





My Child! O Heaven!

Oppress'd with want, and



avenger of Mother's misdeeds,

Man's tyrannic love.

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND
London Review:

Containing the

Literature HISTORY Politics,

Arts, Manners & Amusements of the Age.

Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ

BY THE

Philological Society of London.

VOL. XII. for 1787.



EDINBURGH

Printed for J. Sewell, Cornhill, 1787.



3328



U

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 J U L Y, 1787.

[Embellished with, 1. An Emblematical FRONTISPIECE, exhibiting a Scene from SUMMER.
2. An engraved TITLE-PAGE and VIGNETTE: 3. A Portrait of Sir WILLIAM JONES,
Knt. And 4. VIEW of Mr. AKERMAN'S HOUSE at CLAPHAM.]

CONTAINING

	Page		Page
Preface — — —	3	being absent—Man was made to	
Explanation of the Frontispiece —	4	Mourn! A Dirge. By Mr. Baras—	
An Account of the Life and Writings of		Verses to William Hayley, Esq.—	
Sir William Jones, Knt. —	5	Verses by Ann Murry to the Me-	
An Account of Israel Mauduit Esq. [concl.]	7	mory of Miss Lingham—Lapland	
Account of Clapham and its Environs	8	Song. By Sir M. W. Ridley, &c. &c.	56
Atoms of Information: including, Inaccu-		Theatrical Journal: including An Occa-	
racy of Mr. Addison and Mr. Walpole		sional Address, in Character, spoken	
pointed out—Observations by the late		by Young Sestini, on the opening the	
Mr. Cole on the Charter Horses in		Theatre-Royal in the Hay-Market,	
Carlisle Cathedral; and Mason's Life		May 16, 1787. Written by G. Colman	
of Gray — — —	9	—Fable and Character of The Coun-	
Anecdotes of Mr. Philidor —	11	try Attorney—Prologue on opening	
Original Letter of the late D. Garrick,		the Theatre-Royal at Margate, June	
Esq. to Mr. Grosley —	15	27, 1787. By Miles P. Andrews, Esq.	
The London Review, with Anecdotes of		—Address spoken on Wednesday,	
Authors. — — —		June 27, on opening the Theatre-	
Clavigero's History of Mexico —	16	Royal in Liverpool by Mr. Aickin,	
Taylor's Mystical Initiations; or, Hymns		by Mr. Holcroft—The Occasional Pro-	
of Orpheus — — —	18	logue, spoken by Mr. Wewitzer, in	
Hawkins's Life of Johnson —	20	the Character of a Suffex Clown, at	
The Lounger — — —	23	the opening of the Theatre at Bright-	
Observations on the Landed Revenues of		helmston. Written by — Allen,	
the Crown — — —	25	Esq. of Lewes—Prologue delivered at	
Marshall's Rural Economy of Norfolk		the Manchester Theatre, March 26,	
[concluded] — — —	28	1787, on the Revival of the New Way	
Horne Tooke's Letter to a Friend on the		to pay Old Debts. —	63
reported Marriage of his Royal High-		Herchel's Account of Three Volcanos in	
ness the Prince of Wales —	34	the Moon — — —	67
Mrs. Steele's Memoirs of Mrs. Sophia		Abstract of the Overseers' Returns in	
Baddeley; and a great Variety of other		England and Wales —	69
new Publications —	41	Sentence passed by the Court of King's-	
The Fountains: A Fairy Tale. By the		Bench on Andrew Robinson Bowes,	
late Dr. Johnson —	42	Esq. &c. — — —	ib.
An Account of Emanuel Swedenborg		Account of the Trial of Dr. John Elliot	71
[concluded] — — —	47	Foreign Intelligence	
Detection of Count Cagliostro's Impo-		Monthly Chronicle, Preferments, Mar-	
tures. By Mr. Demorande —	30	riages, Monthly Obituary, Baro-	
Letters of the late Mr. Sterne [contin.]	53	meter and Thermometer, Prices of	
Poetry—On the Performance of Macbeth		Stocks and Grain, Theatrical Register,	
—Lines by Mrs. Yearley on enter-		&c. &c.	
ing Lady Wallace's Study, her Ladyship			

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. SEWELL, Cornhill;
And J. DEBRETT, Piccadilly.

[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Memoirs of Dr. Houlston* in our next.

S. S. has our thanks for the preference he gives our Magazine, but we cannot accept his offer.

The *Trial of Fashion and Taste—A Constant Reader—Hercules—Anti-Adulator—Phocion—A Fragment of Leo*, and some others, are received.

Mr. *Grofe's Reply* in our next.

ERRATA in our last. Page 416. col. 2. line 2. for *emboldening*, read *embolning*.

By a mistake of the Compositor, the Christian name of Dr. Johnson is put at full length; a way he was not used to write it in; therefore for SAMUEL, read SAM.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from July 16, to July 21, 1787.

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

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

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

WALES, July 9, to July 14, 1787.

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

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

J U N E.

BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.
27—29 — 50 ———	66 —	S. S. W.
28—29 — 78 ———	60 —	N.
29—29 — 85 ———	64 —	N.
30—29 — 95 ———	65 —	W.

J U L Y.

1—30 — 22 ———	67 —	E.
2—30 — 33 ———	65 —	E. S. E.
3—30 — 34 ———	69 —	N. N. W.
4—30 — 34 ———	71 —	N.
5—30 — 23 ———	69 —	S.
6—29 — 88 ———	74 —	W.
7—29 — 76 ———	64 —	W.
8—29 — 68 ———	65 —	W.
9—29 — 90 ———	63 —	W.
10—29 — 68 ———	63 —	W. S. W.
11—29 — 94 ———	59 —	N. N. W.
12—29 — 67 ———	63 —	W.
13—29 — 60 ———	65 —	S. S. W.
14—29 — 49 ———	56 —	N. N. E.
15—29 — 71 ———	58 —	S.
16—29 — 62 ———	63 —	W.
17—29 — 69 ———	60 —	S. S. W.

18—29 — 90 ———	60 —	W.
19—29 — 99 ———	59 —	S. S. W.
20—29 — 84 ———	61 —	S. S. W.
21—29 — 44 ———	63 —	W.
22—29 — 47 ———	64 —	S. W.
23—29 — 45 ———	60 —	S.
24—29 — 34 ———	58 —	S. S. W.
25—29 — 49 ———	61 —	S. S. W.
26—29 — 71 ———	63 —	W.
27—29 — 90 ———	62 —	W.

PRICE of STOCKS,

July 28, 1787.

Bank Stock, —	Old S. S. Ann. —
New 4 per Cent. —	New S. S. Ann. —
1777, 92 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —	India Stock, —
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785, —	India Bonds, —
109 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —	New Navy and Vict. —
3 per Cent. red. 72 $\frac{1}{2}$ a —	Bills —
72 —	Long Ann. 21 & 8ths —
3 per Cent Conf. 71 $\frac{1}{2}$ —	30 yrs. Ann. 1778, —
a $\frac{1}{2}$ —	Exchequer Bills, —
2 per Cent. 1726, —	Lottery Tickets 15l.
3 per Cent. 1751, —	17s. 6d.
3 per Ct. Ind. An. —	Prizes —
South Sea Stock, —	Consols for —

P R E F A C E.

IN the Preface to our last Volume it was observed, that 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 were it necessary to exemplify the truth of this observation, we might refer to the contents of the volume. Our readers will there perceive the hands of writers who, when some years (we hope many) are elapsed, will be esteemed the ornaments of the present age ; whose works will exalt the fame of English literature ; and whose names, when time shall disclose them, will confer honour on the most respectable publication.

The sanction of publick approbation renders the repetition of promises of diligence, on our parts, unnecessary. We claim no favour when we relax our attention ; we know we shall not be entitled to it ; and what we do not take pains to deserve, we shall not be ridiculous enough to look for. It has been by gradual and continually increasing steps we have obtained the object we have laboured for, and we will take care not to subject ourselves to the disgrace attendant on indolence.

Were there any circumstance respecting our publication which we could wish altered, it would be the practice of the printers of diurnal and other publications, who instantly seize the original pieces printed in the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, without the slightest notice from whence they were copied. The prediction of our correspondent who transmitted us Doctor Johnson's Letter to Mr. Baretti, has been amply verified. Though that excellent specimen of the epistolary correspondence of that great writer has been transferred into every paper, we believe, printed in any part of the kingdom—one only * has had the decency to acknowledge the source of their obligation. We have no objection to the world being benefited by our labours ; but it seems to us far from unreasonable to desire that the world should be informed from what quarter is derived whatever may afford them either instruction or entertainment.

We shall detain the reader no longer than to observe, that we are already in possession of such materials as we can confidently promise the volume we are now entering upon will be equally valuable, equally entertaining, and equally instructive with any of the preceding. With the assistance we are favoured with, we will pursue our undertaking with diligence and alacrity, and with such assistance we cannot, for a moment, entertain any doubt of success.

* The WHITEHALL EVENING POST.

AS subjects for the preceding three volumes, we had recourse to the SEASONS. For this purpose, picturesque scenes have already been given from SPRING, AUTUMN, and WINTER. Finishing the circuit, we now, as the Frontispiece of the present volume, exhibit a scene from SUMMER;—a scene less illustrative, it must be confessed, of the season itself, than it is pathetically descriptive of an incident of rural calamity, artfully connected with the subject by the pen of a Poet of refined sensibility, and skilfully delineated by the pencil of an Artist, possessed of an imagination not less vivid and brilliant than that of his Author.

In order to elucidate the nature and origin of the unhappy incident alluded to, it may not be improper to observe, that the scene it exhibits is expressly calculated to hold forth to general scorn and abhorrence the insolence of *rustic Grandees*, rendered more intolerable still by the *barbarity*, added to the *insolence*, of the subaltern minions they are apt to cherish about their persons, as instruments devoted to superintend, right or wrong, the execution of their lordly commands.—Powerfully does it also illustrate two melancholy truths, more generally felt, perhaps, than acknowledged—namely, that in the breast of man the SPIRIT of tyranny is hardly separable from the POWER of being a tyrant; and that, with all the flattering ideas we are apt to form of *rural innocence*, and *rural felicity*, the inferior classes of mankind are in fact victims, more or less, of OPPRESSION every where: nor allowed to know more real happiness and tranquility in the country than they confessedly do in town.

In giving to those truths something like an embodied *shape and form*, we behold in our present Frontispiece a fair peasant (not long united in wedlock with the youth of her heart, and but recently become a mother) torn, with the beautiful innocent at her breast, from her wretched hovel, and commanded into the fields to work: notwithstanding every entreaty which parental love can suggest, that yet a little longer she may be permitted to recover her strength—a little longer be permitted to pay those duties of affection to a helpless infant which Nature dictates, and of which none but a Mother can ever feel the necessity, or taste the sweets.

Vain, however, are all her solicitations—vain are all her tears.—The mandate had been issued by a proud Lord, “the savage tyrant of the plain,” of whom, as it is the misfortune of her husband, it becomes her own misfortune also to be the abject vassal;

and, with all the rustic “insolence of office,” which a boor may be supposed capable of exhibiting, rigorously is it enforced by the wretch appointed to carry his orders into execution.

In the mean time, worn out with fatigue, and denied that sustenance which her condition requires, insensibly is the source dried up of that nourishment from within herself which bountiful Nature had provided for her child.—Almost furnished herself, whither, with an infant almost famished also—whither shall she fly for relief?—One day, recollecting that in a neighbouring thicket there were some wild berries, which were highly grateful to the palate, and which might for a little time, she thought, allay the hunger of the crying babe, she gave him of them to eat. Nor was she allowed to finish this little—as it proved, too, this last—act of maternal attention to the devoted fruit of her womb, without hearing the voice of her unrelenting task-master sternly recalling her to her labour. In haste was she forced to return; and, the very minute, as it were, after—alarmed by the shrieks of the child, such shrieks as she had never heard from him before—on the wings of distraction she flew back to the thicket; where, ere she could reach it, the hapless babe lay stretched a lifeless corpse.

It is at this crisis that the agony of the mother, with the dead child upon her lap, is delineated; and not a little is the awful solemnity of the scene heightened by the striking manner in which, struck with horror at the calamity that had happened, her fellow-labourers are represented to have flocked, and to be flocking still, to the fatal spot; where, equally enslaved as herself, and hardly less wretched, all the consolation they can afford to her is, to mingle their tears with hers, and to join in her appeal to Heaven for its just vengeance on the relentless author of their woes.

Happy England! do thou rejoice, that from thy favoured soil VASSALAGE being abolished, no such scene of oppression and cruelty as that here displayed, is longer permitted to exist! But, alas! abolished though it be here, with all its attendant horrors, painful is it to think, that there are countries, where, unextirpated still, one petty despot has the power of lording it over Heaven knows how many slaves, and of considering them to every intent and purpose as much his property, and as much at his devotion, as the very cattle employed in the tillage of his grounds!

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

For J U L Y, 1787.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An ACCOUNT of the LIFE and WRITINGS of SIR WILLIAM JONES, Knt.

[With a PORTRAIT of HIM.]

OF Sir William Jones it has lately and very justly been observed, that "if instead of delighting and instructing the present age, he had long since been reduced to the situation of those writers, whose names and characters only have survived the destruction of their works, the portrait of Sir William Jones might have found, perhaps, inspectors as sceptical as that of *the admirable Crichton*. In the gay spring of life, that season which the idle waste in dissipation, and the diligent employ in elementary studies, distinguished by that elegant conviviality which too frequently proves the bane of its possessor, the author of the *Oriental Commentaries* assumed the triple character of a Linguist, a Poet, and a Critic. With powers too vigorous and comprehensive to be shackled by the vulgar trammels of education, he commenced his literary career, where veterans of no common reputation have been content to finish theirs. To an intuitive perception of the sublime and beautiful, and an imagination at once bold and luxuriant, he added, what Mr. Pope thought incompatible with these faculties, the distinguishing judgment of Aristotle, and a memory quick and tenacious as that of Seneca, or Carneades. Nothing, less than the union of these powers in the same mind could have produced such pregnancy of thought, and such elegance and facility of composition, in languages so difficult and dissimilar. Yet this fancy, this elegance, and this facility, did our author possess, in spite of his early destination to a profession, of which even the preparatory exercises exhaust the midnight lamp of the most persevering student. To the pen, whose more serious business it was to collect the cases, and note the precedents of an English court of judicature, we are indebted not only for a speech of *Æneas* in an English dress, and for an exact delineation of the most complicated part of the Athenian laws, but for verses, which echo the language, as well as the sentiments of Sophocles, Theocritus, and Menander. To him

who might have been supposed to consult the pages of Cicero as the models only of legal argument, or popular declamation, we owe the perusal of such Latin prose as Tully might have read without disgust; and of Latin poetry, which breathes the spirit of the best writers of the best age of Rome. He who was more professionally employed in discussing the legal mode of suppressing riots, and the laws of his native country on the subject of *bailments*, cultivated the oriental languages, not only to illustrate the Mahometan laws of succession to the property of intestates, but to develop the grammatical construction of the Persian language, and to woo the Asiatic Muses from the spicy groves of Arabia to the more chilly climate of Britain. Let it be remembered also, that the man of whom all this and much more might be said, is now only in the bloom of manhood; possessed of integrity unimpeached, and of manners the most attracting; in his judicial capacity, the glory of the British name in India; and as a scholar, still indefatigable in those pursuits, which render him at once the patron and example of the poet, the philosopher, and the critic."

SIR WILLIAM JONES is the son of William Jones, Esq. one of the last of those genuine mathematicians, admirers and cotemporaries of Newton, who cultivated and improved the sciences in the present century*. Our author was born on the 28th of September 1746, and received his education at Harrow School, under the care of Dr. Robert Sumner, whom his grateful pupil has celebrated in an eulogium which will outlast stone or marble. We are told he was a class-fellow with Dr. Parr, and at a very early age displayed talents which gave his tutor the most promising expectations, and which have since been amply justified. From Harrow he was sent to University College, Oxford, and about the year 1769 made the tour of France, and resided some time at Nice†.

His first publication was a translation

* See an account of Mr. Jones in Nichols's Anecdotes of Mr. Bowyer, p. 73.

† See Preface to his Poems, and to *Poëticæ Asiaticæ Commentariorum Libri sex, cum Appendice.*

into French of a Persian manuscript, and entitled "Histoire de Nadir Shah, connu sous le nom de Tahmas Kuli Khan, Empereur de Perse," in two vols. 4to. the history of which performance we shall give in his own words: "A great Northern Monarch, who visited this country a few years ago, under the name of the Prince of Travendal, brought with him an Eastern manuscript, containing the Life of Nadir Shah, the late Sovereign of Persia, which he was desirous of having translated in England. The Secretary of State, with whom the Danish Minister had conversed upon the subject, sent the volume to me, requesting me to give a literal translation of it in the French language; but I wholly declined the task, alledging for my excuse the length of the book, the dryness of the subject, the difficulty of the style, and chiefly my want both of leisure and ability to enter upon an undertaking so fruitless and so laborious. I mentioned, however, a gentleman, with whom I had not then the pleasure of being acquainted, but who had distinguished himself by a translation of a Persian history, and was far abler than myself to satisfy the King of Denmark's expectations. The learned writer, who had other works upon his hands, excused himself on the account of his many engagements; and the application to me was renewed. It was hinted that my compliance would be of no small advantage to me at my entrance into life, that it would procure me some mark of distinction which might be pleasing to me, and above all, that it would be a reflection upon this country if the King should be obliged to carry the manuscript into France. Incited by these motives, and principally by the last of them, unwilling

to be thought churlish or morose, and eager for the bubble reputation, I undertook the work, and sent a specimen of it to his Danish Majesty; who returned his approbation of the style and method, but desired that the whole translation might be perfectly literal, and the oriental images accurately preserved. The task would have been far easier to me, had I been directed to finish it in Latin, for the acquisition of a French style was infinitely more tedious; and it was necessary to have every chapter corrected by a native of France, before it could be offered to the discerning eye of the public, since in every language there are certain peculiarities of idiom, and nice shades of meaning, which a foreigner can never learn to perfection. But the work, how arduous and unpleasing soever, was completed in a year, not without repeated hints from the Secretary's office that it was expected with great impatience by the Court of Denmark." The translation of the History of NADIR SHAH was published in the summer of the year 1770, at the expence of the translator; and forty copies upon large paper were sent to Copenhagen; one of them bound with uncommon elegance for the King himself, and the others as presents to his courtiers*.

What marks of distinction our author received, or what fruits he reaped for his labour, he has not thought proper to disclose; but if any dependence is to be placed on common fame, the reward bestowed upon him for this laborious task consisted only in the thanks of his Danish Majesty, and the honour of being enrolled in the Royal Society of Copenhagen.

(To be Continued.)

An ACCOUNT of ISRAEL MAUDUIT, Esq.
(Concluded from Vol. XI. p. 384.)

THE reputation Mr. Mauduit obtained by his "Considerations on the German War," raised his character greatly in the estimation of politicians. From this time conjecture ascribed to him many performances which their authors had put forth anonymously, and which, from their excellence, required the name of a writer of character. When Mr. Wilkes published his "Observations on the Spanish Papers," in 1762, he appears to have been very desirous that his performance should be mistaken for one of Mr. Mauduit's compositions. In a letter to Dr. Douglas, dated April 6, 1762, he says, "When I was last in the foolish

circle at the Smyrna, the Observations on the Spanish Papers were talked of; and as you know the sages there pretend to infinite sagacity, they were generally given to you, though a few ascribed them to Mauduit, the author of the famous Considerations."—In this manner Mr. Wilkes endeavoured to mislead his correspondent from discovering the real author of his pamphlet.

In a short time afterwards, Mr. Mauduit obtained the appointment of Agent for the province of Massachusetts, and from that period took a very active part in the disputes which arose between the colonies and the mother-country. He

* Preface to the History of Nadir Shah, 8vo. 1773.

was one of those to whom Mr. Grenville communicated his intention of imposing a stamp-duty in America, at the same time declaring, that he was not set upon the tax; but that if the Americans disliked it, and preferred any other method of raising the money themselves, he should be content, as he only desired that the money should be raised. This important fact was afterwards denied, and Mr. Mauduit was under the necessity of minutely stating the whole transaction to the public*.

In 1769 he published his "Short View of the History of the New England Colonies," 8vo. and in 1774 wrote a very masterly performance, entitled, "The Case of the Dissenting Ministers; addressed to the Lords Spiritual and Temporal," 8vo. This was written and printed without the knowledge of any one of the Dissenting Ministers concerned in the then application to parliament. In that year, the House of Representatives of the Colony of Massachusetts-Bay having presented an address to the King by Dr. Franklin, praying the removal of the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor; Mr. Mauduit, in behalf of these gentlemen, prayed to be heard by counsel, before any report was made on the said address. The ground for this application was the stolen letters written to Mr. Whately, which had been obtained by Dr. Franklin. The hearing of this memorable complaint came on the 29th of January, 1774; when the Lords of the Committee reported their opinion to be, that the petition was founded upon resolutions formed upon false and erroneous allegations, and that the same was groundless, vexatious, and scandalous, and calculated only for the seditious purposes of keeping up a spirit of clamour and discontent in the province. They also reported, that nothing had been laid before them which did or could, in their opinion, in any manner, or in any degree, impeach the honour, integrity, or conduct of the said Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, and therefore that the said petition ought to be dismissed. Accordingly, on the 7th of February following, his Majesty approved of the said report, dismissed the said petition as groundless, vexatious, and scandalous, and calculated only for the seditious purpose of keeping up a spirit of clamour and discontent. At the same period Mr. Mauduit published "Letters of Gover-

"nor Hutchinson, and Lieutenant-Governor Oliver, &c. (printed at Boston) and Remarks thereon. With the Assembly's Address, and the Proceedings of the Lords Committee of Council. Together with the Substance of Mr. Wedderburne's Speech relating to these Letters; and the Report of the Lords Committee to his Majesty in Council," 8vo. These papers are exceedingly valuable for the information they contain, and will furnish most authentic information for future historians.

The consequence of the determination before mentioned, and the Philippic pronounced against Dr. Franklin at that time, hastened on the fatal recourse to the sword, which has since ended in the dismemberment of the Empire. On the conduct of the war Mr. Mauduit bent a vigilant eye of observation, and his opinion was by no means favourable to those who were appointed by Government to manage this important concern. His first performance was, "Remarks upon General Howe's Account of his Proceedings on Long-Island, in the extraordinary Gazette of Oct. 10, 1776," 8vo. 1778; severely arraigning the negligence of that General. This was followed by "Strictures on the Philadelphia Mischianza, or, Triumph upon leaving America unconquered. With Extracts: Containing the principal Part of a Letter published in the 'American Crisis;' in order to shew how far the King's Enemies think his General deserving of 'Public Honours,'" 8vo. 1779; and this by "Observations upon the Conduct of Sir William Howe at the White Plains, as related in the Gazette of Dec. 30, 1776," 8vo. 1779. In each of these performances he produced arguments to which the common sense of mankind, in spite of sophistry, could not but assent.

These were not the only attacks Mr. Mauduit made on the two brothers, whose conduct he considered as highly censurable for at least negligence, if not for a higher offence. In 1781, he published "Three Letters to Lieutenant-General Sir William Howe. With an Appendix," 8vo. and these were followed by "Three Letters to Lord Viscount Howe. With Remarks on the Attack at Bunker's Hill. To which is added, a comparative View of the Conduct of Lord Cornwallis and General Howe," 8vo. We apprehend it is now only a

* See the 4th edition of "A Short View of the History of the New England Colonies, with Respect to their Charters and Constitution," 8vo. 1776.

master of curiosity to consider the merits or demerits of these officers. The opinions of the public cannot vary until the whole management of the late war is disclosed, and that can hardly be expected for half a century to come.

On the decease of Richard Jackson, Esq. in May last, Mr. Mauduit was chosen Governor of the Society established among the Dissenters for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts, but attended no more than one board. His health had not so visibly declined, but that he might have been expected to have lived some time longer, and continued his usefulness to the public. This, however, did not happen: he died at his house in Clement's-Lane, Lombard street, on the 14th of June, 1787, aged 79 years. Mr. Mauduit was a Fellow of the Antiquarian Society, a truly conscientious man, and beloved by all ranks of people. His love of liberty, civil and religious, was tempered with that moderation which Christianity inculcates in every branch of conduct. His acquaintance with mankind taught him that impartiality was the best rule of conduct. In the contest for civil

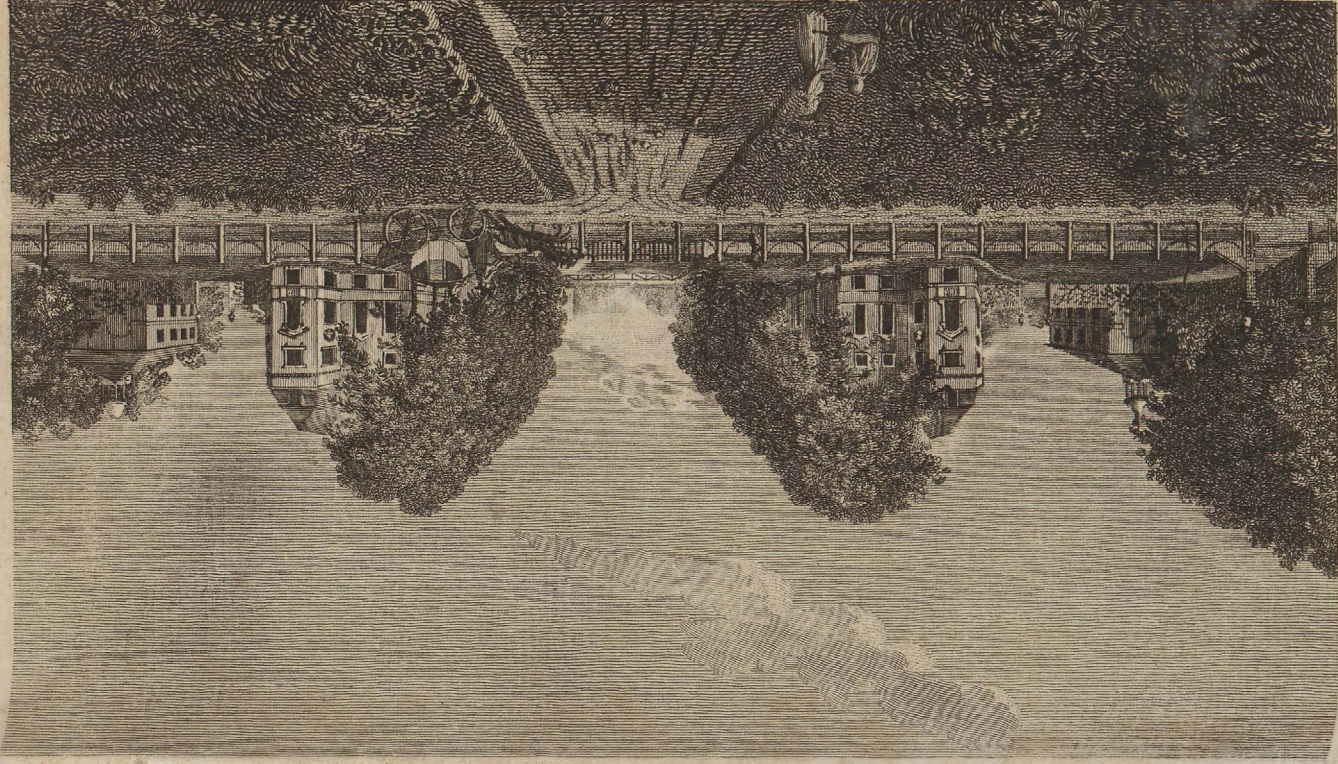
liberty, he distinguished the intemperate zeal of the Americans. In like manner he tempered the application of his brethren in England for toleration. Mr. Mauduit died a bachelor, and possessed of an ample fortune. He is said to have received a pension of 600*l.* per ann. from Government. From an anecdote we have received from very respectable authority it appears, that he entertained no slight opinion of the profession of a merchant. Being at the house of Sir Matthew Featherstonhaugh, at Up-park, with a great deal of company, many of them noble, the conversation turned upon the default of a contractor for cloth to the East-India Company. Several persons present giving their sentiments rather illiberally on the character of a merchant, Mr. Mauduit observed, that were a millstone to fall from Heaven, and kill ten of the honourable description, of those present, they would be little missed in the world: on the contrary, were it to kill only one of the merchants they were so despising, it would cause a great loss to society; the good he does flowing through so many channels.

ACCOUNT of CLAPHAM and its ENVIRONS.

(With a VIEW of Mr. AKERMAN's HOUSE.)

THE distresses of individuals frequently contribute to public good, and this truth is perhaps no where more exemplified than in the neighbourhood of Clapham, Wandsworth, Battersea, &c. At all these places the improvidence of a late noble Lord, which occasioned him to alienate such part of his property as he had the dominion over, has been the means of creating some of the most elegant villas in the environs of the metropolis. Whoever recollects Clapham Common thirty years ago, will subscribe to the truth of this assertion. This delightful spot is situated on a high gravelly soil provided with good water, and is six miles from London. It is, in the opinion of the faculty, one of the most healthy places in the vicinity of London. Of those who have contributed to ornament it may be named Mr. Akerman and Mr. Baldwin; the former of whom has enlarged a cottage to an excellent house on the south side of the Common, with plantations both before and behind. He has also built two houses on the north side, preserving a view between them, which reaches as far as the eye can distinguish, over Chelsea to Hampton. The latter gentleman, who is Deputy to the Lady of the Manor, has assisted in rendering the place more convenient, by excellent roads

in every direction that can contribute to use or pleasure. By the proper disposition of clumps and fences, the face of the country has rather the appearance of a Park than a Common. Since these improvements have been introduced, the inhabitants have increased in great numbers, and a new church has been built, besides other places of public worship. Messrs. Dent, Cole, &c. have also decorated Wandsworth Common by new buildings; and so much desired is the situation, that the rate of ground for sixty-one years lease to build upon, has been 5*s.* per foot in front. Fourteen acres of land have been sold for 8000*l.* and so rapidly has the rage of building spread, that were it to continue seven years at the same rate as at present, scarce a field would be left unbuilt upon between London and this place, on the west extremity. Mr. Bennet has also made a road which unites Clapham and Wandsworth roads; and intends shortly to erect eight houses in the form of a crescent. These improvements are not the only ones proposed, and should they be carried into effect will render Clapham, Wandsworth, and Battersea, equal if not superior, in point of beauty and convenience, to any other part of the kingdom.



New from Mr. Akerman's House Clayham Common.
Gravehill Port et Dampf.
Printed by T. Sewell Cornhill.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.
ATOMS of INFORMATION.

Funclarum discordia semina rerum.

MR. Addison, in N^o. 518 of the Spectator, concludes a letter on the subject of sepulchral inscriptions, with the following remark. "I will not dismifs you, without sending a short Epitaph which I once met with, though I cannot possibly recollect the place. The thought of it is serious, and, in my opinion, the finest that I ever met with on this occasion. You know, sir, it is usual, after having told us the name of the person who lies interred, to launch out into his praises. This Epitaph takes quite a different turn, having been made by the person himself some time before his death.

Hic jacet R. C. in expectatione diei supremi. Qualis erat, dies iste indicabit. i. e. Here lieth R. C. in expectation of the last day. What sort of a man he was, that day will discover."

Mr. Walpole (see his collection of Fugitive Pieces) concludes his verses in memory of King Henry VI. with the following couplet:

"And Henry's praise refer to that great day,
"Which, what he was, shall, when it comes, display;"

and says in a note, "The thought of the last line alludes to an epitaph in the chapel of King's College, Cambridge, which, &c. *Hic situs est N. N. Qualis eram, &c.*" which being a monkish verse, Mr. Addison has changed the last word *scies* into *indicabit*."

To the foregoing remarks, &c. I beg leave to add a *more exact* copy of this epitaph on Thomas Crouch, who died in 1679, than has hitherto appeared.

*Aperiet Deus Tumulos et educet
Nos de Sepulchris.*

*Qualis eram, Dies isthæc cum
Venerit, scies.*

So much for the accuracy of Addison and Walpole's quotations!

IN a copy of the third volume of the Archæologia, published by our Society of Antiquaries, I find the following remarks by the late Mr. Cole, of Milton, near Cambridge, whose manuscript collections, by his own order, are to remain locked up in the British Museum till the term of twenty years, from the day of his death, has been completed. To these

manuscripts his enclosed observations have more than a single reference.

See an account of Charter Horns in the Cathedral of Carlisle, by Bishop Lyttelton, p. 22.

"I am apt to suspect (says Mr. Cole), that these fish teeth, now preserved at Carlisle, are not the present made to the Priory by King Henry I. for these reasons. In the first place, the horn given by the King is called *quoddam cornu eburneum*, a certain horn of ivory, which appears to indicate one, like Ulphus's horn at York, made of ivory and ornamented, and not this great jaw of a fish, which seems to have never had any polish or ornament about it. But what ought to put this matter out of all doubt, is the following extract, which I made many years ago, from an original MS. Visitation of the North, by Thomas Tong, alias Norroy King at Arms, in 1530; which MS. or a copy thereof, is now in the British Museum, No. 1499, article 12; in which MS. at p. 23, is this entry.

"Be yt noted, that the Monaster of Carlyle was first founded by Kinge Henry the first, in the seconde yeare of his reigne: and the saide Kinge sent for the Pryor of Sent Oswald's in Yorkshyre to be Pryor of the saide Monaster of Carlyle, whose name was Adelwalde, was after Byshoppe of the Dioces of Carlisle, & continued Pryor withall. And the saide Kinge Henry gave unto the saide Monaster a greate Horne venney, havynge certayne Bandes of Sylver & Golde, & the verses followinge graved upon.

*Henricus primus noster Fundator
Hoc dedit in Tesse Carte pro jure Forestæ.*

And by the saide Horne he gave to the saide Monaster Libertys within the Forest of Englewood And resteth Founder of the said Monaster our Sovereigne Lorde the Kinge." Argent a Crosse Sable, ensigned with a Crosier.—Vide my Vol. of MS. Collections xviii. p. 216. W. C.

"By its being called a great Horne venney, which I suppose means *venoury*, and may signify hunting, or a hunting horn, it points out an ornamented horn of ivory, adorned with silver and gold ringlets about it, as usual with other horns of the same sort, and seems a present of great propriety to the design of giving liberties within

within a chace or forest. Whereas the great branching horns or teeth of the other clearly shews it to be of no such use. A horn of the same sort at Utkinton, as Forrester of Delamere. Videmy Vol. xxix. p. 16. 20. W. C. March 24, 1776.

"On the death of Bishop Lyttelton, who probably had brought these reliques from Carlisle, to shew them to the Society of which he was President, they were carried by his Lordship's strict dying order to the new Bishop of Carlisle, with a verbal message, requesting that they might be sent to Carlisle, and always go with the Bishop; meaning, that they might always go with the effects of the Sec. This message was accordingly delivered to Bishop Law's servant, who, not well understanding the purport of it, thought that his master was to go no where without them, in his episcopal character; and therefore when his Lordship, for the first time, went to the House of Lords, they were packed up in the bag that contained the lawn sleeves, rochet, &c. The production of this noble pair of horns in the chamber where the Bishops robed themselves, afforded no small entertainment to the reverend Bench, who thought that his Lordship was out of his senses to bring such a piece of furniture into that House, where, though he himself might be free from any supposition of having deserved them, it was well known that many of his Peers might consider it as a reflection on themselves. However that might be, it was much talked of at the time, by those who were willing to make a jest of Bishop Law's absences.

"On Tuesday, Feb. 13, 1776, Mr. Alderman Bentham, who had been long acquainted with the Bishop, called upon me at Milton with a message from his Lordship, who, it seems, had been informed of the above-written account, to assure me that it was void of truth, and could have no other foundation than from the ignorance of his servant, who actually, on the Bishop's preparing to go out, had proposed taking the horns with him, from a misunderstanding of their designation; at which his Lordship had been much entertained, and had occasionally laughed at the mistake among those to whom he had related it, a circumstance which might have given rise to the misrepresentation. The Bishop desired that I would draw my pen over what I had written about it, as it was totally a mistake. I desired Mr. Bentham to present my compliments to his Lord-

ship, that I was sorry I had been imposed on, and that I would do as his Lordship desired.—I remember I lent this book to my godson John Ward, of Qui Hall, Esq. who visits Mr. Lushington, of Botesham, son-in-law to the Bishop, and Curate of Qui; and in October 1775, to Mr. David Hughes, President of Queen's College, who is often visited by the Bishop. I suspect that the latter shewed it or mentioned it to his Lordship. The story was so common, I had heard it in twenty different places; but that is no proof of its authenticity."

Thus far Mr. Cole, who most religiously observed his promise, some lines, denoting a cancel of the reprobated narrative, being drawn over it in his manuscript.

That his intent has been defeated by the present publication, may seem to require apology, nor is it difficult to be found; for the contributor of this article (*pace Benthami, eximii Aldermanni*) is assured that the whole story, as at first related, has wandered very little, if at all, from the truth.

Should the minute accuracy of Mr. Cole's record excite a smile, let it be checked by a remembrance of his candour; and should ridicule (if any there be that can approach him) perch on his Lordship's shoulders, may he recollect that it would have been stifled in its birth, had he prudently forbore to recount the mistake of his servant! The tale is at once too probable, too pleasant, and perhaps too genuine, to deserve that oblivion in which the politeness of its chronicler would have precipitately sunk it. This article, however, cannot well conclude without a wish that our amiable prelate, to whom length of days has been already granted, may find his life still comfortably prolonged; and that, should this morsel of Antiquarian gossip ever reach his notice, he may, if it be authentic, enjoy a second laugh at the blunder about the Horns, and, if it be fabulous, allow himself a little salutary mirth at the expence of our credulity.

A FEW of the MS. remarks by Mr. Cole on Mr. Mason's Life of Gray, the Poet. 4to. edit. p. 171.

"—its plainness of his circumstances"—"small library."—

"Mr. Gray's library could not be called, with truth, a small one for a private man. He had not only a large collection in a room on the same floor with his

his chamber, but hired a room or two above his apartments, which were completely filled with books. I have reason, and his Biographer more, to mention this truth, as he left him his valuable and large collection, and as he was continually lending me whatever I sent for, from his own store. His loss to me was irreparable: the article alone of his library was most useful and entertaining: for he purchased all books of curiosity, especially in French and Italian.—His calling him poor, in another place, is as improper: for a man's private property, especially such a one as Mr. Gray, who lived abstemiously, and much by himself, amounting at his death to 7000*l.* can never, with propriety, be called poverty."

Again on p. 343, line 3.

"He has frequently played upon the harpsichord, and sung to it formerly, and as often latterly upon the forte-piano to me, though not without much solicitation. His forte-piano had been a present to him from his friend Mr. Stonhewer, which at his death he bequeathed to him again; and so nicely scrupulous was he in respect to presents of any kind, that when Mr. Jernegan the Poet, out of regard to his merit, sent him an elegant antique seal, which he could not refuse, without ill-manners, yet he accepted it with great reluctance, and took particular care that it should be returned to him again at his decease."

Again on p. 156.—"So little was the amiable youth then aware of the short time that he himself would be numbered among the living."

"This reflection by Mr. Mason puts me in mind of a similar case in respect to poor Mr. Gray. The last time I saw him was at the funeral of Dr. Long, Master of his College, in December 1770. The day after I had occasion to write to

him; and in my letter, partly in jest and partly in earnest, I took notice of the slovenliness and want of proper decency and solemnity on such an occasion. His answer, dated Saturday, Dec. 22, 1770, was as below. Little did he or I suspect that the next funeral from that college would be for him. Yet so it was; for he died in July following: a period very distant from forty years! Happy had it been for his friends, had the term been abridged for only half."

"To the Rev. Mr. COLE, Milton.

"How did we know, pray? Nobody here remembered another burying of this kind. Shall be proud of your advice the next opportunity, which (we hope) will be some forty years hence. I am sorry you would not send for me last night. I shall not be able to wait on you *chez vous*, so soon as I would wish, for I go in a few days to town, where I shall see Mr. Walpole. Adieu! at my return we shall meet. Saturday, Dec. 22, 1770."

Mr. Cole, p. 404, concludes his annotations with the following words. "I am by no means satisfied with this Life: it has too much the affectation of classical shortness to please me. More circumstances would have suited my taste better. Besides, I think, the Biographer had a mind to revenge himself of the sneerings Mr. Gray put upon him; though he left him, I guess, above 1000*l.* which is slightly hinted at only. Yet Mr. Walpole was quite contented with the work, when I made my objections.

"See Mr. Gray's Will in my Vol. xli. p. 119, 120.

"See many letters from Mr. Walpole at Paris to me, when he first heard of Mr. Gray's death, and his concern at it, in my Vol. xxxii, p. 12 to 15, 21 to 25."

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES of Mr. PHILIDOR:

COMMUNICATED BY HIMSELF.

[From "CHES S," 2vo, lately published by Mess. Robinsons.]

ANDRE DANICAN PHILIDOR was born at Dreux, near Paris, in 1726. His grandfather was a hautboy-player at the Court of Lewis XIII. An Italian musician, named Philidor, was admired at that Court for his performance on the same instrument; and after his departure, the King gave Mr. Danican the *soubriquet* or nick-name of Philidor, which has still remained in the family. His father, and several of his brothers,

belonged to the band of Lewis XIV. and Lewis XV.

At six years of age he was admitted among the children of the Chapel Royal of Versailles, where, being obliged to attend daily, he had an opportunity of learning Chefs from the musicians in waiting, of whom there were about eighty. Cards not being allowed so near the Chapel, they had a long table with six Chefs-boards inlaid.

At the age of eleven, a motet, or psalm with chorusses, of his composition, was performed, which pleased Lewis XV. so much, that he gave the composer five louis: this encouraged the lad to compose four more. When he had attained his fourteenth year, he left the Chapel, and was then reputed the most skilful Chess-player of the band. This was in 1740, when several *motets* of his composition were performed at Paris, at the *Concert Spirituel*, which were favourably received by the public, as the productions of a child who was already a master and teacher of music. At this time Chess was played at in almost every coffee-house in Paris, and he applied so closely to the game, that he neglected his scholars, and they consequently took another master. This induced him rather to pursue the study of Chess than of Music. *M. de Kermur, Sire de Legalle*, who is still living, and was then near forty years of age, was esteemed the best Chess-player in France, and young Philidor sought every opportunity of receiving his instructions; by which he improved so essentially, that three years after, *M. de Legalle*, though still his master, was not able to allow him any advantage.

