

THE European Magazine,

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

For A U G U S T, 1787.

[Embellished with, 1. A Portrait of PETER PINDAR, Esq. And 2. A VIEW of
KINGSGATE, near MARGATE.]

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L O N D O N :

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

The PROPRIETORS of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE have received lately several Letters from anonymous Correspondents, offering their services to the Magazine for a pecuniary recompence. To such Correspondents we shall observe, that we make it a rule to take no other notice of anonymous offers than to mention, that the voluntary contributions of our friends are frequently too numerous for us to insert. To any applications with the writers names we shall have no objection to be more explicit, if it is desired.

The remainder of Sir William Jones's Life is obliged to be postponed to our next. The Portrait of Dr. Houlston came too late to be engraved. It will be carefully kept until sent for.

To the Correspondent who complains of our omission of his Sonnet, we think it a sufficient reason that it appeared in another Magazine of the same month. We do not desire any contributions on those terms.

The Trial of Fashion and Taste is too long for our Magazine. S. Wise—Fidelis—Harriet Falconer—Thepsis the Second—G. D.—M. M.—Lingo—Musarum Amicus, and some others, which will be noticed in our next, are received.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from Aug. 13, to Aug. 18 1787.

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

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

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

WALES, Aug. 9, to Aug. 14, 1787.

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

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

JULY.		
BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.
28—29—95	64	S.
29—29—65	65	S. S. W.
30—29—67	68	S. S. W.
31—29—91	58	W.

AUGUST.

1—29—90	64	S. S. W.
2—30—15	63	W.
3—30—37	65	W. N. W.
4—30—37	65	N. N. W.
5—30—05	69	S. S. E.
6—29—99	69	N. N. W.
7—30—14	67	S. S. W.
8—30—28	68	E. S. E.
9—30—00	70	E.
10—29—90	69	W.
11—30—03	66	W.
12—29—90	67	W.
13—30—18	59	W.
14—30—89	62	W.
15—29—88	66	W.
16—29—85	68	S. W.

18—29—78	63	W.
19—29—66	63	S.
20—29—94	59	N.
21—30—18	59	N.
22—29—84	62	N. W.
23—29—86	63	N. W.
24—29—78	58	W.
25—29—32	56	W.
26—29—66	55	W.
27—29—90	62	N.

PRICE of STOCKS,

August 28, 1787.	
Bank Stock, 151 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	New S. S. Ann. —
New 4 per Cent.	India Stock, —
1777. 94 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	India Bonds, 79s. a
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785,	78s. pr.
111 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 110 $\frac{1}{2}$	New Navy and Vict.
3 per Cent. red. 74 $\frac{1}{2}$ a	Bills —
73 $\frac{1}{2}$	Long Ann. 22 $\frac{1}{2}$
3 per Cent Conf. 73 $\frac{1}{2}$	30 yrs. Ann. 1778. —
$\frac{1}{2}$ a 73 $\frac{1}{2}$	Exchequer Bills, —
3 per Cent. 1726, —	Lottery Tickets 151.
3 per Cent. 1751, —	15s. 6d. a 16s.
3 per Ct. Ind. An. —	Prizes —
South Sea Stock, —	Bank for —

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW,

For AUGUST, 1787.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

ANECDOTES of PETER PINDAR, Esq.

[With a PORTRAIT of HIM, from a Painting by OPIE.]

THE lives of literary men are generally so little employed in the bustle of the world, that their characters are perhaps more properly deducible from the nature of their compositions, than from any observations of their conduct. The present subject, however, of our biographic notice has mixed so much with mankind, and has been distinguished for such an extensive intercourse with the various conditions of human life, that nothing of the usual barren uniformity of literary pursuits is to be deemed descriptive of his career; though indeed it must be acknowledged, that all representations of it, not furnished by himself, must necessarily be considered as partial and inadequate. The imagination of the poet must undoubtedly be formed by Nature; but if he wishes to render his art efficacious, and raise the estimation of mankind, he must turn his eyes diligently upon the works of his great benefactors, and the operations of human life, that this Imagination may be stored with materials for her labours, and enabled to borrow illustrations from all that can give force and variety to her exertions. That the lively genius who at present engages our attention has been liberally gifted in point of imagination, and that his original capacity has been enriched by wide and persevering industry, the multiplicity of new conceptions and variety of allusions observable in his works, will abundantly testify. But as most of our readers are probably as well acquainted with his productions as ourselves, they may perhaps chuse to exercise their own judgments on this head, and require some Anecdotes respecting the life of a man who has by novelty of imagery, boldness of satire, and force of poetical genius, so much signalized himself at this period. We will readily lay before them all that we have been able to procure respecting the private life of this extraordinary offspring of the Muses; and

also make such references to his works as may tend to justify the very high opinion we profess to entertain of his abilities.

The gentleman then who has figured in the Poetical World under the appellation of PETER PINDAR, in reality bears the name of W—L—C—T, and is descended from a respectable family in Devonshire. He was bred to the study of physic, and practised some time with success in Cornwall; but notwithstanding that he applied himself very seriously to his profession, a genius like his could not be restrained within the dull limits of formal business; he was therefore found frequently addressing the Ladies of Helicon. In this county he formed a connection with the late Sir William Trelawny, and followed his fortunes to Jamaica, of which Island he was made Governor during the Administration of Lord Shelburne. At this place we find the Doctor at the summit of medical elevation, by being appointed Physician General to the Island, enjoying and enjoyed by the lively inhabitants. If we do not mistake, the Doctor, during his residence in this Island, was induced to enter into the clerical function, on a prospect of important preferment: but being disappointed, he relinquished the profession of a divine before his departure for England, and has never since resumed it. This circumstance of his life we understand honest Peter has always been unwilling to acknowledge; but as impartial Biographers, we think it our duty to reveal it to our readers. On his return to England, he re-assumed and pursued his original profession for several years; but chusing, as it is said he often has wisely declared, rather to live happy on *one* guinea than miserable on *ten*, he quitted the gloomy chambers of sickness for the cheerful region of Parnassus. It is needless to observe what opportunity of penetrating into the character, and observing the weakness of human nature, the Doctor must have derived from his

profession; and how far this might tend to assist him in his poetical pursuits. The Doctor's attachment to poetry, however, at last obtained such an ascendancy over him, that though his reputation as a Physician was very high in his native county, and consequently productive of considerable emolument, he found it impossible to extinguish the poetic fervor: and as the confined sphere in which he moved in Cornwall could not afford sufficient materials to exercise, or sufficient entertainment to gratify a genius like his, he entirely relinquished his medical profession, and commenced his literary career in a place more adapted to his powers, the ample field of the Metropolis. And here it must be observed, that the Doctor enjoyed an advantage seldom possessed by poets in general; for having some family inheritance of his own, large enough to supply all the decent comforts of life, he was under no necessity of courting the favour or submitting to the controul of Booksellers; and was therefore enabled to give an unbridled indulgence to the bent of his genius, which seems vehemently to have directed him to satire; in which he has certainly equalled the first writers this country has produced.

It now becomes us to make such references to the works of this versatile author as may justify the high opinion we have declared of his genius; which indeed is of so Protean a kind, that it appears in almost every shape; and while one quality of his fancy excites our admiration, another perhaps immediately occurs of so very different a species, that it is hardly possible to suppose they were both the progeny of the same mind. In one respect we confess, however, there is a drawback on our partiality to this author; and that arises from the freedom in which he has suffered his Muse to indulge herself on the character of a Great Personage. Kings are characters that should not be so slightly sported with, for they are actually necessary to the peace and decorum of Society; which, besides the solid support of useful laws, derives considerable strength from the reverence in which the first Magistrate of a country is held by the generality of the people: for however just the

censure, the character should be sacred; though to the credit of our author it must be acknowledged, that his effusions seem more characterized by good-humour than by the acrimonious severity which disgraces the lays of Churchill, and the Letters of the elegant but virulent Junius. There is, however, one circumstance in the life of our author which, as it tends to the support of a beautiful art, deserves to be recorded. Let it then be mentioned, that to him is PAINTING indebted for *OPIE*. This great Artist was found by our author in the mines of Cornwall, where his genius first discovered itself in such rude efforts as might have passed unobserved by a less intelligent eye than that of the Doctor, who saw in its roughest shape the excellence which has since expanded into such importance.

As far as we have been able to trace the poetical career of our author, his works have appeared in the following order. His first production was an *EPISTLE TO THE REVIEWERS*, a composition of truly ironical and laughable satire. The next offspring of his Muse was *LYRIC ODES TO THE ROYAL ACADEMICIANS*, which, with all their merit, we must confess, in some of the strictures, are deficient in candour, and appear to flow more from a love of satire, than from a conviction of the demerits of the objects of his critical severity. We dare cite *Mr. West* as an instance, who, though far from a perfect painter, was entitled to more respect from our author. His next work was *LYRIC ODES* on the same subject, with the same severity and humour, and, we are afraid, with the same want of candour.

During the intervals of his Odaic effusions our author produced *THE LOUSIAD*, a Mock-Heroic Poem, abounding in wit, humour, and strength; but at the same time defective in that respect due from a subject to his Sovereign*. Peter should have recollected the old adage, that "truth is not to be spoken at all times." Our author's next performance was his *EPISTLE TO JAMES BOSWELL, Esq.* The subject was undoubtedly fair game, and fully justified the lash of his *Juvenalian* severity. This

* The foundation of *The Lousiad* was a discovery made by his Majesty one evening at supper of a *something* on his plate that had green peas on it. We have endeavoured to detect the object that created so much disgust. From the best information we find it to have been a hair from the human head; which PETER by a *licentia poetica* converted into a LOUSE. Thus much happened in consequence of his Majesty's discovery, viz. the cooks, scullions, &c. &c. were forced to submit to the dreadful operation of shaving, to the number of sixty, and great was their displeasure thereat. This we can vouch for; but whether 'tis a proper subject for the poet's ridicule or not, is a question that may admit of some controversy.

Poem, for novelty of imagery, strength of satire, and glow of poetry, may rank with any production in our language. The next labour of his pen was *BOZZY AND PIOZZI*, a just ridicule of vain and ignorant biographers. After this appeared *ODE UPON ODE*, in which Kings, Laureats, Lords, Ladies, Knights, Fiddlers, and *Amateurs*, are treated with most unmerciful severity. To this succeeded an *APOLOGETICAL POSTSCRIPT*, ironically justifying the wanton ridicule of the preceding publication; and which indeed may be considered as a witty repetition of his satirical offences. The next work in order, as well as we can recollect, was the *Second Canto* of the *LOUSIAD*, breathing the same spirit of

ridicule, replete with the same novelty of imagery and strength of numbers. Peter Pindar's last production is entitled *INSTRUCTIONS TO A CELEBRATED LAUREAT*, possessing a vein of ironical wit and humour equal if not superior to any of his publications. Thus have we given a catalogue of the labours of our author, whose poetical versatility is such, that we find a difficulty where most to admire him; whether he lashes with *Juvenal*, sneers with *Swift*, laughs with *Butler*, sighs with *Tibullus*, or tells a tale with *Fontaine*.

In a future Magazine it is intended to give extracts from this writer's various productions.

PANEGYRIC ON GLUTTONY,

IN IMITATION OF THE IMITATIONS OF ROUSSEAU.

HOW long shall it be ere we learn to judge for ourselves? When shall the reign of true Philosophy commence?—How long must man—weak and miserable man, wander through the wilds of prejudice, and rebel against the authority of sacred Truth? Not surely, not till he ceases to consider signs as realities—till he ceases to judge of virtues and of vices by their names. Then, and not till then, O Gluttony! divine Gluttony! offspring of Heaven, pure source of social bliss, shall thy name be revered, and in every human breast a temple be erected to thy praise!

O happy London! seat of science, seat of liberty!—your sapient sons first led the way—they first extended the sway of sentiment over another appetite, and man has gained another step in the scale of the creation. As great as is the superiority of the mind over the body; of the delights of sentiment over the gratifications of sense—so superior are thy pleasures, O Glutton, to the brutal enjoyments of the sensual savage and philosopher! Yes, I have said it—let us shake off the delusions of sophistry and superstition, and boldly appealing to that reason which we must respect even when we refuse to hearken to its voice, let us repeat, that it is the savage and pretended philosopher that is sensual, and that it is the Glutton that is pure, happy, and wise. Shall I be believed? Perhaps not. What matters it? I care not if I am—I write not for present or future fame—I despise the approbation of my cotemporaries, and the approbation of posterity how can I enjoy? Why then do you thus expose yourself alone to the prejudices of learning and of ignorance, of

the philosopher and the mechanic? Wise man! And can there be no object in my labours but the praise of such as thou?—Alas! you want a soul—you know not virtue. If I were to tell you my motive, you could not comprehend it.—For thy votaries, O Virtue! only do I write; they will not need an explanation—their hearts will take that task from off my hands.

How happens it that Love is esteemed a refiner of the soul and an auxiliary to virtue, and that Gluttony has every epithet that is base? Is Lust more to be prized than Love? No. Is the satisfying the stomach more estimable than Gluttony? Certainly not. Why do we consider a monkey and a hog with disgust? Because each indulges his appetites without choice or discrimination. Give sentiment to a monkey, and he becomes a lover. Give sentiment to a hog, and you render him a glutton. If Philosophy proscribe sentiment from one appetite, why should the encourage it in another? If it be a virtue to pay no attention to eating beyond the moment that our stomach ceases to call for nourishment, why should it not be a virtue to refine as little upon an appetite of another kind? Let us resume our comparison.

If the man who thinks of nothing in his cohabitation with the other sex but the momentary fruition deserves to be likened to an ape, is not he who extends his thoughts no farther than the mere appeasing of his hunger as well entitled to the appellation of a hog? This is fair argument.—Either give up love, or admit gluttony; forget your prejudices, and you will admit both. But let us consider the matter more closely. It is the beast

man, above other animals, that he can, by uniting reason and appetite, render the pleasures of sense both more delicate and more lasting. How are brutes in this respect? Debarred by their nature from the pure mental enjoyments of which we are capable, they are even inferior to us in the grosser,—the corporeal ones—they neither relish them so highly nor so long. How grateful then ought we to be to that Providence which has bestowed upon his creatures so infinite a portion of happiness! And yet we affect to hold his choicest blessings in contempt. O foolish wisdom! O ignorant knowledge! O credulous scepticism! O infatuated man! Listen, my brothers, listen no more to your proud teachers—they deceive you—Alas, they deceive themselves!

Who that has known the pleasing pains—the tender solitudes of the soft passion, but knows how delightful those sensations are; but how diminished, how trifling do they seem, when compared with the important cares, the lively hopes, the amiable anxiety, which a feast so readily awakens in the breast of a true glutton. His sleeping and waking thoughts it equally employs. As the lover in his dreams sometimes presses his mistress in his arms; and enjoys, in imagination, the late but sweet reward of his constancy; so the glutton, when resigned to sleep, sees the tardy vessel that holds the object of his sighs, and to which the envious winds had so long refused an entrance to our shores, sailing in smooth majesty into the gladsome harbour. In haste he flies on board; soon his eager eye descends the tub that contains his treasure. Instinct, unerring instinct tells him, it is his.—Panting, he takes the rattle in his arms, prints a thousand kisses on its hard shell, and, with uplifted eyes, pours out to Heaven his grateful prayers for its safe arrival.

How artful are the contrivances of inventive man to give a zest to his enjoyments! No lover prizes a mistress that is not coy, nor does any glutton a dish that is not rare. When the yielding maid protracts the happy moment, by the oaths of constancy with which she strives to bind her victor for ever in her chains, are

we not reminded of the chaplain's tedious grace, while the smoking dinner cools upon the table? Alike, since by delay they enhance the pleasure that is in view. Alike, too, alas, as they are equally soon forgotten! To what perils will not a lover and a glutton expose themselves? What labours will they not undergo to gain the object of their affections? What deeds of heroism will not each achieve?—What miraculous victories will they not obtain, even over the very appetites from which their several passions take their rise? Methinks I see a youth inspired with the true spirit of sentiment, resisting all the allurements of beauty, all the stimulations of sense, and preserving his fidelity against every attack. How easy too to fancy a London magistrate, whom some untoward chance has kept from home beyond his accustomed hour of dinner, and whose contentious bowels growl and grumble for their food—casting a disdainful look on every tart shop that he passes—turning away his nostrils with contempt even from the grateful steams of the tavern, and suffering with undaunted courage the fierce gnawing in his entrails, rather than pall his appetite for his favourite dish. Need I mention the effects of this divine passion in bringing men into society, and supplying them with conversation to make that society agreeable; an advantage which it decidedly possesses over its kindred passion, love. But what shall we say when we reflect on its duration? Love, alas, decays as we increase in years, and quits us with the youthful appetite that gave it birth; but gluttony, constant faithful gluttony, grows rather than diminishes with age—and as if connected above every other passion with the spiritual part of our nature, it never quits us while the soul remains.

I now have done—If I have convinced the world that gluttony is an useful, a natural, and an amiable passion, my time has not been mis-spent: but ere the earth return into chaos many generations must pass away; and though obstinacy and pride may still the voice of truth for a time, it must at length be heard, and when heard it will prevail.

AN ACCOUNT of KINGSGATE, near MARGATE,

(With a VIEW.)

KINGSGATE is in the vicinity of Margate, and received its name, as appears from an inscription over the portal, by order of Charles II. who landed here, with the Duke of York, in his passage from Dover to London, on the 30th of June, 1683. At this

place, situated on a small but pleasant bay, stands the delightful seat of the late Lord Holland, afterwards of the honourable Mr. Charles Fox, built on a very different plan from any other house in the kingdom; the whole being intended (by its architect, Sir

Thomas

Thomas Wynn *,) to resemble an Italian villa; but more particularly that of Tully's Formian villa on the coast of the bay of Baizé, near the city of Puzzoli, one of the most celebrated in the Roman state, upon the eve of the Augustan age, when all the polite arts were at the zenith of their glory. The saloon of Neptune and some other of the apartments are very fine. On the front of the house towards the sea, is a noble portico of the Doric order. The wings are faced with flint, of curious workmanship. Over each of the gateways that lead to them is a large antique basso relievo, of white marble; one of which is supposed to be an ovation of Marcus Aurelius, and the other, though with no great certainty, to relate to the story of Ceres and Proserpine. The back front consists of several buildings, which exactly answer to each other on the opposite sides of the garden. The whole is connected with surprising convenience. Here are likewise a great number of antique marble columns, statues, bustos, vases, &c. purchased in Italy at a very considerable expence. The curious ornaments of the ceiling in the great saloon were painted by Mr. Hakewill, junior, in Broad-street, Soho-square. The beautiful columns of Scagliola, in imitation of porphyry, were executed by Messrs. Bartoli and Richter, of Great Newport-street, London, who have since raised those of the New Pantheon. The gardens are small but neat. At the upper end of the long walk, leading to the convent, is a beautiful column of black Kilkenny marble, raised to the memory of the late Countess of Kildare, and called Countess Pillar, with this inscription:

This Pillar

Is erected to the Honour of
Margaret of Kildare,
Countess of Hillsborough;
And alas! in memory too
of that most amiable Woman,
Who died at Naples, 1767.

Nor is there greater singularity in the house, than in the several buildings erected on the adjacent grounds; which are for the most part intended to represent ruined edifices of antiquity. The design never fails to excite the wonder and frequently the censure of the spectators; though we may venture perhaps to assert the latter not so well founded as is generally imagined. To decide the point of superior taste between these and the structures which generally adorn the gardens of our nobility, may be no easy matter; and Lord Holland's were certainly less expensive, and more useful than most others. The materials are only flint and chalk, both of them on the spot, and to be had at no other expence than that of carriage: and the most considerable buildings, as the Convent, Castle, and Read-house, contributed at once to the advan-

tage and entertainment of their proprietor. If you are going from the parish-church to King's-gate, you meet first with the Convent, designed to represent the remains of one of those ancient monasteries formerly so numerous in this kingdom. It consists of a noble gateway and porter's lodge, divided into two small and one very handsome apartment. The adjoining cloister contains five cells inhabited by several poor and industrious families. An ancient monument appears amidst the ruins of the chapel, on which rest two stone figures, whom you may imagine to have been two of the old Reguli of the Kingdom of Kent. The Monument of Hackendown, or Field of Battle-axes is a building in the style of very remote antiquity, intended to commemorate a battle fought on this spot between the Danes and Anglo-Saxons in the year 853. On a tablet is the following inscription:

D. M.

Danorum et Saxonum hic occisorum
Dum de Solo Britannico
(Milites nihil a se alienum putant)
Britannis perfide et crudeliter olim expulsis
Inter se dimicaverunt;
Hen. de Holland
Posuit.

Qui duces, qualis hujus prælii exitus
Nulla notat historia
Annus circiter 853^m evenit pugna
Et pugnam hanc evenisse fidem faciunt
Ossa quamplurima
Quæ sub hæc et altero tumulto huic vicino
sunt sepulta.

Countess Fort contains a round tower, quite in ruins, with a circular outwork in the manner of our ancient fortifications. It was designed by the architect for an ice-house, but never applied to that purpose. The Castle is exactly in the same style of building with the castles raised by Edward I. in Wales, to secure the conquest of those wild and barren mountains. It serves the family for coach-houses, stables, &c. The gate or passage to the sea, has the remains of a portcullis, to prevent any sudden attack by privateers. The top of the Gothic arch serves as a line of communication between the north and south of a saluting platform of 24 pieces of cannon. On the side next the sea is inscribed in Saxon capitals, GOD BLESS BARTH'LEM'S GATE.— On that next the land an inscription intimates, that whereas this gate was formerly called Bartholomew's Gate, it should now take the name of King's Gate, in honour of Charles II.

Olim porta sui patroni Bartholomæi
Nunc regis jussu Regia Porta vocor.
Hic excederunt Car. II. R.
Et Ja. dux Ebor. 30 Jan. 1683.

The Bead-house has the appearance of a chapel dedicated to St. Peter, the patron of fishermen, and of the parish church. It has always

* Lately created Lord Newborough in Ireland.

been an house of entertainment, where you may be as well accommodated as in most houses upon the coast. The Temple of Neptune is a mixture of the ancient Roman and original Gothic architecture. The following inscriptions are on the pedestal which supports the statue of the deity to whom it is dedicated.

1.

Insula rotunda Tanatos quam circuit unda
Fertilis et munda nulli est in orbe secunda.

2.

Divo Neptuno
Insulæ Tanatos
Defensori
Ædium Witfeldensium
Præcipue tutori
Portæ Regiæ et terrarum
Circumjacentium
Patrono
Hanc Statuam
Prope tædes prædicta compertam
D. D. D, A°. 1768.
H. de Holland
Jam senior fractusque.

3.

Thy Fisheries yield Food, thy Commerce
Wealth ;
Thy Baths give Vigor, and thy Waters Health.

4.

Whitfield was safe, while Neptune kept his
door,
Neptune retir'd, and Whitfield is no more.

Arx Ruohim. The Isle of Thanet, in the old British language, was called Innis Ruohim, or Richborough Isle, from its situation near the port of Richborough, hence this tower had its name *. The outwork of flint, which surrounds the white tower, resembles the castles erected by Henry VIII. for the protection of the Kentish coast. Inscription on a tablet:

Arx Ruohim

Secundum Rev. & admodum ornatum
et eruditum virum Cornelium Willis
Tempore Principis Vortigern
Annum circiter ccccxlviii
Ædificata.

Harley Tower, built in the style of Roman architecture in honour of Thomas Harley, lord mayor of London 1768.

On the cordon :

Magistratus indicat virum.

On the tablet :

This Tower is dedicated to the Honour of Thomas Harley, Lord Mayor of London, in the Year of our Lord 1768.

Iustum & tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium
Mente quatit solida.

Whitfield Tower, in the full perfection of Gothic architecture, is very elegant; the beau-

ty of its shaft was equalled by the ornaments which graced its summit, but were blown down by the wind the first winter after it was finished. On the tablet are the following lines :

This Tower built

On the highest Spot of this Island
Is dedicated

To the Memory of Robert Whitfield, Esq.

The Ornament and

(Under Thomas Wynn, Esq.)
The Adorner of King'sgate.

At this place there is also a public-house erected by Lord Holland, which had for its sign the head of Capt. Digby, and was formerly decorated with verses, partly by his Lordship and partly extracted from the Bath Guide. These are since rubbed out and defaced. The house serves for a place of entertainment for the visitors of Margate.

On the pile of buildings raised by Lord Holland, Mr. Gray, who visited this part of the country soon after their erection, wrote the following very severe verses, which have not been inserted in his works, for an inscription.

Old and abandon'd by each venal friend,
Here Holland form'd the pious resolution
To smuggle some few years, and strive to mend
A broken character and constitution.

On this congenial spot he fix'd his choice,
(Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighb'ring
sand)

Here sea-gulls scream and cormorants re-
joice,
And mariners, tho' shipwreck'd, dread to
land.

Here reigns the blustering North and blight-
ing East ;

No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing,
Yet nature cannot furnish out the feast :
Art he invokes, new horrors still to bring.
Now mould'ring fanes and battlements arise,
Arches and turrets nodding to their fall,
Unpeopled palaces delude his eyes,
And mimic desolation covers all.

" Ah (said the sighing Peer) had * * * * been
" true,

" Nor * * * *s, * * * *s friendship vain,
" Far other scenes than these had crown'd
" our view,

" And realiz'd the ruins that we feign.
" Purg'd by the sword, and beautify'd by
" fire,

" Then had we seen proud London's ha-
" ted walls ;

" Owls might have hooted in St. Peter's
" choir,

" And foxes stunk and litter'd in St.
" Paul's.

* Sim. Dunelm. Hist. col. 120. Others, as Mr. Lewis's Hist. of Thanet, p. 2. and Dr. Campbell, Political Survey, vol. i. p. 396, suppose Innis Ruohim to be the isle in which Richborough formerly stood, and not Thanet, in which it never stood at all. Innis Ruohim, the Roman Isle, Innis Romanorum.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.
THE POETICAL EXHIBITION.

Nec tantum certandi cupidus quam propter amorem.

LUCRET.

IN the course of last summer, I spent a few weeks with a gentleman fond of literary pursuits. As he understands the value of his hours too well to make his residence in the country a time of indolence or of rustic intercourse, he had carried with him some of his younger friends, whose imaginations are warmed with Wit and Poetry, so as to produce lively and delightful images in their least studied conversation.

We fell into discourse, the evening after my arrival, on the present condition of English poetry, and the comparative merit of our later poets. I asserted that there was a prevailing deficiency in novelty of invention, and animation of sentiment; that our versifiers were a sort of virtuosi in poetry, who had no eyes for the grand or beautiful at large, but confined their attention to the smallest and most trivial objects; thinking their trouble amply repaid by the discovery of a new streak in a flower, or a new spot in an insect. "It is true," added I, "that we hear much of purity and clearness; but these, as well as some other properties, arise only from the icy nature of the composition. Nor can I admit very readily the perspicuity of some writers, whose verses are overshadowed by prolix and heavy commentaries, from the time of their birth; as if their sense was too mighty to be contained in one form of language, or their words capable of such various meanings, that the reader must be led by a finger-post to the true one."

As soon as I had done speaking, a young Clergyman, from the neighbouring village, began in a mild and insinuating tone the defence of modern poetry. "You appear," said he, "to blame in our poets, as a matter of choice, that selection of subjects and that method of expression which are forced upon them by their situation. Consider with yourself how far the antient writers have anticipated us in poetry, and you will be obliged to confess that it is difficult to be original without being fantastic. And by what circumstance can we distinguish ourselves from the older writers of this country, more effectually than by correctness? They had perhaps more energy, but they had also more numerous faults. Their productions are sometimes enchanting, but frequently disgust by their indelicacy. Add to this,

that our writers are more comprehensive. Where an ancient writer would only have touched a few striking features, and left his object but imperfectly known, a modern presents you not merely with a finished head, but with a complete figure."—"True," interrupted a gentleman on my right hand, "we have didactic pieces as full and regular as the Ready Reckoner; and this fault I was preparing to complain of, when it was mentioned as a beauty. Perhaps you will say, with Boileau's Critic, that you do not know why you yawn over them; but he is too modest a reader, who transfers the blame to himself from a tiresome poet. Only this relief may be derived from regularity, that the application of elevated language to the meaner parts of a work, has sometimes absolutely a ludicrous effect; and in this way I have been surprised by grave poems into a laugh."

Our debate was stopped in this place by a violent noise, which arose at the other end of the table, where they had been attempting to adjust the claims of certain authors; and which, though not quite so rough as the *crash of the ruins of Rome*, was sufficient to draw the attention of our host. The conversation became more general, and remarks and replies, characters and quotations, flew round the table. As our mirth ran higher, I proposed that the authors in dispute should be represented in my friend's private theatre, the next evening, by their respective admirers. The scheme was relished as an agreeable frolic.

After the advocates for the several poets had declared which person they meant to represent, three Judges were elected; for they were limited to this number, that they might be impartial by a classical necessity. Our host, who is a scrupulous Antiquarian, shook the lots in a rusty helmet picked up from the field of Cannæ, after making the proper libation; and the choice proved fortunate.

Horatio, who had undertaken one of the characters, at the joint request of the company, desired to be instructed by the Judges on what particulars he should be expected to sound his imitation. "I apply," said he, "the doctrine of the Indian sages to poetry; for I perceive, in every modern writer at least, two different souls: one transfused

transfused from the model which he proposes to himself; the other his own, which he is more solicitous (though in vain) to quit than to improve: if I meet with Milton or Pope in one line, I always find the author popping up his head in the next. Now I suppose the Judges do not desire imitations of the assumed, but of the original manner; but it is necessary that this be understood, otherwise I may appear to ridicule my author, while I am attempting to do him honour."

"I see the scope of your objection," replied Manlius, the gravest of the triumvirate, softening his dignity into a smile; "but it appears to me very possible to exhibit the poetical character of each author without descending to burlesque. The most exact imitator must, in the course of a long work, betray particular habits of reasoning, or modes of description, which it is your business to seize. The versification is also a considerable object; for no one in this company is ignorant of the difference between the English verse of the last and present poetical age. After all, I have my doubts of the force of your distinction; for I recollect no poet, since Dr. Parnell, who has given entire translations as original pieces."

"That man would deserve more than forgiveness, cried Horatio, who should produce such impostures as Dr. Parnell's: to revive a forgotten incident, and adorn it with the graces of eloquence and wit, is to surpass the original inventor. This may save his Hermit: I with his book-worm had led him a different chase from Beza's. Yet Parnell is every where graceful and easy: whether he borrows from another, or depends on his own fancy, the attractive charm of his manner never forsakes him. But in perusing some works, I experience the uncomfortable sensation which a dream gives us, when we place one step on firm ground, at the next are hurled down a precipice, and, suspended in the air, anxiously pant for solid support. Such a distance I am sensible of between the borrowed thought and the succeeding effort of the straining author.

— A vast vacancy! all unawares
Fluttering his pennons van plumb down he
drops!"

"Let me apply the old found-text copy here," interrupted my young Clergyman, "Example is better than precept: Horatio's imitation will presently convince us, that his contempt of the moderns is more fastidious than just."

