 “ yet the greatest abundance; and when
 “ it sometimes reached only to the
 “ eighth, no one perceived any want.”

(Strabo, lib. 17. p. 542.) Where now
 are our author's sixteen cubits, under the
 Roman empire? We have it here as a
 fact, that under the government of Petro-
 nius, twelve cubits afforded the greatest
 abundance: we have it here stated as a
 known thing, that as much land was of-
 ten watered by smaller increases of the
 Nile as by larger ones; and that the quan-
 tity of ground overflowed, and the con-
 sequent fertility, were not to be measured
 by the number of cubits which the river
 swelled to, but by the skill and manage-
 ment of the people, or by the care and
 attention of their governors: and we have
 here sufficient evidence, that although the
 rise of eight cubits only had been attended
 with great scarcity, yet, even under Pe-
 tronius, from the use of eight cubits
 only, by proper management, no one
 perceived any want. Nothing can be
 drawn from the variations of the swelling
 of the Nile, in favour of that hypothesis,
 which makes the Delta originally a very
 small island, arising, by degrees, out of
 a deep gulph of the sea. From what we
 find on record, the overflowings of the
 Nile, in the time of Strabo, gave the
 Delta a greater appearance of being in its

infancy, than its inundations ever did
 in the reign of Myris: and there seems
 to have been no such extent of naviga-
 tion within the Delta during the time of
 that king, as in the days of Strabo. The
 very unjust application of Strabo's des-
 cription to the reign of Myris, may be
 considered as a proof that we are right.
 The words of Strabo would not have
 been writen in that manner, had they
 not been thought suitable to the purpose.
 In short, it is our opinion, that if the
 Delta were as well cultivated, and the
 same number of channels, mounds, and
 reservoirs as well managed as formerly,
 the Nile would even now overflow the
 country to as large an extent as in the
 days of Herodotus; and that thirteen or
 fourteen cubits rise, accompanied with
 the same diligence and skill, would pro-
 duce nearly as great an abundance as un-
 der the government of Petronius. It is
 indeed allowed, that the Delta may have
 been raised by the constant inundations of
 the river, yet the bottom of every chan-
 nel must surely have been raised in pro-
 portion: and besides, the Egyptians knew
 how to make the channels shallower, if
 required.

Herodotus advanced an opinion of his
 own, that most of those parts of Egypt
 to which the Grecians sailed, were *ad-
 ventitious* to the Egyptians, and a *gift*
 of the river; because the plains which
 lie between the mountains beyond
 Memphis, seemed to him to have been a
 bay of the sea: hence he concluded that
 the Delta did not always exist. Of
 course, Herodotus thought that Upper
 must have been inhabited long before
 Lower Egypt; for, according to his
 creed, the first nations sprang out of the
 ground, which was first called by their
 surname. This thought, that Upper
 Egypt must have been inhabited long be-
 fore Lower Egypt, charmed Mr. Savary
 above all others; and for the sake of
 it, he lost himself in a deep gulph, far
 beyond those times of which history has
 preserved us any epoch! Let us then,
 for the sake of argument, suppose, that
 those plains were once a bay of the sea,
 yet it will not follow, that the reasoning
 and inferences either of Mr. Savary or
 Herodotus can have any foundation what-
 ever. One single example will suffici-
 ently prove this. Herodotus says, “ If
 we chose to follow the sentiments of the
 Romans concerning Egypt, who say,
 that *the Delta only is Egypt*;—we
 might then, following such a tradition,
 shew that the Egyptians, at first, had

no country: for indeed the Egyptians themselves say, and so it appears to me, that they found the Delta *irriguous* or *moist ground*; and in one word, that it is of late existence:—but I do not suppose that the Egyptians came into existence together with that place which the Ionians call the Delta; but that they always were, ever since men were; and that as the ground accumulated, many of them indeed were left, but that many came down from the higher parts.” (C. 15.) Here let it be observed, that so far as we know, no one ever pretended that the Egyptians came into existence, either together with the Delta, or together with the ground that was first called Egypt, except Herodotus and some Greeks; and that we apprehend such an opinion will not, in our times, be taken up and maintained. Hence the greatest part of the reasoning of Herodotus at once falls to the ground. The Priests informed Herodotus, that all Egypt, as far as to the province of Thebes, was one; and also, that the ground was of the same kind, not separated, while the Nile flowed through the sands of Lybia; and that Menes, the first king of the Egyptians, turned the course of the river. Hence it was divided into two streams or channels, and thus the land between became the Delta, and an island, which, before that division, had been united with the land above the division: so that in this sense indeed, the Delta did not always exist: and it might also be justly said, that the Egyptians, by whom the division of the river was made, existed before the Delta, since the whole was done by the hands of the Egyptians. Now, although the Delta was formed by the division of the river, yet it does not follow, that it was a *gift* of the river, since what constituted the Delta was in existence before any such division was made: or if we allow, what indeed is scarcely allowable, that all the ground from the spot where the Nile turned into Lybia, down to the borders of the sea, had been thrown up by the river in a long course of ages; yet it does not follow, that this ground was more *adventitious* to the Egyptians than the rest of Egypt, since they found the land all together in the same state, and capable of improvement: neither does it follow from any of the foregoing circumstances, that the Egyptians inhabited Upper Egypt before they inhabited the Delta: nay, the contrary is evident from their own testimony; since the turning of the course of the river and the division of

its streams were done by the Egyptians, under Menes, their first king, with a view to the improvement of the Delta, and of advantage to their habitations: nay more, it is confessed that even Memphis was not built till after these things were done. The testimony of all antiquity is not to be set aside in favour of an idle and groundless supposition. Herodotus acknowledges, that the Ionians maintained that the *Delta only was Egypt*; which is a decisive proof that they considered the Delta as first inhabited. The cities of *Apis* and *Marea*, situated on the borders of Lybia, once contended that they had no relation to the Egyptians, because they lived out of the Delta, and could not agree to their customs. An appeal was made to the oracle of Ammon, and the god gave it against them: not, indeed, by denying the Delta to be the original Egypt: no; but by saying properly, that Egypt comprehends all the country which is overflowed by the Nile; and that they who drink of the river below Elephantis are Egyptians. Here then we see, according to the ancient Egyptians themselves, that the first parts named Egypt, were the Delta. Moses, equally well acquainted with the traditions of the Egyptians and those of his ancestors, says, New Hebron was built seven years before Zoar in Egypt; that is Tannis, which stood where now the Lake Manzule is, and its ruins are on an island in the Lake. If Zoar had not been the oldest city in Egypt, his appeal to it, in favour of the superior antiquity of Hebron, by seven years, would have meant nothing. Indeed Moses sets before us no other ancient Egypt but the Delta. When we consider that Heber, his ancestor, who named one of his sons in reference to the first division of nations, lived till after the death of Abraham, that is, till the twentieth year of Jacob's age, we can have no reason here to call in question the account of Moses as to the first Egyptians; especially as we doubt not that the age of many Egyptians, during those times, was as favourable for the conveyance of traditions concerning the origin of their country, as that of his own ancestors.

We shall take notice only of one circumstance more. Mr. Savary, in order to shew that the Delta has increased in length as well as height, which position we shall not controvert, alleges the authority of Homer in this manner: “Homer, that sublime painter of people and of countries,—Homer, whole geographical

phical details are the most precious monuments of that kind transmitted to us by antiquity, puts these words into the mouth of Menelaus landed in Egypt: "In the stormy sea which washes Egypt, there is an island called Pharos. Its distance from the shore is such, as that a vessel with a fair wind may make the passage in a day." And again: "This order, which obliged me to traverse a second time the vast and stormy sea that separates the Pharos from the Egyptian continent, rent my heart with grief." Homer, adds our author, "who had travelled in Egypt, represents to us the island of Pharos, which forms the present port of Alexandria, as at the distance of, at least, twenty leagues from the coast of Egypt; and, in this sentiment, concurs with that of the most remote antiquity." We beg leave to observe, that by a *day*, Homer does not mean twenty-four hours, but day as opposed to night: that Homer says, "Moreover, there is a certain island in the many-waved sea, *within sight* of Egypt (Προπαροισθε) and they call it Pharos:" and that in the last clause, the words of Homer run thus: "He said, and my heart was filled with grief, for this reason, because he ordered me again to go through the gloomy sea into Egypt; a long and difficult passage." He says not a word here about the vast and stormy sea that separates the Pharos from the Egyptian continent. A late writer, well known for his pleasantry, says—"Strange that one and twenty miles fail-

ing, for 'tis absolutely no farther from Dover to Calais, should give a man these rights—I'll look into them." Now we ask our travelling-readers whether, as to the distance between those two places, more can be said of Dover than that it is *within sight* of Calais; or of Calais, than that it is *within sight* of Dover? And yet Mr. Savary asserts, that the Pharos was at least twenty leagues from Egypt; although Homer says that it was *within sight* of Egypt! he therefore, at most, does not make it above seven leagues. *Homer's geographical details* cease to be precious monuments, in the hands of Mr. Savary! These are the reasons why we durst not give full credit to our author's account of the latitude of Cape Burlos. We can have no reliance upon his representations of facts, where any hypothesis or fancy of his own is connected. Had not sufficient proof been given of this matter, we should have read his volumes with much greater pleasure. We sincerely ask forgiveness of our candid and learned readers, for having dwelt so long on the first subject of these letters. We might indeed have, at once, taken such specimens as are seen in the public prints almost every week, and thus have saved ourselves some labour. But that would not have been a proper discharge of the office we have undertaken. Hoping, therefore, an easy pardon from the discerning and intelligent, we promise greater expedition in the things that remain.

A School for Grey Beards; or, The Morning Bride. A Comedy. By Mrs. Cowley. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Robinson.

THIS is the least original of Mrs. Cowley's plays; the greater part of it being borrowed from Mrs. Behn's Comedy of *The Lucky Chance*; or, *The Alderman's Bargain*: and it does some credit to Mrs. Cowley's delicacy, that the detestable manners of the characters in that piece left so little impression upon her memory, that she forgot how much she had been indebted to her predecessor's performance. Having read both plays, we think something more than the idea of the business which concerns Antonia, Henry, and Gaspar, was presented by the obsolete Comedy, whose name Mrs. Cowley has not thought proper to give to the public: and it is but justice to acknowledge, that the insinuation of indecencies being to be found in the present performance, has, in our opinion, no

foundation. Those who disapproved the piece on that account, on the first night of the representation, seem only to have dishonoured themselves. It must be a very purient imagination indeed that could extract indecencies to be offended with, from any thing we have observed on the perusal of it. Of such persons it may be said, as it was by Mr. Addison of some others, that they have a good nose at an inuendo.

As this is the least original, we think it the least meritorious of any of Mrs. Cowley's Dramas, and would, for the future, advise her to rely more on herself. The objections which she combats in her preface are truly ridiculous, and, were they to be allowed any weight, would degrade the English stage to the lowest point of insipidity. With the sex or character

of a dramattick author, or in what manner such a one should speak in their own persons, are circumstances the audience have no right to enquire. If the characters presented to them speak the language of nature, and those characters are proper objects of dramattick representation, the candour and good sense of an English audience should be reminded, that to conceive and fill up a Comedy is a task of no

small difficulty, and every allowance ought to be made for any defects. Of this species of composition how few have reached the point of excellence.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that prefixed to Mrs. Behn's original play is a defence against charges of indecency, and complaints of malevolence in some part of the audience, in the same manner as there is before the present performance.

The Asiatick Miscellany; consisting of original Productions, Translations, Fugitive Pieces, Imitations, and Extracts from curious Publications, No. I. and II. 4to. Printed at Calcutta, by Daniel Stuart, 1785. Price a Gold Mohur each.

THE design of this Miscellany is, as the Editor informs us, to bring together various materials that may render it at once entertaining, curious, and instructive; and the present work affords no bad specimen of the abilities of the undertaker to perform his engagements with the public. It has been long apparent, that many gentlemen resident in India possess talents both solid and brilliant; not merely adapted for business, but calculated to inform, to delight, and to instruct mankind; and exerted as we trust they will be, they cannot fail of rendering the name of a Briton respectable even in the remotest corners of the world. With the cultivation of literature will follow the improvements and comforts of civilization; and the advantages arising from periodical publications, like the present, to diffuse knowledge, we believe is now well known and acknowledged.

We think it incumbent upon us to take particular notice of the present publication, as it can fall under the notice of but few of our readers. In the month of January 1784, sir William Jones delivered a discourse at Calcutta on the institution of a Society for enquiring into the history, civil and natural, the antiquities, arts, sciences, and literature of Asia; in which, after stating the advantages which might probably rise from such a meeting regularly held, he says, "In the infancy of any Society there ought to be no confinement, no trouble, no expence, no unnecessary formality. Let us, if you please, for the present, have weekly evening meetings in this hall, for the purpose of hearing original papers read on such subjects as fall within the circle of our enquiries. Let all curious and learned men be invited to send their tracts to our Secretary, for which they ought immediately to receive our thanks; and if, towards the end of

each year, we should be supplied with a sufficiency of valuable materials to fill a volume, let us present our *Asiatick Miscellany* to the literary world, who have derived so much pleasure and information from the agreeable work of *Kempfer* (than which we can scarce propose a better model) that they will accept, with eagerness, any fresh entertainment of the same kind." The present publication seems to be formed upon the above plan, and is probably executed by the gentleman who threw out the above hint.

It is intended to be continued four times a year, and every four numbers to compose a volume. Each number is sold for a gold mohur; and the following are the contents of the first and second numbers.

No. I.—1. The Bishop of Landaff's discourse to the clergy of Ely, on the importance of the study of Oriental Literature.

2. A Hymn to Camdeo. By sir William Jones, since reprinted by Payne, 4to. 1784.

3. A Hymn to Narayena. By the Same. See page 47 of the present Magazine.

4. Reflections on viewing the Mausoleum at Sufferam. In a poetical epistle to a friend. By Thomas Law, Esq.

5. Thevenot's account of his journey from Cairo to Suez, in the year 1638.

6. An account of the Arabian Astronomy. Extracted from Costard's History of Astronomy.

7. The fatal effects of precipitation. From the Ayer Danish of Abulfazel.

8. An account of the Preadamites, and the History of the World to the death of Adam. Extracted from the *Khelafut ul Akhbar of Khondemur*.

9. An account of Embassies and Letters that passed between the Emperor of China and Sultan Shakhrah, son of Amir Timur.

Timur. Extracted from the *Matia us Sadein*, and translated by William Chambers, Esq.