M. de Legalle once asked him, Whether he had never tried to play by memory, without seeing the board?—Philidor replied, That as he had calculated moves, and even whole games at night in bed, he thought he could do it, and immediately played a game with the *Abbé Chenard*, which he won without seeing the board, and without hesitating upon any of the moves: this was a circumstance much spoken of in Paris, and in consequence he often repeated this method of playing.

Philidor then finding he could readily play a single game, offered to play two games at the same time, which he did at a coffee-house; and of this party the following account is given in the French *Encyclopedie*.

"We had at Paris a young man of eighteen, who played at the same time two games at Chess, without seeing the boards, beating two antagonists, to either of whom he, though a first-rate player, could only give the advantage of a *knight*, when seeing the board. We shall add to this account a circumstance of which we were eye-witnesses: In the middle of one of his games, a false move was designedly made, which, after a great number of moves, he discovered, and placed the piece where it ought to have been at first. This young man is named *M. Philidor*,

the son of a musician of repute; he himself is a great musician, and, perhaps, the best player at Polish Draughts there ever was, or ever will be. This is among the most extraordinary examples of strength of memory, and of imagination."

Forty years after this he played two different times in London, three games at once. Of some of these exertions the following account appeared in the London newspapers, in May 1783.

"Yesterday at the Chess-club in St. James's-street, *Mr. Philidor* performed one of those wonderful exhibitions for which he is so much celebrated. He played at the same time three different games, without seeing either of the tables. His opponents were *Count Bruhl*, *Mr. Bowdler*, (the two best players in London) and *Mr. Maseres*. He defeated *Count Bruhl* in an hour and twenty minutes, and *Mr. Maseres* in two hours. *Mr. Bowdler* reduced his game to a drawn battle in an hour and three quarters. To those who understand Chess, this exertion of *Mr. Philidor's* abilities must appear one of the greatest of which the human memory is susceptible. He goes through it with astonishing accuracy, and often corrects mistakes in those who have the board before them. *Mr. Philidor* sits with his back to the tables, and some gentleman present, who takes his part, informs him of the move of his antagonist, and then by his direction plays his pieces as he dictates.

"The other match was with *Count Bruhl*, *Mr. Jennings*, and *Mr. Erskine*, to the last of whom he gave a pawn and the move; the Count made a drawn game, and both the other gentlemen lost their games."

But to return: In 1745 he became acquainted with an Italian named *Lanza*, whose daughter was looked on as a prodigy for her talents on the harpsichord, tho' but thirteen years of age. This man engaged Philidor to go with him to Holland, to meet *Geminiani*, who had promised his assistance in giving twelve subscription concerts, at which the girl was to perform. She being indisposed, was left with her mother at Paris, and at Rotterdam her father received the news of her death.

Thus Philidor found himself in a foreign country penniless, and bereft of all his hopes of advantage from the proposed concerts. His skill at Draughts was now a great resource to him at Rotterdam and Amsterdam: he remained a twelvemonth in Holland, residing chiefly at the Hague, where

where he became acquainted with Colonel la Deves, a relation of the late Lord Ligonier, and with the Prince of Waldeck, who then commanded the Dutch army, both Chess-players: the former was so skilful, that Philidor could only give him a *knight*: the Prince rewarded him nobly for his instructions.

In 1747 he visited England, where Sir Abraham Janssen introduced him to all the celebrated players of the time. Sir Abraham was not only the best Chess-player in England, but likewise the best player he ever met with, after his master M. de Legalle, as the Baronet was able to win one game in four of him *even*: and M. de Legalle, with whom Sir Abraham afterwards played in Paris, was of the same opinion with regard to his skill.

Sir Abraham, besides the common game, delighted in playing at a more complicated one, invented by the late Duke of Rutland. At this game the board is 14 squares in breadth, and 10 in height, which make 140 houses; 14 pieces, and 14 pawns, on a side: the pawns might move either one, two, or three squares the first time.

The pieces were, the *king*, the *queen*; then two *bishops*, two *knight*s, a *crowned castle*, uniting the move of the king and castle, and a common *castle*.

On the other side of the king was a *con-cubine*, whose move was that of the castle and the knight united, two *bishops*, a single *knight*, a *crowned castle*, and a *common* one. The best players at this game after Sir Abraham, were Stamma, Dr. Cowper, and Mr. Salvador. Philidor, in less than two months, was able to give a knight to each of these gentlemen at this game. It may be observed, that the pawns are here of very little use; and that by the extent of the board, the

knights lose much of their value, which of course renders the game more defective and less interesting than the common one; and since the death of Sir Abraham in 1763, it is forgotten, or at least disused.

In 1748 Philidor returned to Holland, where he composed his *Treatise on Chess*. At Aix la Chapelle he was advised by Lord Sandwich to go to Eyndhoven, a village between Bois le Duc and Maastricht, where the English army was encamped. He had there the honour of playing with the late Duke of Cumberland, who subscribed liberally himself, and procured a great number of other subscribers to his work on Chess, which was published in London in 1749.

In 1750 he frequented the house of the French Ambassador, the Duke of Mirepoix, who gave a weekly dinner to the lovers of Chess, at which game he was himself very expert.

Philidor remained another year in England, and learning that the King of Prussia was fond of Chess, he set off for Berlin in 1751. The King saw him play several times at Potsdam, but did not play with him. There was a Marquis de Varennes, and a certain Jew, who played *even* with the King, and to each of these Philidor gave a knight, and beat them.

The following year he left Berlin, staid eight months at the Prince of Waldeck's at Arolsen, and three weeks at the Court of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, and then returned to England, where he remained till 1755. His passion for Chess did not make him neglect his musical talents; for in 1753 he set Dryden's Ode to St. Cecilia to music, which was performed at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket*. Handel commended it.

He returned to France in 1755, with a

* Mr. Philidor probably mistakes the performance he set to music at this time. From the following advertisement, published in the Public Advertiser, and dated December 29, 1753, we apprehend it to have been not Dryden's but Congreve's Ode. "Mr. Philidor begs leave to acquaint the public, that in order to justify himself of the calumny spread about to him, that he was not the author of the Latin Music he gave last year, as likewise to convince the world that the Art of Music has been at all times his constant study and application, and Chess only his diversion, he has undertaken to set an Ode to music in praise of harmony, wrote by the celebrated Mr. Congreve. He is far from being so vain (as some of his enemies have suggested, without either reason or foundation, on some other occasion) to flatter himself of having succeeded in the attempt, so as to deserve any applause from his audience; but, however, if he should have the misfortune to meet with the fate of Phaeton, his comfort will be, that even malice itself will not be able to insinuate that this Ode is not of his own composition; it being well known that Music is only the servant of Poetry, and consequently impossible for any man living to find out old Music that will agree (if I may be allowed the expression) with new words: and supposing it might be done even to a syllable, such Music would certainly never agree with all the different expressions and passions

serious intention of devoting himself to music; and soon after he solicited the appointment of Master of the Chapel Royal, where two new *motets* of his composition were performed; but as the late Queen and the whole Court were used to ancient music, he was unsuccessful in his application. He consoled himself, however, with the compliments he received from the amateurs of the science.

In 1759, his first Musical Drama, entitled *Blaise le Savetier*, was performed at the Theatre of the Comic Opera; which had such a run, that he abandoned church music, and applied himself wholly to the stage; and in the same year he composed *L'Huitre et les Plaidours*; in 1760 the *Soldat Magicien*, and the *Qui pro Quo*; and in 1761, *Le Jardinier et son Seigneur*, and *Le Maréchal Ferrant*.

In consequence of the success of these pieces, the Italian Comedy was deserted; and in 1762 the two Theatres were united, and still form the present Italian Comedy. This season (1762) he produced *Sancho Pança*; in 1763, the *Bucheron*, and *Les Fêtes de la Faix*; and in 1764, the *Soreier*. This was followed in 1765, by *Tom Jones*, which was damned the first night; but the following year it was repeated with great success. In 1766, emboldened by his increasing popularity, he aimed at an entire change of the national taste for the French Music, and accordingly composed a Tragic Opera, entitled, *Ernelinda, Princess of Norway*, without mythology, and with recitative, after the Italian manner, intermixed with airs. This was represented at the French Opera, and notwithstanding the cabals of the nobility, who were bigotted to the old music, the bad singing of the actors and actresses, and the indifferent execution of the orchestra; notwithstanding the obstacles thrown by the dancers in the way of a performance, which formed a new and interesting spectacle; this piece was played eight successive nights, and then dropt. Lewis XV. was however so well pleased with it, that he privately rewarded the composer with a pension of twenty-five louis from his pri-

vy purse. This Opera was again performed with better singers, and a better band, in 1776 and 1777, with great success.

In 1769, he brought out *Abdolonimus*, or, the *Gardener of Sidon*; in 1770, *Le Jardinier Supposé*, and *La Nouvelle Ecole des Femmes*; and in 1772, *Le Bon Fils*: this year he came to England for the fourth time, and passed a month with his friends.

In 1773, a new Opera of his composition, called *Le Premier Navigateur*, was performed at Fontainebleau before the Court; and his Opera of *Ernelinda* was repeated at Versailles among the entertainments given on account of the marriage of the Count d'Artois.

In 1775, he produced *Les Femmes Vengees*, and in the winter returned to London to the Chefs-club, and repeated his annual visits the four following years, 1776, 77, 78, and 79.

In 1776, he published a new edition of his Chefs-Book.

In 1779, at London, he set to music the *Carmen Seculare* of Horace*, which was performed three nights with great success at Freemasons-Hall, and afterwards at Paris. The Empress of Russia required and obtained a copy in score from the author, for which she generously rewarded him.

The present King of Prussia, when Prince Royal, was likewise very liberal to the author, who had sent him a copy of this piece of music.

It is now in the press at Paris, and will be speedily published, dedicated to the Empress, with an engraven title-page, representing the arms of Russia.

In 1780, he composed a Lyric Tragedy, called *Perseus*, which was performed at the French Opera.

He was again in England during the winters of 1781, 1782, and 1783. In 1785, he brought out at Fontainebleau, *Themistocles*, a Lyric Tragedy, which was afterwards performed at Paris; and *Prosper et Vincent*, or, *L'Amitié au Village*, represented both at Fontainebleau and at the Italian Comedy.

so requisite in a good composition. Words must be painted with a sort of *Chiare Oscuro*, and not put under any note, as perhaps ignorant people in that art may imagine.

"This Ode will be performed at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, on Thursday the 31st of January next." EDITOR.

* See Dr. Johnson's Verses in our last Magazine, p. 451.

TO THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following Letter will serve to shew how much and how soon a transaction of public notoriety may be mistaken and misrepresented. The work here complained of obtained abroad some degree of popularity, though abounding in falsehoods and inaccuracies without number. The present remonstrance had its proper weight with the Author, who confessed his mistakes; but as some persons may hereafter become possessed of the first edition of the hasty performance here censured, the following Letter cannot be too much known.

I am Yours, &c.

W. W.

TO MR. GROSSLEY.

SIR,

HAMPTON, September 24, 1770.

I DID not receive the favour of your letter till yesterday, or I should have answered it directly. I hope you will excuse my answering you in my own language, as the subject requires great precision, and as I imagine you must be a master of English, from your publication of the three volumes in question. You have indeed, Sir, flattered me in my profession; but had you given me still higher encomiums, and afterwards represented me asking pardon upon my knees, I could not possibly have enjoyed the compliment at the expence of my manhood.

I own to you, when I read that passage (for the book was put into my hands at the French Ambassador's) I was most seriously hurt to be represented as a man capable of so mean an action. I made my complaints to my friends in Paris, and begged of them not to let my name be published throughout France with such an ill-founded story tacked to it. There is a mistake runs through the whole of that account. You are pleased to say, that upon my being director of the King's Theatre, I wanted to put it upon the footing of that at Paris. The fact is thus:—I never wanted to receive the full price as they do at Paris, but only for new plays, and for those we revived with new scenes and habits, which my predecessors always received. We had performed our best plays to what we call half-price, which is, taking the half-price at the end of the third act for the two last acts and the petite-piece. It was no innovation on our part. There certainly was a great riot in the theatre—and the money was returned without finishing the play: but giving up the dispute on the second night, I was received with great applause, without the least murmur or even hint of asking pardon; nor did I discontinue playing till my health obliged me to go abroad in the year Sixty-three for two winters; and at my return

to England, I returned to the stage, and am still upon it. This contention about the half-price happened many years after I was a director of the Theatre. Thus you see that every particular of this affair is misrepresented in the first volume of *Londres*. I shall say nothing of the mistake of a Leopard for a Lion in the King's Arms, and the throwing it among the actors, for it was not pulled down till the actors had left the stage, and the curtain had been dropt some time. May I be permitted to tell you, that the whole account of the Hay-Market riot immediately following is totally misunderstood? There was no Italian named Calagorri concerned in the affair you mention. A certain person of quality remarkable for his great pleasantry, advertised a man to get into a quart-bottle by way of joke, which proved a very serious matter to the owner of the house, for it was within the walls almost destroyed. Indeed, Sir, the English who have read *Londres* complain of the many mistakes and misrepresentations in it. Mr. Cambridge, a neighbour of mine, and a gentleman of fortune and learning, shewed me a letter last week, in which Lord Temple denies the facts attributed to him in that book. I am not prepared, having read so little of the book, to say more upon the general accusation of want of correctness throughout in the description of us, or our country. I only meant to shew the mistakes in my own affair, and to answer your letter as plainly and truly as the subject requires.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,
D. GARRICK.

I have sent twice to Mr. Nagent, but he is gone from home, and has left nobody at his chambers to give any account of him. When he returns I will certainly deliver your message.

T H E
L O N D O N R E V I E W ;
A N D
L I T E R A R Y J O U R N A L .

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

History of Mexico ; collected from Spanish and Mexican Historians, &c. Translated from the Italian of L'Abbé De Francesco Saverio Clavigero. By Charles Cullen, Esq. 2 vols. 4to. 2l. 2s. Robinson. 1787.

THE earlier part of the history of all Nations, even of those which have in their turns lorded it over the universe, has ever been looked on as a subject for investigation more curious than useful.—The great purpose of History is, by comparison of past events with present, to regulate our conduct in difficulties, to teach us to avoid the errors and emulate the wisdom of our antecessors, and to trace out with accurate discernment the causes of the rise, prosperity, and decay of flourishing states and mighty empires. Of our own History, the early part has ever by judicious writers, and in particular by Hume, been passed over with no more notice than was necessary to preserve the thread of the narration, partly because the records and documents were few and uncertain, and partly because, if ever so well authenticated, accuracy would be useless. The policy of Barbarians can afford us few lessons of wisdom, and the recital of facts from which no inference can be drawn, is of little service. The mighty genius and immense learning of Milton sunk under the weight of the annals of the Heptarchy ; and on his authority we may assert, that the wars, the treaties, the insurrections, and the tumults of a barbarous and uncivilized people are to us of no more importance than the battles of kites and crows.

If then such be our sentiments with respect to our own earlier History, what can we say of the History of Mexico?—a nation in whose welfare or downfall we never had the smallest interest ;—a nation which, from circumstances, could never have arrived at any eminent degree of civilization, notwithstanding the ridiculous hyperboles of the Abbé Clavigero ;—a nation, in one word, ignorant of the uses of paper and of iron, and whose sole records were pictures either painted or wrought with

party-coloured feathers. Yet with no better records, and on no better foundation, for the evidence of the Spanish historians resolves itself into this, does the learned Abbé build the enormous structure of two solid quartos, stuffed with impossible facts, absurd exaggerations, and such a barbarous jargon of uncouth names, as to be within one degree of absolute unintelligibility.

What were the reasons which induced the translator to clothe this Mexican historian in an English dress, we cannot pretend to determine. The elegant and accurate Robertson had given us a noble account of the discovery and conquest of America, the only part of the history in which we are concerned, extracted from the most authentic Spanish historians. It is needless at this day to extol his work, but it seems it is not sufficiently accurate. Doctor Robertson is not perfectly *au fait* in the Mexican orthography, and has in more places than one mis-spelled, according to the Abbé Clavigero, the names of officers of distinction ; a fault which the good Abbé is careful to correct in his notes. Speaking of two Mexican noblemen, whose names were Teuhtile and Cuitalpitoc, he says at the bottom of the page, “ Bernal Diaz writes *Teudili*, instead of *Teuhtile*, and *Pitalpitoqui* in place of *Cuitalpitoc*. Herrera calls it *Pitalpitoc* ; and Solis and Robertson, *who thought to amend it, Pilpatoc*.” We tremble for the Doctor's historic fame, when he is thus convicted of such a palpable error ! What ! to falsify a record, and mis-spell the name of a Mexican nobleman !—Unpardonable—and in a point of such moment too ! Surely he will in his next edition kiss the rod, and with many thanks submit to the correction of this Mexican orthographer.

For our part, if Robertson be wrong, we

we are fully content to be wrong with him; and highly as we esteem truth, we hold it too dear, if bought at the expence of perusing the History of the Abbé Clavigero.

Some men think upon a subject till it becomes their weakness. The good Abbé is so enthusiastic in the cause of Mexico, that he is persuaded he has traced them authentically, at least one tribe, from the year of the Christian *Æra* 596. To offer a serious proof of the impossibility, without writing, of preserving an accurate chain of events for so long a time, would be an absurdity equal to that of the historian. What was our own History during that period? Yet we had at least some who could write. Notwithstanding this, we have presented to us by the Abbé a regular succession of monarchs, their marriages, treaties, wars, and conquests; nay, for several we have very wise speeches handed down. If we could suppose facts might be preserved as long by tradition assisted by painting, it is surely not too much to assert that long speeches never could. All the history, therefore, anterior to the conquest by Cortez, the Abbé must forgive us if we receive with very great distrust, or at least much the greatest part of it. It is only since the year that we properly can be said to proceed on tangible matter; all beyond is at best but probable conjecture.

But admitting the authenticity of it, so much accuracy is useless in a case of this kind; and little claim has that History to our attention, which is at once uninteresting and uninstrueting. As a specimen, we shall give a short extract from the first volume, which brings the narrative down to the invasion of Cortez; premising, that from the immense number of barbarous names, it is almost impossible to preserve any thing like a connected remembrance of facts.

"At that time, in Acolhuacan, reigned *Techotlala*, son of king *Quimatzin*. The first thirty years of his reign were peaceful; but afterwards *Tzompan*, prince of *Xaltocan*, revolted, and finding his own force insufficient to oppose his sovereign, he called to his assistance the states of *Otompan*, *Meztitlan*, *Quahuacan*, *Tecomac*, *Quauhtitlan*, and *Tepetzotlan*. The king promised him pardon, provided he would lay down his arms and submit; which clemency probably proceeded from respect to the noble extraction of the rebel, who was the last descendant of *Chiconquauhli*, one of the three Acolhuan princes. But *Tzompan* continuing in the

number of his troops; rejected the offer with contempt; when the king sent an army against him, which was joined by the Mexicans and *Tepanecas*, whose service he had demanded. The war was obstinate, and lasted for two months; but at length, victory declaring for the king, *Tzompan*, with all the chiefs of the revolted cities, was put to death, and in him was extinguished the illustrious race of *Chiconquauhli*. This war, in which the Mexicans served as auxiliaries to the king of Acolhuacan against *Xaltocan* and the other confederated states, is represented in the third picture of *Mendoza's* collection; but the interpreter of those pictures was mistaken, when he imagined that those cities were subjected to the Mexican crown."

The whole narrative is of a piece with this, and we shall therefore trouble our readers with no more of it, but proceed to give some extracts descriptive of the laws, customs, &c. of the natives of Mexico, from which they may derive more entertainment. Before, however, we attempt this, we submit the following account of the splendour, power, and wise regulations of *Neza Hualcojotl*, monarch of the mighty empire of Acolhuacan.

"*Nezahualcojotl*, who, besides the attachment which he had to his nation, was gifted with uncommon prudence, made such regulations and changes in the state, that in a little time it became more flourishing than it had ever been under any of his predecessors. He gave a new form to the councils which had been established by his grandfather. He conferred offices on persons the fittest for them. One council determined causes purely civil, in which, among others, five lords who had proved constantly faithful to him in his adversity, assisted. Another council judged of criminal causes, at which the two princes his brothers, men of high integrity, presided. The council of war was composed of the most distinguished military characters, among whom *Icoitihuacan*, son-in-law to the king, and also one of the thirteen nobles of the kingdom, had the first rank. The treasury-board consisted of the king's major-domos, and the first merchants of the court. The principal major-domos who took charge of the tributes, and other parts of the royal income, were three in number. Societies similar to academies were instituted for poetry, astronomy, music, painting, history, and the art of divination, and he invited the most celebrated professors of his kingdom to his court, who met on certain days

days to communicate their discoveries and inventions; and for each of these arts and sciences, although little advanced, schools were appropriated. To accommodate the mechanic branches, he divided the city of Tezucó into thirty odd divisions, and to every branch assigned a district; so that the goldsmiths inhabited one division, the sculptors another, the weavers another, &c. To cherish religion he raised new temples, created ministers for the worship of their gods, gave them houses, and appointed them revenues for their support, and the expences which were necessary at festivals and sacrifices. To augment the splendour of his court, he constructed noble edifices both within and without the city, and planted new gardens and woods, which were in preservation many years after the conquest, and shew still some traces of former magnificence."

Who would imagine, from the pomp

[To be continued.]

Mystical Initiations; or, Hymns of Orpheus, translated from the original Greek: with a preliminary Dissertation on the Life and Theology of Orpheus. By Thomas Taylor. Small Octavo. Price 5s. T. Payne and Son.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

"**P**ROCUL, O procul este, profani!" might well have been the motto to this elaborate production. The multitude indeed, though unforbidden, will keep at an awful distance from the scene of these "*Mystical Initiations*." They are only for the favoured few! In the present work Mr. Taylor hath displayed no common erudition. His "*Preliminary Dissertation*" and notes are the most valuable part of it. Of the former we shall select the following specimen, as a proof of an imagination highly elevated and refined by the sublime philosophy of the Platonists.

"The Deity is an immense and perpetually exuberant fountain, whose streams originally filled, and continually replenish the world with life. Hence the universe contains in its ample bosom all general natures;—divinities visible and invisible; the race of Demons; the noble army of exalted souls, and men rendered happy by wisdom and virtue. According to this theology, the power of universal soul does not alone diffuse itself to the sea, and become bounded by its circumfluent waters, while the wide expanse of air and æther is destitute of life and soul; but the celestial places are filled with souls, supplying life to the stars, and

and gravity of this account, that the author was speaking of a parcel of illiterate savages? We question whether a man speaking of the times of a Trajan, a Marcus Aurelius, or a Frederick, could use more dignified expressions—Courts civil and criminal, a council of war, a treasury-board, royal societies, academies for arts and sciences, and celebrated professors. But can the Abbé seriously think the understandings of men so very easily imposed on by names? He may himself be deceived; and if so, he is to be pitied and forgiven. Indeed by his tales of giants, ghosts, and prodigies, and even on a simple matter of fact, by his account of a human sacrifice, where the victims were above seventy thousand, and the spectators six millions, he has given proof abundant of his credulity: yet this is a man who presumes to censure Robertson for misrepresentation!

"directing their revolutions in everlasting order."—"That it is possible to know more (says Mr. Taylor) of such exalted natures than is generally believed by the assistance of the ancient philosophy accompanied with a suitable life, is, I am persuaded, true; and I would recommend the glorious investigation to every liberal mind."

We warmly recommend the "*Dissertation*," &c. (though not this phantasm-hunting) to the attention of the Literati.

In respect to the *Hymns*, we have little to say. The merits of the original are not striking. That our readers may judge of the translation, we shall present them with a part of the *seventh hymn*, which is in the same strain with all the rest. 'Tis addressed to the sun.

"**HEAR**, golden Titan, whose eternal eye
With broad survey illumines all the sky:
Self-born, unwearied in diffusing light,
And to all eyes the mirror of delight:
Lord of the seasons, with thy fiery car,
And leaping couriers, beaming light from far;
Agile and vigorous, venerable Sun,
Fiery and bright around the Heavens you run.

P. 1. He wicked, but the good man's
 guide,
 O'er this is it propitious you preside :
 With various sounding golden lyre, 'tis
 thine
 To fill the world with harmony divine.
 Father of ages, guide of prosperous deeds,
 The world's commander, borne by lucid
 steeds ;
 Immortal Jove, all-searching, bearing
 light,
 Source of existence, pure and fiery bright ;
 Bearer of fruit, Almighty Lord of years,
 Agile and warm, whom every power re-
 veres ;
 Great eye of nature and the starry skies,
 Doom'd with immortal flames to set and
 rise ;
 Dispensing justice, lover of the stream,
 The world's great despot, and o'er all
 supreme.

Of the pieces which have been attri-
 buted to Orpheus, perhaps what have
 been generally called his *Fragments*, are
 the most interesting. We find a version
 of the best of them in the notes to Mr.
Pokukhele's elegant Translation of *Theo-*
critus, &c. For the satisfaction of our
 readers (who may wish to see the manner
 in which Orpheus hath been rendered by
 another hand) we shall extract a part of
 the *first Fragment*, as translated by Mr.
Pokukhele, who hath introduced it by a
 long account of Orpheus. But " let us
 " now draw aside (says Mr. P. with all the
 " enthusiasm of Mr. Taylor)—let us
 " draw aside the veil ! Let us approach
 " with reverence !—Behold the venerable
 " figure ! Listen to the solemn preludes
 " of his harp ! And hark ! he addresses
 " *Museus*, who stands foremost in the
 " group of the initiated :

CLOSE—close the doors ! Away pro-
 faner crew !

My strain flows only for the chosen few !
 Yet thou, *Museus*, lend a listening ear !
 Son of the silver moon, in silence hear !
 Nor * while unveil'd the oracles of light,
 Grasp airy forms, to sink thy soul in
 night.
 O come, and with attention's steadfast
 eye,
 Thro' the dark lore intuitively pry ;
 Ope to the holy lessons I impart,
 The secret foldings of thy inmost heart :

Thy steps ascending, the strait path be
 trod,
 And lo ! the world's sole sovereign—the
 One God !

ATTEND, my son, attend while I
 unfold
 The God, whose wide-spread glories I
 behold !
 For tho' his spirit far eludes my sight,
 I see his footsteps, and his arm of might !
 But round his form a veiling cloud he
 throws ;
 To mortals, ten deep curtains interpose !
 Tho' all bend trembling to his awful
 law,
 The Almighty Monarch no man ever
 saw—
 But he, the sole begotten, whose high
 race
 From Chaldee's antient progeny we trace ;
 He, who the courses of the planets knew,
 And ev'n describ'd the rolling circle true ;
 Who of the sphere the central motion
 found,
 And mark'd it on its axis wheeling round.
 He rules the stormy deep—the troubled
 air ;
 Grasps the wing'd lightning, and expands
 the glare !
 Behold the Sovereign of the unbounded
 skies
 (While prostrate earth beneath his foot-
 stool lies)
 With arm outstretch'd o'er ocean's utmost
 wave,
 The deep rock shatter'd, and the moun-
 tain-cave,
 Firm roots his golden throne, tho' rent
 the poles,
 And, dashing at its base, creation rolls !

All this is truly sublime ; and 'tis in
 the manner of the *Hymns* of Orpheus ;
 though (as we have already hinted) the
Fragments must be more pleasing to peo-
 ple in general, who, uninterested in my-
 thological invocation and description, may
 yet be struck with a delightful awe by
 these mysterious lessons, inculcating the
 doctrines of the One true God.

We cannot conclude this article with-
 out observing, that though Mr. Taylor
 may not be ranked very high as a poeti-
 cal translator, he may be placed in no
 inferior station among the proficients in
 abstruser literature.

* Quære, Is this the meaning of the original ? The passage, it must be confessed,
 is very obscure.

The Life of Samuel Johnson, L. L. D. By Sir John Hawkins, Knt. 8vo.
7s. 6d. Buckland.

(Continued from Vol. XI. page 323.)

It is not many years ago since that aged and patriotic divine Dr. Willson, in his *then* enthusiastic regard and veneration for Mrs. Macaulay, had that patriotic lady seated on a throne and crowned with laurel, amid a brilliant company, who in their turns presented her with sprigs of bays, and copies of adulatory verses. This foolery, at which all present, except the Lady and the Doctor, were *laughing in their sleeves*, is borrowed from Italy, where at the revival of learning different Popes encouraged the coronation of poets. But till informed by Sir John Hawkins, we did not suspect that the grave and *important* Dr. Johnson had been the author and conductor of a frolic of this kind. The paragraph in Sir John is a very master-piece of gossiping, and is a real curiosity; we therefore beg leave to give it in his own words. Having already described the Club instituted by Johnson, to divert his melancholy, as Sir John will have it, our Knight thus relates the coronation of Mrs. Lenox:—"One evening at the Club, Johnson proposed to us the celebrating the birth of Mrs. Lenox's first literary child, as he called her book, (*the Life of Harriot Stuart*) by a whole night spent in festivity. Upon his mentioning it to me, I told him I had never sat up a whole night in my life-time; but he continuing to press me, and saying that I should find great delight in it, I, as did all the rest of our company, consented. The place appointed was the Devil Tavern; and there, about the hour of eight, Mrs. Lenox and her husband, and a Lady of her acquaintance now living, as also the Club, and friends to the number of near twenty, assembled. Our supper was elegant, and Johnson desired that a magnificent hot apple-pye should make a part of it; and this he would have stuck with bay-leaves, because, forsooth, Mrs. Lenox was an authoress, and had written verse; and further he had prepared for her a crown of laurel, with which, but not till he had invoked the muses by some ceremonies of his own invention, he encircled her brows. The night passed, as must be imagined, in pleasant conversation and harmless mirth, intermingled at different periods with the refreshments of coffee and tea.

About five, Johnson's face shone with meridian splendor, though his drink had been only lemonade; but the far greater part of us had deserted the coils of Bacchus, and were with difficulty rallied to partake of a second refreshment of coffee, which was scarcely ended when the day began to dawn. This phenomenon began to put us in mind of our reckoning; but the waiters were all so overcome with sleep, that it was two hours before we could get a bill; and it was not till near eight that the creaking of the street-door gave the signal for our departure.

My mirth had been considerably abated by a severe fit of the tooth-ach, which had troubled me the greater part of the night, and which Bathurst endeavored to alleviate by all the topical remedies and palliatives he could think of; and I well remember, at the instant of my going out of the tavern-door, the sensation of shame that affected me, occasioned not by reflection on any thing evil that had passed in the course of the night's entertainment, but on the resemblance it bore to a debauch. However, a few turns in the Temple, and a breakfast at a neighbouring Coffee-house, enabled me to overcome it."

We have given the above citation at length, both on account of the frolic it relates, which we should not have expected from the important gravity of a Johnson, and that our readers may be able to judge for themselves of the style and manner of Sir John Hawkins. Other periodical publications have already remarked the extreme silliness and absurd self-importance of Sir John, in obtruding on the public a dull tale of his tooth-ach; his sensation of shame on being at an entertainment that was *like* a debauch; and his turns in the Temple, and breakfast at a Coffee-house, which set him to rights again: As these, we say, have been already remarked on by others, we forbear adding any thing, farther than that Sir John must have a strange cast of understanding, if he thought his tooth-ach, and his breakfasting at a Coffee-house, could be any way interesting to his reader. And if not interesting, why obtrude such wretched gossiping on the public?

The intelligent reader will perceive that the style is the very diction of dulness and insipidity. Alas, poor Johnson! into the hands of what Biographers hast thou fallen!

It is certain that Johnson always spoke of his deceased wife with the deepest affection, and his concern for her future state, his Prayers and Meditations evince in a very uncommon degree. But Sir John takes it upon him to tell us, that he was "often inclined to think, that if this fondness for his wife was not dissimulated, it was a lesson he had learned by rote; and that when he practised it, he knew not where to stop till he became ridiculous." What reader of delicacy or feeling but must be scandalized at the impertinence and even brutality of the above remark? The reasons on which Sir John would support his most uncharitable and coarse censure are these: "Their marriage was not one of those which inconsiderate young people call love-matches." It is a fact almost universally known, that *inconsiderate love-matches* generally turn out most miserably. That affection which is founded upon no esteem, but has merely for its source the giddy inconsiderate passion of boys and girls, is sure to vanish in a very few years. But the sincerity of Johnson's affection for his deceased wife must be doubted, because his was NOT an *inconsiderate love-match*! A strange specimen of logic indeed! Nor are the following much better: "She was more than old enough to be his mother; their union was productive of no children; her inattention to some, at least, of the duties of a wife were evident in the person of her husband, whose negligence of dress seemed never to have received the least correction from her; and who in the sordidness of his apparel, and the complexion of his linen, even shamed her." All this in his wife's time *might* have been true; but it would be injustice in the writer of this article not to say, who was acquainted with Johnson the last sixteen years of his life, and was often in his company, that his appearance when he dined from home, had always much of that neatness and decency which we generally find in a substantial Quaker. It is also a strange argument, that because a man *will* be a sloven, he cannot have a real affection for his wife. Our sagacious Knight proceeds with his reasons: "Proofs are wanting," says he, that Johnson was at any period of his life susceptible of amorous emotions." This is taking for granted,

with a vengeance, what no man can know; and true it is that those who most pretend to *amorous emotions*, as Sir John *delicately* words it, have often the least of that which is real and genuine. But Sir John has still more reasons. Though Johnson has "celebrated her person in the word *formosa*," he was too blind to have been a witness of her beauty; and Garrick, Hawkeſworth, and others, told him, "that there was somewhat crazy in the behaviour of them both; profound respect on his part," (a pretty reason indeed, to prove that his affection was dissimulated, or that he was crazy!) "and the airs of an antiquated beauty on her's." And that the reader might not be at a loss to account for this *profound respect*, Sir John tells us that Johnson thought it "necessary, that he should practise his best manners to one whom, as she was descended from an ancient family, and had brought him a fortune, he thought his superior." This is another of Sir John's pretty proofs of a husband's craziness! But, in a word, we do not believe there is an instance in the English language of more futile arguments brought in support of that most infamous presumption, that Johnson's affection for the memory of his deceased wife was hypocrisy, affectation, and at last self-deception. Nor can there be grosser ignorance of human nature than to assert, that because Johnson was an incorrigible sloven in his dress; because he was too blind to see his wife's beauty (though, as a brother Critic has observed, he certainly had been near enough to her); that because she was almost old enough to be his mother; and that because Garrick and Hawkeſworth and others told our author that there was somewhat crazy in the behaviour of them both; the affection of Johnson must therefore have been affected and dissimulated. A very small knowledge of human nature will convince us, and daily observation will tell us, that one man's affection is not governed or formed by another man's taste or opinion. How can he or she love such a one, are daily exclamations; but the love or affection of the party who is the subject of the wonder, remains undiminished by the opinion of impertinent meddlers. The truth is, affection is an emotion of the soul, independent of cold reasoning, and in a great degree independent of our own wills or choice. Beauty, hardness of features, and even deformity, lose their first effect by long familiarity; and there is a nameless something in the look, the voice, the manner

manner and way of a person that will overcome and cover every defect seen by others, and lay fast hold on the affections of a particular individual. This caprice, or name it as you will, is human nature; and the man who studies life, sees it before him every day. Fixing our thoughts therefore on these truths, how gross, fallacious, and impertinent, must the surmises and reflections of Sir John Hawkins appear to the liberal-minded philosopher; and how scandalous in the eyes of the *real* friends and admirers of the genuine worth of the much-injured Johnson, must that temper of soul and heart display itself;—that temper, which, not contented with placing every foible and constitutional weakness in the broadest light, must also indulge itself in the most ungenerous suppositions, and upbraid as hypocritical dissimulation, those workings of the heart which are tied to no rule, which are nature in the strictest sense, and never to be measured by the standard of the opinions, taste, or feelings of another person. According to Sir John's miserable logic,—what marriage can possibly escape censure and ridicule? But we now take leave of this execrable and treacherous part of our Knight's most unfriendly and unphilosophical reveries, and illiberal and unfounded suppositions.

Our author next enters into a display of Johnson's natural infirmities. "By the unhappiness of his bodily constitution," says Sir John, "and the defect of his organs of sense, he was rendered unsusceptible of almost all those delights which we term pleasures of the imagination." But this unblushing assertion, from our own knowledge of Johnson, we deny. Who but an idiot could suppose that the author of *Rasselas*, and the many allegorical tales in the eastern manner which are scattered through his works, and are the genuine effusions of a most luxuriant fancy, was incapable of the pleasures of imagination? or that because his sight was defective, that he could not see "the various delightful prospects which the face of nature affords, the beautiful and the grand," the mind of Johnson was therefore, as our Knight roundly asserts it, "presented with an universal blank."—This is too contemptible to deserve refutation or remark. Yet we must follow Sir John a little farther. "This melancholy truth," says he, (*viz.* Johnson's unsusceptibility of the pleasures of the imagination) "I shall attempt to illustrate by the following observations." These are, that "he was near-sighted;" that "disease had

"deprived him of the use of one eye;" that "to him a statue was an unshapen mass, and a sumptuous edifice a quarry of stone.—Of the beauties of painting he had not the least conception.—To the delights of music he was equally insensible: neither voice nor instrument, nor the harmony of concordant sounds, had power over his affections, or even to engage his attention."—Such are the wonderful proofs, that Johnson was incapable of the pleasures of the imagination, and that his undeniably great and vigorous mind presented him "with an universal blank."—But our miserable logician sufficiently refutes himself. Music, he says, could not engage his attention. His attention therefore must have been engaged by the pleasure of his own thoughts or reveries, *alias* imagination; for we cannot suppose that the *working* mind of Johnson was ever lost in unthinking stupor or *blank* idiotism. And this our Knight inadvertently, and to the destruction of his hypothesis, confirms. "Of music in general," says Sir John, "he has been heard to say, *it excites in my mind no ideas, and hinders me from contemplating my own.*"—So the Doctor was susceptible of the pleasures of contemplation, but not of the imagination! Alas, Sir John!

We have now the history of Mrs. Williams, the blind lady whose conversation beguiled and soothed many of his melancholy hours. By the produce of a benefit play given her by Garrick, and the profits of a quarto volume of *Miscellanies* in prose and verse, published by subscription, she acquired three hundred pounds; which "little fund," says Sir John, "being prudently invested, yielded an income, that under such protection as she experienced from Doctor Johnson, was sufficient for her support."

Mrs. Williams was possessed of uncommon endowments; was skilled in the French and Italian languages; and had made considerable advances in literature before she had the misfortune to lose her sight; which, says Sir John, "made but a small abatement of her cheerfulness, and was scarce any interruption of her studies."—For at proper hours she always had some one to read to her. And here we cannot pass over our Knight's perverseness. A deficiency of sight "presented Johnson's mind with an universal blank;"—but total loss of sight had no such effect, on that of Mrs. Williams! And indeed our Knight has
been

been somehow inclined to do her justice. Johnson's wife, says Sir John, "a short time before her death, had consigned to his care a friend of her own sex, a person of very extraordinary endowments." This lady was then afflicted with a cataract in her eyes;—was a constant companion of Johnson's wife, after whose decease she was advised to try what could be done for her by the hand of an operating Surgeon; and "for the convenience of performing the intended operation, Johnson took her home, and upon the failure of that, kept her as the partner of his dwelling, till he removed into chambers, first in Gray's Inn, and next in the Temple. Afterwards, in 1766, upon taking a house in Johnson's Court in Fleet-street, he invited her thither, and in that, and his last house in Bolt-Court, she successively dwelt for the remainder of her life."

"She was a woman," says Sir John, of an enlightened understanding; plain, as the women call it, in her person, and easily provoked to anger; but possessing nevertheless some excellent moral qualities, among which no one was more conspicuous than her desire to promote the welfare and happiness of others: and of this she gave a signal proof, by her solicitude in favour of an institution for the maintenance and education of poor deserted females in the parish of St. Sepulchre."—"To this institution she bequeathed her little fund abovementioned.—To the endowments and qualities here ascribed to her may be added a larger share of experimental prudence than is the lot of most of her sex. Johnson, in many exigencies, found her an able counsellor, and seldom shewed his wisdom more than when he hearkened to her advice. In return, she received from his conversation the advantages of religious and moral improvement, which she cultivated so, as in a great measure to smooth the constitutional asperity of her temper. When these particulars are known, this intimacy, which began with compassion, and terminated in a friendship that subsisted till death dissolved it, will be easily accounted for."

No one of the many histories of Johnson's acquaintances, and no acquaint-

ances, with which Sir John has most enormously swelled out his book, is more properly a part of the History of Johnson's Life than the Anecdotes of this sensible, learned, and virtuous woman, who was long a member of his family. Her conversation, we speak from knowledge, was ingenious without ostentation, and accomplished in polite literature without affectation or pedantry, those weaknesses by which our female *literati* often render themselves tiresome and disagreeable. In a word, it was suited to the mind of a Johnson, whose greatest comfort, as Sir John often tells us, was rational conversation; and his humanity was gratified by the reflection, that his circumstances at last enabled him to alleviate the distresses of blindness, and to retain under his roof one whose company he esteemed for her moral and literary accomplishments, and who, without such a friend as he proved, must have been greatly distressed.

Sir John now proceeds to an account of the Doctor's negro-servant; but as he resumes this subject near the conclusion of his book, we reserve our remarks on it till nearer ours. After the negro-servant Mr. Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, is introduced. This person, who, says Sir John, "affected to be the character of a patron of learned and ingenious men," offered his friendship to Johnson, who declined his acquaintance; and no wonder, if his adherents were such as Sir John describes them, men without principle or probity, and who delighted in profanity. On Paul Whitehead he is particularly severe; accusing him of swearing and profanity. In the group of Doddington's adherents we find Hogarth, Ware the architect, Geo. Lambert and Hayman the painters, and Harvard the player; men who, according to Sir John, "had spent all their lives in" and about Covent-Garden, and looked upon it as the school of manners, and an epitome of the world." Sir John, who takes every opportunity to expose Dr. Johnson's want of prudence, owns that it was an act of great prudence in him to decline Mr. Doddington's friendship, on account of the persons which it was likely to introduce him to. But we now come to an important period of Johnson's Life, the History of his Dictionary, and the circumstances that attended it.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

The Lounger: A Periodical Paper, published at Edinburgh in the Years 1785 and 1786. 3 Vols. 12mo. 9s. Cadell, London; Creech, Edinburgh.

IN literature, as in all the other pursuits of man, there is a certain *fashionable* fluctuation, which, to a con-

templative mind, cannot but appear to the full as absurd as in itself, philosophically considered, it is inevitable.