On the following evening, the company assembled in the theatre, impatient for this new spectacle. The Judges were placed in the center-box, that our champions might be under no temptation to imitate Othello, when he turns his back on the Venetian Senate to address his defence to the pit. When all was prepared, the Sheriff's trumpets sounded a dolorous charge, and the first adventurer entered. He advanced irregularly, not knowing which foot to begin his step with, and stared about him so carelessly, that he tripped upon the edge of every board. He plumed himself however undauntedly in the center of the stage, and fixing his eyes on the Judge opposite to him, broke forth into this declamation.

DESCRIPTION OF A COTTAGE.

SEEST thou where yonder column of white
smoke
From the low chimney breaks, and playful
frisks.
Like striplings from coercive school set free?
Where the dark dunghill, loathly object,
scents
Worse than a neighbour's urer: yet like him
Its baseness has its use to other men,
Destin'd to rear a serviceable crop.
There too the barn-door boasts its trophy'd
hawk
(The rage of slaughter ev'n extends to clowns):
Some boy has robb'd the trunk. I smile to see,
Portentous sight!—a bird without a head.
Yet once at such a sight victorious Rome
'Midst all her pomp had trembled, and decreed
Well-roasted beeves to please her guttling gods.
'Tis pleasant, as I take my morning-walk,
To view the happy family at breakfast.
Their feast is milk, white nutriment and bland!
Thence sprout strong limbs, and joints of
matchless spring,
Unknown to gout—only the dame sips tea.
Why else do vapours seize her? ill-repell'd
By Lout, whom courtesy calls Doctor; stuff'd
His hat with label'd poisons, half mis-spelt.
Thus health, in ev'ry rank, is truck'd for pleasure;
And thus, misjudging of our ends and nature,
We hope to truck our gold for health again.

The Judges owned that he had the knack of extracting morals from very common objects; but asked him, whether some of his observations were not so mean as to appear ludicrous. He replied, that every fact and appearance might be explained in four different ways, literally, morally, mystically, and allegorically; on which he was desired to make room for the next candidate.— This majestic person advanced in full dress, and made so many profound bows in reach-

ing the front of the stage, that the company was heartily tired of his civilities. At last, stroking his chin, he reduced his features to a practised smile; he then placed one hand in his bosom, waved the other to display his brilliant, and coughing five times, he enunciated these lines.

ADDRESS TO FAME.

AS round some mount the rill with rushing force

Entwines its playful, pleasurable course,
Thy ample waist, O Fanie! my wishes grasp,
Thence to be driven by no marauding wasp.
Let sweet Philanthropy prevail, at least,
To bind in clanking chains the blataut beast,
And awful-smiling at the castrif's screech,
Repress his malice by the powers of speech.
Then shall my Muse her daring flag unfold,
Bright with the insect dye, and rough with gold;

And while auspicious winds the blaze advance,
To future times record my *esperance*;
Blest, if my bark amidst the whelming roar,
With favour'd sails shall double *Bon Espoir*.

Some of the country-ladies began to applaud, before the declaimer had finished; but they were checked by a signal from the Judges, who told him, that the weight and force of his rhyme were certainly great, though sometimes his lines terminated with insignificant words; but this was a trifling blemish, compared to the barbarism of rhiming to French phrases; that they perceived he was prodigal of imagery, and they suspected him to be fond of throwing his figures into stiff attitudes: they finished their remarks, by thanking him for producing so short a specimen, and by expressing their hopes that he had no commentary in his pocket.

The third candidate appeared with a scholar's gown and cap, attempting a smooth minuet-step; which lost its effect, partly by his awkwardness, and partly by the intolerable creaking of his shoes. To relieve himself, he sometimes fell into a common walk, for several paces together. He hung back after he first shewed himself, till some of the Muses mould introduce him; but as none of them appeared to countenance him, he took the arm of a gentleman in cut velvet, who minded his own strut too much to give him any material assistance, and who had nearly brought him down more than once, by running his sword and cane betwixt his legs. When the poet came in front, he threw himself into the Ciceronian attitude, and delivered the following lines.

COMPOSITION OF THUNDERING POWDER.

WITH baleful terror shall the village-maid
And simple swain thy mimic thunders shake?
O yet beware, ere thy audacious hand
Shall to the ancient shovel's ample shield
Commit the dire ingredients, which, when lit
By unsuspecting Vulcan, down shall dash
The mild assistant, and the useful tool.
Dire is the fraud, and dire the victim's lot.
An ancient shovel's to my soul most dear,
Nothing more dear; it is an ancient friend
Not to be lost. And yet perhaps thou mean'st
To bend the stubborn peatst to thy will;
And wisely dost thou mean; for his tough soul
Shall sink subservient to thy magic lore.
For this be gentle Pharmacy invoc'd,
To grind, compound, and neat the drug involve.

First, to the fleece from the dark prison cull'd
Of India's conqueror, join the golden flakes
Shed from the tresses of the mineral star;
That product next, which India's saline fields
In baneful plenty send, whence war derives
His brazen thunders, and the pond'rous ball
Its missile force; whence, lastly, juicy beef
In grateful mess the roving sailor cheers.

Yet cautious use thy art; the female frame
My sink, by hideous wild combustion shock'd,
Hysterical; *the chimney may take fire*.
Use then thy own discretion; happiest he
Who rural elegance with freedom joins!

As soon as the acclamations produced by Horatio's verses had subsided, the Judges remarked, that his composition was unintelligible. "For my explanation and defence, replied the candidate, I shall only say in the words of a learned author, already quoted to this purpose by the most ingenious of possible travellers, *Fluß der yalerick divuldrom prasud mirpusth*."—Here the gentleman in cut velvet advanced two steps, raised his cane perpendicularly to his nose, hemmed thrice, turned his eyes first to the right and then to the left with great complacency, then half-shut them, and rising on tip-toe delivered himself as follows:

"The intention of Thundering Powder being to excite a violent explosion, the poet has treated of it in lofty and rebounding verse. His feelings being highly agitated by his subject, he has left me nothing to do, but to explain the recipe, which under his management becomes a beautiful enigma. The proportions of the ingredients I think myself obliged to omit. Take then salt of tartar, sulphur of antimony, and common nitre, and mix them into a powder; which, when properly managed, will produce all the desired effects. The poet's

humane precepts, and his eulogium of liberty and a country-life, I may not be thought in a situation to commend; but my opinion of them is deducible from my temerity in singling them out in presence of the honourable Judges."

Before the general praises of the poem and commentary were finished, the next candidate thrust in his head at one of the side-scenes, and enquired hastily, with a broad accent, whether it was not time for him to appear. This singularity excited so much mirth, that there was a necessity for letting him come on immediately. He took possession of the stage without changing countenance, and prefacing his verses only by a very ungraceful bow, began thus:

INVECTIVE AGAINST METAPHYSICIANS,
AND SELF-CONGRATULATION OF THE
POET.

YE quibbling sages, fam'd in Gothic cells,
From your perplexing tracks and endless maze
The Muse, deliver'd, seeks the flow'ry dells,
And cheerful carols lovely Nature's praise.
Full sweet and pleasant are her summer-lays.
But had she wont with you, still blank and dull,
In worthless labour had she past her days.
With fabling lore to cheat Devotion's gull,
Obscure, nor then as now of blooming honors
full,

Then had our sceptics held their cause secure,
And counted wit and truth alike their own:
Nor Hume had shrunk, unable to endure
The smarting lashes on his shoulders thrown.

COLLOQUIAL TRIUMPHS.

I triumph in the ill-dissembled groan,
When Wit perplex'd with puzzled fingers
drums;

And hold the victory proclaim'd my own,
When beau confounded ends of op'ras hums,
Or from the straining chest hard-hawk'd up
laughter comes.

PANEGYRIC OF DR. J—N.

But stop, my muse; make ready with thy tears;
For mighty J—n pour the plaintive song,
Whose fame shall sound while Time preserves
his ears.

He charg'd, like me, the Sceptic Powers a-
mong!

While all his virtues to my mem'ry throng,
My bitter soul all comfort does refuse!

And now I hear the ev'ning's solemn gong,
Home must I hie to shun the chilling dews;
But as I go I'll mourn—O weep apace, my
Muse!

As the candidate stood wiping his eyes, the Judges asked him, how the recollection of the loss of his friend should seize him so abruptly? to which he replied, that at the close of the second stanza he found his matter exhausted, and he was tired of rhiming; and that it was his rule, to inter-

rupt a poem when he was weary of it, by an elegiac strain; after which the reader's feelings would admit nothing.

The dress of the next candidate set every body on the broad grin; for he appeared in the Roman sagum, with a Spanish hat and feather, and a huge rosary dangling from his neck. He began to read a long apology, which he held in his hand, to justify this inconstitute: but being desired to give a more agreeable specimen of his acquirements, he delivered himself with great modesty as follows.

THE COMMERCIAL TREATY.

FROM Tago's banks, and Ulyssippo's walls,
The patriot-wish my wand'ring step recalls;
But quick decays the momentary zeal,
I see the giddy land with pleasure reel.
While Art adorns the slope, or turns the bust,
I see my Country's trophies sink in dust;
And all her glories nodding to the fall,
Tend to the arms of yon' insidious Gaul.
Not idly thirsting for unusual lore,
I trac'd th' events of Lusitania's shore;
A Briton still, I scann'd her grandeur's scale,
And in her woes perus'd my Country's tale.
And lo! that pride, to England once so dear,
Which basted Philip's gold, and Louis' spear,
Which wrapt designing Charles in civil flames,
And sent to hooded priests their pious James,
That noble pride, by ravenous trade deprest,
Forsoke its tarnish'd throne, the English breast.

Ye rosy souls, who, as the minutes pass,
Behold their emblem bounding in the glass,
And form your warlike or your civil schemes,
As urg'd by Lisbon or Arabic streams *;
Avert the hour when gout and France design
To triumph o'er our country in our wine!
Reject the paly cup, ere yet your toe
The inborn British spirit's rage shall know;
Ere yet your sons, bedeck'd with Lyons' silk,
Shall sin in claret, and repent in milk.

The Judges accompanied the audience in applauding this egregious patriot; tho' Manlius alledged that he affected too much of a foreign smoothness in his verses, and that he made a most licentious use of proper names, which every school-boy must be displeas'd with. However, he concluded his remarks with the good-natured quotation, *Non ego paucis, &c.*

The next candidate entered with a large bagpipe under his arm, and a child's coral with bells jingling at his girdle. He performed a voluntary on the bagpipe, which occasioned the company to make divers wry faces: after finishing his strain he commenced these verses.

ADDRESS TO THE NYMPH OBSCENITY.

BLYTHE nymph, whose thin-veil'd waist
and frolic charms
Narrative Tuscans embraced high in glee,

When old Ferrara, gladden'd by thy voice,
With silver-sounding spells deceiv'd dull
hours;

Who blew'st to brightest flame the latent fire
Of hoar Marini; whom thy Fontaine shew'd
To courts and courtly circles, nothing loth;
Whom brilliant Bayle defended 'gainst the
frowns

And execrations of grave Belgic fires;
To me, thy last adorer, goddess, bring
Thy oldest fables and thy quaintest mask.

Wit shall conduct thee, and Desire shall
support thy steps: Humour shall adorn
thee with her choicest garland, that its fair
flowers may, nodding, shade by turns the
burning lustre of thine eyes. I, with a
baton by thee bestow'd, will keep the saucy
contumelious rabble distant far.

Beyond what'er St. Martin's-lane can show,
What'er Scioptius* read, or Westrene †
wrote,

Thy higher mysteries, sweet nymph, I know,
And comment more, and more repeat and
quote.

Though finical fools
With nonsensical rules

May pretend to deride my endeavour;
While you buy, you may blush,
I care not a rush;

So smut and old stories for ever.

The candidate had scarcely finished his
specimen ere he was obliged to retreat from

the storm of hisses, groans, and horse-
laughter excited by his lines; and still
greater indignation and contempt felt,
when a hint was conveyed to the Judges,
that he intended to have passed off these ver-
ses as the production of a poet of the
twelfth century.

When the tumult subsided, the Judges,
perceiving the lateness of the hour, thought
it time to dismiss the assembly; but as a
declaration of their sentiments was expect-
ed, after a short conference among them-
selves, which was not conducted without
smiles, Vanustulus rose to address the au-
dience.

"In attempting, said he, to state my ideas
on this contest, I feel myself, at the very
first blush of the question, totally incom-
petent to form a decided opinion. The
jet of the comparison ought to lay in the
adroitness with which the Poets *debouche*
conduct and compleat their topics; but I
am free to say, that the subjects appropri-
ated, have been, to-night, so various, that,
added to the characteristic differences, they
keep me in posse. To throw a more steady
light on the wavering shades of discrimi-
nation, it was proposed by us to treat of
the species of poetry in detail; but the ap-
proaching hour of conviviality frustrates
this intention. I shall therefore only add
with the learned Janotus, *Valere et plau-
dite. Calepinus recensuit.*"

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

LIFE and CHARACTER of the late Dr. HOULSTON.

DR. THOMAS HOULSTON, the subject
of the following memoirs, was born
at Liverpool, in the county of Lancaster,
November 26, 1746, of respectable pa-
rents now living. He had the advantage
of an excellent school-education under two
of the most eminent teachers there and at
Manchester, and from their instructions he
did not fail to acquire a knowledge of the
Latin, Greek and French languages, very
suitable as the ground of his pursuits
in medicine. His genius and applica-
tion, even at this early period, were such
as gave reason to hope well of his future
attainments, and from the excellent lessons
and examples of his tutors, he imbibed
those well-founded sentiments of virtue and
religion which accompanied him through
life.

In the autumn of the year 1764, having
previously acquired a knowledge of phar-
macy (an art not a little essential to the

physician) by an attention of three years
continuance, he went to London in order to
attend the different teachers and hospitals;
which he did with most exemplary dili-
gence and assiduity, profiting of these and
other opportunities of medical science, even
to the injury of his health.

At the end of the year 1766, though
then but just twenty years of age, he passed
over, by the advice of his friend Dr. George
Fordyce, to Leyden, with a view to obtain
the degree of doctor of physic; which, in
February 1767, was conferred on him, af-
ter a regular and candid examination by
the professors, who expressed themselves
handsomely of the manner in which he
had acquitted himself.

He continued to attend the lectures of the
several professors of that famous univer-
sity (Albinus sen. and jun. Van Royen, and
Allenand) and quitted it in August the
same year, to gain a farther insight into his

* Commentator on the *Priapeia*.

† Author of the infamous book ascribed to Aloysia Digoea.

profession at Vienna, to which Van Swieten and De Haen at that time gave celebrity and consequence. On his road thither he passed through Hanover, Göttingen, Cassel, Leipzig, Dresden and Prague; at all which places he made some stay, visiting the professors of eminence, and such persons and things as were most deserving of notice; a practice which he uniformly adopted during the whole of his long tour.

He reached Vienna in September, and usefully employed himself in frequenting the medical schools and hospitals there about a year; during which, however, at the instigation of the English and Hanoverian ambassadors (Lord Stormont and Baron Walsmoden) he took some steps to introduce INOCULATION. The first amongst the Austrians who had the small-pox by inoculation were those under his care, as appears from an article in the London Gazette of March 27, 1786.

Soon after the first attempts of this kind, he was desired to attend the inoculation of the young Prince and Princess Poniatowski, (children of the General Prince Andrew, brother to Stanislaus the reigning King of Poland) jointly with the physician and surgeon of the family. He resided with the Princess and the children at Teplin, a villa near Vienna, during all the course of the disease; which, though not treated wholly as he wished, proved tolerably mild. Still however the event was very unfortunate for the young Princess; a spot which had formed on one eye terminating in a total loss of the sight of it, which there was great reason to believe would not have happened, had not the concurrent opinion of the other gentlemen of the faculty been preferred to his. On his return to Vienna, he had a long and free conversation with the Emperor on the subject of inoculation, in the presence of Dr. Ingenhousz, who had been engaged and sent by the Imperial ambassador from London before Dr. Houlston's attempts to introduce inoculation at Vienna had taken place; and who, after the latter had quitted it, successfully inoculated the younger branches of that august family.

During his residence at Vienna, Dr. Houlston made two excursions; the one to Presburg in Hungary, (from the same principle of curiosity that had induced him whilst in Holland, to visit, at different leisure-times, its principal cities, Amsterdam, the Hague, Utrecht, Rotterdam, &c.) the other to Lintz, the capital of Upper Austria, where he was invited to inoculate the children of two commanding officers of the Irish nation, General Plunkett and

Count O'Donnel. The operation in these and some others who profited of the opportunity succeeded perfectly. Soon after his return to Vienna (the beginning of September 1786) he quitted that city, dissatisfied with the illiberal sentiments of its medical professors. De Haen, who had in vain attempted both to practise and decry inoculation, chafed that another should undertake it and succeed, from being friendly and communicative became sly and reserved; and Van Swieten, hurt that the honour of introducing that practice should be carried off by a young man, and an Englishman, from so many physicians greedy of fame as the improvers of medicine, suffered his resentments to transpire, and to carry him beyond his usual prudence; whilst the inferior orders of the medical profession, influenced by envy and detraction, spared no pains to prejudice him in the public opinion, by magnifying beyond probability the pecuniary emolument he had received. It ought not to be concealed therefore that, except in a few particular instances, he never accepted a fee during the whole of his stay on the continent; though he frequently, and sometimes extensively, gave his assistance to those in want of it; amongst whom were some of title and fortune his own countrymen, to whose offers his usual reply was, that "he came abroad to get information, not money."

With this view he farther pursued his journey through the mountains of Styria, Carinthia and Carniola, to Trieste, from whence he embarked for Venice. After a short stay there, he visited the great professor Morgagni, at Padua, and proceeded by Bologna to Florence, where he had an audience of the Grand Duke, in which he repeated what the Emperor had said, with a view to persuade that Prince to be inoculated, which (at some distance of time afterwards) he was, by Dr. Ingenhousz.

Our traveller now proceeded to Rome, and afterwards to Naples, where he arrived in November, purposing to spend the winter there for the re-establishment of his health, which even at this early period was far from being good. In this city were many English travellers, whose society rendered a residence of six months very agreeable, if not very profitable; and here the Doctor entered into their parties, visiting the antiquities and natural curiosities which abound in that neighbourhood; and amongst the rest Vesuvius, in company with Sir William Hamilton, to whose kindness it seems he was greatly indebted on these occasions. During this winter too, his
humanity

humanity was interested and called into action by a dreadful epidemy of the small-pox, which in a few weeks swept away above 6000 of the inhabitants of Naples. Shocked at such a mortality, of which he was an eye-witness, he wished here also to gain a footing for his favourite inoculation. For this end he translated Baron Dimsdale's treatise into Italian, (though the permission for its publication was withheld till some time after it was printed) and made a *proposal* to the Prime Minister, through Sir William Hamilton, to assist and instruct any of the Faculty there in this salutary practice, without desiring a reward. The Minister received it very politely, and answered it respectfully; though the accepting it was declined, on account of the King not having had the disease, and dreading the very name of it; so that nothing of that sort could be attempted.

In April 1769, Dr. Houlston returned to Rome, and was present at the coronation of the Pope (Ganganelli), of whom he had an audience. After spending the summer at this place, the extreme heats of which proved rather of service to his health, he proceeded to Leghorn, Genoa, Monaco, and Nice; where he passed the winter in a most mild and agreeable climate, to which many infirm persons from England yearly resort. In the spring 1770, he traversed the South of France to Montpellier, and remained six months at that University.

The small-pox raging here with great violence and destruction all the summer, gave him an opportunity of first introducing and inculcating the cool mode of treatment used in England. This, in great numbers of whom he had the care, was attended with a success exceeding all expectation, and was publicly and politely acknowledged at the University, *ex cathedra*, when he was present at a promotion; and the confidence it inspired procured him the means, a little before he left the place, of greatly promoting inoculation, which continued from that period to be practised with some freedom. In October he visited Paris, which however he quitted in June, on his return to England through Flanders. After a stay of not more than a month with his family, he returned to Paris, where, at Christmas, he was attacked with a pleurisy, which had nearly proved fatal, and the consequences of which confined him to his bed three months, in a state which seemed to preclude every hope of his reco-

very; to which however the serene and resigned state of his mind very greatly contributed. In this unpromising situation, so weak that he could scarcely be thought capable of undertaking the journey, and animated only with the wish of yielding up his last breath amidst his friends in his own country, he concluded his tour, and arrived at Liverpool in June 1772. Here, his health, contrary to expectation, gradually returned, and with it the desire of exercising in his native town the profession to the study of which he had devoted so much time and pains.

He was elected, in the beginning of the year 1774, Physician to the Public Hospital, to which he ever after shewed himself an uniform, active, and useful friend; and in which situation he constantly expressed great satisfaction, not as it might prove a means of promoting his reputation or profit, but as it furnished him with opportunities of relieving and serving his fellow-creatures, which he ever considered as the great business of life, and the best and most acceptable service we can render to the Giver of it.

In 1786, when, on account of the serious state to which his health was reduced, he found himself no longer equal to the duties of this office, he resigned it, though not without regret; and those, who, from being more conversant with the business of that house, knew how essentially and zealously he served the charity in a variety of ways, were best judges of the loss it sustained.

For many years the inclemency of our winters failed not to prove prejudicial to his health, which gradually became more and more precarious and infirm; till at length worn out with hectic fever and a variety of painful complaints, (i. e. for the preservation of which he was never remarkably solicitous, became uncomfortable and burthensome. Yet, though he looked forward with some earnestness to the termination of it, he bore without murmuring or impatience the evils annexed to its continuance, and when worse than ordinary, appeared to be more than usually cheerful and resigned.

About the close of the year 1782, an honorary diploma was conferred on him by the LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY of MANCHESTER; and in the spring of 1784, though under an alarming attack of his usual complaints, he busied himself in preparing for the press a *Treatise on Poisons*, which he at length completed. In the latter part of the year

1786, he became so exceedingly weak and reduced, that he was almost wholly prevented from appearing abroad, and at length obtained the release he had long looked for from a deplorable and painful existence. He died greatly and extensively regretted on the 16th of April, 1787, having, about three months before, received a farther mark of professional distinction from the PHYSICAL SOCIETY of EDINBURGH.

Thus terminated the life of a man who to a clear head and a good heart, united many excellent qualities of a social kind; and though it may seem a matter of wonder, that, possessed of such requisites, his medical practice was not so extensive as it appeared to be successful, we may account for it by observing, that he was a man better calculated perhaps to *serve* than to *please*; and the world is either little able to judge of, or takes little pains to enquire into, the *merits* of those who seek not to ingratiate themselves. Men are taken by appearances, or else follow the multitude. An indifferent state of health, a constitution ill calculated for fatigue (and still less for excess) and a mode of thinking which placed the *summum bonum* in objects very different from what are generally pursued, led him rather to seek enjoyment in his own private reflections, and occasioned his secluding himself, perhaps more than was consistent with his interest, from society.

Thus he rather avoided than sought the conversation of mixed companies, and seemed to have little relish for public amusements; a propensity which indeed is less to be wondered at, if we consider that he had partaken of them so largely, and in such perfection, that, as he once said, he was like one "satiated and cloyed with sweets." After seeing all that was curious and excellent in England, Germany, Italy, and France, and enjoying the society and intimacy of many of those most distinguished for their learning and genius, and whose conversation might be looked up to as models of wit, elegance and politeness, he very possibly concluded he could expect no higher gratification. Certain it is, however, that his good natural sense, joined to a polite address, and the remarkable facility with which he acquired the languages of the countries through which he passed, recom-

mended him to the notice, and secured him the favour of many persons of rank and consequence; but from the farther cultivation of this, he was deterred by the more confined limits, upon which the plan of his future life had been determined.

In his six years residence on the continent, he used to say, he had learnt two useful lessons: the one, to set the highest value on his own country, its constitution and religion, of the great and just superiority of which he was convinced, from having well known and considered those of others; not being led, as too many are, by prejudice to give a preference to their own and depreciate all others, but from a sound and rational conviction of their greater excellence. The following lines indeed, from a short poetical performance of his, shew his sentiments on this hasty decision, to which inconsiderate travellers, of our country in particular, are so prone—

"Our nation, prejudiced, with partial eyes
"Examine all, and ere they know despise."

What he farther learned was to look upon rank and fortune in the light they deserve. From an intimate knowledge of many possessed of both, he saw clearly that however flattering might be the pursuit, they failed in the possession; so that, far from constituting happiness, they could barely be said to contribute to it.

To a conviction therefore that "happiness depends not upon wealth, or any external acquisitions," was probably owing that want of alacrity and exertion so necessary to a medical practitioner that would become popular, but which, in the instance before us, were declined. The practice of those arts which fill the purse of a Physician, he was persuaded, diminish the dignity of the medical character in like proportion; and this did not fail to have its due weight in the sentiments of Dr. Houlston; in whose general character, though occasions were not wanting for the exercise of candour and forbearance, the exceptionable parts bore a very inconsiderable proportion to those in which charity, philanthropy, and a strict adherence to moral and religious duties were conspicuous.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.
ATOMS of INFORMATION.

Junctarum discordia semina rerum.

(Continued from page 11.)

DR. Johnson had planned a book on the model of Robinson Crusoe. Pomponius Gauricus, a learned Neapolitan, who had dabbled in Alchemy, Physiognomy, &c. suddenly disappeared in the year 1530, and was heard of no more. The supposed life of this man the Doctor had resolved to write. "I will not (said he) shipwreck my hero on an uninhabited Island, but will carry him up to the summit of San Pelegrini, the highest of the Appennines; where he shall be made his own biographer, passing his time among the Goat-herds, &c."

By Dr. Johnson's advice, the late Duke of Cumberland ordered a brass cannon to be fabricated on a new plan. Our artillery is usually complained of, on account of its weight, and size. The Doctor was willing to think these defects might in some degree be obviated; first, by casting every gun out of a less quantity of metal than usual, and afterwards by hammering it into solidity. The experiment was tried, but set aside on account of the expense attending it.

Mr. Baretty had made a French translation of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia; which Dr. Johnson put into his hand sheet by sheet, as fast as it was printed off: but the translator declaring his inability to render the first paragraph in a manner satisfactory to himself, the author dictated it as follows:—

"Mortels, vous qui prêtez l'oreille à
"la douce voix d'une imagination sedui-
"sante, et qui poursuivez les fantômes de
"l'espoir; vous qui attendez de l'au-
"tomne de la vie l'accomplissement des
"promesses que son printemps vous a
"faites, et qui croyez que lendemain vous
"donnera ce qui vous manque aujourd'
"lui; écoutez l'Histoire de Rasselas
"Prince d'Abyssinie."

Critical Observations on the Cavalier Paulo Alessandro Maffei's Notes on the Statues in Rome, sent in a letter from the Abbate Francico Ficceroni, the Roman Antiquary, to Smart Lethiquillier, Elq. anno 1739.

No. VI. In the statue of the River Tyber, he has omitted the symbols carved

round the base, viz. old Father Tyber as dreamt of by Æneas—the city Lavinium, and the white Sow and Pigs, all mentioned by Virgil: he has omitted likewise the representation of the Ship drawn with ropes by men against the wind up the Tyber, from the Porta Ostia, in the same manner as is in use at this day.

No. VII. In the statue of the River Nile, he has omitted the sixteen children dispersed over the body, which were intended to denote the sixteen cubits to which that river rises in its increase. He has omitted likewise the sculptures on the base; such as Egyptian vessels with their rudders ending in a piece of iron, which enters the mouths of the crocodiles; likewise sea-cows, hippopotamos's, and other water animals.

No. XVII. In his print of this statue, which has at bottom the ancient inscription PVDICITIA, he ought to have mentioned that the head is modern, and was copied by a scholar of Bernini, from a medal of the elder Faustina.

No. XVIII. This statue is of the Goddess Pudicitia, and not of Julia Mammea, as said by the Cavalier, being of a more exquisite workmanship than we meet with in her time.

No. XXI. This is not the statue of Cicero; the chin is modern, and the cicor or wart on the cheek is what the great Cicero never had, as we learn from Plutarch; but one of his ancestors had it, who took his name from it. This statue is in the Consular habit, as many other unknown statues are.

No. XXII. The statue here called Virgil, is in the Consular habit, and Virgil never bore that office. But, farther, the head is modern, and was made by Giacomo Fancelli a scholar of Bernini.

No. XXV. The statue here called a Sybil, was designed for one of the people called by the Romans *Præfices*, who were hired to weep and mourn at the funerals of distinguished persons. This statue represents an old woman with large breasts, as mother of a family; whereas the Sybil described by Virgil is a young woman, and so we see her represented on a Consular medal of the family Manlia, and

likewise at No. 7. of the second volume of Gronovius's Collection of Roman Antiquities.

No. XXX. This statue in metal in the Villa Medici, which is here called Mars, is neither ancient, nor of that deity; but was made by Algardi, and designed for Coriolanus.

No. XLVIII. This group of Dirce tied to the bull with Zethus and Amphion, is not that spoken of by Pliny, and said to be done by Grecian Artists, but is evidently of Roman workmanship, and not of the first rate.—Vide Ficcaroni's letter to Mr. Bernard.

No. LV. This statue is of Greek marble and excellent workmanship, and, by the arm being folded in the garment, was perhaps designed for the Dea Pudicitia. The Cavalier has omitted telling us that the head is modern, and made by Bernini.

No. LXXX. The well-known young Faun, he calls a Satyr, forgetting that the Satyrs are always represented with the countenance and legs of a goat.

No. LXXXIV. This is a statue of Rome, and not of Pallas.

No. LXXXV. This statue is of Domitia, under the figure of the Dea Salus.

No. LXXXVIII. This is not the statue of Marcellus, whose silver medals shew quite a different countenance, but was designed for some Consul now unknown.

No. LXXXIX. This statue is of Titus Vespasian, and not Domitian, as is evident to any one conversant in their medals.

No. XCIII. This statue with a singular ornament on its head, is not of Agrippina, whose face is well known by her medals, but is an invention of Giacomo Fancelli the sculptor, who made all from the waist upwards.

No. XCIV. This statue cannot be a Bacchus, who is never represented with a tail and asses ears, but is an exquisite Greek Faun sleeping. The Cavalier should have noted that the thighs and legs are of stucco, made by Bernini, who would not venture to make them of marble, to join with Grecian workmanship.

No. CH. This statue of Apollo was presented to Louis XIV. by Cardinal Otoboni.

No. CIII. This statue the Cavalier calls a Priestess of Bacchus, because she holds a vase ornamented with flowers and vine leaves; but the figure represents an

old woman holding an urn from whence issues a flame, and is undoubtedly intended for a Vestal holding the everlasting fire.

No. CIV. This cannot be a statue of Adrian, the countenance being different from all his medals, but in some degree resembles Caracalla; and the workmanship agrees better with his time than with the reign of Adrian, when sculpture was at its highest perfection.

No. CVII. This statue represents Juno, and not Sabina, whose face is well known by her medals.

No. CIX. This is the statue of Diana, as is evident by the symbols, and not of an Amazon, as the Cavalier calls it, who would be represented wanting one breast.

No. CX. The calling this statue, which stands in a hall belonging to the Palace Altieri, a Pescennius Niger, is somewhat extraordinary, since every beginner in the study of medals or busts, must know it to be designed for Septimius Severus.