10. A story from the *Gulistan of Sadi*.

11. A tale from the *Baharistan of Jami*.

12. *Softly*: an Ode from Hafiz. By the late captain Thomas Ford.

13. Ode from *Khoosro*. By W. K.

14. Extracts from the *Yusef Zelikha* of Jami. By Thomas Law, Esq.

15. Lines from *Khoosro*. By the same.

No. I. contains:

1. *Mujnoon*; or the distracted Lover. A Tale, in imitation of *Jouini*. By captain William Kirkpatrick.

2. The History of the World continued.

3. The voyages and travels of M. Cesar Fredericke, merchant of Venice, into the East Indies, and beyond the Indies. Translated from the Italian in A. D. 1598.

4. An Hymn to Sereswaty.

5. *The Enchanted Fruit*; or the Hindu Wife. An antediluvian tale. Written in the province of Bahar.

6. A short account of the Mahratta State. Written in Persian by a Munshav that accompanied colonel Upton on his embassy to Poonah. Translated by William Chambers, Esq. This and the third article have been lately reprinted by Kearsley.

7. Extracts from *Yusef Zelikha* continued.

A concise Account of the Kingdom of PEGU, its Climate, Produce, Trade, and Government; the Manners and Customs of its Inhabitants. Interpersed with Remarks moral and political. With an Appendix, containing an Enquiry into the Cause of the Variety observable in the Fleeces of Sheep in different Climates: To which is added, a Description of the Caves at Elephanta, Ambola, and Canasa; the Whole being the Result of Observations made on a Voyage performed by Order of the Honourable East India Company. By W. Hunter, A. M. Surgeon. 8vo. Printed by John Hay, at Calcutta. 1785. Sewal. 5s.

THIS is one of the productions of the Calcutta press, and does no discredit to the infant art of printing in that quarter of the world. The author, in an advertisement prefixed, says, that the subject of his book began to be digested in 1783, and some changes having happened in the state of the country since that period, a few anachronisms may be observed, which it would be difficult and perhaps not very easy to guard against. He adds, that to delineate the present state of a country where revolutions are so frequent and so sudden as they are in Pegu, is next to impossible; and therefore what is contained in his work must be considered as relating to the state of affairs as they were in August and September 1782, except where the contrary is expressly mentioned.

After this advertisement follows an introduction, wherein the author points out the reasons which have operated to render Pegu so imperfectly known, and displays the advantages which might result from a better acquaintance with that country.—"The information, he adds, we have been able to collect, with regard to this country, is a matter of some importance to the politician; but differently considered, the philosopher may perhaps find something in it not unworthy of his attention, as furnishing materials for com-

pleting the history of the human mind. Since an emulation arose among the nations of Europe, for making discoveries in countries before unknown, this most noble of all sciences, as well as almost every other, has received great improvements. The moral philosopher has been furnished by those uncultivated nations with facts which he would have looked for in vain among people whose minds had been made by habitual intercourse to deviate from their natural bent, and conform themselves to the artificial rules prescribed by custom.

"It is a curious and a pleasing task to trace a resemblance between some of the customs that prevail in those remote and uncivilized countries, and those of nations to whose manners we have been more habituated; and it is also a task from the prosecution of which we may derive no contemptible improvement. There are many things established by custom, nay, in some instances, stamped with the sanction of law, and practised every day amongst us, which, in the eye of an impartial observer, are unreasonable and absurd: having been accustomed from our infancy to see them, we become totally insensible of their impropriety; yet place before our eyes the practice of a distant and barbarous people, which agrees with our own in every essential point, and

only varies in a few inconsiderable circumstances; the absurdity strikes our sense at once, and is thence reflected on that custom of our own which we had formerly looked on without any disapprobation. It is also in the history of those nations where society is yet in its infancy, that we must look for the natural and undisguised operation of the human passions; for in vain should we expect to find the genuine effect of those emotions in a race of men among whom refinement has introduced a studied uniformity of conduct on all occasions."

This work is divided into eight chapters, of which the following are the contents:

Chap. 1. Situation and extent of Pegu—A short account of the revolutions of its government—Description of the capital—Of the coast—Face of the country—Climate.

Chap. 2. Description of the inhabitants—Their persons—A remarkable badge worn by their Birmahs—Dress—Manners and disposition—Military character.

Chap. 3. Of the religion of Pegu—Its objects—Of the Priests or Talapoys Of their places of worship—Anniversary festivals.

Chap. 4. Of the government of Pegu—Its form—Regulations of the police—Of the four principal magistrates—The Meoon—The Reoon—The Checkaw—The Shabunder—Of the dignity and power of the king of Ava—History and character of the present king.

Chap. 5. Some account of the laws—Of punishments—Trial by ordeal—Laws regarding marriages and debtors.

Chap. 6. State of the arts in Pegu—Language of the Birmahs—Their manner of writing—Their music.

Chap. 7. Of the product and commerce of Pegu—Trade of teak-wood—Tin—Bees-wax—Gold—Nitre—Areca—Cachow—Petroleum—Grain—Animals—Fruit—Money.

Chap. 8. Of the treatment of foreigners who trade to Pegu—Reasons for the conduct of the Birmahs in this respect—Proposal for putting the commerce on a better footing than at present.

As a specimen of our author's manner, we shall extract the second chapter.

"The inhabitants, as I have observed, are of a muscular make; their stature is about the middle size, and their limbs, in general, well proportioned. Their complexion is swarthy, being a medium between that of the Chinese and of the inhabitants of Bengal. In fea-

ture, they resemble the Malays; their face is broad; the eyes large and black; the nose flat; the cheek-bones prominent; and the mouth extremely wide. They wear, on the chin, a tuft of hair, of unequal lengths; and have the rest of the face. Their teeth are always of a jet-black, which, however disgusting it may be to an European eye, is, among them, esteemed a great ornament; and accordingly they are at very great pains to accomplish it.

"They wear various ornaments in their ears, many of them in common with other eastern nations; but one that appears to be peculiar to this people, is a thin plate of gold, rolled up in the form of a quill, about the thickness of a finger, which is thrust into a hole made in the usual part of the ear, large enough to receive it. The foregoing description is chiefly applicable to the *Birmahs*, that is the natives of Ava, or their descendants, who are now very numerous here, as the government is entirely in their hands. The original inhabitants of Pegu have faces more nearly approaching to the oval form; their features are softer, more regular, and seem to express greater sense and acuteness than those of the Birmahs, with whom, in other respects, they nearly agree. The Birmahs, however, who pique themselves on being descended from the conquerors, and wish to be distinguished from the nation they subdued, use a badge for that purpose, which we must conclude they value very highly, from the sufferings they undergo to obtain it. The thigh of every Birmah, including the hip and knee, is of a jet-black; which has a very singular appearance; and this mark they receive in their childhood. It is made by the repeated application of an instrument with a great number of sharp points, placed close together, something like that used in carding wool, 'till the part is entirely covered with drops of blood. After this, they apply a liquid, of which galls is a principal ingredient. This excites a considerable degree of fever; and it is computed by the natives themselves, that about two children out of five perish, in consequence of the operation. Some persons of a higher rank have, instead of this, their thighs covered with the representations of tigers, and other wild beasts, imprinted by a process similar to the former. I would not be meant by anything that has been said, to insinuate that this practice was first instituted on the

the conquest of Pegu by the Birmahs ; on the contrary, I believe it to be of much greater antiquity ; and all I mean to say, is, that the accidental circumstance of its preserving a separation between them and the original natives of the country, has undoubtedly enhanced its value in their esteem. It is not easy to conjecture what has given rise to an operation which occasions so much pain and danger to the person who undergoes it ; but it is not altogether peculiar to this people ; for we meet with practices similar to it among other nations : that which resembles it the most, is the operation of *tattooing*, used by the natives of Otaheite.

“ The men have long black hair, tied on the top of the head ; over which some wear a white handkerchief, in form of a turban ; others go with their heads bare and decorated with flowers. They wear about their loins a piece of party-coloured silk, or cotton cloth, which is afterwards passed over the shoulder, and goes round the body. Those of higher rank have this cloth so long as to hang down over their thighs and legs ; which, among the lower class of people, are bare. The women have a kind of short jacket to cover the upper part of their bodies ; and the remainder of their dress is a piece of cloth, which is fastened round the loins, and hangs down to the ankles. This is doubled over a few inches at the fore-part, where it is open, so that the thigh is discovered, in walking, through its whole length. This mode of dress, they tell us, was first introduced by a certain queen of Ava, who did it with the view of reclaiming the hearts of the men from an unnatural and detestable passion to which they were, at that time, totally abandoned ; and succeeded so well, that she is remembered at this day with gratitude, as a public benefactress to the kingdom.

“ In their behaviour to strangers, they are obliging, and shew a degree of frankness that one would by no means expect to meet in a nation, whom we have been accustomed to look upon as barbarous. They express a great curiosity to see the manners of strangers, which makes them often come into their houses, and observe all that is doing, without appearing to be under any constraint. They also take pleasure in imitating the dress and behaviour of those who come among them, and appear highly delighted when a stranger imitates any of theirs. In re-

turn, if you go into their houses, you are received with great hospitality ; the people are eager to find something that may give you satisfaction, and seem very happy when you shew any marks of being pleased. They have none of that strictness which distinguishes the other eastern nations ; but will themselves conduct you, with the greatest alacrity, through every part of their dwelling. The merit of their complaisance is so much the greater on this account, that it cannot, in any degree, be ascribed to fear, as a stranger is here entirely in their power, and the people have a very high idea of their own military force and prowess.

“ And not without reason ; for they are in reality, a formidable nation : numerous, brave, possessing great strength of body, and capable of sustaining fatigue ; they only want a regular discipline to render their power truly respectable. Their principal weapons are the spear and scimitar, both of which they handle with great dexterity. But the use of gunpowder is not unknown to them, for they often employ muskets with match-locks. They are frequently at war with the Siamese, over whom they have been often victorious. The prisoners taken in these expeditions they detain, and employ in the occupations to which they were brought up. Many of the ship-builders at Rangoon are Siamese, who have been taken in war. For carrying any desperate enterprise into execution, they have a set of people, who very probably have been criminals reserved for the purpose, to whom it is death to return without having effected the business that they were sent on. This appears a strange piece of policy, as one should imagine that those men, whom we cannot suppose to be bound by any principles of honour, or actuated by any affection for the state to which they belong, lie under great temptations to join the enemy. What means are used to prevent so probable a consequence ; whether they are accompanied or commanded by men who are more worthy of trust, and able to restrain them ; or encouraged by the hope of rewards on their return with success, I have not been able to learn. But be this as it will, it is very well known, that the Birmahs are not singular in this practice, which is adopted by many of the other despotic powers of the East.”

The London Medical Journal. Vol. VII. For the Year 1786. 8vo. Johnson.

THE same degree of praise, which we have bestowed on former volumes of this excellent publication, may be extended to this. It contains a variety of new and important facts, and practical observations, which cannot but render it highly interesting and useful to every member of the medical profession. As the utility of the work is to obvious, we learn with pleasure from the present volume that a French translation * of it is now regularly published at Dijon, under the auspices of the Intendant of the province of Burgundy. Works like this, that tend to diffuse useful knowledge, especially on a subject so intimately connected with the welfare and happiness of the human species as the cure of disease (notwithstanding what Rousseau and others have said to the contrary) cannot have too extensive a circulation.—The following brief view of the contents of the present volume will shew how much the medical faculty (and we may add the public in general) are indebted to Dr. Simmons, the learned and judicious editor of the Journal, for the zeal and abilities he displays in this undertaking.

1. Observations on the Use and Abuse of Mercury in the Cure of the Syphilis. Communicated in a Letter to Samuel Foart Simmons, M. D. F. R. S. By Thomas Kirkland, M. D. Member of the Royal Medical Society at Edinburgh.—The author of this truly practical paper has distinguished himself by several valuable publications, and particularly by a work on medical surgery, in which he has given some hints on the utility of small doses of mercury; a subject on which he here dilates more fully, with the hopes, as he says, of preventing the injury still daily done to constitutions by large doses of this mineral. Dr. Kirkland relies, even in the worst cases, on small doses of quick-silver divided in starch.

2. Some Experiments made with a View to ascertain the Duration of the infectious Power of Variolous Matter. By Thomas Houlston, M. D. Physician to the Liverpool Infirmary.—Dr. Houlston, who was employed, in 1768, to inoculate two children of the late Prince Andrew Poniatowski, brother to the king of Po-

land, preserved some of the matter taken from these two patients, in a bottle slightly corked, till the year 1781, when it was found on repeated trials to be incapable of communicating infection.

3. Case of a Retention of Urine removed by Electricity. Communicated in a Letter to Dr. Simmons, by Samuel Snowden, M. D. Physician at Stroud in Gloucestershire.—The effects of electricity in complaints of this kind have hitherto been but slightly mentioned by authors; the present case is on that account the more valuable, especially as the efficacy of the remedy in this instance is very striking.

4. Case of a Lumbar Abscess, with an Account of the Appearances on Dissection. By Mr. Laurence White Maguire, Surgeon of the Navy.—The whole of this history is curious; the opinions of Mr. JOHN Hunter and Mr. Cline concerning the case are mentioned; and the result of the anatomical investigation is accurately described.

5. Case of an Abscess of the Liver occasioned by a Blow; with an Account of the Appearances on Dissection. Communicated in a Letter to Dr. Simmons, by Mr. Isaac Oliphant, Surgeon in London.—A poor labouring man fell from a hay-loft to the ground, and the upper part of his belly pitched upon a rafter that was lying on the pavement. This laid the foundation of the disease described by Mr. Oliphant. After the death of the unhappy sufferer, a large cavity was found in the liver, capable of holding a quart, and containing a black matter intermixed with pus. This case serves as an additional proof of the injury the abdominal viscera may occasionally receive from external blows.

6. An Account of a Suppression of Stools and Urine, occasioned by an Accumulation of hardened Fæces in the Rectum. By the same.—This cause, which gave rise to the train of painful symptoms here described, is perhaps not sufficiently attended to; and it has sometimes proved fatal, and the nature of the complaint has not been ascertained till after death. Mr. Oliphant writes like a well-informed practitioner.

7. Two Instances of the Effects of

* With the following title: Journal de Médecine de Londres, traduit de l'Anglois de M. Samuel Foart Simmons, Médecin de Londres; par M. Mafuyer, M. D. de l'Université de Montpellier, Agrégé au Collège des Médecins de Dijon, et Associé à l'Académie Royale des Sciences, Arts, et Belles Lettres de cette Ville.