Thus,

Thus, at the beginning of the present century—the Augustan æra of classical genius in this country, as still with an emphatic pride we are apt fondly to style it—no person who wished to be thought professed of either taste or breeding, could sit down to breakfast without having the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, or the *Guardian* of the morning before him; and at the coffee-house in the evening, the question was not, “What is the *news* of the day?” but, “How do you like the last *Lucubration* of Isaac Bickerstaff?” or (when those *Lucubrations* ceased) “What do you think of the last *Anecdote* of Sir Roger de Coverley?”—If on topics like these even a *lounger* over his tea or coffee was not prepared to give a *smart* reply, though it might not be altogether a *satisfactory* one, in not less contempt would he have been held than at present he would be, if, joining in a circle of *Quidnuncs*, he could not gravely expatiate on the contents of a newly-arrived Dutch mail, and, with more gravity still, predict from those contents the consequences that must unavoidably follow, to the total destruction—Heaven protect us!—the total destruction of the political balance of Europe.

In effusions of wit and fancy, however, and even in discussions of a moral and philosophical nature, England, far from having degenerated, seems still to maintain that pre-eminence which heretofore she attained, through the exertions of an Addison and a Steele—a Swift and an Arbuthnot, &c.—In the mode of communicating them, however, essentially has she varied. The rage for politics is now suffered to carry every thing before it. Literary objects form, as it were, but the back-ground of the picture of the times; and with respect to the diurnal delineations of living men and manners, we must either remain in a state of ignorance, or be at the trouble of exploring the columns of a heterogeneous, and perhaps prostituted news-paper;—a species of publication which has long since become the vortex of every subject, laudable or illaudable, that can possibly interest the feelings or command the attention of mankind.

In London, since Johnson produced his *Idler*, we hardly recollect a periodical Essayist of the *Addisonian School* who has survived, or who indeed has deserved to survive, the day of his existence; and even *he*, with all the powers of a literary Colossus, could not, at the first appearance of that paper, command the public attention to it, without stooping to mingle his own sterling ore with the dross of a common political print.

For several years before that period, whether from a poverty of genius in authors, or—what is more probable—a want of encouragement in their Mecænares, the booksellers, moral wit and humour (unspiced with the alterations of political *Outs* and *Ins*, and those of their respective partizans) had ceased to possess charms sufficient to attract either of them *per se* any degree of general notice; in so much, that even of the *Rambler* (the first, and by much the best periodical work of Johnson) the number sold on each day, if we may believe Sir John Hawkins, hardly amounted to five hundred.

That *fashion* of literary publication, however, which England seems so long to have rejected, Scotland (now, it would appear, arrived at the Augustan æra of her literature) has, for some years, successfully adopted; and to Mr. Mackenzie (author of those admired novels—*The Man of Feeling*, *The Man of the World*, &c.) with the assistance, it appears, of the same gentlemen who were his colleagues in the “*Mirror*,” we are now, under the title of the “*Lounger*,” indebted for an assemblage of papers conducted on the same principle as the preceding ones from the same quarter, but penned with more elegance, more acumen, and more of that enlarged knowledge of the follies and foibles of human nature, which can never be illustrated with accuracy but by men, who (trusting not to mere *book information*) possess opportunities of mixing even as *Lonagers* in the various scenes of busy life, with talents to give to such scenes animation, whether with the pen or the pencil.

* It is a circumstance unknown, perhaps, even to the authors of the *Mirror* and *Lounger*, that about sixty years ago a paper similar to their own was published at Edinburgh, under the title of *The Review*. Some years ago, we saw two or three numbers of it, which, in our opinion, exhibited, even at that period, a very favourable picture of Caledonian wit and humour; the only branches of literature in which our brethren of the North have hitherto been supposed deficient.—*The Review* was printed in the form of a small folio or quarto, we recollect not distinctly which; and the late Reverend Doctor Wallace of Edinburgh (a gentleman well known in the republic of letters) was, according to our information, one of the principal authors of it.—As a literary curiosity, we have repeatedly, but in vain, endeavoured to obtain a copy of it. This hint we suggest, merely that gentlemen possessed of more favourable opportunities than ourselves may be induced to enquire for *The Review*. Among the virtues of the *Bells Letters*, it could not fail to have admirers even now.

Observations on the Landed Revenues of the Crown. 4to. Debrett,

FOR these judicious observations the public is indebted to the diligence and public spirit of the Honourable Mr. St. John, whose situation as Surveyor-General of the Crown Lands, has given him opportunities of information to which ordinary men are precluded access; and he has availed himself of them with singular judgment, through the whole of his work. He gives very sufficient proof of his ability as an Historian, an Antiquarian, and a Lawyer. His motives for undertaking it are best explained in his own words: "Hitherto a peculiar ignorance seems to have prevailed, respecting the nature of the Crown Lands. Some persons conceive the object to be more considerable, and others think it less so, than it really is. While some are flattering themselves with the delusive hopes of great relief from national burdens, by the sale of the Crown Lands; others as ignorantly suppose that they are so totally and irretrievably alienated, that the remaining interest is too insignificant to deserve any attention. If the following observations shall at all contribute to the service of the public, by throwing any light on objects which have not as yet been brought into one point of view; the author will attain his sole purpose, and will contentedly submit to the censure which he may deserve for the many defects in the execution of this attempt."

Mr. St. John has arranged his materials under five different heads: Of the origin and sources of the Landed Revenue of England; of the various accessions and alienations to and from this Revenue; of its present state; of its management; and, lastly, of different projects for its improvement.

By the Landed Revenue, we do not at present understand that the exigencies of the state are to be answered by rents of lands appropriated to that purpose. Whatever might have been, as such certainly was the process in the earlier periods of our history, it has by the change of manners, and a thousand concurring circumstances, become now impossible. If therefore Government is to be supplied from lands allotted to the public service, it must be by one of two ways, according to Sir W. Petty; "either by cutting out and appropriating as much land in specie as would by the rack rent be sufficient, or else by *excising* a proper part of the rent of the whole, and applying it to the use of

Government;" of which ways he prefers the latter: but Mr. St. John very justly observes, that if he means that the *excised* rent should be at first ample and sufficient for Government, although what he says be true and incontrovertible, yet in practice it would be found impossible to proportion the revenue of the country so to its wants as to guard against contingent exigencies; and if he means it would be advantageous to any country to receive its revenue by taking a certain share of the rents, it is evident that such a mode, from the expence and trouble of collection, would be utterly impracticable.

In examining the antient Landed Revenue of the Crown, Mr. St. John very properly takes up the subject at the great distribution of property by William the Conqueror. Without pretending to determine a point on which our first legal Antiquaries have differed, whether feuds did or did not exist before the Conquest, he assumes it as sufficient, that all the land in the kingdom was in William's reign determined to be held mediately or immediately from the King, who was *de jure* proprietor of every acre in the kingdom, though he did not, *de facto*, take actual possession. Of the land of England, it is known that William made distribution into 60,000 feoda, or knights fees, which were divided amongst his adherents; but by this distribution it is not to be understood that the whole landed property was changed, as it is highly probable that no Englishman was dispossessed, unless he had been a supporter of the late King Harold. It remains now to be seen of what lands William became actually possessed; which were, according to Lord Hale, "all the demesne lands which appertained to the Crown in the time of Edward the Confessor, avoiding and rendering null all the grants made by Harold during his short reign:" to determine which he made that noble survey Domesday Book, which contains a very accurate description of all the lands of England, except the four northern counties, which were waste. According to this survey, the demesne lands of the Crown were immense. According to Davenant, the King was possessed of 1442 manors or lordships, besides lands and farms in Middlesex, Rutland, and Shropshire; over and above quit rents from several manors, amounting in the whole to no less than 1061l. 10s. 1½d. per diem;

diem; an enormous sum, considering the value of money in those days. These demesnes were, according to Spelman, *sacrum patrimonium*, an alienable inheritance; not the demesne of the King, but the demesne of the Crown; and from which he was to maintain only his household and kingly dignity; the landholders being by their tenures obliged, at their own expence, to attend him in the field, with horse, harness, and other knightly habiliments; as well for defence of the realm, as for expeditions against the enemy. But the King's own proper tenants were excused from this:—they were solely dedicated to husbandry, and the cultivation of the soil destined for the King's support; at first merely as his agricultural servants, but afterwards their services becoming determinate and their rents fixed; what the law calls *Villein Socmen*. These rents were paid originally in kind, and so continued till the reign of Henry the First; when, according to Lord Lyttelton, the rents in kind were commuted for pecuniary payments, in consequence of grievous complaints from the tenants, of the hardships they suffered in bringing victuals and necessaries for the King's household, from their own dwellings to different parts of the kingdom. This pecuniary payment was assessed by the Justices itinerant in proportion to the value of the lands, and the necessities of the Crown, and was called Tallage; to which not only the antient demesnes were subject, but also all escheats and wardships, and in short *omnes terræ quæ erant in manu regis*. This mode however by tallage, was soon found to be oppressive and impolitic: oppressive, because arbitrarily fixed by the King's Justices; and impolitic, because it prevented the improvement of estates; the tallage rising in proportion, perhaps above it, to the value of the land. The mode was therefore finally changed for a fixed annual pecuniary rent, payable into the Exchequer; and antient demesne lands were no longer taxable by Parliament, but for the tenths and fifteenths of personal property.

The whole revenue of the Crown under our early Monarchs, was derived either mediately or immediately from land, and is arranged by Madox, in his History of the Exchequer, under the following heads: 1st. The antient demesnes of the Crown, of which we have just spoke: 2d. Escheats, or lands which reverted to the Crown for default of heirs: 3d. Feudal profits, or wardships, reliefs, marriages, &c.: 4th. The yearly farms of counties, towns, and boroughs: 5th. Fines

and amercements, particularly for transgressions against the forest laws: 6th. Aids, scutages, tallages, and customs: 7th. Casual profits of different kinds; as treasure trove, waifs and estrays, wreck, goods of felons, fugitives and outlaws. Of these it is evident the principal part results from land, but the precise value of them it is now from the lapse of time utterly impossible to discover.

Besides the royal demesnes, there have been at all times frequent accessions to the landed property of the Crown: Some temporary; as the great article of the revenues of vacant Bishoprics, and such Monasteries as were of royal foundation, which were during the vacancy in the hands of the King. This right was frequently much abused by the Crown, and the complaints on the subject are frequent and notorious. Wardship was another temporary accession, the King being hereditary guardian of such children of his tenants as were minors at the time of their fathers death; an immense power, particularly in the case of female orphans, and, as Lord Lyttelton well observes, greater and more dangerous to the public than any the Crown possesses now; as there certainly could not be a more irresistible bribe to avarice, ambition, or love, than the hand of a rich, a noble, or a beautiful heiress; which the King, as feudal Lord, was often able to grant. Another source from which lands were added to the Crown, was the King's prerogative as Lord of the Sea, and his consequent right to the *maritima incrementa*; which are of three kinds: islands which rise suddenly in the sea, lands gained from it by sudden alluvion, and lands gained from it by dereliction. Solately as the year 1667, a grant was made by the Crown of land in the Humber which was overflowed by every spring tide, but which has been so successfully improved, as to produce at present a rent of 900l. per annum. A similar circumstance happened in 1664. Both these estates are held by lease from the Crown. Another source of revenue arising from land, is the King's right to all mines royal, or gold and silver mines; and, lastly, the Crown may receive accessions to its landed property, by the ordinary method of conveyance or purchase, as between subject and subject. Such are the principal modes of accession of landed property to the Crown.

After this account, Mr. St. John proceeds to give a general view historically, it being impossible to state a particular one, of the different accessions

and diminutions of the landed property of the Crown, under our respective Monarchs, from William the Conqueror downwards. For this he very candidly acknowledges his obligations to Davenant, who appears to have taken uncommon pains on the subject. The King has always had a right, though sometimes contested, of alienating the Royal demesnes; which alienation, they being his sole support, reduced him to apply to his people for aids. The people were by a short-sighted policy ever enemies to alienation in the King; not foreseeing that unless such power were admitted, by escheats, forfeitures, &c. in time the King must become absolute Lord, and actual possessor of all the lands in the kingdom. An act of resumption was always therefore a popular measure, and oftentimes extorted from the Monarch by force. Time has however opened the people's eyes to their true interests, and nothing can now be more unpopular than the idea of resumption. In every reign from the Conqueror to Richard I. there were resumptions. In the reigns of John, and Henry III. his son, there were none; and in consequence, by the prodigal grants of the Crown, the King was almost beggared, so as that Henry complained he could not pay his baker; on which the Barons at once returned for the Crown all grants to foreigners, which, together with their own subsequent forfeitures, on their defeat at Evesham, considerably retrieved the royal property; so that no resumption took place under Edward I. Once indeed he attempted, under colour of law, to enquire into the titles of several of his Barons; but was soon stopped by Earl Warren, who nobly drew his sword and told the Judges, "This is my title, and with this I will defend it." The King had magnanimity and wisdom enough to desist from the attempt. The prodigality of Edward II. again reducing the Crown to poverty, the Parliament stripped Gaveston, the King's favourite, of immense grants which he had made him, and passed a law, that the crown lands should not be alienated; but this law was soon repealed, and a fresh torrent of profusion broke out in favour of the Spencers, which terminated at length in the death of the King; not however before the forfeitures of the Earl of Lancaster and his adherents had in some degree restored the royal revenues. In the glorious and long reign of Edward III. there was neither grant nor resumption; but his successor Richard II. trod exactly

in the steps of Edward II. which led him to the same unhappy fate. The conduct of Scropé, then Chancellor, deserves to be recorded; who boldly and honestly refused to set the seal to the royal grants, nor would surrender it to any but the King's own hand; who accordingly came in person, and deprived him of his office. In the reign of Henry IV. whose weak title obliged him to study popularity, there were several resumptions. Henry V. made no resumption, but bullied the clergy out of all the alien priories, being in number one hundred and ten, which very much increased his revenues. In the reign of Henry VI. there were obtained by the people several large resumptions; in Edward IV.'s reign, one, originating with himself; in Richard III.'s none, he having made no grants. Under Henry VII. every possible mode was tried, successfully, to increase the wealth of the crown, landed and otherwise; so that, according to Lord Bacon, he died worth 1,800,000*l.* but according to Sir Robert Cotton, 4,500,000*l.* besides plate and rich attire. This immense wealth was soon dissipated by Henry VIII. but in return, the Crown obtained under him the greatest accession of property that had ever been known. By the suppression of six hundred and forty-five monasteries, ninety colleges, two thousand three hundred and seventy-four chantries and free chapels, and one hundred and ten hospitals, he obtained, according to Rapin, a yearly revenue of 161,000*l.* sterling; but as the abbots and priors took fines on granting leases, and so let the lands at a rent below the value, it has been computed that the real accession to the Crown was not less than 1,600,000*l.* per annum; which at twenty years purchase would make no less a sum than 32,000,000*l.* Yet notwithstanding this immense accession Henry died necessitous. How he could have squandered it is not easy to say. Great sums, according to Davenant, were spent on fortifying the ports in the Channel; much in supporting his consequence in Europe; much in large and numerous grants to the nobility; much in erecting new Bishops' sees. During the reigns of Edward VI. Mary and Elizabeth, no remarkable change took place in the landed revenue; which in the reign of James I. on an actual survey, amounted to but 66,870*l.* 3*s.* 1*d.* whereas at the time of William the Conqueror's survey, his annual revenue, drawn principally from the Crown lands, was 327,449*l.* 1*s.* 7*d.*

an enormous disproportion, especially when the relative value of money is taken into the account. During the reign of James, crown lands were disposed of to the amount of 775,000*l.* and his debts were computed at 700,000*l.* His son and successor Charles I. was by his necessities compelled to a still further dilapidation of the Royal revenues; so as that in 1626, a commission was issued to the Lord Treasurer and others, to sell all or any part of the land revenue except the Dutchy of Cornwall; in consequence of which, very considerable quantities of land were granted away, until at length, after the King's decapitation, the Parliament gave the *coup de grace* to the expiring landed revenue, by voting a sale of the crown lands to the amount of 600,000*l.* in order to pay their army. At the Restoration, Parliament endeavoured by several votes to restore the property thus alienated to the Crown; but a very great part of it was irrecoverably gone, being partly sold for *bona fide* valuable considerations, partly concealed and connived at, and partly granted away to those who had been instrumental in bringing back the King. At this time, by a commutation for 100,000*l.* per ann. of Excise duties, the Crown lost the court of Wards and Liveries, which was one branch of the ancient land revenue.

Upon an enquiry by a committee of the House of Commons, immediately on the Restoration, 1660, the annual land revenue was 221,000*l.* Three years after, on a similar enquiry, it had fallen to 100,000*l.* So rapid a declension alarmed the Commons; and they, in consequence, addressed the King to grant no lease for more than three lives, or thirty-one years; and a bill was ordered to be brought in to avoid all grants since 1660, except those to the Duke of Albemarle and Earl of Sandwich. But these regulations took no effect, and the prodigality of Charles continued unbounded; so that at length an act was passed, under which he sold at

once almost the whole of the fee farm rents of the Crown. What the sale produced cannot now be ascertained. Under William III. the remnant of the landed revenue became again the subject of the discussion of Parliament, alarmed by his profuse grants, particularly to the Earl of Portland. The King had granted him nearly four-fifths of Denbighshire, at a rent of 6*s.* 8*d.* but the grant was opposed with such spirit by the gentlemen of Wales, and particularly by a Mr. Price, a Member of the House of Commons, that the King found himself obliged to drop his intention. In the last year of his reign the Parliament again took up the subject of the land revenue; and on an accurate survey the total present produce was found to be, after deducting the expence, only 4,840*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* with a remote contingent increase of 10,598*l.* which *modicum* would, in all probability, have been granted away, had not Parliament put a stop to any further sale of the Crown lands, by an act passed in the first year of Queen Ann's reign, commonly called the Civil List Act; by which all grants of lands are avoided, being for a longer term than three lives or thirty-one years. Had such an act been passed at the Restoration, the land revenue might now produce 500,000*l.* per ann. but the remedy was not applied till the disease became incurable. Had all subsequent forfeitures and escheats been included in this act, the land revenue might have recovered its ancient value and importance, but they were not; and in consequence the forfeited estates in 1715 were sold, amounting to 40,000*l.* per ann. together with other lands which have reverted to the Crown. Still, however, the beneficial effects of the Civil List Act have appeared in the increasing value of the small remainder of the ancient land revenue. In our next Number we shall abstract Mr. St. John's account of the present state, management, and probable means of improving it.

The Rural Economy of Norfolk: Comprising the Management of Landed Estates, and the Present Practice of Husbandry in that County. By Mr. Marshall, (Author of Minutes of Agriculture, &c.) resident upwards of two Years in Norfolk. 2 vols. 8vo. 12*s.* Cadell.

(Concluded from Vol. XI. page 326.)

HAVING in a former Number given a general view of Mr. Marshall's plan, we shall now proceed to examine analytically, but with as much brevity as possible, in what manner, and with what success, he has executed it.

Considering the county as a subject of "*rural economy*," our author thinks it aptly divisible into East, West, and South Norfolk. On the merits and properties of each of these districts he briefly animadverts.

verts. To East-Norfolk, however, he gives the preference; inasmuch, that, there alone, he says, "we are to look for that regular and long-established system of practice which has raised, deservedly, the name of Norfolk husbandmen." Thus prepossessed in favour of East-Norfolk, he particularly describes its *climate*—the *surface* of the district—its *rivers*—its *inland navigations*—its *roads*—its *inclosures*, &c.

Confining himself still to East-Norfolk, he next assigns reasons for the degeneracy of the yeomanry from their former independence and respectability, and for the frequent predominance of *copyhold* over *freehold* tenures.

These considerations lead our author to take a general view of the farms, and of the peculiarities of soil in the district immediately before him. In the latter, he observes, a singular uniformity prevails; namely, that there is not, perhaps, an acre in it which does not come under the idea of a *SANDY LOAM*, though varying widely in its quality, both as to texture and productiveness.

Among its "partial evils," Mr. Marshall particularly complains of the *SCALDS**. These he represents to be as pernicious in Norfolk, as quick-sands and springy patches are in cold-soiled countries, and, what is worse, perhaps incurable; nor has he failed in assigning causes for them, which, as being grounded on reason, and confirmed by experience, appear to be undeniable.

In describing the different species of manure used in the county, our author

discovers a degree of *chemical* knowledge, rarely possessed, or, if possessed, reduced to useful practice, by gentlemen of an agricultural turn.—"The grand fossil manure of Norfolk," he says, "is *MARL*; through whose fertilising quality, *judiciously applied*, lands, which seem by Nature to have been intended as a scanty maintenance for sheep and rabbits, are rendered capable of fattening bullocks of the largest size, and of finishing them in the highest manner."

Before he left Norfolk, he collected a variety of specimens of marls, clays, and soils of different parts of it. These, he tells us, with a still greater variety collected by him in other parts of the kingdom, he hopes (and, with no compliment to the author, but what is literally due to truth, we hope also) he will find leisure, at some future period, so to analyse as to draw some general inferences.

In the present publication, Mr. Marshall confines himself to the chalk-marl of Thorp-market, in the hundred of North-Erringham; the clay marl of Hembsy, in the hundred of East-Fleg; the soft chalk of Thorp-next-Norwich, commonly called Norwich marl; and the hard chalk of Swaffham; of each of which he gives an analysis, with inferences from it, not less useful to the practical farmer than interesting to the speculative chemist. Nor are his remarks less valuable, though they are, of course, neither so diffuse nor so scientific, on the particular uses which the Norfolk husbandmen make of mould, lime, ashes, dung†, compost, teathe*,

* For an explanation of this term, we are indebted to a copious alphabetical list of *PROVINCIALISMS* annexed to the work; from which list we learn, that "SCALDS" mean in Norfolk "*patches of land which are more liable to be scorched, burned, or SCALDED in a hot season, than the remainder of the piece they are situated in.*"

By no means, however, are all the provincialisms quoted by our author *peculiar* to Norfolk, though most of them may doubtless be, as he observes, "*pertaining* to the rural economy of it." Many of the number we know to be frequent in various other counties of England; nor are some of them uncommon even in the agricultural dialect of Scotland.

Be this as it may, the list alluded to may be considered as a curious, as well as useful glossary; and if the explanations of the words be correct, which none who know Mr. Marshall's accuracy in other respects can possibly doubt, they not only form an appendage to the work without which, to the generality of readers, various passages would have been involved in obscurity, but possess this farther merit (of which, at the time he was collecting and arranging them, the ingenious author was not himself, perhaps, aware) that they tend in no mean degree to ascertain the *primitive* and *simple* acceptation of many phrases that, to the utter disgrace of *learned commentatorship*, fill with perplexity, to this hour, many of the pages of our old poets and historians.

† The fact which Mr. Marshall relates concerning the muck produced from Yarmouth, will to many of our readers appear a novel peculiarity.—"Yarmouth," says he, "is in a manner surrounded by marshes and the sea; straw, of course, becomes there a dear article. This, and the vicinity of the sea-shore, has established a practice, which I believe has been in

teathe*, sheepfold, foot, and other manures.

Having discussed these subjects, our author gives a slight sketch of the general character of the farmers of Norfolk, whom, he says, he does not mean to hold out as a separate order of men, but as men strongly marked by a liberality of thinking, and in consequence, by an openness in their manner and conversation, added to a certain *complacency* and *good breeding*; by which, as he archly desires to be understood, he does not mean *complaisance* or *politeness*. The lower class, however, he describes as the same plain men that farmers in general are in every other country; living in a great measure with their servants; rising early; breakfasting early; and dining universally at twelve o'clock.

Of the workmen he says, that here, as in other places, they are divisible into yearly servants and day-labourers. At the public hiring of yearly servants, he mentions an excellent custom which subsists; namely, that "the High Constable of the Hundred in which a Statute is held, holds, at the same time and place, what is called a *Petty Sessions*; at which the hiring and its attendant circumstances are or may be registered; *which register becomes, in cases of dispute, either between master and servant, or between parish and parish, a useful record*." In respect to day-labourers, he observes, "two remarkable circumstances are united; namely, *hard work and low wages*." These, however, are circumstances which, far from being *remarkable*, are, we apprehend, common in many other counties; and if so unusually prevalent in Norfolk, the greater seems to be the disgrace of the master, the more unjustifiable the injury done to the servant, when (as our author immediately after observes) "there is an honesty, I had almost," adds he, "said an *honour* about the Norfolk farm-labourers, when working by the day, which I have not been able to discover in the day-labourers of any other county."

Having thus, with a freedom due to oppressed industry, expressed his sentiments respecting the day-labourers,

our author proceeds to take a view of "the beasts of labour made use of in the Norfolk husbandry." Of these, as he observes, horses are the only ones; there not being, perhaps, one ox worked in the county. Of the past and present breeds of the farm-horse, and of the particular methods observed in the "*keep*" of that most serviceable animal, as well as in the uses to which he is put, we have a full and satisfactory account.

In describing the implements belonging to the rural economy of the county, he begins with the waggons and carts; and to supply the general want of the latter in getting in harvest (surprising enough, it will be acknowledged, when the *levelness* of the country is considered) he mentions a singular expedient of the farmers—that of forming a carriage from a common dung-cart and a pair of old waggon-shafts and fore-wheels, which, partaking both of a cart and a waggon, is called a '*maphrodite*'; and which, in Mr. Marshall's opinion, would be found extremely convenient in a *hilly country*, where carts are in a manner useless in harvest. The implements noticed next by our author are, the plough, the roller, the snow-sledge, &c. of all which he describes the various constructions, properties, and uses, with his usual accuracy, and attention to suggest improvements, where improvements can possibly be admitted.

Of the taxes he likewise takes some notice, classing them under the several heads of land-tax, tithe, and poor's rate.

We now come to the second grand division of the subject before us, namely, "the general management of estates;" which, our author remarks, is in this district conducted on a plan not generally known, and seldom, if ever, executed in other parts of the kingdom; *where*," he adds, "*receiving twice a year, by a plain rent-roll, is frequently the SUM OF MANAGEMENT*."

After a description of the old system of management, which, with some few alterations, prevails to the present time, Mr. Marshall proceeds to consider, as he expresses it, "such general matter only as necessarily occurs upon every leased

use time immemorial, of *littering* stables with sea-sand, instead of straw. As the bed becomes soiled or wet, fresh sand is scattered on, until the whole is in a degree saturated with dung and urine: the stall is then cleared, and a fresh bed of sand laid in. *By this means muck of a quality singularly excellent is produced*."

* A provincial term, signifying the dung, &c. of cattle.

estate." The variations in the duration of leases*, and in the amount of rents†, occupy accordingly his first attention. In speaking of the covenants of leases, he says, they "are in Norfolk as in other districts, various as leases themselves;" nor does he omit to mention the important advantages accruing from an improvement that has lately taken place in the county, with respect to the repairs of buildings and fences; the tenant now covenanting to pay half the workmen's wages.

In farther discussing the subject of repairs, as connected with buildings merely, he says, the "*farmeries*" of Norfolk are, in general, large and convenient; many of them having been the residences of that yeomanry which he had before observed to be now nearly extinct. Of the "*dwelling house*" he says little more than that, in general, it is "*commodious*;" but the barns he describes as "*superior to those of every other county.*" He next sets forth the peculiarities (and those peculiarities seem, for the most part, to be improvements) that struck him in the formation of the barn floors, the stables, the cow-houses, the bullock-sheds, the hog-styes, the granaries, the waggon-sheds, the rick-yards, the fold-yards, and the drinking-pits.

To these illustrations succeeds a description of the building materials of the county; the principal of which (except in the buildings of a barn, which are generally of red brick) is an admirable white brick, that, except on a near view, has all the effect of a well-coloured stone; and so expert are the moulders of this excellent material, that cornices, and even columns, with their pedestals and capitals, are formed of it.

According to our author, however, this superiority in brick-making is one of those efforts of necessity which are frequently productive of excellency in in-

vention‡; there not being, generally speaking, a stone in the county, excepting a few *flints*, and the *sea-stone*, which, near the coast, is used instead of bricks; but which, from the causes assigned by Mr. Marshall, is undeniably a dangerous material to build with in unskilful hands.

The materials of the house-carpenter next occupy the attention of our author; as also the coverings or roofs, which are principally of *pan-tile*, or of *reed*. The latter, he says, is, at present, the favourite roof; and is of all others (good slate excepted) the most eligible for farm-buildings. After some pertinent and really important observations on the article of *reed* and *reed-roofs*, he considers the flooring-materials; describes the method of making lime; and explains certain particularities that subsist between landlords and tenants respecting gates, dead fences, and even stiles, on which he had briefly touched before.

He then enters upon a more extensive branch of his subject—that of live-hedges. Here, amidst a variety of other particulars, the result of the author's personal observation, we are presented with the Norfolk method of valuing hedge-wood, of treating old hedges, of planting and raising new hedges, of re-planting worn-out hedges, and of grubbing the borders of old hedges; together with a general idea of the principles on which the *inclosures* of the county are conducted.

On the subject of PLANTING, Mr. Marshall is more concise in his remarks than we could have wished; but for this brevity he candidly apologises, by observing, that his mind being sufficiently employed on the subjects of *estate-agency* and *husbandry*, he did not attempt, in Norfolk, to digest his ideas upon planting. Undigested, however, as he modestly represents those ideas, they convey some

* In order to place the general management of a Norfolk estate in a clear and comprehensive point of view, our author likewise presents the "*heads of a lease*," according to the peculiar practice of the county; from which some useful hints may doubtless be derived by country landlords and tenants in general.

† Under this head, in alluding to the high rents that generally prevail, he pays the following compliment to the agricultural industry and skill of the county. "There are lands," observes Mr. Marshall, "in the kingdom—I will venture to say within twenty miles of the metropolis—which let at eight shillings an acre, yet are, in their nature, equally fertile as those of Norfolk, which let currently for ten to twelve shillings. Nothing can account for this but the superiority of the Norfolk husbandry, and the quick dispatch which prevails in every department of the Norfolk system of management."

‡ This remark is certainly likewise applicable, though not altogether in the same degree, perhaps, to Middlesex, and various other counties in England; yet it does not appear, that the art of brick-making has any where attained that perfection which Mr. Marshall ascribes to it in Norfolk.

hints that may not be unworthy the attention of the proprietors of landed estates in East Norfolk; which it may be necessary to remind the reader, forms, through the whole of this work, the grand scene of our author's observations.

In treating of the general management of farms, he represents the principal objects of husbandry in that district to be, bullocks, barley, and wheat; the other productions being in a great measure subordinate to these three; from which, chiefly, the farmer expects to pay his rent, and to support his family.

After some other general observations, applicable to the district immediately before him, our author takes a general view of the prevailing method of *laying out farms* in Norfolk; of the *succession of arable crops*, or course of cultivation in East-Norfolk; of the *soil-process*, or Norfolk method of putting the soil into a proper state of cultivation; of the *manure-process*, or general application, and method of applying manures in Norfolk; of the *seed-process*, or different modes of sowing; of the *vegetating-process*, or summer-care, protection, and management of crops in general, from seed-time to harvest; of the *harvest-process*—not the process of harvesting any one particular crop, but the general business of harvest; of the *farm-yard management*—not a detail of the barn-management, and consumption of one separate species of crop, nor the winter-treatment of any one particular species of live-stock; but a description of such general business of the barn and farm-yard as cannot with the smallest degree of propriety be given under any one species either of stock or crop.

From most of his remarks on these important topics (through which, were we to follow Mr. Marshall minutely, we should trespass far beyond our usual bounds) the superiority of Norfolk in the practice of husbandry stands confessed. Nor is the county less indebted to him for the handsome manner in which (though an object of rather inferior moment) he mentions the propriety of conduct generally to be remarked in the markets. In these one singular rule is observed,

that they are never opened till three or four o'clock in the afternoon; the market of Norwich excepted, which (with perhaps a few others) is a forenoon-market.

The conveniencies and advantages that accrue to the farmer from afternoon-markets, are, indeed, self-evident.—“He has,” as our author observes, “all the morning to himself: he dines with his family, and sees his men at work; and his teams out for their afternoon-journey before he sets off for market. His market-expences are curtailed, and a habit of lounging out a whole day idly prevented. The only inconvenience incurred by afternoon-markets to a farmer, is the necessity of returning home in the dark of winter's evenings: this, however, is an inconvenience which farmers in general who go to market at ten o'clock in the morning *voluntarily* dispense with. The inn-keepers may be said to be the only sufferers by afternoon-markets.”—As for the fairs, they are not so considerable, he says, as in some other counties—the fair of St. Faith excepted—which he represents as one of the largest in the kingdom.

Mr. Marshall proceeds next to take a systematic view of the culture of various crops. That of wheat, as being the most important, attracts his notice first; and, with his usual methodical accuracy, he considers, 1. The species of wheat usually cultivated in Norfolk;—2. The soils on which it is usually grown;—3. The succession, or the crop, &c. which wheat usually succeeds in the management of East-Norfolk;—4. The soil-process;—5. The manure-process;—6. The seed-process;—7. The vegetating-process;—8. The harvest-process;—9. The farm-yard process;—and, lastly, the markets for wheat.

In the same manner, and under heads as nearly similar as the different subjects would permit, he considers the crops of barley, oats, peas, vetches, buck*, turneps†, cultivated grasses, and natural grasses.

To these discussions succeed descriptions of, and animadversions upon, the various species of *live-stock*. Of the *cal-*

* *Polygonum fagopyrum*—*buck-wheat*, as it is usually called, and *brank*, as it is termed in the Southern Hundreds of East-Norfolk. We perfectly agree with our author, that the addition of *wheat* to the word *buck* is a manifest absurdity; wheat being, as Mr. Marshall justly alleges, neither more nor less than a corruption of the Dutch *wet*.

† On the *turnep-crop*, as being the grand basis of the present system of Norfolk husbandry, Mr. Marshall is particularly copious, and, in our opinion, particularly happy also in his remarks.

zle of Norfolk, our author takes an enlarged, but a comprehensive view, describing, 1. The species or breeds;—2. Explaining the prime intention of the farmers in keeping cows, and illustrating the general management of the dairy;—3. Pointing out the general practice in the rearing of cattle;—and 4. Shewing the different species of cattle, particularly bullocks fatted in the county; the method by which they are fatted; the method by which they are obtained; and the method also by which they are disposed of.

Under the succeeding article—that of *sheep*—a circumstance is mentioned, which it would be needless to say surprised us, when the reader is told that nothing in the Norfolk husbandry surprised our author more. The circumstance alluded to is, that of his *finding the country in a manner destitute of sheep*.—"In one of my journeys to Gunton," says Mr. Marshall, "I purposely rode on horseback through the centre of the county—by Thetford, Watton, Dereham, Reepham, &c. in order that I might catch a general idea of its rural economy. From the nature of the soil, and from the prevalence of the *turnep-husbandry*, I had conceived it to be *the land of sheep*. But from the time I crossed the river at Thetford until I arrived within a few miles of the end of my journey, I DID NOT SEE ONE SHEEP*."

This remark, however, he seems to direct chiefly to the East-Norfolk farms, which, in general, he humorously observes, "are in the months of July, August, and September, as free from *sheep* as *elephants*!" nor does he scruple to add, that "the breed of Norfolk-horses was not formerly, nor its breed of cattle at present, more singular than is its *breed of*

sheep!"; the principal characteristics of which he describes to be a carcass long and slender, a fleece short and fine, legs long, and black or mottled, a face black or mottled, horns (of the ewes and wethers) middle-sized, and somewhat straight (of the rams) very large, long, and spirral.

To the consideration of the *sheep* succeeded a few observations on the rabbits of Norfolk; the foil of which, viewed at large, might, he thinks, be termed a "*rabbit-foil*"; nor does he think it at all improbable that "before its present system of husbandry took place, a considerable part of it was occupied by this species of live-stock."

Of the swine and poultry, famous as Norfolk is for both, our author says little; nor in that little is there any novelty.

On the subject of *decoys*, he is more interesting; and in his description of the leading principles of these rural devices (which, by the by, are far from being unconnected with the general system of rural economy) the reader will find no small ingenuity as well as accuracy.

Of the live-stock of Norfolk, the *last*, the *least*, and the most *humble*, article, noticed by our author, is, the BEE. "A considerable quantity of honey," he observes, "is collected in Norfolk; but, in general, it is of an inferior quality, owing, as it is generally believed, to the quantity of *buck* which is annually grown in this country, and which is highly grateful to bees; affording them an ample supply of honey." The absurdity of the cause ascribed for this inferiority Mr. Marshall forcibly exposes. In colour and flavour the Norfolk-honey resembles the honey of the North of England, collected from the heaths, moors, and fells, which abound in that part of the island.—Why then—

* Our author more than once very aptly quotes Doctor Johnson; of whom, to the honour of his literary taste be it mentioned, he seems to be an admirer. This *digressional* remark we would not have made, had not the above expression, "I did not see one sheep," forcibly reminded us of a similar one in the Doctor's celebrated Tour to the Hebrides; when, in relating the many other *wonderful* events that occurred in his journey thither over the county of Fife (which, even in the article of *timber*, is far from being one of the worst-cultivated regions of Scotland, he declares, he did not for forty miles *see one tree*. It is to be remembered, however, that poor Johnson, with all the acuteness of his *intellectual optics*, laboured under the misfortune of being, as to *earthly objects*, literally *purblind*. No such defect, we hope and trust, attends Mr. Marshall; nor are we by any means inclined to challenge the truth of his assertion concerning the uncommon scarcity of *sheep* in Norfolk, even as above stated. We should do him an injustice also if we did not declare, that, unlike the learned Journalist of a Tour to the Hebrides, he never suffers *prejudice* to supersede *candour*, *wit* to triumph over *truth*, or *imagination* to run away with *judgment*.

† In the above passage, there is a grammatical inaccuracy so evident as to require no comment. In general, however, the language of Mr. Marshall is far from being incorrect; nor is it void of elegance, when of elegance the subject before him is in any degree susceptible.

to adopt the idea of our author—why may not the brownness and rankness of the Norfolk-honey be owing to the same cause, namely, HEATH; which, as he observes, seems to be “a natural production of the soil in general?”—“The flowers of *buck*,” as he farther observes, “have no doubt a *powerful, luscious* smell, disagreeable to many people; but are not those of *beans* equally powerful, equally luscious, and to some persons equally disagreeable?”—Doubtless they are; and with an entire acquiescence in the opinions of Mr. Marshall on the subject, we think it but reasonable to wish, as he does, that “the evil effect of *buck* upon the quality of *honey* may be DOUBTED, till by accurate experiments it may be PROVED.”

To render the rules, directions, and remarks laid down in the preceding pages, as serviceable *practically* as they possibly can be, our author has, with every claim due to the exertions of an useful and indefatigable industry, given a list of rates and proportions in Norfolk, “relative to bricklayer’s work, carpenter’s work, thatcher’s work, the work that belongs to woodlands and hedges, and the work that belongs to the general operations of husbandry.”

But the exertions in point of genius as well as industry, (by which, in the pre-

sent publication, Mr. Marshall has chiefly distinguished himself, are those exhibited in his “Minutes,” which entirely occupy the second volume of the work, and are indeed essential to illustrate and confirm every observation of importance contained in the first. Formed, as they seem to have generally been, upon the very spot where the remarks were made, to those remarks they give a degree of weight, as well as authenticity, which otherwise some readers might have been inclined to undervalue or dispute. For us it would be impossible—and if possible, from the copious account already given it would be superfluous—to enter into a detail of them. We must not, however, close the present article without remarking, that our author has frequently, in the volumes before us, been guilty of a *literary sin*—that of *borrowing from himself*. Insensibly, we are convinced, has he rendered himself thus guilty; and the offence, venial as it is in all authors, is particularly excusable in one who, like Mr. Marshall, has written so much and so well on subjects various and complex as those of agriculture and husbandry;—subjects on the just knowledge and practice of which the prosperity of nations is not less dependent than the immediate welfare of the individuals of whom those nations are composed.

A Letter to a Friend on the reported Marriage of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. By Mr. Horne Tooke. 8vo. 2s. Johnson.

THIS is one of the most curious pamphlets we have perused for a considerable time past, though not more so than might be expected from the pen of Mr. Horne Tooke; a gentleman more generally known and distinguished in the political world by his *quondam* appellation—that of the *Reverend John Horne*.

Last summer, in a work of no small magnitude, and, indeed, of no small genius and erudition also*, Mr. Tooke amused himself with publishing a number of *philological* discussions on the subject of nouns, pronouns, verbs, adverbs, prepositions, interjections, &c. &c.; and this summer to give a *variety*, doubtless, to his studies, he has (as certain wicked wags have alledged) taken a *political* but very *uncourly* view of the nature, the extent, and the true signification of the *conjunction copulative*.

Waggishly have we also heard it suggested of the present production, that Mr. Tooke, though he has long relinquished his clerical character and habit, might have employed his hours of literary retirement more profitably to the world, as well as more honourably to himself, had he bestowed one-half of that ingenuity, one-half too of that learning, in illustrating and defending the *AEs of the Apostles*, which, in the pages before us, he has vainly bestowed in ridiculing, and exposing as null and void, *positive and express AEs of Parliament*.

Waggery, however, apart (for waggery but ill accords with the dignity of *sober criticism*) the present main object of Mr. Tooke is to do, what he seems to think, *justice* to “a most amiable and justly-valued female, whom (he adds) I conclude to be in all respects, both

* See Vol. X. p. 169, and p. 250, where an account is given of our author’s last performance, “The Diversions of Parley.”

legally, really, worthily, and happily for this country—her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.*

After some pointed animadversions on the selfish duplicity, as he is pleased to consider it, of both the present Ministry and the present Opposition in their conduct to the Hen-Apparent, with respect to his supposed marriage to Mrs. Fitzherbert*, (which our author declares he has *SOLID GROUNDS for believing*) he proceeds to consider the objections generally made to that marriage; first, as they relate to its "*impropriety*;" and secondly, as they relate to its being "*legally impossible*."

In justifying the *propriety* of the measure, Mr. Tooke, with a *sneer* (for the gentleman seems rarely disposed to indulge either himself or his readers with a *laugh*) at "*political* as well as religious superstitions," declares, that "to match in marriage with a subject was at all times, within memory, a common and well-precedented practice of the Sovereigns of this realm: nor was it ever (he adds) interrupted down to the very accession of the present family on the throne."

Of the truth of his historical statements in proof of this position, no doubt can be entertained. By no means, however, can we agree with our author, when he asserts, that no mischief ever did arise to this country, or that it appears probable no mischief ever should arise from such intermarriages; nor do we think him either very just in his observation, or very decent in his language, when he adds, "this degrading notion of *impropriety*, and that a beautiful English woman is unworthy to be the companion of an English Prince, is a *ridiculous phantom imported into this land only with the House of Hanover*."