No. CXI. This statue of Apollo was made by Bernini for Christina Queen of Sweden; and of the Nine Muses, six of the heads were made by the same famous sculptor. The Cavalier should have informed the public that these, together with all the statues and busts belonging to the said Queen's collection, are now at Madrid, having been sold to King Philip V. by the Duke Bracciano for 53,000 crowns.

No. CXXVI. This is evidently a Triton, under the emblem of a Faun.

No. CXXVIII. This statue of — * sitting, well known by the gem engraved of him and published by Orsini, is in the lower apartment of the Palace Spada. The Cavalier calls it a Seneca, not considering the difference of the countenance of this statue from the Seneca in the Villa Borghese, from that in the Villa Pamphili, and from the two busts which are now in the Capitol.

No. CXXX. The calling this the statue of Pyrrhus is an excusable error, it having been always the vulgar opinion. But it is in truth a statue of Mars with a manly beard, as he is often represented on the reverses of medals of Trajan and Antoninus Pius. Whereas every one knows that Pyrrhus, when he fought against the Romans, and was killed by a blow from a stone at a siege, was still but in the flower of his days.

No. CXXXI. This statue, which is in the Massimi Palace, with the serinium

* The name is not legible in Ficcaroni's original Italian MS.

at the feet wretchedly expressed, is most evidently of Trajan.

No. CXXXVI. In speaking of this famous statue of young Hercules killing the Hydra, which was found in the Verospi gardens belonging formerly to Sallust, the Cavalier ought to have observed that the thighs, feet, and the whole Hydra, are the work of Bernini; and that, several years after, the ancient pieces belonging to it being found in the same gardens, they appeared very different from those invented by the said eminent sculptor, and were placed by the said statue in the court belonging to the Verospi palace in the Corso at Rome.

No. CXXXVIII. This statue, found not long since in the Villa Casali, was broke in several pieces, and, in the barbarous ages, employed in building. It is here called a Bacchus, because there are grapes on the head; but the countenance plainly shows it to have been designed for an Antinous.

No. CXXXIX. The head of this statue is modern, and was made by Giulietto, a scholar of Bernini, who knew nothing of Ritrats.

No. CXLIII. This is at present in the Capitol.

No. CXLIV. The Cavalier should have observed that an antique head, too small for the body, having been annexed to this statue; Mr. Coke (now Lord Leicester), having bought it, caused a modern head to be made to it.

No. CXLV. This statue was bought by the late King of Poland.

No. CXLVIII. These statues are well known to every man of learning to represent Ihs and Oiris, though the Cavalier is pleased to stile them *Dii Averrunci*.

[It may be necessary to subjoin, that these remarks of Ficcaron refer to the *Raccolta di Statue Antiche e Moderne, data in luce sotto i gloriosi auspici della Santita di N. S. Papa Clemente XI. da Domenico de Rossi, illustrata colle spozizioni a ciascheduna immagine, di Paolo Alessandro Maffi, &c.*—*In Roma nella Stamperia alla Pace con privilegio del sommo Pont. e licenza de superior l'anno MDCCIV.* To this book the foregoing structures will always prove a valuable accompaniment.]

(To be Continued occasionally.)

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following original Letter from Mr. GARRICK to the Secretary of the Customs, has never been printed. I think it is sufficiently characteristic of the agreeable Writer from whom it came; and deserves to be preserved.

I am Yours, &c.

C. D.

DEAR SIR,

NOT Rachael weeping for her children could shew more sorrow than Mrs. Garrick—not weeping for her children, she has none, nor indeed for her husband: thanks be to the humour of the times, she can be as philosophical upon that subject as her betters. What does she weep for then? Shall I dare tell you? It is—for the loss of a chintz bed and curtains.—The tale is short, and is as follows:—I have taken some pains to oblige the gentlemen of Calcutta, by sending them plays, scenes, and other services in my way; in return, they have sent me Madeira, and poor Rachael the unfortunate chintz. She has had it four years, and upon making some alterations in our little place at Hampton, she intended to shew away with her prohibited present. She had prepared paper, chairs, &c. for this favourite token of India gratitude. But alas! all human felicity is frail. No care having been taken on my wife's part, and some treachery being

exerted against her, it was seized, the very bed, “by the coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains, and then thrown amongst the common lumber.”

If you have the least pity for a distressed female, any regard for her husband (for he has a sad time of it), or any wishes the environs of Bushy Park made tolerably neat and clean, you may put your finger and thumb to the business, and take the thorn out of Rachael's side.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours,

D. GARRICK.

TEXT.—“For earthly power doth then
“look likeit God, when mercy seasons just-
“tice.”—*Shakspeare's Merchant of Venice.*

P E T I T I O N.

O Stanley, give ear to a husband's petition,
Whose wife well deserves her dittoisful
condition,
Regard life of his and the law's prohibition.

If you knew what I suffer once she has been
 c. ught,
 (On the husband's poor head ever falls the
 wife's fault)
 You would lend a kind hand to the cont. aband
 jade,
 And screen her for once in her illicit
 trade.
 For true as 'tis said since the first Eve undid
 'em,
 Frail woman will long for the fruit that's
 forbidden;
 And husbands are taught now-a-days, spight
 of struggles,
 Politely to pardon a wife, though she smug-
 gles.

If their Honors, or you, when the sex go }
 astray,
 Have sometimes inclin'd to go with them }
 that way,
 We hope to her wishes you will not say }
 nay.
 'Tis said that all judges this maxim do keep,
 Not their justice to tire, but at times let it
 sleep.
 If more by the Scriptures their Honors are
 mov'd,
 The over-much righteous are then disapprov'd.
 Thus true to the Gospel, and kind as they're
 wife,
 Let their mercy restore what their justice
 denies.

TO THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

IN your last Magazine, under the article
 of "Atoms of Information," I find a criti-
 cism on my account of the Caliver, pub-
 lished in the History of Ancient Armour.—
 Permit me to observe, that your correspon-
 dent has both misquoted and misunder-
 stood me (undesignedly I dare say); the
 first, in making me say that a caliver was
 lighter than a musquet or *harquebuse*; and
 the other, in collecting that such was my
 meaning. In my book I said, "the caliver
 was a lighter kind of musquet, with a match-
 lock, and was made to be fired without a

rest;" but not a word here of the *harque-
 buse*. His quotation from Sir John Smith
 tends only to prove that a *harquebuse* was
 lighter than a caliver; a position I have not
 contradicted. Had he said a caliver was
 heavier than a musquet, it might have gone
 some way towards making my illustration
 of the passage in Shakespeare groundless.
 As you inserted this stricture on my work,
 I trust you will also insert my answer.—
 I am, Gentlemen, your's, &c.

FRA. GROSE,

London, July 23, 1787.

FOR THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

THE late publications of Mr. Polwhele
 have, confessedly, very great poetical
 merit. In respect to verification or peg-
 try, they must rank with the first produc-
 tions, yet have they blemishes. There is
 one I shall make the subject of this paper.

His propensity to introduce the *names of
 living characters*, attended, in general,
 with comments to their advantage, is very
 remarkable. I will not pretend to deter-
 mine his motive for so doing. A decision
 of this nature might be erroneous. It lit-
 tle, perhaps, concerns the public, whether
 he was prompted by a disposition to flatter-
 ery to praise his brother-authors, or whe-
 ther he was led by a candid and ingenu-
 ous temper to praise, where he thought
 praise was due. At the same time, a few
 references to passages in his "*English Cra-
 ter*," his "*Pictures from Nature*," and
 his "*Theocritus*," where living personages
 are noticed, may not be altogether unac-
 ceptable.

In the "*English Crater*," the present
 Premier is drawn out of *Copley's* groupe of
 worthies into the glare of extravagant pa-

negyric. The author terms *Copley great
 artist*; but *Copley's* picture will not war-
 rant the epithet. Besides, I would hint to
 this writer, that living characters are very
 improperly introduced into a didactic poem.

In "*Pictures from Nature*," (2d edit.)
 the 17th, 18th, and 19th Sonnets seem to
 be dedicated to flattery. For the first, Mr.
 Pratt's *Landscapes in Verse* deserve little
 encomium. They are the offspring of a
 vicious fancy. Of the last eulogatory son-
 net I can say nothing, as I know nothing
 of the character. But for the sonnet on
 the historian of Manchester, I must own
 that the panegyric is as just as the verifi-
 cation is elegant.

In *Theocritus*, the following is the list of
 complimented personages:

Sir William Jones,	Mr. Colman,
The King,	Mr. Macon,
The Poet-Laureat,	Dr. Warton,
Angelica Kauffman,	Peter Pindar,
Mr. Swinburne,	Mr. Mickle,
Mr. Hayley,	Dr. Langhorne,
Mr. Harris,	Mr. Tinker.

The encomium on Colman's translation
 of

of Horace's Art of Poetry (p. 342.) is not supported by the specimen given. The original is badly rendered by Mr. Colman, the fine expression *exacuit* being entirely overlooked.

By these strictures I would convey a hint to Mr. Polwhele to be more cautious, in future, with respect to his opinions of

men and literature. They who inspect the encomiastic passages alluded to, will see the justice of the hint. Let me, however, assure the ingenious writer, that I by no means wish to detract from the general merit of his original or translated poetry, and that I am only

ANTI-ADULATOR.

TO THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

I KNOW not whether vehement invective or unqualified panegyric be most offensive to the mild genius of philosophic criticism; but when either of these accompanies erroneous judgment, the fault is surely aggravated to a high degree.

The editor of a late edition of Gray's Poems, after much arbitrary censure of the judgment and genius of Dr. S. Johnson, observes, that *no man has ever exceeded in sublimity his lines on Shakespeare.*

“ Each change of many-colour'd life
he drew;

“ Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd
new.

“ Existence saw him spurn her bounded
reign,

“ And panting Time toil'd after him in
vain *.”

If dramatic poetry be an *imitation of human actions and character*, the first of these lines contains the signal, and perhaps peculiar praise of Shakespeare, though poetically exaggerated. The first part of the second line is hyperbolic, since there still remain many real modifications of manners unattempted by that poet: the latter part is confessedly true. But surely a dramatic writer merits little commendation, for deserting his province to represent things which have no prototype in nature. Shakespeare, however, is here made to do it with very unbecoming indignation. He “*spurns* the reign of Existence,” and adds insult to detection. The universe of things is no subject of contumely.

The last line is not very perspicuous: but it may be discovered that its design is to celebrate Shakespeare (*tumido ore!*) for concerning the unity of time. Without observing whether this unity be necessary or adventitious, we cannot but remark, that there is very little praise due to him who violates rules whereof it is probable he had no knowledge; and which, if he had known them, he would have found much more easy to violate than obey.—The sublime attempted in the expression of this praise, degenerates into the profound, inasmuch as a ludicrous image can abase its character: for what else is presented to our fancy than a corpulent, clumsy fellow *panting* in the pursuit of one who is leaner and more active?

Of eulogy it is required, that it contain an individual and appropriate encomium. In this, then, the example before us is eminently deficient: for if we except the first line, we shall find nothing in it that is not as applicable to the sottish and extravagant writers of Gothic romance, as to the renowned poet whom it purports to celebrate.

My apology for these observations is, that from all authority there is an appeal to reason: and to that I am disposed to appeal from the authority of Doctor Johnson, whose critical opinions generally I reverence, and from that of the editor of Gray, whose erroneous dogmas disturb my tranquillity.

SECUTOR.

FOR THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

FRAGMENTS BY LEO, No. XII.

HINTS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE SPELLING OF PROPER NAMES; AND ON THE ORTHOGRAPHY OF THAT OF SHAKESPEARE.

THE various pronunciation of different nations, and even of our home counties, not only makes it difficult to spell but

to articulate, in many instances, proper names. By long familiarity with the sound, the most harsh and uncouth names lose their

* He is not the only editor who admires these lines—They have found distinguished favor with Mr. John Bell, Bookfeller; for he has prefixed them as a motto to his late elegant edition of Shakespeare.

meanness and oddity in our ears; and what at the first hearing appears coarse and barbarous, by use becomes as if natural to us, and the want of dignity passes unperceived. So just is the observation of Milton, who, speaking of his Treatise on Divorce, which he named *Tetrachordon*, supposes a detractor to say,

—“ Bless us! what a word on
 “ A title-page is this! ———
 —“ Why, it is harder, Sirs, than Gordon,
 “ Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp:
 “ *Those rugged names to our like mouths*
 “ *grow slack,*
 “ That would have made Quintilian stare
 “ and gasp.”

But though long use will familiarise the most rugged and uncouth names to our ears, many of the Irish and Scotch who migrate to this country, seeming impatient of the delay, soften and alter their names to bring them nearer to the English pronunciation. It was a lucky thought when *Mackail* the vintner changed his name to *Almack*. Nor was David *Malleob*, the poet, less happy, who on old Dennis's nicknaming him *Meloch*, on account of his profanity, wisely changed his name to *Mallet*; an event which Johnson has recorded in the first editions of his folio dictionary*. In imitation therefore of these illustrious examples, I would advise every barbarous named Scotchman or Irishman to meliorate his appellation, when he thinks it convenient for him to settle in England. Among other advantages which from such change will accrue to the individual, it is no inconsiderable one, that in the times of party rage and vulgar prejudice run mad, it will save him many of the galling shafts of ridicule; and elections have often been endangered by a wicked play upon a name, and many a tradesman has lost customers by the same means. Though some of them are passable, the whole family of the *Macks* are somewhat obnoxious to English ears; and to such as are possessed of the harshest of them, I certainly would recommend a change. The strongly aspirated *h* of the Irish and Scotch renders many of their names extremely difficult to Englishmen, who, whether the owners will or will not, alter them in their pronunciation. The *ch* and *gh* of our sister kingdoms are also pronounced by them as the single aspirated *h*; but by Englishmen the first is turned into *k*, and the *gh* into *for ph*, or omitted entirely.

For example, the Scotch name *Cochrane*, with the *ch* aspirated a *h*, is in England *Cockrane*; and *Macklaughlin*, with the *gh* also aspirated as *h*, becomes *Macklahphlin*. Many of the Scotch and Irish names by only dropping the *Mack* become at once harmonious, and lose all their harshness. Thus *Mackmillan* becomes *Millan*, *Mackray Ray*, and *Mackmurray Murray*, with many others. We have heard of an Irish girl named *Mackdiggon*, who having had an illegitimate child in the country, was removed by her friends, who were people of credit, to Dublin; where being recognized by some of her townsmen, they called her *Maid again*, which she improved into *Maidyon*. And it would be lucky for some of the harsher *Macks*, such as *Mackintosh*, *Mackrabbie*, *Mackgillywraith*, &c. &c. if they could be as happy as Miss *Mackdiggon* in improving their names. Besides the *Macks*, many other names have been *Anglified* with success. The harsh name *Strang*, with the addition of an unpronounced letter, becomes *Strange*, and *Goggie* may easily be softened into *Gage*.

However trifling it may appear to some, the sound of a name is often of more importance than dull gravity may imagine. Many a school-boy who has had the misfortune of an *awkward name*, has been sadly tormented by his schoolfellows on that very account; and we have heard of a Frenchman, who always in his prayers gave thanks to the Almighty, that his name was liable to no pun. But while we would correct the harsh names of the Scotch and Irish, and condemn their broad aspiration of the *h*, it must be acknowledged that many of our common English names are not only harsh, but have also great vulgarity. *Pepper*, *salt*, *mustard*, *veal*, *hog*, *pigeon*, *auck*, *drake*, *lamb*, *fox*, with an endless *et cetera*, and all the colours of the rainbow, are all proper names in this country, so apt to censure the unfortunate *Macks*. And if to our English ears the full and broad aspiration of the Irish and Scotch *h* seems so disagreeable, let it be remembered that that noble and admired language the Spanish abounds much more in such aspiration. To a plain Englishman who knows nothing of the Spanish, it will appear strange when he is told that the name of the renowned Don Quixote, which he pronounces *Quicksoi*, is by the Spaniard pronounced *Keehotee*, strongly aspirating the *h*; for not only the *x*, but

* “ ALIAS, adv. a Latin word signifying *otherwise*; often used in the trials of criminals, whose danger has obliged them to change their names; as, *Malleob*, alias *Mallet*, i. e. *otherwise Mallet*.”

also the jod or j, is in that admired, though extremely guttural language, pronounced as the aspirated *h*.

Before and during the reign of Elizabeth, and even so late as the times of the first Charles, the orthography of the English language was so ill settled, that in the best authors of those days, it is no uncommon thing to find the same word spelled differently in the same page. Nor did proper names escape this neglect of a standard rule, many of our most antient families having altered the spelling of their names almost every generation.

Much has been argued on the most proper way of spelling the name of our immortal bard *Shakespeare*; and when it was thought that his own hand-writing would for ever decide the dispute, behold, it was found that he himself had spelled it differently. And now every author seems to write it according to his own caprice; and hence we have *Shaksper*, *Shakspere*, *Shakspeare*, &c. &c. sounds and orthography disagreeable both to the ear and the eye. But in this state of uncertainty might it not be recommended, that we should advert to the origin of the name? Whatever therefore was the spelling in Shakespeare's days, it is self-evident that that family name was originally compounded of the verb *shake*, and the noun *spear*, a warlike weapon; and most pro-

bably, like the names of many of our most ancient families, it was given on the event of some particular exploit. *Break-spear* is also a family name, and no doubt had its origin in the same manner as above suggested; but who would pronounce it *Braksppear*? Disregarding therefore the unsettled orthography of Shakespeare's days, let us adhere to the verb and the noun of which his name is formed, only retaining that ill-understood, and elegantly softening letter, the final *e*, by which the name will preserve at least a feature of its antiquity no way disagreeable to the eye or the ear. Were this hint, founded on the origin of the name, adopted, our ears would be no longer disgusted by the harsh sound of *Shak*, or our eyes with the barbarous and obsolete orthography of *sp* or *spere* for *spear*; and as Englishmen of the present age would have pronounced the name on its origin, let us pronounce and write it in a manner analogous to the present state of our language, and which will preserve the original meaning; and then never more shall the barbarous *Shak* or *spere* turn into discord, or disfigure the smooth and elegant name of SHAKESPEARE.

ERRATUM.—In the last *Fragment of Leo*, Vol. XI. p. 220, line 24, second column, in place of *request* read *situation*.

Mr. BARETT's RELATION of his RUPTURE with Dr. JOHNSON.

IT is well known that Omai, the native of Otaheite, learnt to play at Chess whilst he was in London. As his proficiency in this game was the cause of Mr. Baretti's dropping the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson, after having cultivated it above thirty years, the relation of it, in Mr. Baretti's own words, is here inserted, extracted from his *Tolondron*.

“ My story may be a lesson to eager mortals to mistrust the duration of any worldly enjoyment, as even the best cemented friendship, which I consider as the most precious of earthly blessings, is but a precarious one, and subject, like all the rest, to be blasted away in an unexpected moment, by the capriciousness of chance, and by some one of those trifling weaknesses, unaccountably engrafted even in the noblest minds that ever shewed to what a pitch human nature may be elevated. About thirteen months before Dr. Johnson went the way of all flesh, my visits to him grew to be much less frequent than they used to be, on account of my gout and other infirmities, which permitted not

my going very often from Edward-street, Cavendish-square, to Bolt-court, Fleet-street, as it had been the case in my better days: yet once or twice every month I never failed to go to him, and he was always glad to see the oldest friend he had in the world, which, since Mr. Garrick's death, was the appellation he honoured me with, and constantly requested me to see him as often as I could.

“ One day, and, alas! it was the last time I saw him, I called on him, not without some anxiety, as I had heard that he had been very ill; but found him so well as to be in very high spirits, of which he soon made me aware, because, the conversation happening to turn about Otaheite, he recollected that Omai had once conquered me at Chess; a subject, on which, whenever chance brought it about, he never failed to rally me most unmercifully, and make himself mighty merry with.

“ This time, more than he had ever done before, he pushed his banter on at such a rate that at last he chafed me, and
made

made me so angry, that, not being able to put a stop to it, I snatched up my hat and stick, and quitted him in a most choleric mood. The skilful translator of Tasso, who was a witness to that ridiculous scene, may tell whether the Doctor's obtrusive merriment deserved approbation or blame: but such was Johnson, that, whatever was the matter in hand, if he was in the humour, he would carry it as far as he could; nor was he much in the habit, even with much higher folks than myself, to refrain from sallies which, not seldom, would carry him farther than he intended. Vexed at his having given

me cause to be angry, and at my own anger too, I was not in haste to see him again; and he heard from more than one, that my resentment continued. Finding, at last, or supposing that I might not call on him any more, he requested a respectable friend to tell me that he would be glad to see me as soon as possible: but his message was delivered me while making ready to go into Sussex, where I staid a month longer: and it was on my leaving Sussex, that the newspapers apprised me my friend was no more, and England had lost, possibly the greatest of her literary ornaments."

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.

Notes on the State of Virginia. Written by Thomas Jefferson. Illustrated with a Map, including the States of Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, and Pennsylvania. 8vo. 6s. Stockdale.

IN an advertisement prefixed to this elaborate collection of transatlantic "Notes," we are told that they were written in Virginia in the year 1781, and somewhat corrected and enlarged in the winter of 1782, in answer to Queries proposed to the author by a *foreigner of distinction*, then residing in America.—"The subjects," says Mr. Jefferson, "are all treated imperfectly; some scarcely touched on. To apologise for this, by developing the circumstances of the *time* and *place* of their composition, would be to *open wounds which have already bled enough*. To these circumstances some of their imperfections may with truth be ascribed; the great mass to the *want of information* and *want of talents* in the writer. He had a few copies printed, which he *gave* among his friends: and a translation of them has been lately published in France, but with such alterations as the press in that country rendered necessary. They are now offered to the public in their original form and language."

Such is the apology which our author is pleased to make in the year 1787, for the publication of a work confessedly penned in 1781 and 1782. It may fairly be asked, however, why, if unqualified to discuss the

points proposed for his consideration *then* he should appear before the public confessing his disability for the task *now*?—If he *wanted information*, why pretend to *write*, if he *wanted talents*, why presume to *publish* his observations? There may be modesty, and there may be truth, in the acknowledgment; but Mr. Jefferson should be informed that it is a kind of modesty, which, whether true or false, has no tendency but to render an author ridiculous or contemptible.—The *want of TALENTS*, as being a want proceeding from nature, is perhaps irremediable; but when we hear an author complain that he *wanted information*, we cannot help suspecting the *origo mali* to be, that he also *wanted INDUSTRY*.

Without meaning to direct these remarks with their full force to the gentleman before us, though he has certainly exposed himself to the stigma of them, let us proceed to enquire analytically into the general merits and demerits of his performance.

The work commences very properly with a description of the limits and boundaries of the State of Virginia; which, from the account given by our author, appears to be one third larger than the islands

islands of Great-Britain and Ireland, reckoning them at 88,357 square miles. We have also a recapitulation of the several grants from which those limits and boundaries resulted.

After this general delineation of the country, our author takes a view of the rivers; and the geography of which, as he justly remarks, may be better understood from an inspection of a map than from any description in writing. He also particularly notices how far they are severally navigable; and, in answer to his *foreigner's* *query*, observes—what we should have supposed all the world knew before—that Virginia has no ports, no communications with the sea, but what she enjoys through her rivers and creeks.

In his description of the mountains, one circumstance worthy of notice is mentioned, namely, that, unlike those of other regions, “they are not *solitary* and *scattered confusedly over the face of the country*; but commence at about 150 miles from the sea-coast, and are disposed in ridges one behind another, running nearly parallel with the sea-coast.” Mention is also made of a substance supposed to be *pumice*, found floating on the Mississippi, which “has induced a *conjecture*, that there is a volcano on some of its waters.” This *conjecture of others*, Mr. Jefferson combats with a *conjecture of his own*. No volcano has ever yet been known at such a distance from the sea, *ergo*, according to Mr. Jefferson, we must rather *suppose* that this floating substance has been *erroneously* deemed pumice.

Leaving this *supposition* about the said floating substance to float upon the minds of readers more learned in the theory of volcanos than our author seems, or than we pretend to be, we now follow him to the cascades and caverns. Of the former he mentions none but the Falling Spring in Augusta, which is indeed the only remarkable cascade in Virginia: nor is he much more copious in describing the latter, the famous Madison's Cave excepted; of which to a brief, but to us seemingly a faithful account, he has annexed an “*eye-drawing*,” on a scale of 50 feet to the inch, shewing by arrows where it descends or ascends.

With our author continuing to descend

ourselves, we accompany him from the caverns to the mines, and to a general view not only of the mineral, but of the vegetable and animal productions of the country. Under these several heads—all, it is to be observed, comprised as an answer to one query from his friend the “*Foreigner of Distinction*”—we find remarks more pertinent—to us at least more satisfactory—than any that have occurred in the preceding pages.—Of *gold*—but, he it remembered, we are *under ground* at present—of gold, he says, he recollects but *one* instance of its being found in Virginia. That the bowels of the earth, however, abound in *lead*, and even in *black lead*, he gives ample testimony. That they contain *copper* also, and that the inhabitants know to what use *copper* should be turned, he also shews. Of the *pit coal*—a production from the earth of far more consequence to mankind than *copper*, or *lead*, or *gold*, he makes most honourable mention; but of *precious stones*—scarce, alas! as *gold itself*—never did he hear of *one* being found in the country—an *emerald* excepted. Of the marble and the limestone, the stone fit for the chissel, the millstone, and the slate-stone, he gives a description in all their varieties; nor does he omit to mention—what, we hope, it will be long before Virginia will have occasion to use—*her GUN-FLINTS*. Of the various earths, and of the sources of nitre and common salt, we likewise have a brief, and, as usual, a flattering account.

Our author proceeds next to an enumeration of the medicinal springs, of which with truth he observes—what, without a deviation from truth, we cannot deny to be the characteristic of our own medicinal springs—that “some of them are indubitably efficacious, while others seem to owe their reputation as much to *fancy*, and change of *air* and *regimen*, as to their *real virtues*.”

We are next presented with a list of such native trees, plants, fruits, &c. as the author thought most worthy to attract notice, as being 1. Medicinal, 2. Esculent, 3. Ornamental, or 4. Useful for fabrication; with an addition of the Linnæan to the popular names, from an apprehension that the latter might not convey precise information to a foreigner*.

* Beside the plants and flowers mentioned by our author, there are, as he observes, an infinitude of others; for an enumeration and scientific description of which we are referred to the *Flora Virginia* of the great botanist of America, Dr. Clayton, published by Gronovius at Leyden, in 1762. From Mr. Jefferson we learn, that this accurate observer was a native and resident of Virginia; passed a long life in exploring and describing its plants; and is supposed to have enlarged the botanical catalogue as much as almost any man who has lived.—

On the animals of the country, particularly the quadrupedes, our author, divesting himself of his usual unsatisfactory brevity, expatiates somewhat at large. He seems even to be in a degree animated by that spirit of scientific research which has immortalised the names of Linnæus and Buffon. It is the less necessary, however, to follow him through all the meanders of philosophical discussion to which the subject immediately before us might lead, as he differs in no essential points from those illustrious Naturalists, and renders his account chiefly interesting by an annexed Comparative View of the Quadrupedes of Europe and of America in three tables. From this view, Buffon, we think, must in one or two instances stand corrected.

In treating of Man, as his character is to be found among the *Aborigines* of America, combating, and sometimes *successfully* combating the theory of Buffon, our author has particularly impressed us with the sentiments contained in the following passage; nor will we withhold them from our readers.

Before we condemn the Indians of this continent as wanting genius, we must consider that letters have not yet been introduced among them. Were we to compare them in their present state with the Europeans North of the Alps, when the Roman arms and arts first crossed those mountains, the comparison would be unequal, because, at that time, those parts of Europe were swarming with numbers; because numbers produce emulation, and multiply the chances of improvement, and one improvement begets another. Yet I may safely ask, How many good poets, how many able mathematicians, how many great inventors in arts or sciences, had Europe North of the Alps then produced? And it was sixteen centuries after this before a Newton could be formed. I do not mean

to deny, that there are varieties in the race of man, distinguished by their powers both of body and mind. I believe there are, as I see to be the case in the races of other animals. I only mean to suggest a doubt, whether the bulk and faculties of animals depend on the side of the Atlantic on which their food happens to grow, or which furnishes the elements of which they are compounded? whether nature has entitled herself as a *Cis* or *Trans* Atlantic partisan? I am induced to suspect, there has been more eloquence than sound reasoning displayed in support of this theory; that it is one of those cases where the judgment has been seduced by a glowing pen: and whilst I render every tribute of honor and esteem to the celebrated Zoologist, who has added, and is still adding, so many precious things to the treasures of science, I must doubt whether in this instance he has not cherished Error also, by lending her for a moment his vivid imagination and bewitching language.

So far the Count de Buffon has carried this new theory of the tendency of nature to *belittle* * her productions on this side the Atlantic. Its application to the race of whites, transplanted from Europe, remained for the Abbé Raynal. ‘On doit être étonné (he says) que l’Amérique n’ait pas encore produit un bon poëte, un habile mathématicien, un homme de génie dans un seul art, ou une seule science.’ 7 Hist. Philos. p. 92. ed. Maestricht 1774. ‘America has not yet produced one good poet.’ When we shall have existed as a people as long as the Greeks did before they produced a Homer, the Romans a Virgil, the French a Racine and Voltaire, the English a Shakespeare and Milton, should this reproach be still true, we will enquire from what unfriendly causes it has proceeded, that the other countries of Europe and quarters of the earth shall not have inscribed any name in the roll of poets †. But neither has America produced * one able

“As much as almost” is an odd expression; but he who looks into Mr. Jefferson’s book in the hope of finding an elegance of phraseology or an accuracy of diction, will own at last that he has looked in vain.

* *Belittle*!—What an expression!—It may be an elegant one in Virginia, and even perfectly intelligible; but for our part, all we can do is, to *guess* at its meaning.—For shame, Mr. Jefferson!—Why, after trampling upon the honour of our country, and representing it as little better than a land of barbarism—why, we say, perpetually trample also upon the very grammar of our language, and make that appear as Gothic as, from your description, our manners are rude!—Fresely, good sir, will we forgive all your attacks, impotent as they are illiberal, upon our *national character*; but for the future, spare—O spare, we beseech you, our *mother-tongue*!