Drinking pure Spirits in repeated and large Quantities. Communicated in a Letter to Dr. Simmons, F. R. S. by John Rollo, M. D. late Surgeon in the Royal Artillery.—Cases like these may be deemed rare occurrences; but Dr. Rollo observes, that similar effects are not unfrequently, though more imperceptibly, produced by spirits drank in smaller quantities, but uniformly from day to day repeated, by various and numerous descriptions of people.

8. An Account of a successful Method of reducing the Funis, in Cases in which it comes down before the Head of the Fœtus. By Mr. Richard Croft, Surgeon at Tutbury in Staffordshire. Communicated in a Letter to Dr. Denman, and by him to Dr. Simmons.—Ingenious and useful.

9. Two successful Cases of Delivery by the Crotchet, in extreme Deformity of the Pelvis. Communicated in a Letter to Dr. Simmons, by Mr. John Clarke, Surgeon Man-midwife in London.—These cases, which, from the manner in which they are related, and the reflections that accompany them, do great credit to their author, tend to prove that the Cæsarean section (the most dreadful of all operations) is unnecessary, even under circumstances of extreme deformity of the pelvis, which have been generally supposed to require it.

10. A Case shewing the Efficacy of Flowers of Zinc, in the Epilepsy. By J. Lind, M. D. Fellow of the Royal

College of Physicians at Edinburgh, and Physician to the Royal Hospital at Haerlem. Communicated in a Letter to William Wright, M. D. F. R. S. and by him to Dr. Simmons.—Nothing can be more in favour of the remedy than this instance of its efficacy.

11. An account of a remarkable Case of a Dropsy of the Belly, after the Patient had been tapped sixteen times. By N. R. Cook, Surgeon at Barking, in Essex. Communicated in a Letter to William Osborn, M. D. Physician in London, and by him to Dr. Simmons.—This case, which, however marvellous it may appear, is well authenticated, is briefly as follows: A widow lady of Croxley Green, near Rickmansworth in Hertfordshire, began in the year 1773 (when forty years of age) to be troubled with a dropsy. Between that period and March 1785 she was tapped sixteen times, and lost above 82 gallons of water. In this hopeless situation, and at a time when she was again thinking of the operation, she happened one day to be making her bed for the sake of a little exercise, when she had a sudden inclination to make water, of which she voided a considerable quantity at that time, and in the course of about five days upwards of six gallons of urine were discharged. From that moment her health began to return, and she has remained well ever since.

(To be Continued.)

A Collection of Tracts relative to the Law of England, from Manuscripts now first edited by Francis Hargrave, Esq. Barrister at Law. 4to. 11. 7s. Brooke.

IT has long been a complaint against Lawyers, that little pains have been bestowed by them on any compositions that have a view beyond the occupation of Westminster-Hall. Reports and Tracts upon the practice of the courts, with Abridgments, Digests, and some compilations very like them, seem to take up the whole time of those who have any for reading. The present work is an attempt to furnish information in a new shape; and if it proceeds in the way it has begun, it promises to become a very considerable as well as valuable accession to the Law-library.

The present volume contains eleven articles. The first is a tract of Lord Hale's in three parts; the first, *De jure maris*, &c. the second, *De portibus maris*; and the third, which was the principal object of the tract, is concerning the Customs. The second tract is from a MS. of

Lord Hale, concerning the amendment, or alteration of laws. The third is on the office of a master in chancery, written towards the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The fourth contains two pieces on suits in chancery, written in the time of Henry VIII. The fifth is a tract of Lord Hale, concerning the dispute between the King's Bench and Common Pleas. The sixth is a discourse upon the jurisdiction of the King's Bench over Wales by process of latitat, written about the year 1745. The seventh is, on the abuses and remedies of chancery, written by Mr. Norburie, in the time of James I. The eighth is a performance of the Editor's own; and was drawn up on the occasion of the Dukes of Kingston's trial, concerning the Effects of Sentences of the Courts Ecclesiastical, in cases of Marriage, when pleaded, or offered in evidence in the Courts Temporal. The ninth is

the famous argument of Mr. Justice Blackstone, in the Exchequer Chamber, on the still more famous cause of Perrin and Blake. The tenth and eleventh are two articles written by the Editor himself: the first is an argument in the appeal to the House of Lords in the case of Wicker and others against Mitford, in 1782: the last is a very elaborate disquisition on the Rule in Shelley's case.

To the whole is prefixed a long Preface, which may be considered as one of the most interesting parts of the volume. In this Mr. Hargrave ascribes the scheme of the present undertaking to a present of Lord Hale's MSS. which was made to him by Mr. Hardinge. He mentions with honour the many Gentlemen to whose assistance and kindness he thinks himself obliged in the prosecution of his work thus far; and he gives a short account of the various pieces which we have just mentioned as composing the volume. This has led him to enlarge upon several interesting topics, from among which we shall select the following sensible observations on the questions that have lately been agitated between Great Britain and Ireland.

“Some years ago it was foreseen by myself as well as innumerable other persons, that our unfortunate contest with America about taxation would soon awaken enquiries into the grounds of our claim of subordination from Ireland, and so rekindle an old controversy on that subject. Having this probability in my mind, I became curious to investigate the subject, and to consider the principal arguments on each side. The result was favourable to the English side of the question: though I am far from supposing that this might not be owing to prejudices, such as may be expected to operate naturally, insensibly, and forcibly, upon the mind of a person born in England. When I had nearly convinced myself, that the weight of argument greatly preponderated for us, I proceeded to plan a sort of history of the controversy in all its stages, including what passed when the English declaratory act was made in the reign of George the first; and I actually executed a rough sketch of this part of the design, which I still have in my possession. But this was a small part of the object I had in view, and mere introduction. The main part of the design was to have exhibited the foundations of the claims of England; and to have done this without resorting to any such harsh and provoking language,

as I have read or known to be sometimes advanced in the support of our pretensions. I meant to have arranged my proofs of a subordination, under the three great divisions of power *executive*, power *legislative*, and power *judicial*. On the first of these heads I should have particularly considered, how the connection of our Kings grew with Ireland; and how the government there was founded on a colony from England; which having been begun in the reign of Henry the second, and being at first restricted within narrow limits, gradually increased, till what was called the *English pale* spread over the whole island; by the final completion of which enlargement, after violent struggles and various revolutions, the English and Irish, in the reign of our James the first, became consolidated into one people, and quite associated under one government. Here also it would have been a great stress of the argument with me, that Ireland, by her own confession, and by the constitution as laid in the first plantation of the colony there, and at last finally assented to by herself, takes her *executive* power from England in perpetuity; that is, agrees to accept for her king whoever for the time being shall be king of England. On the second head I should have assembled all the instances of an exercise of legislative power by England over Ireland, by arranging them under various heads; and I should have inferred much from those English statutes, under which many protestants in Ireland are understood to hold their lands against the antient Irish Roman Catholic proprietors, for the sake of shewing, that at least the former could not consistently deny the force of English statutes in Ireland. With respect to the third head, I should have endeavoured to have proved a subordinate judicature in Ireland from the infancy of the English colony there; and more particularly, that an appellat jurisdiction over Ireland by writ of error had been uniformly exercised *immediately* in the king's bench of England, and *finally* in the English parliament, as far back at least as the reign of Edward the first. In respect also to the late commencement of English appellat jurisdiction, as exercised by the English house of lords over Ireland in equity causes, I should have explained, that it was to be accounted for in a great measure, from the late adjustment of the appellat jurisdiction from our own courts having original jurisdiction in equity; it being

well

well known, that the appelland jurisdiction of our house of lords was questioned by an English house of commons, as lately as the reign of queen Anne. Having thus gone through the *matter of fact* as to the political connection binding England and Ireland together, I should then have proceeded to shew, that the subordination contended for had as fair a foundation as the most admired governments in general have: namely, that however force and oppression might anciently have operated; yet finally the subordination of Ireland to England in a certain qualified way, was sanctioned by the consent of those over whom it is claimed; what passed between the two islands amounting impliedly to a sort of contract between them, that the subordination of Ireland should be taken by England as the price for such an entire communication of its government, laws and liberties, as should consolidate the inhabitants of the two islands into one nation. Therefore I should have insisted, that rightly understood there was nothing insolent in the claim over Ireland as a subordinate kingdom, nothing degrading, nothing which causes the least individual inferiority

as between the natives of the two islands; but on the contrary, that the inhabitants of both were personally equal in privileges, equal in liberties, equal in capacities to hold offices and estates, equal in every thing. Having brought the subject into this favourable point of view, and thus attempted to obviate all invidious distinctions, I proposed to have concluded with stating certain inconveniences and embarrassments, which might arise to both countries, if any of the three great links by which I then considered England and Ireland as politically united, should be broken; that is, if Ireland should insist on independency in respect either of the executive magistrate, its legislature, or its judicature. Such was the project with which I once pleased myself, for the sake of continuing what I then was inclined to think the true and proper lines of political connection between England and Ireland. But that project is now at an end; and I chiefly state that it once existed, in order to express, how my mind feels the adjustment which has been recently made."

(To be continued.)

POLITICAL SKETCHES.

THE PRESENT PREMIER.

AMONG the political phenomena of the present century, and certainly as the most prominent feature which characterises the close of the year 1786, may be considered the possession of the first executive office in this complicated government, quietly retained by a youth, who has already held the situation above three years.—Perhaps no time has ever yet beheld so singular and unexampled a circumstance.

Awkward and ungraceful in his person, cold and distant in his manners, reserved, and sometimes stately in his deportment; Mr. Pitt is not formed to captivate mankind by the graces of external figure or address. Distinguished by no uncommon sensibility to the attractions of women, it is not from that sex he can expect the enthusiastic support, and more than masculine exertions, which his great political antagonist has repeatedly experienced on the most trying occasions. Little attached to amusement or dissipation, whatever form it may assume; and even, when he unbends to convivial festivity or relaxation, confined and private in its indulgence; his hours are dedicated to an almost unremitted application to the functions of his office.

Parfimonious of the public revenue, and tenacious of the exhausted finances of a treasury drained by preceding profusion, his conduct, as Minister, forms a striking contrast to the facility and prodigality of former administrations. Disinterested in his distribution of offices, and select in his choice of those on whom he confers employments, the nation has not regarded his abilities with more admiration, than it has conferred applause and veneration on his principles. Endowed with talents unexampled for swaying a popular assembly: perspicuous and clear amidst all the energy and fire of oratory: ample, yet not prolix or diffuse: exempt from repetition, yet leaving no part of his subject untouched, or unexplained: animated in debate, though cold and severe in conversation: copious in his diction, and select in every figure or expression with which he chooses to enrich or adorn his speech: addressing himself as much to the judgment, as to the imagination; and gaining, by the mingled force of language and of conviction, a ready entrance to the heart: Such is the present Minister of the English people, and such is the impartial portrait of his virtues, and his defects!

Perhaps, a less rigid and unblemished character:

character: perhaps a less sparing and economical superintendance, in some circumstances, of the public treasure, however meritorious in itself: perhaps a greater degree of attention to the individuals, upon whom rests the foundation of his own greatness; and a portion of that venality (however the term may startle and affright) which, in this democratical government, as in that of Rome, is unfortunately too necessary to enable a great and good Minister to retain a station of public utility: perhaps, I say, a mixture of these ingredients, like poisons in physic, might produce the most salutary and beneficial effects. We are not in the age of the Scipios, or even I fear of Cato. The Roman empire was not worthy of a Peritax, though it submitted to a Severus, and the Prætorian guards, accustomed to sell the imperial dignity, knew no longer how to confer it as a voluntary donation on superior virtue. The Minister, who will maintain his situation in this country, must condescend, however reluctantly, to adopt the arts of government; arts become indispensable, and alike practised by a Clarendon or an Oxford, by Walpole and by North.

Mr. FOX.

Not more liberally endowed by Nature with the graces of external figure, or with the elegance of manner and address, than his rival Mr. Pitt, he has yet an unknown and undefinable something, which pervades the darkness of his complexion, and sheds a sort of lustre across his Saturnine features. Whether it can be termed a smile, I will not venture to assert; but it certainly has the effect upon the heart, which smiles are calculated to produce; that of inspiring confidence, and exciting complacency. Descended from a monarch distinguished by this peculiar and characteristic excellence of face, he may perhaps claim an hereditary title to it. Son to a nobleman, as much marked out by public obloquy and accusation, whether justly or unjustly acquired, as Lord Chatham was by general favour and admiration, he cannot look for protection to paternal virtues, or plead the patriotism and disinterestedness of the House of Holland.

Unequaled in the arts of attaching mankind to his person and fortunes; steady and fervent in his friendships; open and avowed in his enmities; never abandoning those, under any circumstances, to whom he is bound by political ties; he is designed by nature for the chief of a party. Educated in the school of political learn-

ing, brought into the senate before he had attained to manhood, and joining a long experience to the natural vigour of talents; he may be considered as consummate in all that detail of knowledge, only to be acquired by an early initiation into the mysteries of a democratical government. Possessing powers of eloquence less copious and brilliant, but perhaps more solid and logical than those of Mr. Pitt, he is equally formed to captivate, to convince, and to subdue. Skilled either to entrench himself in almost impregnable fastnesses; or to carry the thunder of the war into the lines of the enemy, he can with the same facility imitate Scipio, or Fabius: he can adopt the Consular dignity, or the Tribunian rage. Abandoned in the more early stages of his life to the frenzy of play, and to all the dissipations of youth and unlimited profusion; a portion of those defects and errors accompanies his riper years, and sullies the lustre of his endowments. So far from being like his more fortunate rival, indifferent to the company, or superior to the blandishments of women, Mr. Fox does not blush to appear with the companion of his softer hours in a phaeton in Hyde Park, or in the first rows of a crowded theatre. Convivial in his nature, and open to social pleasures, he confirms his political triumph over the mind, by his private and personal conquest of the heart. Bold and decided even to temerity in his conduct as a minister, he is capable by turns, of aggrandizing or of diminishing the power of the Crown; and of justifying by reasons and arguments the most plausible measure, of whatever nature, which he shall have seen fit to adopt.—Generous and beneficent in his disposition, placable and forgiving in his temper, his political enmities extend not beyond the limits of a debate, or the walls of a House of Commons. Equal to his antagonist in all the sublime talents requisite for the government of an empire; superior to him in modern and polite knowledge; in an acquaintance with Europe, its manners, its courts, and its languages; he is his inferior only in one requisite; an opinion of his public principle, generally diffused among the people. When to this great and inherent defect, is super-added the unquestionable alienation of his Sovereign, both to his person and to his party; we may lament, but we cannot be surprised, that abilities so universal and sublime are left unemployed, and are permitted “to waste their sweetness on the desert air.”