Having on various grounds, and with various displays of historical research,

proved, to *his own satisfaction*, that "from the accession of the House of Hanover to this realm, *such a marriage* became not only *not improper*, but most devoutly to be wished for by the subjects of Great Britain and Hanover†; Mr. Tooke proceeds to state his reasons why it is not less *legally impossible now* than it was *heretofore*."

As an introduction to those reasons, he recites so much as suits, or seems to suit his purpose of the Act 12 Geo. III. which most of our readers may recollect to have passed some time after the marriages of their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland. The heads of it being thus quoted, Mr. Tooke says, "Now I acknowledge this to be an *Act of Parliament*; but I deny it to have the *smallest force of law*;" and to remove from a "*common reader*" his surprise "at hearing that there are *Acts of Parliament which are not LAWS*," he seriously mentions his remembrance of "an Act passed but a few years since, which directed the justices of the Peace to take forty shillings out of twenty. "Could this Act," adds he, "be a *law*?" Certainly not (any reader but a *very uncommon one* will reply) while the absurdity that had thus crept into it continued to exist; and thus far the Act alluded to (which by the by we should have been glad our author had specified, fond as he seems to be of giving quotations even on the most trivial occasions) was, to all intents and purposes, a *dead letter*, till the removal of the mistake by a subsequent Act, founded on the same principle as the former, but free from that palpable error, which, *primâ facie*, rendered it for a time a *legislative nonentity*."

Aware that this ridiculous story would not much avail his argument, Mr. Tooke has recourse next to the venerable opinion of Lord Coke, as delivered by him in the

* Of this celebrated Lady some Anecdotes, illustrated with a Portrait, are given in Vol. IX. page 227.

† On more than one occasion in the present work, our author shews himself more disposed, we are afraid, to promote a *dissunion of states* than an *union of opinion among individuals about state-matters*. So highly displeased is he with the mutual connection of Great Britain and Hanover, that he pronounces it, "most undoubtedly, prejudicial to both." On this principle (still without losing sight of the *supposed* validity of this *supposed* marriage of the Prince to Mrs. Fitzherbert) he observes, "The Sovereign or the Prince who shall *patriotically, for the happiness of both dominions*, separate this foreign possession from his successor on the throne of Great Britain, will deserve additional gratitude and an additional blessing from both. And (continues Mr. Tooke) although, as I can easily believe, it might happen that a *less noble, but more amiable* motive should produce this *eligible separation*; the effect and benefit being the same, we should only transfer that additional gratitude and blessing, where we should owe the obligation, to *English beauty and merit*. Such an event to render it completely beneficial, would leave us nothing to pray for, but for an *offspring by such a marriage*."

case of Bonham; which states, "it appeareth in our books; that in many cases the common law doth controul Acts of Parliament, and sometimes shall adjudge them to be void: for when an Act of Parliament is against common right and reason, or repugnant or impossible to be performed, the common law shall controul it, and adjudge such Act to be void."

This constitutional truth was never, in our recollection, disputed. But, with all its validity, does it convey a single idea from which a solid inference *in point* can be formed? And in what degree, in the name of constitutional consistency, does it militate against the Act, so offensive to Mr. Tooke, of 12 Geo. III. which, with all that subtlety that generally distinguishes his arguments, he has not yet proved to contain a single clause, impartially to be considered either "*against common right and reason, or repugnant or impossible to be performed* *?"

After having exhausted his eloquence in deriding "this sham-law, this most wicked as well as most ridiculous Act of Parliament," as he *respectfully* styles it, our author proceeds to consider—what he admits to be "the *serious* part of the business, and that which gives a much more real and well-founded alarm, even for the safety of Church and State"—the report "that his Royal Highness has married a *Papist*."

Here a new field presents itself for the display of his rhetoric and his logic. The Acts by which *such* marriages were declared void, he acknowledges to be laws; and most sacred laws indeed, because they "*violate no rights,*" and "*affect the succession, not the marriage.*"

* Our author, while he affects to venerate the wisdom of our *ancient* legislators, talks of the noblemen and gentlemen of whom our parliaments are in *these days* composed, with a degree of contemptuous impertinence, which, we think, can have no tendency but to render himself contemptible.—What are they, according to Mr. Tooke, but "persons from the *stable, the nursery, the gaming-house, and the counting-house*; who absurdly imagine, that they have only to *pass an act*, and that such act of parliament *will, or ought, or can*, bind the subject in all cases whatever?"—Shame attend the illiberality of such sentiments, Mr. Tooke! Reduced to the state in which *you* have been graciously pleased to represent our legislators, merely too, it is to be observed, on the authority of a licentious *ipse dixit*, what would presently be the *state of our laws themselves*?—Free are we to confess, nevertheless, that too many men of mean capacities, and of corrupt principles, are to be found in our modern Parliaments. But this is a complaint, which, far from being confined to the grumblers of the present day, has, more or less, existed among the grumblers of all ages. Mr. Tooke is not to be told, that human nature is the same in all ages; and wonderful do we think it, that a gentleman of his understanding (affecting to think that the *education* of our ancient Nobility and Gentry tended to render them both more enlightened and more virtuous than the present) should indirectly give a sanction to the vulgar idea, that the longer the world exists, the worse it grows; an idea, which, amidst all the clamours of faction, we are still inclined to think not fairly applicable even to the *world of politics*.

In justifying the distinction here made, Mr. Tooke scruples not to tell us—what, he says, "Oliver Cromwell very fairly told his fanatical hypocrites—that *God has thrown religion as a make-weight into the scale*;" nor does he scruple to declare also, that he "*should be more than willing, even anxious, to barter the papist marriage for the responsibility of counsellors, and the independence of the representative body; being much more easily contented to trust the sovereign with a PAPIST WIFE, than with a CORRUPT PARLIAMENT*." But," continues he, "some consciences, I know, *will still be straining at a gnat, and popery is now become no more; whilst they gulp down greedily the camel of corruption, which is now become a monster.*"

Instead of reasoning, however, on this question, or shewing, as, he says, "may easily be shewn, the ready means of *evading* this law," he proceeds roundly to assert, that "whatever religious opinions Mrs. Fitzherbert may or may not have formerly entertained (a matter perfectly indifferent), *her Royal Highness is NOT a Papist.*"

We now come to the Postscript to the Letter, which, including the notes it contains, is larger than the Letter itself, though the object of it be merely to enquire into the truth of the news-paper report, with all its contingent circumstances, that his Royal Highness and his friends had (since the Letter was written) formally and solemnly disavowed the marriage in question.

This news-paper authority, Mr. Tooke says, he is determined not to believe. He even considers the "story of a disavowal to be itself an additional slander on a much-

misunderstood and misrepresented young man,"—"I have," adds he, "no doubt (for he is young and a Prince) that some things, *though I know them not*, might possibly be changed for the better in his conduct. But I will not believe, that at any time, and least of all in the moment and manner as reported *, such a disavowal (*be the marriage true or false*) or any thing tending to lessen the character of the lady, could possibly be authorized by him."

One of Mr. Tooke's reasons for this disbelief is a *curious* one; and *unsatisfactory* as it may appear, our readers shall have it in his own words.—"No," says he, "I will never believe it" (*the disavowal in question*) "because I remember very well what a *half-civilized* barbarian † replied to his *uncivilized* counsellors, who advised him to give up a MAN, not a WOMAN, to the *extreme necessity* of his situation:—*No, replied the prince; I can resign my dominions even up to the walls of my metropolis; for in happier circumstances they may hereafter be recovered: but the forfeiture of honour in a sovereign can never be retrieved.*"

Even in the supposition that this disavowal has taken place, he is particularly inclined to acquit Mr. Fox, though one of the ablest and most confidential counsellors of the Prince, from any share in the blame due to a measure so pointedly reprobated by our author as ignominious; and yet, a few pages after, he hesitates not to add, still with a direct reference to the subject before him, that "*though all princes have professing friends numerous enough to their face, yet had they no more coats than real friends to their back, I am afraid most sovereigns would go naked.*" What a *brilliant* comparison!—We are perfectly lost in the admiration of its *sublimity*, as well as *splendour*; and if there be any TRUTH in it, in *what condition at the present moment, must the wardrobe be of the Heir Apparent of the British Empire!*

Dictating next to the Minister how he should have acted, and even putting into his mouth the words he should have used, in the late arrangement of the Prince's affairs, he proceeds to state the conduct which *report* attributes to government in that memorable transaction. Of that conduct, according to our author, the object

and the issue were, a *compromise*.—"And what compromise?" says Mr. Tooke. "We will pay your debts; we will complete Carlton House; but the situation of national affairs will not permit an augmentation of your income—UNTILL you are married."

"UNTILL you are married!"

"For many years past," adds Mr. Tooke, "I have not been able in its measures to recognize my country; nor have known whither to direct my eyes to that which *once was England*. What a picture of meanness and degeneracy does this report exhibit! Administration and Opposition concurring in nothing, but *unblushingly to palm a falsehood on the world!* But such is the consequence of a government whose principle is CORRUPTION."

In justifying these bold assertions, founded still upon reports (which, after all, he acknowledges *he does not believe*) thus he argues:—"The conduct on neither side will bear the honest reasoning of a plain mind.—You will not augment the income? You think it then sufficient. If sufficient, the debts should not have been contracted. If they should not have been contracted, they should not be paid.—Is there any thing defective in this short argument? Perhaps not; but it is too rigorous: it suits better the coldness of a judge, than the affection of a parent. I think so too. But his Majesty was a *Son* before he was a *Father* ‡. And the situation of national affairs at his accession was *something different from what it is at present*. Report therefore may say what it pleases; but *untill the honest creditors of Fredrick Prince of Wales, (after a period of near forty years) are FAIRLY SATISFIED; I will not believe that Ministers, regardless of justice and his Majesty's character, have any serious intention, as a momentary expedient for themselves, to discharge the debts of his present Royal Highness.*"

This is poor comfort to the creditors of our amiable Prince. We trust, however, they are possessed of too much good sense to pin their faith upon any political prophecy from the pen of Mr. Tooke; especially when, as in the instance immediately before us, it is founded merely on certain vague, and, we will venture to add, false and scandalous reports.

In disquisitions which have for their

* Alluding to the late pecuniary embarrassments of his Royal Highness, and the conditions on which rumour says, he was from those embarrassments relieved.

† Peter the Great, Czar of Russia.

‡ What a notable discovery! and what an admirable use does our author make of it!

basis any of the subjects of philology, or of literature in general, we for the most part accompany our author with pleasure, and with satisfaction; but when he enters the field of politics, suffering prejudice to triumph over reason, and zeal to outrun knowledge, he is too apt to offend by his petulance, and to sacrifice decorum, if not truth itself, rather than *not gain his point*.

With respect to his present production, whatever effect it may have upon the minds of the public, Mrs. Fitzherbert

(for highly as we respect the lady, we must have an authority superior to that of Mr. Horne Tooke, before we style her *Her Royal Highness*) is certainly highly indebted to him for it; and, when first she sees him, nothing less can shedo, than drop him *one of her very best curtsies*--a compliment, which, we should suppose, our author will have the gallantry to think more than sufficient to recompense him for the pains he has taken to vindicate her cause.

The Child of Chance; or, the Adventures of Harry Hazard. 2 vols. 12mo. 6s. Hookham.

HARRY Hazard, in our opinion, might with more propriety have been styled the "*Dupe of Chance*" than the "*Child of Chance*;" and, from the title of the piece, we question whether there are not many readers, who may be inclined to think they are presented with the history of (what the vulgar call) a *chance child*, instead of (what the book really is) the history of a professed gambler and fortune-hunter.

The volumes before us, however, are far from being destitute of merit. They are the production, we understand, of Mr. John Huddleston Wynne; a writer not totally unknown, nor undistinguished, in the poetical world.

In the compositions of this gentleman, whether poetic or prosaic, there is such a prodigious inequality, that we have sometimes thought it hardly credible they could have issued from one and the same pen. Mr. Wynne, however, has no occasion to feel himself hurt by this remark. It is applicable to many other *professional* authors, of higher name than himself, though not, perhaps, of more intrinsic merit. The man who writes merely from

choice, the public expects to write *always* well, or not to write at all; but uncandid indeed must be that bosom, in which many grains of allowance are not admitted for him to whom no choice is left beyond what may be dictated by the immediate necessities of the day.

Of Mr. Wynne's prose-pieces (those, at least, that come in any degree within the description of the work before us) we think the present one, upon the whole, his best. In many pages we are agreeably attracted by the fertility of his imagination; with which, however, the solidity of his judgment by no means keeps pace. Of this defect he exhibits a striking instance in the *denouement*; and we submit it to his own *cool* determination, whether, in point of moral effect, the work would not have terminated with a happier display of skill, if he had contrived to make his hero adopt the path of virtue for virtue's sake, instead of being, as it were, *driven* to adopt it, from a sense of the miseries inseparably connected with the scenes of dissipation and profligacy in which he had formerly rioted.

The Minor; or, the History of George O'Nial, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. 6s. Lane.

THE "*Minor*" before us is literally, truly, and without metaphor, not yet *come of age*; nor will be till the first day of next January--*if he live so long*; of which, however, from various symptoms, we have little *expectation*, and certainly (as he is a *graceless* one) cherish less *hope*.

Be it known to thee, then, O Reader, that these volumes, though publicly ushered into the world some months ago, bear with matchless impudence the date of our Lord One Thousand

Seven Hundred and *Eighty-Eight* in the title-page.

Whether '*Squire O'Nial*, or his biographer, be in reality a native of the *dear* land so famed by wits for *blundering*, we know not; but *this* we know, that a *blunder like that now in question* has rather (as some persons would phrase it) a "*queer* look."

It is beyond the line of possibility to suppose that so glaring a mistake could proceed from *accident*; and this being the case, whether it originated with the author,

author or his printer, the imposition intended by it ought to be exposed.

Be it known, then, to all men, that if *perchance* "The Minor; or the History of George O'Nial, Esq." be thrust into their hands *next year* as a *new* novel, they are to consider it as "a *foul deception*;"

the work being merely a dull, and, what is worse, a licentious mass of absurdity, which, to the disgrace of the English press, was permitted to be printed and published at an early period of the *present year* One Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty-Seven.

William of Normandy. An Historical Novel. 2 vols. 12mo. 6s. Axtell.

THERE are various classes of novels; but the class in which we chiefly require at least *probability*, is that which comes under the denomination of the "historical novel."

Of the one before us, however, so denominated, the story is not only replete with *improbability*, but with dullness; and, perhaps, we might have been disposed to overlook the author's manifest

ignorance of the facts connected with the history of William of Normandy, and of the manners of the period at which he lived, if in the formation and conduct of the fable of the piece, we had been able to perceive the smallest vestige of animation, or fancy, or judgment.—Peace, say we, be to the *manes* of all such *historico-fopistic* novels!

Essays on various Subjects, Critical and Moral: containing Remarks on Butler's Analogy, Grammatical Strictures, a Review of Locke's Philosophy, Letters on Wit and Humour. In which various Observations are made on the most celebrated modern Writers on the subjects of Logic, Morals, and Metaphysics. By William Belchier, Esq. Small 8vo. 2 vols. 5s. Jameson.

THESE little volumes seem to be the genuine effusions of a writer accustomed to think with some accuracy, and to discern with some acuteness. His observations (most of which, if we mistake not, have appeared before) are, in general, just, and warrantable on the soundest principles of philosophy. From a wish, however, it would seem, to give to those observations an air of *originality*, he not uncommonly appears *flimsy*; and so apt is he to lose sight of the topic immediately before him, that, in perusing the *motley* pages of his work, we were frequently inclined to think ourselves in the act of examining a collection of vague, desultory opinions on whatever subject happened to be uppermost in the author's mind at the moment he was writing, instead of (what, on taking up the book, we had expected to find) a series of essays, calculated each to enquire into the particular and exclusive

merits of any of the various points he had undertaken to elucidate.

In aspiring to philological honours, we think our author less happy than when he aims at philosophical ones; for certain it is, that, whatever Mr. Belchier's knowledge of grammar may be *theoretically*, he discovers no great skill in it *practically*, if we may judge from his own diction, which is often debased with gross singularities;—singularities, which, however venial they might be thought in some writers, though little consistent with either propriety or elegance, are not easily forgiven in an author who has expressly treated of language.

With all these imperfections, however, there are many readers to whom the work before us will appear fraught with information, both useful and entertaining.

The Disinterested Nabob: a Novel. Interspersed with genuine Descriptions of India, its Manners, and Customs. 3 vols. 12mo. 9s. Robinson.

IN the idea of a "*disinterested*" Nabob if there be little truth (but who, it may be asked, looks for *truth* in a *novel*?) there is certainly some *originality*, according to the notions we Europeans have been taught to entertain of the despotic sons of Pride and Opulence so called in Asia.

Of originality, however, in the *fable* of the piece, we perceive no traces; nor even for the moral to be deduced from it, though in itself of a laudable tendency, is the author, *considered as such*, entitled to much praise.

The passages in the volumes before us with which we have been most pleased,
are

are those that describe the country of India, and which lead into details illustrative of the manners and customs of the inhabitants.

With inaccuracies of diction we are frequently offended. These, however, we might be inclined to overlook, were we convinced that the work really is, as pretended to be, the production of a female pen.

Lord Winworth; or, the Memoirs of an Heir. Dedicated, by Permission, to her Grace the Dutches of Devonshire. 3 vols. 12mo. 9s. Allen.

WE hope we shall not incur any of the penalties attached to the crime of *scandalum magnatum*, when we pronounce this same "Lord Winworth" a most impudent fellow.

He has himself, indeed, been guilty of an atrocious libel upon the taste and understanding of one of the most accomplished, as well as exalted, female characters in the kingdom; nor do we know how to express ourselves with more mildness of an author (an *anonymous* one too) who has the effrontery to tell the world, that he had received "*permission*" from the Dutches of Devonshire to dedicate to her a work, which (had she even condescended to read twenty pages of it) we are certain her Grace would never after have permitted to come within her view, or even to enter within her walls.

Recreation for Youth. A useful and entertaining Epitome of Geography and Biography. The first Part comprizing a General View of the several Empires, Kingdoms, Republics, States, remarkable Islands, Mountains, Seas, Rivers, and Lakes; with their Situation, Extent, Capitals, Population, Produce, Arts, Religion, and Commerce: Including the Discoveries of Capt. Cook, and others. The second Part including the Lives of the most famous Men who have flourished in Great Britain, and its Dependencies. By John Paterson Service. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Kearsley.

THE title-page of this book sufficiently speaks its contents. The usefulness of these kind of compendiums has been long admitted, and it is but justice to acknowledge that the present volume contains a great variety of entertainment and information, and will be found serviceable to those for whose use it is compiled.

Of this circumstance, far from being *convinced*, we entertain such strong doubts, as to warrant our asserting, in the language of our *learned* and factitious friend *Lingo*, that the author of "The Disinterested Nabob" is of the *masculine*, and not of the *feminine* gender.

Beside, if the Dutches was so ready to allow *her name* to grace the title-page, what could possibly be the author's motive for declining the honour of having *his own name* prefixed also?

His *motive*:—Oh! now we have it clearly.—Yes, *courteous* reader, his motive, (but be not yourself, we beseech you, so *uncourteous* as to ridicule our revival of a phrase once the darling of that very *Grub-street*, to which for his literary existence "Lord Winworth" is himself indebted) his motive, we say, was modesty—that prodigious *excess* of modesty, added to that excess, *more prodigious still*, of self-denial, for which catchpenny scribblers have long, as a body, been so notoriously distinguished.

The second part is an abridgment of the Biographical Dictionary, in twelve volumes octavo, mentioned in a former Magazine; and the present Compiler has judiciously omitted many persons, who, from their insignificance or want of character, did not deserve a place in that otherwise very meritorious publication.

The Theatre of Education; a new Translation from the French of Madame la Marquise de Sillery, late Madame la Comtesse de Genlis. 4 vols. 12mo. 12s. Walter.

WE learn from the title-page to the volumes before us, that it is not the first time these amusing and instructive little Dramas have appeared before the publick. To amuse, and at the same time to instruct; to please the imagination

without corrupting the heart; are objects of the greatest importance to the welfare of Society; and it is admitted that the author of these volumes has succeeded in a very eminent degree, in the accomplishment of this very difficult undertaking. The

translators

translators (for there are more than one) speak with becoming diffidence of their part of the work, which however, as far as it has been compared with the former

translation, needs not shrink from a comparison, nor requires any apology whatever.

The Carse of Stirling; an Elegy. 4to. Cadell.

IN the course of a parliamentary debate, some years ago, we recollect to have heard Mr. Dundas describe his own county (Mid-Lothian) as the "Paradise of Scotland."—At that period, however, we are inclined to think that the learned Gentleman, so intelligent on most other subjects, had not enjoyed the pleasure of taking a view in person of "The Carse of Stirling."

That pleasure we have ourselves, many years ago, repeatedly experienced; and, from the testimony of ocular observation, we scruple not to affirm, that if there be in Scotland any thing like a *Paradise*, that Paradise is to be found in the little romantic, and uncommonly fertile vale

which our author has thought proper to make the scene of his elegy.

Of that vale he appears to be himself a native. His poem, though announced to be *elegiac*, is rather of the *descriptive* class. The misfortune however of our author is, that whether he aims at *pathos*, or aims at *description*, he rarely shews himself capable of giving pleasure to a reader of sensibility, or correct taste.—

In his *moanings* there is nothing that seems to come from the *heart*—the heart, however, of a *Poet*; and in his *descriptions*, less still have we that comes from a cultivated imagination, or that to a cultivated imagination can possibly give satisfaction.

Memoirs of Mrs. Sophia Baddeley, late of Drury-Lane Theatre. By Mrs. Elizabeth Steele. 12mo. 6 vols. 18s. sewed.

"If to her share some female errors fall,
"Look at her face, and you'll forget them all."

OFTEN—when she was at the height of her glory as an Actress, and of her disgrace as a woman—often have we applied this couplet to the fair but unfortunate daughter of pleasure who serves as a *pretext* for the publication of these pages. We repeat the word *pretext*; for certain we are, that had the *Apology of Mrs. Bellamy* never appeared—appeared at least with so much *eclat*—the world would not have been visited with the mass of abominable trash now before us.

In the memoirs of that lady (who appears to have been a perfect saint, compared to the sinner Baddeley, as represented by her *confidante*, Mrs. Steele) we were entertained with a variety of new, and indeed interesting anecdotes of some of the most distinguished characters of the age;—anecdotes happily blended with her own unhappy story, which had the additional merit of being clothed in elegant language, and of conveying the *semblance* at least of a moral.

Deficient as the present work is in all these respects, we perpetually turn from it with disgust. In decorum, in consistency, and even in *truth*, notoriously is

it also deficient. It contains anecdotes, it is true, and *letters*—letters of the most *confidential*, most *sacred* nature; but as the anecdotes are generally either impertinent or insipid, to the letters, to the disgrace of the virtuous Mrs. Steele, and of her not less virtuous coadjutor in the publication, can have no tendency but to plunge daggers into the bosom of domestic happiness.

"Coadjutor?" it may be asked. "Is not Mrs. Steele *herself*, then, the writer of these Memoirs?"—No, we reply. Mrs. Steele furnished certain materials for the work; but be it known (and too well, indeed, is it known already) that for putting those materials together, she was indebted to the *disinterested* aid of one of the most *industrious* and *universal* book-makers in England, but who, *mirabile dictu!* has already been discarded by his *fair employer*, and exposed by her in the public prints for his *inability* or *misconduct* in the task of correcting and arranging the disgraceful materials necessary to compose the wretched history of an unhappy Courtesan.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following Tale, which is known to be the composition of Doctor JOHNSON, may be sought for in vain in the late edition of that Author's Works published by Sir John Hawkins. The publication in which it first appeared had but a confined sale, and never was much noticed. It, however, certainly deserves more celebrity; and therefore to give it a more extensive circulation, I offer it to your popular Magazine.

I am, &c.

C. D.

THE FOUNTAINS:—A FAIRY TALE.

Felix qui potuit boni
Fontem visere lucidum.

BOETHIUS.

AS FLORETTA was wandering in a meadow at the foot of Plinlimmon, she heard a little bird cry in such a note as she had never observed before, and looking round her, saw a lovely goldfinch entangled by a lime-twig, and a hawk hovering over him, as at the point of seizing him in his talons.

Floretta longed to rescue the little bird, but was afraid to encounter the hawk, who looked fiercely upon her without any apparent dread of her approach, and as she advanced seemed to increase in bulk, and clapped his wings in token of defiance. Floretta stood deliberating a few moments, but seeing her mother at no great distance, took courage, and snatched the twig with the little bird upon it. When she had disengaged him she put him into her bosom, and the hawk flew away.

Floretta shewing her bird to her mother, told her from what danger she had rescued him; her mother, after admiring his beauty, said, that he would be a very proper inhabitant of the little gilded cage, which had hung empty since the starling died for want of water, and that he should be placed at the chamber window, for it would be wonderfully pleasant to hear him in the morning.

Floretta, with tears in her eyes, replied, that he had better have been devoured by the hawk than die for want of water, and that she would not save him from a less evil to put him in danger of a greater: she therefore took him into her hand, cleaned his feathers from the bird-lime, looked upon him with great tenderness, and, having put his bill to her lips, dismissed him into the air.

He flew in circles round her as she went home, and perching on a tree before the door, delighted them a while with such sweetness of song, that her mother reproved her for not putting him in the cage. Floretta endeavoured to look grave, but silently approved her own act, and wished her mother

more generosity. Her mother guessed her thoughts, and told her, that when she was older she would be wiser.

Floretta however did not repent, but hoped to hear her little bird the next morning singing at liberty. She waked early and listened, but no goldfinch could she hear. She rose, and walking again in the same meadow, went to view the bush where she had seen the lime-twig the day before.

When she entered the thicket, and was near the place for which she was looking, from behind a blossoming hawthorn advanced a female form of very low stature, but of elegant proportion and majestic air, arrayed in all the colours of the meadow, and sparkling as she moved like a dew-drop in the sun.

Floretta was too much disordered to speak or fly, and stood motionless between fear and pleasure, when the little lady took her by the hand.

I am, said she, one of that order of beings which some call Fairies, and some Piskies: we have always been known to inhabit the crags and caverns of Plinlimmon. The maids and shepherds when they wander by moonlight have often heard our music, and sometimes seen our dances.

I am the chief of the Fairies of this region, and am known among them by the name of Lady Lilinet of the Blue Rock. As I lived always in my own mountain, I had very little knowledge of human manners, and thought better of mankind than other Fairies found them to deserve; I therefore often opposed the mischievous practices of my sisters without always enquiring whether they were just. I extinguished the light that was kindled to lead a traveller into a marsh, and found afterwards that he was hasting to corrupt a virgin: I dissipated a mist which assumed the form of a town, and was raised to decoy a monopolizer of corn from his way

way to the next market: I removed a thorn, artfully planted to prick the foot of a churl, that was going to hinder the poor from following his reapers; and defeated so many schemes of obstruction and punishment, that I was cited before the Queen as one who favoured wickedness and opposed the execution of fairy justice.

Having never been accustomed to suffer controul, and thinking myself disgraced by the necessity of defence, I so much irritated the Queen by my fullness and petulance, that in her anger she transformed me into a goldfinch. *In this form, says she, I doom thee to remain till some human being shall shew thee kindness, without any prospect of interest.*

I flew out of her presence not much dejected; for I did not doubt but every reasonable being must love that which having never offended, could not be hated, and, having no power to hurt, could not be feared.

I therefore fluttered about the villages, and endeavoured to force myself into notice.

Having heard that nature was least corrupted among those who had no acquaintance with elegance and splendour, I employed myself for five years in hopping before the doors of cottages, and often sat singing on the thatched roof; my motions were seldom seen nor my notes heard, no kindness was ever excited, and all the reward of my officiousness was to be aimed at with a stone when I stood within a throw.

The stones never hurt me, for I had still the power of a Fairy.

I then betook myself to spacious and magnificent habitations, and sung in bowers by the walks or on the banks of fountains.

In these places where novelty was recommended by satiety, and curiosity excited by leisure, my form and my voice were soon distinguished, and I was known by the name of the pretty goldfinch; the inhabitants would walk out to listen to my music, and at last it was their practice to court my visits by scattering meat in my common haunts.

This was repeated till I went about pecking in full security, and expected to regain my original form, when I observed two of my most liberal benefactors silently advancing with a net behind me. I flew off, and fluttering beside them pricked the leg of each, and left them halting and groaning with the cramp.

I then went to another house, where for two springs and summers I entertained a splendid family with such melody as they had never heard in the woods before. The winter that followed the second summer was remarkably cold, and many little birds pe-

rished in the field. I laid myself in the way of one of the ladies as benumbed with cold and faint with hunger; she picked me up with great joy, telling her companions that she had found the goldfinch that sung so finely all summer in the myrtle hedge, that she would lay him where he should die, for she could not bear to kill him, and would then pick his fine feathers very carefully, and stick them in her muff.

Finding that her fondness and her gratitude could give way to so slight an interest, I chilled her fingers that she could not hold me, then flew at her face, and with my beak gave her nose four pecks that left four black spots indelible behind them, and broke a match by which she would have obtained the finest equipage in the county.

At length the Queen repented of her sentence, and being unable to revoke it, assisted me to try experiments upon man, to excite his tenderness, and attract his regard.

We made many attempts in which we were always disappointed. At last she placed me in your way held by a lime-twigg, and herself in the shape of a hawk made the shew of devouring me. You, my dear, have rescued me from the seeming danger without desiring to detain me in captivity, or seeking any other recompence than the pleasure of benefiting a feeling creature.

The Queen is so much pleased with your kindness, that I am come, by her permission, to reward you with a greater favour than ever Fairy bestowed before.

The former gifts of Fairies, though bounties in design, have proved commonly mischiefs in the event. We have granted mortals to wish according to their own discretion, and their discretion being small, and their wishes irreversible, they have rashly petitioned for their own destruction. But you, my dearest Floretta, shall have what none have ever before obtained from us, the power of indulging your wish, and the liberty of retracting it. Be bold and follow me.

Floretta was easily persuaded to accompany the Fairy, who led her through a labyrinth of crags and shrubs, to a cavern covered by a thicket on the side of the mountain.

This cavern, said she, is the court of Lili-net your friend; in this place you shall find a certain remedy for all real evils. Lili-net then went before her through a long subterraneous passage, where she saw many beautiful Fairies, who came to gaze at the stranger, but who, from reverence to their mistress, gave her no disturbance. She heard from remote corners of the gloomy cavern

the roar of winds and the fall of waters, and more than once entreated to return; but Lilinet assuring her that she was safe, persuaded her to proceed till they came to an arch, into which the light found its way through a fissure of the rock.

There Lilinet seated herself and her guest upon a bench of agate, and pointing to two fountains that bubbled before them, said, Now attend, my dear Floretta, and enjoy the gratitude of a Fairy. Observe the two fountains that spring up in the middle of the vault, one into a basin of alabaster, and the other into a basin of dark flint. The one is called the Spring of Joy, the other of Sorrow; they rise from distant veins in the rock, and burst out in two places, but after a short course unite their streams, and run ever after in one mingled current.

By drinking of these fountains, which, though shut up from all other human beings, shall be always accessible to you, it will be in your power to regulate your future life.

When you are drinking the water of Joy from the alabaster fountain, you may form your wish, and it shall be granted. As you raise your wish higher, the water will be sweeter and sweeter to the taste; but beware that you are not tempted by its increasing sweetness to repeat your draughts, for the ill effects of your wish can only be removed by drinking the Spring of Sorrow from the basin of flint, which will be bitter in the same proportion as the water of Joy was sweet. Now, my Floretta, make the experiment, and give me the first proof of moderate desires. Take the golden cup that stands on the margin of the Spring of Joy, form your wish and drink.

Floretta wanted no time to deliberate on the subject of her wish; her first desire was the increase of her beauty. She had some disproportion of features. She took the cup and wished to be agreeable; the water was sweet, and she drank copiously; and in the fountain, which was clearer than crystal, she saw that her face was completely regular.

She then filled the cup again, and wished for a rosy bloom upon her cheeks: the water was sweeter than before, and the colour of her cheeks was heightened.

She next wished for a sparkling eye: the water grew yet more pleasant, and her glances were like the beams of the sun.

She could not yet stop; she drank again, desirous to be made a perfect beauty, and a perfect beauty she became.

She had now whatever her heart could wish; and making an humble reverence to Lilinet, requested to be restored to her own

habitation. They went back, and the Fairies in the way wondered at the change of Floretta's form. She came home delighted to her mother, who, on seeing the improvement, was yet more delighted than herself.

Her mother from that time pushed her forward into public view: Floretta was at all the resorts of idleness and assemblies of pleasure; she was flattered with balls, she was cloyed with treats, she was exhausted by the necessity of returning compliments. This life delighted her a while, but custom soon destroyed its pleasure. She found that the men who courted her to-day resigned her on the morrow to other flatterers, and that the women attacked her reputation by whispers and calumnies, till without knowing how she had offended, she was shunned as infamous.

She knew that her reputation was destroyed by the envy of her beauty, and resolved to degrade herself from the dangerous pre-eminence. She went to the bush where she rescued the bird, and called for Lady Lilinet. Immediately Lilinet appeared, and discovered by Floretta's dejected look that she had drank too much from the alabaster fountain.

Follow me, she cried, my Floretta, and be wiser for the future.

They went to the fountains, and Floretta began to taste the waters of Sorrow, which were so bitter that she withdrew more than once the cup from her mouth: at last she resolutely drank away the perfection of beauty, the sparkling eye and rosy bloom, and left herself only agreeable.

She lived for some time with great content; but content is seldom lasting. She had a desire in a short time again to taste the waters of Joy: she called for the conduct of Lilinet, and was led to the alabaster fountain, where she drank, and wished for a faithful lover.

After her return she was soon addressed by a young man, whom she thought worthy of her affection. He courted, and flattered, and promised; till at last she yielded up her heart. He then applied to her parents; and, finding her fortune less than he expected, contrived a quarrel and deserted her.

Exasperated by her disappointment, she went in quest of Lilinet, and expostulated with her for the deceit which she had practised. Lilinet asked her with a smile, for what she had been wishing; and being told, made her this reply. You are not, my dear, to wonder or complain: you may wish for yourself, but your wishes can have no effect upon another. You may become lovely by the efficacy of the fountain, but that you shall be loved is by no means

a certain consequence ; for you cannot confer upon another either discernment or fidelity : that happiness which you must derive from others, it is not in my power to regulate or bestow.

Floretta was for some time so dejected by this limitation of the fountain's power, that she thought it unworthy of another visit ; but being on some occasion thwarted by her mother's authority, she went to Lilinet, and drank at the alabaster fountain for a spirit to do her own way.

Lilinet saw that she drank immoderately, and admonished her of her danger ; but *spirit* and *her own way* gave such sweetness to the water, that she could not prevail upon herself to forbear, till Lilinet in pure compassion snatched the cup out of her hand.

When she came home every thought was contempt, and every action was rebellion : She had drunk into herself a spirit to resist, but could not give her mother a disposition to yield ; the old lady asserted her right to govern ; and, though she was often foiled by the impetuosity of her daughter, she supplied by pertinacity what she wanted in violence ; so that the house was in continual tumult by the pranks of the daughter and opposition of the mother.

In time, Floretta was convinced that spirit had only made her a capricious termagant, and that her own ways ended in error, perplexity and disgrace ; she perceived that the vehemence of mind which to a man may sometimes procure awe and obedience, produce to a woman nothing but detestation : she therefore went back, and by a large draught from the flinty fountain, though the water was very bitter, replaced herself under her mother's care, and quitted her spirit and her own way.

Floretta's fortune was moderate, and her desires were not larger, till her mother took her to spend a summer at one of the places which wealth and idleness frequent, under pretence of drinking the waters. She was now no longer a perfect beauty, and therefore conversation in her presence took its course as in other company, opinions were freely told, and observations made without reserve. Here Floretta first learned the importance of money. When she saw a woman of mean air and empty talk draw the attention of the place, she always discovered upon enquiry that she had so many thousands to her fortune.

She soon perceived that where these golden goddesses appeared, neither birth, nor elegance, nor civility had any power of attraction, that every art of entertainment was devoted to them, and that the great and the wise courted their regard.

The desire after wealth was raised yet higher by her mother, who was always telling her how much neglect she suffered for want of fortune, and what distinctions if she had but a fortune her good qualities would obtain. Her narrative of the day was always, that Floretta walked in the morning, but was not spoken to because she had a small fortune ; and that Floretta danced at the ball better than any of them, but nobody minded her for want of a fortune.

This want, in which all other wants appeared to be included, Floretta was resolved to endure no longer, and came home flattering her imagination in secret with the riches which she was now about to obtain.

On the day after her return she walked out alone to meet Lady Lilinet, and went with her to the fountain : Riches did not taste so sweet as either beauty or spirit, and therefore she was not immoderate in her draught.

When they returned from the cavern, Lilinet gave her wand to a Fairy that attended her, with an order to conduct Floretta to the Black Rock.

The way was not long, and they soon came to the mouth of a mine in which there was a hidden treasure, guarded by an earthy Fairy, deformed and shaggy, who opposed the entrance of Floretta till he recognized the wand of the Lady of the Mountain. Here Floretta saw vast heaps of gold and silver and gems, gathered and repositied in former ages, and entrusted to the guard of the Fairies of the earth. The Ntic Fairy delivered the orders of her mistress, and the surly sentinel promised to obey them.

Floretta, wearied with her walk, and pleased with her success, went home to rest, and when she waked in the morning, first opened her eyes upon a cabinet of jewels, and looking into her drawers and boxes, found them filled with gold.

Floretta was now as fine as the finest. She was the first to adopt any expensive fashion, to subscribe to any pompous entertainment, to encourage any foreign artist, or engage in any frolick of which the cost was to make the pleasure.

She was on a sudden the favourite of every place. Report made her wealth thrice greater than it really was, and wherever she came, all was attention, reverence and obedience. The ladies who had formerly slighted her, or by whom she had been formerly caressed, gratified her pride by open flattery and private murmurs. She sometimes over-heard them railing at upstarts, and wondering whence some people came, or how their expences were supplied. This incited her to heighten the splendour

of her dress, to increase the number of her retinue, and to make such propositions of costly schemes, that her rivals were forced to desist from contest.

But she now began to find that the tricks which can be played with money will seldom bear to be repeated, that admiration is a short-lived passion, and that the pleasure of expence is gone when wonder and envy are no more excited. She found that respect was an empty form, and that all those who crowded around her were drawn to her by vanity or interest.

It was however pleasant to be able on any terms to elevate and to mortify, to raise hopes and fears; and she would still have continued to be rich, had not the ambition of her mother contrived to marry her to a Lord, whom she despised as ignorant, and abhorred as profligate. Her mother persisted in her importunity; and Floretta having now lost the spirit of resistance, had no other refuge than to divest herself of her fairy fortune.

She implored the assistance of Lilinet, who praised her resolution. She drank cheerfully from the flinty fountain, and found the waters not extremely bitter. When she returned the next day, and in the morning perceived that all her riches had been conveyed away she knew not how, except a few ornamental jewels, which Lilinet had ordered to be carried back as a reward for her dignity of mind.

She was now almost weary of visiting the fountain, and solaced herself with such amusements as every day happened to produce: at last there arose in her imagination a strong desire to become a wit.

The pleasures with which this new character appeared to teem were so numerous and so great, that she was impatient to enjoy them; and rising before the sun, hastened to the place where she knew that her fairy patroness was always to be found. Lilinet was willing to conduct her, but could now scarcely restrain her from leading the way but by telling her, that if she went first the Fairies of the cavern would refuse her passage.

They came in time to the fountain, and Floretta took the golden cup into her hand; she filled it and drank, and again she filled it, for wit was sweeter than riches, spirit, or beauty.

As she returned she felt new successions of imagery rise in her mind, and whatever her memory offered to her imagination, assumed a new form, and connected itself with things to which it seemed before to have no relation. All the appearances about her were changed, but the novelties exhibited were commonly defects. She now saw that al-

most every thing was wrong, without often seeing how it could be better; and frequently imputed to the imperfection of art those failures which were caused by the limitation of nature.

Wherever she went, she breathed nothing but censure and reformation. If she visited her friends, she quarrelled with the situation of their houses, the disposition of their gardens, the direction of their walks, and the termination of their views. It was vain to shew her fine furniture, for she was always ready to tell how it might be finer, or to conduct her through spacious apartments, for her thoughts were full of nobler fabrics, of airy palaces and Hesperian gardens. She admired nothing and praised but little.

Her conversation was generally thought uncivil. If she received flattery, she seldom repaid them; for she set no value upon vulgar praise. She could not hear a long story without hurrying the speaker on to the conclusion; and obstructed the mirth of her companions, for she rarely took notice of a good jest, and never laughed except when she was delighted.

This behaviour made her unwelcome wherever she went; nor did her speculation upon human manners much contribute to forward her reception. She now saw the disproportions between language and sentiment, between passion and exclamation; she discovered the defects of every action, and the uncertainty of every conclusion; she knew the malignity of friendship, the avarice of liberality, the anxiety of content, and the cowardice of temerity.

To see all this was pleasant, but the greatest of all pleasures was to shew it. To laugh was something, but it was much more to make others laugh. As every deformity of character made a strong impression upon her, she could not always forbear to transmit it to others; as she hated false appearances she thought it her duty to detect them, till, between wantonness and virtue, scarce any that she knew escaped without some wounds by the shafts of ridicule; not that her merriment was always the consequence of total contempt, for she often honoured virtue where she laughed at affectation.

For these practices, and who can wonder, the cry was raised against her from every quarter, and to hunt her down was generally determined. Every eye was watching for a fault, and every tongue was busy to supply its share of defamation. With the most unpolished purity of mind, she was censured as too free of favours, because she was not afraid to talk with men: With generous sensibility of every human excellence, she was thought cold or envious, because she would not scatter praise with undistinguishing profusion: With tenderness that agonized at real misery,

she was charged with delight in the pain of others, when she would not condole with those whom she knew to counterfeit affliction. She derided false appearances of kindness and of pity, and was therefore avoided as an enemy to society. As she seldom commended or censured but with some limitations and exceptions, the world condemned her as indifferent to the good and bad; and because she was often doubtful where others were confident, she was charged with laxity of principles, while her days were distracted and her rest broken by niceties of honour and scruples of morality.

Report had now made her so formidable, that all flattered and all shunned her. If a lover gave a ball to his mistress and her friends, it was stipulated that Floretta should not be invited. If she entered a publick room the ladies curtsied, and shrunk away, for there was no such thing as speaking, but Floretta would find something to criticize. If a girl was more sprightly than her aunt, she was threatened that in a little time she would be like Floretta. Visits were very diligently paid when Floretta was known not to be at home; and no mother trusted her daughter to herself without a caution, if she should meet Floretta to leave the company as soon as she could.