† “Has the world as yet,” says Mr. Jefferson, “produced more than two poets, acknowledged to be such by all nations? An Englishman, only, reads Milton with delight, an Italian Tasso, a Frenchman the *Henriade*, a Portuguese Camoens: but Homer and Virgil have been the rapure of every age and nation: they are read with enthusiasm in their originals by those who can read the originals, and in translations by those who cannot.”

mathematician, one man of genius in a single art or a single science.* In war we have produced a Washington, whose memory will be adored while liberty shall have votaries, whose name will triumph over time, and will in future ages assume its just station among the most celebrated worthies of the world, when that wretched philosophy shall be forgotten which would have arranged him among the degeneracies of nature. In physics we have produced a Franklin, than whom no one of the present age has made more important discoveries, nor has enriched philosophy with more, or more ingenious solutions of the phenomena of nature. We have supposed Mr. Rittenhouse second to no astronomer living; that in genius he must be the first, because he is self-taught. As an artist he has exhibited as great a proof of mechanical genius as the world has ever produced. He has not indeed made a world; but he has by imitation approached nearer its Maker than any man who has lived from the creation to this day*. As in philosophy and war, so in government, in oratory, in painting, in the plastic art, we might shew that America, though but a child of yesterday, has already given hopeful proofs of genius, as well of the nobler kinds, which arouse the best feelings of man, which call him into action, which substitute his freedom, and conduct him to happiness, as of the subordinate, which serve to amuse him only. We therefore suppose, that this reproach is as unjust as it is unkind; and that, of the geniuses which adorn the present age, America contributes its full share. For comparing it with those countries, where genius is most cultivated, where are the most excellent models for art, and scaffoldings for the attainment of science, as France and

England for instance, we calculate thus. The United States contain three millions of inhabitants; France twenty millions; and the British islands ten. We produce a Washington, a Franklin, a Rittenhouse. France then should have half a dozen in each of these lines, and Great-Britain half that number, equally eminent. It may be true, that France has: we are but just becoming acquainted with her, and our acquaintance so far gives us high ideas of the genius of her inhabitants. It would be injuring too many of them to name particularly a Voltaire, a Buffon, the constellation of Encyclopedists, the Abbé Raynal himself &c. &c. We therefore have reason to believe she can produce her full quota of genius. The present war having so long cut off all communication with Great-Britain, we are not able to make a fair estimate of the state of science in that country. The spirit in which she wages war is the only sample before our eyes, and that does not seem the legitimate offspring either of science or of civilization. The sun of her glory is fast descending to the horizon. Her philosophy has crossed the Channel, her freedom the Atlantic, and herself seems passing to that awful dissolution, whose issue is not given human foresight to scan †.

Such came as that with which Mr. Jefferson has here treated us: at the close, might have been admirably calculated to *coarse* the gaping throng of America; when, first intimated with ideas of INDEPENDENCE, she proudly hoisted her *Thirteen Stripes*. With those stripes woe-tully has she already suffered herself to be scourged. In the midst of her humiliations, then, let her not, through the mouths of her political zealots, *continue*

* "There are various ways of keeping truth out of sight. Mr. Rittenhouse's model of the planetary system has the plagiarist appellation of an Orrey; and the quadrant invented by Godfrey, an American also, and with the aid of which the European nations traverse the globe, is called Hadley's quadrant."

† "In a later edition of the Abbé Raynal's work, he has withdrawn his censure from that part of the new world inhabited by the Federo-Americans, but has left it still on the other parts. North America has always been more accessible to strangers than South. It he was mistaken then as to the former, he may be so as to the latter. The glimmerings which reach us from South America enable us only to see that its inhabitants are held under the accumulated pressure of slavery, superstition, and ignorance. Whenever they shall be able to rise under this weight, and to shew themselves to the rest of the world, they will probably shew they are like the rest of the world. We have not yet sufficient evidence that there are more *lakes* and *fogs* in South America than in other parts of the earth. As little do we know what would be their operation on the mind of man. That country has been visited by Spaniards and Portuguese chiefly, and almost exclusively. These, going from a country of the old world remarkably dry in its soil and climate, fancied there were more lakes and fogs in South America than in Europe. An inhabitant of Ireland, Sweden, or Finland, would have formed the contrary opinion. Had South America then been discovered and feated by a people from a fenny country, it would probably have been represented as much drier than the old world. A patient pursuit of facts, and cautious combination and comparison of them, is the drudgery to which man is subjected by his Maker, if he wishes to attain pure knowledge."

to be insolent. Mr. Jefferson, whatever his pretensions may be as a *patriot*, has no merit to plead as a *prophet*. Be it known to him, and to his countrymen—be it known to the world—that the sun of Great Britain's glory, far from “descending to the horizon,” was never more resplendent than at the present moment. If her *philosophy* has crossed the Channel, she rejoices—it is impossible for philosophy

to travel too far; but many years, we apprehend, must elapse before one spark of her *genuine freedom* will be found to have crossed the Atlantic.

In our next, leaving our haughty American in the undisturbed enjoyment of his *patriotic reveries*, we propose to close our remarks on his present motley performance.

Paulina; or the Russian Daughter. A Poem. In Two Books. By Robert Merry, Esq. 4to. 3s. sewed. Robson.

WE hardly recollect an event more adapted in all its circumstances to excite the passions of pity and horror, than that which forms the basis of the poem before us, and which, to the eternal disgrace of human nature, literally happened in Russia some years ago. The particulars of the story Mr. Merry published in the London papers in September 1783; and now, summoning to his aid all the powers of poetical imagery and pathos, he charms, while he pains us, with a detail of it in verse—verse, which, highly animated as well as harmonious, would not, upon the whole, disgrace the first poet of the age.

The piece commences with a picturesque description of the proud, but terrific mansion of Paulina's father; a stern, savage grandee of Russia, who, disappointed in his views of ambition, has renounced the world, and, in the midst of his enmity to mankind, become a perfect tyrant to his daughter. Paulina, on the contrary, unworthy of having such a parent, is delineated in all the colours that can give charms to personal beauty, and to mental accomplishment. One evening, walking in pensive gloom upon the terrace, she listens, and hears the voice—the plaintive, desponding voice of Alexis; a youth of a noble family in Moscow, who loves, and is secretly loved by Paulina; but who, unhappily, is one of the principal objects of her father's brutal hatred. Their raptures at this unexpected interview are not to be told—they pass description; but, as fortune would have it, just as Alexis has obtained from Paulina a promise that the next night she will quit her dismal abode, and consent to become his

bride, a dreadful storm arises, in which, as the poet beautifully describes the commencement of it,

Confusion reigns, and Terror's monster form

Stalks in the uproar of the coming storm;
His arrowy fleet the Genius of the Pole
Shoots furious forth, and muttering * thunders
roll,

While with red glance his eye-balls flash
around,

And the broad lustre glows upon the ground.

Alarmed at the tempest, alarmed too for the safety of her lover, thus exposed without shelter to its fury, Paulina desires him to climb the terrace, and conceal himself in her apartments, which are at a considerable distance from those of her father. In this situation, soon is their happiness disturbed, soon is their fancied security dispelled, by the sound of a foot which fatally announces the approach of the father. The only asylum that offers itself from his rage is a chest, in which Alexis has barely time to be inclosed before the arrival of the haughty tyrant; of whose ferocious character the poet, on this occasion, gives an admirable picture.

At the departure of her father, Paulina flies to the chest, opens it, and finds Alexis a lifeless corpse. Nothing can surpass the description our poet gives of the grief, the horror, and phrenzy with which she is seized at the sight of her dead lover.

She saw the rose grown livid on his cheek,
Yet strove with tone familiar still to speak;
Nor would she think it true, but ask'd him
why

So cold his hand, and so unmov'd his eye?

* In this animated passage, we cannot help objecting to the rolling of the “muttering thunders.”—*Muttering* is an epithet too feeble to apply to thunder—such thunder especially as presents itself to the imagination from the grand and awful description given of the scene in the preceding and subsequent lines.

Said that the bitter tempest now was o'er,
Her father gone, and he need sleep no more.

Again,

And is, she cried, that noble spirit fled?
O let me also join the sacred dead!
Then sudden sunk to momentary rest,
Cold on her dear Alexis' colder breast.
Alas! reviving sense awak'd her care
To deeper horrors of sublime despair;
To dire perfection of excessive pain,
To weep, to pray, to think, to feel in vain.
One while she melts, then stiffens into stone,
Now mingles laughter with her maniac
moan.

At length, restored to reason, she flies to the porter, entrusts him with her secret, and conjures him privately to inter the corpse. Avarice and beastly lust, with a countenance as hideous as a mind polluted, are represented as the characteristics of this wretch; who terrifies Paulina with the dread of her father's indignation, and promises concealment on no condition but that of her yielding to his

embraces. The monster, having thus gained her to his will, renders her next the tool of his avarice; to gratify which, (still threatening her with the rage of an implacable father) he prostitutes her to his associates, not less brutal than himself. One night, however, animated by fury and despair, she seizes the moment of their intoxication, and heroically sacrifices them to her violated honour.

Thus terminates the shocking story of Paulina's sufferings; and thus (after a solemn address to Heaven, invoking pardon for her involuntary crimes) terminates also the poem, which, though frequently unequal in point of composition, reflects no small honour on the muse of Mr. Merry.

Our readers will not be displeased to hear, that after the above bloody catastrophe Paulina was honoured with the protection of the Empress of Russia, and placed by her in a convent; where, if we are not misinformed, she still remains.

Fables; Ancient and Modern; after the Manner of La Fontaine. By William Wallbeck. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Debreit.

“Fools admire, but men of sense approve.”

SO said Pope, and so say we, without meaning to offend Mr. Wallbeck, or to dub him a fool. Certain it is, however, that not contented with *admiring* the immortal French fabulist he has adopted for his model, he seems absolutely to *worship* him as “the God of his idolatry.”

For the gratification of his poetical ambition, happy were it if from the fervid enthusiasm of this *idolatry* he had caught one spark of the fire that animated his *idol*; and as a proof how much our poet is a stranger to that simple, but correct turn of expression, that acuteness, or rather—to define it in a word, with which there is nothing synonymous in our own language—that *naiweté* which peculiarly distinguishes the character of Fontaine, we shall present our readers with one of the least exceptionable, because one of the most concise, fables in the work, which the author styles

THE WOLF'S REMONSTRANCE.

A Wolf pass'd by a shepherd's cot,
Just as a sheep's head smoking hot,
Tongue, brains, and all, *was* put on table.
“Ye two-legg'd animals! (says he),
Is't fit ye should find fault with me,
Who are yourselves so *CULPABLE*?”*

When at your feasts ye dine, or sup,
Ye eat whole geese and chickens up:
Oft' have I caught you in the fact.
Nay;—and I tell you to your face,
Goody, I heard you once say grace.—
For shame!—What,—glory in the act?

If I—a hungry wolf, alack!
Now and then take a little smack
Of kid, or calf, or lamb, or mutton;—
Some cur the neighbourhood alarms;
And ye against me take up arms,
Because,—forsooth, I am a glutton.”*

As inconsistent men *row'ds* men:
Yet just we think ourselves, *as wise*.
Keen enough others faults to *ken*,
Against our own we shut our eyes.

* In transcribing this specimen of our author's ability to tread in the path of Fontaine, we mark, as we proceed, the expressions that chiefly strike us as being defective in grammar, in elegance, or in harmony.—In the present instance, we find “culpable” a rhyme to “table.”—Fie on't!—Fie on't, Mr. Wallbeck!—This will never do.

A good-natured, good humoured, moralising, kind of wolf this; and (setting his natural ferocity aside) had he been in any degree that kind of whimsical and capricious "GENIUS" which our bard

is pleased to style *himself*, we tremble to think what might have become of the poor shepherd, his *goody*, and his *smoking* sheep's head.

The Platonic Marriage. A Novel. In a Series of Letters. By Mrs. Cartwright. 12mo. 3 vols. 9s. Walter, Hookham, &c.

WHAT will the world come to—the world, we mean, of LETTERS? or rather, what *would* it come to, were it at the mercy of the multitudinous tribe of *lady-authors*, who—claiming to themselves already an almost exclusive privilege to the mighty provinces of the DRAMA and NOVEL—seem determined to delude us with their *nonfense*—their ridiculous, sentimental nonienic. We love the LADIES, and we are disposed to admire *their works*, whether produced by the pen of IMAGINATION or by the needle of INDUSTRY; but seldom (truth to tell) have we yet known a female, who, enamoured once of the ideal glories accruing from the former, scorned not afterwards to stoop to the drudgery of the latter, and who had not, in fact, *disqualified* herself for it.

All this, however, be it known, is without the smallest *personal* reference to Mrs. Cartwright, who, for aught we know, may be capable of wielding with equal dexterity both the pen and the needle. It is somewhat singular, however, that the plot of her "*Platonic Marriage*" should hinge upon, and terminate in, the connubial union of a noble lord with his GRAND-MOTHER—his grand-mother, at least, IN LAW.

In our Review for April, while we seriously rebuked, we could not help ridiculing the *wild* imagination of a

"Young Lady," who, in her "*Lucinda Osborn*"*, brought a venerable gentleman to the very verge of the matrimonial bed with *his own daughter*. Though there be no *consanguinity* in the parties Mrs. Cartwright has contrived to bring together, and to render *happy* within the pale of the church (after Plato, and Plato's doctrines had lost that influence with the lady which they never should have possessed) there yet is an indelicacy in the impatience the grandson discovers for the death of his grandfather, merely to *enjoy his wife*, notwithstanding the canonical interdiction which says, "a man shall not marry his grandmother," nor even—what is equally *cruel*—"marry his grandfather's wife." But in such critical cases, is not a *dispensation* from such *ole-fashio'd, barbarous* commandments not only admissible, but laudable?—Ask Mrs. Cartwright, ye qualmish casuists, and she will boldly tell you, IT IS.

In general, we are disposed to admit that women are endowed with sentiments of virtuous delicacy in a degree much superior to man. To illustrate those sentiments, however, they have sometimes recourse to *very odd expedients*. Such at least is our opinion, with the story of the "*Platonic Marriage*" before us, and with that of "*Lucinda Osborn*" yet fresh in our memory.

Nina, or the Madness of Love: a Comedy, in Two Acts, Translated from the French by the Author of Maria, or the Generous Rustic. 8vo. 1s. Elliot.

NINA, in her present dress, sues to the Hon. Mrs. Hobart for a patroness; and we know not where she could have looked for a more amiable one. The story of this unfortunate maid—to much of it as is connected with the beautiful little drama before us—is assumed by the author to be no fiction, but an anecdote from real life, to which no alteration has been made but what was necessary to adapt it for the stage. Indeed, the very recital of poor Nina's sufferings (to us whether they are imaginary or real, it matters not, while they appear natural,

and in, at least, the *garb* of truth) is sufficient to excite a glow of virtuous sensibility in the coldest and most dissolute bosom.—What, then, must be our feelings when we behold those sufferings brought into dramatic action by the skill of a poet, who—steering to court applause by the wretched engines of *stage-trick* and *pantomimical mummery*—seems to have all the powers of *pathos* at his command.

The circumstances that gave birth to the piece are not less simple than they are affecting; and thus in the preface are

we introduced to the sorrows of the forlorn, the frantic Nina.—“At a village in the neighbourhood of *Rouenne* in Normandy,” says the author, “Nina contrives to *wait* her Germeuil, to whom, with the consent of her parents, she had promised her hand. Previous to the celebration of their intended nuptials, he was summoned to Paris. On the day fixed for his return, Nina repaired to the spot appointed for their interview; but, instead of her lover, *found* the melancholy tidings* of his untimely fate:—Germeuil was no more. Nina, unable to sustain this awful stroke of Providence, lost her senses. In vain has friendship united efforts with those of time to soothe her sorrows or recal her reason. Nina still expects with anxiety the return of

Germeuil, and each revolving day visits the spot appointed for their interview.”

In the drama, to mitigate the horrors of the scene, and prevent it from soaring into downright *tragedy*, Germeuil is represented to be still alive; but in his return, there is an *abruptness*, and in the consequent recovery of Nina from her phrenzy, there is a *precipitation*, which, as passing the bounds of probability and nature, *should*, and with a little management *might*, have been so happily prevented as to render the conduct of the piece faultless. With all its blemishes, however, we have not, for a considerable time past, seen a dramatic import from Paris of more intrinsic merit than the little *comédie larmoyante* of Nina.

The Riddle. By the late unhappy George Robert Fitzgerald, Esq†. With Notes, by W. Bingley, formerly of London, Bookfeller. 4to. 1s. Jameson.

WE are sorry that this same “W. Bingley, formerly of London, Bookfeller,” is not a bookfeller of London still; or, at least, that he does not know how to employ his time better than in publishing, with stupid notes of his own, a most indecent riddle, which had with far more propriety been finally committed to the grave with the wretched author of it.

We repeat the epithet *indecent*; for though Mr. Bingley tells us, that “the *secret* bears a name as delicate as any in the English language,” yet he must excuse us if we tell *him*, that it also bears a name expressive of an idea at which modesty revolts. So enamoured, however, is our *learned* Editor and Annotator of this very idea, as mystically compressed in the “*arch emendre double*” before us, that he scruples not, *virtuously* double’s as

well as *patriotically*, to offer a premium of “not less than five guineas for the most apposite poetical interpretation of, or answer to it”

Listen then to this invitation, ye *prostituted* Sons of the Muses! ye *half-starved* votaries of Apollo!—listen to it, we say, for to one or other of your unprincipled tribe, the means of obtaining many a good *dinner* are now allotted from the purse of the *public spirited* W. Bingley; who, in his *editorial* capacity, seems to care so little about *money*, that the *paltry* sum of five guineas he thinks hardly sufficient to reward those *mighty* powers of genius by which a *satisfactory* answer may be given to what a child would call his *riddle meree*—to what a woman of virtue would *blush* to understand—to what, in fine, ought never to be even mentioned but in the *chamber of a brothel*.

Elfrida; or, Paternal Ambition. A Novel. By a Lady. 12mo. 3 vols. 9s. Johnson.

OLD Bentley, the famous philologer, used to say, that of all the curses with which a poor author could possibly be visited, that of superintending the operations of the press, and exempting his works from the errors of neglect or ignorance, was the most intolerable. But Bentley lived not to be a *Reviewer*, nor did it ever fall to his lot to *sit in judgment upon novels*

and romances.—Were he alive now, then, how would he pity us, who, in the discharge of our monthly duty, are obliged, *per fas aut nefas*, to wade through the absurdity and nonsense of the novels—the *myriads* of novels—that daily come forth, in defiance of criticism, and in perfect despite of genius.

On the fair author of *Elfrida*, destitute

* No portion of the praise we bestow on the *author* of *Nina* is due to the *translator*, whose diction is frequently beneath criticism.—To *find* tidings!—What an expression!—We are really shocked to see the head of poor *Priscian* receive so merciless a blow.

† For Anecdotes of this celebrated criminal, and of his fellow-sufferer, Breckenrick, see Vol. IX. p. 387.

as she is of genius, criticism would be wasted. In very inelegant language the lady tells us a long story about two antiquated virgins, whose supreme pleasure is, in breaking off every marriage which happens to be concerting in their neighbourhood, and in ridiculing those that have been made, while they are themselves dying, but *dying in vain*, for every pretty fellow they see;—about a father who is so cruel as to give his daughter's hand to a man she hates, while the dear faithful youth of her affections is ready to hang,

shoot, or drown himself, from pure despair; about a husband, who—thine upon him!—is so fashionably dissipated as to treat with neglect an amiable wife, to ruin his fortune by gaming, and to be under the necessity at length of renouncing his country, to evade the clutches of the bailiffs;—about—But let us stop. “*About it, and about it,*” Goddess of Dulness, we have already had enough; and to those who wish to know more either *of* or *about* Elfrida, we recommend a perusal, if a perusal be possible, of the work itself.

Olivia: or, the Deserted Bride. 12mo. 3 vols. 9s. Lane.

OLIVIA and Elfrida may change titles. They are both equally inspid; and, what we confess rather surprises us, in the

incidents of the one, we find little deviation from the incidents of the other.

The Miscellaneous Works of Charles Colignon, M. D. late Professor of Anatomy in the University of Cambridge. 4to. 11. 1s. White.

THE old adages *Posta nascitur non fit*, and *Non omnia possumus omnes*, are not the less *true* because they are *true* and to be heard from the mouth of every school-boy. In his *professional* capacity, Dr. Colignon merited and obtained much praise;—praise, however, which, leading him to court the phantom *universal fame*, has literally left him with *little fame at all*.

Of a man so eminent, however, as to have filled with honour the professorial chair of anatomy in the University of Cambridge, it may not be improper to note a few particulars.

In his posthumous works now before us, (most of which have appeared before) we find, 1. “The Duellist; a Fragment; in Three Parts;—2. Miscellaneous Reflections on several Passages in classical and historical Writers, connected with, and derived from, the Structure of the Body; together with a few Observations on Physiology;—3. The Character of Eudæmus; a Dialogue; with the Beauties of the Turkish Spy;—4. *Tyrocinium Anatomicum*; or, an Introduction to Anatomy;—5. An Enquiry into the Structure of the Human Body, relative to its supposed Influence on the Morals of Mankind;—6. *Determinatio Medica, utrum periculis sit in salutem viventium, apertio cadaverum morbo extingtorum*; a College Exercise;—7. *Medicina Politica*; or, Reflections on the Art of Physic, as inseparably

connected with the Prosperity of a State;—8. Moral and Medical Dialogues;—9. Explanatory Remarks on the great Utility of Hospitals for the Sick and Poor;—10. Alphonso; or, the Hermit: a Poem;—11. Happiness; an Epistle to a Friend;—12. Messiah; a sacred Poem.”

With such *sacred* poems as the Messiah of Colignon may the God of Verse never suffer us to be visited again!—But having thus enumerated the titles of the pieces that fill the pages of this heterogeneous volume, our readers will not be displeased to be informed of a few particulars of the author's life.

ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR.

THIS gentleman was the son of Mr. Paul Colignon, a native of Hesse Cassel. He was born in London, January 30, 1725, educated at Bury school, and afterwards admitted a pensioner of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1743. After a short residence there, he visited France and Holland, spent some time at Leyden and London, and finished his medical studies at Edinburgh. On his return to Cambridge, in 1748, he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Physic, and was elected Professor of Anatomy in 1753. In 1754, he was created Doctor of Physic. In 1779, he was appointed Deputy Regius Professor of Physic; and in 1783, Professor of Medicine in Downing College. He died October 1, 1785.

* For which the reader is referred to Vol. IX. p. 293.

Observations on the Land Revenue of the Crown. 410. Debrutt.

(Concluded from Page 28.)

IN our last Number we gave an abstract of so much of this very judicious work as related to the ancient state of the Land Revenue, traced by Mr. St. John from the Conqueror down to his present Majesty; we shall now proceed to give a statement of its present value, together with Mr. St. John's ideas of the most probable mode of improving the management and collection of it.

The Land Revenue of the Crown is two-fold, in actual possession or in expectancy. Of the first, there are five classes: 1st. Demisable estates producing an annual rent, and with fines of renewal: 2d. Fee-farm rents: 3d. Honors, manors, and hundreds, not leased but under the care of stewards: 4th. Lands in immediate occupation of the Crown for the convenience of his Majesty or the public service: and 5th. The estate and interest of the Crown in forests and waste lands. Of the second, or lands in expectancy, there are three classes: 1st. Lands reverting to the Crown for want of heirs: 2d. By forfeiture: and 3d. By limitation of remainders to the Crown.

Of the first class of Land Revenue in possession, it appears that the demisable estates producing an annual rent, and with fines of renewal, consist of about 130 manors, containing 52,000 acres of arable, meadow, and pasture land, about 1,300 houses in London and Westminster, and about 450 houses, mills, and cottages, in the country parts of England, exclusive of houses demised with manors and farms; and that the fines paid to the Crown, on granting or renewing leases of those estates, amount on an average to about 7,500*l.* per annum, and the yearly reserved rents for the same to about 13,000*l.* per annum; so that the demised landed property of the Crown produces on an average something more than 20,000*l.* per ann. It appears likewise, that the fines paid in ten years, from 1771 to 1780 inclusive, amounted to 76,308*l.* 14*s.* or about 7,630*l.* per annum; and that the yearly rents on those lands have increased beyond the former rents 2,592*l.* 8*s.* 10*d.* per ann. It appears lastly, that since the passing the Civil List Act by Queen Anne, estates to the amount of 20,000*l.* per annum, have, under the authority of Parliament, been alienated from the Crown.

The second article of Land Revenue is fee-farm and other rents *feck*. A fee-farm rent is a perpetual rent, reserved from an estate granted in *fee*. The fee-farm rents of the Crown amount nominally to 24,000*l.* per annum, but really to not more than 6,400*l.* per annum, the other 17,600*l.* being granted away in rent charges, or lost in arrears.

The third article of Land Revenue in possession consists of honors, manors, hundreds, and other hereditaments, not in lease but under the care of stewards, appointed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or by letters patent; but this is an unproductive article, the salaries of the stewards amounting to more than the revenue produced. The fourth article is lands retained in his Majesty's hands, either for his own convenience, as palaces and parks; or for public service, as castles, forts, dock-yards, public offices, &c. The King's palaces are Westminster palace, containing the Houses of Parliament and Courts of Law; Whitehall, St. James's, Windsor Castle, Hampton Court, Kensington, Kew, Greenwich, and New-Market palaces; the King's house at Winchester, Carlton-house, Somerset-house, the Mews, the Queen's palace, and the Queen's palace at Windsor. The King's parks are, St. James's, Hyde park, Windsor park, Hampton Court park, Bushy park, Richmond park, Sheen park, Greenwich park, and Bagshot park. The fifth and last, and which may probably be hereafter the most important and productive article, is the forest and other *waste lands* in England and Wales.

Having thus described the estates in possession, it remains to speak of those in reversion or expectancy, which are either escheats, forfeitures, or remainders. Escheats are where lands fall to the Crown for default of heirs, but this is now a very rare contingency, as it seldom happens that estates are left undisposed by will, or unclaimed by any heir at law. Forfeiture is equally uncommon, the internal peace and tranquillity with which this country has now for many years been blessed, occasioning it to occur very seldom: and lastly, as escheats and forfeitures are uncommon events, it still less frequently happens, that the Crown succeeds to lands by the third species of estate.

estate in expectancy, remainder.—Remainder takes place by the mere act of parties to some conveyance, whereby it is settled that the lands shall go to the Crown after an estate tail, or some other particular estate which is carved out of the fee. To conclude this head,

The gross amount of the rents, as charged before the Auditors of the Land Revenue, is £. 36,720 7 1
Fines for renewals on an average per ann. 7,700 0 0

£. 44,420 7 1

Rent charges granted away and arrears, — £. 17,530 10 10
Land tax, — 3,505 12 7
Pensions and salaries chargeable on the Land Revenue, — 8,554 8 11
Fees of office, and incidental expence of collecting it, — 3,999 13 3

£. 33,590 5 7

Gross amount of the Land Revenue, — 44,420 7 1
Expence to be deducted, 33,590 5 7

Nett produce annually, £. 10,830 1 6

Thus much of the present state of the Land Revenue, and the expence of collection. Mr. St. John next gives a detail of the mode of obtaining leases or grants from the Crown, and of the number of offices, with the particular duty of each; all tending to shew, that from the great extent of the Crown Lands, together with their being dispersed through so many counties, the expence falls infinitely heavier on the public than the collection of an estate of equal value could possibly on an individual. He then hastens to the great business of his work, the probable modes of improving the Land Revenue; and this naturally introduces the question relative to inclosing the *waste lands*.

The magnitude of the object sufficiently appears from a list of twelve forests in England, and twenty in Wales, now in the actual possession of the Crown; together with sixty-six others, in which the rights of the Crown have been either totally given up, or exchanged for a small fee-farm rent. In many of these the soil is rich by nature; in others, capable of being rendered fruitful by enclosure,

without any other great expence. Some of the largest forests, from their vicinity to the metropolis, might be more easily cultivated, and are besides more valuable on that account. Whatever share might be allotted to the Crown, it would probably amount to a great estate in land. In 1770, on the enclosure of Knareborough forest, the share of the Crown was one tenth; in 1777, two-fifths of Enfield-chace were allotted on a similar occasion. The sum total of the lands of England and Wales are computed at 39,000,000 of acres, of which the forests, parks, and commons, are supposed to constitute 3,000,000.—Of these 3,000,000 the part belonging to the Crown is in any event so great, as that the tenth of it would be by no means an inconsiderable accession to the royal revenue. Mr. St. John proves very forcibly, that admitting all the arguments against enclosures in general, they do not apply to this particular case, of great tracts of land, mere wastes, boggy moors, cold heaths, marshy fens, and barren mountains.—“Whenever these are capable of improvement, by being divided and fenced, drained and manured, it is so much clear gain to the proprietors and the public.—No doubt can be raised on the utility of a measure which occasions the production of an additional quantity of provisions; riches and population must encrease together with the means of sustenance; families will multiply, where there is plenty of food; and where more is raised than is sufficient for domestic consumption, foreign markets will be found for the encouragement of exportation. The cultivation of this country is very inferior to what it might be, though superior to that of most other nations. Many circumstances concur to render this country peculiarly capable of improvement; the variety of its soil, the industrious and enterprising disposition of its inhabitants, the civil liberty which it enjoys, its commerce, its extent of coast, its inland convenience for carriage, both by roads, navigable rivers, and canals; all conspire to facilitate the progress of agriculture. What then are the obstacles which impede the course of this great salutary work, the cultivation of our forests and wastes?”

The first objection, which goes merely to the practicability of the scheme, is the want of an adequate capital. But this is obviated, by considering the infinite number of shares into which the new-inclosed lands will naturally be divided, in compensation for the rights of common to all the parishes interested in the premises.—

What

What inducement, Mr. St. John with great justice asks, can be stronger to a farmer to lay out a part of his capital, than the prospect of acquiring a solid, permanent property in land, in lieu of an undefined and precarious right of common? What countryman possessed of a few hundred pounds, but would employ them in purchasing a lot of ground contiguous to his habitation at a moderate price, rather than incur the trouble and risque of putting them out to interest, or getting some one to purchase for him in the stocks?—All the antecedent expences, which could not fairly light on the individuals, as surveys, the charge of an act of parliament, the appointment of commissioners, these are proposed to be defrayed by a sale of part of the king's allotment. The next objection is, that bringing so much land to market, would lower the price of that species of property. But this sinking of the value of land, though ostensibly formidable, on examination will prove directly otherwise. Did it proceed from the country being exhausted, from a want of people, stock, or industry to cultivate, or from an inability to dispose of the produce, it were indeed a public calamity; but the nation is no loser by the sinking of the money price of land, when the fall in the price of the commodity proceeds only from there being an extraordinary plenty of it. The last and weightiest objection to the measure is its supposed unpopularity. It must be admitted that the enclosure of the waste lands may probably meet with much discountenance from some great lords, who may consult the gratification of their own pleasures, fancy, or pride, more than the public benefit. The amusements of the chase which the forests afford, and the beautiful scenes with which they adorn the country, cannot be compensated by an allotment of land to those whose great estates need no addition; the patronage also which many great men possess in the forests, and the power of conferring favors which they derive from offices, increases their influence in the country; and provincial politics, particularly in respect to elections, may interfere, and induce those whose interest is at stake, to use every means of frustrating any attempt to enclose the forests. Such persons might easily foment the jealousies of the people; all novelties in the modification of property and the extinction of ancient rights create suspicion. The prejudices of the people, their passions, their propensity to resist authority, might soon be worked upon, and their minds inflamed to the ut-

ter exclusion of cool reasoning and deliberation; whilst a desperate band of trespassers and vagabonds, who live by depredation, surround the borders, and are ever a hand to break out into open insurrection. To obviate this, Mr. St. John proposes to begin, not by a law comprehensive of all forests and chaces, but by an act for one forest, the enclosure of which is most obviously beneficial; or at least if any general law be past, to make it open to exceptions, where from particular circumstances the general reasoning does not apply: and this general law should not be peremptory to direct the inclosure and division, but rather enabling than compulsive; holding out encouragements, laying down some general rules, giving powers to facilitate the plan, and drawing an outline to pave the way for the particular acts respecting the several forests. If some proceeding of this sort be devised, and nothing violent or hasty attempted; if the operation be carried on gradually, and the pulse of the country first felt; no sudden commotions are to be apprehended: when the consent of the principal landholders is obtained, the foundation of the plan is laid on a solid basis; when the work is once begun, it is half finished.