JOURNAL of the PROCEEDINGS of the FOURTH SESSION of the SIXTEENTH PARLIAMENT of GREAT BRITAIN.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

JANUARY 23.

HIS Majesty went in the usual state to the House of Peers, and being seated on the Throne, Sir Francis Molineux, Knt. Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, being sent to acquaint the Commons, that his Majesty commanded their attendance, the Speaker and several Members came to the bar, when his Majesty made the following Speech :

My Lords and Gentlemen.

I HAVE particular satisfaction in acquainting you, that since I last met you in Parliament, the tranquillity of Europe has remained uninterrupted, and that all foreign powers continue to express their friendly disposition to this country.

I have concluded a treaty of navigation and commerce with the Most Christian King, a copy of which shall be laid before you. I must recommend it to you, to take such measures as you shall judge proper for carrying it into effect; and I trust you will find that the provisions contained in it are calculated for the encouragement of industry, and the extension of lawful commerce in both countries, and, by promoting a beneficial intercourse between our respective subjects, appear likely to give additional permanency to the blessings of peace. I shall keep the same salutary objects in view, the commercial arrangements I am negotiating with other powers.

I have also given directions for laying before you a copy of the convention agreed upon between me and the Catholic King, for carrying into effect the sixth article of the last treaty of peace.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

I have ordered the estimates for the present year to be laid before you, and I have the fullest reliance on your readiness to make due provision for the several branches of the public service.

The state of the revenue will, I am persuaded, continue to engage your constant attention, as being essentially connected with the national credit, and the prosperity and safety of my dominions.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

A plan has been formed, by my direction, for transporting a number of convicts, in order to remove the inconvenience which arose from the crowded state of the gaols, in different parts of the kingdom; and you will, I doubt not, take such further measures as may be necessary for this purpose.

I trust you will be able, in this session, to carry into effect regulations for the ease of the merchants, and for simplifying the public accounts, in the various branches of the

revenue; and I rely upon the uniform continuance of your exertion in pursuit of such objects as may tend still further to improve the national resources, and to promote and confirm the welfare and happiness of my people.

When his Majesty retired, the following Peers took their respective seats according to their new titles.—Dukes of Athol and Queensberry; Lords Abercorn, Delaval, Hawkesbury, and Suffield. His Grace of Norfolk took the oaths and his seat before the King's arrival; the Duke of Northumberland was sworn in after Lord Hawkesbury.—This ceremony being performed, and the Peers being unrobed, the Chancellor first, and the Clerk afterwards, read the Speech.

Lord Rochford then introduced his intended motion for an Address to his Majesty, by apologizing to the House for his presuming the first time to trouble their Lordships. But, although he felt his incapacity in such an undertaking, yet he trusted in the loyalty and dutiful regard the House entertained for the best of Princes, that what he had to offer would meet a general concurrence from every noble Lord present. It was a testimony of gratitude for what his Majesty had been pleased to communicate, and a congratulation on the late fortunate escape of his life. To this he was certain every noble Lord would unanimously contribute;—and it was the more peculiarly pleasing to undertake the motion he had to offer to their consideration, however unable he was to do the subject justice, as a consciousness in his own opinion that it could not be opposed, made him ambitious to offer his sentiments on the occasion. He did not mean to press upon their Lordships' time, and therefore should say but a few words, merely to point out those particular parts of the Speech which to him seemed most highly deserving the attention of Parliament. The assurances of peace made by the different powers of Europe, were matters of infinite consequence to this country, which, whilst they reflected lustre on the care and attention of his Majesty and his Government, must afford satisfaction to every person who had the welfare of his country at heart. A treaty of commerce with France was an object long desired by this kingdom; and that treaty, it was now signified to us, had been obtained. The merits or demerits of it did not however come at this moment under consideration; that was to be a subject of future discussion, and well as he was inclined to think it highly

highly beneficial to England; yet if he should be ever induced to offer his humble opinion why he thought it so, he considered the present as a very improper day to advance any thing which should wear the appearance of discussing that point. His Lordship then adverted to the state of the gaols all over the kingdom, and thought that there were peculiar thanks due to his Majesty, for the plan intimated of freeing the nation from the great number of convicts under sentence of transportation. These, with a proper condolance on the death of the late Princess Amelia, were the heads of the Address which he should take the liberty of moving, and he firmly persuaded himself it would pass unanimously, and that no opposition would arise this evening to cast a shade over the bright colours of loyalty.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

JANUARY 23.

THE Speaker having returned from the House of Peers, declared the vacancies which had happened during the recess; and after ten new Members had been sworn and seated, he repeated the Speech to the House.

Lord Compton, Member for Northampton, rose to move an Address to his Majesty. He was (he said) particularly happy, and he doubted not but every Member in the House was so likewise, that the Speech held forth to them the most pleasing prospects. The treaty of navigation and commerce which his Majesty had concluded with the Most Christian King must give a heartfelt satisfaction to every friend of his country. It tended to the advancement of the interests of the nation by increasing industry and lawful commerce between the subjects of both kingdoms; and if the Hon. House (of which he entertained no doubt) sanctioned it with their approbation, it would be laying a foundation for a permanent peace, by doing away the national jealousies entertained by each nation of the other, and the vulgar prejudices which had long subsisted between the individuals of each country. The plan adopted by his Majesty for the transportation of convicts, was a measure which must be also very agreeable to the community; it was a measure absolutely necessary from the crowded state of the gaols of this kingdom, and would benefit the country by ridding it of such daring offenders. His Lordship then proceeded to move the Address, which thanked his Majesty for his attention to the interests of his subjects, and for his unremitting exertions for the extension of the national commerce. It promised that his Majesty's faithful Commons would pay all due attention to the finances; and concluded with congratulating his Majesty on his fortunate escape from assassination, and

Lord Dacre seconded the motion, and having recapitulated much of what Lord Rochford had said, and made several encomiums on the pleasing intimations conveyed in the Speech, he hoped that an Address of thanks and of loyalty, such as he conceived the present to be, would pass *unanimè dissentiente*. This likewise induced him to rise on the present occasion; and as the Address spoke more in its own praise than his humble attempt at panegyric could bestow, he should not take up any more of their Lordships' time.

The Address was then read by the Chancellor, put and carried, and a motion made, that his Majesty should be waited upon, to know when he would be graciously pleased to receive the same—after which their Lordships adjourned to next day.

condoling with him on the death of his amiable aunt, the late Princess Amelia.

Mr. Montague, Member for Bossiney, in Cornwall, seconded the Address. He congratulated the House on the probability of increasing commerce, and on the measures which were adopted by his Majesty's Ministers for extending the trade of the country—that peace was by them preferred to war, and commerce to conquest. The treaty with France was conducted and concluded on the most liberal and noble sentiments; it was entered into for the benefit of both countries; it was entered into for the purpose of ensuring to both countries the substantial and solid blessings of peace, and for the purpose of making them happy in the enjoyment of the fruits of their industry. He was, he said, far happier in complimenting the House on the prospect of considerable advantages accruing to this country from a treaty of commerce with France, than if he had to declare to them territory gained by conquest. The present treaty, if enforced by Parliament, would pour into this country permanent blessings, not only by the increase of her trade, but by securing to her permanent peace. The treaty would add stimulatives to industry, and strengthen this country by enlarging her revenues. It was wise and prudent in the Ministers to endeavour to put a stop to successive wars, which tended only to burthen the nation by the continued losses she sustained, even in the most successful ones in which she ever was engaged.

Mr. Fox rose and said, he did not mean to offer the least objection to the Address, for he thought it merited to pass the House *unanimè contradicente*; nor should he have troubled the House with any observations, had not some sentences struck him which were delivered by the noble Lord who moved the Address, and by the Hon. Gen-
tlemen

ticman who seconded it. It was not in the power of the House to pais their opinion upon the treaty with France, unless his Majesty's Ministers should inform them whether the treaty was political as well as commercial. It was said that the treaty would do away national jealousies and vulgar prejudices — that peace was by his Majesty's Ministers preferred to war, and commerce to conquest. By that he thought it was meant England had been engaged in unnecessary wars; but he would contend before that assembly, he would maintain it before an assembly to hear the causes of nations, if such an assembly could be supposed to exist, that the wars England has been of late years engaged in with France, were wars of absolute necessity, wars of self-defence, and wars for liberty, and for the preservation of the freedom and balance of power of Europe; that by her wars with France she had attained more honour, and higher rank amongst nations, than should naturally seem to belong to her. A treaty with France he could not see in the same point of view with the Hon. Gentleman who had spoken before him. The aim of France has uniformly been to raise herself by depressing England — but the means have been different. In the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, force was the means adopted; but in the reign of Louis the Sixteenth, means more wise, more political, have been preferred — but the end is the same; and however changeable may be the character of the French nation in general, it is certain (however paradoxical it may appear) that the French Cabinet have been, and are, steady, uniform, and determined in their measures: they have only varied the manner by which they mean to obtain the end they have ever had in view. If, as the Hon. Gentlemen have observed, this treaty is to be of mutual benefit to both nations, the old adage which has been taught us, that “the thirst of ambition is unquenchable,” falls to the ground, and the French must have fully converted it, for they have stopped short when near the pinnacle of glory. Every man acquainted with the History of Europe, knows, that the French are now much more formidable than ever. In the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, the armies of France were superior to those of any other power; she has now reduced her army, and those of Prussia, Russia, and Germany are far superior; but she has added strength to her navy, and increased her influence in foreign Courts. He thought it necessary, before a decision could take place on the French treaty, for Ministers to inform the House whether the treaty with Portugal was concluded, or whether it was meant to neglect our good friends. The treaty with Russia he had, no doubt was concluded, and that it would soon lay on the table; for Ministry declared last session, that the Russian treaty was to great forward-

ness, and would speedily be completed. We ought to look to foreign Courts for the intentions of the French towards us, not immediately to the treaty; and as it may be said to be the honey-moon, they certainly ought to befriend us. He reprobated the idea of a permanent peace by a connection with France; for he was certain the first opportunity that she had to raise herself by our misfortunes, she would readily embrace. It was not probable that the present treaty, even were it enforced by Parliament (which he sincerely hoped would not be the case), could give any continuance of peace, for it would be subject to as many interruptions in a century as there are years. Holland, by her connection with France, is at this moment struggling with all the horrors of civil commotion.

The sixth article of the definitive treaty of peace with his Most Christian Majesty, which was signed at Versailles the third of September, 1782, could not, or ever was believed by the Spanish Court to cede to them the Honduras country. It was meant by the British Cabinet to give up their claim to the country, and take away the British settlers; but it never was, until the present convention, looked upon as *Spanish property*. The ordering the British settlers to retire from that country on the second of February was horridly cruel, as the settlers do not only cut wood, but have plantations, on which their crops must be at that time of the year.

Mr. Pitt rose in reply to Mr. Fox. He was amazed at the right honourable Gentleman, who, in the beginning of his speech, gave his assent to the Address, and afterwards reprobated the idea of entering into commercial arrangements with France. The treaty would not weaken us, for while enjoying peace, we should be strengthening our resources against any future war. The honourable Gentleman wishes the national jealousies and vulgar prejudices which have existed, still to exist. — Should we then for jealousy, a false jealousy, forego those blessings which we may enjoy? The honourable Gentleman wishes his Majesty's Ministers would inform him whether the treaties with Spain, Russia, and Portugal, are concluded; but if he expects that information from him he will be deceived; for until his Majesty gives his directions for such information to be laid before the House, he should not think it his duty to comply with the right honourable Gentleman's wishes. — The treaty with France leaves England open to treat with other powers; but to Portugal, the same benefits would not be granted as they have enjoyed by the Methuen treaty, unless they should more deserve them than in their late conduct towards this country.

The convention which has been signed with his most Catholic Majesty, relative to the sixth article of the definitive treaty of peace, was on account of acquisitions gained to this country. The Spaniards had many settlements,

lements on the continent, and wished us, for an equivalent, to render the Honduras country to them. It is strange that the right honourable Gentleman should reprobate the French treaty wholly, when this country was bound, at the time he was a Minister, to enter into a commercial arrangement with France by the Duke of Manchester, the Ambassador then at the Court of Versailles. The right honourable Gentleman wishes to be informed, whether the treaty is political as well as commercial? It is unnecessary for me to inform him, for it is in his power, and in the power of any man, to satisfy himself, by looking to the treaty. I know no one more fertile or happy in discovering danger than the honourable gentleman, who knowing the many advantages which must result to this country from the treaty, should it be enforced, chuses rather to oppose it wholly, than article by article.

Mr. Fox rose to explain. He said, the country was bound to enter into commercial arrangements when he went into office. It was bound in the preliminaries, and for the honour of the country, being so bound, he was compelled to agree to that which was not in his power to refuse. With regard to the commercial treaty with France affording the means of raising our resources for war, let the right honourable Gentleman, said Mr. Fox, remember, that the benefits it holds out are to be reciprocally felt and enjoyed by both countries; while our means of war are therefore recruiting thro' the effects of the treaty, the means of war of France are recruiting at the same time and in an equal degree.

The question was then put for the Address, which was carried nem. con.

Adjourned.

[*To be continued.*]

I R E L A N D.

JANUARY 18.

THIS day his Grace the Lord Lieutenant went in the usual state to Parliament, and opened the session with the following speech, delivered from the throne in the House of Lords, where, by his Grace's command, the Speaker and Commons attended.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

“ I had hoped, that upon the present occasion of meeting you again in Parliament, it would have been in my power to have announced to you the entire suppression of those commotions, which in some parts of the kingdom have disturbed the general tranquillity. Under the present circumstances I am persuaded, by my confidence in the accustomed proofs of your wisdom and zeal, I shall receive from you whatever assistance may be necessary for the more effectual vindication of the laws, and the protection of society. Your uniform regard for the rights of all your fellow-subjects, and your zealous attachment to the religious and civil constitutions of your country, will stimulate your attention to the inseparable interests, and will ensure your especial support of the established church, and the respectable situation of its ministers.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

“ I have directed the proper officers to lay the national accounts before you; and, I trust, you will make the necessary provisions for the exigencies of the state, and the honourable support of his Majesty's government.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

“ An Act was passed in the last session of

the British Parliament for the further increase of shipping and navigation. You will, I doubt not, take proper measures to confirm to this country a full participation of its advantages.