With all this Floretta made sport at first, but in time grew weary of general hostility. She would have been content with a few friends, but no friendship was durable; it was the fashion to desert her, and with the fashion what fidelity will contend? She could have easily amused herself in solitude, but that she thought it mean to quit the field to treachery and folly.

Persecution at length tired her constancy, and she implored Lili-net to rid her of her wit: Lili-net complied, and walked up the mountain, but was often forced to stop and wait for her follower. When they came to the flinty fountain, Floretta filled a small cup and slowly brought it to her lips, but the water was insupportably bitter. She just tasted it, and dashed it to the ground, diluted the bitterness at the fountain of alabaster, and re-

solved to keep her wit with all its consequences.

Being now a wit for life, she surveyed the various conditions of mankind with such superiority of sentiment, that she found few distinctions to be envied or desired, and therefore did not very soon make another visit to the fountain. At length being alarmed by sickness, she resolved to drink length of life from the golden cup. She returned elated and secure, for though the longevity acquired was indeterminate, she considered death as far distant, and therefore suffered it not to intrude upon her pleasures.

But length of life included not perpetual health. She felt herself continually decaying; and saw the world fading about her. The delights of her early days would delight no longer, and however widely she extended her view, no new pleasure could be found; her friends, her enemies, her admirers, her rivals, dropped one by one into the grave, and with those who succeeded them she had neither community of joys nor strife of competition.

By this time she began to doubt whether old age were not dangerous to virtue; whether pain would not produce peevishness, and peevishness impair benevolence. She thought that the spectacle of life might be too long continued, and the vices which were often seen might raise less abhorrence; that resolution might be sapped by time, and let that virtue sink, which in its firmest state it had not without difficulty supported; and that it was vain to delay the hour which must come at last, and might come at a time of less preparation and greater imbecility.

These thoughts led her to Lili-net, whom she accompanied to the flinty fountain; where, after a short combat with herself, she drank the bitter water. They walked back to the favourite bush pensive and silent; And now, said she, accept my thanks for the last benefit that Floretta can receive. Lady Lili-net dropped a tear, impressed upon her lips the final kiss, and resigned her, as she resigned herself, to the course of Nature.

AN ACCOUNT OF EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

(Concluded from Vol. XI. page 231.)

HIS office of Assessor to the Metallic College he was neither ambitious of, nor solicited, although he was before that period well informed in certain sciences, by which he was capable of throwing much light on the art of managing mines. It was also a matter of facility for him to acquire what knowledge he was still deficient in respecting it, inasmuch as the sciences of Mathematics and Physics were the subjects that took up

most of his time at that period; and these are the fundamental bases of Metallurgy. He was not a man who was content with knowing the theory of a thing, without joining the practical part to it; it was not sufficient for him to be exercised in his cheraical laboratory, to have an exact knowledge of the situation of the Mines in Sweden, of the structures, machines, and the manner of using them, in the necessary works going forward

forward in Mines; and therefore he undertook a second journey into foreign countries, to examine their Mines, see the manner of working, and all that concerned them, particularly those of Saxony and Harts: of all these nothing escaped his observing eye.

During his stay at Brunswick, he acquired the particular notice and favour of the Duke Louis Rudolph, who defrayed all his expences during his stay there, and at his departure, made him a present of a Medal of his in Gold, and one in Silver. He published,

1. *Prodromus principiorum Naturalium, sive novorum tentaminum, Chemiam & Physicam experimentalium geometricis explicandi.*
2. *Nova observata & inventa circa Ferrum & Ignem, precipue naturam Ignis Elementarium, una cum nova Camini inventione.*
3. *Methodus nova inveniendi Longitudines locorum, terre marique opo Lunæ.*
4. *Modus construendi receptacula novalia, vulgo en Suedois, Dockbygnadder.*
5. *Nova constructio aggeris Aquatici.*
6. *Modus explorandi vires Naviorum.*

All these Treats were printed at Amsterdam in the year 1721, and reprinted in 1727.

7. *Miscellanea observata circa res Naturales, præsertim Mineralia, Ignem, & Montium fixata.*

Three parts of this work were printed at Leipstick, and the fourth at Hamburg in 1722. Who is the man, if we except Linnæus, who has been able to draw such considerable advantages from a journey of one year and a half? for he returned in 1722 to his country and friends, who received him with the greatest pleasure.

Swedenborg did not remain idle the following years, for he so equally divided his time between the duties of his office, as Metallic Assessor to the Royal College, and his study, that he finished in 1733 his grand work intitled, *OPERA PHILOSOPHICA ET MINERALIA*, and had it printed under his own direction in 1734, part at Dresden, and part at Leipstick; in which year he also went to inspect the Mines of Austria and Hungary. This work is divided into three vols. folio: the title of the first is *Principia rerum Naturalium sive novorum tentaminum, Phenomena Mundi elementaris philosophice explicandi*. The second, *Regnum subterraneum sive Minerale de Ferro*; and the third, *Regnum subterraneum sive Minerale de Cupro, & Orichalco*: all of them wrote with great strength of judgment, and ornamented with plates to facilitate the comprehension of the text.

The Academic Consistory or Assembly, and the Society of Sciences at Upsal, were sensible of his great abilities a considerable time before this; for to evince the sense they had of him, the Consistory had re-

quested of him, to solicit the place of Professor of the Sublime and Abstracted Mathematics, that Nils Celsus was before in the possession of; and that, as the Consistory said, for the advantage of youth, and ornament to the academy. Swedenborg expressed his thanks for their intention; but did not accept this honourable offer, on the most just intentions. The Society of Sciences at Upsal had enrolled him in the number of their members from the year 1729.

Strangers were not backward in their expression of a sense of his merit. The Academy of St. Peterburg sent him his Diploma of Association, as a Correspondent, on the 17th of December 1734. Christian Wolf, and many other learned strangers, were forward to form a literary correspondence with him, and consulted him on the most difficult things and subjects that could be treated of. Those who were appointed at Leipstick to the care of the edition of the *Acta Eruditorum*, and to adjoin to it an impartial Analysis of the Works of the Learned, found in those of Swedenborg a rich harvest to ornament their collection with.

This work of Swedenborg's has lost nothing of its value by length of time; the Authors of the estimable and magnificent description of Arts and Trades which are carried on at Paris, found the second part of Swedenborg's work, which is wrote on iron and the preparation of steel, that abounds with so much good sense, and is as well arranged, of so much importance, that they translated and inserted the whole in their collection of the best things wrote on these subjects.

In the like degree that Swederborg in his continual contemplations on the Work of Creation acquired fresh knowledge respecting it, he discovered a like degree relating to the Supreme Being, and found further occasions to celebrate the Author and Creator of Nature.

Since the year 1737 he made eight different voyages into foreign parts, particularly England and Holland: from that year he begun to visit France and Italy; and this voyage lasted till the year 1740. His principal object was that of printing his new Treatises, evincing the fecundity of his genius, and which I cannot consider without the greatest astonishment. Besides a great number of Treatises, and amongst them his great work which I have spoken of before, he was the Author of the following Treatises:

1. *Prodromus Philosophiæ ratiocinantis de Infinito, de causa Creationis, & de Mechanismo Operationis Animæ & Corporis* printed at Dresden in 1733.
2. *Oeconomia Regni Animalis*, in two parts: the first printed at Amsterdam in the year 1740, and the second in 1741.

3. *Regnum Animale*, in three parts; the two first printed at the Hague in 1744, and the third in London in 1746.
4. *De Cultu & Amore Dei*. London, 1747.
5. *Acana Cœlestia*, in 3 vols. 4to. which were given in different years from 1745 to 1756.
6. *De Ultimo Judicio, & Babylonia destructa*. London, 1756.
7. *De Cœlo & Inferno, ex Auditis & Visis*. London, 1758.
8. *De Equo Albo de quo in Apocalypsi*. London, 1758.
9. *De Telluribus in Mundo nostro Solari*. London, 1758.
10. *De Nova Hierosolyma*. London, 1758.
11. *Delitiæ Sapientie de Amore Conjugiali*. Amsterdam, 1758.
12. *Sapientia Angelica de Divino Amore, & Divina Sapientia*. Amsterdam, 1763.
13. *Doctrina Novæ Hierosolymæ de Domino*. Amsterdam, 1763.
14. *Doctrina Vitæ pro Nova Hierosolyma*. Amsterdam, 1763.
15. *Continuatio de Ultimo Judicio, & de Mundo Spirituali*. Amsterdam, 1763.
16. *Sapientia Angelica de Divina Providentia*. Amsterdam, 1764.
17. *Apocalypsis Revelata*. Amsterdam, 1763.
18. *Summaria Expositio Doctrinæ Novæ Ecclesiæ*. Amsterdam, 1769.
19. *De Commercio Animæ & Corporis*. Amsterdam, 1769.
20. *Vera Christiana Religio, seu Universalis Theologia Novæ Ecclesiæ*. Amsterdam, 1777.

The needful application that the works mentioned in the above list required, not allowing him to continue the necessary functions of his office as Assessor beyond the year 1747, he gave up his place, and obtained in the same year a discharge from the King, who gave him at the same time the two requests he had inserted in his petition for dismissal; the first of which was, to retain a moiety of his appointment to the place of Assessor during his life; and the second, that the above favour should be granted him without any derogation of title and rank: this permission of enjoying the benefits of the place after dismissal, is a mark of the greatest favour. He was of a lively turn, and agreeable in company. As a suitable recreation after his assiduous studies, he sought the agreeable advantages that the company and conversation of men of sense afforded him, by whom he was always surrounded, and very much respected. He had the method either to lengthen out silence, by an agreeable, yet sensible turn of argument, an indiscreet and sometimes too bold curiosity that is often thrusting itself into serious matters. He was

attentive, zealous, and faithful in the discharge of the employs he had the care of. Whenever a vacancy of office suitable to his own talents happened, he never presented himself as a candidate to fill it; and if he was advanced to honorable posts, it was not through his seeking them, for he was always content in his station. When other callings did not permit him to discharge the functions of his office, he preferred requesting his dismissal to staying in it and not performing his duty, and was contented with retaining the title after having enjoyed the place thirty-one years. He assisted as a Member of the House of Nobles, during several Diets, and his behaviour was such that none could reproach him with any misconduct.

Swedenborg was never married. If he did not however engage in the marriage tie, it was not through a coldness or indifference to the sex, for he esteemed the company and discourse of an agreeable and lively woman as an estimable recreation; but his great and profound studies afforded him a pleasing tranquillity both day and night; and therefore he was often solitary but never sad. He enjoyed so good a state of health, that he was scarce ever indisposed. Always happy in himself, he in all circumstances maintained the peace of his soul, and led a life happy in the supreme degree, even unto the moment that Nature demanded her due. He was attacked with an apoplexy in London on the 24th of December 1773, and died in the most serene manner on the 29th of March following, being eighty-five years of age, rich in the honourable testimonies of remembrance that he left behind him, satisfied with the kind of life this world afforded, and the state of change he was about to enter into.

Of our Author's works several have been translated. 1st, A Theosophic Lucubration on the Nature of Influx as it respects the Communication and Operations of Soul and Body, 4to. 1770. This is a curious performance, and discovers good sense and learning in the writer; at the same time he appears to be a visionary and enthusiast. To satisfy our readers of the truth of this assertion, it will be sufficient to give the following extract from the present performance: "After this lucubration was finished, I prayed that the Lord would please to grant me an interview with the disciples of Aristotle, with those of Descartes, also with those of Leibnitz, to the end that I might hear from them their tenets concerning the communication and operations of the soul and body; and in answer to my prayer, nine persons presented themselves to my view, three in each class, and ranged themselves in order; the Aristotelians towards

wards my left hand, the Cartesians towards my right, and the Leibnitzians behind them; and through the intermediate spaces at a great distance off appeared three men as if crowned with laurel, whom I knew by an inflexible perception to be the three founders of those sects: Behind Leibnitz, stood one who had hold on the skirts of his garment, and I was told that he was Wolfius. These nine men at their first interview, behaved courteously to one another, but on the appearance of a spirit from beneath, with a torch in his right hand, which he waved before their faces, they immediately commenced enemies, three against three, for they became inflamed with the zeal of disputation. The Aristotelians who were of the schoolmen, began the debate, saying, Who does not perceive that influx proceeds from outward objects, through the senses into the soul, and that as plainly as a man is seen to pass into a room at the door, and consequently that ideas are excited in the soul by the laws of such influx? Do not numberless instances demonstrate that the bodily senses are the only inlets to the soul, and sufficiently establish the doctrine of physical influx? To this the Cartesians, who hitherto stood with their fingers upon their eyebrows in a musing posture, replied as follow: What delusion is here! and how do you reason from fallacious appearances only! Shew, if you can, what else causes the tongue and lips to speak but thought, or the hands to work but the will; now thought and will proceed from the soul, and not from the body; and hence likewise it is that the eyes see, the ears hear, and the rest of the corporeal organs discharge their respective functions. From these and many more convincing proofs, every one that has a grain of intellectual knowledge, may know of a truth, that influx proceeds not from matter to spirit, but contrariwise, and therefore we call it by the name of *spiritual*, and sometimes by that of occasional influx. After this, the three who were followers of

Leibnitz cried out and said, We have heard and compared the arguments on both sides, and find that each has both its advantage and disadvantage; and being asked how they would compound the difference? they answered, By setting aside all influx from the soul to the body, and from the body to the soul, and by maintaining a joint consent and instantaneous operation of both together, which a celebrated author has properly distinguished by the name of Pre-established Harmony. A spirit, it is said, afterwards appeared waving a torch behind them; on which their ideas became confused, and they all acknowledged their ignorance. They agreed to decide the dispute by lots; three lots were accordingly put into a receiver: the person appointed to be the drawer, drew out that on which was written *spiritual influx*. They concluded to abide by this; and an angel appeared who assured them, that the lot came not by hand of chance, but by a divine direction." The reader will make his own reflections on this wonderful narrative.

2d. The Doctrine of Life for the New Jerusalem; from the Commandments of the Decalogue. Translated from the Latin, 4to. 1775.

3d. A Treatise concerning Heaven and Hell; containing a Relation of many wonderful things therein, as heard and seen by the Author, the Honorable Emanuel Swedenborg, of the Senatorial Order of Nobles in the Kingdom of Sweden. Now first translated from the original Latin, 4to. 1778.

4th. The Heavenly Doctrine of the New Jerusalem. Translated from the Latin of the Honorable Emanuel Swedenborg, of the Senatorial Order of the Nobles in the Kingdom of Sweden, 8vo. 1782.

5th. A Treatise concerning the New Jerusalem, and its Heavenly Doctrine, as revealed from Heaven. To which are prefixed, some Observations concerning the New Heaven, and the New Earth, 8vo. 1786.

Having in Vol. IX. p. 228. 327. presented our Readers with an Abstract of the very extraordinary MEMOIRS of a person assuming the name of COUNT CAGLIOSTRO, as published by Himself; and which Memoirs were at that time pronounced by M. DEMORANDE, Editor of the *Courier de L'Europe*, to be founded in imposture and falsehood, and that the Writer's real name was BALSAMO; We think it our duty to lay before them the proofs which that Gentleman's indefatigable industry and perseverance have since enabled him to procure in confirmation of his assertions; and which develop a scene of fiction and effrontery not more curious perhaps than it is unparalleled, except by the celebrated PSALMANAZAR's *History of Formosa*.

ANECDOTES of COUNT CAGLIOSTRO.

THE following information has been obtained by several respectable persons, concerning the family and behaviour of the *Balsamique* Cagliostro in his youth, on which account we think proper to give it to our readers.

DECLARATION of the SIEUR BERNARD, Master of Languages at Palermo.

"I the subscriber declare, that the Chief Magistrate of Sicily having presented me the copy of a letter dated Nov. 2, 1786, addressed to M. Fontaine, Commissary, in
which

which were several anecdotes of the famous Count Cagliostro; and upon being asked if I had written that letter, I answered, that I had collected these anecdotes from Antonio Bracconieri, uncle of Jos. Balsamo, called by himself Count Cagliostro, and that I sent them to Naples: and having read in the Leyden Gazette that the Commissary Fontaine had a process, &c. in his hands, which made it suspicious that Balsamo was no other than Cagliostro, and that this pretended Count Cagliostro had laid imputations on many respectable persons, by their names and offices; I thought it my duty to address these anecdotes to M. Fontaine, without signing my name however, being desirous only of serving my country, and preventing others from further impositions by this impostor.—In consequence of which I have made this declaration at Palermo.

(Signed) BERNARD."

March 9, 1787.

Report, which the Sieur GUGINO, Advocate Fiscal of the Court of Palermo, sent in form of a letter to the Viceroy of Sicily, March 10, 1787, respecting the truth of the facts attested in the letter preceding.

Most Excellent Sir,

"HAVING paid my usual exact attention, at the instance of your Excellency, to clear up every part of the anecdotes of the Count Cagliostro, contained in the letters written from Palermo and addressed to Mr. Fontaine, and herewith sent to you, I submit to you the following Report.

"The author of these two letters, dated June and November 1786, is a Mr. Bernard, Master of Languages, at Palermo, who was made known to me by M. Bracconieri, mentioned in these letters. Having asked the said Mr. Bernard if he had written these two letters, he answered, yes, and confirmed them by the declaration above.

"All that he says, was told him by A. Bracconieri, Clerk in the house of Sieur Francois Aubert and Co. and uncle of Joseph Balsamo of Palermo, to demonstrate that the pretended Count Cagliostro was the same person with his nephew, is true; for having demanded of the said A. Bracconieri the same thing, he not only confirmed all that he said to Bernard, but added several other circumstances of note, which prove that Balsamo conceals himself under the feigned name of Count Cagliostro. I have made him write and sign his original deposition, which I now send your Excellency, with the Memoir printed at Paris by the said Cagliostro.

"By all which Bracconieri affirms, I have found that Joseph Balsamo, son of Peter Balsamo and Felice Bracconieri, was bap-

tized the 8th of June 1743, in the Cathedral church of this city, having obtained an extract of this signed by the grand Chaplain, and the Coadjutor of the sacraments."

"As in the above act of baptism, I see that the child had been held by Jos. Brazil, by the procuration of Vincente Cagliostro, I examined the act of procuration, and found it in the minutes of the Notary Antonio Romasino.

"From these letters and public acts, there is a consistent result, and all the circumstances concur to prove, that the pretended C. Cagliostro is Joseph Balsamo, of Palermo, &c. &c.

"Mr. Bernard gave me an account besides, that having asked a Messinian, if there was any family of Cagliostro at Messina, he said that he knew two of that name. Ant. Bracconieri has also assured me, that a sister of his mother, aunt of Joseph Balsamo, had married a person named Joseph Cagliostro, and that it is this affinity which has made Joseph Balsamo assume the title of Count Cagliostro.

"This opinion is supported by the two public acts of the baptism and the procuration, &c. &c.

"The age of Cagliostro, mentioned in his memoir, and his having said that he was in Sicily, Malta, Naples, and Rome, and had traversed the greatest part of Europe, are all circumstances corresponding with the account of Antonio Bracconieri concerning his nephew Joseph Balsamo.

"Matthew Navararchy, a German, and jeweller at Palermo, saw the portrait of Cagliostro in the hands of Baron Irobia, and says that he had a long face and a large nose, which agrees with the description of Bracconieri.

(Signed)

JOSEPH MARCE GUGINO,
Advocate Fiscal."

Deposition of ANTONIO BRACCONIERI, uncle by the mother's side of JOSEPH BALSAMO, called CAGLIOSTRO, dated Palermo in Sicily, March 9, 1787.

JOSEPH BALSAMO is the son of one of my sisters called Felicia, wife of Peter Balsamo, living at Palermo; by whom she has two children only; the one a girl, now a widow, called Mary-Ann Capirammino; and the other the said Joseph, born the 2d of June 1743; baptized in the Cathedral: his godfather was John Baptist Benoni, a Genoese, established at Palermo.

A few months after the birth of the said Joseph, his father died suddenly; his sister was then two years of age. They were both

received into the care of their grandfather D. Joseph Bracconieri, my father, who considered them as his own children; and particularly Joseph, who was given all the education necessary to enable him to become the support of his widowed mother and his sister.

My father died in 1754; Balsamo remained under the care of his mother, who endeavoured to make him a religious, and made him wear the habit of the Brothers of Charity. After the necessary preparations, he was sent to Caltagirone to become a novice.

But having no taste for a religious life, he became desirous of renouncing his habit. His mother, seeing him one day in a secular dress, and at the same time not wishing to lose him, but only to feel some chastisement, sent him to the P. P. Capuchins, to be confined in their convent. As he became troublesome to these religious they would not keep him, but drove him out. His turn for disobedience in repeated, and his relations were forced to abandon him.

Being under no control from his friends and at liberty, he contrived to persuade a gold smith, named Vincent Marano, that he would discover a treasure to him, provided he would advance a certain sum of money to purchase some valuable drugs to form a composition for the discovery of the said treasure. Marano having procured him the money, he fled to Calabria, where he was stripped by one of his accomplices, and obliged to go to Rome: he married in that city a young person named Lorenza, daughter of a man of wealth, a copper-founder. He stopped but a little while here, where, however, he was protected by a cardinal, and went to France with his wife.

In this state of affairs, from the time Balsamo left Palermo, his relations had no intelligence of him for several years. As I was at Naples in 1773, upon business, I walked out one day after dinner to the Royal Palace, and happened to see a barber of Palermo, named David Larocca, whom I knew. Having asked him whence he came, he told me he had arrived a few days ago at Naples, and that he had been travelling in Russia, England, Spain, France, and all over Italy. Being excited by curiosity, I asked him, if he ever met in his travels with my nephew? He pretended at first not to know him; but at last, willing to surprise me, he engaged me to accompany him, and conducted me to a house opposite the Royal Theatre. I was astonished on entering it to see Balsamo presented to me. I was just going to chide Larocca for fooling me, when Balsamo told me, that he had engaged him in his service as

valet de chambre. After mutual compliments, Balsamo begged to wait till he brought me his wife Lorenza. In half an hour after he returned with his wife, in a handsome equipage, with servants, and conducted me to see a house which he had hired that very day.

Astonished at his magnificence, and still more at hearing him called the *Marquis de Pellegrini*, I became reserved, and would not accept of the offer he made me to lodge in his house; but on his confiding to me the idea he had of going to Palermo, provided he could obtain from the King a general pardon, that he might return into his native country, and endeavour to live quietly and honestly, I requested the protection of the Prince of Botari, who had the goodness to give me a letter in his own hand to his son the Prince of Pietra Persia, that he might assist Balsamo with his influence and interest. On obtaining this letter I set out for Palermo with Balsamo and his wife, both of whom I lodged with myself.

Here they remained seventeen days, after which Balsamo, tired of the good advice I daily gave him, without any ceremony, or acquainting me, went to another house, which he hired, in order to be at full liberty and under no dependance upon me.

Marano at my desire did not trouble him while he was in my house, but when he saw him abroad he made a complaint to the President Airoldi, who seized and imprisoned Balsamo. The Prince of Pietra Persia being desirous of honouring the recommendation of his father, went to the President and got Balsamo released, on condition that in 24 hours he would leave Palermo. Balsamo agreed to the condition, and embarked on board a vessel for Malta with his wife; and after staying there a few days embarked for Italy.

Since this period I heard nothing of Balsamo, nor desired to know any thing of such a character: it was told me besides, that Balsamo complained of me as being concerned with Marano in putting him in prison, because he had left my house without my consent.

In 1785, the French Gazettes announced that there was at Paris some affairs going on, in which was mentioned this Count Cagliostro, who was shut up in the Bastille; and being desirous for the reasons already given to know if this Count Cagliostro was Joseph Balsamo, I wrote to a merchant at Paris to procure me the book which gave a history of his life. This merchant answered, that "the little work had hardly appeared when it was withdrawn; that it was full of fables, insinuation, and written by an enemy of Count Cagliostro."

Cagliostro. I substitute to you for it a Memoir, where he is defended against the imputations laid upon him, and which is very interesting, because it contains a detail of his life, and his detention in the Bastille."

My friend at Paris sent me this Memoir, and I gave it to my brother, requesting him to translate it into Italian. I will add, finally, that having remarked in this Memoir, that Count Cagliostro calls his wife Serafina Feliciani, although the name of Balfamo's wife was Lorenza, I suppose that he has made use of the name of one of his aunts, and that of his mother; because the wife of D. Malter Bracconieri, my brother, and uncle to Balfamo, was named *Serafina*, and her mother *Felicia*, from which he must have taken by adoption the two names *Serafina Feliciani*.

So far for the illustration of truth;—I conclude,

1. That Joseph Balfamo was born at Palermo, June 2, 1743, and baptised at the cathedral.

2. That he is the son of Peter Balfamo.

3. That his mother, a widow, is still living, poor, and deaf for some years past, and that her name is Felicia.

4. That her sister, widow of the late J. Baptist Capirammino, is still living, and called Mary Ann.

5. The nearest relations of Balfamo at Palermo, are the said Malter Bracconieri, my brother, and myself, Antony Bracconieri.

Balfamo is of the middle size, lively eyes, black hair and eye-brows, broad face, brown complexion, with a large and round nose.

Dona Lorenza, his wife, is handsome, with delicate features, fair complexion, blue eyes, brown hair, broad visage, a small aquiline nose, and a middle stature.

This is the whole which I have deposed, and which I confirm by my signature.

(Signed)

ANTONIO BRACCONIERI.

Palermo.

LETTERS of the late Mr. STERNE.

(Continued from Vol. XI. page 341.)

LETTER IX.

To ———, Esq.

I HAVE received, my dear friend, your kind answer to my letter. And you must know that it was just such an one as I wished to receive from you: nay, it was just such an one as I expected that you would write to me. I should have been disappointed if it had been in any other form or shape of friendship. But understand me, if you please; I should have been disappointed for your sake, and not for my own: for though I am charmed that you should have made me those unreserved offers of friendship which are so gracious in you, I am almost as much pleased that my Exchequer is in that state of sufficiency as not to require them.

I have made my bargain for rebuilding my parsonage, and settled all arrangements, with all parties concerned, in a manner more to my satisfaction than I could have expected. I was rather in haste to settle this account, that there might be no risque of leaving my wife and Lydia a dilapidation for their fortune: for I have no reason to believe that the * of * would be more kind to them, when friendless and unprotected, than they had been to the husband of the one and the father of the other, who, when he was a poor Curate, had pride enough to despise their Reverences, and wit enough to make others

laugh at them. But may God forgive them, as I do! Amen.

I wrote to Hall on account of my disaster; and his answer bid me find out a conceit on the occasion, and comfort myself with it. Tully, the Orator, the Politician, the Philosopher, the Moralist, the Consul, &c. &c. &c. adopted, as he candidly tells every one who reads his works, this mode of consolation, when he lost his daughter; and if we may believe him, with success. Now this same Tully, you must know, was like my father; I mean *Mr. Shandy*, of *Shandy Hall*, who was as well pleased with a *misfortune* that gave him an opportunity of displaying his eloquence, as with a *blessing* that obliged him to hold his tongue. Both these great men were fond of conceits, I mean their own: so I will tell you a story of a *Conceit*, not of Cicero's, nor of my father's, but of the Lord of *Crazy*.

You must know then, that this same friend of mine, and, I may add, of your's also, in a moment of lazy pride, took it into his head that he would have a town chariot, to save his feet by day, and to carry him to Ranelagh in the evening. For this purpose, after consulting a coachmaker, he had allotted *one hundred and forty pounds*; and he wrote me word of it. On my arrival in town, about three months after this communication, I found a card of invitation from Lord Spencer

to dine with him on the following Sunday ; and I had no sooner read it, than Hall's fine crane-neck'd chariot came bounce, as it were, upon my recollection ; so I sallied forth to ask him how he did, and to borrow his carriage, that I might pay my visit in pomp as *Pontificalibus*. I found him at home, made a friendly enquiry or two, and told him of the little arrangement I had formed ; when he replied, with one of his Cynical smiles, that his mortification was in the extreme, for that his chariot was gone post to Scotland. I stared, and he laughed—not at me, but at his own conceit—and you shall have it, such as it is.

I must inform you then, that at the moment when the coach-maker was receiving his last instructions, he himself received a letter ; which letter acquainted him, that his son, who was quartered at Edinburgh, had got into a terrible riot there ; to get out of the consequences of which, demanded almost the precise sum that had been destined for the chariot. So that the *hundred and forty pounds*, which had been set apart to build a chariot in London, were employed to repair broken windows, broken lamps, and broken heads, in Edinburgh ; and Hall comforted himself with the conceit that his chariot was gone *post* to Scotland. So much for comforts and conceits ;—and happy is it for us when we can, by any means, *conceit* ourselves into comfort. I could say more upon this matter, but my paper is almost filled ; and I have only space to express a wish, that your life may never want any of those petty helps to make it as happy as, if I greatly mistake not, it must be honourable. Let me see you soon ; and, in the mean time, and at all times, may God be with you.

Your's, most affectionately,
L. STERN E.

LETTER X.

To ———, Esq.

Coxwold, Wednesday night.

I SEND you, my dear friend, as you request it, the epitaph which I mentioned in my last epistle to you. I write it from recollection ; and though it may not contain the precise expression, it will certainly possess the sentiment of the original composition—and that is of the most consequence. I remember well it came from the heart, for I most sincerely loved the amiable person, whose virtues deserved a better inscription, and, according to a very common course of things, found a worse. But here it is—

Columns and labour'd urns but vainly show
An idle scene of fabricated woe :—
The sweet companion and the friend sincere
Need no mechanic arts to force the tear.

In heart-felt numbers, never meant to shine,
'Twill flow eternal o'er an hearse like thine ;
'Twill flow while gentle goodness has one
friend,

Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

Hall liked it, I remember—and Hall always knows what ought to be liked, and in certain humours, will be candid upon these sentimental subjects, and acknowledge that he feels them. He is an excellent scholar and a good critic ; but his judgment has more severity than it ought to have, and his taste less delicacy than it should possess. He has, also, great humanity, but, somehow or other, there is so often such a mixture of sarcasm in it, that there are many who will not believe he has a single scruple of it in his composition. Nay, I am acquainted with several, who cannot be persuaded but that he is a very insensible, hard-hearted man, which I, who have known him long and known him well, assure you he is not. He may not always possess the grace of charity, but he feels the reality of it, and continually performs benevolent actions ; though not always, I must confess, in a benevolent manner. And here is the grief of the business. He will do a kindness with a sneer, or a joke, or a smile ; when, perhaps, a tear, or a grave countenance at least, would better become him. But this is his way ; it is the language of his character ; and though one might wish it to be otherwise, yet I cannot tell what right any of us have to pass a severe sentence upon it, for no other reason in the world but because our own failings are of a different complexion. And so much for all that.

I am preparing to prance it for a week or ten days at Scarborough. If you pass your autumn at Mulgrave-hall, take that place in your way, and I will accompany you on your visit, and then to Crazy Castle, and so home ; and then to London—and then God knows where—but it shall be where it pleases him : this is *clerically* said, however, and it would be well for the best of us if it were thought and considered as often as it was said. But so it is, that the lips and the heart, which ought never to be asunder, are sometimes wandering at different corners of the earth. Mine at least are in the closest conjunction, when I offer you my most affectionate regard. So good night, and may the visions of a good spirit attend you.

Most truly your's,
L. STERN E.

LETTER XI.

To ————, Esq.

Scarborough.

I SHALL not reply, my dear friend, to all the kind things you think and say of me.—I trust,

trust, indeed, that I deserve some of them ; and I am well pleased to find that you think I deserve them all.—But however that may be, I desire you to cherish those benevolent sentiments which you have so warmly expressed in the paper before me, both for your own sake, and that of the person who is the subject of them.

Your commands in general should be obeyed without reflection—but in this particular instance, a rare gleam of prudence has shot across me, and I beg leave to reflect a few moments on the subject—and were I to take wisdom upon me, and reflect for a few days, the result, I am sure, would be, that I should not obey your commands at all.

The giving advice, my good friend, is the most thankless generosity in the world—because, in the first place, it costs you nothing ; and, in the next, it is just such a thing as the person to whom you pretend it will think that he does not want. This, you see, is my way of reasoning ; but I believe, from my heart, that it will apply too well to the subject between us.

There are such things in the world as *wrong heads* and *right hearts*—and *wrong hearts* and *right heads*.—Now, for myself, and speaking under the influence of my own particular feelings, I would rather be of the *right heart* family, with all their blunders, errors, and confusions ; but if I want a business to be done, or a plan to be executed, give me a *right head* : if there is a *right heart* into the bargain, so much the better ; but it is upon the former that I must rely—and whether the latter be right or wrong, is not a matter of absolute consideration. This is not, my dear friend, quite orthodox, according to your system ; but as you proceed, every day will tend to encrease the propinquity of this opinion to your own.

Now I am rather disposed to think, without leaning to the uncharitable side of the question, that poor ——— is of the *Wrong-head* family.—I know his heart,—and I am sure his present scrape arises from the good dispositions of it. Nevertheless, though I think myself a dab at giving good counsel in such cases as his, I cannot bring myself to prescribe on the occasion.—It is impossible to do it, without informing him of the nature of his disease, which is neither more nor less than absolute wrong-headedness ; and were I to do it, he would exhibit another symptom of his disorder, by throwing my prescription out of the window, and perhaps threatening the same mischief to the physician himself.

If you have influence sufficient to induce him to apply to me, I will most readily exert my best for him ; and I can then do the

bitter business, and give the unpalatable dose with a good grace.—Here then we will, if you please, let the matter rest for the present.

I write in haste and on my pillow, that you may, as soon as possible, be acquainted with my sentiments in a matter wherein you have a greater dependence upon me, than I fear the event will justify.—So good morning, and God bless you.

I received a letter yesterday from poor dear Lydia—It is an amiable mad-cap—and God bless her also. Once more adieu.

Yours, &c.

L. S.

LETTER XII.

Scarborough, August 29, 1765.

YOU refine too much, my dear friend, you do indeed. Your reasoning is ingenious, and produces a neat, pretty, plausible train of argument, that would make a figure in a company of female philosophers ; but, if committed to paper, would be pardonable only when written on the fan of some *pedantic Dulcinea*. You run into divisions, when a simple modulation would answer better ; that is, would produce more pleasing effects both in yourself and the sentimental spirit whom you might wish to please.

Opinion, my dear fellow, somehow or other, rules all mankind ; and not like a kind master, or, which would be more congenial, a gentle mistress, but like a tyrant, whose will is power, and whose gratification is servility.—Opinion leads us by the ears, the eyes—and, I had almost said, by the nose. It warps our understandings, confounds our judgments, dissipates experience, and turns our passions to its purpose. In short, it becomes the governess of our lives, and usurps the place of reason, which it has kicked out of office.—This is among the strange truths which cannot be explained by that mortifying description which time will display to your experience hereafter, with ten times the credit which would accompany any present endeavours of mine to the same purpose.

If you would know more of the matter, and can bring yourself to risk the opinion, which, by the bye, I do not advise you to do, ask A—why he submits, with such a placid subservience, to the little wench who lives with him ? You know, and all his friends know, that he has but half, not half the enjoyments of life, through the fear of her vengeance, whatever it may be. He has fortune, understanding and courage :—he loves society, and adds greatly to the pleasures of it—and yet how often does he leave it half enjoyed ! Nay, to come more home to the business, how often has he left our pleasant

pleasant classical meetings, before they have arisen to their usual glow, in order to humour this little piece of disgrace, whom he has not the resolution to send back to the banks of the Wye, where the fifty pounds a year he might give her would make her queen of the village!—We pity poor A—, we argue with him, we wonder at him—do we not?—But in this we deceive ourselves—for the wisest and best of us are governed by some little dirty drab of an opinion, whose governance is equally disgraceful, and much more injurious—as it will, perhaps, give a colour to the whole current of our lives. A mistress, with all her arts and fascinations, may, in time, be got rid of; but opinion, once rooted, becomes a part of ourselves—it lives and dies with us.

It must be acknowledged, that I have been rather sermonic this fine morning, but you know how and where to apply what has been written, and I leave the whole to your practice, if you think proper; and if you do not—but what have I to do with *ifs*?—It is an exceptionable monosyllable, and I fling it from me.

B—— is here, and tells me that he has left you continually driving between Lon-

don and Richmond. What Beauty of the Hill has enchanted you there? Or what Swan of the silver Thames are you dying for?—I take it very ill of you that you never favour me with a single communication concerning your *Dorothea*, or your *Delia*: I protest most seriously that I will never write to you again, till you give me an history of your chains; and who it is has bound you at present on the river's bank—tell me who the Naiad is?

Mr. F——, the Apostolic F——, as Lady —— calls him, in his way to ——, hinted to me something serious. He talked of a marriage—to which I replied, God forbid!—But do not, I pray, be angry with my exclamation; for it was neither a thoughtless or a peevish one, but an impulse of that sincere regard which you more than deserve from me.—With your dispositions, and in your situation, I hardly think there is a woman in the kingdom who would be an happy match for you; and if you think proper to ask me, I will, hereafter, tell you why:—at present I shall content myself with telling you, that I am most cordially your's,

L. STERN E.

P O E T R Y.

On the PERFORMANCE of MACBETH.

Written in 1773.

[Eight Kings appear, and pass in order over the stage. Banquo the last.]

OLD Quin, ere fate suppress'd his lab'ring breath,

In studied accents grumbled out Macbeth.

Next Garrick came, whose utterance truth impress,

Whilst ev'ry look the tyrant's guilt confess:

Then the cold Sheridan half froze the part,

Yet what he lost by nature, sav'd by art.

Tail Barry now advanc'd toward Birnam-wood,

Nor ill perform'd the scenes he understood.

Grave Messap next to Foris shap'd his march,

His words were minute-guns, his actions starch;

Rough Holland too—but pass his errors o'er,

Nor blame the actor, when the man's no more.

Then heavy Rofs essay'd the tragic frown.

But beef and pudding kept his meaning down.

Next careless Smith tried on the murderer's mask,

While o'er his tongue light tript the horrid task.

Hard Macklin late guilt's feeling strove to speak,

While twofold infernal drench'd his iron cheek;

Like Fawling's kings his fancied triumphs pass,

And all he boasts is, that he falls the last.

LINES, on entering LADY WALLACE'S Study, her Ladyship being absent. By Mrs. YEARSLEY, the Poetess of BRISTOL.

HERE Meditation sits with pensive look,
Mourning her votary's absence with a sigh.

Now views the lazy pen, and useless book,

While Emma wand'ring strikes the wishing eye.

"Return," the studious Power with anguish cries;

"My charms are solemn, fit for souls like thine;

Th' ungenial bosom I can never prize,
But O, thou'rt form'd for rapture all divine!

"Here will I aid thy spirit-soothing strain,
When on thy numbers all thy soul shall float;
And when soft Love shall teach thee to complain,

My viewless shadows shall prolong the note.

"They to fond thought shall bring the pleasing past,

Bidding thee ne'er regret the long-fled hour,

But seize the present that fleets on as fast,
Nor trust the future's bright delusive pow'r.

"Return my Emma, Yearley mourns with me,
She longs to hear thy sentiment refin'd:

Ah! let her breathe congenial sighs with thee,
And share the richest treasures of thy mind."

On the S N O W - D R O P.

HAIL, lovely flower, sweet messenger of
spring,

Welcome, fair snow-drop, to our vernal plains!
Emblem of spotless innocence and peace!
See with what bashful modesty the blooms,
And droops her head, unconscious of her
charms.

Why, lovely flower, art thou forbid to bloom
Upon the bosoms of the British fair?
Art thou deferred for the worthless tribes,
That haunt in grandeur on the gay parterre?
Cold nipping frost, that thou canst well endure,
Without one stain upon thy spotless leaves,
Would in an instant wither all their charms,
And blend their boasted beauties with the dust.
So Merit lives neglected by the Great,
The scorn of Fortune, the contempt of Fame,
Yet bears the strokes of adverse Fate unhurt;
While flatt'ring and presumptuous Eloquence
Feeds on the smiles and favours of a Court.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN!

A D I R G E.

By Mr. BURNS.

WHEN chill November's furly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening as I wander'd forth,
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spy'd a man whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wander'st thou?"
Began the reverend sage:
"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasures's rage?
Or haply, prest with cares and woe,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, woe me, to moan
The miseries of Man."

"The sun that overhangs yon moors
Outspreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've seen yon weary winter sun
Twice forty times return;
And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That Man was made to mourn!"

"O Man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway,
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That Man was made to mourn."

"Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;

Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported, is his right:
But see him on the edge of life,
With care and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, O ill-match'd pair!
Shew Man was made to mourn!

"A few seem favourites of Fate,
In Pleasure's lap carest;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But O! what crouds in eye y land,
All wretched and forlorn,
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That Man was made to mourn."

"Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven in our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And Man, whose heav'n-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to Man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

"See yonder poor, o'er-labour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn."

"If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
By Nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has Man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?"

"Yet let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast;
This partial view of human kind
Is surely not the last!
The poor, oppressed, honest man
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!"

"O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But O, a blest relief for those
That weary-laden mourn!"

S T A N Z A S.

T O G A L L A.

SWEET girl! on thee the varying year
Its every gift bestows:
Thy cheeks, thy lips, from spring derive
The beauties of the Rose.

The summer's sun more lustre boasts,
 Reflected from thy eyes;
 And Autumn in thy breast has plac'd
 A double Paris' prize.
 To stamp perfection on thy charms,
 Old Winter's store is brought;
 The whiteness of his snow he gives,
 And spreads it where it ought.

To H Y E L L A.

WHILST shady groves and murm'ring
 Streams
 Engage Hyella's care;
 I wish myself some fragrant flower,
 To deck my charmer's hair.
 And when Sol's radiant beams can make
 The gentle wind caress,
 I long to be a zephyr chang'd,
 To wanton in her breast.

VERSES to WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.

I.

ENRAPTUR'D bard, from thy harmonious
 lyre,
 Tun'd by Apollo's hand, the numbers flow
 With all the warmth of true poetic fire;
 In ev'ry line succeeding beauties glow:

II.

Where nervous thought by elegance refin'd,
 (That breathes the purest spirit of the Nine)
 Softness and Ease with Harmony combin'd,
 United in thy verse conspicuous shine:

III.

Where bold Imagination's brightest ray
 Illumes each scene thy magic pencil shews;
 And Heav'n-born sportive Fancy, ever gay,
 On thy blest Muse her powerful aid bestows.