One very cogent argument, independent of all others, for the enclosing the waste-lands, is, the operation of the *Nulum tempus* bill; for the title of the subject against the Crown, being now secured by the same limitation of time as would bar a writ of right in the case of any other adverse possession, it behoves the Crown to take every precaution against illegal intrusions and encroachments; and none can be more effectual than the enclosure and division of the forests: no other remedy will suffice to prevent the gradual consumption of the king's soil in wastes and forests by the usurpations of the borderers. As to encroachments already made, and very many have been, in lands held in virtue of offices, which continuing in the same families for generations are claimed as private property, in such too much prudence and delicacy cannot be preserved; private property is ever sacred, and the jealousies which concern it are to be respected. But above all things, let the Crown and gentry concur in favoring the claims, and furthering the wishes of the poorer sort; always leaning to their side in doubtful points, and in the distribution of shares filling up their measures with an overflowing hand; so shall the undertaking be supported by the influence of the great and the blessings of the poor,

poverty be changed into affluence, the cottager will become a little farmer, the wilderness and the desert will be converted into such pastures and fertile fields, the borders and confines of the forests will cease to be a nursery for the county-gaols, the trespasser will no longer prey on the vert, nor the vagabond and outlaw on the venison, and those woods, formerly the haunts of robbers and the scene of violence and rapine, will be converted into the asylum and receptacle of honest industry.

The next question is the mode of disposing of the lands, by enclosure brought into cultivation; and what or whether any particular regulations should be made in favor of any one species of agriculture: but this Mr. St. John very properly thinks is, with very few exceptions, best left to the will and judgment of the proprietor. Those who are most interested will be best able to decide on the qualities of the soil, and the means of disposing of its produce; which will be the more easy, the less it is complicated by laws of encouragement. In general, however, he thinks, that it is more for the national interest of England to employ its land in the breeding and feeding of cattle, than in the produce of corn; which indeed appears from a computation quoted from Davenant, where the acres of England and Wales occupied by pasture and meadow are 12,000,000, while those of arable do not amount to more than 9,000,000, or in a proportion of three to four. One species of cultivation, however, on the present occasion may with great propriety be particularly required. Lest the enclosure of the forests should deprive the royal navy of one principal resource for the supply of timber, it might be provided, that a certain portion of the country enclosed should be appropriated to the growth of timber, and destined to the use of the navy.

In regard to the mode of disposing of the king's allotments, there are various opinions; but in Mr. St. John's judgment, the most eligible is to raise money by granting long leases for 99 years, which are within half a year's purchase of being as valuable as a fee-simple. The reason is, that the Crown being a permanent body, and to the purchaser the difference arising, at the end of a century the lands would revert, probably much improved, and again to be granted out at greater profit. Another reason for this mode is the disinclination to strip the Crown of its ancient possession, or to support any measure which tends at all to dissolve any bond of

connexion between the king and his people.—So much for the enclosure and disposal of the forests and waste-lands.

As to the sale of the demisable lands, see farm rents, manors, honors, &c. opinions are much divided. Those who argue against the sale say, that this is an increasing estate; that many rents now merely nominal will on the fall of the present leases be converted into very considerable ones; that some branches of this part of the land revenue are of such a nature as to render a sale of them impossible, as escheats, forfeitures, royal mines, *maritima incrementa*, which as being mere contingencies cannot be valued; that if this revenue be disposed of, many charges on it must be defrayed by some other fund; and finally, that as it is all in lease, it would be in fact but selling a reversion, of all sales the most unprofitable; and this reversionary estate, which can last but for the life of his present Majesty, not to commence till the expiration of leases, a great majority of which are at present more valuable than any single life. Such are the arguments on one side. On the other it is advanced, that the present landed estate of the Crown is too petty an annexation to the royal dignity, and fitter for the management of a few industrious individuals than of the great officers of the Treasury; that the Crown lands being so widely dispersed, are enormously chargeable, by the consequent multiplication of officers; that from this dispersion arises a very great confusion, in addition to the expence; that if, as asserted, the Land Revenue be an increasing estate, it will bear the higher price; as to the contingencies, they may be valued and sold as they accrue; and finally, that the expences now chargeable on the Land Revenue may be defrayed from the fund raised by the sale.

Another mode, to which Mr. St. John appears most to lean, is, neither at once to make a general sale, nor yet to retain the Land Revenue in its present state, but first to introduce the strictest economy in the management, and to appoint commissioners by act of parliament, who might sell the demisable estates as the present leases expired, by which the disadvantage of selling a reversion is avoided; and he asserts that the increase of value in the estates now demised, would, on the expiration of the present leases, amount to at least 100,000 l. a year.

Such is this very sensible treatise, to which are annexed several authentic papers, containing different proposals for the improvement of the Land Revenue since the days of James the first. Mr. St. John's
Ryle

style is plain and perspicuous, and his work at the present time may be particularly useful. It is almost ludicrous to mention it, but we confess ourselves to have been much struck by the curious felicity of the quotations prefixed to each chapter. To the Introduction the motto is, "*Laudato ingentia rura, exiguum colito:*" to the chapter on the origin and sources of the Land Revenue, "*Pandere res alia terra, et caligine mersas:*" to the accessions and alienations from the reve-

nue, "*Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque quæ nunc sunt:*" to the present state, "*Vides ut nudus inopuque domum redeam:*" of the management, "*Non, si male nunc et olim sic erit:*" and lastly, to the projects for the improvement of the land revenue:

"*Pæter narrata petenti*
 "*Responde, quibus amissas reparare queam res*
 "*Artibus atque modis?"*

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.

(Continued from Page 13.)

IN our last Number we gave our opinion of the merits of the Abbe Clavigero as an Historian, with such specimens as we found necessary to support that opinion; we shall now present the reader with such extracts as tend to give us an idea of the laws, manners, and customs of the Mexicans; the only part of the work from which, in our judgment, any instruction or amusement can be derived.

Their marriages were accompanied with the following ceremonies: "With respect to the marriages of the Mexicans, although in them, as well as in all their customs, superstition had a great share, nothing, however, attended them which was repugnant to decency or honour. Any marriage between persons related in the first degree of consanguinity or alliance, was strictly forbid, not only by the laws of Mexico, but also by the laws of Michuacan, unless it was between cousins. The parents were the persons who settled all marriages, and none were ever executed without their consent. When a son arrived at an age capable of bearing the charges of that state, which in men was from the age of twenty to twenty-two years, and in women from sixteen to eighteen, a suitable and proper wife was singled out for him; but before the union was concluded on, the diviners were consulted, who, after having considered the birth day of the youth, and of the young girl intended for his bride, decided on the happiness or unhappiness of the match. If from the combination of signs attending their births, they pronounced the alliance unpropitious, that young maid was abandoned, and another sought. If, on the contrary, they predicted happiness to the

couple, the young girl was demanded of her parents by certain women amongst them called *Cuatlanque*, or solicitors, who were the most elderly and respectable amongst the kindred of the youth. These women went the first time at midnight to the house of the damsel, carried a present to her parents, and demanded her of them in a humble and respectful style. The first demand was, according to the custom of that nation, infallibly refused, however advantageous and eligible the marriage might appear to the parents, who gave some plausible reasons for their refusal. After a few days were past, those women returned to repeat their demand, using prayers and arguments also, in order to obtain their request, giving an account of the rank and fortune of the youth, and of what he would make the dowry of his wife, and also gaining information of that which she could bring to the match on her part. The parents replied to this second request, that it was necessary to consult their relations and connections, and to find out the inclinations of their daughter, before they could come to any resolution. These female solicitors returned no more; as the parents themselves conveyed, by means of other women of their kindred, a decisive answer to the party.

"A favorable answer being at last obtained, and a day appointed for the nuptials, the parents, after exhorting their daughter to fidelity and obedience to her husband, and to such a conduct in life as would do honour to her family, conducted her with a numerous company and music, to the house of her father-in-law; if noble, she was carried in a litter. The bridegroom, and the father and mother in law, received her at the gate.

of the house, with four torches borne by four women. At meeting, the bride and bridegroom reciprocally offered incense to each other; then the bridegroom taking the bride by the hand, led her into the hall, or chamber which was prepared for the nuptials. They both sat down upon a new and curiously wrought mat, which was spread in the middle of the chamber, and close to the fire which was kept lighted. Then a priest tied a point of the *huopilli*, or gown of the bride, with the *tilmalli*, or mantle of the bridegroom, and in this ceremony the matrimonial contract chiefly consisted. The wife now made some turns round the fire, and then returning to her mat, she, along with her husband, offered copal to their gods, and exchanged presents with each other. The repast followed next. The married pair eat upon the mat, giving mouthfuls to each other alternately and to the guests in their places. When those who had been invited were become exhilarated with wine, which was freely drank on such occasions, they went out to dance in the yard of the house, while the married pair remained in the chamber, from which, during four days, they never stirred, except to obey the calls of nature, or to go to the oratory at midnight to burn incense to the idols, and to make oblations of eatables. They passed these four days in prayer and fasting, dressed in new habits, and adorned with certain ensigns of the gods of their devotion, without proceeding to any act of less decency, fearing that otherwise the punishment of heaven would fall upon them. Their beds on these nights were two mats of rushes, covered with small sheets, with certain feathers, and a gem of *Chalchibuitl* in the middle of them. At the four corners of the bed green canes and spines of the aloe were laid, with which they were to draw blood from their tongues and their ears in honour of their gods. The priests were the persons who adjusted the bed to sanctify the marriage; but we know nothing of the mystery of the canes, the feathers, and the gem. Until the fourth night the marriage was not consummated; they believed it would have proved unlucky, if they had anticipated the period of consummation. The morning after they bathed themselves and put on new dresses, and those who had been invited, adorned their heads with white, and their hands and feet with red feathers. The ceremony was concluded by making

presents of dresses to the guests, which were proportioned to the circumstances of the married pair; and on that same day they carried to the temple the mats, sheets, canes, and the eatables which had been presented to the idols."

Their mode of conveying intelligence was uncommonly expeditious: "The couriers whom the Mexicans frequently employed, made use of different ensigns according to the nature of the intelligence, or affair with which they were charged. If it was the news of the Mexicans having lost a battle, the courier wore his hair loose and disordered, and, without speaking a word to any person, went straight to the palace, where, kneeling before the king, he related what had happened. If it was the news of a victory which had been obtained by the arms of Mexico, he had his hair tied with a coloured string, and his body girt with a white cotton cloth; in his left hand a shield, and in his right a sword, which he brandished as if he had been in the act of engagement; expressing by such gestures his glad tidings, and singing the glorious actions of the antient Mexicans, while the people, overjoyed at seeing him, led him with many congratulations to the royal palace.

"In order that news might be more speedily conveyed, there were upon all the highways of the kingdom certain little towers, about six miles distant from each other, where couriers were always waiting in readiness to set out with dispatches. As soon as the first courier was sent off, he ran as swiftly as he could to the first stage, or little tower, where he communicated to another his intelligence, and delivered to him the paintings which represented the news, or the affair which was the subject of his embassy. The second courier posted without delay to the next stage, or little tower; and thus by a continued and uninterrupted speed of conveyance, intelligence was carried so rapidly from place to place, that sometimes, according to the affirmations made by several authors, it reached the distance of three hundred miles in one day. It was by this means that fresh fish were daily brought to Montezuma II. from the gulf of Mexico, which is at least upwards of two hundred miles distant from the capital. Those couriers were exercised in running from their childhood; and in order to encourage them in this exercise, the priests, under whose discipline

pline they were trained, frequently bestowed rewards on those who were victors in a race."

Their laws are some of them in the true spirit of equity, but many more are capriciously local :

" A traitor to the king or the state was torn in pieces, and his relations who were privy to the treason, and did not discover it, were deprived of their liberty.

" Whoever dared in war, or at any time of public rejoicing, to make use of the badges of the kings of Mexico, of Acolhuacan, or Tacuba, or of those of the Cihuacoatl, was punished with death, and his goods confiscated.

" Whoever maltreated an ambassador, minister, or courier belonging to the king, suffered death ; but ambassadors and couriers were forbid on their part to leave the high road, under pain of losing their privileges.

" The punishment of death was inflicted also on those persons who occasioned any sedition amongst the people ; on those who carried off, or changed the boundaries placed in the fields by public authority ; and likewise on judges who gave a sentence that was unjust, or contrary to the laws, or made an unfaithful report of any cause to the king, or a superior magistrate, or allowed themselves to be corrupted by bribes.

" He who in war committed any hostility upon the enemy without the order of his chief, or attacked them before the signal for battle was given, or abandoned the colours, or violated any proclamation published to the army, was infallibly beheaded.

" He who at market altered the measures established by the magistrates, was guilty of felony, and was put to death without delay in the same place.

" A murderer forfeited his own life for his crime, even although the person murdered was but a slave.

" He who killed his wife, although he caught her in adultery, suffered death ; because, according to them, he usurped the authority of the magistrates, whose province it was to take cognizance of misdeeds, and punish evil-doers.

" The priest, who, during the time that he was dedicated to the service of the temple, abused any free woman, was deprived of the priesthood and banished.

" If any of the young men, or young women, who were educating in the femi-

naries, were guilty of incontinence, they were liable to a severe punishment, and even to suffer death, according to the report of some authors. But, on the other hand, there was no punishment whatever prescribed for simple fornication, although the evil tendency of an excess of this kind was not unknown to them ; and fathers frequently admonished their children to beware of it : they burned the hair of a bawd in the market-place with pine torches, and smeared her head with the resin of the same wood. The more respectable the persons were to whom the served in this capacity, so much the greater was the punishment.

" According to the laws, the man who dressed himself like a woman, or the woman who dressed herself like a man, was hanged.

" The thief of things of small value met with no punishment, excepting that of being obliged to restore what he had stolen ; if the things were of great value, he was made the slave of the person whom he had robbed. If the thing stolen did no longer exist, nor the robber had any goods by which he could repay his robbery, he was stoned to death. If he had stolen gold or gems, after being conducted through all the streets of the city, he was sacrificed at the festival which the goldsmiths held in honour of their god Xipe. He who stole a certain number of ears of maize, or pulled up from another's field a certain number of useful trees, was made a slave of the owner of that field ; but every poor traveller was permitted to take of the maize, or the fruit-bearing trees, which were planted by the side of the highway, as much as was sufficient to satisfy immediate hunger.

" He who robbed in the market, was immediately put to death by the bastinado, in the market-place.

" He also was condemned to death, who in the army robbed another of his arms or badges.

" Whoever, upon finding a strayed child, made it a slave, and sold it to another, as if it were his own, forfeited by that crime his liberty and his goods ; one half of which was appropriated to the support of the child, and the other half was paid to the purchaser, that he might set the child at liberty. Whatever number of persons were concerned in the crime, all of them were liable to the same punishment.

" To the same punishment of servitude,

and

and to the loss of his goods, was every person liable who sold the possessions of another, which he only had in farm.

“Guardians who did not give a good account of the estates of their wards, were hanged without pardon.

“The fair punishment was inflicted on sons who squandered their patrimony in vices; for they said it was a great crime not to set a higher value on the labours of their fathers.

“He who practised forcery was sacrificed to the gods.

“Drunkenness in youth was a capital offence; young men were put to death by the bastinado in prison, and young women were stoned to death. In men advanced in years, although it was not made capital, it was punished with severity. If he was a nobleman, he was stripped of his office and his rank, and rendered infamous; if a plebeian, they shaved him (a punishment very sensibly felt by them), and demolished his house, saying, that he who could voluntarily bereave himself of his senses, was not worthy of a habitation amongst men. This law did not forbid conviviality at nuptials, or at any other times of festivity; on such occasions it being lawful, in private houses, to drink more than usual; nor did the law affect old men of seventy years, who, on account of their age, were allowed to drink as much as they pleased; which appears represented in the forty-third painting of the collection made by Mendoza.

“He who told a lie to the particular prejudice of another, had a part of his lip cut off, and sometimes his ears.”

As the Abbe has endeavoured by little and little to filch away the character of Doctor Robertson, we shall conclude our strictures by submitting to our readers the different accounts given by them respectively, of the repulse of the Spaniards in a very desperate attack on the City of Mexico; from which the merits of each writer as an Historian, may be tolerably well ascertained.

“On the day fixed for the general assault, says the Abbe, Cortes marched with twenty-five horses, with all his infantry, and more than an hundred thousand allies. His brigantines, with more than three thousand canoes, formed the two wings of his army on both sides of the road. He entered the city without opposition, and quickly divided his army into three parts, that they might each, by three different roads, arrive at the same time in the

square of the market. The command of the first division was given to Julian Alderete, treasurer to the king, who was the person that had most earnestly pressed Cortes to undertake this expedition; and he was ordered to proceed through the principal and largest road with seventy Spaniards, seven horses, and twenty thousand allies. Of the other two roads, which led from the great road of Tlacopan to the square of the market, the least confined was assigned to the captains Andrea de Tapia, and George Alvarado, brother of P. de Alvarado, with eighty Spaniards, and upwards of ten thousand allies; and the narrowest and most difficult the general charged himself with, having one hundred soldiers, and the body of the auxiliary troops, leaving the cavalry and artillery in the entry to each road. The parties entered all at one time, and engaged courageously. In the beginning the Mexicans made some resistance, but afterwards feigning cowardice, they retreated, abandoning the ditches to the Spaniards, in order that, allured by the hopes of victory, they might run themselves into greater dangers. Some Spaniards pushed forward to the streets near to the square of the market, unwarily leaving behind them a broad ditch badly filled up, and when they were most ardently advancing, and striving who should first enter into that square, they heard the formidable sound of the horn of the god Painalton, which was blown by the priests in cases of public and pressing necessity, to excite the people to arms. Immediately such a multitude of Mexicans assembled, and poured with such fury upon the Spaniards and allies, that they threw them into confusion, and compelled them to return precipitately back towards the ditch, which was apparently filled up with faggots, and other light materials; but when they attempted to pass, it sunk with the weight and violence of the multitude.—Here the sharpest conflict and greatest peril of the fugitives happened; for being unable at the same time to defend themselves and pass by swimming, they were wounded and taken by the Mexicans. Cortes, who with the usual diligence of a good general, had advanced to the ditch when his defeated troops arrived there, endeavoured to stop their flight by his cries, that their disorder and confusion might not increase the slaughter made of them by the enemy; but words are not capable of restraining the flight of a disordered multitude, to whom fear adds wings. Pierced with vexation at the disasters of his people,

ple, and regardless of his own personal danger, he approached to the ditch to save all those he could. Some were got out disarmed, some wounded, and some almost drowned. He at last put them into some order to proceed towards the camp, he himself remaining behind with from twelve to twenty men to guard their rear; but they had hardly begun to march, when he found himself in a narrow pass surrounded by the enemy. That day would certainly have been his last, in spite of the extraordinary bravery with which he defended himself, and with his life all hopes would have fled of the conquest of Mexico, if the Mexicans, instead of wishing to kill him, which was frequently in their power, had not eagerly strove to take him alive, to honour their gods with the sacrifice of so illustrious a victim. They had already seized him, and were leading him off for this purpose, when his people, apprised of his being a prisoner, came speedily to relieve him. Cortes owed his life and his liberty to a soldier of his guard, called Christoval de Olea, a man of infinite courage and great dexterity in arms, who, upon another occasion, had rescued him from similar danger, and upon this saved him at the risk of his own life, by cutting off with one stroke of his sword, the arm of that Mexican who had taken him. Cortes was indebted in like manner for his liberty to the prince D. C. Ixtilxochitl, and to a brave Tlascalcan, named Temacazin."

The following is Dr. Robertson's account.

"Guatimozin instantly discerned the consequence of the error which the Spaniards had committed (the neglecting to fill up the ditches in order to secure a retreat) and with admirable presence of mind prepared to take advantage of it. He commanded the troops posted in the front to slacken their efforts, in order to allure the Spaniards to push forward, while he dispatched a large body of chosen warriors through different streets, some by land and others by water, towards the great breach in the causeway which had been left open. On a signal which he gave, the priests in the great temple struck the great drum consecrated to the god of war. No sooner did the Mexicans hear its doleful, solemn sound, calculated to inspire them with contempt of death and enthusiastic ardor, than they rushed upon the enemy with frantic rage. The Spaniards unable

to resist men urged on no less by religious fury than hope of success, began to retire at first leisurely, and with a good countenance; but as the enemy pressed on, and their own impatience to escape increased, the terror and confusion became so general, that when they arrived at the gap in the causeway, Spaniards and Tlascalans, horsemen and infantry, plunged in promiscuously, while the Mexicans rushed upon them fiercely from every side, their light canoes carrying them through shoals which the brigantines could not approach. In vain did Cortes attempt to stop and rally his flying troops; fear rendered them regardless of his intreaties or commands. Finding all his endeavours to renew the combat fruitless, his next care was to save some of those who had thrown themselves into the water; but while thus employed with more attention to their situation than his own, six Mexican captains suddenly laid hold of him, and were hurrying him off in triumph; and though two of his officers rescued him at the expence of their own lives, he received several dangerous wounds before he could break loose.—Above sixty Spaniards perished in the rout; and what rendered the disaster more afflicting, forty of these fell alive into the hands of an enemy never known to shew mercy to a captive.

"The approach of night, though it delivered the dejected Spaniards from the attacks of the enemy, ushered in what was hardly less grievous, the noise of their barbarous triumph, and of the horrid festival with which they celebrated their victory. Every quarter of the city was illuminated; the great temple shone with such peculiar splendor, that the Spaniards could plainly see the people in motion, and the priests busy in hastening the preparations for the death of the prisoners. Through the gloom they fancied that they discerned their companions by the whiteness of their skins, as they were stripped naked, and compelled to dance before the image of the God to whom they were to be offered. They heard the shrieks of those who were sacrificed, and thought they could distinguish each unhappy victim by the well-known sound of his voice. Imagination added to what they really saw or heard, and augmented its horror. The most unfeeling melted into tears of compassion, and the stoutest heart trembled at the dreadful spectacle which they beheld!—"

Vol. II. p. 1, 8.

A History of the Campaigns of 1780 and 1781, in the Southern Provinces of North America. By Lieutenant Colonel Tarleton. 4to. Cadell.

FROM the *military* reputation of the author of this diffuse and undigested performance, and from the active, however unsuccessful, share he had in the inglorious Campaigns of which he has here undertaken to give "a history," we were led to expect much; and are sorry to add, that though we have found little, we should at this moment be better pleased to have found less.—In the facts produced by the Colonel there is neither novelty nor arrangement*, unless when, entering into details of *his own services*, he takes an opportunity of commenting (and with no small freedom he *does* comment) on those of others, particularly the Lords Cornwallis and Rawdon;—the one, it is to be remembered, his commander in chief, the other, his superior in command; and neither of them surely his inferior either in military bravery, or in military skill.

But if on these grounds we object to the History itself, more reason have we still to censure the *period* adopted for ushering it into the world. There does not seem to be an observation in the work, which, admitting it to be in its utmost latitude *just*, must not have impressed the mind of the Colonel with much more force at the era when the transaction to which it refers happened, than it possibly can now.

Why, then, from the year 1781 postpone the publication of his History till the year 1787? It required little trouble in

the *compilation*; nor does it appear that much has been bestowed in the *composition*. Instead of *six years*, we scruple not to affirm that *six weeks* might have amply sufficed for *both*.

Of the *causes* of this delay, Rumour, with her many tongues, talks variously; and while by the generality of readers it is confessed, that the work, if to be published at all, should have made its appearance before Lord Cornwallis—again employed in the service of his country—had embarked for a clime far more distant than that of North America; by not a few it is roundly asserted, that Colonel Tarleton would never have put pen to paper on the subject before us, had he not been disappointed in the expectation of *accompanying his Lordship upon that service*.

Be this as it may, we perfectly coincide in the opinion which seems universally to prevail, that the Colonel—to whom all praise is certainly due as a gallant officer—has by no means acted a *manly* part † in publishing (so soon after his absence, when so many opportunities had occurred during his presence) insinuations tending to undermine the professional fame of a nobleman, whose talents and whose virtues will probably be remembered with admiration, when (after all the prowess he has yet exhibited) the very name of Tarleton shall be no more.

Nosologia Methodica Oculorum, or a Treatise on the Diseases of the Eyes; selected and translated from the Latin of Francis Boissier de Sauvages. By George Wallis, M. D. 8vo. Robinsons.

THE medical world is certainly under no small obligation to Dr. Wallis for the present very judicious selection from, and accurate translation of, the celebrated Nosology of Sauvages; and, so far are we from being displeas'd with

* The work is, in truth, little more than a compilation of the *official* letters of the British Officers both in the sea and land service, and of those of the American and French Commanders;—letters, which have years ago appeared in all the public prints, both foreign and domestic, and which, to readers in general, are now not less "stale, flat, and unprofitable" than the contents of an old Almanack.—It is not, indeed, for every great warrior to be a great author. The *professions* are totally distinct; nor is Col. Tarleton the only military gentleman of the present day who has sullied the laurels he had acquired by his *sword*, while attempting to acquire fresh laurels by his *pen*. The wreath of Apollo and the wreath of Mars are seldom found to encircle the same brow; and the Colonel may console himself with this farther reflection, that it is no more possible for every commander to be a *Julius Cæsar*, than it is for every poet to be a *Shakespeare*.

† If it be true, as the poet says, that

————— "a Briton's noblest crown

Is never to beat an enemy *when down*,"

how ignoble must it be to let our arrows at him, *when his back is turned!*

him,

him, even when he deviates from the system of his author, that in several instances, particularly when he classes the disorders of the eyes according to their respective seats, we think his alterations essential improvements.

In pursuance of this arrangement Dr. Wallis presents us with, 1. Diseases of the eye-lashes, and eye-lids—2. Diseases of the angles of the eye—3. Diseases of the conjunctive membrane—4. Diseases of the corneal tunic—5. Diseases of the chambers of the eye—6. Diseases of the uvea, and its membranes—7. Diseases of the crystalline lens, and its capsula—8. Diseases of the vitreous humour—9. Diseases of the retina—10. Diseases of the choroidal membrane—11. Diseases of the bulb of the eye.—12. Diseases of the optic nerves—13. Diseases of the muscles of the eyes—14. Diseases of the fat, and cellular membrane in the inferior part of the eye, and the orbit itself.

Of the performance before us it is no small additional recommendation, that it contains opinions of other eminent medical and chirurgical proficientes beside Sauvages, illustrated with several pertinent remarks of the translator himself: and yet the system of Sauvages being founded on mathematical principles, we think it would have been better if to those principles he had adhered more closely; nor suffered us particularly to regret his omission of the ingenious problems of his author, calculated to determine the concavity and convexity of glasses, suitable to given degrees of short and long sightedness.—Upon the whole, however, as a treatise of practical utility to gentlemen who mean to make the diseases of the eye the particular object of their study, we know not a work entitled to more praise than the Nosology of Sauvages, as now presented in an abridged state by Dr. Wallis.

An Account of the Effects of Swinging, employed as a Remedy in the Pulmonary Consumption and Hætic Fever. With an Introductory Letter to Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. President of the Royal Society. By James Carmichael Smyth, M. D. F. R. S. Physician Extraordinary to his Majesty. 8vo. Johnson,

IN the pamphlet before us, Dr. Smyth makes several concise, but apposite and scientific remarks on the different opinions that have prevailed, and that, more or less, prevail still, concerning the salutary effects of sailing, as a remedy in the pulmonary consumption and hætic fever, so far as that remedy has any affinity with the one he wishes to introduce of swinging in such cases, instead of sailing.

Certain it is, indeed, that, ever since the days, comparatively recent, of Dr.

Gilchrist and Dr. Ruffel †, the conjectures formed with respect to the true cause of the benefits imputed to sea-voyages have been nearly as contradictory as they have been numerous; some authors having ascribed them to the salutary influence of the sea-air, and that of the change of air; while others, not satisfied with the arguments adduced to support this hypothesis, have without scruple affirmed them to originate from a certain specific virtue communicated by the tar and rosin of the vessel. The pe-

* Of the comparative advantages of sailing and swinging, our author candidly gives the following opinion.—“It is evident, at first sight,” says he, “that sailing has the superiority over swinging in this particular, that the motion is continued night and day, both when we sleep and when we wake; and that, beside this permanency of motion, a change of climate may be obtained; and thus the patient, whilst he is pursuing one mode of relief, may obtain another, perhaps not less necessary to him. On the other hand, it must be acknowledged that swinging has some advantages over sailing. It is a remedy within the reach of every one, rich or poor. The man, who, like the oak, is tied down to the soil which gave him birth, may as easily obtain it as he who can change his situation at pleasure, and become a citizen of any country. Neither is swinging attended with the risk or inconvenience of sea-voyages; no difficulty in procuring proper nourishment for the sick, no violent vomiting to combat; nor is the patient exposed to the noxious effects of sea-air, nor to the winter’s cold; he can swing in his bed-chamber, if necessary, although the open air is, on many accounts, to be preferred. This mode of relief also may be employed at any period of the disease, or in any degree of weakness.”

† The two most distinguished advocates, in modern times, for the salutary effects of sea-air. The last-mentioned gentleman was also not less zealous in maintaining the salubrity of sea-water.

cularity of the exercise has likewise had its partisans, as being the cause of the salutary effects in question; and to these, and sundry other opinions that have been started on the subject, may be added the notion, more predominant still, perhaps, than any of them, that the benefits experienced from sailing arise merely from the sickness and vomiting usually produced by the motion of a ship at sea.

Of these different doctrines, the one which our author has combated most strenuously, and with most success, is that of the salubrity of sea-air, as particularly enforced by Dr. Gilchrist and Dr. Ruffel. To that doctrine he not only opposes his own experience, collected during a residence of nine summers at Margate, where he found the sea-air constantly injurious to hectic and consumptive patients, and even to persons who had any tendency to such complaints, but the experience also of Dr. Knox at Scarborough, and Sir Lucas Pepys at Bright-helmston, who had both observed the sea-air to produce pernicious effects similar to those he had himself remarked.

To these authorities Dr. Smyth adds the testimony of Dr. Ciciri, a physician of Milan, from which it appears, that the present practice in Italy is, to remove

consumptive patients to the interior parts of the country; and from these, and other facts adduced, the conclusion our author draws is, that "the opinions both of ancients and moderns, on this subject, have been rather the offspring of theory or fashion than the result of any fixed principle, or any accurate process of reasoning."

The like observation might be made of almost every other medical notion that has, in its turn, prevailed since the days of Hippocrates; and it will give us pleasure, if Dr. Smyth's opinion on the medical benefits to be derived from *swinging* (proving an exception to the general remark, and answering the various salutary intentions in which he recommends it) shall be found to stand the test of time and experience, independently of either *theory or fashion*.

Of those benefits our author gives us no contemptible idea in the cases of fourteen hectic or consumptive patients, in the Middlesex Hospital, during the summer of the year 1765; each tending to prove, that, by the motion of swinging, the frequency of the pulse is reduced, the febrile heat diminished, the expectoration promoted, and the coughing suspended or prevented.