“ I have the satisfaction to inform you, by the King's command, that his Majesty has concluded a Treaty of Navigation and Commerce with the Most Christian King. A copy of this Treaty will be laid before you, in which you will not fail to observe the attention which is paid to the interests of this kingdom; and I trust that your adoption of it here, by such laws as may be requisite to give it effect, will be attended with real benefit to the country, by successfully encouraging the efforts of her industry and emulation.

“ The trade and manufactures, and particularly the linen manufacture, of this kingdom, the Protestant charter-schools, and other public institutions for charitable purposes, will not fail to engage your constant care and encouragement; and I hope that some liberal and extensive plan for the general improvement of education will be matured for an early execution.

“ A longer acquaintance with this country strengthens my anxious wishes for its welfare; and I shall experience the most sensible gratifications, if, in the administration of the King's government, I can with success in any degree correspondent to those wishes, accomplish his Majesty's earnest desire to promote and secure the happiness and prosperity of Ireland.”

To this Speech both Houses of Parliament unanimously voted a loyal address of thanks.

P O E T R Y.

A HYMN TO NARAYENA.

By SIR WILLIAM JONES.

THE ARGUMENT.

A complete introduction to the following Ode would be no less than a full comment on the *Vayds* and *Purans* of the Hindus, the remains of *Egyptian* and *Persian* theology, and the tenets of the *Ionick* and *Italick* schools; but this is not the place for to wait a disquisition. It will be sufficient here to premise, that the inextricable difficulties attending the *vulgar notion* of *material substances*, concerning which

“ We know this only, that we nothing know,”

induc'd many of the wisest among the ancients, and some of the most enlightened among the moderns to believe, that the whole creation was rather an *energy* than a *work*, by which the Infinite Being who is present at all times and in all places, exhibits to the minds of his creatures a set of perceptions, like a wonderful picture or piece of music, always varied, yet always uniform; so that all bodies and their qualities exist, indeed, to every wise and useful purpose, but exist only as far as they are *perceived*; a theory no less pious than sublime, and as different from any principle of Atheism, as the brightest sunshine differs from the blackest midnight. This *illusory operation* of the Deity the *Hindus* philosophers call *MAYA*, or *Deception*; and the word occurs in this sense more than once in the commentary on the *Rig Vayd*, by the great *VASISHTHA*, of which Mr. Halhed has given us an admirable specimen.

The first stanza of the Hymn represents the sublimest attributes of the Supreme Being, and the three forms in which they most clearly appear to us, *Power*, *Wisdom*, and *Goodness*; or in the language of *ORPHEUS*, and his disciples, *Love*: the second comprizes the *Indian* and *Egyptian* doctrine of the divine essence and archetypal *Ideas*; for a distinct account of which the reader must be referred to a noble description in the sixth book of *PLATO'S Republic*; and the fine explanation of that passage in an elegant discourse by the author of *CYRUS*, from whose learned work a hint has been borrowed for the conclusion of this piece. The *third* and *fourth* are taken from the *Institutes* of *MENU*, and the eighteenth *Puran* of *VYASSA*, entitled, *Strey Bhagawat*, part of which has been translated into *Persian*, not without elegance, but rather too paraphrastically. From *BREHME*, or the *Great Being*, in the *neuter* gender, is formed *BERMA*, in the

masculine; and the second word is appropriated to the *creative power* of the Divinity.

The spirit of God, called *NARAYENA*, or *moving on the water*, has a multiplicity of other epithets in *Sanscret*, the principal of which are introduced expressly, or by allusion, in the *fifth* stanza; and two of them contain the names of the *evil Beings*, who are feigned to have sprung from the ears of *VISHNU*; for thus the divine spirit is entitled, when considered as the *preserving power*: the sixth ascribes the perception of *secondary* qualities by our *senses* to the immediate influence of *MAYA*; and the *seventh* imputes to her operation the *primary* qualities of *extension* and *solidity*.

The H Y M N.

I.

SPIRIT OF SPIRITS, who, through every part

Of space expanded, and of endless time,
Beyond the stretch of lab'ring thought
sublime,

Badst uproar into beautiful order start,
Before Heaven was, Thou art:

Ere spheres beneath us roll'd or spheres above,
Ere earth in firmamental ether hung,
Thou satst alone; till, through thy mystic
love,

Things unexisting to existence sprung,
And grateful descant sung.

What first impell'd thee to exert thy might?
Goodness unlimited. What glorious light
Thy pow'r directed? Wisdom without
bound.

What prov'd it first? Oh! guide my fancy
right;

Oh! raise from cumbrous ground
My soul in rapture drown'd,
That fearless it may soar on wings of fire;
For Thou, who only know'lt, Thou only
canst inspire.

II.

Wrapt in eternal solitary shade,
Th' impenetrable gloom of light intense,
Impervious, inaccessible, immense,
Ere spirits were infus'd or forms display'd,
Brahm his own mind survey'd,

As mortal eyes (thus finite we compare
With infinite) in smoothest mirrors gaze:
Swift at his look, a shape supremely fair
Leap'd into being with a boundless blaze,
That sity suus might daze.

Primeval *Maya* was the goddess nam'd,
Who to her fire wito love divine inflam'd,
A casket gave with rich ideas fill'd,
From which this gorgeous universe he
fram'd;

For

For when th' Almighty will'd
Unnumber'd worlds to build,
From Unity diversifed he sprang,
While gay Creation laugh'd and procreant
Nature rang.

III.

First an all-potent all-pervading sound
Bade flow the waters—and the waters
flow'd,

Exulting in their measureless abode,
Diffusive, multitudinous, profound,
Above, beneath, around;

Then o'er the vast expanse primordial wind
Breath'd gently, till a lucid bubble rose,
Which grew in perfect shape an egg refin'd:
Created substance no such lustre shows,
Earth no such beauty knows.

Above the warring waves it danc'd elate,
Till from its bursting shell with lovely state
A form cerulean flutter'd o'er the deep
Brightest of beings, greatest of the great:
Who not as mortals sleep
Their eyes in dewy sleep,

But heav'nly pensive on the *Lotos* lay,
That blossom'd at his touch, and shed a
golden ray.

IV.

Hail primal blossom! hail empyreal gem!
Kenel or *Pedma*, or whate'er high name
Delight thee, say, what four-form'd God-
head came,

With graceful stole and beamy diadem,
Forth from thy verdant stem?

Full-girted *Brehma*! Wrapt in solemn thought
He stood, and round his eyes fire-darting
threw:

But, whilst his viewless origin he sought,
One plain he saw of living waters blue,
Their spring nor saw nor knew;

Then in his parent talk again retir'd,
With restless pain for ages he inquir'd
What were his pow'rs, by whom, and
why conferr'd:

With doubts perplex'd, with keen impa-
tience fir'd

He rose, and rising heard

Th' unknown all-knowing Word,

“*Brehma*! no more in vain research
persist,

My veil thou canst not move—Go; bid all
worlds exist.”

V.

Hail self-existent, in celestial speech
Narayan, from thy wat'ry cradle, nam'd:
Or *Vcnamaly* may I sing unblam'd,
With flow'ry braids, that to thy sandals
reach,

Whose beauties who can teach?

O high *Peitamber*, clad in yellow robes
Than sunbeams brighter in meridian glow,
That weave their heav'n-spun light o'er
circling globes?

Unwearied, Lotos-eyed, with dreadful
bow,

Dire evil's constant foe!

Great *Pedmanabha*, o'er thy cherished world
The pointed *Cheetra*, by thy fingers whirl'd,
Fierce *Kytabh* shall destroy, and *Madhugrim*
To black despair and deep destruction
hurl'd.

Such views my senses dim,

My eyes in darkness swim:

What eye can bear thy blaze, what ut-
terance tell

Thy deeds with silver trump or many-
wreathed shell.

VI.

Omniscient Spirit, whose all-ruling pow'r
Bids from each sense bright emanations
beam;

Glow in the rainbow, sparkles in the
stream,

Smiles in the bud, and glistens in the flow'r
That crowns each vernal bow'r;

Sighs in the gale, and warbles in the throat
Of every bird, that hails the bloomy spring,
Or tells his love in many a liquid note,
Whilst envious artists touch the rival string
Till rocks and forests ring;

Breathes in rich fragrance from the sandal
grove,

Or where the precious musk-deer playful
rove;

In dulcet juice from clust'ring fruit distills,
And burns salubrious in the tasteful clove:

Soft banks and verd'rous hills

Thy present influence fills;

In air, in floods, in caverns, woods and
plains,

Thy will inspirits all, thy sov'reign *Maya*
reigns.

VII.

Blue crystal vault and elemental fires,
That in th' ethereal fluid blaze and breathe;
Thou, tossing main, whose snaky branches
wreath

This pensile orb with interwisting gyres;
Mountains whose radiant spires

Presumptuous rear their summits to the skies,
And blend their emerald hue with sap-
phire light;

Smooth meads and lawns, that glow with
varying dyes

Of dew-bespangled leaves and blossoms
bright,

Hence! vanish from my sight:

Delusive pictures! unsubstantial shows!

My soul absorb'd One only Being knows;

Of all perceptions One abundant source,
Whence ev'ry object, ev'ry moment flows.

Suns hence derive their force,

Hence planets learn their course;

But suns and fading worlds I view no
more,

God only I perceive; God only I adore.

From K H O O S R O .

BY THOMAS LAW, ESQ.

USELESS doctor, quit my pillow,
 All thy remedies are vain :
 The sight of her whom he adores,
 Can only cure the lover's pain.
 The world asserts that *Khoosro* pays
 His homage to an idol's shrine :
 I do, I do, to that resign'd,
 The world has not a thought of mine.
 Love's idolatry I follow,
 No other worship I approve ;
 I need not wear the Pagan cord,
 Every nerve is strung to love.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen,

The following verses have never appeared in print. They came to me after passing through several hands from the representative of the late MR. QUIN, to whom MR. GARRICK sent them with the following memorandum, which you will see is in his own hand-writing. N. B. Mr. Quin is intreated by the author not to trust the above out of his own hands. After the lapse of so many years as have passed since these lines were written, I believe every reason that then subsisted for the above injunction must be at an end; and therefore it seems no longer necessary to withhold them from the public.

C. D.

VERSES upon the ROAD,

To Lord JOHN CAVENDISH.

Facit Indignatio.

WHILST all with sighs their way pursue
 From Chatworth's blest abode,
 My mind still fires, my Lord, at you,
 And thus bursts out in ode.

Forgive my phrenzy, good Lord John,
 For Passion's my Apollo ;
 Sweet Hebe says — when sense is gone,
 That nonsense needs must follow.

Like Indian knife, or Highland sword,
 Your words have hewn and hack'd me ;
 Whilst QUIN, a rebel to his Lord,
 Like his own Falstaff hack'd me.

In vain I bounce, and sume, and fret,
 Swear Shakespeare is divine ;
 Fitzherbert * can a while forget
 His pains to laugh at mine.

Lord Frederick, George, and eke his Grace,
 My honest zeal deride ;
 Nay Hubert's melancholy face
 Smirks on your Lordship's side.

With passion, zeal, and punch mistled,
 Why goad me on to strife ?
 Why send me to a restless bed,
 And disappointed wife ?

This my reward ! and this from you ?
 Is't thus you Bowman † treat ?
 Who eat more toads than you know a toad,
 Each night did strawberries eat.

Did I not mount the dun-drawn chaise,
 And sweat for many a mile ?
 And gave his Grace's kill much praise,
Grinning a ghastly smile !

Did I not elsewhere risk my bones,
 My Lord-Duke's freaks took pride in ?
 Did I not trot down hills of stoues,
 And call it pleasant riding ?

Did I not all your feats proclaim,
 Nor once from duty shrink ?
 In flattery I sunk my fame ;
 A BOWMAN ev'n in drink.

Did I not oft my conscience force
 Against its dictates swear ?
 Have I not prais'd Lord George's horse ?
 Nay ev'n your Lordship's mare ?

Did I not oft in rain and wind
 O'er hills thro' vallies roam,
 When wiser folk would lag behind,
 And spaniels staid at home ?

Have I not with your natives fed,
 The worst of all my labours,
 And ventur'd both my ears and head
 Among your scalping neighbours ?

Not Quin's more blest with calipee,
 Fitzherbert in his puns,
 Lord John in contradicting me,
 Lord Frederick with his nuns,

Than I am blest in Shakespeare's muse !
 Each drop within my standish,
 Each drop of blood for him I'll lose,
 As firm as any CA'NDISH.

As Whig you gain the world's applause,
 For once a Tory shine ;
 A Tory once in Shakespeare's cause,
 And feel his right divine !

Attack my wife, my patent tear,
 Do deeds without a name !
 Burn, kill, or ravish, Lord ! but spare,
 O spare my Shakespeare's fame !

Did not Dean BARKER † wisely preach,
 Op'nion may be sin ;
 Did not his sermon wisely teach,
 To cleanse ourselves within ?

From infidelity awake !
 O melt your heart of stone ;
 Conceal your errors for my sake,
 Or mend them for your own.

D G.

* William Fitzherbert, Esq. of Tiffington, member for Derby.

† The name of a character in *Lethe*.

† The Rev. William Barker, M. A. Dean of Raphoe. He died about 1777.

LINES written by a GENTLEMAN who visited a FRIEND in the COUNTRY to keep his DAUGHTER'S BIRTH-DAY, and was reproved for not presenting her with a COPY OF VERSES on the occasion.

TO hail fair CATH'RINE's natal day,
Late from the busy town I flew :
But ah, forgotten was the lay,
To virtue, sense, and sweetness due.—
The Muse, who vagrant long had been,
Fail'd her neglected lyre to string,
And, as th' occasion bade, to sing
The rip'ning rose of fair *eighteen*!

Yet, KITTY, was my heart to blame,
Which, ever active in thy praise,
Owns not in this the sense of shame,
Not knowing difference of days?—
When aught of thee my thoughts suggest,
I know not *which day* is the best.

Nor times nor seasons friendship knows,
Be KITTY young, or be the old ;
Effulgent as the liquid gold,
Its undecreasing ardour glows.
And yet so good and fair art thou,
I'm jealous of each coming year :
So perfect I behold thee now,
That every *chance of change I fear*.