IV.

Stretch'd on her wing, through the æthe-
 rial skies
 With rapid flight thy daring genius soars
 (Follow'd in vain by Wonder's gazing eyes)
 To Pindus height, and climbs unknown ex-
 plores.

V.

Entranc'd within her visionary bowers,
 (Where airy shapes and forms celestial throng)
 Poetic dreams beguile the happy hours,
 And with their influence inspire thy song.

VI.

There (while the spheres in tuneful con-
 cert move,
 And charm the ravish'd ear with sounds divine)
 The sister-virgins of the sacred grove
 Around thy brow their blooming laurels twine.

VII.

Thus plac'd by Merit on her throne sub-
 lime,
 In vain shall Envy strive to blast thy fame;
 That will outlive the power of mould'ring
 Time,
 Till distant ages echo Hayley's name.

VIII.

Forgive the theme my infant muse aspires,
 And smile complacent on these feeble lays;
 Where (tho' thy worth a nobler strain re-
 quire)
 The admiring heart an unfeign'd tribute pays.
 P. B—o.

SACRED to the MEMORY of Miss
 LANCHEAM.

WHAT's human life? A visionary state,
 Check'd with sufferings, pre-ordain'd
 by Fate.
 Ah! what is death! A sure release from
 pain,
 The Hero's triumph, and the Christian's
 gain.
 Then cease to mourn that Juliana sleeps;
 Remembrance her fair image sacred keeps.
 Of polish'd form, and manners high refin'd,
 A brilliant genius, and an active mind;
 A heart inclin'd to every virtuous end,
 A dutious daughter, tender sister, friend;
 Like an exotic in this changing clime,
 She bloom'd and faded in the hour of prime:
 Heaven saw the conflict, and secur'd the
 prize,
 So fix'd her station in her native skies!

ANN MURRY

L A P L A N D S O N G.

By Sir M. W. RIDLEY.

THE snows are dissolving on Torne's rude
 side,
 And the ice of Lulhea flows down the dark
 tide!
 Thy dark streams, O Lulhea! flow freely
 away,
 And the snow-drop unfolds her pale beau-
 ties to day.
 Remote, the keen terrors of winter retire,
 Where the North's dancing streamers re-
 quish their fire;
 Where the sun's genial beams swell the bud
 on the tree,
 And Enna chaunts forth her wild warblings
 with glee.
 The rein-deer, unharness'd, in freedom shall
 play,
 And safely o'er Odon's steep precipice stray;
 The wolf to the forests' recesses shall fly,
 And howl to the moon, as she glides thro'
 the sky.
 Then haste, my fair Lhea! ah! haste to the
 grove!
 And pass the sweet season in rapture and
 love;
 In youth let our bosoms with extacy glow,
 For the winter of life ne'er a transport can
 know.

Newcastle, June 9, 1787.

On FRIENDSHIP.

By a LADY.

FRIENDSHIP, thou balm to every bleed-
ing wound,
Sweet social power, but seldom art thou found;
Yet oft like a phenomenon appears,
To soothe pale grief, and stop her gushing
tears.
Yet rests not here, but like refreshing showers,
Where'er it goes, the healing balsam pours;
And learns the smiling infant's lisping tongue,
To bless the donor as he goes along.
Friendship! extensive virtue of the mind,
For ever lovely, and for ever kind;
The greatest comfort we can taste below,
Without thee, life's a cheerless scene of woe.
But Flattery oft assumes fair Friendship's
name,
And dwells alone with Folly, Wealth and
Fame.
But when Distress appears the phantom flies,
And from the ruin'd mansion turns her eyes.
If Fortune flies, and Friendship still remains,
It soothes our woes, and mitigates our pains;
Her bounty wafts us to some blissful shore,
Where Pain and Misery are beheld no more.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

SEE where the rosy-footed Spring
Dances forth in trim array,
Blithe as an Eastern bridal Queen;
To wed the lamp of day.
And see! where rising nature homage
pays,
And all her breathing incense pours
along;
The softest gales, the shrillest warblers
lays,
The streams sweet murmur, and the
poets song,
All, all are thine! Earth, Air, and Sea,
and Sky,
All wake for thee, fair Spring; their sweetest
minstrelsy.

II.

I too the gentle influence feel,
And join the rapt'rous choral song;
And touch the lyre; as soft I steal
Oh Cam! —thy banks along;
Tho' on those banks no myrtle breathes
perfume.
No rose unfolds its blushing beauties
there,
No tulip there displays its gaudy bloom,
No stately lily decks the bright parterre;
Enclos'd within the garden's bright do-
main,
These all in Eastern pride still hold their
golden reign.

III.

Yet Nature o'er the simple scene
Scatters wild beauties bright and gay,
And up they spring, a numerous train,
As fair and sweet as they.
To me the violet has a balmy sweet,
To me the kingcup scatters golden hue,
Ev'n the primrose simple beauties meet,
Ev'n the meek daisy can instruct the
muse;
Mid fields in silent wonder she can stand,
And ev'n in field-flowers trace a master's
matchless hand.

IV.

And see! the sportive sun-beams play,
Dancing on the crisped stream;
While thousand insects, light and gay,
Swift o'er the surface skim.
Nor does in vain the stately cygnet sail,
Nor roving bees buz on the flowery
brink,
Nor fishes down the silver current steal,
Nor little songsters on the margin drink,
And playful oft their glossy pinions ply,
While with their feather'd mates they ver-
nal gambols try.

V.

Oh Spring! — I love thy gentle reign;—
Yet I could leave thee, gentle
Spring,
If so His wisdom might ordain;
Who reigns, thy smiling King.
Yes, all thy clouds and skies of silver hues,
Thy meads, and vales, soft gales, and
glossy bloom,
I'd leave them all, to friendly to the muse,
Should but thy Sov'reign say, Behold!
I come.
And shatter'd too might sleep this feeble
lyre,
Might I but hear, and view, and join th' im-
mortal choir.

VI.

What tho' I love thee, Spring-tide fair,
Yet there's a brighter Spring above.
Gay laughs the Sun the livelong year,
And all is light and love.
There gales immortal sweets breathe
around,
There shine fair smiling fruits and gol-
den flowers,
Cherish'd, luxuriant on the laughing ground,
With Heav'n's own dews, and pure
arabesque flowers.
There happy spirits rest, their conquest won,
And reap from heavenly trees a never-
withering crown;

HYMN TO HEALTH.

By Mr. WEBB.

Imitated from the Greek of Athenæus.

FIRST-BORN of Heaven! for without thee

Blest HEALTH, the Gods themselves would be

Oppress'd by Immortality!

Come then, thou best of blessings! come,

And make my humble roof thy home;

Propitious come, and shed a ray

Of gladness on my setting day.

For if there be in wealth a charm,

If joys the parent's bosom warm,

Whate'er the good, to thee 'tis given

To perfect ev'ry boon of Heaven.

If diadems the fancy please,

Thy hand must make them sit with ease:

Lost without thee were *Cupid's* wiles,

And *Venus* owes thee half her smiles.

Whate'er we hope, whate'er endure,

Thou giv'st the enjoyment, or the cure;

Where'er thou spread'st thy balmy wing,

Ills vanish, blooming pleasures spring;

All wishes meet in thee alone,

For *Happiness* and HEALTH are one!

THE VISION.

By a YOUNG LADY.

'T WAS on a summer's eve the setting sun
Gleam'd o'er the western sky his part-
ing light,

When ere the sable reign of night begun,

A form majestic stood before my sight,

And thus she spoke:—"Ambition is my
name;

I bring a message from the Court of Fame."

This said, she pointed to a glitt'ring spire,

That elevated rose in air sublime;

"To that (she cry'd) direct each fond de-
sire;

That pile of glory scorns the hand of time;

For there the trumpet of immortal Fame

Shall to the world each glorious deed pro-
claim.

Mistaken mortal! leave this humble vale,

Forfake these bowers of indolence and ease,

To where ambrosial fragrance scents the gale,
And Fancy forms ten thousand scenes to

please.

Then mount my wing (the radiant goddess
cries)

With me explore the regions of the skies."

The pleasing accents charm'd my raptur'd ear;

My eager eyes the blissful scenes survey;

I listen'd to her words, devoid of fear,

Nor knew the perils of the dangerous way.

When, lo! an heavenly form, divinely bright,

Descends from Heaven before my wond'ring
sight.

At her divine approach the fair disguise

Which flattering Ambition long had wore,

Fell from her form! Away the fury flies,

And in an instant was beheld no more.

Astonishment and terror fill'd my breast,

When by the angelic guide I was address'd:

"My name is Virtue, and the Child of Hea-
ven:

I came to save thee from Ambition's snare;

To teach poor erring mortals I was given,

And guide their steps from ruin and despair."

This said, the blooming Seraph took her
flight:

Her beauties vanish'd in the shades of night.

THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

By WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.
of the Temple.

I

WHAT Nature, alas! has denied

To the delicate growth of our isle,

Art has in a measure supplied,

And Winter is deck'd with a smile.

See, *Mary*, what beauties I bring

From the shelter of that sunny shed,

Where the flow'rs have the charms of the
Spring,

Though abroad they are frozen and dead.

II.

'Tis a bower of *Arcadian* sweets,

Where *Flora* is still in her prime,

A fortress to which she retires,

From the cruel assaults of the climate.

While earth wears a mantle of snow,

These pinks are as fresh and as gay

As the fairest and sweetest that blow

On the beautiful bosom of *May*.

III.

See how they have safely surviv'd

The frowns of a sky so severe—

Such *Mary's* true love, that has liv'd

Through many a turbulent year.

The charms of the late blowing rose

Seems grac'd with a livelier hue,

And the winter of sorrow best shews

The truth of a friend—such as you.

L I N E S

On observing some Names of little Note re-
corded in the BIOGRAPHIA BRITANNICA.

By the SAME.

O H fond attempt to give a deathless lot

To names ignoble, born to be forgot!

In vain recorded in historic page,

They court the notice of the future age;

Those twinkling tins lustres of the land

Drop one by one from Fame's neglecting hand;

Lethean gulphs receive them as they fall,

And dark oblivion soon absorbs them all.

So when a child, as playful children use,

Has burnt to tinder a stale last year's news,

The

The flame extinct, he views the roving fire,
 There goes my Lady, and there goes the
 'Squire;
 There goes the *Parson*, oh illustrious spark!
 And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the
 Clerk!

LINES written by the late KING of
 PRUSSIA, on the different Effects of

TOO-MUCH and NOTHING.

"By sound Reason we're all taught,
 "Too-MUCH of ANY THING is good for
 NOUGHT."

TOO MUCH rest our genius dulls,
 Too much love disturbs the brain,
 Too much learning makes us fools,
 Too much business gives us pain.
 Too much physic makes us worse,
 From too much cunning cheating grows,
 Too much vigour is a curse,
 From too much saving avarice flows.
 Too much courage makes us rash,
 From too much riches trouble springs,
 Too great honours are but trash,
 Too much pleasure sickness brings.
 By too much confidence we lose,
 From too much wit what mischiefs rise;
 Too much freedom's an abuse,
 Too much good-nature is not wise.
 Too much politeness is a thrall;
 Yet all these things we blessings call.
 But if we rightly will attend,
 On NOTHING all our aëts depend.
 Nothing holds aloft the scales,
 And o'er ev'ry thing prevails;
 Nothing makes us dangers dare;
 Nothing makes us oft despair;
 On nothing all our efforts turn,
 For nothing oft our bosoms burn;
 War from nothing springs; and, Love,
 All thy joys a nothing prove.

The DESERTED FARM-HOUSE.

By MR. FRENEAU, an American Poet.

THIS antique dome the mould'ring tooth
 of Time
 Now level with the dust has almost laid;
 Yet ere 'tis gone, I fix my humble rhyme
 On these low ruins, that his years have
 made.

Behold the unfocial hearth!—where once
 the fires
 Blaz'd high, and check'd the wintry tra-
 veller's woes;
 See the weak roof, that abler props requires,
 Admits the chilling winds, and swift de-
 scending snows.

Here, to forget the labours of the day,
 No more the swains at evening hours re-
 pair;
 But wandering flocks assume the well-
 known way,
 To shun the rigors of the midnight air.

In yonder chamber, half to ruin gone,
 Once stood the ancient housewife's curtain'd
 bed:—

Timely the prudent matron has withdrawn,
 And each domestic comfort with her fled.

The trees, the flowers, that her own hand
 had rear'd,

The plants, the vines, that were so ver-
 dant seen;

The trees, the flowers, the vines have disap-
 pear'd,

And every plant has vanish'd from the
 green.

So sits in tears, on wide *Campania's* plain,
 The ancient Mistress of a world enslav'd,
 That triumph'd o'er the land, subdu'd the
 main,

And Time himself in the wild transport
 brav'd.

So sits in tears, on *Palestina's* shore,
 The *Hebrew* town of splendor once divine;
 Her Kings, her Lords, her triumphs are no
 more,

Slain are her priests, and ruin'd every
 shrine.

Once in the bounds of this sequester'd room,
 Perhaps some Swain nocturnal courtship
 made;

Perhaps some *Sberlock* mus'd amidst the
 gloom;

Since Love and Death for ever seek the
 shade!

Perhaps some miser, doom'd to discontent,
 Here counted o'er the heaps acquir'd with
 pain;

He to the dust—his gold on traffic sent,
 Shall ne'er disgrace the mould'ring walls
 again.

Nor shall the glow-worm sopling, sun-shine-
 bred,

Seek, at the evening hour, this wonted
 dome;

Time has reduc'd the fabric to a shed,
 Scarce fit to be the wand'ring beggar's
 home.

And none but I its piteous fate lament—
 None, none, but I, o'er its cold ashes
 mourn,

Sent by the Muse—(the time, perhaps, mis-
 spent)

To shed her latest tears upon its silent urn!

THE PRAYER OF ORPHEUS.

By Mr. FRENEAU.

SAD Monarch of the World below,
 Stern guardian of this drowy shade,
 Through thy unlovely realms I go,
 To seek a captive thou hast made.
 O'er *Stygian* waters I have pass'd,
 Contemning *Jove's* unjust decree,
 And reach'd thy sable Court at last,
 To find my lost *Eurydice* !
 Of all the Nymphs so deck'd and dress'd,
 Like *Venus* of the starry train,—
 She was the loveliest and the best,
 The pride and glory of the plain !
 Oh ! free from thy despotic sway
 This Nymph of Heav'n-descended charms;
 Too soon she came this dusky way—
 Restore thy captive to my arms !
 As by a stream's fair verdant side
 In myrtle shades she rovd along,
 A serpent stung my blooming bride,
 This brightest of the female throng !
 The venom hast'ning thro' her veins,
 Forbid the freezing blood to flow ;—
 And thus she left the *Thracian* plains
 For these dejected groves below.
 Ev'n thou may'st pity my sad pain,
 Since Love, as ancient fables say,
 For'd thee to leave thy native reign,
 And in *Sicilian* meadows stray ;—
 Bright *Proserpine* thy bosom fir'd—
 For her you fought th' unwelcome light ;—
 Madness and Love in you conspir'd
 To seize her to the shades of Night !
 But if, averse to my request,
 The vanquish'd Nymph, for whom I
 mourn,
 Must in *Platonic* chambers rest,
 And never to my arms return—
 Take *Orpheus* too—his warm desire
 Can ne'er be quench'd by your decree !—
 In life or death he must admire—
 He must adore *Eurydice*.

S O N G.

INVOCATION TO CUPID.

Written by Mr. BIRCH.

Set to Musick by Mr. STEEVENS.

I.

LET Virtue soothe the hoary sage,
 Let wine the gay inspire ;
 Me softer numbers now engage,
 To *Cupid* strike the Lyre !

II.

Him of immortal birth I sing,
 Fair *Venus's* beauteous boy !
 Who tun'd Apollo's fav'rite string,
 And wak'd the world to joy.

III.

With burnish'd bow and venom'd spear,
 Olympus owns his sway ;
 Who caus'd the mighty Thund'rer there
 To fight his hours away.

IV.

In vain we strive his pow'r to fly,
 Too sure he aims his dart ;
 He revels in the brightest eye—
 And warms the coldest heart.

V.

O ! could those eyes my numbers move,
 To comfort as they wound ;
 My whitest kid, thou God of Love !
 Should on thy shrine be bound !

VI.

Or quit the throne of *Flavia's* eye,
 Or *Flavia's* heart subdue ;
 Or grant at least the power to fly,
 Where *Flavia* can pursue.

T I M E.

R O N D E A U.

By the S A M E.

TIME like the winged courser flies,
 When youthful pleasures round us roll ;
 But ah ! how faint, how slow he is,
 When grief or pain obscures the soul.

No silken cords of love can bind,
 Nor wealthy bribe intice his stay ;
 Nor can the means the wretched find
 To urge his cruel cold delay.

The sons of pleasure never heed
 The moments which their transports crown ;
 Too late perceive the traitor's speed,
 And wonder where their joys are flown.

Da Capo.

The sons of woe, with sighs and tears,
 With every tedious minute gaze ;
 Unmov'd the fallen tyrant bears,
 Nor mends his pace, but slumber's on.

Da Capo.

INVOCATION to the NIGHTINGALE.

I.

UNRIVAL'D songstress of the groves,
 Sweet nightingale, renew thy lay ;
 Where'er the gentle *Laura* roves,
 Be thou companion of her way.

II.

The sweetest melodies prepare,
 To charm her polish'd tuneful ear,
 To sooth her tender bosom's care,
 And wake the sadly-pleasing tear.

III.

And when reclin'd beneath thy thorn,
 With thine her thrilling strains combine,
 O may she never sing forlorn,
 Nor mourn for luckless love like thine !

THEA

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

An OCCASIONAL ADDRESS, in CHARACTER,

Spoken by Young SESTINI,
On the opening the THEATRE-ROYAL
in the MAY-MARKET, May 16, 1787.

Written by G. COLMAN.

MERRY's my temper—*Andrew* is my name;
Who has not heard of *Merry Andrew's* fame?
Our race in *Smithfield* boasted high renown;
But silenc'd there, and by the law put down,
It is but lately we return'd to town.
In exile, at rude wakes and country fairs,
From carts, or barns, or booths, we hawk'd our wares;

But now call'd back to *London*, and well paid,
Once more in town we mount on the parade.

[*Ascends a Mountebank's Stage.*]

My grandfather's engag'd at *Drury Lane*,
The *Covent-Garden* list my Sire retain;
And I the verriest Jackanapes of all,
Here in the *Haymarket* attend your call.
Here shall I stand; and all the Summer round

At even-tide my penny trumpet sound,
"Ladies walk in! just going to begin!"
"Rare entertainment! Gentlemen walk in!"

Next morning too, to make wise Criticks wifer,

Our Bills shall tell in every Advertiser,
"Of bursts of laughter, highest approbation;
"Thund'ring applause, and shouts of acclamation;

"The House so crowded, that you scarce cou'd sit,

"O'erflowing boxes, galleries, and pit!

"While every lady who the Play-house graces,

"Is humbly begg'd to send in time for places."

Such are our arts;—and though shrewd Criticks laugh,

Much is the force of puff and paragraph.

Worth, sterling worth, for ever must obtain,
Yet every *Merry Andrew* has his reign:

A reign, though short, that his brief purpose fits,

Who turns and shifts, and lives upon his wits.

In Physic, Mountebanks still rise to view,
At once grave Doctors, droll Mock-Doctors too;

Some *Andrew* still in Lawyer's gown deceives,

And some Jack-Puddings roar in pudding sleeves!

Yet from the Rags we first deriv'd our birth,

And till the Stage acknowledges our worth;

My genius hits our Leader to a tittle:
Partial perhaps, because, like him, I'm little.
Seizing impatiently his short-liv'd hours,
Boldly he takes the field with half his pow'rs;
From France he brings a mode that saves much trouble;

For there, it seems, great Play'rs have each their double

With doubles now he opens the campaign:
His mighty Chiefs still fight at *Drury-lane*,
Like Broddignags at *Covent-Garden* street,
And view from high—our realm of *Lisput*.
Yet shall our little troop, with zeal and spirit,

Make up by ardour, what they want in merit.
Some your old soldiers are: some new recruits,

Who of their labors bring you the first-fruits:
And if beneath this flag they feel no loss,
They'll fight, perhaps, — North-East of Charing-Crois.

[*On the opening of the Theatre, on June 11, the last fourteen lines were omitted, and the Address concluded as follows:*]

Just in the Ocean of Dramatic strife,
Willing to live, and struggling hard for life,
By turns we rose and sunk, like drowning men,

Just popt our heads up, and plung'd down again.

But now the Winter waves at length subside,

Waves still increasing each returning tide,
Secure we hope on Summer seas to glide!

Safe in our cock-boat, while a prosperous gale

With gen'rous breezes fills our little sail.

JULY 3. The ROYALTY THEATRE after a fortnight's recess opened again with a species of entertainment, which is less agreeable to the publick than the Drama, may probably be more within the letter of the law. It consisted of an address by Mr. Palmer; a musical pastoral, called *The Birth-Day*, or the *Arcadian Contest*; and a Pantomime, entitled *Hobson's Choice*, or *Thelphus in Distress*. These, with some additions and occasional variations, have been repeated ever since with so much success, as again to revive the spirit of opposition to the continuing the Theatre open. The result will probably be a determination in Westminster Hall, if not an Act of Parliament.

7. A new Comedy called *The Country Attorney* was performed for the first time at the Haymarket Theatre, the characters of which were thus represented:

<i>Sterling</i> , (the Attorney)	Mr. Bensley.
<i>Frederick</i> , — —	Mr. Browne.
<i>Worldly</i> , — —	Mr. Aickin.
<i>Gay'st</i> , — —	Mr. Johnson.

Lord

<i>Lord Millamour,</i>	Mr. R. Palmer.
<i>Sir Wilful Wayward,</i>	Mr. Kemble.
<i>And Jack Volatile,</i>	Mr. Bannister, jun.
<i>Mrs. Worldly, —</i>	Mrs. Bulkeley.
<i>Lucy, — —</i>	Miss Brangin.
<i>Arabella Grenville,</i>	Miss Woolery.
<i>And Lady Rustic,</i>	Miss Farren.

This Comedy is the production of Mr. Cumberland, author of the *West-Indian*, and other pieces.

The story is briefly this.

Sir Wilful Wayward is set against his son Frederick, and has chosen Mr. Worldly for his son-in-law, whose spouse being rather more anxious to pursue her personal pleasures, than to do the duties of a wife, consults self-gratification solely. Worldly, on the other hand, keeps steadily to his interest, and watches all opportunities to further it. Lady Rustic, the young and beautiful wife of Sir John Rustic, an old sot in the country, whom she has left at home, is a visitor at the house of the Worldlys, where she meets Lord Millamour, the common admirer of new faces, but who becomes a convert to her charms. Frederick has privately wedded Arabella Grenville, and the play opens with a quarrel between him and Volatile, on account of the latter's having blabbed his marriage to his father, though he had not discovered the name of the lady. Early in the piece Mr. Sterling, an honest, and nobly disinterested *Country Attorney*, arrives in town with the news that Sir John Rustic is no more, and that after leaving his lady, whom he had married for love without any fortune, a comfortable jointure, he has constituted Arabella his heiress, and earnestly recommended an union between Frederick Wayward and Arabella, in order to unite two worthy minds, as well as to join a couple of contiguous estates. Sir Wilful is greatly hurt at hearing this latter circumstance, and the Worldlys are thrown into the utmost confusion by the whole of the news. As Volatile had got into a scrape with Frederick by telling of his marriage, he is resolved to redeem his character by resisting his propensity to let the secret fully forth, and therefore, in an interview with the Baronet, declares, that his son is married to Lady Harriet Homely, an old maiden, neighbour of Sir Wilful. This information fires the father with additional rage; and he forbids his son, on any pretext, to introduce his wife into his presence. In the mean time, Volatile has contrived that Sir Wilful shall see Arabella, who enraptures him with her beauty, her good sense, her modest demeanour, and her virtuous excellencies. The effect of her charms adds to his mortification, on reflecting that his son has, by a previous marriage, put it out of his power to fulfil the purpose of Sir John Rustic; but he

feels some comfort in the idea that he has happily disposed of his daughter, and determines to disinherit his son and make Worldly his heir. This gleam of hope is, however, dissipated by his daughter's desiring a private interview, in which she describes the true character of her husband, and paints him in striking colours as a domestic tyrant, and a man wholly destitute of either principles or honour. Worldly finds that such a discovery has been made, and writes his wife a letter in order to bring about a reconciliation; but upon hearing from the maid, the tendency of the conversation between her mistress and Sir Wilful, recalls his letter, and by a mistake of the maid gets possession of a *billet-doux* from Mrs. Worldly to Col. Dorimant her gallant. This proving that they are equally profligate, mutual safety dictates a reconciliation, and the quarrel is made up. At length, however, an *éclaircissement* takes place, and Sir Wilful is overwhelmed with joy on discovering that his son has married the heiress.

This is one of those hasty productions by which Mr. Cumberland has been gradually writing down his reputation, ever since the appearance of the *West-Indian*. It had no novelty, and but little to commend either in character, humour, or wit; though it possessed some merit in the easy, and in a few places appropriate, dialogue. It was represented with great excellence by the actors, but was so coldly received by the audience as to be laid aside after four performances. A Prologue by the author was spoken by Mr. Beniley, and an Epilogue by Mr. Colman, by Miss Farren.

19. *Venice Preserved* was performed at the Hay-market, for the benefit of Mr. Browne; Belvidera by Miss Eccles. This Lady, who on this occasion appeared the first time in London, is from York, and has acquired considerable fame in the country. She possesses a good stage figure, and a powerful voice, the plaintive notes of which are extremely affecting. Her countenance is marking and expressive, though her features want that predominant share of softness and regularity that constitutes what is deemed beauty. On the whole, she acquitted herself very creditably, and promises to be an acquisition to the stage.

PROLOGUE

ON OPENING THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, at MARGATE,
JUNE 27, 1787.

Written by MILES P. ANDREWS, Esq.

TO you, kind *Patrons* of this infant pile,
Whole generous efforts taught our hopes
to smile;

By whose protecting hands this fane we rear,
To Nature sacred, and to Genius dear :

Soon as these echoing walls responsive found
The grateful warblings of the Muse around ;
Glad we record the praise that's justly due ;
And our first votive strains are given to you.

Nor deem it rash, if humbly we essay
To paint the plaudits of our future day ;
To shew how ev'ry laurel we obtain,
Will in your soft'ning bosoms bloom again :
Each rising plant, which haply here brought
forth,

May give the promise of maturing worth ;
On these propitious boards first held to view,
Shall owe its fortune and its fame to you.

Nor less the harvest of those fruits you'll
share,

Whose cultur'd produce speaks the guardian
care ;

Nor that with us you pass the casual day,
And wear the unimportant time away.

Our weak endeavours, and our feeble
pow'rs,

May help to sweeten your domestic hours.
Here as we picture hapless *Juliet's* doom,

And mark the horrors of her early tomb,
Your youthful daughters from that tale of
woe,

Shall learn to dread the pangs themselves
may know ;

Shall strive to combat 'gainst that tyrant
Love,

Nor look for nuptial bliss till you approve.
The deep distress that wrings the soul of
Lea,

Shall raise that loveliest gem, the filial tear.
Then, when our little evening task is o'er,

And each one seeks his hospitable door ;
Still as you sit around your social board,

With neatness deck'd, with fragrant plenty
stor'd,

Your prattling children, more reflective
grown,

Will lip the story'd sorrows we have
shewn ;

And while to their young minds again you
bring

The poignant sorrows of the *good old King*,
Touch'd to the heart, the sympathizing band

With streaming eyes will dew their parent's
band ;

And in each trickling drop unerring prove,
The soft effusions of their dutiful love ;

Whilst rising *Edgars* in your boys you see,
And clasp a young *Cordelia* on your knee.

O may you still enjoy, while long you
live,

These heartfelt transports which the Muse
can give !

May this fair town, where Health, with ro-
seate charms,

Wooers pale Disease to her refreshing arms ;
From whose kind wave life's choicest bless-

ing flows,

Itself feel every comfort it bestows.

ADDRESS

Spoken on Wednesday, June 27, on opening
the Theatre Royal in LIVERPOOL, by
MR. AICKEN.

Written by Mr. HOLCROFT.

IN times long past, a Goddess, sweet and
young,

Forth from the bosom of Old Ocean sprung ;
Her form more beautiful, far more fair her
name,

Than her's whom poets sea-born Venus
name :

Not from light foam, unseemly, did she
rise,

But fathomless abodes, where buried lies,
In many a sapphire cave and coral fid,

All that o'erwhelming waters keep con-
ceal'd :

Bedeck'd with agate, pearls and gems, she
came—

Mankind to bless—and Commerce was her
name.

Nor Wealth alone, but Wisdom with her
rose,

And all that philosophic Science knows ;
While ev'ry art throng'd after in her train,

Blest in her presence, happy in her reign ;
So boundless were her gifts, her views so
vast,

So much all human hopes her pow'r fur-
pass'd,

The bleak black rocks, and rugged naked
shores,

Lash'd by the raging surge, that ceaseless
roars,

Were chang'd, where'er she came, in Fate's
despite,

To cities fair, and gardens of delight !
And nations, mighty while they own'd her
sway,

By her forsaken, fell to sad decay !
Rich in her bounties, Albion, Queen of
Isles

And this, her fairest mart, enjoy her smiles :
Her ships, deep-freighted, here she daily
wings ;

No wind that blows but some rich cargo
brings ;

From pole to pole her ready cruisers run,
Coursing the Zodiac swifter than the sun ;

Shedding profusely, o'er these wealthy
plains,

The choicest products that the world con-
tains !

The Goddess here, ador'd with honours
due,

Delights to dwell—the and her jocund crew.
So may the still delight ! Still on this shore

Fix her abode, 'till time shall be no more :
Where Commerce was, the Muses have
appear'd,

Sure to be sought, rewarded and rever'd ;

Certain of favour too, the Drama long,
With every wile of wit, and witching song,
High precepts teaching, in a sportive mask,
By Mirth effecting Wisdom's noblest task,
Has here met that applause past ages shew,
And learn'd and polish'd people must be-
flow.

For me, call'd hither by your friendly
voice,

Conscious how much I'm honour'd in your
choice,—

Feeling the gratitude that's justly due,
I purport one sole object to pursue—
Your pleasure.—Should I fail, impute it
still

To want of faculties, but not of will.

Of all the hopes which yet my heart retains,
Not one more near it fits—more potent
reigns—

Than when, some few months hence I'm
warn'd away,

To hear you, friends and patrons, kindly say
I've acted (as I come to bid adieu)

Worthy the place I fill'd—and worthy
You!

THE OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. WEWITZER,

IN THE CHARACTER OF A SUSSEX CLOWN,
At the Opening of the Theatre at BRIGHT-
HELMSTON.

Written by ——— ALLEN, Esq. of Lewes.

[*Entering, he beckons.*

HUP! Measter, come, the gentlefolks are
waiting.

What, will these women never cease their
prating!

Measter, I know, has got a world to say,
A hugous debt of gratitude to pay

For heaps of kindness he receiv'd last year;
But why the dickens don't the man appear?

[*Goes to the side scene and returns.*

The 'a Fox, he's so playoy modest, he can't
move:

He says, if you his best intent approve,

Tho' small his merit, yet to please he'll try,
The rest he knows—your goodness will sup-
ply;

His tongue denies the thanks his heart con-
ceals,

And what he cannot speak, he says, he
feels.

So here I'm left alone—Downright's my plan,
I'lle Sussex, that's to say, an HONEST MAN.

Shame, in old days, both men and maids be-
friended,

But times are alter'd, and we're rarely mend-
ed;

Old-fashion'd modesty is useless now,

I lost my place by't, and I'll tell you how.

I ferd a wealthy 'Squire, a sportsman keen,
A plain, rough, simple soul as e'er was seen;

His wife, true Londen-mould, a high-flown
dame,

One, I believe, the Devil could not tame;
Scornful and proud, she jeer'd each simple
clown

With fine new-fangled words she brought
from town:

She'd sigh and rave, and cry with fancied
grief,

For which a Colonel was the best relief:

He'd strut and swear; O, 'twas a gallant
show!

His head was like a furze-bush topt with
snow.

Leering and ogling they'd together sit;

The folk in London call it TIT-A-TIT.

But I was such a bashful oaf, d'ye see,

That I could scarce bring in the gear for tea,

Though willing much to gain my Lady's fa-
vour,

And before strangers shew my best beha-
viour;

At last I ventur'd, though half dead with
fear,

The tea-board in my hand, the kettle here;

[*Pointing to his finger.*

I made my bow, but, sad mishap to tell,

My foot i' th' carpet hitch'd, and down I fell:

Mishap ne'er comes alone—for, in my fall,

Away went kettle, china, board, and all.

Madam squalls, the dog barks, the Colonel
roars,

And poor Pilgrimage was kick'd out of doors.

But here, where still the brighter virtues
reign,

The bashful man shall never sue in vain;

Sound your applauses, then, with British spirit,

To modest worth that's join'd, like yours,
with merit.

PROLOGUE

Delivered at the Manchester Theatre, March
26, 1787, on the Revival of the New Way
to pay Old Debts.

DRAMATIC traders, every taste to fit,
Import French sentiment and High Dutch
wit;

While we, our staple-poetry decay'd,

Urge to our loss the literary trade;

To-night we give, attempting a reverse,

A chosen sample of old English verse;

Proud to out-do, in strength and lasting
show,

The gaudiest hue that foreign arts bestow.

And here, while female genius oft' displays

The *purge* moral and the *chastest* phrase;

While serious scenes of Pantomimic art

Awake the feelings and amend the heart;

When active Lun some high achievement
tries,

And "black and bold" Fate's sternest frown
defies;

Melts

Melts with a shug, or startles with a tumble,
While o'er his head the wooden thunders
rumble;

Forgive the zeal that to your view conveys
The praise and monuments of elder days.

Tho' here no Prince's strut with Bedlam-
airs,

No lover whimpers, and no tyrant—swears;
Or rabble, when the hero 'can no more,'
Breaks up the plot—by breaking up the door;

Yet well our author knew the poet's part,
Ennobling nature and enriching art.

The just pretence of long-lost worth
admit,

And hail the rising dawn of ancient wit;
In band and whiskers fierce, methinks I see
The awful ghost of English Poetry;
I see his eyes inflamed with noble rage,—
Draw up the curtain—let him tread the
stage.

An ACCOUNT of THREE VOLCANOS in the MOON,

By WILLIAM HERSCHEL, L. L. D. F. R. S.

[Read before the ROYAL SOCIETY, April 26, 1787]

IT will be necessary to say a few words by way of introduction to the account I have to give of some appearances upon the moon, which I perceived the 19th and 20th of this month. The phenomena of nature, especially those that fall under the inspection of the astronomer, are to be viewed not only with the usual attention to facts as they occur, but with the eye of reason and experience. In this we are however not allowed to depart from plain appearances, though their origin and signification should be indicated by the most characterising features. Thus when we see on the surface of the moon, a great number of elevations, from half a mile to a mile and a half in height, we are strictly entitled to call them mountains; but when we attend to their particular shape, in which many of them resemble the craters of our volcanos, and thence argue, that they owe their origin to the same cause which has modelled many of these, we may be said to see by analogy, or with the eye of reason. Now, in this latter case, though it may be convenient, in speaking of phenomena, to use expressions that can only be justified by reasoning upon the facts themselves, it will certainly be the fairest way not to neglect a full description of them, that it may appear to others how far we have been authorised to use the mental eye. This being premised, I may safely proceed to give my observations.

“April 19 1787, 10 h. 36 min. sidereal time.

“I perceived three volcanos in different places of the dark part of the new-moon. Two of them are either nearly extinct, or otherwise in a state of going to break out; which perhaps may be decided next lunation. The third shews an actual eruption of fire, or luminous matter. I measured the distance of the crater from the northern limb of the moon, and found it 3 m. 57 sec. 3. Its light is much brighter than the nucleus of the comet which M. Mechain discovered at Paris the 10th of this month.

“April 20, 1787, 10 h. 2 min. sidereal time.

“The volcano burns with greater violence than last night. I believe its diameter cannot be less than 3 sec. by comparing it with that of the Georgian planet. As Jupiter was near at hand, I turned the telescope to his third satellite, and estimated the diameter of the burning part of the volcano to be equal to at least twice that of the satellite. Hence we may compute that the shining or burning matter must be above three miles in diameter. It is of an irregular round figure, and very sharply defined on the edges. The other two volcanos are much farther towards the centre of the moon, and resemble large petty faint nebulae that are gradually much brighter in the middle; but no well-defined luminous spot can be discerned in them. These three spots are plainly to be distinguished from the rest of the marks upon the moon; for the reflection of the sun's rays from the earth is, in its present situation, sufficiently bright, with a ten-foot reflector, to shew the moon's spots, even the darkest of them; nor did I perceive any similar phenomena last lunation, though I then viewed the same places with the same instrument.

“The appearance of what I have called the actual fire or eruption of a volcano, exactly resembled a small piece of burning charcoal, when it is covered by a very thin coat of white ashes, which frequently adhere to it when it has been some time ignited; and it had a degree of brightness, about as strong with which such a coal would be seen to glow in faint day-light.

“All the adjacent parts of the volcanic mountain seemed to be faintly illuminated by the eruption, and were gradually more obscure as they lay at a greater distance from the crater.

“This eruption resembled much that which I saw on the 4th of May, in the year 1783; an account of which, with many remarkable particulars relating to the volcanic

mountains in the moon, I shall take an opportunity of communicating to the Society. It differed, however, considerably in magnitude and brightness; for the volcano of the year 1783, though much brighter than that which is now burning, was not nearly so large in the dimensions of its eruption: the

former seen in the telescope resembled a star of the fourth magnitude as it appears to the natural eye; this, on the contrary, shews a visible disk of luminous matter, very different from the sparkling brightness of star-light.

“WILLIAM HERSCHEL.”

“*Slough, near Windsor, April 21, 1787.*”

EXTRACT from the REPORT of the COMMITTEE of the HOUSE of COMMONS, appointed to inspect and consider the RETURNS made by the OVERSEERS OF THE POOR, relative to the STATE of the POOR.

THAT your Committee have, in pursuance of the directions of the House, inspected and considered the said returns; and observe, that they have been made from all the parishes and townships to which the acts and schedules were sent pursuant to the directions of the said acts, amounting in the whole to near thirteen thousand, except from some particular parishes and townships:

And your Committee have reason to believe, that many of those which now appear to be defaulters, will be found to be townships of no great consequence, or included in some of the parishes from which returns have actually been made.

Your Committee, in order to apprise the House of the rapid increase of the expences in maintaining the poor, have introduced a column in the abstract, shewing what the

expences were in the year 1776, when returns of a like nature were procured, that the medium annual increase of expences in nine years, commencing at Easter 1776, and ending at Easter 1785, amounts to 474,452l. 5s. 10d.

Your Committee further beg leave to observe, that they have great hopes some plan will be formed, when these returns have been considered, for the future care and more economical regulation of the poor, which may considerably reduce the general expences of the poor; and that some provisions will be made in such regulations, which may greatly lessen the county expences; and also considerably reduce, if not totally put an end to overseers charges respecting entertainments and law business, &c.

* Translation of a letter written by M. GIRTANER, Member of the Göttingen Society, to M. DE LA METHERIE at Paris, containing a more circumstantial account of Mr. Herschel's discovery of three volcanos in the moon.

“S I R,

“MR. Herschel has lately made a discovery of the greatest consequence, of which I have had the good fortune to be an eye-witness. He had observed last month, one or two days after the new-moon, in the dark part of it, three luminous points.—Two of these points were near each other, and their light was pale and weak. The third, which he judged to be about three English miles in diameter, exhibited a much stronger and a redder light.—This he compared to a burning coal covered with ashes. These points he immediately conceived to be burning mountains, the two first being either nearly extinguished or beginning to burn, and the other in a state of actual eruption.

“Mr. Herschel did not fail to communicate his observation to the Royal Society; and the philosophers in this metropolis impatiently waited for the next new-moon, which would necessarily confirm the observation, because one eruption would not probably continue above a month, and consequently the phenomena would be then very different, if Mr. Herschel's conjecture was well-founded.

“Friday last, the 18th. the first day of the new-moon, several philosophical gentlemen attended Mr. Herschel at his house in the country, but the weather was too cloudy to permit any observation. The next day I did myself the honour to visit him with two of my friends. Fortunately the sky was perfectly clear. After having examined, during two hours, the enlightened part of the moon, by means of Mr. Herschel's astonishing instruments, of which it is impossible to form an adequate idea without having seen them, we directed the telescope to the dark part of this satellite, and the conjecture of this great astronomer was instantly confirmed. The two first-mentioned luminous points had totally disappeared, and the fire of the other was become pale and weak. The diameter of its crater was increased to about six miles. Next month it will probably be entirely invisible.

“This discovery of volcanos in the moon is a proof that the matter of which it is composed is similar to that of our earth, and also proves the existence of a lunar atmosphere, which some philosophers have doubted. The science of astronomy is therefore infinitely indebted to the zeal of Mr. Herschel.

“This phenomenon was also seen by Count Brühl, M. Cavendish, M. Aubert, &c.”

ABSTRACT

ABSTRACT of the OVERSEERS' RETURNS.

E N G L A N D.

Names of Counties. Money raised by Assesment, for the year 1785, (being the last return made to Parliament.) Net Expenses for the Poor in 1776, taken from the Returns then made to Parliament, (being the last return made to Parliament.)