A Philosophical and Medical Sketch of the Natural History of the Human Body and Mind. To which is subjoined an Essay on the Difficulties of attaining Medical Knowledge, intended for the Information and Amusement of those who are, or are not, of the Medical Profession. Published for the Benefit of the General Hospital at Bath. By James Mackittrick Adair, M. D. Member of the Royal Medical Society, and Fellow of the College of Physicians at Edinburgh. 8vo. 4s. Dilly.

ON a former occasion*, our readers may remember our having hinted, that Dr. Adair was not, as we ventured to express it, "*medically orthodox*;" and in the work now before us, he is frequently, we apprehend, *physically, metaphysically, and even physiologically heterodox*.

At this general remark let not the Doctor take offence. He would not himself thank us, were we to pronounce him an author capable of saying nothing but what had been said before him. Truth, he knows, is never to be ascertained by a servile adherence to *common opinions*; and, had there never been writers possessed of ideas *specifically* their own, to this hour must all the topics of science, which it is in the intellectual powers of Man to investigate, remained in their native state of rude uncertainty.

"The proper study of mankind is Man."

On the authority of Bolingbroke, so said Pope; though not, we are of opinion, upon the very enlarged scale of philosophy adopted by our Author in his present "History of the Human Body and Mind;" which, enlarged as it *appears* to be, is neither more nor less, when examined, than an illustration of—what every man feels, and what every man, free from insanity, must daily *acknowledge*, as well as feel—the various subtil engines by which *matter* operates upon *mind*, and *mind* upon *matter*.

A subject of more curiosity, or of more importance, we know not in the whole circle of philosophical and medico-philosophical enquiry united. To discuss it in a satisfactory manner, however, in addition to the vivacity of *imagination* pos-

* See Vol. IX. p. 124, where a short account is given of the author's last work, "Medical Cautions for the Consideration of Invalids."—Of this work, we are happy to see before us a *second* edition; not merely, however, because, as announced, it is "*corrected* and much enlarged," but because, like the present volume, it is published for the benefit of one of the most *laudable*, and, for its extent, one of the most *effectual* institutions of humanity in the kingdom—"the General Hospital at Bath."

fessed by Dr. Adair, a profundity of *research*, and an extent of *observation* are required; which, if not beyond his reach, seem too often, in the publication before us, to have been beneath his notice.—To please the *ladies*, and the *gentlemen*, who, *lady-like*, read but for *amusement*, and merely *pour passer le temps*—these seem to be the grand objects of the pages now under consideration; nor is the Doctor harshly to be censured for thus skimming over the surface of a subject, which, *treated as it ought to be*, would certainly have few charms to those *fashionable* readers, whom alone he seems ambitious to please.

The work is dedicated to Lord Kinnaid, to whose “taste for literature, and love of science,” the author pays a very just compliment; and to whom he also expresses his acknowledgments for having not only honoured the M.S. with his approbation, but even condescended to suggest hints for its improvement.

“Great events proceed from little causes;” and here, of the truth of the remark we have a striking illustration. If in his *Essay on Regimen* (the chief article of the “Medical Cautions” in which we presumed to doubt the *soundness* of our author’s doctrines) he had, as by himself acknowledged, been “more *intelligible*,” or, as acknowledged by him also, been more *clear* and *explicit* in “the medical reasoning,” the present Natural History of the Human Body and Mind would never, in all probability, have been called into existence.

But at this imperfection there is little cause to wonder, when we consider that even Dr. Arbuthnot, who, as our author modestly adds, “wrote upon regimen like himself, for general use,” and, like him-

The London Medical Journal for the Year 1787, Part the Second. 8vo. Johnson.

THE great number of original facts and observations with which the Medical Faculty continue to be furnished through the channel of this work, add daily to its utility and importance. The Part now before us contains no less than Fourteen papers, none of which have before seen the light. We shall as usual mention them in the order in which they stand.

I. An Account of the Means employed on board his Majesty’s Sloop Weazel, to preserve the Health of the Crew, during a Voyage to Africa and the West-Indies; with a Reply to some Remarks lately published by M. Chausser, Surgeon at Dijon. Communicated in a Letter to Dr. Simmons, by Mr. Leonard Gillespie, Surgeon in the Navy, and late Assistant Surgeon to his Majesty’s Naval Hospital at St. Lucia.

On rainy days, when the ship was at sea,

self, was “obliged to enter pretty fully into a series of medical reasoning,” was also (still observe, reader, like Dr. Adair himself) reduced to the necessity of telling the world, “in his *second* edition, that his readers complained, *he was not always intelligible*.”

Dr. Arbuthnot, it seems, “*did not*,” and Dr. Adair, we apprehend, *cannot* remove the objection. Be this as it may, when an author attempts to justify his being “not *always* intelligible,” he ought to consider that he reduces himself to this predicament, either that *he*, though ungifted with the power of expressing himself so as to be *understood*, is a man *incomprehensibly* wise, or that his readers—*proh! pudor!*—his readers are a set of beings *incomprehensively* stupid.

With all the sophistry of all the schools upon earth, whether physical or metaphysical, this inference is undeniable; and in whatever degree it may touch the skirts of our author’s *literary* mantle, himself, and not us, he has to blame.

Of the *affected* familiarity of his reasoning in the present work, (which, from what the author has acknowledged, the reader will perceive to be little more than a treatise *diffusively* explanatory of his former one) it would be unjust to complain. As already intimated, it consists, we will not say wholly, but in a very great measure, of arguments and elucidations of that *fine-spun, gaudy* texture to which few ladies will object, while the important business of the *toilet* is in agitation; and with which there are few gentlemen also who will not be pleased, while the operations, not less important, of the *physic* are going forward.

(To be continued.)

each seaman, on coming upon deck for his five hours watch, was ordered to strip to his trowsers, in order to preserve his frock, &c. dry; to put on when he should come off deck; he had then a dose of bark, in wine, administered to him, and the same was repeated when he was relieved; he then dipped himself in a tub of sea-water, rubbed himself dry, put on his dry clothes, and went below.—The precaution of wetting with sea water, after having been exposed to the heavy rains of hot climates, is founded—Mr. Gillespie observes—on the experience of the inhabitants of those countries, who dread, it seems, very much the ill effects of rain-water externally applied, and have learnt to obviate them by immersion in salt-water.

When the ship was at anchor, and it was found necessary on rainy days to ex-

pose the people, by sending them in boats, the same salutary discipline was observed.

Wine was served in lieu of spirits, as long as the stock lasted. The greatest care was used to preserve the births clean and well ventilated; scraping, washing with vinegar, and correcting the humidity between decks by means of fires, were practised. A sick birth was formed under the fore-castle, and care was taken to keep the sick separated from those in health.

Such are the outlines of the means employed; and by these laudable exertions, it seems that the Weazel, with a complement of one hundred and twenty-five men, sailed from England to the coast of Africa, and from thence to the West-Indies, with the loss of only one man, and at her arrival at Antigua, had not a single man on her sick list. As a contrast to this, the author mentions the sickness of another ship, the Minerva, on the same station, in which the same salutary precautions were not observed.

2. An Account of the Success with which the Method of uniting Parts by the first Intention, has been adopted, in the radical Cure of the Hydrocele. Communicated in a Letter to Dr. Simmons, by Mr. Thomas Tomlinson, Surgeon to the General Hospital at Birmingham.

The utility of the practice here recommended, seems to be sufficiently established by the facts related in this paper.

3. A Case of Mortification of the Leg. By Mr. Joseph Brandish, Surgeon, at Alcester, in Warwickshire. Communicated in a Letter to Mr. Henry Cline, Surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital, and Reader of Anatomy, in London; and by him to Dr. Simmons.

In this case Nature was the Surgeon; and the circumstance is truly remarkable. A mortification extended, in the space of three weeks, from the great toe to within four inches of the patient's knee, where it stopped; and in ten days more a complete separation took place, the bones of the leg coming away entire, leaving a large cavity, which gradually filled up, forming as good a stump as when amputation is performed in the usual place below the knee.

4. Supplement to the Account of Mr. Hunter's Method of performing the Operation for the Popliteal Aneurism, inserted in the Seventh Volume of the London Medical Journal. Communicated in a second Letter to Dr. Simmons, by Mr. Eversard Hume, Surgeon, F. R. S.

This paper forms a valuable addition

to the former account, but it cannot well be understood without the engraving that accompanies it.

5. An Account of the good Effects of Mercury in a Disease apparently of the Lymphatic System, attended with nervous Symptoms. Communicated in a Letter to Dr. Simmons, by Mr. John Covey, Apothecary, at Basingstoke, in Hampshire.

This case is curious, but it would be difficult to describe it satisfactorily in an abridgment.

6. A Letter to Dr. Simmons, F. R. S. from Mr. James Lucas, one of the Surgeons of the General Infirmary at Leeds.

This letter is explanatory of a former paper by the same author, on amputation.

7. Some Remarks on the supposed Influence of the Moon in Fevers. Communicated in a Letter to Dr. Simmons, by James Lind, M. D. F. R. S. Physician at Windsor, and Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians at Edinburgh.

As the doctrine of the supposed influence of the moon in diseases, has been lately revived, and engages a good deal of the attention of physicians and philosophers, we shall here insert the whole of Dr. Lind's letter on this subject.

"I see by the letter of Dr. Jackson, Physician at Stockton, published in the first part of the London Medical Journal for the present year, that there are others, besides the inhabitants of the lower part of Bengal, Dr. Balfour, &c. and myself, who have attributed the frequent attacks and returns of remittent and intermittent fevers, which happen in tropical countries about the times of the new and full moon, to the immediate influence of the moon.

"I confess I was once of this opinion, as you may see by my Inaugural Dissertation on the Marth Fever, which raged at Bengal in 1762; but of this immediate influence I have, upon more mature consideration, long since doubted, and think that it ought rather to be imputed to the noxious vapours arising from the swamps, produced by the high tides which happen at the time of the full and change of the moon, and, overflowing a great part of the country, leave it in a marshy state at low water, thereby occasioning the frequent attacks and relapses that occur at those periods. This I am induced to believe to be the sole cause: first, because this lunar influence entirely ceases when the patient is removed but a few miles from the swamps that are left uncovered by the tide at low water; secondly, because intermittent fevers are not observed to follow lunar periods at many places within the tropics, even at Canton, (where there is a large river and great tides) by reason of the industrious Chi-

ness keeping the river within its bounds. Intermittents there only follow the state of the weather, as it renders the country and rice grounds more or less marshy, or as the winds blow over dry country, or rice grounds that are covered with mud and slime; therefore,

what is called a lunar influence will, I imagine, be no where found, but where remitting and intermitting fevers are occasioned from muddy shores left by the ebbing of the tide.

(To be Continued.)

LETTERS of the late Mr. STERNE, (Continued from Page 53)

LETTER XIII.

To ———, Esq.

I UNDERSTAND, from Mr. Phipps *, that you are absolutely engaged to pass the summer, or rather the autumn, with him at Mulgrave-hall; so that I now consider a previous visit to me as a matter on which I may depend, and to which, believe me, I look with real satisfaction.—We will while away a month or six weeks at my vicarage, in a manner which, I trust, will not be unpleasing or unprofitable to you.

However, in saying this, or rather writing it, I address myself to the excellence of your heart, which I cannot too much admire, and that cultivated understanding, of which I have the greatest hopes. I know the pleasures you will quit, and the societies you must sacrifice, to come and pass any part of the summer with me: but at the same time, I do not doubt of your visit,—and that a sudden *tete-a-tete* has its charms for you.

I remember a circumstance, which I shall never think of without the utmost pride in myself, and the most sincere affection for you;—but, beside that it flattered me in the highest degree, it proved that you possessed a source of sentiment, which, whatever may befall you in life, must preserve you in honour and happiness. With such a delicious quality, misfortune will never be able to bear you down; nor will folly, passion, or even vice, though they may for a time obscure or lessen the excellence of your character, possess the power of destroying it.

I allude to a little touch of sentiment that escaped you last winter, which, though I have mentioned it, with every possible eulogium, to others, again and again, I have never before hinted it even to you. The moment, however, is now come, when my spirit urges me to speak of it, and I do it with those dispositions which are congenial to the subject, and, I trust, natural to myself.

You cannot absolutely have forgotten an evening visit which you paid me last January, in Bond-street, when I was ill in bed; nor ought it to escape your occasional reflection, that you sat by my bed-side the whole night, performing every act of the most friendly and pious attention. I then thought that the scare-crow Death was at my heels; nay, I thought the villain had got me by the throat, and I told you as much. However, it pleased Heaven that I should not be snatched from the world at that moment; though I spoke my

own honest opinion, when I vaticinated my destiny by expressing little hopes of getting to the winter's end.—I believe, my dear friend, said I, that I shall soon be off. I hope not, you replied, with a squeeze of my hand, and a sigh of your heart, which went to the very bottom of mine;—but, you were pleased to add, lest that should be the case, I hope you will do me the favour to let me be always with you, that I may have every atom of advantage and comfort your society will afford me, while Heaven permits it to last.

I spoke no reply, for I could not, but my heart made one then, and will continue to do so, till it is become a *clod of the valley*.

Hence it is that I do not doubt but you will quit the ring of pleasure without regret, to come and sit with me beneath my honey-suckle, which is now flaunting like a Ranelagh beauty, and accompany me in paying my vows their passive evening visit. We can go to vespers with them, and return home to our curds and cream with more delicious sentiments, than all the pleasures of the world and the beauties thereof, in their vainest moments, will pretend to afford.

I am busy about another couple of volumes to amuse, and, as I hope, to instruct a gouty and a splenetic world; in which I solemnly declare I have no ambition to remain, but for the love I bear to such friends as you; and perhaps the vanity, which I am vain enough not to call an idle one, of adding a few more leaves to the wreath which I have been able to weave for my own little glory.

Come then, and let me read the pages to you as they fall from my pen; and be a *Mentor* to *Tristram*, as you have been to *Yorick*.—At all events, I am sure you cannot come to York without coming to me; and I shall triumph completely over *Lady* ———, if I draw you for a month from the bright centre to which you are so naturally attracted. So God bless you, and believe me, with all sincerity, to be
Yours, L. STERNE.

LETTER XIV.

I MEAN, my dear friend, that this epistle should meet you, and greet you, a day or two at least, before you leave town; and I wish it, from that spirit of miserable self-interest, which you know governs and directs me in all I do.—But lest you should not like this reason, I will give you another, and which may be nearer the truth; at least I hope so.

* The late Lord Mulgrave.

I want very much to know whether B— has arranged the matter with *Foley* the banker, at Paris, about Mrs. Sterne's remittance, as I ordered him. You must know that I suspect he has been dilatory, not from dishonesty, for I believe him to be as honest a poor creature as ever was vamped into the form he wears, but, perhaps, his exchequer might not be in a convenient state to answer my orders; and if so, I only beg to be informed of the truth; which as he does not answer my letters, he appears to be afraid to tell.

I have received a letter from Toulouse which does not comfort my spirits; and I have reason to apprehend from thence, that there is some neglect at the fountain-head of my treasury, which I must beg you to enquire into, and, if you see occasion, to correct, in order that the little rill of ways and means may not be interrupted between London and Languedoc, that is, between me and Mrs. Sterne, and my poor dear Lydia.

They write me word that they have drawn upon *Foley*, as I desired, who tells them he has no effects to answer the bill; but that, if they are in distress, he will accommodate them for my sake. This is very handsome dealing, and I am rather proud of it;—but, in the mean time, there is an uncertainty which is very unpleasant—I mean to the poor women, who are at such a distance, that a great deal of anxious suspense must be suffered before the mistake can be rectified.

Besides, ———, these things breed words and questions, as well as suspicions, and all that.—My dear Lydia contents herself with a gentle complaint or so; but her mother does not hesitate to discharge a volume of reproaches. Now the truth is, that I deserve neither the one nor the other,—and had managed the matter for the supply of their wants, and the ridding myself of all future anxiety in the business, in as plain a manner as my hand-writing and spirit of calculation could make it. However, it has abated the ardour of my knight-errantry for the present, and thrown more than a sickly thought or two on my imagination.

I am prodigal of words, my dear friend, in a matter wherein a mere hint is all that would be necessary for you to exert yourself. So do me the honour to see that it is absolutely done without a moment's delay; and if B— should hesitate the tythe of an instant,—do that for me, my friend, which I would do for you on a similar occasion. So God bless you. My heart will not suffer me to offer you an apology, because I know it will be ungracious to yours. Once more farewell!

Yours, L. STERNE.

LETTER XV.

To ——— Esq.

YOU have hit my fancy most wonderfully in the account you have given me of La-

dy ——. The *Juno* character not only prevails, but absolutely predominates.—The *Minerva* qualities are all secondary;—and, as to any *Cyprian* dispositions, I know nothing about them.

She certainly possesses a very good understanding, and is not without attainments; but both the one and the other derive all their consequence from her manners. She has somewhat of an imperious disposition, which would be either silently despised by some, or violently opposed by others, if they did not give a grace to it, that annihilates any unpleasant sensation that might attempt to rise in the breast of any bye-stander; or, which is better, bye-sitter; but this is not all, for it calls forth also, that kind of respectful submission, which does not lessen us in our own opinion for having practised it.

I never in my life felt the merit of exterior decoration so much as in my conversations and communications with this Lady; and I really do not know any position in the present school of fashion where a young man might learn so much as in her drawing-room, or, without meaning any mischievous equivocal, her dressing-room.—It is really no common satisfaction to me to reflect that my young friend is an *élève* of such an instructress.

There is a time and circumstance of life, and that period and circumstance are now your's, when nothing but the easy society and little tender friendships of an accomplished woman are wanting to render a character complete:—and without saying a word more than I think on the business, I cannot but express my satisfaction that you are in such hands, as will probably produce the very effects which so sincere a friend as myself can wish and desire.

It has ever been a maxim with me, since I knew any thing of the world, that we are all of us as much in want of a school-mistress at the finish, as we do at the commencement of our education.—And as you are so fortunate as to have Lady ——— to teach you the *horn-book* of high life, you will bid fair to spell it and put it together, so as to become the charm of all society;—and you will lose, what I so much wish you to lose,—the attention to one and the neglect of the many; which, though there may be something amiable in the principle, is not adapted to the general intercourse of life.

Lady M—F— might forward the business,—and Lady C—, I am sure, is ready to do it; so that in such a soil,—in such a season, and with such cultivation—what has not partial friendship a right to expect? And now, what can I do better than leave you in such good and excellent company; and desire you, in return, to present my respectful compliments to them all,—and to receive yourself the most cordial regard

Of your very sincere and affectionate

L. STERNE.

TO THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

Leeds, August 1, 1787.

THE following narrative of a very extraordinary and providential escape will probably afford some entertainment to your readers, and therefore I offer it to you for insertion. The pamphlet from which it is taken was written and published about the year 1711; and, in my opinion at least, deserves to be preserved from oblivion. I am your humble servant,

FIDELIO.

NARRATIVE of the SUFFERINGS, PRESERVATION, and DELIVERANCE, of Captain JOHN DEAN and Company; in the NOTTINGHAM Galley of LONDON, cast away on BOON-ISLAND, near NEW-ENGLAND, DECEMBER 11, 1710.

THE Nottingham Galley, of and from London, 120 tons, 10 guns, and 14 men, John Dean commander, having taken in cordage in England, and butter and cheese, &c. in Ireland, sailed for Boston in New-England, the 25th of September 1710. But meeting with contrary winds and bad weather, it was the beginning of December when first we made land to the eastward of Piscataqua, and haling southwardly for the Massachusetts-bay, under a hard gale of wind at north-east, accompanied with rain, hail and snow, having no observation for ten or twelve days, we on the eleventh handed all our sails, except our fore-sail, and main-top-sail double-reef, ordering one hand forward to look out. Between eight and nine, going forward myself, I saw the breakers a head, whereupon I called out to put the helm hard a-sternboard; but ere the ship could wear, we struck upon the east-end of the rock call'd Boon Island, four leagues to the eastward of Piscataqua.

The second or third sea heaved the ship a-long-side of it, running likewise so very high and the ship labouring so excessively, that we were not able to stand upon deck; and, notwithstanding it was not above thirty or forty yards, yet the weather was so thick and dark we could not see the rock, so that we were justly thrown into a consternation, at the sad prospect of immediately perishing in the sea. I presently called down all hands to the cabin, where we continued a few minutes, earnestly supplicating mercy: but knowing prayers without endeavours are vain, I ordered all up again to cut the masts by the board; but several sunk to under racks of conscience that they were not able to stir: however, we upon deck cut the weather-mast throats, and the ship heeling towards the rock, the force of the sea soon broke the masts, so that they fell right towards the shore.

One of the men went out on the bolt-sprit, and returning, told me, he saw something black a-head, and would adventure to get on shore, accompanied with any other person; upon which I desired some of the best swimmers (my mate and one more) to go with him, and if they recovered the rock, to give notice by their calls, and direct us to the most secure place. Remembering some money and papers that might be of use, also ammunition,

&c. I next went down and opened the place in which they were; but the ship bulging, her decks opening, her back broke, and beams giving way, so that the stern sunk almost under water, I was obliged to hasten forward to prevent immediate perishing, and having heard nothing of the men gone before, concluded them lost: yet notwithstanding, I was under a necessity to make the same adventure upon the fore-mast, moving gradually forward betwixt every sea, till at last quitting it, I cast myself with all the strength I had towards the rock, and it being dead low water and the rock exceeding slippery, I could get no hold, but tore my fingers, hands, and arms, in the most lamentable manner, every wash of the sea fetching me off again, so that it was with the utmost peril and difficulty that I got safe on shore at last; the rest of the men running the same hazard, yet through mercy we all escaped with our lives.

After endeavouring to discharge the salt-water, and creeping a little way up the rock. I heard the three men mentioned before, and by ten all met together; where with joyful hearts we returned humble thanks to Providence for our deliverance from so imminent a danger. We then endeavoured to gain shelter to the leeward of the rock, but found it so small and inconsiderable, that it would afford none (being but about an hundred yards long, and fifty broad); and so very craggy, that we could not walk to keep ourselves warm, the weather still continuing extreme cold, with snow and rain.

As soon as day-light appeared, I went towards the place where we came on shore, not questioning but we should meet with provisions enough from the wreck for our support, but found only some pieces of the masts and yards, amongst some old junk and cables congered together, which the anchors had prevented from being carried away, and kept moving about the rock at some distance.— Part of the ship's stores, with some pieces of plank and timber, old sails, canvas, &c. drove on shore, but nothing to eat, except some small pieces of cheese we picked up from among the rock-weed, in the whole to the quantity of three small cheeses.

We used our utmost endeavour to get fire, having a steel and flint with us, also by a drill with a very swift motion; but having nothing

But what had been long water-soaked, we could not effect it.

At night we stowed one upon another, under our canvas, in the best manner possible, to keep each other warm; and the next day, the weather a little clearing and inclining to frost, I went out, and seeing the main-land, knew where we were, therefore encouraged my men with hopes of being discovered by fishing-shallops, &c. requiring them to go about, and fetch up what planks they could get, as also carpenters' tools and stores, &c. in order to build a tent and a boat. The cook then complaining he was almost starved, and his countenance discovering his illness, I ordered him to remain with two or three more the frost had seized. About noon the men acquainted me that he was dead, so laid him in a convenient place for the sea to carry him away; none mentioning eating of him, though several with myself afterwards acknowledged they had thoughts of it.

After we had been there two or three days, the frost being very severe, and the weather extreme cold, it seized most of our hands and feet to such a degree, as to take away the sense of feeling, and render them almost useless; so benumbing and discolouring them as gave us just reason to fear mortifications.— We pulled off our shoes, and cut off our boots; but in getting off our stockings, many whose legs were blistered, pulled off skin and all, and some the nails of their toes: we wrapt up our legs and feet as warm as we could in oakum and canvas.

We now began to build our tent in a triangular form, each angle about eight foot, covered with what sails and old canvas came on shore, having just room for all to lie down each on one side, so that none could turn except all turned, which was about every two hours upon notice given. We also fixed a staff to the top of our tent, upon which (as often as weather would permit) we hoisted a piece of cloth in the form of a flag, in order to discover ourselves to any vessels that might come near.

We began now to build our boat of plank and timber belonging to the wreck; our tools the blade of a cutlass (made into a saw with our knives), a hammer and a caulking mallet. Some nails we found in the clefts of the rock, others we got from the sheathing. We laid three planks flat for the bottom, and two up each side fixed to stanchions, and let into the bottom timbers; with two short pieces at each end, also one breadth of new Holland-duck round the sides, to keep out the spray of the sea. We corked all we could with oakum drawn from the old junk, and in other places filled up the distances with long pieces of canvas, all which we secured in the best manner possible. We found also some sheet-lead and pump-leather, which proved of use. We

fixed a short mast and square sail, with seven paddles to row, and another longer to steer; but our carpenter, who now should have been of most use to us, was (by reason of illness), scarce able to afford us either assistance or advice, and all the rest were so benumbed and feeble as not able to stir, except myself and two more; also the weather so extreme cold, that we could seldom stay out of the tent above four hours in the day, and some days do nothing at all.

When we had been there about a week without any manner of provisions, except the cheese before-mentioned and some beef-bones, which we eat, (first beating them to pieces), we saw three boats about five leagues from us, which may be easily imagined rejoiced us not a little, believing our deliverance was now come. I made all creep out of the tent, and halloo together (so well as our strength would allow), making also all the signals we could; but alas, all in vain! they neither hearing nor otherwise discovering us: however, we received no small encouragement from the sight of them, they coming from south-west, and the wind at north-east when we were cast away, gave us reason to conclude our distress might be known, by the wreck driving on shore, and to presume they were come out in search of us, and that they would daily do so when the weather would permit. Thus we flattered ourselves in hopes of deliverance, though in vain.

Just before we had finished our boat, Providence fo ordered it, that the carpenter's ax was cast on the rock to us, whereby we were enabled to complete our work; but then we had scarce strength enough to get her into the water.

About the 21st (December) the boat just perfected, a fine day, and the water smoother than I had ever yet seen it since we came there, we consulted who should attempt getting her off shore. I offered myself as one to adventure, which they agreed to, because I was the strongest, and therefore fittest to undergo the extremities we might be reduced to. My mate also offering himself, and desiring to accompany me, I was allowed him with my brother, and four more: so committing our enterprise to Divine Providence, all that were able came out, and with much difficulty we got our poor patched-up boat to the water-side. The surf running very high, we were obliged to wade very deep to launch her; which being done, and myself and one more got into her, the swell of the sea heaved her along shore, and overfat her upon us. (whereby we again narrowly escaped drowning) and flaved our poor boat all to pieces, totally disappointing our enterprise, and destroying all our hopes at once.

And what still heightened our afflictions, and served to aggravate our miserable prospect

prospects, and render our deliverance less practicable, we lost with our boat both our ax and hammer, which would have been of great use to us, if we should hereafter attempt to build a raft: yet had we reason to admire the goodness of God, in over-ruling our disappointment, for our safety; for that afternoon, the wind springing up it blew very hard, so that had we been at sea in that imitation of a boat, in all probability we must have perished, and the rest left behind had no better fare, because unable to help themselves.

We were now reduced to the most deplorable and melancholy circumstance imaginable, almost every man but myself weak to an extremity, and near starved with hunger and cold; their hands and feet frozen and mortified, with large and deep ulcers in their legs (the very smell offensive to those of us who could creep into the air), and nothing to dress them with, but a piece of linnen that was cast on shore. No fire, and the weather extremely cold; our small stock of cheese spent, and nothing to support our feeble bodies but rock-weed and a few mussels, scarce and difficult to get (at most, not above two or three for each man a day); so that we had our miserable bodies perishing, and our poor disconsolate spirits overpowered, with the deplorable prospect of starving, without any appearance of relief: besides, to heighten (if possible) the aggravation, we had reason to apprehend, lest the approaching spring-tide (if accompanied with high winds) should totally overflow us. How dismal such a circumstance must be, it is impossible to express; the pinching cold and hunger, extremity of weakness and pain, racks and horror of conscience (to many) and foresight of certain and painful (but lingering) death, without any (even the most remote) views of deliverance. How heightened, how aggravated! is such misery! and yet, alas, such was our deplorable case; inasmuch that the greater part of our company were ready to die with horror and despair, without the least hopes of escaping.

For my own part, I did my utmost to encourage myself, and exhort the rest to trust in God, and patiently wait for his salvation; and Providence, a little to alleviate our distress, and encourage our faith, directed my mate to strike down a sea-gull, which he joyfully brought to me, and I equally divided every one a proportion; and (tho' raw, and scarce every one a mouthful) yet we received and eat it thankfully.

The last method of safety we could possibly propose, was, the fixing a raft that might carry two men; which was mightily urged by one of our men, a Swede, a stout brave fellow, but had since our distress lost both his feet by the frost: he frequently impor-

tuned me to attempt our deliverance in that way, offering himself to accompany me, or, if I refused him, to go alone. After deliberate thoughts and consideration, we resolved upon a raft, but found abundance of labour and difficulty in clearing the fore-yard (of which it was chiefly to be made) from the junk, by reason our working hands were so few and weak.

That done, we split the yard, and with the two parts made side-pieces, fixing others, and adding some of the lightest plank we could get, first spiking and afterwards seizing them firm, in breadth four foot: we likewise fixed a mast, and of two hammocks that were drove on shore we made a sail, with a paddle for each man, and a spare one in case of necessity. This difficulty thus surmounted and brought to a period, he would frequently ask me whether I designed to accompany him, giving me also to understand that if I declined, there was another ready to embrace the offer.

About this time we saw a sail come out of Piscataqua river, about seven leagues to the westward. We again made all the signal we could, but the wind being at N. West, and the ship standing to the Eastward, was presently out of sight, without ever coming near us, which proved a very great mortification to our hopes; but the next day being moderate, and in the afternoon a small breeze right on shore, also the raft wholly finished, the two men were very solicitous to have it launched, and the mate as strenuously opposed it, on account it was so late (being two in the afternoon): but they urging the light nights, begged of me to have it done: to which at last I agreed, first committing the enterprize to God's blessing. They both got upon it, and the swell rolling very high, soon overset them, as it did our boat. The Swede not minding it swam on shore, but the other (being no swimmer) continued some time under water; and as soon as he appeared, I caught hold of him and saved him; but he was so discouraged, that he was afraid to make a second attempt.

I desired the Swede to wait a more favourable opportunity; but he continuing resolute, begged of me to go with him, or help him to turn the raft, and he would go himself alone.

By this time another man came down and offered to adventure; so getting upon the raft I launched them off, they desiring us to go to prayers, also to watch what became of them. I did so, and by sun-set judged them half way to the main, and that they might reach the shore by two in the morning: but I suppose they fell in with some breakers, or the violence of the sea overset them, and they perished; for two days after, the raf-

was found on shore, and one man dead about a mile from it, with a paddle fastened to his wrist; but the Swede, who was so very forward to adventure, was never heard of more.

We upon the desolate island not knowing what had befallen them, waited daily for deliverance; and our expectations were the more heightened by a smoke we saw in the woods, two days after (the signal appointed if they arrived safe); which continuing every day, and being willing to believe it made on our account, though we saw no appearance of any thing towards our relief, yet we supposed the delay was occasioned by their not being able to procure a vessel so soon as we desired; and this hope, under God, served to bear up our spirits and support us much.