Dear Girl, since needs I must express
(What if conceal'd had been no less)
The wish, that with increasing years
Th' untailing tide of bliss may flow :
A life of joy "unstain'd by tears,"
Be it thy happy lot to know !
Whilst I—tho' alien to the Muse,
Will ne'er the festive verse refuse,
But will for many a year *remember*
To greet my fair-one in *November*.

H.

Addressed to MARIA on her Birth-day,
Dec. 23, 1786.

SOME four-and-twenty years ago,
Jove took a peep at things below,
And found the ladies but so-so ;
No longer form'd to win the heart ;
Mere creatures of finesse and art ;
Whose only bent, pursuit and passion,
Was scandal, cards, and dress and fashion.
This sight so did his God-thip vex,
He vow'd t' extirpate all the sex :
But Venus mg'd a soothing prayer,
And Pallas join'd, and sav'd the fair.
Yet on conditions—Jove declared,
The female race was only spar'd :
Provided they would do their best,
And form a pattern for the rest,
Whose virtues should at once delight,
And *Sense and Soffness* both unite.—
Strain they essay'd their utmost art
To form a perfect female kind. —
At length the beauteous wonder came,
And thou, my charmer, wert the dame,
The goddesses exulting saw
Their lovely work without a flaw,

And Jove consented to postpone
His vengeance, for *thy sake alone*. —
This tale (if strange it should appear)
Young Cupid whisper'd in my ear,
The very hour I first beheld
The nymph, who all her sex excell'd.
Since then, her gentle hand possess'd,
I deem myself supremely blest'd,
And yearly tune my choicest lay
To celebrate this favour'd day,
Which gave a maid, a wife, a mother,
To save one sex and bless the other. G. C.

ODE TO HUMANITY.

Inscribed (with Sentiments of Respect and Esteem for his late humane Conduct) to Mr. SIMPSON of NORWICH.

By E. KNIFE, of LIVERPOOL.

HAIL! fair HUMANITY !
Lift up thy lucid sapphire eye : behold,
In records of eternity,
Thy sacred triumphs fresh enroll'd :
There view the name to thee most dear,
SIMPSON, who never turn'd his ear
From sorrow's tender plaint,
Tho' long inur'd to scenes whose misery
Might make Benevolence itself grow faint !

By Tenderness inspir'd,
He taught the tear of Sympathy to flow ;
His soul, to acts of kindness fir'd,
Own'd Charity's celestial glow.
How happy, might I give to Fame
A verse to celebrate his name ;
One energetic line,
For strong expression of its theme admir'd
A theme in Mercy's annals mark'd to shine.

'Tis his to feel that happiness supreme
Which only sympathetic hearts can know ;
When Consolation's soul-reviving beam
Gleams, in soft lustre, thro' the clouds of woe.
What greater bliss can human life bestow,
Than thus to wipe sad Sorrow's tears away,
And joy's new-risen sun all-radiant shew
Where, thro' Hope's medium, his bright
glories play,
And dart with cheering intellectual ray ?

How can the pleasure be express'd
Which rose in SIMPSON'S manly breast,
When, blest reward for which he toil'd,
The *Infant* on its *Mother* smil'd :
Then sweetly turn'd on him its eyes,
Glist'ning, bedew'd, as if to tell
That all its new-reviving joys
Were mix'd with grief to bid its friend
farewell.
Can tongue express, can pen relate,
The father's, mother's, happy state ?
Tears are the only thanks they boast ;
And speech in gratitude is lost !
But tho' no loud acclaims are giv'n,
Nor words to make their feelings
known,

Their mental blessings rise to Heav'n
And angels bear them to th' eternal throne.

O! SIMPSON! friend of human-kind,
Thro' life's long journey may'tt thou
find

Hearts which, like thine, congenial
glow,

To dry the tears of pallid woe,
And, by the gentle pow'r of gratitude,
Reclaim the GUILTY to rejoice in the Good.

H Y M N.

Virginibus puerisque canto.

HAST thou beheld the glorious Sun
Thro' all the skies his circuit run,
At rising morn, at closing day,
And when he beam'd his noontide ray?

Say, didst thou e'er attentive view
The evening cloud, the morning dew;
Or, after rain, the watery bow
Rise in the East, a beauteous show?

When darkness had o'erspread the skies,
Hast thou e'er seen the moon arise,
And with a mild and placid light
Shed lustre o'er the face of night?

Hast thou e'er wander'd o'er the plain,
And view'd the fields and waving grain,
The flowery mead, the leafy grove,
Where all is melody and love?

Hast thou e'er trod the sandy shore,
And heard the restless ocean roar,
When rous'd by some tremendous storm,
Its billows rose in dreadful form?

Hast thou beheld the lightning stream
Thro' night's dark gloom with sudden gleam,
While the bellowing thunder's found
Roll'd rattling thro' the heavens profound.

Hast thou e'er felt the cutting gale,
The fleet shower, the biting hail;
Beheld bright snow o'erspread the plains,
The water bound in icy chains?

Hast thou the various beings seen
That sport along the valley green,
That sweetly warble on the spray,
Or wanton in the sunny ray?

That sport along the briny deep,
Or under-ground their dwellings keep;
That thro' the gloomy forest range,
Or frightful wilds and deserts strange?

Hast thou the wondrous scenes survey'd,
That all around thee are display'd?
And hast thou never rais'd thine eyes
To Him who bade these scenes arise?

'Twas God who form'd the concave sky,
And o'er the glorious orbs on high;
Who gave the various beings birth,
That people all the spacious earth.

'Tis he that bids the tempest rise,
And rolls the thunder thro' the skies;
His voice the elements obey;
Thro' all the earth extends his sway.

His goodness all his creatures share,
But man is his peculiar care!
Then, while they all proclaim his praise,
Let man his voice the loudest raise.

The following SONG was written some time
ago by CAPTAIN MORRIS; addressed to
LADY ****, who asked him "What the
passion of Love was?"

YOU ask me what's love?—Why that
virtue-fed vapour,

Which Poets spread over our longings like
gauze,

May do for a swain who can feed upon paper,
But flesh is my diet—and blood is the
cause.

A delicate tendre, spun into Platonic,
Suits the feminine sop, whom no beauties
provoke;

But the blood of a Welchman is hot and la-
conic,

And he loves as he fights, with a word and
a stroke.

Yet I grant you there is a sweet madness of
passion,

A raptur'd delirium of mental delight;

Tho', alas! my dear Madam, not five in the
nation,

Whose souls have an optic to view the
blest light.

But we speak not of minds of distinguish'd
selection,

But love, common love, in its earthly attire;
Which, believe me, when dress'd in this
high-flown affection,

Wears the thread-bare disguise of a bank-
rupt desire.

For the bosom's deceit, like the spendthrift's
profusion,

As the substance declines, rich appear-
ances tries;

More gay as more weak, till this splendid
delusion

In a pang of bright vanity dazzles and dies.

Ah! if in a strain of pure sentiment flowing,
No animal warmth checks the eloquent
tongue,

'Tis the trick of a coxcomb to boast your un-
doing,

And pride, taste, or impotence, prompts
the foul wrong.

For Love, in a tumult of soft agitation,
O'ercome with its ardour, bids language
retire;

And lost in emotions of troubled sensation,
Still breathes the short accents of silent
desire.

Yes the God's on the wing, when a delicate
Damon,

In sickly composure, sits down to refine ;
For Love, like a Æætic, when weakly the
Itamen,

Still brightens the skin as the solids decline.

If such be the Love you propose in the ques-
tion,

No doubt 'tis a phantom dress'd up by the
mind ;

And, believe me, it is not a substance to rest
on,

But the fraud of cold bosoms and vanities
blind.

But for me, my dear madam, a poor carnal
sinner,

Whose love keeps no Lent, or on rhapsody
starves ;

With the sharp sauce of hunger I fall to my
dinner,

And take, without scruple, what happi-
ness carves.

So, my good Lady * * * *, all beauty and
merit,

You see, tho' I doat on your face and your
mind,

The devil a grain should I feel of Love's spirit,
If looks didn't warrant your shape and
your kind.

With this taste you, perhaps, will upbraid
my vile nature,

But thus stands the case ; and in truth
to my theme,

Were my mistress the first both in mind
and in feature,

Unsex her, and passion would fade like a
dream.

As a poet, indeed, I've a licence for fiction,
To dress in heroics the treacherous heart,
But take the sad truth, and excuse the plain
diction,

For Love moves with me in an honest part.

But, perhaps, you may know something
more of the matter,

Then deign to inform the dull soul of a
brute---

A hint of your mind would most pleasingly
flatter,

And to hear it I'd always be *willing* and
mute.

ODE for the NEW YEAR.

By the Rev. T. WARTON, Poet-Laureat.

I.

IN rough magnificence array'd,

When ancient Chivalry display'd

The pomp of her heroic games ;

And crested chiefs, and tissued dames,

Assembled, at the clarion's call,

In some proud castle's high-arch'd hall,

To grace romantick Glory's genial rites,

Affiliate of the gorgeous festival,

The minstrel struck his kindred string,
And told of many a steel-clad King,
Who to the turney train'd his hardy
Knights ;

Or bore the radiant Redcross's shield

Mid the bold Peers of Salern's field ;

Who travers'd Pagan climes to quell

The wizard foes terrific spell ;

In rude affrays untaught to fear

The Saracen's gigantick spear. —

The listening champions felt the sabling
rhyme,

With fairy trappings bright, and shook their
plumes sublime.

II.

Such were the themes of regal praise,

Dear to the bard of elder days ;

The songs, to savage virtue dear,

That won of yore the publick ear !

Ere polity, sedate and sage,

Had quench'd the fires of feudal rage,

Had stem'd the torrent of eternal strife,

And ch. rm'd to rest an unrelenting age. —

No more, in formidable state,

The castle shuts its thundering gate ;

New colours suit the scenes of soften'd life ;

No more bespreading barbed steeds,

Adventurous valour idly bleeds :

And now the bard, in alter'd tones,

A theme of worthier triumph owns ;

By social imagery beguil'd,

He moulds his harp to manners mild ;

Nor longer weaves the wreath of war
alone,

Nor hails the hostile forms that grac'd the
Gothic throne.

III.

And now he tunes his plausive lay

To Kings, who plant the Civic Bay ;

Who choose the Patriot Sovereign's
part,

Diffusing Commerce, Peace, and Art ;

Who spread the virtuous pattern wide,

And triumph in a nation's pride :

Who seek coy Science in her cloister'd
nook,

Where Thames, yet rural, rolls an artless
tide :

Who love to view the Vale divine,

Where revel Nature and the Nine,

And clustering towers the tufted grove
o'erlook :

To Kings, who rule a filial land,

Who claim a people's vows and pray'rs,

Should treason arm the weakest hand :

To these, his heart-felt praise he bears ;

And with new rapture haltes to greet

This festal morn, that longs to meet,

With luckiest auspices, the laughing
Spring ;

And opens her glad career with blessings on
her wing !

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

DRURY-LANE.

ON Saturday, the 13th instant, a new farce, intituled *The First Floor*, was performed, for the first time, at this Theatre. It is the avowed production of Mr. Cobb, author of the *Humourist*, the *Strangers at Home*, and several other pieces. The characters of the present drama are as follow:

*Squire Whimsey,	Mr. Baddeley.
Young Whimsey,	Mr. R. Palmer.
Montford,	Mr. Whitfield.
Simon,	Mr. Burton.
Furnish,	Mr. Suett.
Frank,	Mr. Spencer.
Tim. Tartlet,	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Charlotte,	Miss Collins.
Nancy,	Mrs. Wilson.
Mrs. Pattypan,	Mrs. Hopkins.

The fable is briefly as follows:

*Squire Whimsey is an old Humourist, shrewd and suspicious in every circumstance. Understanding that Montford had paid his addresses to Charlotte his daughter, in the country, he determined to bring her to town, and writes accordingly to his son's lodgings at Mrs. Pattypan's in Piccadilly, to give him notice of the intended visit. This letter, thro' the negligence of the servant, miscarries. Montford, in the mean time, hearing of his mistress's intended visit to town, resolves to effect a private marriage, if possible, on her arrival, and for her reception takes Mrs. Pattypan's *FIRST FLOOR*, which young Whimsey had been repeatedly warned to quit, on account of his dissipation and irregularity. Old Whimsey arrives in town with his daughter, and occupies, as he imagines, his son's apartments. Montford entering shortly after, is surpris'd at the familiarity which the old fellow usurps in his lodgings, and on his mentioning some furniture which he had given his son, mistakes him for an upholsterer, when some laughable equivoques ensue first between old Whimsey and Montford, and afterwards between the latter and Mrs. Pattypan, to whom he pretends to make love, to cover his future designs, when he finds he has been conversing with the father of his mistress. Young Whimsey returning as usual to his lodgings, and Tim. Tartlet, the husband elect of Mrs. Pattypan, coming home drunk, give rise to a variety of happy equivoque and ludicrous blunder, until a general explanation takes place, and the piece terminates in the double union of

Tartlet with Mrs. Pattypan, and Montford with Charlotte. The following is the

PROLOGUE,

Written by the AUTHOR of the FARCE;
AND

Spoken by Mr. BANNISTER, Junior.

WELL, here you are, expectant all, no doubt,

Guessing what this same Farce can be about.

"The First Floor—La!" exclaims a city dame,

"Upon my word, a monstrous pretty name!

"Deary, we'll go and see it; there are jokes,

"Depend upon it, on low vulgar folks,

"Who into nasty lodgings needs must pop,

"And can't afford like us to keep a shop."

"Tell me, Sir Harry,"—lisps a titled fair,

"What is this Farce? and pray who will be there?

"Shall one be vapour'd with their empty rows?

"Or blest in crowds of faces that one knows?"

"Can't say, 'pon 'onour, Ma'am," replies Sir Harry,

"As for the Piece, suppose it can't miscarry,

"If cram'd with jests on us, as heretofore,

"To make the creatures in the galleries roar.

"These First Floor authors are quite new to me,

"I thought they liv'd in garrets—he! he! he!

"Lud," cries her Ladyship, "I dare to say,

"This First Floor points at poor dear Lady K.

"She sup'd with we know who—we all know where,

"Some folks have taken lodgings near the Square.—

"Thus to stab characters one's feelings shocks—

"John, run to Fosbrook, I must have a box."

"Psha!" snarls old Quidnunc, "I'll lay five to four,

"There's nought but politicks in this First Floor—

"Sly strokes at Ministers—I smell a rat—

"Botany Bay—the treaty—and all that."

H

"Done."