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Bedford	22,165	8	6	16,662	17	1
Berks	50,164	1	4	36,718	2	8
Bucks	48,392	15	3	31,745	16	—
Cambridge	28,921	5	7	18,079	10	10
Chester	40,247	7	11	29,644	13	2
Corwall	31,215	8	—	22,004	11	10
Cumberland	12,469	14	8	8,029	19	2
Derby	24,984	14	3	17,441	1	8
Devon	85,492	13	4	62,481	2	6
Dorset	35,315	1	9	24,538	5	8
Durham	22,135	—	2	14,440	13	4
Essex	100,068	5	8	74,167	3	5
Gloucester	70,208	7	5	53,812	3	1
Hereford	18,178	—	8	10,897	7	2
Hertford	36,202	11	—	25,486	9	—
Huntingdon	13,503	3	7	7,659	3	11
Kent	110,477	47	11	80,150	10	—
Lancaster	81,950	13	2	52,220	—	11
Leicester	33,418	14	10	24,339	16	4
Lincoln	48,289	2	5	31,830	8	7
Middlesex	103,800	16	2	80,226	18	—
London	56,449	14	1	39,067	—	2
Westminster	52,714	4	8	44,969	3	1
Monmouth	10,129	14	1	5,575	1	7
Norfolk	101,223	13	4	64,296	13	10
Northampton	49,928	15	10	35,232	15	8
Northumber.	21,785	13	3	14,698	12	—
Nottingham	21,461	4	8	11,833	1	11
Oxford	40,116	2	4	28,750	4	9
Rutland	3,750	9	9	2,664	6	6
Salop	36,116	5	6	22,316	10	1
Somerset	70,946	5	8	50,171	5	1
Southampton	68,822	17	8	48,928	8	2
Stafford	45,215	12	—	32,088	17	1

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Suffolk	22,518	1	9	56,804	—	9
Surrey	76,795	6	4	49,743	19	8
Sussex	79,424	4	11	51,734	8	7
Warwick	67,772	17	6	44,070	11	—
Westmoreland	5,942	7	9	2,834	8	—
Wilts	67,427	—	11	54,021	10	10
Worcester	38,307	16	—	26,755	—	0
York, E. Rid.	16,090	15	9	11,036	9	7
North do.	20,072	—	9	12,616	1	1
West do.	70,062	11	5	52,688	1	5

W A L E S.

Anglesey	1,218	—	11	169	1	9
Brecon	4,603	12	1	2,407	15	2
Cardigan	2,617	2	8	1,084	18	1
Carmarthen	6,777	14	10	2,948	4	1
Carnarvon	1,797	13	7	471	17	8
Denbigh	11,048	17	—	5,364	14	5
Flint	8,300	1	5	4,043	12	—
Glamorgan	10,351	9	8	5,300	19	11
Merioneth	2,176	13	11	1,046	16	5
Montgomery	9,887	11	1	5,508	15	7
Pembroke	5,779	3	7	3,049	8	3
Radnor	4,351	15	2	1,254	9	11

T O T A L.

England	2,215,774	2	5	1,496,329	6	5
Wales	69,129	16	9	33,650	13	10
Total	2,184,904	18	11	1,529,780	—	3

Total sum raised in England and Wales for the poor in 1784	—	—	—	2,185,189
Ditto, 1783	—	—	—	2,132,435
The medium sum, for the years 1783, 1784, and 1785, annually raised for the poor in England and Wales	—	—	—	2,004,238
From this sum, deduct the total of the nett expenses, in 1776 (as given above)	—	—	—	1,529,780
And the INCREASED EXPENCE of poor in 1785, (that is, in only nine years) will be found to be	—	—	—	474,458

SENTENCE passed by the Court of KING'S-BENCH, on Tuesday, June 26, (on the Prosecution of the Countess of STRATHMORE) against ANDREW ROBINSON BOWES, Esq. EDWARD LUCAS, MARK PREVOST, CHARLES CHAPMAN, WILLIAM PIGG, JOHN BICHLEY, HENRY BOURNE, and THOMAS BOWES.

MR. Justice Buller gave notice, that the Court were going to give judgment against the defendants.

He stated the nature of the offence, which was, that they had conspired falsely to imprison the Countess of Strathmore, for the purpose of preventing the Ecclesiastical Court from proceeding in a suit instituted by her Ladyship against Andrew Robinson Bowes. He then stated the evidence given upon the trial of the information, the charge to the Jury, and their verdict, which was *GUILTY*, against all the defendants.

His Lordship then entered into a comment upon that part of the evidence which affected Edward Lucas. This man, he observed, was a peace-officer, who had influenced himself into the good opinion of Lady Strathmore, under the pretence of protecting her, who received money from her hands for that purpose; but the probability was, he contrived the whole plot against her.

Mr. Erskine, who was Counsel for the defendants, requested the opinion of the Court on this point, whether the counsel for

for the Crown should read the affidavits they had to produce in aggravation of the offence, before the defendants' Counsel produced their affidavits in extenuation.

After a long contest, the Court ruled that the affidavits in extenuation should be first read.

Mr. Erskine then proceeded to argue and state facts in extenuation of judgment. He expatiated on the delicacy of his own situation. The Court, he knew, came with temper to pronounce sentence, and the defendants came to throw themselves on their mercy.

Had it been proper, he could have shewn upon trial, that Mr. Bowes did not intend the imprisonment of Lady Strathmore, but to remove her from a conspiracy entered into against the happiness of both: his motives were good, but the means he took were illegal.

He urged that the evidence of *conspiracy* against Bourne was slight and doubtful, for it did not appear that Mr. Bowes had communicated his intentions to him; not one overt-act had been proved against him, so that he could be only charged with a misprison. The most that could be inferred against him was, that he *abetted* Mr. Bowes; but where did he abet him? In the county of Durham, where he saw Lady S——— with her husband. He asked the Court, if abetting a fact in Middlesex by a person locally in Durham, rendered him liable for what was done in Middlesex? If that was the case, it would be an abolition of local judicature.

He then urged that Bourne was but a servant to Mr. Bowes, and thought the Court would not break into domestic confidence, except in cases that concerned the state; and for these reasons, he trusted, they would be mild in their sentence upon this man, whose family must have if he was confined.

Prevost, he observed, was in a similar situation with Bourne; but Mr. Bowes was in a situation peculiarly delicate.

In extenuation of his offence, he would produce affidavits of facts, which should never have come forward but for the necessity of the case. Mr. Bowes, in vindication of his honour, was forced to appeal to the tribunal of the public. He was obliged to shew his motives; he was obliged to shew, that his conduct, which had been construed into cruelty, was not against a modest woman. The power of a husband, he argued, was decided, when a wife brought shame or dishonour upon him, and he had a right to bring her back to that controul, which, in the first contract between husband and wife, the law gave him over her.

He then proceeded to state the substance of several affidavits, but the Court rejected them, on this ground, that "the conduct of Lady S———, in whatever light it might appear, could not mitigate the

offence of Mr. Bowes, in attempting to prevent the proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Court.

Many affidavits relative to the evidence produced on the trial were then read, and tended in general very strongly to corroborate the assertions made by the Counsel. They consisted chiefly of vindications on the part of Mr. Bowes;—of the innocence of the other defendants, as being totally unacquainted with his intentions;—assertions of the same on the part of the defendants themselves;—and accounts of the cheerful conduct of her Ladyship on her road to Streatham Castle. The affidavit of Mr. Bowes stated in strong terms the dangers to which the Countess was exposed in the hands of Mrs. Morgan, her Attorney Mr. Farrer, and the rest of that party; and concluded with expressing his hope, when his intentions were regarded, he might have cause to consider his sentence as a *virtual acquittal* by that Court. After this

Mr. Erskine said in favour of Peacock, that he bore a good character, and was not present when Lady S. was taken away.

Lucas produced an affidavit, stating, that Mr. Bowes had told him he had been robbed by Lady S. of jewels to the amount of 10,000*l.* and he arrested her to recover them.

Messrs. Chambre and Fielding followed Mr. Erskine, urging the points he had argued, and were answered by

Mr. Mingay and Mr. Law.—The former argued, that Lady S———'s character was neither in issue nor in evidence, and therefore should not have been brought forward; and as she had not been produced upon the trial against Mr. Bowes, it was mean and unmanly to attack her in this stage of the business. In respect to Bourne and Prevost, he argued that no servant was bound to injure a third person in the service of his master. If Mr. Bowes wanted to reclaim his wife, why not meet her in the Ecclesiastical Court? Why not prove in that Court, that he was not the adulterer and cruel husband he was charged to be? If the punishment was not severe in this case, there would be no security hereafter for women in whom husbands like Bowes might have an interest.—It was urged he had no interest in her death. It was his interest in her life that preserved it.—He did every thing to her except putting her to death.

Mr. Law urged, that as it appeared Lucas had suborned Cummins to make a false oath, for the purpose of taking Lady Strathmore's servants into custody, and had communicated with Bowes, the latter should suffer an infamous punishment; but the former being careless to inform, he hoped the Court would put him to the experience of corporal pain.

Mr. Justice Ashurst, who pronounced the judgment, supported the veracity of the jury as being right in law and fact; reproached the

the offence as the most atrocious in its species that had ever come before the Court; and after expatiating on the offences of the several defendants, pronounced the following sentences:—

That Mr. Bowes should pay a fine of 300*l.* to the King, be committed to the Marshal of the Court for three years, be bound to keep the peace for fourteen years, him*self* in a recognizance of 10,000*l.* and two sureties of 5000*l.* each, and remain in prison till he paid the fine.

That Lucas should pay a fine of 50*l.* to the King, and be committed to Newgate for three years, and till he paid the fine.

That Peacock should pay a fine of 50*l.* to

the King, and be committed for two years to the Marshal of the Court.

Mark Prevost.—To be confined for the term of one year in his Majesty's gaol of Newgate.

And Henry Bourne,—To pay a fine of 50*l.* and to be confined in the King's Bench prison for six months.

An application was made in behalf of Lucas, to whom, it was said, it may be dangerous to go to Newgate, as many persons who had been apprehended by him were now confined in that prison. The Judge desired that a memorial might be presented, which would be received for consideration.

ACCOUNT of the TRIAL of Dr. JOHN ELLIOT *, on MONDAY, JULY 16, 1787, at the OLD-BAILY, for wilfully and maliciously firing a Pistol, loaded with Powder and Ball, at Miss BOYDELL, Niece to Mr. Alderman BOYDELL, with an Intent to kill her.

MRS. Garrow, Counsel for the prosecution, stated the case to the Jury in an exceeding delicate yet forcible manner, in the course of which he made some severe remarks on the conduct of Mr. Justice Hyde, before whom the Doctor was first examined, for suffering the brace of loaded pistols found in the prisoner's pocket to be taken from his office, which would prevent to material a part of the evidence from being produced to the Court. After concluding an elegant harangue, the first witness called was

Mr. Nicol Bookseller in the Strand, who stated, that on the 9th of the present month, he was accompanying Miss Boydell from Pall-mall to Wimpole-street, about half past one o'clock; in passing along Princes-street, Leicester-square, the Lady at that time having hold of his left-arm, he was suddenly surprised with the report of a pistol or pistols;—that he felt the explosion operate forcibly on the side of his face. Immediately turning round, he observed the prisoner close to them, and said, "Are you the villain that fired?" Elliot replied it was him, at that time holding the pistols in his right-hand, and seeming much agitated. The prisoner was immediately seized. On searching him, another brace of pistols were found in his coat-pocket, tied firmly together, like those he had attempted to kill the Lady with, and loaded with ball up to the muzzle.—In his way to the Magistrates, he said he was happy he had sent her before him, and whilst in the office seemed to be perfectly satisfied with what he had done. On a person coming in, and saying she had seen the lady, who was much better than could be expected, he exclaimed, "What! is she not dead?" and clapped his hands together, with strong marks of disappointment, and burst forth in a torrent of abusive language against the Lady and Mr. Alderman Boydell.

James Butler, servant to Mr. Brand the surgeon, was passing along Princes-street, and

noticed the prisoner stepping very fast after Mr. Nicol and Miss Boydell. When he came quite close to them, he observed the flash of the pistol very near the Lady: he directly came up to them, the prisoner dropt the pistols, which the witness took up; both were empty, one pan down, the other half-cocked (the pistols were produced in Court). The prisoner said, he was ready to die, and wished some person would take the other pistols and blow his brains out; and added, that he had wrote several letters to the Alderman, that he intended to take away Miss Boydell's life, and expressed a desire in them that the Alderman would have him secured to prevent it; and said, he had purchased the pistols more than two months for that purpose. The prisoner did not attempt to escape after he had fired.

Thomas Griffith, a shoe-maker in Princes-street, corroborated the first two witnesses, and said the prisoner expressed much surprise that Mr. Boydell had not had him taken up to ease his mind, to prevent the mischief he had now accomplished, and that he purchased one pair of pistols to shoot Miss Boydell, and the other to make away with himself afterwards.—He said he had had the pistols a month or two in his possession for these purposes, but was then so confused, that he could not ascertain exactly the length of time.

Mr. Nicol was again called, and stated, that from the discharge, Miss Boydell's gown had received a large black mark, and that her stays, which were stiffened with whalebone, were indented in two places.

Thomas Askwell, a surgeon, examined the personal injury the Lady had sustained.—She appeared much bruised just below the right shoulder-bone, and had received two contusions, which after some time swelled and turned black.

Miss Boydell's maid produced the Lady's dress, which she wore at the time of the attempt on her life. Her white muslin cloak

211d

* For Memoirs of whom see this Magazine for July 1782.

and handkerchief were considerably burnt, and a large black mark on the back of the gown, apparently caused by gunpowder.

Mr. Newson, an apothecary, stated, that Miss Boydell, from the effects of the attempt, could not with safety to her health attend.

John Willbridge, gardener to Miss Boydell's brother, said, that he knew the prisoner well—that he had lodged and boarded in his house at Westham, by the name of Cordem, for the space of six months.—He did not think there was the least intimacy between the prisoner, who he now understood had another name, and the Boydell family. Here the evidence for the prosecution closed.

Mr. Silvester, the Doctor's counsel, through the whole trial endeavoured to impress the Court and jury with the idea that the prisoner was insane: to establish which, he called Dr. Simmons, Physician to St. Luke's Hospital, who said, he had known him more than ten years, and that during at least the two last years of that period he had considered him as insane. He had been led to this opinion by the changes he had observed in the disposition and manner of the prisoner, who from being one of the mildest and most inoffensive men he had ever known, had become extremely irritable and passionate. Dr. Simmons mentioned also a letter he had received from the prisoner in the month of January last, on the light of the celestial bodies, and which contained a passage that had tended still further to confirm him in the ideas he had formed to himself of the deranged state of the unhappy man's intellects. This letter was intended by the author for the Royal Society, but Dr. Simmons had suppressed it, as containing arguments too visionary and inconsistent to be presented to that respectable body. The whole of the letter was not read, but from the passage in question, and which Dr. Simmons pointed out to the Court, it appeared that the author supposed the sun's light to proceed not from fire, but from a dense and universal aurora, "*which may afford ample light to the inhabitants of the surface beneath, and yet be at such a distance aloft as not to annoy them.*" No objection, says he, *arise to great luminaries being inhabited. Vegetation may obtain there as well as with us. There may be water and dry land; hills and dales; rain and fair weather; and as the light, so the season must be eternal; consequently it may easily be conceived to be the most blissful habitation of the whole system.*" To this passage the Recorder objected, that it an extravagant hypothesis were to be adduced as a proof of insanity, the same proof might be held good with respect to M. de Buffon and Dr. Burnet; and he desired Dr. Simmons to tell the Court what he thought of the theories of these philosophers; but the Doctor begged to be excused from laying any thing on those subjects, adding,

that he had formed his opinion of Dr. Elliot's insanity not merely from this letter, but from a great variety of circumstances which he had observed in his conversation and conduct for two or three years, and which had convinced him that the unfortunate man had for a considerable time past laboured under a deranged state of mind.

Mr. O'Donnell, apothecary in Carnaby-street, and who succeeded Dr. Elliot in his business, was the next witness called. He said he had known him about two years and a half, and that during the whole of that time he had considered him as insane. That he was violent and passionate in the extreme without reason; oftentimes in high and extravagant spirits, and at others, desponding and melancholy. Mr. O'Donnell said, he had often mentioned his opinion of him to different friends, and had told them he was fearful that Dr. Elliot must one day or other be confined.

Mr. and Mrs. Rutledge, with whom the Doctor had lodged for about a year past, in a court in Watling-street, both agreed that they had always thought him out of his senses.

Mrs. Vaughan, of Princes Street, Soho, at whose door the pistol had been fired, appeared to prove that no bullets had been found, and that she did not believe the pistol contained any. Here the evidence closed.

About nine o'clock the Recorder proceeded to sum up the evidence, and pointed out to the jury the law which related to the subject before them; which to make a capital offence, it was necessary that proof should be adduced, that the pistols or fire-arms were loaded with ball.—One of the jury interrupted him, by saying, he did not think in this case they were.—The Recorder replied, if they were all of that opinion, it would be needless for him to proceed any further.—The jury then consulted together, and in a few minutes returned a verdict, *guilty of firing the pistol, not loaded with ball.*

The Court informed them they must find him guilty according to the Act of Parliament, or fully acquit him.—The jury immediately acquitted him. Several persons in the Court began to clap their hands. With some difficulty (the Court being crowded) silence was obtained, when the Recorder said there was but small cause for exultation, for the unhappy prisoner was doubtless extremely guilty; and although acquitted by the jury on this indictment, he would certainly detain him for the assault.

He was accordingly taken back to Newgate, where he perished in refusing food, and died there, July 22, 1787. The Coroner's Inquest, which afterwards sat on the body, brought in their verdict, *as if by the visitation of God.*

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

MAY 31.

THE favorite oratorio of the Messiah was performed at Westminster-Abbey.

This day, at one o'clock, the celebrated Lunardi repeated an experiment he has often made on the Thames, to ascertain the merits of a machine to save persons from drowning. The machine is in the form of a canoe, but very small, and is fastened round the trunk of the body by the most easy and expeditious contrivance. It is formed to carry a little provision, or to serve as a trunk for clothes, when not used in difficulties.

Lunardi, accoutred with this machine, and covered with oil-skin for decorum, plunged into the Thames at Battersea bridge, from whence he was followed among crowds of curious spectators, to Fulham bridge, which was crowded. He landed at Chiswick.

The superiority of the machine to the cork jacket seems to us to arise principally from its convex bottom, by means of which the person relying on it, is always preserved with his head upwards. In the use of the jacket, if by accident or violence the head is turned downward, the jacket ensures destruction.

June 2. This day being Montem at the college at Eton, their Majesties, the Princess Royal, and several of the Royal Family, with a numerous concourse of nobility and gentry, went with the procession of the scholars from the college to Salt-hill, where their Majesties made very handsome presents to the Salt-Bearers. The whole collection amounted to upwards of 600*l.* and was for the emolument of Mr. Ellison, as Captain.

The King issued a proclamation for the encouragement of piety and virtue, and for the preventing and punishing of vice, profaneness and immorality.

Sandilands, the famous Peckham gardener, has been apprehended at the Duke of Buccleugh's seat, at Dalkeith, seven miles from Edinburgh.

The remains of the largest person ever known in the kingdom of Ireland, at least since the days of Phil. Macoul, the famous Irish giant, were lately interred in the church-yard of Roseneallis in the Queen's county. The coffin, with its contents, weighed forty-six stone, which wants but six stone of six hundred. It was borne on a very long bier by 30 strong men, who were relieved at intervals. The name of this extraordinary person is said to have been Roger Byrne, who lived at or near Borros, in Ossington, and is reported to have died of no other

disease but a suffocation, occasioned by an extremity of fat, that stopped the play of the lungs, and put a period to his life, in the 57th year of his age. He was seven stone heavier than the noted Bright of Malden, who weighed 38 stone nine pounds, and whose waistcoat inclosed seven large men.

The third performance at Westminster-Abbey was this day—a miscellaneous concert.

As far as a *single circumstance* could add momentum to the mind under such a religious impression, it was that of Lord North being led out by his eldest daughter. His Lordship seemed greatly emaciated, and from the large green bandage before his eyes, we fear his sight is totally lost. He was preceded by Lady North, which at once presented a mingled view of domestic affection, and the instability of human greatness.

The following scale of the average duration of animal life is collected from Linnæus, Buffon, and other celebrated writers on Natural History.

	years		years
A hare will live	10	A horse from 20 to 30	
A cat	10	Swine	25
A goat	8	A peacock	25
A afs	30	A pigeon	8
A sheep	10	A turtle dove	25
A ram	15	A partridge	25
A dog, from 14 to 20		A raven	100
A bull	15	An eagle	100
An ox (a curious fact), 20			

Of the goose, the following may be depended upon as a fact:—There is a family now living in Fife, who are able to ascertain that a goose had been kept in the family 70 years—they know it must be still older, but they fix this particular period, as being able to prove it incontestibly.

3. The mail-coach for Dover, by encountering another coach in the night, through the carelessness or precipitancy of the driver, was overset about five miles beyond Dartford, by which unfortunate accident Sir George Mannoek, Bart. of Gerard Bromley, who was passenger, had his neck dislocated, and was otherwise so much bruised, that he died next day.

The following truth should be set down, be it to whose honour it may. Before Mr. Pitt came into office, the bill for Stationary wares to the House of Commons was *four thousand pounds* annually. The bill is now *seven hundred*!—The charge on the same account to the Treasury, was *five thousand pounds*—it is now *twelve hundred*!—This is a *small* difference; but it is the difference between

betwixt the former Ministers and the present.

4. Lord George Gordon appeared at Guildhall, London, in the Court of King's Bench, and applied to Mr. Justice Buller, stating, That as the charges brought against him were very voluminous, and as both causes were appointed to be tried on Wednesday next, it would be very difficult and embarrassing for him to answer both on the same day: that the first having occupied his attention for several months, he was prepared to meet it, but that was not his case as to the second; he hoped therefore, that he should have the indulgence of the Court, in appointing it for another day. The Judge refused to make any alteration in the arrangement of causes. Lord George then mentioned some literal errors in the record of the first: the Judge observed, that if they were material, it could be proper only at the time of trial to discuss them; Lord George Gordon then withdrew, but in about twenty minutes returned, and claimed the attention of the Judge a second time; he complained of the conduct of those who are concerned in the prosecution, alledging that they were well aware of his being less able, at present, to defend the second than the first; they had therefore inverted the order of setting them down, by which the first was now made last. The Judge observed, that the setting down of causes is entirely dependant on the will and choice of the Attorney or Solicitor concerned for the prosecution; that consequently no alteration could take place: Lord George Gordon then applied to the Counsel for the prosecution, and with some warmth remonstrated on the impropriety, which, he said, was visible in the conduct of some persons on the part of the prosecution; but he was interrupted by the Judge, who saying that no further altercation should be heard, he thereon withdrew.

5. The oratorio of the Messiah was performed a second time, at Westminster-Abbey, by desire, being the fourth day's meeting of this astonishing band of 300 performers.

An Account of the Receipts and Disbursements of the Musical Performances in Westminster-Abbey, 1787

Receipts by sale of 2811 tickets, at one guinea each	10301	11	0
His Majesty's gracious donation	420	0	0
Taken at the rehearsals	2745	16	0
By sale of books	293	6	0
	13742	13	0
By saving in three years from money kept in hand for contingent expences.	300	0	0

£. 14042 13 0

DISBURSEMENTS.

To the band	4141	17	6
To Mr. Wyatt, for scaffolding, &c.	939	17	6
To printing bills, &c.	244	3	6
To bill stickers	44	8	0
To advertising in morning and evening papers	300	17	6
To advertising rehearsals in town and country papers, and printing books for rehearsals and performances.	299	17	6
To advertising performances in the Courier de L'Europe, and country papers.	89	12	6
To engraving and printing tickets	62	12	6
To the use of the organ	115	0	0
To Mr. Ashley, for providing 1500 music books, and other incidental expences	161	7	8
To music, posters, bills, and for the use of the room in Tottenham-street, for private rehearsals	127	3	0
To the office at the St. Alban's Tavern, clerks, attendance, and other expences during the sale of tickets	123	13	6
To the High Constable of Westminster, and assistants, constables from Bow-street, and door-keepers	203	3	0
Sundry small bills	62	14	0
Gratifications	163	0	0
To the Royal Society of Musicians	3900	0	0
To St. George's Hospital	1400	0	0
To the Westminster Infirmary	1400	0	0
To loss by light gold	19	11	3
Balance in the Treasurer's hands to answer contingencies	243	17	0

£. 14042 13 0

By order of the Directors,

JOHN ASHLEY,
WILLIAM JONES.

6. The Prince of Wales's physicians delivered a declaration in writing, for the perusal of the Prince's friends, which stated, "That his Highness had had a good night, and was much better in the morning, than he had been for some time." Two days afterwards, he was pronounced out of danger, and the following day took an airing in his carriage.

The following inscription, engraved on a copper-plate, inclosed in a leaden case, is deposited under the first stone of Salford gaol.

On the 22d of MAY,

MDCCLXXXVII,

And in the 27th Year of the Reign of
GEORGE III.

King of Great-Britain, France, and Ireland,

T H I S

GAOL AND PENITENTIARY-HOUSE,
(At the Expence of the Hundred of Salford
in the County Palatine of Lancaster)

Was begun to be Erected; and the first
Stone laid by

THOMAS BUTTERWORTH BAILEY :

And that there may remain to Posterity

A M O N U M E N T

Of the Affection and Gratitude of this Country,

To the most excellent Person,

Who hath so fully proved the Wisdom and
Humanity

Of separate and solitary Confinement of Of-
fenders,

This Prison is inscribed with the Name of

J O H N H O W A R D.

The Jenny, Martin, is arrived in the Clyde from Charlestown, South-Carolina, by which we have an Act of the Legislature of that province enacting, that all debts due by bonds, bills, &c. shall be paid by *installments in four years*, the first payment to commence in March 1788, the second in March 1789, the third in March 1790, and the fourth in March 1791, and are not recoverable in any other way; so that the creditors are thus most unjustly kept out of their money, and all trade and credit is at an end.

Was determined by the Lord Chancellor, at Lincoln's Inn Hall, a question between the Six Clerks and the Clerks in Court, concerning the payment of fees by the latter. It has long been a custom for the Clerks in Court not to pay up the fees to their respective Six Clerks till they themselves received them from their clients. The Six Clerks having demanded to receive the fees immediately, the dispute was first referred to the Master of the Rolls, who decided in their favour; and his decision is now confirmed by the Lord Chancellor.

7. A cause was heard in the Court of King's Bench, Guildhall, in which Monf. Des Enfans, a collector of pictures, was plaintiff, and Monf. Vandergucht, defendant. The contest was respecting a picture which the latter had sold to the former for 600*l*. as the genuine production of *Poussin*. Some doubts, however, arising, whether this was really from the pencil of that master, Monf. Des Enfans brought the present action for the amount of the price which he had given. After a long hearing, in the course of which Mr. Gainsborough, Mr. West, Mr. Copley, and upwards of twenty other artists connoisseurs were examined, a verdict was given for the plaintiff.—The opinions, however, were so various and contradictory, that *bonny* Jack Lee could not but exclaim with *Steyne*, "of all the cants that are canted in this canting

world, there is none so tormenting as the cant of criticism."—A French gentleman, who was examined on the part of the plaintiff, excited some laughter, by declaring it as his opinion, that the *Virgin* was injured, as she was now much *bigger* than when he had seen her in France.

8. A fire broke out at the shop of Mr. Prentice, cabinet-maker, in Wild-court, Lincoln's-Inn-fields, which communicating to the shop of Mr. Pafs, army-taylor, and from thence to Mr. Jarvis's printing-office in the same place, all those extensive buildings, with the warehouses of Mess. Doddsley, Longman, &c. in which were deposited an immense quantity of books, were entirely consumed.

9. The elegant villa of Claremont, once the property of Lord Clive, was sold by auction, on Saturday last, for 18,900 guineas.

10. About three in the morning a duel was fought between the Chevalier La Bd. an officer in the French service, and Capt. S. of the 11th regiment of foot. The ground measured was five paces, and the first shot that was fired by Mr. S. took place on the Chevalier's breast, but was fortunately prevented from penetrating by the intervention of his coat button; on which he fired his pistol in the air: the seconds interposed, and the combatants parted friends.—The expression for which Capt. S. called on the Chevalier was to this effect, That the English army had more *plisgm* than *spirit*.

14. Andrew Robinson Bowes, Esq. and his adherents were to have been brought up to the Court of King's Bench to receive judgment; but none of the parties appearing excepting Henry Bourne, Mr. Bowes's steward, judgment was postponed, and *capias* ordered to be immediately issued against the rest. The prosecution against Mr. Thomas Bowes the Attorney, we hear, is dropt; and Henry Bourne (as has also since him Lucas the constable) was ordered into custody till the other parties can be found.

The same day Lord George Gordon was also to have received judgment in the Court of King's Bench in consequence of his late conviction upon information filed against him by his Majesty's Attorney-General; but not appearing, a *capias* was ordered to be immediately issued to take up his Lordship. Mr. Wilkins, the printer of the libel, was ordered into custody, and judgment postponed against him.

16. Andrew Robinson Stoney Bowes, Esq. and Peacock, appeared in the Court of King's Bench to receive judgment. Several affidavits in aggravation having been read, time was given Mr. Bowes to answer them, and he

and Peacock were ordered into the custody of the Marshal of the Court.

The humane and philanthropic Mr. Howard is now in Dublin, examining the different prisons.

Mr. Howard having refused, with that disinterestedness which marks his character, to have a monument raised for him, the subscribers for that purpose at Glasgow have ordered the money to be applied towards building the infirmary in that city.

13. The United States of America have in Congress assembled passed a resolution, recommending it to the different States to repeal all their laws, now in force, which are inconsistent with the Treaty of Peace between the United States of America and the King of Great-Britain.

At Boston, in America, to add to other troubles, from which they have hardly emerged, they have had a fire, in which upwards of 200 houses were consumed, and many people lost their all.

The exact state of the Royal Navy, as it stood on the Admiralty books on the 4th inst. is 140 ships of the line, 18 of 50 guns, 139 frigates, and 123 sloops; besides which there are now building 16 ships of the line, 1 of fifty guns, and 4 frigates.

Orders have been issued by Government for the immediate equipment of a small squadron of observation, consisting of the *Ganges* and *Edgar* of 74 guns each, *Ardent* of 64, together with three others of 64 guns each, and several frigates; Commodore Leveson Bower, who is appointed to the command, has orders to proceed to sea the moment the ships are ready. The destination of this fleet is not positively known.

A very capital ship is under repair at the King's yard at Deptford, for the intended voyage to the Society Islands for the purpose of transporting the bread-fruit-trees to the West-Indies. A large space is prepared between the docks to receive the trees with their native soil. A room is also to be fitted up for an astronomer, who will go out under the patronage of his Majesty, to make observations on the Comet that is expected to appear in the year 1788.

By a letter from Whitehaven we are informed, that the weather, during the fore part of the last week, was the most severe of any ever known at this season, in the memory of the oldest person living. On Thursday morning, there was a considerable fall of snow in many parts of that country. Skiddow, and the neighbouring mountains, remained clad with it the greatest part of the day, and exhibited an appearance perhaps never seen at the same time with the verdure which filled the adjoining vales.

Accounts from Paris bring intelligence, that on the 5th inst. between the hours of

ten in the morning and two in the afternoon, the Countess of La Motte escaped from her place of confinement, as the gaolers and filters of Salpêtrière report; but it is more probable that this prisoner was sent for, to be conducted to a more decent place, in order to realize the demands of a number of people of rank, who solicited a change of dwelling for this unfortunate female.

16. Arrived at Portsmouth, from Gibraltar, Sir George Augustus Elliot. On his coming on shore he was saluted with the guns of the several batteries, and honoured with every testimony of public gratitude.

19. At a Court of Aldermen held at Guildhall, Lord Sydney's letter to the Lord-Mayor, concerning the Proclamations issued by his Majesty, directing the strict execution of the laws which have been made, and are still in force, against the profanation of the Lord's-day, drunkenness, swearing, and cursing, and other disorderly practices, was read, and the Court came to the following resolutions:—
“That his Majesty's Proclamation be printed, and stuck up in the most conspicuous parts of the city, under the direction of the Marshals—That the Court will use their utmost endeavours to enforce the same, and a committee of Aldermen was appointed to consider what further steps can be taken thereon, and for protecting the lives and properties of his Majesty's subjects.”

The Court granted a pension of 100*l.* for the support of the widow of the late Sir Bernard Turner.

The Magistrates acting in and for the county of Middlesex, have also taken his Majesty's Proclamation into their serious consideration; and as the opening of houses for public entertainments not duly licensed is among the disorderly practices adverted to by his Majesty, they declared their determination to discountenance all places of that description; and, conceiving that *Mr. Palmer's Royalty-Theatre* falls within the number of unlicensed play-houses, (no number of magistrates having authority to license a theatre for plays) they determined to oppose the performance of stage-plays therein, as a nuisance peculiarly mischievous in that part of the metropolis.

20. A General Court of Proprietors was held at the India-House in Leadenhall street, for the purpose of declaring a stock-dividend, from Christmas 1786, to Midsummer 1787, which on motion was agreed to; the dividend to be at the rate of 8*l.* per cent. per annum.

22. Alice Lawrence was examined at the Guildhall, for selling near the Stock-Exchange a counterfeit Gazette—extraordinary, purporting as if published by authority, dated St. James's, and setting forth that a body of French troops, consisting of 20,000 infantry and

12,000 cavalry, with field-pieces, under the command of Count de Vaux, were on their march for Holland; but upon inquiry it was found to be a mere fabrication to have an effect on the funds, which effect was completely answered, as stocks immediately fell one per cent. and but for the discovery would probably have continued rapidly to fall.

A fire broke out in the house of Mr. Whealey, paper-stainer, in Aldersgate-street. Mrs. Whealey perished in the flames. Her maid-servant was in bed with her, and upon finding the house on fire, endeavoured to awake her, but was unable: She then got out of the window of the second floor, and suspended herself by her hands, till they were scorched, and she then fell into the street.— She is in St. Bartholomew's hospital, and there is but little hopes of her recovery. A youth, apprentice to Mr. Whealey, by falling from the garret-window, was so bruised, that he died the next morning. A child about three years old is missing. Mr. Whealey is upon a journey. Three small houses behind Mr. Whealey's, and an adjoining one in front, were consumed.

23. The Princesses Royal, Augusta, and Mary, are all ill of the measles, but not dangerously.

25. Sunday being Midsummer-day, a Common-hall was held this day at Guildhall, for the election of Sheriffs and other officers for the year ensuing, when William Farrington, Esq. citizen and cordwainer, and James Fenn, Esq. citizen and skinner, were elected sheriffs.

27. Being the last day of the term, Mr. Attorney-General prayed that judgment might be passed upon Wilkins the printer, who had been convicted of printing the Newgate Libel, written by Lord George Gordon. Mr. Justice Ashurst sentenced him to two years imprisonment in Newgate. Lord George Gordon to avoid his sentence has absconded.

Mr. Lunardi made another experiment of his new invention for preserving persons from drowning. He launched himself in it at Westminster-bridge, and passed down the river, through Black-friars, and also London-bridge, at nearly the time of low-water.

28. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales went, in his usual state, from Carlton-house, and was present, for the first time since his late severe illness, at the Levee at St. James's.

The golden bow and arrow are now the reigning ornament of the ladies in all polite circles; whether they are meant as emblems of those presented by *Penelope*, that the suitors might try their strength, or are only intended to signify that love is in their bosoms,—they best can answer.

30. One of the messengers who arrived on Friday at the Secretary of State's office from Holland, brings an account that Lord George Gordon landed there on Thursday se'night

while he was at the water-side. His Lordship has been since ordered by the Burgomasters of Amsterdam to quit the country directly, and he accordingly returned again to England on or about the 24th of July.

An *arret* has been published by his Most Christian Majesty, in pursuance of the late Treaty of Navigation and Commerce between Great-Britain and France, which declares, "All the ports, countries, dominions, towns, places, and rivers, of his said Most Christian Majesty in Europe," to be henceforth open to the subjects of his Britannic Majesty, resident in Great-Britain and Ireland, conformably to the 5th article of the late Treaty.

By the mail from France, advices are received of a hurricane at the Mauritius, which has been more destructive in its consequences than any which has happened for many years past. Property belonging to the subjects of France was insured in London, on the ships lost, to the amount of 250,000*l.* which will be a very heavy loss to the underwriters at Lloyd's Coffee-house.

The present Greenland season has proved the most disastrous one the adventurers in that fishery have experienced for many years. By accounts already received it appears, that fourteen ships have perished in the ice; and there is too much reason to fear that more have been lost, of which no information has yet been obtained.

An official letter has lately been stuck up in the Royal-Exchange Coffee-house in Dublin, informing the merchants of that city that the goods of Ireland will be admitted into Portugal on the same footing as those of Great-Britain, on the additional duties on wines, cork, lemons and oranges of the growth of Portugal, being taken off.

A few days ago came on in the Ecclesiastical Court, before the Bishop of London, a cause, wherein a Miss Hale, who had about fifteen years ago applied to the Commons, and got a licence for marriage to a Mr. Cook, making an affidavit that she was of age, and at the same time she was a minor; the court made an order, that the marriage was illegal, and declared that Mr. Cook was a bachelor, and Miss Hale a spinster.

The case of the King against Thompson, which was decided last week in the Court of King's Bench, is of much importance to farmers, and gentlemen resident in the country. The defendant was prosecuted on the game act. It was urged in his defence, that the affidavit merely stated, "That he kept a gun in his possession for the purpose of killing game," without mentioning particulars, or specifying what kind of game was meant. Justice Grose, at first, doubted whether this loose and general charge should be admitted; but after a consultation with the other Judges, and a reference to the several precedents, the affidavit was held to be sufficient.

The

The following humorous circumstance may be depended upon as a fact.—A waterman, whose name is Holmes, and who has acquired some property, to shew his disgust against our rulers, and the accumulation of taxes, has hit upon a singular expedient. He has disposed of a small freehold which he possessed in the vicinity of the Thames, and purchased a west-country barge, in which, with his wife and a large family of children, he resides in the most comfortable manner. He thus prides himself on eluding all the taxes, and changes his situation as the weather, or other circumstances, makes this or that situation more agreeable.—He at present is moored off York-buildings, where the neatness of his floating habitation, the respectable appearance of his wife and children, and the facetious character of the man himself, attract no small number of curious visitors.

There is at present living in Charles street, Westminster, a young man, about seventeen years of age, who was born without either legs or arms; and, what is very extraordinary, he is esteemed, by professors of the greatest ability, to be a perfect adept in the art of miniature painting, several of his productions being sold at a high price. His want of those external essentials is accounted for by the following remarkable circumstance:—About seven or eight months previous to this young man's birth, his mother being confined to her bed with sickness, was alarmed by the intelligence of her child, about three years old, being drowned in a pond near the house in which she at that time resided, and getting hastily out of bed, the unhappy woman plunged into the water, dragging up to her knees and elbows in search of the infant, who by this time was discovered to be safe and well, having only frayed a little from home. The consequence of the mother's sudden fright was, that the offspring of her subsequent travail experienced a deprivation of his limbs.

JULY 2. A very shocking accident happened to a number of passengers going from Bangor to Beaumaris; thirty-two persons had embarked, from the above place, in an open boat, which foundered within a little way of the latter place, when twenty-six were unfortunately drowned.

The journeymen carpenters and joiners in and about the metropolis, to the number of 4000, left their different jobs. They demanded 11. 1s. for six days, or 11. 4s. 6d. for seven days, that is from 5 to 7.

3. On the 1st of May his Royal Highness Prince William Henry made his public landing at Grenada, under a discharge of the artillery in the fort, and was received upon the wharf by his Honour the President, the Members of the Council and Assembly (who

had been called together on purpose by Proclamation), and the principal gentlemen of the Island. From thence he was conducted through a street lined by the 45th regiment, under the command of Major Daly, to the place appointed for his reception; where he received the joint address of both branches of the Legislature. His Royal Highness afterwards proceeded to the Council Chamber, and partook of an elegant entertainment. In the evening the inhabitants of every rank testified the sensation they felt by illuminations, bonfires, and other demonstrations of joy.

6. The following thirteen prisoners were executed on the scaffold opposite the debtors door, Newgate; William Wilson, James Thompson, alias Robinson, alias Robertson, James Brown, Benjamin Gregson, John Deary, Samuel Toome, William Ellicott, Christopher Cousins, Daniel Brown, James Thomas, John Lawson, and James Cunningham.

The Directors of the East-India Company have lately made an alteration in the uniforms of the commanders and officers of their ships, which will entirely prevent them from being mistaken for those of his Majesty's naval officers:

A commander's dress suit is to be—blue coat, without lapells—with a light gold embroidery—crimson waistcoat, and blue breeches—yellow buttons, with the company's crest, engraved. Undress—blue coat—without lapells or embroidery—crimson waistcoat—blue breeches, and yellow buttons, with crest.

The officers are to wear blue coats, without lapells—crimson waistcoats—blue breeches, and yellow buttons.

7. A gentleman, led by curiosity, has made, with success, the following discoveries in tanning:—

He tanned goat-skins and calf-skins for book-binding, and bailes, in the warm ooze wherein artichokes were boiled, as effectually as if tanned with white galls, or the bark of the willow.

The shoe leaf, boiled to a decoction in water, wherein barley was steeped for mashing, he found equally successful in penetrating skins with the vegetable matter necessary to render them serviceable.

And in the experiment he made on the root of the flax, or yellow Iris, he found it answer all the purposes of the best white gall, which is far superior in strength and beauty of effect to the best of all the barks.

Some of these skins are stained red, yellow and blue, and they answered nearly as well as the Morocco, and little inferior to the Lebanon leather.

13. This afternoon, about a quarter before six, Mr. Bacon, clerk in the Salt office, was struck dead by a flash of lightning, at his house very near the Palace, Lambeth. It seems, at the beginning of the storm he was drinking tea with his wife; the back windows of the one pair of stairs to the fourth having been open all day, he went up for the purpose of shutting them; and in the action of lifting up his right arm, received the stroke, which tore his coat eight inches in length and four in breadth; from whence it entered his right side nearly opposite his heart, went through his body, and out at the left hip, and down his left leg to his buckle (which melted), and tore the upper leather of his shoe from the sole. His dog being at that foot, was also struck dead; after which, the lightning penetrated the waincoat and floor of the one pair of stairs, and made its way into the front parlour north, where it tore the waincoat in a singular manner, and went off with an explosion louder than any piece of ordnance.

Mr. Bacon is said to have owed his death to a gun being laid across the window, placed there to prevent thieves from breaking into the house, which on this occasion operated as a conductor for the lightning; for at the instant that he was shutting the window he received the electrical fire from the barrel of the gun, which he accidentally touched, and was immediately struck dead. The violence of the stroke was such that it tore out his intestines, and made his body a most shocking spectacle.

Mr. Bowes's second indictment against the Countess of Strathmore, for perjury, came on to be tried at Guildhall, London, before a special jury, by appointment of the Court; when no person appearing in support of the prosecution, her Ladyship was acquitted.

17. Mr. Bannister, sen. of the Royalty Theatre, Welchlose-square, was apprehended by some of Justice Staples's runners, in consequence of an information exhibited against him as a rogue, vagabond, frowler, and sturdy beggar; and for having acted and sung in various illegal entertainments exhibited at the said Theatre. Bail to the amount of 10,000l. was offered, but the Justice refused to accept of it, unless Mr. Bannister would engage never to appear again on that stage; this Mr. Bannister refused to comply with, and he was accordingly committed to prison. In a very short time afterwards, three Justices of the same district accepted of his bail, and Mr. Bannister was liberated in time to appear in the entertainments of that evening.