But still our great want was provisions; having nothing to eat but rockweed and a very few mussels; and the spring-tide being (thank God) safely over, we could scarce get any at all. I have gone myself (no other person being able) several days at low water, and could get no more than two or three a-piece; and have frequently been in danger of losing my hands and arms by putting them so often in the water, which when got, my stomach refused, and rather chose rockweed.

At our first coming we saw several seals upon the rock, and supposing they might harbour there in the night, I walked round at midnight, but could never get any thing: we also saw a great many fowls, but they perceiving us daily there, would never come on the rock to lodge, so that we caught none.

This disappointment was very grievous, and still served to irritate our miseries; but it was more especially afflicting to a brother I had with me, and another young gentleman, who had never (either of them) been at sea, or endured any severities before; but were now reduced to the last extremities, having no assistance but what they received from me.

Part of a green hide being thrown up by the sea, (fastened to a piece of the main-yard) the men importuned me to bring it to the tent, which being done we minced it small and swallowed it down.

About this time, I set the men to open junk, and with the rope-yarn (when the weather would permit) I thatched the tent in the best manner my strength would allow, that it might the better shelter us from extremities of weather: and it proved of so much service as to turn two or three hours rain, and preserve us from the cold pinching winds, which were always very severe upon us.

About the latter end of this month (viz. December) our carpenter (a fat man, and naturally of a dull, heavy, phlegmatick constitution and disposition, aged about forty-seven), who from our first coming on shore

had been always very ill, and lost the use of his feet, complained of an excessive pain in his back, and stiffness in his neck, being likewise almost choked with phlegm (for want of strength to discharge it), so that to our apprehension he drew near his end. We prayed over him, and used our utmost endeavours to be serviceable to him in his last moments; he shewed himself sensible though speechless, and that night died. We suffered the body to remain with us till morning, when I desired those who were best able to remove it; creeping out myself, to see if Providence had yet sent us any thing to satisfy our extremely craving appetites: before noon returning, and not seeing the dead body without, I asked why they had not removed it? and received for answer, they were not all of them able: whereupon fastening a rope to the body, I gave the utmost of my assistance, and with some difficulty we got it out of the tent. But the fatigue and consideration of our misery together so overcame my spirits, that being ready to faint I crept into the tent, and was no sooner got in there, but (as the highest addition of trouble) the men began to request of me the dead body to eat, the better to support their lives.

This, of all I had met with, was the most grievous and shocking to me, to see myself and company, who came hither laded with provisions but three weeks before, now reduced to such a deplorable circumstance, as to have two of us absolutely starved to death, other two we knew not what were become of, and the rest of us at the last extremity, and (though still living, yet) requiring to eat the dead for support.

After abundance of mature thought and consultation about the lawfulness or sinfulness on the one hand, and absolute necessity on the other; judgment, conscience, &c. were obliged to submit to the more prevailing arguments of our craving appetites; so that at last we determined to satisfy our hunger, and support our feeble bodies with the carcase in possession; first ordering his skin, head, hands, feet, and bowels to be buried in the sea, and the body to be quartered for conveniency of drying and carriage, to which I again received for answer, that they were not all of them able, but treated I would perform it for them; a task very grievous, and not readily complied with; but their incessant prayers and entreaties at last prevailed, and by night I had performed my labour.

I then cut part of the flesh into thin slices, and washing it in salt-water, brought it to the tent, and obliged the men to eat rockweed along with it, to serve instead of bread.

My mate and two others refused to eat any that night, but next morning complied,
and

and earnestly desired to partake with the rest.

I found they all eat in abundance, and with the utmost greediness, so that I was constrained to carry the quarters farther from the tent, (quite out of their reach) lest they should prejudice themselves by overmuch eating, as also expend our small stock too soon.

I also limited each man to an equal proportion, that none might quarrel, or entertain hard thoughts of myself, or one another; and I was the more obliged to this method, because I found (in a few days) their very natural dispositions changed, and that affectionate, peaceable temper they had all along hitherto discovered totally lost; their eyes staring and looking wild, their countenances fierce and barbarous; and instead of obeying my commands (as they had universally and readily done before) I found all I could say (even prayers and entreaties) vain and fruitless, nothing now being to be heard but brutish quarrels, with horrid oaths and imprecations, instead of that quiet, submissive, spirit of prayer and supplication we had before enjoyed.

This, together with the dismal prospect of future want, obliged me to keep a strict watch over the rest of the body, lest any of them should (if able) get to it, and this being spent we were forced to feed upon the living, which we must certainly have done, had we staid a few days longer.

But now the goodness of God began to appear, and make provision for our deliverance, by putting it in the hearts of the good people on shore, where our raft drove, to come out in search of us; which they did the 2d of January, in the morning.

Just as I was creeping out of the tent, I saw a shallop half way from shore, standing directly towards us, which may be easily imagined was life from the dead. How great our joys and satisfactions were, at the prospect of so speedy and unexpected deliverance, no tongue is able to express, nor thoughts to conceive!

Our good and welcome friends came to an anchor to the South-west, at about 100 yards distance (the swell not suffering them to come nearer); but their anchor coming home, obliged them to stand off till about noon, waiting for smoother water upon the flood. Mean time our passions were differently moved; our expectations of deliverance, and fears of miscarriage, hurried our weak and disordered spirits strangely.

I gave them an account of our miseries in every respect, except the want of provisions (which I did not mention, lest I should not get them on shore, for fear of being constrained by the weather to tarry with us); earnestly entreating them to attempt our im-

mediate deliverance; or at least (if possible) to furnish us with fire, which with the utmost hazard and difficulty they at last accomplished, by sending a small canoe with one man, who with abundance of labour got on shore.

After helping him up with his canoe, and seeing nothing to eat, I asked him if he could give us fire. He answered in the affirmative, but was so affrighted (seeing me look so thin and meagre) that he could hardly at first return me an answer; but recollecting himself, after several questions asked on both sides, he went with me to the tent, where he was surprised to see so many of us in so deplorable a condition.

Our fish was so wasted, and our looks were so ghastly and frightful, that it was really a very dismal prospect.

With some difficulty we made a fire, determining to go myself with the man on board, and after to send for the rest, one or two at a time; and accordingly we both got into the canoe; but the sea immediately drove us with such violence against the rock, that it overset us into the water; and I being very weak, it was a great while before I could recover myself, so that I had again a very narrow escape from drowning.

The good man with very great difficulty got on board himself without me, designing to return the next day with better conveniences, if the weather would permit.

It was a very uncomfortable sight to see our worthy friends in the shallop stand away for the shore without us. But God, who orders all our affairs (by unseen movements) for the best, had doubtless designs of preservation towards us, in denying us that appearance of present deliverance; for that night the wind coming about to South-East, blowing hard and being dark weather, our good friends lost their shallop, and with extreme difficulty saved their lives; but, in all probability, had we been with them, we must have perished, not having strength sufficient to help ourselves.

Immediately after their getting on shore, they sent an express to Portsmouth, in Piscataqua, where the good people made no delay in hastening to our deliverance, as soon as the weather would allow; but to our great sorrow, and for further trial of our patience, the next day continued very stormy; so that, though we doubted not but the people on shore knew our condition, and would assist us as soon as possible, yet our fish being near spent, no fresh water, nor any certainty how long the weather might continue thus, rendered our circumstance still miserable, though much advantaged by the fire, for now we could both warm ourselves and broil our meat.

The next day, our men urging me vehemently for flesh, I gave them a little more than usual, but not to their satisfaction; for they would certainly have eat up the whole at once, had I not carefully watched them, desiguing to share the rest next morning, if the weather continued bad: but it pleased God, that night the wind abated, and early next morning a shallop came for us, with my much-esteemed friends Captain Long and Captain Purver, and three more men, who brought a large canoe, and in two hours time got us all on board, to their satisfaction, and our great comfort, being forced to carry almost all the men on their backs, from the tent to the canoe, and fetch us off by two or three at a time.

When we first came on board the shallop, each of us eat a bit of bread and drank a dram of rum, and most of us were extremely seasick; but after we had cleansed our stomachs, and tasted warm nourishing food, we became so exceedingly hungry and ravenous, that had not our worthy friends dieted us (and limited the quantity for about two or three days) we should certainly have destroyed ourselves with eating.

We had also two other vessels came off for our assistance, if there had been any necessity (so generous and charitable were the good people of New-England in our distress); but seeing us all on board, the shallops made the best of their way home again.

At eight at night we came on shore, where we were kindly entertained, myself and another at a private house (having credit sufficient to help us), all the rest at the charge of the Government, who took such care that the poor men knew not the least want of any thing their necessities called for, or the kind and generous gentlemen could furnish them with (the care, industry, and generosity of my much-honoured friends John Plaisted, Esq. and Captain John Wentworth, in serving both myself and these poor men being particularly eminent), providing them a good surgeon and nurses till well, bearing the charge, and afterwards allowing each man sufficient cloathing; behaving themselves on the whole, with so much freedom, generosity, and christian temper, as was no small addition to their other services, and rendered the whole worthy both of admiration and imitation; and likewise was of the last consequence to the poor men in their distresses.

Two days after we came on shore, my apprentice lost a great part of one foot; the rest all recovered their limbs, but not their perfect use; very few (beside myself) escaping without losing the benefit of fingers or toes, &c. though thank God all otherwise in perfect health; some sailing one way and some another. My mate and two or three more are now in England at the publication hereof.

The M O R A L S of C H E S S.

By Dr. FRANKLIN.

THE game of Chess is not merely an idle amusement; several valuable qualities of the mind, useful in the course of human life, are to be acquired and strengthened by it, so as to become habits ready on all occasions; for life is a kind of chess, in which we have often points to gain, and competitors or adversaries to contend with, and in which there is a vast variety of good and ill events that are, in some degree, the effect of prudence, or of the want of it. By playing at Chess then, we may learn,

1st. Foresight, which looks a little into futurity, and considers the consequence that may attend an action; for it is continually occurring to the player, "If I move this piece, what will be the advantage or disadvantage of my new situation? What use can my adversary make of it, to annoy me? — What other moves can I make to support it, and to defend myself from his attacks?"

2d. Circumpection, which surveys the whole Chess board, or scene of action; the relation of the several pieces, and their situations; the dangers they are repeatedly exposed to; the several probabilities of their opposing each other; the probabilities that the ad-

versary may make this or that move, and attack this or that piece; and what different means can be used to avoid the stroke, or turn its consequences against him.

3d. Caution, not to make our moves too hastily. This habit is best acquired by observing strictly the laws of the game; such as, if you touch a piece, you must move it somewhere; if you set it down, you must let it stand.

Therefore, it would be the better way to observe these rules, as the game becomes thereby more the image of human life, and particularly of war; in which, if you have incautiously put yourself into a bad and dangerous position, you cannot obtain your enemy's leave to withdraw your troops, and place them more securely; but you must abide all the consequences of your rashness.

And lastly, we learn by Chess the habit of not being discouraged by present bad appearances in the state of our affairs; the habit of hoping for a favourable chance, and that of persevering in the search of resources. The game is so full of events, there is such a variety of turns in it, the fortune of it is so sudden to vicissitudes, and one so frequently,

after

after contemplation, discovers the means of extricating one's-self from a supposed insurmountable difficulty, that one is encouraged to continue the contest to the last, in hopes of victory from our skill; or, at least, from the negligence of our adversary. And whoever considers, what in Chefs he often sees instances of, that success is apt to produce presumption and its consequent inattention, by which more is afterwards lost than was gained by the preceding advantage, while misfortunes produce more care and attention, by which the loss may be recovered, will learn not to be too much discouraged by any present successes of his adversary, nor to despair of final good-fortune, upon every little check he receives in the pursuit of it.

1st. Therefore, if it is agreed to play according to the strict rules, then those rules are to be strictly observed by both parties; and should not be insisted upon for one side, while deviated from by the other, for this is not equitable.

2d. If it is agreed not to observe the rules exactly, but one party demands indulgences, he should then be as willing to allow them to the other.

3d. No false move should even be made to extricate yourself out of a difficulty or to gain an advantage; for there can be no pleasure in playing with a man once detected in such unfair practice.

4th. If your adversary is long in playing, you ought not to hurry him, or express any uneasiness at his delay; not even by looking at your watch or taking up a book to read: you should not sing, nor whistle, nor make a tapping with your feet on the floor, or with your fingers on the table, nor do any thing that may distract his attention; for all these things displease, and they do not prove your skill in playing, but your craftiness, and your rudeness.

5th. You ought not to endeavour to amuse and deceive your adversary, by pretending to have made bad moves; and saying you have now lost the game, in order to make him secure and careless, and inattentive to your schemes; for this is fraud and deceit, not skill in the game of Chefs.

6th. You must not, when you have gained a victory, use any triumphing or insulting expressions, nor show too much of the pleasure you feel; but endeavour to console your adversary, and make him less dissatisfied with himself by every kind and civil expression that may be used with truth; such as, you understand the game better than I, but you are a little inattentive, or you play too fast; or you had the best of the game, but something happened to divert your thoughts, and that turned it in my favour.

7th. If you are a spectator, while others play, observe the most perfect silence; for if you give advice, you offend both the parties; him against whom you give it, because it may cause him to lose the game; him in whose favour you give it, because, though it be good, and he follows it, he loses the pleasure he might have had, if you had permitted him to think till it occurred to himself. Even, after a move, or moves, you must not, by replacing the pieces, show how they might have been placed better; for that displeases, and might occasion disputes, or doubts about their situation.

All talking to the players lessens or diverts their attention, and is, therefore, displeasing: nor should you give the least hint to either party by any kind of noise or motion; if you do, you are unworthy to be a spectator.

If you desire to exercise or show your judgment, do it in playing your own game, when you have an opportunity, not in criticising or meddling with or counselling the play of others.

Lastly, if the game is not to be played rigorously, according to the rules above-mentioned, then moderate your desire of victory over your adversary, and be pleased with one over yourself.

Snatch not eagerly at every advantage offered by his unskilfulness or inattention; but point out to him kindly, that by such a move, he places or leaves a piece *en prise* unsupported; that by another, he will put his King into a dangerous situation, &c.

By this generous civility (so opposite to the unfairness above forbidden) you may happen indeed to lose the game, but you will win what is better, his esteem, his respect, and his affection; together with the silent approbation and the good-will of the spectators.

To this, the gentleman who favoured me with it, has added,

When a vanquished player is guilty of an untruth to cover his disgrace, as "I have not played so long; his method of opening the game confused me;—the men were of an unusual size," &c.; all such apologies (to call them no worse) must lower him in a wise person's eyes, both as a man, and as a chess-player; and who will not suspect that he, who shelters himself under such untruths in trifling matters, is no very sturdy moralist in things of greater consequences, where his fame or honour are at stake? A man of proper pride would scorn to account for his being beaten, by one of these excuses, even if it were true; because they all have so much the appearance, at the moment, of being untrue.

ANECDOTES OF THE DUKES OF ORMOND AND MARLBOROUGH.

From the "Supplement to the late Lord CHESTERFIELD'S Letters," just published.

THERE is no one creature so obscure, so low, or so poor, who may not, by the strange and unaccountable changes and vicissitudes of human affairs, somehow or other, and some time or other, become an useful friend, or a troublesome enemy, to the greatest and the richest. The late DUKE OF ORMOND was almost the weakest, but, at the same time, the best bred and most popular man in this kingdom. His education in courts and camps, joined to an easy, gentle nature, had given him that habitual affability, those engaging manners, and those mechanical attentions, that almost supplied the place of every talent he wanted; and he wanted almost every one. They procured him the love of all men, without the esteem of any. He was impeached after the death of Queen Anne, only because that, having been engaged in the same measures with those who were necessarily to be impeached, his impeachment, for form's sake, became necessary. But he was impeached without acrimony, and without the least intention that he should suffer, notwithstanding the party violence of those times. The question for his impeachment, in the House of Commons, was carried by many fewer votes than any other question of impeachment; and Earl Stanhope, then Mr. Stanhope, and Secretary of State, who impeached him, very soon after negotiated and concluded his accommodation with the late King, to whom he was to have been presented the next day. But the late Bishop of Rochester, Atterbury, who thought that the Jacobite cause might suffer by losing the Duke of Ormond, went in all haste, and prevailed with the poor weak man to run away,

assuring him that he was only to be gulled into a disgraceful submission, and not to be pardoned in consequence of it. When his subsequent attainder passed, it excited mobs and disturbances in town. He had not a personal enemy in the world, and had a thousand friends. All this was singly owing to his natural desire of pleasing, and to the mechanical means that his education, not his parts, had given him of doing it.

The other instance is of the late DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, who studied the art of pleasing, because he well knew the importance of it: he enjoyed it and used it more than ever man did. He gained whoever he had a mind to gain; and he had a mind to gain every body, because he knew that every body was more or less worth gaining. Though his power, as Minister and General, made him many political and party enemies, it did not make him one personal one; and the very people who would gladly have displaced, disgraced, and perhaps attainted the Duke of Marlborough, at the same time personally loved Mr. Churchill, even though his private character was blemished by fordid avarice, the most unamiable of all vices. He had wound up and turned his whole machine to please and engage. He had an inimitable sweetness and gentleness in his countenance, a tenderness in his manner of speaking, a graceful dignity in every motion, and an universal and minute attention to the least things that could possibly please the least person. This was all art in him; art, of which he well knew and enjoyed the advantages; for no man had ever more interior ambition, pride, and avarice, than he had.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

IF the Compiler of the European Magazine thinks the following information may be acceptable to his readers, he is welcome to it.

IN Italy, near Sienna, there is a *Bath* called *San Filippo*. It is a common practice there to procure cameos from intaglios, by the following simple method: They include in a sufficient recipient any intaglio, ancient or modern, and of any size. Then they place it under the water, that falls in a cascade. After three months, or so, they fetch the intaglio away, which by this time is filled up with a fine white earth. Turning the

intaglio downwards, and striking it gently on a table, a cameo drops from it quite neat and pretty, which is then put into a frame, as any other cameo artificially made. Would it not be worth the while to try, whether any natural or artificial cascade produces the same effect in England? The cameo thus gotten is sufficiently sold to bear handling; but must be handled gently, being rather brittle than otherwise, as you may well imagine.

RELATA REFERO,

No. 10, Edward-street, Mary-le-bone.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

The following curious Document, with which we have been favoured by a Gentleman who is just returned from a tour through the Austrian Netherlands, and on the authenticity of which our readers may depend, serves to account for the bigotry which still prevails in those countries, and for the slow progress of population there.

STATE of the RELIGIOUS HOUSES at GHENT, in July 1787.

	Male.	Number of Religious.	Female.	
ABBEY of St. Peter, of the order of St. Benedict,		49	Abbey of Benedictines,	27
Abbey of Baudelro, of the order of Cîteaux,		41	English Benedictines,	27
Abbey of Waerschoot,		12	the order of Cîteaux,	26
Convent of Predicators,		51	Byloke,	47
Recollects,		65	Haagen,	17
Carmelites,		40	Ootsecloo,	32
Augustines,		46	Dooresecle,	25
Capuchins,		58	the order of St. Augustin,	21
Bare-footed Carmelites,		47	Convent of Black Sisters, (de Swaete Sufters)	26
Alexian Brethren, (de Broeders Alexianen)		21	St. Joris,	26
		437	Urtulines,	24
			St. John,	9
			The Great Sisterhood, (het groot Beggynhof)	580
			The little Sisterhood, (het kleyn Beggynhof)	244

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O N T H E O C E A N.

By Mr. M E R C I E R.

THIS day, for the first time in my life, I have seen the ocean, where old Neptune of the ancients, who have depicted him armed with a trident, wounds the sides of the earth—The image is certainly just; the ocean seems to be the despot of the globe. Notwithstanding this unknown strength that breaks the fury of its waves against the sands on the shore, it appears, at certain intervals, it has impetuously furmounted its limits, the traces of which are still easy to be known:—they are imprinted in the minds of men, the terror of antient disasters, well founded by an uninterrupted tradition, and by visible traces of profound ruins and devastations, which are spread over the surface of the earth. At first sight, it appears dreadfully rent on all sides by the terrible element which preys upon, undermines, sweeps away several parts, and swallows up in its abyss, at different periods, more or less remote spaces of land which supported towns, and sometimes kingdoms. It is, in a manner, only a weak crust that covers the large shell or timber-work of the globe; it is torn to pieces by volcanos like a weak roof, and from the crevices the fire has opened, torrents pour forth their inundations, and cause those enormous

large breaches which dig hollows for gulphs and lakes, where the majestic foundations of mountains before rested; their sunken tops are transformed to islands, where a scanty verdure replaces the snow-capp'd summits.

But it is the eye only that views ages as infants, that can reckon the sudden revolutions the globe has undergone. The equilibrium of water could not support itself on a moving theatre, perpetually hurled from west to east, and influenced besides by the motion of the heavenly bodies. As slow as ages, this motion has not escaped the modern sagacity of man. The earth has a visible tendency to rectify its axis, which has undoubtedly been disordered by some ancient revolution:—the activity of all those great bodies surrounding and incessantly pressing upon it, must displace the ocean, and successively impel its billows over all the points they can cover.

Can we, then, wonder if the proud elephant, who basks under the magnificent shades of Asia, has left his remains in the now-frozen deserts of Siberia?—Mountains exhibit petrified fish, and shells which preserve their colour and shades;—sandy deserts present us traces of maritime towns; in a word,

whole forests have been buried under strata of stone, which time has formed over their tops. All inform us, the ocean, as sovereign, disposes of this earth as his dominion, over which he exerts at will his inevitable right. The hand of the bold Hollander, which has repelled the tyranny of the ocean, will not, alas! always be able to keep this furious despot within bounds. Oh! direful day, when its dikes will be levelled, when this magnificent, vigilant, laborious, wife, economical republic, will disappear from the face of the earth; when the billows will erase the most glorious monument of courage and industry! Avert this period, Divine Providence! But if the eternal laws thou hast ordained cannot pass without their effect, at least suspend them, and delay this destructive irruption.

The physical laws have an unsurmountable force in their progression: what extraordinary and rapid effects would not this immense collection of waters have, when the dissolving power, a power no less active, is joined to its mass of weight.

Can the ocean, which is always on a balance, remain in a stagnated inactivity? It must incessantly wash away our clay, and its greedy bosom seems to demand all the riches of the earth; the outlines of mountains also seem to tell us, Here flowed that fluid which girt us with an equal pressure. Every thing presents to our sight traces of the eternal combat of two rival elements, which yet are made to be united.

You have seen the devastation the ocean makes, let us turn our eyes to its good offices. The hand of mankind renders all climates tributary to each other for their respective gifts. Two distant worlds are blended together; — the waves seem to wash indiscriminately every coast, and roll on every shore, only to invite man to trust to their fluctuation, which will convey him in the twinkling of an eye to the opposite shore.—Again, contemplate the boldest, the most astonishing work of the daring genius of man, the moving bridge, the vessel, the founding axe constructed in the port. At sight of this frail machine, we are astonished how they dare encounter all the dangers that await them on this perfidious element; — yet they will conquer it, — they will subdue the surge that threatens to swallow them, and the wind that

threatens to dash them on the shoals; they will manage those destructive elements, the one by skilfully trimming their sails, the other by the ingenious shape of their machine. The Leviathan, organized by nature to dwell in the sea, does not seem to be more powerful in the ocean than this inanimate machine guided by the weak hand of man. He flies victorious over the deep in as much security as the chariot that rolls on the solid level land.

But what preparations are necessary before she is masted, rigged, and fit to go to sea! The flag is hoisted; how much knowledge is required to shape the course! Is there under heaven a more interesting sight, and that places the dignity of man in a finer point of view!

If the philosopher regrets seeing so superb a structure so frequently used for the purpose of covetousness, and to carry fetters to the most distant regions, let him remember man's meanness accompanies his greatness. In order to console him, let him only fancy this vessel crowded with a number of public-spirited men, led by the desire of new discoveries, looking out for a new world and unknown regions, only to aggrandize the influence of knowledge; that he sees philosophers visiting a new people, surprised at the astonishing structure, and carrying to shores scarce thought of, the consolatory arts; bringing back in exchange new and singular ideas, which astonish our moral systems, and derange those with which we are most familiarized.

If, on a revision of the disasters occasioned by the active mass of the ocean, one was asked, how it happens so many scourges should be reunited against the habitation of man, where he dwells but for an instant; how nature is subjected to those violent extremities which tend to the destruction of the ancient generation of her children; how the human species subsist after those pending ravages, and how often they have been renewed from these ruins; finally, how an entire globe, peopled with twelve hundred millions of sensible, thinking beings, depend on the brutal action of the elements of which he is the sport; Pope will answer, *a bubble of water that bursts, a world destroyed*, are equal to the eye that sees all.—Where does this globe fall? Into the hand that created it.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

TALE from BAKER'S CHRONICLE,
Spoken by Mr. PALMER, at the
ROYALTY THEATRE.

Written by ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

BY a Triumvirate tormented sore,
Traç'd by their followers to this friendly
shore,

No more I dare, tho' in a righteous cause,
By fair endeavours, seek your kind applause:
My foes, for their own ends, respect the
Laws.

A right they claim, and they have us'd it long,
To deal in Foreign Farce, and Foreign Song.
What

What tho' free Commerce now is given to all,
 'Tis theirs, they say, the market to foretell.
 Of all that Jonson or that Shakspere wrote,
 Your ears must never hear a single note.
 Proudly they claim the Drama as *their own*,
 And Rowe and Southerne writ for them alone.
 From Otway's page should I a scene retail,
 One moral sentence sends me to a gaol.
 Th' unequal war if I desist to wage,
 Each Morning Paper thunders forth their rage.
 Shall I with calumny the cause debate,
 Or rather, with your leave, a Tale relate ?

In elder times, not in these days of glory,
 (From Baker's Chronicle I learn the story)
 To please the crowd, and make the village
 stare,

Three Booths were licens'd at a Country Fair.
 Whate'er they did, obtain'd applause from all,
 An English ballad, o' Italian squall.
 At length an Actor—some what of a prig—
 Boasted the skill to imitate a Pig.
 He squeak'd ; he grunted ; loud the million
 roar,

What wond'rous wit ! *bravissimo ! encore !*
 An honest Countryman, who saw the deed,
 Gave notice, he would full as well succeed.
 He built a Booth ; a Pig beneath his coat
 Squeak'd, as he pinch'd, with nature's ge-
 genuine note.

The Licens'd Managers began to huff ;
 'Tis all unnatural ;—what woeful stuff !
 Who acts with us, pursues a lib'ral art :
 In a new Booth you must not touch the heart.
 Upon our stage you have a grand procession ;
 A Lawyer, Officer, 'or Great Physician.
 From our Monopoly whoever flies,
 Commences rogue—begins to vagabondize.
 And tho' his medicine may be still the same,
 He turns a Mountebank, and damos his fame:
 Tho' at our Booth it may be lawful ware,
 It is a Faro Bank, if held elsewhere.
 The modest Swain, who heard each roaring
 throat,

Retir'd, yet kept his Pig beneath his coat.
 Nature and truth were all he had in view :
 He hop'd for better times, and straight with-
 drew.

AUGUST 4. *Inkle and Yarico*, an Opera of three acts, by Mr Colman, jun, was performed at the Haymarket. It is founded on the story contained in the 117th number of the Spectator. The characters are as follow.

Inkle	-	-	Mr. Bannister, Jun.
Sir Christopher Curry,	-	-	Mr. Parsons.
Medium	-	-	Mr. Baddely.
Campley	-	-	Mr. Davies.
Mate	-	-	Mr. Meadows.
Trudge	-	-	Mr. Edwin.
Yarico	-	-	Mrs. Kemble.
Narcissa	-	-	Mrs. Bannister.

Wowski - - - Miss George.
 Patty - - - Mrs. Fortier.

Inkle, the son of a capital merchant in Threadneedle street, who had been intrusted with the education of Narcissa, daughter of Sir Christopher Curry, Governor of Barbadoes, by the mutual concurrence of their parents are proposed in marriage. On this hymeneal expedition, Inkle, his uncle Medium and Narcissa, with their respective suites, take passage. Driven by distress to a coast inhabited only by rude savages, Inkle with his man Trudge are unfortunately left behind the ship. A desire of safety against the attacks of the natives leads them to shelter in a cavern, where Yarico and Wowski are discovered asleep. Being awoke, a general sympathy prevails through the whole ; Inkle and Yarico become greatly enamoured, and the feelings of Trudge and Wowski keep in unison. After some time passing in this condition, the faithful Yarico, ever watchful to promote the happiness of Inkle, having been previously instructed by him, at length discovers an English ship bound for Barbadoes. In this they embark for that destination ; and there the conflict between gratitude and interest agitates the mind of Inkle, the latter of which at length prevails, and he determines to dispose of Yarico as a slave, that there may be no impediment to his match with Narcissa. Trudge, more generous than his master, will not consent to part with his *dingy* deliverer, and threatens to quit his service rather than dishonour his principles. In the same ship with Narcissa, Captain Campley comes passenger, and forms an intimacy that little inclines her to match with Inkle. But hearing that Inkle was arrived, and the young couple dreading an interruption of their project, he goes to Sir Christopher to solicit his consent ; who, mistaking him for Inkle, of whose arrival he was advised, a scene of equivouque takes place, which terminates in the Baronet, under this mistaken idea, giving consent to his daughter's immediate marriage. While the ceremony is performing the Baronet goes to the quay to *cool* himself, and is there accosted by Inkle to purchase a slave—*Poor Yarico*. Perceiving the drift of Inkle's intentions, he reprobates them with an honest indignation.—An eclairecissement takes place between the Governor and his new son-in-law, Captain Campley. Sir Christopher, struck with the generosity of the young soldier, pardons his daughter ; Inkle acknowledges his principles had been polluted by the errors of education, and renouncing the narrow-minded system of profit and gain, bestows his hand on the Indian maid.

7. *English Readings*, an Interlude, was performed at the Hay-market, for the benefit of Mr. Bannister, jun. The story is substantially as follows :

The rage for English Readings is supposed to have reached a town at a great distance from London, where the neighbourhood are divided into two parties, headed by persons who are the most inveterate enemies to each other. Mr. Bootekin, a quondam shoemaker, and Mrs. Poplin, a mantua-maker, from London, are the two contending sovereigns of the neighbourhood. Mrs. Poplin herself reads to her auditors; but Mr. Bootekin, whose literary acquirements are not so extensive, sends for his nephew Bob Bootekin from town, to be his representative on the occasion. Bob, vain of the applause he has received as a speechifier at the disputing clubs, accepts Mrs. Poplin's challenge of reading with her. Wilmot, a young officer, who loves and is beloved by Charlotte Bootekin, the old man's daughter, contrives that the Readings shall be at the George Inn, and thus subjects the company to an information before the Justice, for an exhibition of their talents at a public-house. His scheme succeeds; the house is filled with all the country bumpkins within ten miles of the place, who the moment they hear of the danger to which they are liable of being taken before their Worships of the Quorum, make their escape with the utmost precipitation. The confusion which naturally ensues, affords Wilmot and Charlotte an opportunity of evading the watchful eye of old Bootekin, and effecting a private marriage. This is the general sketch of the piece, which, though

from being one act it has not room for a regular plot, teems with other incidents not before mentioned arising from the introduction of three whimsical characters;—Stately, a lofty and shallow pedant, who is Bootekin's friend—Dismal, Bootekin's servant, who is ever foreboding evil from every circumstance that happens; and Spatula, an ignorant apothecary, who is in love with Mrs. Poplin.