“ Done,” says Jack Spruce, “ I’ll bet you what you please,
 “ They will be witty on the ladies’ keys ;
 “ Or as the last new joke their purpose suits,
 “ Abuse box-lobby heroes, and their boots.”

Now, while conjecture marks each sapient phiz,
 I’ll give you just a sketch of what it is.

Our First Floor’s fitted up in hopes of striking
 Those, who to mirth and whim bear hearty liking ;
 In whom by fashion nature ne’er suppress,
 With bursts of honest laughter greet each jest.

Our Floor thus let—the graver critics scorning,
 We hope our lodgers will not give us warning.

QUEEN’S BIRTH-DAY,

THURSDAY, JANUARY 18.

THE Drawing-room was attended by all the nobility and people of distinction now in town ; amongst whom were the

Princess Augusta Princess Elizabeth
 His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland

Archbishop of Canterbury
 Speaker of the House of Commons

DUKES.

Norfolk	Grafton
Portland	Montagu
Northumberland	Manchester
Queenberry	Ancafer
Bolton	Beaufort
Richmond	Bridgewater

MARQUISSES.

Stafford	Lothian
Buckingham	

LORDS.

Hinchinbrook	Weymouth
Dacre	Bolton
Delawar	Camden
Hampden	Galway
Edgecumbe	Stair
Dancannon	Herbert
Stormont	Hawkesbury
Mulgrave	Kinnoul
Bossiney	Shaftesbury
Denbigh	Macartney
Galloway	Eltham
Bathurst	Craven
Leicester	Carlisle
Harcourt	

DUCHESES.

Chandos	Northumberland
Richmond	Manchester
Beaufort	

MARCHIONESSES.

Stafford	Buckingham
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LADIES.

Suffolk	Vere
Kinnaird	Suffield
Harcourt	Estingham
Camden	Leicester

Hawkesbury	And the
Littleton	Lady Mayores.
	&c. &c. &c. &c.

THE BALL ROOM

Was not so much crowded as on similar occasions.

Their Majesties, accompanied by the Princess Augusta and Princess Elizabeth, entered the room at nine o’clock, and, after paying and receiving the compliments of the company, the minuets commenced in the following order :

Duke of Cumberland	Princess Augusta,
	Princess Elizabeth.
Earl Delawar	Countess of Salisbury,
	Lady Malden.
Earl of Alton	Lady Fairford,
	Lady Tufton.
Lord Galway	Lady Car. Waldegrave,
	Lady Anne Belaysie.
Lord Stopford	Lady Frances Percival,
	Lady Mary Percival.
Honble. Mr. Edgecumbe	Hon. Miss Thynne,
	Hon. Miss Pitt.
Honble. Mr. Thynne	Miss Vernon,
	Miss Gunning.
Mr. Crawford	Miss Gage,
	Miss Neville.
Mr. ———	Miss Tyrrell,
	Miss Frankland.
Mr. Montague	Miss Vansittart,
	Miss Algill.

D R E S S E S.

THE KING.

Purple velvet, embroidered with gold, with a brilliant star of immense value ; the George, shoulder-loop, and button also of diamonds.

THE QUEEN.

The body and robe of her Majesty’s dress was of lemon satin, the coat of white crape gauze, with rows of elegant black lace quilled in stripes, intermixed with blue ribbands ; the train was also bordered

dered with black lace, the whole very neat and plain.

The Queen's Head-dress was blond lace, intermixt with blue and black ribband, with only one diamond pin in the front.

THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA AND
PRINCESS ELIZABETH

Had the bodies and trains of their dresses alike, both of gold tissue. The Princess Augusta's petticoat was of white crape, ornamented with sapphire blue foil laid on flat, representing wreaths of flowers, with a broad elegant silver fringe on the border of the coat; also superb diamond stomacher and sleeve knots.

Her Royal Highness's head was ornamented with three elegant large white feathers on the left side; two wreaths of flowers, in colour corresponding with those on her dress on the right side; and behind a plume of Nina feathers, corresponding also in colour—with four large diamond pins in front, on a ribband edged with black.

The Princess Elizabeth's head-dress was similar to her sister's, only varying the colour of the ribband, that being a dark lilac, on which an equal number of diamond pins were placed.

Her petticoat was crape gauze, elegantly spangled and embroidered with gold; and a dark lilac fringe, with a gold head, laid across the coat, at the head of which were wreaths of green foil flowers, which had a very grand effect; and far surpassed the decorations of the Princess Augusta's dress.

LADY SALISBURY'S

Was formed of a puce-coloured body and train, with yellow spots resembling gold; the coat of crape gauze, ornamented in stripes, with coloured foil flowers; between which were fancifully disposed a number of the eye of peacock's feathers, which had an uncommon novel and whimsical effect, with an elegant broad embroidered border on puce-satin, from which hung a broad gold fringe.

Her Ladyship's head-dress was fanciful in the style of an Emperor's crown, richly and superbly ornamented with feathers, flowers, and an abundance of diamonds.

LADY MALDEN.

This dress, in point of novelty and elegance, stood prominently conspicuous. The body and robe were made of royal purple satin, on a white satin coat, elegantly trimmed in festoons of royal purple, covered with silver spangles, and ornamented with spangles in the form of weeping willows, edged with silver fringe:

each festoon supported with a bow of purple satin, every point of which was ornamented with a rose, that resembled diamonds; a broad sash of purple satin, bordered with white, and ornamented with silver spangles and fringe, carelessly disposed on the left side, forming *en tout ensemble* a most beautiful and brilliant effect.

Her Ladyship's cap was decorated with a plume of Argus feathers, and an embroidered ribband in front, with another plume of coloured feathers, altogether extremely beautiful, and it seemed to be the pattern cap of the whole room.

LADY FAIRFORD.

This dress was generally considered as one of the most beautiful that adorned the Court; the gown black satin, spotted with purple and gold; the petticoat, white satin, covered with crape, richly embroidered with gold, foils, sable, and beads.

LADY WARWICK

Shone with a lilac velvet gown, with a white satin coat covered with crape, and richly embroidered with stripes of velvet, silver, and green foil.

LADY SEFTON.

The robe, train, and coat, of French pink satin, the coat ornamented with white, *en tissue*, of Italian gauze, the lower half of white satin, turned up with pink and black ribbands, bordered with pearls, with buckles and straps of pearls.

LADA SHAFTESBURY.

A pink gown and train, the latter with an embroidered border; crape coat, embroidered in festoons, with pink and black velvet. The festoon on the right side tied up with a bunch of pink and white feathers, the left with a bunch of white lilies; a rich fringe of tassels of pink and white satin, and black velvet cuffs covered with exceeding elegant point lace.

The cap of blond lace, with a large plume of feathers, and a band of black velvet, ornamented with diamonds.

DUCHESS DOWAGER OF ANCASTER.

A green dress of satin, beautifully ornamented with oak leaves and acorns.

DUCHESS OF ANCASTER.

A yellow satin dress, tastefully trimmed with crape and foil.

LADY CAROLINE MACKENZIE.

The body and robe *caloté*, in purple satin; white satin coat, covered with white crape, in festoons; the whole of it ornamented with flowers, resembling hearts-ease, and a wreath of the same at the bottom, edged with deep white blond lace.

Her cap was decorated with wheat-ears and bull-rushes, in form much resembling an Emperor's crown.

LADY GIDEON,

In a brown satin gown, with a white satin coat covered with crape, and richly embroidered with silver.

LADY JERSEY.

Black velvet body and robe, the petticoat white, with blue and black intermixt, laid cross-ways on the coat; and between each a stripe bordered with a row of gold flowers, and gold fringe, of an uncommon breadth.

LADY CAROLINE HERBERT.

White crape and blond coat, embroidered velvet in black or blue satin, with a body and robe of blue satin.

LADY HAMPDEN.

A purple velvet robe and body, and white satin coat; the lower part in deep purple, entirely embroidered with stone foil, and turned up with wreaths of wheat-ears, made in stones, that had the appearance of diamonds.

LADY KINNAIRD.

Black velvet gown and robe, pink satin coat covered with crape, and striped with pink and black ribbands.

COUNTRY DANCES.

After the minuets, the country dances began: the following ladies and gentlemen were partners:—

D. of Cumberland,	Princess Augusta.
Earl Delawar,	Princess Elizabeth,
Lord Stopford,	Countess of Salisbury.
Mr. Montague,	Lady Fairford.
Mr. Edgecumbe,	Lady C. Waldegrave.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FLORENCE, *December 16.*

THE Great Duke of Tuscany has just issued a new code of criminal laws, which is ordered to be observed in all his dominions. It consists of 119 articles, by which capital punishments are abolished, as having been found to leave too slight an impression on the minds of the people for the prevention of crimes, and more visible and permanent sufferings ordained in their stead. Torture is prohibited; confiscations are declared unjust, as involving the innocent with the guilty; proportionable penalties are inflicted for slight offences, and a more equitable mode of trial is established, particularly with regard to evidence.—Soon after the publication of this new code, a man condemned to the galleys for a most inhuman murder, endeavoured to persuade the person to whom he was chained to escape with him; but

Mr. Crawford, Miss Thynne.

Lord Aldborough, Miss Gideon.

Mr. ——— Miss Gage.

The country-dances were, "Good morrow to your Night-cap"—"La Belle Catharine"—and the "German Spa."—The Ball ended a quarter before twelve.

The Ladies head-dresses were principally ornamented with feathers and artificial flowers.—The Nina plume was remarkably conspicuous.—The caps in general narrow and high, and the hair not dressed so wide as the fashion has been for some time past. Those who wore thin toupees in curls had them much smaller than usual, and many wore plain toupees, particularly the Queen and the Princesses.

Very light powder seems to have taken place of the rage that prevailed some time ago for Marechal.

The decoration for the sleeves was generally on gauze cuffs, with treble ruffles, without breast-knots or breast-bows, except of diamonds.

White coats fancifully trimmed with gold and silver gauze, foil flowers and feathers, with a variety of coloured bodies and trains, were the distinguishing taste; head-dresses ornamented with colours corresponding with the gown.

The pouting handkerchief for the neck seems abolished, and nature has again taken place of that preposterous fashion.

Their Majesties retired at half past eleven o'clock, after the Princesses had danced three country-dances.

upon his refusal, he took an opportunity of picking up a large stone, with which, notwithstanding his chains, he massacred his companion in the presence of the guard. So horrible a deed, under such circumstances, almost overcame the Duke's humane temper. He immediately ordered a gallows to be erected in the most public part of Pisa; but his Imperial Highness countermanded the order for his execution, and the criminal was sentenced to a more excruciating and lasting punishment, that of being immured between four walls, where, almost unable to move, he must end his life in the utmost misery. As a more flagrant offence can scarcely be committed, punishments by death are not expected to be revived in this country.

Frankfort, Dec. 17. The Elector of Cologne has taken up arms, we mean the scribbling

scribbling weapons, against the Pope's Legate, and of course his holy master. This paper war, which may become more serious hereafter, first arose in consequence of an imprudent or rather impudent mandate from the Nuncio, who gave himself the air of declaring void and null the marriage dispensations granted by the Elector. The latter instantly issued out his sovereign proclamation, forbidding all parish rectors paying any attention to the circular letter of the Roman Prelate, whom his Electoral Highness styles *a foreign Bishop, who assumes the title of Nuncio from the holy see to Cologne*; but, on the contrary, to return the same under cover to the writer, and require of the post-masters a certificate of their having complied with the injunction.

We have received an authentic account of the check the Russians met with lately among the Tartars of Caucasus. The Russian troops in those parts at one time consisted of 20 battalions of infantry, and 16 squadrons of horse, but these forces were so reduced by sickness and different skirmishes with the enemy, that most of the battalions were reduced from 1000 to 300 men at most; besides which, they were stationed at such distances that, weak as they were, they could not properly defend themselves. The Tartars in the neighbourhood, taking advantage of this, united, and assembling in a corps of near 30,000 men attacked the Russian line unexpectedly on the 4th of October in three

different parts, which had this effect; that the advanced posts were all cut to pieces, and the others driven back in haste to Kiflar, the centre of their quarters; many regiments upon this occasion lost their baggage, and even their cannon; and it is not exaggerating the total loss of the Russians to set it at 800 men.

Vienna, Dec. 20. The Archbishop, since his arrival, has had several conferences with the Emperor.—The object is said to be the total abolition of the jurisdiction of the Pope's Nuncio in Germany. The Papal Emissary in Bavaria opposes with the utmost of his ability, this deadly stroke at the power of the church.—[In the present aspect of human affairs, these two great events, the decline of the Papal superstition in the West, and the subversion of the Mahometan delusion in the East, are not unlikely to mark the close of the present century, or the beginning of the next.—How strikingly the prophecies, recorded in the sacred Scriptures, seem advancing to completion.]

Paris, Jan. 2. The Count d'Aranda, Ambassador from the Court of Spain, has received an express from Madrid, with the important intelligence that the King of Spain has had a stroke of the palsy, which had affected his intellects, and totally deprived him of his mental powers. His eldest son, the Prince of Asturias, has taken up the reins of Government.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

JANUARY I.

A Large ox, weighing 280 stone, was on Monday last shewn to his Majesty, in the Little Park at Windsor, who ordered Mr. West to make a portrait of the animal.

To the honour of the officers of the parish of St. Mildred the Virgin in the Poultry, they have reduced the poor's-rate from 3s. 6d. to 6d. in the pound! and this is not by neglecting cases that require commiseration, but by attending to the management of their poor; by discarding the indolent and able; by a due examination of claims; and by a regular, rigid, and assiduous discharge of their duty.

4. The New year's Ode was performed before their Majesties at St. James's; and the Drawing-room was well attended. The Queen and the two eldest Princesses appeared in two new head-dresses, which, for beauty and costliness, it is said, equals, if not exceeds, any thing of the kind ever seen at the British Court. The lace and materials are the manufacture of the little female society of lace manufacturers, established and

patronized by her Majesty. They are mostly daughters of clergymen, or tradesmen whose circumstances are reduced.

5. An extraordinary insect has lately been transmitted from Doctor Zona (first physician to the King of Spain) to the Royal Society. It is of the class of Scarabeus, as thick as the little finger, two inches long, and so luminous, that when it flies by night it spreads a great light.

8. The Emperor has caused all the private Saints and other religious days which the Roman Catholics observe, to be omitted in the Imperial Calendar, and in lieu thereof they have inserted this year, for the first time, an account of the various fairs and Public amusements as they occur in his Majesty's dominions.