19. The Stock Exchange has not exhibited for these many years, such a scene as took

place there this day, on the settling of accounts: there were no less than *twenty-nine lame Ducks* waddled out of the Alley! Their deficiencies amount to *two hundred and fifty thousand pounds*.

This morning, about one o'clock, as Dr. Smith, of Bridge-street, Black-friars, was returning from Leicester-fields, through Hemming's-row, in a hackney-coach, he was attacked by two footpads, who opened both doors of the coach, and presenting each a pistol at the Doctor, with oaths and imprecations demanded his money. The Doctor took four guineas out of his pocket, and asked them to which he should give the money? Upon which they both demanded it. The Doctor then seized the pistol of one of them, and jumping out of the coach, knocked him down. The other coming to the assistance of his companion, was also knocked down by the Doctor, who immediately alarmed the watch, when they were pursued, and one of them (after snapping his pistol at the watchman) was taken, and secured in St. Martin's Watch-house.

21. This morning about half past two o'clock a fire broke out at Mr. Worboys', jeweller, near Bride-lane, Fleet-street, which consumed the same, and greatly damaged the houses of Messrs. Kempson, linen-draper, and Mr. Sangster, stickmaker, adjoining to it. Mr. Worboys perished in the flame, but a boy, who was the only person with him in the house, fortunately escaped.

On the Monday following Mr. Worboys' body was found, very much mangled.

Copy of Lord Sydney's circular Letter to the several High Sheriffs of England, inclosing his Majesty's Proclamation for the suppression of Vice and Immorality.

"Sir, Whitehall, June 23.

"In consequence of the depredations which have been committed in every part of the kingdom, and which have of late been carried to such an extent, as to be even a disgrace to a civilized nation, his Majesty has thought it expedient again to issue his royal proclamation, directing the strict execution of the laws which have been made, and are still in force, against the profanation of the Lord's Day, drunkenness, swearing and cursing, and other disorderly practices.

"I transmit you herewith six copies of the said proclamation; and I am commanded to signify to you his Majesty's pleasure, that you do take the most early opportunity of convening the Magistrates within your county, and enjoining them, in the strongest terms, to pursue the most effectual methods for putting the laws into execution, and for encouraging all officers and persons to exert their utmost diligence in their several stations, for

for the prevention of such dangerous offences.

"The inattention which seems of late to have been shewn in the granting licences to public houses, and other houses, and other places of entertainment, without paying the least regard to their situation, or even the characters of the persons who undertake their management, is, amongst others, a matter which requires an immediate consideration, not only for remedying the evil upon future occasions, but for diminishing the number of those public-houses which do not evidently

appear to be calculated for public utility and convenience.

"I am persuaded that I need not call upon you for your active assistance in the pursuit of measures so evidently calculated for the public good, as you must be convinced that the exertions of all persons in authority are now become absolutely and indispensably necessary, even for the preservation of the lives and properties of his Majesty's subjects.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,
SYDNEY."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Petersburgh, May 8.

THE Empress is at present engaged in a project of a very mighty and grand nature. It is to form three great canals. The first is designed to unite the Caspian and White Seas together, by means of a junction of the south and north rivers called Kilmza. The second canal is to unite the Baltic and Caspian Seas together, by means of the rivers Wyrega and Hofcha, which communicate with the lake of Onega and the White Lake. The third object is to unite the Baltic and Black Seas together, by a double canal, in White Russia, which will open a communication between Cherson, Petersburgh and Riga. This double canal, if executed, will make one of the most useful and memorable enterprises in the reign of the Empress.

Letters from Brussels, dated June the 6th, mention, that the Province of Brabant and the whole Austrian Flanders were in the greatest fermentation and uproar, by reason of the delays of the Emperor's categorical answer, on their representations of refusing his new laws and edicts. The States had ordered that all the troops quartered in that Province were neither to leave or change their garrisons without their particular orders and consent, and prohibited the inhabitants, upon penalty of death, from providing them with any provisions or ammunition. They had also settled their own Commissioners to provide them with the necessaries of life and their pay. They prepared themselves to stand on the defensive (if his Majesty did not accept their propositions), and had already provisions and ammunition for 20,000 men ready in that town. A subscription of 2000 volunteers of their own townsmen and youth, and an army of 40,000, men are nearly ready to assemble. They had also arrested the chest of religion, of all ecclesiastical incomes provided from the suppression, and

all the Emperor's public revenues and taxes. How these bold steps will end will be soon decided, the people in general being prepared rather to die, than submit to slavery. What most provoked them is not only the reformation in Church and State, but the new and enormous tax of 40 per cent. upon all property and industry. In short, they refuse to obey any of his edicts, or suffer any reformation in their laws, &c.

Brussels, June 26. Their Royal Highnesses received early this morning a messenger from Vienna, with the ratification of the Count Kannitz, first Minister of the foreign department, signed in the name of the Emperor, of all that was agreed and signed between our States and Governors the 30th of May last. A few minutes after his arrival their Royal Highnesses came into the Balcony of their Palace, and waved their handkerchiefs to demonstrate their joy to the people, and to announce to them this good news, which was answered with loud applauses. This sudden change may perhaps make this country one of the most flourishing in Europe for the future.

The States of Holland have issued a declaration, dated the 3d of July, whereby they pledge themselves to guard and maintain, for ever, the wives, children, and heirs, of all Burgeesses who may be killed or wounded in defence of that province.

They have likewise issued orders, that no persons whatever shall sing songs in their streets, or do any act naming the House of Orange, on pain of being severely punished.

Authentic Account of the Capture of the Princess of ORANGE.

The Secret Commissaries of the States of Holland, who reside at Woerden* were informed about one o'clock on the 28th of June, that a number of hussars had been privately placed as relays on the road to Gouda,

* Woerden is a fortified town on the boundary that divides the province of Holland from the province of Utrecht.

and suspecting therefrom, that something extraordinary was intended, they resolved to send Lieutenant Marle, with a detachment of 20 horse of the regiment of Hesse Philipstal, (who had already given a faithful proof of their duty, in abandoning their Chief, the Baron Van Spaan, when he deserted) to take post at a place called le Boerenpas, at a small distance from Haestrecht, with orders to watch all that passed, to stop all those suspected of any hostile design against the province, and to inform the States of Holland immediately of every event that happened. At half past five the Commissaries received advice, that the Princess of Orange, accompanied by Messrs. Randwyck and Bentinck, and the Baroness of Wassenaer, her Lady in waiting, having appeared near Haestrecht, coming from Nimeguen, after being informed of the orders given for the security of the Province, had been conducted by the military detachment to a place named Goejanvrielle-Slius, where they then remained. The Commissaries immediately waited on the Princess, and represented to her, "That the Commission had not power to be indifferent to the unexpected appearance which her Royal Highness had judged proper to make in Holland, after having been so long absent from the province; and that at a time, when the Prince, her spouse, was posted at the head of a number of troops near the town of Utrecht, whilst all the country was in tumult. That one of the articles of their instructions being to authorize them to prevent all projects, public or secret, that the enemies of that Province and of its allies attempted to execute, and to oppose and render them abortive—they were obliged to ask her Highness, what were her views which she wished to execute in that Province?"

Her Highness answered, "That in the unfortunate situation which the country was in, she was come to Holland, in order to effect a mode of reconciliation; that immediately after her arrival at the Maison du Bois, (the House in the Wood, at the Hague) she had intended to acquaint the Counsellor Van Bleiswick with it, and that, for this reason, she had kept her journey as secret as possible."

The Commissaries replied, "That this same situation, which her Highness had described, forced them to interrupt, at present, her journey, until they were informed of the intentions of their Noble and Great Mightinesses, the States of Holland, on the subject;"—proposing at the same time to her Highness, to go and stay at Schoonhoven, offering to give her a guard of such troops as she might herself

choose to escort her person, agreeable to her rank, and to secure her against insults. The Princess accepted the offer, and two of the Commissaries had the honour to accompany her to Schoonhoven, under an escort of a detachment of cavalry.

Hague, July 1. The day before yesterday an extraordinary assembly of the States-General was held, on account of their having received advice that morning that her Royal Highness the Princess of Orange, who was expected at her house of Bois (called Oranjezaal), had been stopped at Haestrecht; three miles from the town of Gouda, by a detachment of auxiliary burghesses.

Letter from her Royal Highness the Princess of Orange to the Pensionary of Holland.

"The most ardent wishes of my heart, at this moment of danger and alarm to the Republic, (the Prince being hindered from coming himself) to contribute by my intervention, if any way possible, to prevent a civil war which is threatened, and compose the present differences upon the principles of the established constitution, were the only motives of my journey towards the Hague, which I flatter myself would have remained a secret, until my arrival at the house of Oranjezaal, from whence I would have immediately communicated my design to their Noble and Grand Mightinesses, as well as to the States-General. I never could have believed that I should see this salutary aim miscarry before I was enabled to use and employ my best efforts for this purpose. You will be informed by this time how I am prevented from continuing my journey; I nevertheless trust this delay will not totally defeat the object in view; and I have thought proper to make you acquainted with the real motives of my journey into Holland, requesting you to communicate them to their Noble and Grand Powers.

I am, &c.

(Signed) WILHELMINA."

Schoonhoven, June 28, 1787.

Letter from the Prince Stadtholder to the States General, on the Princess of Orange having been made prisoner.

"High and Mighty Lords, We have this instant received certain intelligence, that her Royal Highness, our dear Consort, was stoppt in her way from Nimeguen to the Hague, near the town of Schoonhoven, by a party of burghers and military, and brought back to that town, and there detained in the name of the Committee of the States of Holland. We need not represent to you how sensibly we are hurt at such an act of violence against an illustrious personage so nearly and dearly allied to Us. Your High Mightinesses will easily imagine that we cannot but feel for such an indignity offered to our House, and to the

M

person

person of a Royal Princess; and we expect that your High Mightinesses will take such immediate measures as may liberate her Royal Highness from her detention.

"We also expect that your High Mightinesses, who cannot but be concerned for the honour of us, our Royal Consort, and our children, will obtain an immediate satisfaction to be made for the indignity offered to her Royal Highness our Consort; as it cannot be expected that the Royal House, to which our Consort and us are so nearly allied, will pass over such an act of violence unnoticed. We, remain &c.

WILLIAM, Prince of Orange."

Their Noble and Great Mightinesses having deliberated on this extraordinary, unexpected, and disagreeable affair, approved the conduct of their Commissaries; and it was generally remarked in the assembly, "That after the public declaration which the Prince of Orange lately made of his sentiments, relative to the Sovereign Assembly of the Provinces; and in the midst of the means, put in force on his part, as well to debauch the troops in their pay, as to excite disturbances in the military and populace, of which he gave another recent example at Helveetfluy, they could not think the sudden appearance of the Princess of Orange in Holland, without having acquainted the States of her intentions, otherwise than dangerous; especially as she had declared to the Commissaries, it was to effect a reconciliation; but if that had really been her intentions, she ought to have informed the Government, that the people might have been apprized to receive her properly. The States came to no decisive resolution further on the subject.

Hague, July 10. In the evening of Thursday last, his Serene Highness the Prince of Orange secretly marched a detachment of his troops, and by a coup de main surprised the fortified town of Wyck. He has placed a garrison of 1000 men in the place, and is now strengthening the fortifications.

As soon as Wyck was taken, Middleburgh and Zealand immediately declared for the Stadtholder. Wyck is situated 24 miles from Amsterdam, and so great was the consternation in that city, that the country adjacent was laid under water.

Memorial presented to their Noble and Grand Powers, their Lordships the States of Holland and West Friesland, by his Excellency M. Le Baron de Thulemeyer, Envoy Extraordinary of his Majesty the King of Prussia.

"Noble, Great, and Mighty Lords,

"His Majesty could not but hear, with

great concern, of the step taken against the person of his august sister, who was induced to go to the Hague with the most salutary intentions. Her Royal Highness was detained in her journey, surrounded with guards, and even armed men were placed in her apartments.

"It is by the express order of his Prussian Majesty, that the under-signed, his Envoy Extraordinary, has the honour to address your Noble and Great Powers, to insist, in the most earnest and firm manner, on satisfaction for this injury, and on the punishment of those who committed it. He waits to inform the King, his master, of the effects which this representation shall produce in the Sovereign Assembly of Holland. His Majesty will, by the result of the determination of your Noble and Great Powers on this subject, know how far they value his friendship and good-will.

(Signed) DE THULEMEYER."

Hague, July 10, 1787.

Utrecht, July 20. The hopes of the province of Holland in the King of France have not been disappointed, Mons. de Verac having on the 18th delivered to the Greffier of their High Mightinesses the following memorial:

"The King, being informed that the States of the province of Holland had proposed to their High Mightinesses to have recourse to his Majesty as a mediator for conciliating the differences which subsist between the Members of the Republic, is sensible of this mark of their confidence, and orders his Ambassador to declare, that he not only accepts of the office of Mediator, but will use his best endeavours to re-establish peace in the Republic, and harmony among the different members of the Union; and his Majesty takes this occasion of expressing his sincere concern for the troubles which exist in the United Provinces, and of recalling to their attention what must be the consequences if they are not speedily put an end to: to attain which salutary purpose, it is necessary their High Mightinesses should take instant and efficacious measures to put a stop to the hostile proceedings of several of the Provinces, which will not only prevent a civil war, but facilitate the reconciliation which it is so desirable should be effected. This advice of his Majesty is dictated by the sincere friendship he has for the Republic, the interest he feels for its preservation and prosperity, and the particular affection he bears to each member of its constitution.

(Signed)

LE MARQUIS DE VERAC."

TRANSLATION

TRANSLATION of the EDICT published by the
EMPEROR at Vienna, July 3, 1787.

We the EMPEROR and KING.

Most Reverend and Reverend Fathers in God,
Noble, Dear, and Well-beloved,

My Chancellor of State has presented me your remonstrances dated the 22d of June last, and I wish, in answer to its contents, to acquaint you, by these presents, that it never was my intention to overturn the constitution of my Provinces in Flanders, and that all the instructions with which I have charged my Government-General, have invariably tended, and without even the shadow of any personal interest, to the advantage of my faithful subjects in the Low Countries; at the same time, that I would not deprive the body of the nation of any of their ancient rights, privileges, and liberties enjoyed by them. Every step I have taken ought to convince you of the truth of this assertion, if you yet remain willing to render them the justice which is their due.

I occupied myself on some reforms in the administration of justice, only at the instance of numerous and repeated requests that were made me, praying to obtain a shorter and less difficult mode of proceedings in law; and the superintendants appointed in consequence, had no other aim, than to see that the laws were put in force, and that those who were amenable to them should pay them proper regard.

In regard to many ancient privileges, I only wish to reform, at the desire of those concerned, the abuses that were become hurtful, and which had crept in by the lapse of time, contrary to the intent of their original purposes.

Far then from foreseeing any opposition, and especially one so criminal and bold, I expected that the States of my Provinces in Flanders would have entered on the new

regulations with as much alacrity as gratitude; and I still am willing, as a kind guardian, and as a man who knows how to commiserate the ill-advised, and who wishes to forgive, to attribute what has yet been done, and what you have dared to do, to a misinterpretation of my intentions, made and spread abroad by persons more attached to their private interest than to the general good, and who have no estate to lose.

Be it as it may, it is my pleasure that the execution of the new ordinances in question should remain for the present suspended; and when their Royal Highnesses, my Lieutenants, and Governors General, agreeable to the intentions which I have lately communicated to them, shall be assembled at Vienna with the Deputies of the different States, to represent before me their grievances aloud, and to learn my intentions, which they will always find calculated on the principles of the strictest justice, and tending solely to the benefit of my subjects; we will then agree on some regulations to be made for the general good, according to the established laws of the land.

But if, contrary to every intent, this last token of my goodness towards you should be disregarded, inasmuch as you shall refuse to come and lay before me your complaints, your fears, your doubts, and to listen to me with confidence, and that you continue your shameful excesses and unpardonable proceedings, then you will draw on yourselves all the unhappy consequences which must result from them, and which I pray God may never come to pass.

To the Right Rev. and Rev. Fathers
in God, Noble, Dear, and Well-
beloved. May God preserve you
in his gracious favour.

(Signed) JOSEPH.
(Counter-signed) A. G. DE LEDERER.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

DRURY-LANE.

June.

1. THE Plain Dealer—The Deserter.
2. Macbeth—The First Floor.
4. The Tempest—The Humourist.
5. The Heiress—Harlequin's Invasion.
6. The Jealous Wife—Double Disguise.
7. Every Man in his Humour—Irish Widow.
8. The Chances—The Quaker.
9. Venice Preserv'd—The First Floor.

June.

COVENT-GARDEN.

1. Midnight Hour—Nina—Bonds without Judgment.
2. Merry Wives of Windsor—Love and War.
4. The Duenna—Bonds without Judgment.

5. Jane Shore—Love in a Camp.
 6. Midnight Hour—Nina—Bonds without Judgment.
 7. Such Things Are—Rosina.
 8. Midnight Hour—Poor Soldier—Cheats of Scapin.
 9. Ditto—Nina—Devil to Pay.
 11. Cymon—Devil upon Two Sticks.
 12. Midnight Hour—Nina—Bonds without Judgment.
 13. The Man of the World—Midnight Hour.
 15. Midnight Hour—Nina—Love a-la-Mode.
- June. HAY-MARKET.
11. I'll tell You What—Harvest Home.
 13. The Spanish Barber—Polly Honeycomb.
 14. English Merchant—Agreeable Surprise.
 - M 2
 16. Summer

16. Summer Amusement—Polly Honeycomb
18. Separate Maintenance—Agreeable Surprise.
19. I'll tell You What!—Harvest Home.
20. Two to One—A Mogul Tale.
21. The Young Quaker—Peeping Tom.
22. Disbanded Officer—Virgin Unmask'd.
23. Two Connoisseurs—Agreeable Surprise.

25. The Son-in-Law—Peeping Tom.
26. The Young Quaker—The Romp.
27. The Suicide—Agreeable Surprise.
28. The Jealous Wife—The Son-in-Law.
29. Summer Amusement—The Romp.
30. Separate Maintenance—Peeping Tom.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

June 20. As You like It—Miss in her Teens

PREFERMENTS, JULY 1787.

HENRY Partridge, of the Middle-Temple, Foster Bower, of the Inner-Temple, and Edward Law, of the Inner-Temple, Esqrs. to be of his Majesty's Counsel learned in the Law.

Matthew Robert Arnott, Esq. to be Usher of the Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle, vice Robert Quarme, Esq. dec.

William Kempe, Esq. Serjeant at Law, to be Recorder of the town and corporation of Seaford, Sussex.

James Watfon, Esq. Barrister at Law, to be Recorder of the Borough of Bridport, vice James Kirkpatrick, Esq. dec.

James Fitzgerald, Esq. to the office and place of his Majesty's Prime Serjeant at Law in Ireland.

The Hon. Capt. Berkley, to the command of the Magnificent of 74 guns.

The Hon. and Rev. Wm. Annesley, A. B. to the Deanery of Down Cathedral.

Major H. Burrard, of the 14th reg. of foot, to be Governor of Calshot-castle.

Samuel Worrall, jun. Esq. to be Town-Clerk of Bristol.

Mr. Robert Hindmarsh, to be printer extraordinary to the Prince of Wales.

Major-General Patrick Tonyn, to be Colonel of the 48th reg. of foot, in the room of Lieutenant-General Skene, dec.

5th reg. of dragoons. Lieutenant-General Robert Cunningham to be Colonel, vice Sir Joseph Yorke, K. B. promoted.

58th reg. of foot. Major-General George Scott, to be colonel, vice Lieutenant-General Baugh, promoted.

William Fawcett, Esq. from the 3d regiment of foot-guards, to be Adjutant-General in Ireland, vice Pigott, exchanged.

Sir George Baker, Bart. to be Physician in Ordinary to his Majesty.

Dr. Richard Warren and Dr. Robert Hallifax to be Physicians in Ordinary to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Sir George Augustus Eliott, K. B. created Lord Heathfield, Baron Heathfield of Gibraltar, and his issue, his Majesty's Royal Licence to bear as an honorable augmentation to his family arms of Eliott of Stobbs, the arms of Gibraltar, in consideration of his eminent services.

Dr. John Mayo, fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, to be physician to the Foundling-Hospital, vice Sir William Watfon, dec.

Mr. Broughton, to be King's Messenger, vice Mr. Wilfon, dec.

Samuel Swaine, Esq. Upholder in Moorfields, to be Alderman of Bishopsgate-ward, vice James Townsend, Esq. dec.

Matthew Bloxam, Esq. stationer, to be joint Sheriff of London, with the late elected James Fein, Esq. vice Mr. Farrington, who has been excused, from insufficiency of wealth.

Anthony Merry, Esq. to be his Majesty's Consul at Madrid.

Francis Cooke, Esq. to be Cashier of the Navy, vice John Slade, Esq. resigned.

Mr. Charles Blicke, of Billiter-square, to be Surgeon of St. Bartholemew's Hospital, vice Percival Pott, Esq. resigned.

Charles Poole, Esq. Alderman of Hull, to be a Commissioner of Hawkers and Pedlars, vice Percival Beaumont, Esq. deceased.

MARRIAGES, JULY 1787.

LATELY at Ludfworth, Sussex, Edward Pemberton, Esq. captain in the first regiment of foot, to Miss Yaldwyn, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Mr. John Yaldwyn, of Blackdown.

Captain Whitefide, in the Straits-trade, to Miss Walker, only daughter of the late Mr. Walker, of Hounditch.

William Richardson, Esq. of Oxford-street, to Miss Smith, daughter of the late Benjamin Smith, esq. of his Majesty's Kitchen.

Colonel Goreham to Mrs. Hunter, widow of — Hunter, Esq.

At Chidwell, near Liverpool, William Evans James, esq. to Miss Ashton, daughter of Nicholas Ashton, Esq. of Woolton.

At the Countess-dowager of Hopetoun's, in Edinburgh, John Rutherford, Esq. of Edgeriton, to Miss Leslie, only daughter of the Hon. Major-general Leslie.

Mr. Wooten Isaacson, of Mildenhall, near Newmarket, to Miss Prick, of Wickham-brooke.

At Hatfield Broad Oak, Mr. Joseph Matthews, of High Eaiter, to Miss Nicholas.

At Plymouth, R. B. Remmett, M. D. to Miss Carver, eldest daughter of the late R. Carver, Esq. of that place.

Mr. Thomas Seddon, upholder, to Miss Mary Pollard, of Mitcham.

Lieutenant Gretton, of the West-Exsex militia, to Miss Johnson, of Messing.

George Martin, Esq. Barrister at Law, to Miss Breton, only daughter of Harvey Breton, Esq. of Norton, Northamptonshire, eldest son and heir of the late Ehab Breton, Esq. of Forty-hall, Enfield.

Griffiths, Esq. of Cleveland-row, to the Hon. Miss Hart, of the Queen's palace.

Rev. Benjamin Davies, D. D. to Miss Bailier of Hilington, niece to Geo. Brough, Esq. late Treasurer of Guy's Hospital.

The Rev. Frederick-William Blomberg, Rector of Shepton-Mallet, and chaplain and private secretary to the Prince of Wales, to Miss Maria Floyer, of Bath.

The Rev. David James, Pastor of the congregation of Protestant Dissenters at Newbury, to Miss Maundy, heiress of the late Mr. Maundy, of Crown-court, Cheapside, with a considerable fortune.

James Forbes, Esq. of Stanmore, to Miss Gaylard, of Stratford-place.

At the Abbey-church, Bath, Geo. Scott, Esq. of Paddington; and on the 16th both he and his Lady were found dead.

William Egerton, Esq. of Tatton-park, Cheshire, to Miss Armitage, eldest daughter of the late Sir George Armitage, Bart. of Kirklees, Yorkshire.

At Romley, John Harrington, Esq. son of Dr. Harrington, of Bath, to Miss Sarah Way, daughter of the late Mr. Way, attorney at Sherborne.

Mr. George Wren Legrand, brewer at Hampstead, to Miss Lydia White, of Newgate-street.

Mr. Edward Bocket, of New Bridge-street, to Miss Folgham, daughter of Mr. Folgham, cabinet-maker, in Fleet-street.

Mr. Garland, late Harlequin at Covent-Garden-Theatre, to Miss Riley, of Mile-End.

At Stepney, Mr. John Busch, head gardener to the Empress of Russia, to Mrs. Applegarth, widow of Captain Applegarth, of the Europa East Indiaman.

At Painfwick, Mr. William Page, clothier, of Pitchford, to Miss Mill, of Rudge.

Rev. Joseph Lodington, M. A. Prebendary of Lincoln, to Miss Smith, of Bucklebury.

At Haddington, Edward Place, Esq. to Lady Anne Gordon, daughter to the Earl of Aberdeen.

Henry Halfey, of Henley Park, Surrey, to Miss Glover, of Albemarle-street.

At Screveton, Francis Dawson, Esq. of York, to Miss Thoroton, daughter of Thomas Thoroton, Esq. of Screveton, Nottinghamshire.

At Bath, Thomas Williams, Esq. of Chesham, Monmouthshire, to Miss Harford, of Bath.

At Mary-le-bone church, Charles Gregory, Esq. Captain of the Manship East Indiaman, to Miss Macaulay, daughter and heiress of the late Dr. Geo. Macaulay, and of the female historian of England.

William Sandby, fen. Esq. of the Strand, banker, to Miss Fellows, of Walton-upon-Thames, his third wife.

At Tottenham, by the Bishop of Durham, Richard Boucher, rector of Bright Walton, Berks, and one of his Lordship's chaplains, to Miss Coney, daughter of Brickwell Coney, Esq.

Mr. James Robinson, bookseller, of Paternoster-row, to Miss Blackburn of Hackney.

At Norwich, Rev. Mr. John Jennings, to Miss Lincoln, of the same place.

Rev. Mr. Edwards, rector of Ongar, Essex, to Miss Venn, of Dover.

Capt. William Hurst, of the garrison of Plymouth, to Miss Sarah Davis.

Richard Shawe, Esq. of Bridge-street, to Miss Croughton, of St. Swithin's-lane.

Captain Robert Anderson, of the Swallow East India packet, to Miss Cox, of Fenchurch-street.

George Ward, Esq. to Miss Frances Amy Balch, second sister of Robert Everend Balch, Esq. of St. Audries in Somersetshire.

At Thirsk, Edward Buckle, of Sowerby-park, Esq. to Miss Frances Bentley, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Bentley, of Thirsk.

Mr. Francis Dighton, saddler, of Piccadilly, to Miss Margaret Elizabeth Bunning, eldest daughter of Mr. Bunning, an eminent builder in Shepherds-market.

Mr. Zomlin, of Devonshire-square, merchant, to Miss Alfager, of Newington, Surry.

At Cranford, Middlesex, Rev. William Moreton, of Lewes, Sussex, to Miss Louisa Beard, second daughter of William Board, Esq. of Pax-hill.

Nathaniel Kibmere, Esq. of Charlotte-street, to Miss Richards.

Robert Wigram, Esq. of Crosby-square, to Miss Watts, of the Victualling-office.

At Stanmore, Mr. Jelly, surgeon, of Edgware, to Miss Mary Walford, of Stanmore.

At Walcot-church, Bath, Henry Barwell, Esq. of St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Miss Rye, of Rivers-street.

At Rougham, Mr. Ireland, of Staples-inn, to Miss Hand, of Rougham-hall, Norfolk.

Mr. Campbell, jun. of Carey street, to Miss Keylock, of Hatton-garden.

At the chapel in the square, Bath, Edward Wools, Esq. of Hants, to Miss Lætitia Payer, of New King-street, Bath.

Mr. James Whitelock, surgeon, of Ramferry, Wilts, to Mrs. Kent, widow of the late William Kent, Esq. of Little Bedwyn, Wilts.

At Strood church, near Rochester, Mr. Gideon Davis, second Clerk in Commissioner Proby's office, to Miss Morton, daughter of Captain Morton, of Strood.

William Evans Jones, Esq. to Miss Ashton, daughter of Nicholas Ashton, Esq. both of Liverpool.

The Right Hon. Lord Mulgrave to Miss Cholmley, daughter of Nathaniel Cholmley, Esq. of Howsham, Yorkshire.

At Haverfordwest, George Graves, Esq. to Miss Hunt, daughter of John Hunt, Esq. late Master of the Ceremonies at the Hotwells.

The Rev. Edward Newton Walter, of Crowcombe, to Miss Mary Axe, of Wood, near Stogumber.

The Rev. Thomas Woodroffe, B. D. Rector of Oakley, in Surrey, to Miss Catherine Barber, of Wandsworth.

Mr. James Backhouse, jun. banker in Dartington, to Miss Mary Deatman, of Thorne.

George Augustus Rogers, Esq. Secretary to the Ordnance Board, to Miss Hammer, daughter of Sir Benjamin Hammer.

James Dorant, Esq. of Wellhouse, Berks, to Miss Goddard, of Stigroves, Hants.

S. C. Carne, Esq. of Sandon, Essex, to Miss M. Rasch, second daughter of Frederick Rasch, an Hambro' merchant.

The Rev. J. Barton, rector of Parkham, in Devon, to Miss Parr.

Samuel Compton Cox, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn, to Miss Pott, daughter of Percival Pott, Esq. of Hanover-square.

The Rev. Martin Barry, to Miss Rooke,

after of James Rooke, Esq. Member for Monmouthshire.

The Rev. Mr. R. Ravenhill, to Miss Hoey, daughter of the late Robert Hoey, Esq. of Wicklow in Ireland.

George Carter, Esq. Captain of the Stormont Independent, to Miss Windler, of Chinkford, Essex.

At Winterbourne, the Rev. D. Evans, (Author of the "Essay on the Gift of Tongues") to Miss Oliver, of Frenchay.

The Rev. Mr. Cox, vicar of Locke Wootton, to Miss Clarke, of Birmingham.

The Rev. Mr. Cromleholme, rector of Sherrington, in Bucks, to Miss Draper, of Winchester.

At Penn, near Wolverhampton, Mr. Tho. Bagnall, aged 74, to Miss Bagley, aged 14.

Sir John Ramsden, Bart. of Byran, Yorkshire, to the Hon. Louisa Sulanna Ingram Shephard, fifth daughter of the late Lord Viscount Irwin.

William Errington, Esq. of Chethers, in Northumberland, to Miss Eleanor O'Connor, daughter to Mr. Hugh O'Connor, merchant, of London.

Sir John W. S. Gardiner, Bart. of Tackley-park, Oxfordshire, to Miss Martha Newcombe, daughter of the late Dr. Newcombe, Dean of Rochester.

Lord Ballenden to Mrs. Sarah Cuming, a widow lady from Jamaica.

Sir John Swinburne, of Capheaton, in Northumberland, to Miss Emilia-Elizabeth Bennett, of St. James's, Westminster.

Lieutenant Rankin, of the 44th regiment of foot, to Miss Morland.

John Griffiths, Esq. to Miss Price, eldest daughter of Hugh Price, Esq. of Anglesey.

Lately at Bengal, George Drake, Esq. son of the late Governor Drake, to Miss Charlotte Green, sister-in-law to Sir Digby Dent.

Griffin Wilton, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn, to Miss Jouvencel, only daughter of the late Peter-Couchet Jouvencel, Esq. of the Privy seal-office.

The Rev. Mr. Waters to Miss Walford, of Colchester.

William Wrightson, Esq. Member for Aylesbury, to Miss H. Heber, of Lower Grosvenor-street.

MONTHLY OBITUARY, JULY 1787.

MAY.

AT Naples, George Tierney, esq.
JUNE 23. At Brompton, Samuel Goodman, esq. of Pall mall.

24. At Margate, Mr. Gribble, of Gloucester-street, Queen's-square.

Major George Henderson, late of the 13th regiment of foot.

25. Arthur

25. Arthur Heigham, esq. of Hulton, Norfolk, in the 81st year of his age.

At Tadcaster, Edward Whatmore, esq. of Marshwood, in the county of Wilts.

Mr. Gambier, brother to Admiral Gambier.

26. Mr. Charles Hodder, sen. of Tooley-street, Broker and Auctioneer.

27. Mr. Deputy Joseph Partridge, in Fenchurch-street.

Sir Thomas Heathcote, bart. at Hurley, near Winchester.

28. John Sheridan, esq. Barrister at Law.

The Rev. Mr. Woodgate, many years Minister of the meeting-house in Jewin-street, Aldersgate-street.

At Phoenix-park, near Dublin, the right hon. Lady Henrietta Gore.

At Helfton, Cornwall, Mr. W. Rogers, one of the freemen of that borough under the old charter. One other only is now remaining.

29. At Hammer-smith, James Duke Bailey, esq.

The Rev. B. Newton, Rector of St. John's in Gloucester, of Sandhurst in the same county, and Chaplain to the Bishop of the diocese.

Lately in Gresse-street, Ratbone-place, lieutenant-colonel Edward Hicks, formerly of the 70th regiment.

30. Mr. Robert Reynolds, brother of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and formerly an eminent Ironmonger at Exeter.

Mr. Thornton, King's-road, Chelsea.

Lately at Repton, near Derby, Francis Every, Gentleman, uncle to the late Sir Edward Every.

JULY 1. At Harrogate, Sir James Hunter Blair, of Dunkley, bart. late Member of Parliament, and Lord-Provost of Edinburgh.

James Hooper, esq. of Yeovil, in Somersetshire.

James Townsend, esq. Member for Calne, Wiltshire, and Alderman for Bishopsgate ward, to which he was elected in 1769. In the same year he served the office of Sheriff, and that of Lord-Mayor in 1772.

The Rev. Mr. Butler, Rector of Chew-stoke and Norton, in the county of Somerset.

2. Mrs. Isabella Chauncy, at Canterbury.

George Conyers, esq. youngest son of the late John Conyers, Member for Essex.

Lately at Kilsallen in Ireland, Mr. Dennis Lynet, aged 101.

3. Alexander Forrester, esq. formerly an eminent Barrister at Law, aged 82. He published a volume of Reports, called "Cases," in the time of Lord Talbot.

Miss Harriet Brown, aged 18, second daughter of Mr. Brown, Wholesale Linen-draper, in Cheap-side.

Mr. Haydon, Barge-builder, Bank-side.

4. Sir Richard Jebb, bart. Physician to their Majesties, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family.

Mrs Deane, relict of Austin Deane, esq. late of Reading, and eldest daughter of the late Dr. Merrick.

At Eckington, in Derbyshire, the Rev. John Coupland, Curate to the Rev. Christopher Alderson, Rector of that place.

At the Black Rock, near Dublin, Admiral Moore.

5. The Lady of Lord Chief Baron Eyre, formerly Miss Peacock.

Nathaniel Hancock, esq. formerly Commander of the Norfolk, in the East-India Company's service.

George Grant, esq. of Tulligorum, aged 85.

The Rev. Richard Scrope, D. D. Rector of Castle-Combe. He was the editor of one of the volumes of Lord Clarendon's State-papers.

6. Captain Michael Shelley, aged 98.

John Mumford, esq. of Sutton-place, Kent.

Brewry Wake, esq. brother to the late Sir William Wake, bart. Member for Bedford.

7. Mr. Anthony Batger, Broker and Auctioneer, of Ratcliffe-high-way.

At Bracondale, Norwich, Mrs. Moore, relict of the late Dr. Moore.

Lately at Shawby, near Briggs in Lincolnshire, the Rev. John Empton, Vicar of that place.

Lately at Warrington, the Rev. Joseph Blackburn, Rector of Darthberry in Cheshire.

Lately at Abergavenny, Philip Boaler, esq.

10. Mr. Kidwell, Attorney at Law, in St. George's-row, Tyburn.

Mr. John Sreaton, of Cateaton-street.

Lately the Rev. Jasper Selwyn, Vicar of Wootenfield.

11. Nathaniel Read, esq. Sculptor, successor to Mr. Roubiliac.

John Mackinn, esq. at Holland-house, Kensington.

13. At Hoor, in Sussex, Mr. Edward Fuller.

Mr. Pepperel, Attorney at Law, in Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn fields.

Mr. Bassett, formerly one of the band of Musicians at Drury Lane Theatre.

Mr. Thomas Simpton, Cumberland-row, Kennington lane.

Mr. William Francis, at Start Hill, near Bishopstortford, aged 100.

14. Captain Keylock Ruffden, many years in the Jamaica trade.

15. Mr. Daniel Hill, wax bleacher, at Barnes, in Surry.

Mr. James Fisher, sen. attorney, of the Minorities.

Lately in Rivers-street, Bath, Governor Donnellan, in his 82d year.

Lately, Dr. William Irwine, professor of chemistry, and Materia Medica, at Glasgow.

16. Mr. Thorp, in Cockspur-street, Charing Cross.

At Brompton, Mr. Ambrose Lloyd, merchant, in the City.

At Stretwbury, Gen. Severne, Colonel of the 8th regiment, or King's Royal Irish Light Dragoons.

Thomas

Thomas Mytton, esq. of Shipton, Shropshire.

17. Mr. Thomas Richards, fishmonger, in St. John Street.

18. At Kinsley, Oxfordshire, aged upwards of 70, the Lady Dowager Wenman.

21. At Heythorp, in Oxfordshire, in the 68th year of his age, George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. His Lordship married Eliza-

beth, sister to the present Lord Dormer, and died without issue.

John Gay, esq. senior Alderman of the City of Norwich, and late receiver of the Stamp duties for the County of Norfolk.

22. In Newgate, Mr. Elliot, lately tried at the Old Bailey, for shooting at Miss Boydell. (See an account of him in our Magazine, for July 1782, p. 44.)

BANKRUPTS.

STEPHEN Gray, of Brewer-street, Westminster, cabinet-maker. Thomas Oldfield, of Newbury, Berks, draper. John Barker, of Brentwood, currier. John Howell, of Castle-street, Leicester-fields, victualler. William Gardiner, of Colchester, corn-chandler. Thomas Shawe, of Billinge, Lancashire, woollen-draper. Abraham Gibson, and James Gibson, of Skircoat, Halifax, Yorkshire, dyers. John Peterwald, of Bath, tobacconist. Joseph Cane, of Manchester, fustian-manufacturer. John Eagles, of Lewisham, brewer. Kennet Dixon and William-Walter Viney, of Mincing-lane, merchants. Henry Holroyd, of Greenwich, hoop be der. William Peacock, of Barrow, Suffolk, yarn-maker. John Constatine, of Settle, Yorkshire, currier. Joseph Cooper, of St. Agnes le Clair, Middlesex, victualler. Charles Hendrie, of Lechlade, corn-dealer. William Chipchase, of Chester-le-street, Durham, butcher. Daniel Winwood, of Halesowen, chape-maker. John Harris, of Worcester, grocer. William Kirk, of Lambeth Terrace, Surrey, painter. Charles Senols, of Fenchurch-street, upholster. Sampson Levy, of Gloucester, goldsmith. Edward Pafco, of Chichester, cabinet-maker. Charles Smith, of Bristol, mariner. Thomas Puen, of Gloucester, wine-merchant. John Pearfall and Benjamin Pearfall, of London, hardwaremen. George Wadsworth, of Scholes, Kirkburton, Yorkshire, clothier. Joseph Rann, jun. of Birmingham, butcher. Jacob Thompson, of Sunderland, master mariner. John Cox and Joseph Cox, of Bridport, Dorsetshire, woolstackers. William Cruikshank, of Coleman-street, indico blue-maker. John Scribblehill, of Deptford, Kent, brazier. James Balfey, of Deptford, Kent, taylor. Richard Mangnall, and Richard Faulkner, both of Sheffield, Yorkshire, hardwaremen. Thomas Cannon, of Sheffield, and Thomas Harrison, of Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, cutlers. William Williams, of Liverpool, cowkeeper. George Palmer, of Bristol, woollen-draper. Thomas Days, of Goswell-street, brewer. John Gafsee, of Brick-lane, Spital-fields, silk and gauze-dresser. William Wolfenclout and James Andrew, of Manchester, hatters. George Rapalje, of Petty-France, merchant. John Platt, of Market Harborough, builder. Francis Woodhouse, of Devereux-court,

Temple, coffeeman. Stephen Butler, of Brompton, Middlesex, wholesale perfumer. Shadrach Jones, of Bartholemew-close, merchant. George Wilkinson, of Leeds, mercer. Richard Gwalter, of Twickenham, clothier. Edward Parker, of Perihore, taylor. Edward Aldridge, of Bisley, Gloucestershire, draper. Tobias Atkins the elder, late of Helston, in Cornwall, stay-maker. William Lowndes, of Norton in the Moors, Staffordshire, carrier. George Humphreys, of Bow-street, Covent-garden, watch-glass-manufacturer. Robert Fogarty and Joseph Gray, of Compton-street, hair-manufacturers. Gabriel Boutte Vanylaag, of Leicester-square, merchant. William Perhard and William Warner, of Greenwich, coal-merchants. Edward Barman, of Beverly, butcher. Thomas Brett, of Badwell Ash, Suffolk, butcher. William Webb, late of Horsebrook, Staffordshire, maltster. Isaac Cook, of Worcester, glover. Thomas Dempsey, of Liverpool, flour-seller. William Neale, of Liverpool, block maker. Wm. Brown, of Threadneedle-street, stock and insurance broker. Samuel Thompson, of Greenwich, coal-merchant. Andrew Lane, of Ipswich, Staffordshire, grocer. Sail Banks Broughton, of Fillingham, Lincolnshire, jobber. Thomas Forsyth, of Honey-Lane Market, warehousman. John Finnis, of Dover, Kent, grazier. Ralph Hotchkin, of Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, linendraper. Samuel Nicholls, of St. Giles's, Middlesex, victualler. James Senols and William Daniel, of Fenchurch-street, upholsterers. Robert Haynes, of Bristol, druggist. James Chapell, jun. of Exeter, linendraper. Nathaniel Hall, of Parliament-street, linendraper. John Hamilton, of Southampton, shopkeeper. Samuel Durand, of Queen-street, Southwark, orrice-weaver. James Webb, of New-street, Westminster, hardwareman. Henry Hammond, of Worcester, hop-merchant. John Shakeshaft and Hugh Stirrup, of Cateaton-street, linendrapers. Caleb Crookenden and Mich. Taylor, of Itchenor, Sussex, ship-builders. Wm. Phillips, of Walworth, hatter. Thomas Adams, of Holborn-bridge, grocer. Jos. Scarratt, of Liverpool, oilman. Robert Hoyland, of York, linen-draper. David Pritchard, of Shrewsbury, mercer. Samuel Rogers, of Newport-street, silk mercer.