The Electors of Mentz and Treves have followed the example of his Serene Highness of Cologne, and have issued out ordonnances, strictly forbidding their Bishops and Clergy to pay the least regard to any Bull or Brief that may be issued by the Pope's Nuncio.

9. Tuesday morning a little after nine o'clock

o'clock eighteen malefactors, who were convicted in October session, were brought out of Newgate, and executed on the platform erected in the Old-Bailey, pursuant to their sentence.

13. Samuel Hoare, Esq. Chairman of the Committee for relieving and providing a settlement for the Black poor, had an interview with Mr. Pitt, when he laid before him the proceedings of the Committee from their establishment; at which the Minister expressed his satisfaction. The two ships, having as many of those people on board as could be collected, sailed from Gravesend on Thursday last with a fair wind, for Sierra Leona, on the coast of Africa, where they are to be landed, in order to form the intended new settlement.

18. The sessions ended at the Old-Bailey, when 19 convicts received judgment of death, 36 were sentenced to be transported, three to be kept to hard labour at the house of correction, three to be imprisoned in Newgate, several to be whipped, and ten to be discharged by proclamation.

Samuel Burt, convicted of forgery a few sessions since, was put to the bar, and informed that his Majesty, in his royal clemency, had been graciously pleased to extend his mercy to him upon condition that he should be transported during his natural life. The prisoner bowed respectfully to the Court, and immediately addressed the Recorder with his "most humble and unfeigned thanks, for the kindness and humanity of the Recorder, the Sheriffs, and other gentlemen who had interested themselves in his favour, and who had for effectually represented his unhappy case to the throne, that his Majesty, whose humanity could only be equalled by his love of virtue, had extended his mercy; but however flattering the prospect of preserving life might be to a man in a different situation;

yet that he, now that he was sunk and degraded in society, was totally insensible of the blessing. Life was no longer an object with him, as it was utterly impossible that he could be joined in union with the person that was dearer to him than life itself. Under such circumstances, although he was truly sensible of his Majesty's goodness and clemency, yet he must positively decline the terms offered to him; preferring death to the prolongation of a life, which could not be otherwise than truly miserable." The whole Court was astonished at his address; and after consultation, Mr. Recorder remanded the prisoner back to the gaol, to be brought up again the first day of next session.

20. The trial of Mr. Bowes came on in the Commons. Lady Strathmore's narrative was first read in Court; by this it appeared that Mr. Bowes does not wish for a divorce. Her Ladyship stated, that the fortune she brought him was about 20,000*l.* a year. Among her grievances she alledged his infidelities, and in particular his gallantries with her female domestics, most of whom he caused in their turn to furnish a dinner to the parish officers. He answered on oath, that he did not get more than 9000*l.* a year by his lady, and that he had debts of hers to pay to the amount of 30,000*l.* contracted through folly and extravagance; as by the purchase of STUFFED ANIMALS, and other useless and absurd curiosities. Besides which, he avowed that a Mr. Gray had, the night before her marriage with him, anticipated the matrimonial mysteries.—Then was read a narrative, written by himself, giving an account of her previous amours, and medicines taken to ward off the interference of LUCINA. The judge admitted two out of the articles of the libel—but did not approve of the admission of any evidence as to the conduct of either party before the marriage.

PREFERMENTS, JAN. 1787.

HIS Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has appointed Henry Lyte, Esq. to be his Secretary and Keeper of his Privy Seal, and Seal for his Council; also Henry Lyte, Esq. Col. Gerard Lake, and Col. Samuel Hulse, Receivers-General of his Royal Highness's reveaues, in the room of Col. George Hotham; and Col. Samuel Hulse to be one of his Royal Highness's Council.

Col. Glyn, appointed Equerry to the King, in the room of Major Price.

Robert Strange, Esq. engraver, and George Chetwynd, Esq. one of the Clerks of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council in ordinary, to the honour of Knighthood.

Robert Graham, Esq. to be a Commissioner of Excise in Scotland, in the room of Alexander Udney, Esq.

MARRIAGES, JAN. 1787.

HENRY Hutton, Esq. Barrister at Law, to Miss Dell, only child of Joseph Dell, Esq. of Lincoln.

The Rev. Mr. Chawner, of Church-Broughton, to Miss Dacsbury, daughter of

the late Mr. Dacsbury, proprietor of the China factory in Derby.

The Rev. John Wire, minister of the dissenting congregation at Christ-church, to Miss Grace Worsley, niece of the Rev. Mr. Worsley, of Crowtham.

Mr. Luttrell, attorney of Bridgewater, to Miss Saunders, of Bristol, with 10,000*l.* fortune.

John Mills, Esq. of the Borough High-street, to Miss Hale, of the same place.

Suckline Nelson, Esq. of N. Walsham, Norfolk, to Miss Sophia Smith, only daughter of Theodore Smith, Esq. of Bungay.

Mr. James Barton, merchant in Manchester, to Miss Nowell, daughter of the late Roger Nowell, of Derby, Esq.; and Coheirefs of the late Alexander Nowell, of Read-Hall, Lancashire.

Edward Lysaght, Esq.; of the Inner Temple, to Miss Salmon of the Strand.

Leonard Mac Nally, Esq.; barrister at law, to Miss Janfon, only daughter of William Janfon, Esq.; of Bedford-row.

Mr. Price, of Shug-lane, Piccadilly, to

Miss Thornton, of the same place; their ages together amount to 140 years.

At Dawlish, J. D. Foulks, Esq.; Commander of the *Asia* East-Indiaman, to Miss Fortescue, daughter of Richard Englet Fortescue, Esq.; of Dawlish.

The Reverend Mr. Phillips, Dissenting Minister at Kighley, to Miss Mary Randall of Leeds.

Captain Mullins, in the Imperial service, trading to the East-Indies, to Miss Jane Trevor, daughter of Dr. Trevor, of Ostend.

Thomas Browne Evans, Esq.; to Miss Mary Hafe, youngest daughter of Edward Hafe, Esq.; of Sall, in Norfolk.

At Ross, Hereford, Dr. Lewis, to Miss Pritchard of that town.

Hugh Owen, Esq.; of Nash, member for Pembroke, to Miss Owen, daughter of the late Lieutenant General Owen.

MONTHLY OBITUARY, JAN. 1787.

August 26.

AT St. Helena, Sir John Cummins, Knt. Colonel in the East-India Company's service.

Dec. 5. At Strasburgh, Alexander Stewart, only son of Col. Stewart.

14. At Rome, James Six, Esq. M. A. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

16. The Hon. Frederick Maitland, Captain in the royal navy.

26. At Nantes in Lorraine, Capt. William Belford, formerly of the Grenadier Guards.

30. At Stockport, John Arden, Esq. father of the Attorney-General.

At Edinburgh, Dr. William Grant, late a physician in London.

31. William Pocock, Esq. in Devonshire-street, Bloomsbury.

Mrs. Jemima Whitaker, widow of the late Serjeant Whitaker.

Lately, at Medburne, Leicestershire, the Rev. Dr. Watts.

In December, at Edinburgh, Mrs. Wilson, late of Covent-Garden Theatre.

Jan. 2. Alexander Garratt, Esq. of Lamb's-conduit-street.

Mrs. Mofs, Lady of Dr. Mofs, Bishop of Bath and Wells. She was sister of Sir Philip Hales and Dowager Lady Radnor.

At Hampton-Wick, Mr. Francis Hulbert.

Thomas Fitter, Esq. of the Custom-house.

At Horton, near Leek, Staffordshire, Mary Brook, who in August last arrived at the age

of 119 years. She lived single fifty years, was then married, lived a married life fifty years, and had been nineteen years and some months a widow.

At Leicester, Richard Dyott, Esq.

3. The Rev. James Carter, Rector of Kelsdall and Carlton, and Vicar of Sibfom, with Peasenhall in Suffolk.

Mrs. Cooper, relict of Dr. George Cooper, late of Holiwell, Oxford.

At Newcastle, Dr. John Murdoch Logan.

At Abergavenny, John Roberts, Esq. Justice of Peace for Monmouthshire.

Mr. Paul Jackson, merchant, of Newcastle.

4. Mr. Thomas Myles, partner with Mess. Blakiston, in the Strand.

Mrs. Morgan, wife of the Rev. Charles Morgan, Bishop's Prebendary, Hereford.

5. Mr. Barron, one of the Clerks of his Majesty's kitchen.

At Tottenham-green, in the county of Wexford, Sir John Tottenham, Bart.

6. Mrs. Cock, relict of David Cock, Esq. of Bedford-row.

Lately, Dr. Smith, Dean of Chester, the translator of Longinus, Thucydides, and Xenophon.

7. The Hon. Thomas Compton Ferrars Townshend, second son of the Earl of Leicester.

Mr. Griffith, sadler, Holborn.

8. Mrs. Pigou, wife of Frederic Pigou, Esq. of Wimpole-street.

Mr. Clarke, one of the yeomen of the Guards.

At Bath, Lieut. Gen. Sir William Draper, Knight of the Bath.

Thomas Pemberton, Esq. Marsham-street.

At Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, Mr. Samuel Nottingham, late of the city of Brillol, a preacher more than forty years among the Quakers in England, Ireland and America.

9. In Jernyn-street, St. James's, Mr. Whitehurst.

At Hendon, Charles Deane, Esq. of Whitehaven, late commander of the Earl of Sandwich East-Indiaman.

10. Henry Peckham, Esq. one of his Majesty's Counsel.

Mrs. Colleson, relict of Capt. Robert Colleson, of the first regiment of foot guards.

At Bath, Mrs. Jane Luther, sister of the late John Luther, Esq. of Myles in Essex.

11. Miss Caroline Osborn, daughter of Dr. Osborn.

12. At Dublin, the Right Hon. Christopher Robinson, one of the Judges of the Court of King's-Bench in Ireland.

13. Lately, William Butterfield, Esq. senior Alderman of Lancaster, and treasurer of the county.

14. At Dublin, Simon Luttrell, Earl of Carhampton, father to the Dukes of Cumberland. He married Judith Maria, daughter of Sir Nicholas Lawes, late governor of Jamaica.

Edward Willes, Esq. one of the Judges of the King's-Bench.

In Hanover-square, the Lady of William Jones, Esq. daughter of Sir William Morgan, of Tredegar, K. B. and grand-daughter of the second Duke of Devonshire.

15. The Right Hon. Lady Petre.

Mr. Berkenhead, goldsmith and jeweller, Gutter-lane, Cheap-side.

16. The Rev. Mr. Maty, of the British Museum. He was son of Dr. Maty, and had formerly a living in the church, which he resigned in consequence of some scruples relative to subscription to the 39 articles. Until within a few months past he was the publisher of a Literary Review.

Mr. Daniel Gunston, Clerk to the sitting Alderman, and vestry-clerk of the parish of St. Martin Ludgate.

At Newcastle, Sir Henry Elwes, Bart.

17. George Bishop, Esq. of Sydenham, aged 45 years.

Mrs. Rennet, wife of Charles Rennet, Esq. of the Temple.

At St. Martin Stamford Baron, the Rev. Mr. Cantrell, aged 70, rector of Normanton, in the county of Rutland, and of St. Michael, Stamford.

18. In Grosvenor-square, the Right Rev. Dr. John Egerton, Bishop of Durham, Custos Rotulorum, &c. He was the eldest son of Dr. Henry Egerton, Bishop of Hereford, fifth son of John Earl of Bridgewater. He was appointed Dean of Hereford 1750, Bishop of Bangor 1756, Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry 1768, and Bishop of Durham 1771. His Lordship married first Lady Anne Sophia De Grey, daughter and co-heiress of William Duke of Kent; and second, a sister of Sir Edward Boughton, of Lawford, in the county of Warwick.

William Coffin, Esq. in Southwark, aged 76.

Mrs. Ingoldby, aged 89, relict of Gen. Ingoldby.

At York, aged 76, Joseph Harrison, Esq. formerly a merchant at Newport, Rhode-Island. In 1766 he was private Secretary to the late Marquis of Rockingham then prime Minister, and by his Lordship appointed collector of his Majesty's Customs at Boston in North America, which place he resigned in 1773 to his son, the present collector.

20. In Bury-street, St. James's, Walter Chetwynd, Esq. He shot himself through the head.

21. Mr. John Jacob, of Castle-street, in St. Martin in the Fields, aged 78.

At Rumford, in Essex, Mr. John Duchoit, formerly a weaver in Spitalfields.

Samuel Rush, Esq. of Chislehurst in Kent. Gustavus Brander, Esq. F. R. and A. S. At Clapton, Mr. Sunderwind.

22. Robert Palmer, Esq. Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

Mrs. Purling, of Wimpole-street.

23. Redmond Simpson, Esq. formerly an eminent performer on the hautboy.

BANKRUPTS.

BJENAMIN HOLDEN, of Saddleworth, Yorkshire, cotton-manufacturer. Thomas Poulton, of Isleworth, carpenter. Richard Kitton, of Spital-square, weaver. John Fowler, of Ipswich, coal merchant. William Rivers, of Allcannings, wine-dealer. John Watts, of Buckingham-court, Spring-gardens, Middlesex, broker. Juliana Chartres, of Wooley, Wilts, baker. Francis Oxley, of Rotherham, Yorkshire, fellmonger. William Tracey, of Portsmouth Common, Southampton, pawn-broker. William Mathison, of Hatton-garden, Middlesex, merchant. Benjamin Wildsmith, of High-Holborn, Middlesex, upholsterer. William Speed, of Lambeth, Surrey, coal-merchant. Roger Moser, of Basinghall-street, London, warehouseman. Walter Bradley, of Stourbridge, Worcester-shire, hop-merchant. Edward Pardoe, of

Hanbury, Worcestershire, maltster. John Burrows and William Bowles, Grays-Inn-road, Brokers. Daniel Weale, Castle-street, Holborn, upholder. James Hay, of Charles-street, Covent-garden, taylor. Samuel Green, of Bath, Somersetshire, butcher. John Mears, of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, upholder. Colborn Barrell, of James-street, Bedford-row, merchant. Thomas Marshall, of London, banker. William Hunter, of St. John-street, furrier. Charles Brown, of Great Hermitage-street, carpenter. Thomas Farrow, jun. of Aldgate High-street, shoemaker. Joseph Claridge, late of Oxford-street, cheesemonger. William Gray, of Sheffield, blacksmith. George Garney and John Burgiss, both of High-street, Lambeth, potters. John Pegg, of the Strand, grocer.