The piece was favourably received, and has been represented several times since.

10. Thomas and Susan, a musical entertainment, was performed for the first time at the Royalty Theatre.

13. *Don Juan*, a tragi-comic pantomimic entertainment, was performed at the Royalty Theatre. Don Juan is a dumb shew representation of the most striking incidents in Moliere's play of the same name, *ou Le Festin de Pierre*, from whence Shadwell took his Tragedy of *The Libertine*. The plot turns upon a repetition of murder, and ends in the sudden seizure of Don Juan by Demons, who hurry him away to the dreadful regions of the infernals. The main business of this entertainment is not only serious but terrific, and Mr. Palmer supports the character with great ability. The music by Gluck, was worthy of that composer.

17. *The Test of Love*, a musical farce, was performed for the first time at the Hay-Market, for Miss Farren's benefit. This piece was a translation from the French, and was prefaced by a Prologue spoken by Mr. Bannister, jun. It met with an ill reception from the audience, who condemned it before it was finished. It is said to be translated by a Mr. Robinson.

P O E T R Y.

S O N G

Translated from the GREEK*,

By JOHN BAYNES, Esq.†

QUAFF with me the purple wine,
And in youthful pleasures join;

With me love the blooming fair,
Crown with me thy flowing hair;
When sweet madness fires my soul,
Thou shalt rave without controul;
When I'm sober, sink with me
Into dull sobriety.

* See Athenæus.

† Of this Gentleman, the following account has been transmitted to us by a Correspondent. He was born in April 1758, at Middleham, in Yorkshire; where his father, who is since retired from business, then followed the profession of the law. His mother died in child-bed. Mr. Baynes received his education at Richmond, under the Rev. Mr. A. Temple, author of three discourses, printed in 1772; of "Remarks on the Layman's Scriptural Confutation; and Letters to the Rev. Thomas Randolph, D. D. containing a Defence of Remarks on the Layman's Scriptural Confutation, 8vo. 1779." At school he found distinguished himself by his superior talents and learning, and by the age of 14 years was capable of reading and understanding the Greek classics. From Richmond he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge; where, before he had arrived at the age of 20 years, he obtained the medals given for the best performances in Classical and Mathematical learning. In 1777,
he

S O N G,

Translated from PHŒNIX of COLOPHON.

By the SAME.

* **Y**E who to sorrow's tender tale
 With pity lend an ear,
 A tribute to Corone † bring,
 Apollo's favourite care.
 Or barley-sheaf, or salt, or bread,
 Corone shall receive,
 Or clothes or wheat—what every one
 May best afford to give.
 Who now bring salt, some future time
 Will honey-combs prepare ;
 For most Corone's taste delights
 Such humble, homely fare.

Ye servants, open wide the door.
 But hark,—the wealthy lord
 Has heard,—his daughter brings the fruit
 To grace Corone's board.
 Ye gods ! let suitors come from far,
 To win the lovely maid ;
 And may she gain a wealthy youth
 With every grace array'd !
 Soon may she give an infant son
 To bless her father's arms,
 And place upon her mother's knee
 A daughter full of charms !
 O may she live to see her son
 With every honour crown'd ;
 Her daughter, beauty's fairest flower,
 Belov'd by all around !

he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and determining to apply himself to the study of the Law, he about 1778, or 1779, became a pupil to Allen Chambre, Esq. and entered himself of the Society of Gray's Inn. In 1780, he took the degree of Master of Arts, and about the same time was chosen Fellow of the College. From this period he chiefly resided in London, and, warmed with the principles of liberty, joined those who were clamorous in calling for reformation in the State. He was a member of the Constitutional Society, and took a very active part at the meeting at York, in December 1779. In his political creed he entertained the same sentiments with his friend Dr. Jebb; and like him, without hesitation renounced those of his party, who he considered to have disgraced themselves by an unnatural coalition. It may with truth be asserted, that if the warmth of his political pursuits was not at all times under the guidance of discretion, yet he never acted but from the strictest principles of integrity. He had a very happy talent for poetry, which by many will be thought to have been misapplied, when devoted as it was to the purposes of party. He wrote many occasional pieces in the newspapers, particularly in the London Courant, but was very careful to conceal himself as the writer of verses, which he thought would have an ill effect on him in his profession. When he gave the translations we have printed above to a friend, it was on an express stipulation that his name should not be disclosed as the author of them. There is great reason to believe that he wrote the celebrated Archæological Epistle to Dr. Milles, Dean of Exeter. It is certain this excellent performance was transmitted to the press through his hands; and it is more than probable, that the same reason which occasioned him to decline the credit of his other poetical performances, influenced him to relinquish the honour of this. It is a fact however, which should not be suppressed, that he always disclaimed being the author of this Poem; and when once pressed on the subject by a friend, he desired him to remember when it should be no longer a secret, that he then disowned it. The *Jeu d'Esprit* now for the first time printed, was composed merely to create a laugh amongst his friends; and as it was not intended for publication, will be read with a candid recollection of that circumstance. Mr. Baynes had many friends, to whom he was sincerely attached, and by whom he was greatly beloved. Scarce any man indeed had so few enemies. Even Politicks, that fatal disuniter of friendships, lost its usual effect with him. As he felt no rancour towards those from whom he differed, so he experienced no malignity in return. What he conceived to be right, neither power nor interest could deter him from asserting. In the last Autumn, when he apprehended the election for Fellows of Trinity College to be irregularly conducted, he boldly, though respectfully, with others of the Society represented the abuse to the Heads of the College; and when, instead of the expected reform, an admonition was given to the remonstrants to behave with more respect to their superiors, conscious of the rectitude of their intentions, he made no scruple of referring the conduct of himself and his friends to a higher tribunal, before which the appeal is now depending. It was his intention to publish a more correct edition of Lord Coke's Tracts; and we are informed he has left the work nearly completed. His death is supposed to have been occasioned by an intense application to business, which brought on a putrid fever, of which he died August 3, 1787, after eight days illness. In the ensuing week he was buried near the remains of his friend Dr. Jebb, privately, in Bunhill-fields Burying-ground.

* There were among the Greeks, as there are with us, blind men, who begged from door to door singing. This is one of their songs preserved by Athenæus.

† The singer used to carry a Raven on his hand, which he calls *Carone*, (the Greek name for that bird) and for which he affected to beg.

While

While I, where'er my footsteps guide
My darken'd eyes along,
Hear those who give, and who refuse,
With—all I have—a song.

O D E

From the Greek of CALLISTRATUS.

Translated by the SAME.

IN myrtle leaves I'll wear my sword,
As did Harmodius and his friend so true,
What time the tyrant king they slew,
And Freedom to her seat restor'd.
Thou, lov'd Harmodius, art not dead;
Thou to the happy Isles art fled;
Where Peleus' son, as poets tell,
And matchlets Diomedes dwell.
With myrtle leaves my sword array,
Like dear Harmodius and his friend so true,
What time the tyrant king they slew,
Upon Minerva's festival day.
Bless'd youths! with endless glory crown'd,
The world your praises shall resound,
Because the tyrant king ye slew,
And Athens' freedom gain'd by you,

S O N G

Translated from the FRENCH of MARY,
QUEEN of SCOTS.

By the SAME.

AH! pleasant land of France, farewell!
My country dear,
Where many a year
Of infant youth I lov'd to dwell!
Farewell for ever, happy days!
The ship which parts our lover conveys
But half of me—One half behind
I leave with thee, dear France, to prove
A token of our endless love,
And bring the other to thy mind.

KING'S-BENCH PRACTICE,

CHAP. 10.

OF JUSTIFYING BAIL.

(Now first printed.)

By the SAME.

Baldwin.

HEWITT, call Taylor's bail,—for I
Shall now proceed to justify.

Hewitt. Where's Taylor's bail?

1st Bail. I can't get in.

Hewitt. Make way.

Lord Mansfield. For Heaven's sake begin,

Hewitt. But where's the other?

2^d Bail. Here I stand.

Mingay. I must except to both—Command
Silence,—and if your Lordships crave it,
Austen shall read our affidavit.

Austen. Will Priddle, late of Fleet-street,
gent.

Makes oath and faith, That late he went

To Duke's-place, as he was directed
By notice, and he there expected
To find both bail—but none could tell
Where the first bail liv'd.—

Mingay. Very well.

Austen. And this deponent farther says,
That, asking who the second was,
He found he'd bankrupt been, and yet
Had ne'er obtain'd certificate.

When to his house deponent went,
He full four stories high was sent,
And found a lodging almost bare,
No furniture, but half a chair,
A table, bedstead, broken fiddle,
And a bureau. (Signed) William Priddle.
Sworn at my chambers, Francis Buller.

Mingay. No affidavit can be safer.

Well, Friend, you've heard this affidavit,
What do you say?

2^d Bail. Sir, by your leave, it
Is all a lie.

Mingay. Sir, have a care,

What is your trade?

2^d Bail. A scavenger.

Mingay. And, pray, sir, were you never
found

Bankrupt?

2^d Bail. I'm worth a thousand pound.

Mingay. A thousand pound, friend! Boldly
said.—

In what consisting?

2^d Bail. Stock in trade.

Mingay. And, pray, friend, tell me,—do
you know

What sum you're bail for?

2^d Bail. Truly no,

Mingay. My Lords, you hear,—no oaths
have check'd him:

I hope your Lordships will—

Willes. Reject him.

Mingay. Well, friend, now tell me where
you dwell.

1st Bail. Sir, I have liv'd in Clerkenwell
These ten years.

Mingay. Half-a-guinea dead. (*Aside*)

My Lords, if you've the notice read,

It says Duke's-place. So I desire

A little farther time t'enquire.

Baldwin. Why, Mr. Mingay, all this
vapour?

Willes. Take till to morrow.

Lord Mansfield. Call the paper.

THE TOMB OF SHERE,

AN ORIENTAL ELEGY.

NEAR hoar Secundrie's mass of sculptur'd
walls,

That sacred keep Indostan's Royal dead;

Where still the solemn voice of reverence
calls,

A youthful chief European veterans led;

Who

Who call'd by honour to the fields of Fame,
To love and arms confin'd his darling care ;
He thought till then no glory man could claim,
Equal to feats that win the yielding fair !

To him the winds that whistled thro' the gloom,

The moon that gleam'd thro' time-worn
chinks around,

The forms that seem'd to breathe on every
tomb,

Seem'd thus to modulate in verbal sound :

“ Tho' martial music every bosom warms,
And deeds heroic charm the coldest ear ;
No glory waits the proudest feats of arms,
That once exceed necessity's barrier.

Rein'd from all that stain'd a Gothic age,
Let modern annals speak the genuine
brave ;

Uninfluenc'd from each legendary page,
Let Elliott conquer, and let Curtius save.

But should Ambition on a tow'ring car,
'Midst groaning heaps, and desolated fields,
In triumph bear thee from the front of war,
Whilst ruin'd States deplore thy founding
wheels ;

Keen vult'rous pangs would wring thy bas-
s'd breast,

Pale grinning spectres round thy couch
would grow !

Mercy's strong claims thy secret haunts in-
fest,

And tear the poppies from thy clammy
brow.

If Beauty's self could yield thee all her charms,
Flush'd as the dawn, or as the morning
fair ;

Or Syren-like invite thee to her arms ;
As golden waves her length of flowing hair ;

What if, to paint from fancy's pict'ring views,
Her swelling bosom foil'd a Raphael's pains,
Her eyes as vernal fons in life profuse,

As lightning thrilling thro' thy raptur'd
veins ?

And what, if when unloos'd her virgin zone,
Thy ravish'd senses could no limits keep ?
She'd but perchance the soft dominion own,
Till Sol had waded through the western
deep !

Then hence return—each patrimonial field
For thee shall breathe a purer gust of air ;
Or 'gainst the treach'rous Gaul thy prowess
wield ;

Or to thy bosom press some faithful fair.

So shall true honours wait thy days decline,
And Health each morn thy equal pulses
greet.”

They said :-his files wheel'd off in radiant line,
And sullen drums their meatur'd move-
ments beat.

W. HAMILTON REID,

Author of a Volume of Poems to be publish-
ed by Subscription.

To H O P E.

I.

H O P E, exert thy soothing pow'rs,
Sweetly gild the tedious hours !

Fell Despair, my bosom flee !

Hope, I wish to live with thee.

'Tis thine to ease the absent lover's smart,

'Tis thine to heal his sick'ning wounded
heart.

Buoy'd up by thee, when horrid tempests
rise,

When lightnings flash, and waves assail
the skies,

When Death presents himself in every
form,

The sailor undismay'd can combat with the
storm.

II.

'Midst the battle's bloody rage,

'Midst the dreadful cannon's roar,

Hand to hand when men engage,

And thousands fall to rise no more ;

Thou with sweet thoughts inspir'it the
soldier's breast,

Thou bidst him unappal'd on dangers smile,
Thou shew'st him many a scene of glori-
ous rest,

And rich rewards for ev'ry care and toil :

With thee his friend, nor surly tempests
growl,

Nor Famine with her train can shake his
steadfast soul.

III.

Thou too support'it the martyr'd faint,

Nor lett'it his harrow'd soul be faint,

But whisper'it in his ear,

“ Comfort is thine : to thee is given

T' enjoy the mighty bliss of Heaven,

Then dry the swelling tear.”

Fir'd with thy voice, no more the stake he
fears,

No more prevails the love of life,

O'erjoy'd he stops the gushing briny tears,

And with a smile beholds the knife.

IV.

Under this beech's spreading shade,

Which bears my beauteous charmer's
name,

I feel thy pow'r my breast pervade,

Obedient to my call you came.

All hail, thou greatest, only prop of life !

Without thee, who, alas ! could bear to live ?

Without thee, vain for happiness the strife,

In absence thou alone canst comfort give.

Dwell then with me, where these two
trees entwine,

And bear in rustic state my Fair-One's
name and mine.

V.

And if in this the hallow'd seat,

Foul Despair thou chance to meet,

In this bright dream that murmurs by,

Plunge the villain infatigably ;

So shall my days with blest content be
 crown'd,
 And all that absence will allow abound ;
 And when kind Heaven shall propitious
 deign,
 To grant my longing eyes one view again,
 Still when these orbs with sparkling rap-
 ture shine,
 Still may'st thou, never-failing Hope, continue
 mine !

S O N N E T XXIII.

Of P E T R A R C H to L A U R A .

Attempted by T. C. R I C K M A N .

I N happier days these banks along
 I rov'd, and Laura was my song.
 This purpled plain, and winding dale,
 Have witness'd kind affection's tale ;
 And oft this rill, and shady grove,
 Have heard the eloquence of love.
 Ah ! sweet recesses ! arching glades,
 Ye pathful wilds and cooling shades !
 Ye blue-hair'd nymphs who revels keep,
 Embosom'd in the crystal deep ;
 Ye woodland maids for ever gay,
 All mark'd how blisses crown'd the day,
 When Love and Laura led the way. }
 Ah ! mark how now the minutes go,
 How chang'd from happiness to woe !
Bay of Biscay, 1785.

S O N N E T .

To Miss HELENA-MARIA WILLIAMS.

E NCHANTING Muse, whose clear melo-
 dious lay
 (Like the sweet incense of a fragrant flower)
 Steals on the sense with fascinating power,
 Inrob'd in Pity's mild, benignant ray,
 Pure simple nature unador'd by art,
 With native beauty in thy song we trace ;
 (Where beaming Fancy with poetic grace,
 Pourtrays the softer feelings of the Heart.)
 While More and Seward, favourites of the
 Nine,
 Each in their varied happy strains excel,
 And tune the lyre to notes of highest swell ;
 Equal with them thy name shall splendid
 shine.
 O then encourage still the glorious flame ;
 And let not Fear thy Muse's flight restrain :
 Resume the pen—and may thy labours gain
 A well-earn'd plaudit from the voice of fame.

J. B.—o.

ERRATUM in our last, for P. B.—o,
 read J. B.—o, to the Verses to Mr. Hayley.

P O E M O N S H O O T I N G ,

By LORD DEERHURST.

I SHALL happy sports, which yellow au-
 tumn cheer,
 And crown the ripen'd honors of the year ;

The Muse to you her willing tribute pays,
 In artless numbers and incondite lays ;
 Wou'd paint the pleasures which to you be-
 long,
 And bid the Partridge-tale adorn her song.
 Thomson, whose bosom knew no vulgar fire,
 To your just praise attun'd his moral lyre ;
 With rapture view'd the harvest-teeming
 plain,
 And hymn'd its beauties in no common strains ;
 Yet sometimes, by retirement led astray,
 Too oft thro' fancy's flow'ry paths would
 stray :

As cruel, blame what man with justice loves,
 And censure sports the polish'd mind ap-
 proves.
 Others pretend to feel what Thomson felt,
 For the caught Hare or slaughter'd Partridge
 melt,
 And while they read his gentle numbers o'er,
 Catch nicer feelings than they knew before.
 Say, ye refin'd, who would these sports up-
 braid,

Say, of what mould improv'd yourselves are
 made ?

Say, ye humane, who wou'd these pleasures
 blame,

Inspir'd from whence these nicer feelings
 came ?

Deem not, while thus I speak, my bosom
 steel,

The man thro' ev'ry thrilling nerve I feel.
 Yet, when I view the great primæval plan,
 I see each animal design'd for man ;
 Since He who form'd creation's vast design,
 To his own image said, " All these be thine ;
 All who tremendous howl the forest's pride,
 Or range in harmless flocks the mountain's
 side ;

Each fish that cuts with fins yon wat'ry way,
 Each bird that flits through realms of liquid
 day."

Instructed man his line of duty knows,
 Nor hesitates to do what God allows.

Now to capacious barns the happy swain
 On loaded teams bears home his golden grain,
 Or forms in well compacted heaps his store,
 While frequent sheaves adorn the field no
 more.

Now oft the choral harvest-home we hear,
 To none more grateful than the Sportsman's
 ear ;

Those sounds, which pleasure to his breast
 convey,

Announce destruction to the feather'd prey.
 Hence Partridges approaching slaughter date,
 And fear in every passing gale their fate.

Where now in safety shall the Covey fly ?
 In what recess unknown to *Boucher* lie ?
 Where shall it 'scape, unhurt from threat ning
 foes,

Or how elude the dog's sagacious nose ?
 Fond of the licens'd joys September yields,
 With early step I tread the spangled fields ;

With

With buskin'd foot I brush the morning dew,
The flying game with ardor to pursue.
Cautious I tread the stubble-field around ;
While the staunch pointer beats it all around.
See with the wind he ranges o'er the plain,
Each furrow tries, and tries it o'er again ;
Mark him each scent solicitous inhale,
Then sudden stop, and draw the tainted gale.
Fix'd as a statue o'er his latent prey,
Nothing can lure him from the spot away ;
And if too eager, he shou'd on proceed,
He stands corrected by the " Lo, take heed !"
And waits till borne on flutt'ring wing they rise,

And speed on founding pinions thro' the skies :
Then be it mine to mark their course on high,

And point the level tube with squinted eye.
The random shot I scorn ! and doubtful aim,
Nor wish by chance a hapless bird to maim ;
But from the rest I single one alone,
Nor fail to bring the fated victim down.
Fond youths, unskill'd their ardor to contain,
While the warm blood impetuous swells each vein,

Too hot to think, too eager to debate,
Too rash the proper moment to await—
At rising coveys with impatience stare,
And fire their useless guns in vacant air !
Let care and quickness mark your better sport,

Your judgment sound, deliberation short ;
So shall the baffled shot bring rare disgrace,
And your swell'd bag bear home your frequent brace.

Let the fierce Huntsman, with his circling crew,

Thro' many a maze the tim'rous Hare pursue ;

Let others draw with care th' enclosing net,
And catch whole coveys at a single set—

Your's be the joys which Partridge Shooting yields,

Be mine with dog and gun to range the fields ;
And ever scornful of th' insidious snare,
Wage with the flying game more open war !

LINES written in the ALBUM*,

At COSSEY-HALL, NORFOLK,

By Mr. JERNINGHAM.

I.

THOU to whose sacred page the parting guest

Confides the workings of his grateful breast,
With awful pleasure o'er thy form I bend,
My gift to bring, as brother, guest, and friend.
Farewell, ye shades ! (ah not to fame unknown)

Where Elegance has rais'd her Attic Throne ;

Whose beauties, to the pure of taste address'd,
In Nature's charms munificently dress'd ;
Whose soft humanity, with grace combin'd,
Display the emblem of the master's mind ;
Farewell !—Say, shall I not regret the bow'r
Where social intercourse endear'd the hour ;
Where she, whose footsteps bless this sylvan

feast,
The pride and mistress of this calm retreat,
Her soul illum'd with Wisdom's piercing beam,

Sheds o'er the converse her enlight'ning gleam'd
By native taste, that sure directress, led,
She stores her talents at the fountain-head.
So the bright Sunflow'r, on the cultur'd plain
Aspires impatient o'er her sister train,
Unfolds her bosom at the dawn of day,
To catch the radiance of the solar ray.

II.

Ye scenes o'er which I cast a ling'ring view,
O'er which affection breathes a warm adieu,
That hour I now recall with pleasing pain,
Which gave your beauties to my wish again.
Yet then, as I approach'd your smiling shore,
Prompt expectation gladly flew before :
Wing'd with gay hope, as nearer still I drew,
Hills, plains, and woods, assum'd a brighter hue :

Soft-wreath'd in lilac vestment, laughing May
With willing aspect met me on the way :
The various vale with eager steps I press'd,
Praise on my tongue, and transport in my breast :

O'er each lov'd spot I sent a fond survey,
Where in the morn of life I went to stray ;
The winding walks, by memory endear'd,
Where with the growing plants my youth was rear'd ;

Embow'ring shades, in whose deep gloom immers'd,

Reflection sed me, and the Muses nurs'd,
And screening from my view Ambition's sky,

Pour'd other visions on my captur'd eye.

III.

Yes, Album, ere the willing task I leave,
Warm from the heart these closing lines receive.

'Twas at the hour to contemplation due,
When evening meekly from the world withdrew ;

Beneath an aged oak, in pensive mood,
I, Sorrow's solitary captive, stood ;
When, from the rifted trunk's obscure recess,

A voice breath'd forth, in accents of distress,
" Where ! where is she ! of mild and rav'rend mien,

Once the lov'd mistress of this sylvan scene ?"

* The ALBUM is a book, in the blank leaves of which every visitor writes something.

“ Fall'n—fall'n—fall'n—fall'n”—a distant
voice replied :

The branches shook, as if to sense allied ;
While Terror flung his strong enchantment
round,

And evening hurried into night profound !

Now fond remembrance turns a willing
flight,

To dwell on gayer scenes of past delight,
Pleas'd to behold her, 'midst the polish'd train,
With grace, with dignity, her part sustain.

To mild festivity by nature prone,
With inbred wit peculiarly her own,
Pr'mpt ev'ry sportive incident to seize,
Diffusing pleasure with a careless ease ;
Of pow'r to charm invincibly possess'd,
Unfelt she glided into ev'ry breast.

There are, who, fram'd with an enlighten'd
taste,

High on the critic form by judgment plac'd,
Who (marking well her sense with strength
combin'd,

The scintillations of her playful mind,
An aptitude that never lost its aim)
With brilliant Sevigné inwreath her name.

To discontent, the vice of age, unknown,
Her cheerfulness maintain'd its envied throne.
The gay, the old, the learned and the young,
And they whose heart pure elegance had
strung,

By the soft power of her enchantment won,
Would oft the glare of throng'd assemblies
shun,

To court her ready wit's enliv'ning beam,
And bask beneath its undulating gleam.

Yet oft from these unnotic'd would she
steal,

To sooth the bed-rid stretch'd on Torture's
wheel,

To smooth the furrow on Misfortune's brow,
To warm the timid, and exalt the low,
With lenient hand administer relief,
And close the bleeding artery of grief.

Ah, ever dear ! ah, venerable shade !
Indulge this honour by Affection paid,
Enthron'd in bliss, ah ! yet forbear to shun
This holy tribute from a zealous son.

'Twas mine, attendant on thy evening ray,
To watch the sun-set of thy blameless day ;
To see thee weary of th' unequal strife,
Shed the faint glimm'ring of exhausted life,
And heavenly moralist, sublimely great !
At the dread opening of thy future state,
Teach by example, to thy latest breath,
Meekness in pain, and fortitude in death.

S T A N Z A S,

Written by Mrs. YEARSLEY, on her leaving
LONDON.

O H cruel distance ! when my eager eye
Strains o'er the hill, or solitary wild ;
Impatience swells my heart's reluctant sigh,
As fancy paints each dear expecting child.

Fly ! fly ! ye hours with an unusual speed,
Till I shall clasp them to my panting
breast !

Fate ! hold one moment *all* that would im-
pede

My tender rapture ere it is possess'd.

Let it once more be mine, ye gentle pow'rs !
To gaze with transport on their infant
smiles ;

While speechless joy and sympathy devours
The tongue's best effort, and its force be-
gules.

Ye, whose imaginations fondly rove
O'er future pleasure in its richest dress,
Ye who avow that soft parental love,
Whose pleasing cares were ever meant to
blest,

Ye sure will own it nature's truest joy,
When absence long hath your fond bosoms
tornd,

Ardent to hold the infant girl, or boy,
Whose flutt'ring heart shall hail your
with'd return :

Whose eye shall shine with unaffected rays,
Struck from the fount of rapture in the
soul !

When pow'rlful nature all her force displays,
And rushes thro' the frame without con-
troul !

Dissolving scene ! to thee I eager haste,
In *thee*, soft peace and innocence are found ;
In *thee*, the contemplative mind shall taste
Pleasures that fly light Fashion's gaudy
round.

Fashion ! thou idol, nor enough ador'd !
Tho' on thy altar fame and fortune's
thrown ;

Whose precepts early by the fair-one stor'd,
Leave her to wisdom and to worth un-
known ;

I envy not thy votarys' wildest zeal ;
Or thy loud orgies, where false raptures
shine ;

Near thee, the wounded heart may deeply
feel ;

But ah ! how vainly must the wretch re-
pine.

Thy torpid draughts drench ev'ry finer thought
Susceptibility still flies thy throne ;
Virtue, with meditative beauties fraught,
Hurls thee to visionary joys alone.

I hail thee not !—but seek the verdant lawn,
The rocky height, and wild luxuriant
grove ;

Where placid eve, or slowly-breaking dawn,
Attunes the soul to harmony and love.

There

There will I bend o'er each instructive page,
That bids us measure happiness in view;
Know when to seize her, ere she quits the
stage;
Nor think she flies, because we'd vain
pursue.

Ah! why pursue when happiness is near?
She woos fond wretches, who her charms
despise,

They pass her by, stretching their wild ca-
reer,
To catch some phantom that assumes her
guise.

Hope aids pursuit—yet shall we slight the
good

That offers, as we rapidly fly on?
No, true economists are understood
To husband all ere life's poor journey's
done.

True happiness is like its endless Cause,
Filling vacancy (as schoolmen teach)
'Tis *here*, and *there*, but no where fix'd by
laws,
Tho' Faith may seize it—if she'll widely
reach.

Believe thou'rt blest—thou wilt be ever so;
Think thou art wretched, and thy woes
augment;

Miseries too oft from mere idea flow,
And the same source revers'd may give
content.

“What matter where, if I be still the same?”
Where is the scene that shuts out mental
pain?

Is it in Courts, or on the heights of fame?
The ancient villa, or extended plain?

No! pain and joy alternately are felt,
And both pass on, leaving no trace be-
hind,

Unless dear *mem'ry* bids her shadows melt
The stubborn pow'rs of the too-yielding
mind.

And oh! too sure, she lingers in my soul,
Dissolving all my fortitude and boast;
Philosophy gives up his weak controul,
And I am all in fond impatience lost.

* Hard by upon the Avon stands Guy-cliff, called by others Gibcliff, the present seat of Thomas de Bekefogo or Beaufoe, of the Old Norman race. This place is the seat of pleasure itself: there is a shady grove, crystal springs, mossy caves, meadows evergreen, a soft and murmuring fall of water under the rocks; and, to crown all, solitude and quiet, the greatest darling of the Muses. Here Fame tells us that Guy of Warwick, that celebrated hero, after he had finished his martial achievements, built a chapel, lived a hermit's life, and was at last buried. But the wiser sort think that this place took its name from Guy de Beauchamp, who lived much later. And certain it is, that Richard de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, built and dedicated here a chapel to St. Margaret, and set up the giant-like statue of the famous Guy, still remaining.

My boys on fancy's wing are ever near,
In gentle whispers chiding my delay:
I hear them sigh, and see the guiltless tear,
Which absence teaches o'er their cheek to
stray.

Thus early taught to weep is infant man,
Thus early mourns the heart unknown to
ill;

So finely wrought! so exquisite the plan!
Soft sensibility subdues the will.

For none have will to weep—But hence,
complaint,

A few short hours shall give them to my
arms,

And silence here must nature's language paint,
For transport dies—when weak expression
charms.

Yet friendship claims my rich, my grateful
sigh;

Accept it, ye whose warm ideas glow,
While in your grasp pale prejudice shall die,
And truth's resplendence smile on all below.

August 1, 1787.

GUY'S CLIFF*

A POEM, by Mr. G. HORNE.

A Seat at present in the Possession of
BERTIE GREATHEAD, E

GO, simple bard, invoke the Nine,
At Guy's Cliff's sweet recess;
There a soft troop shall mildly shine,
Thy humble harp to bless.

There Avon winds his pensive way,
Serenely clear and calm;
A stranger he to ev'ry wind,
And ev'ry rude alarm.

O'er his soft stream the trees depend,
To strew the falling leaf;
And seem, like charity, to send
A constant dole to grief.

There Cynthia, in her silver way,
Is faintly seen to gleam,
And coyly sheds a virgin ray,
To kiss the gentle stream.

There once, we're told, in days of yore,
That Guy, so great and brave,
Was, fondly musing, seen to pore
O'er soft Avona's wave.

Far in a cell of uncouth shape,
With years and moss grown old,
The mighty warrior made escape
From British barons bold.

But soon a troop of barbed horse,
With burnish'd lances rear'd,
Pursue the hapless hero's course,
And near his cell appear'd.

Here round and round they ride in vain,
And rock and wood survey ;
But seek the spot with fruitless pain,
Where Guy of Warwick lay ;

Then swore a rebel could not hide,
Nor guilt e'er find retreat,
Where Flora bloom'd in tinted pride,
And Avon roll'd so sweet !

Here long retir'd from loud alarms,
And court's pernicious pow'rs :
He strew'd those limbs that rung with arms,
With simple fading flow'rs.

Hence then, companion of his woes,
The rugged rock to steep !
His dewy midnight blossoms blows,
And long has learn'd to weep. †

But now the nymphs of Avon's wave
Here take their nightly sport,
And treading light the gelid cave,
Here keep their nightly court.

Here wood, and rock, and grove, contend
For beauty and for grace ;
And in the soft Avona blend
All nature's beauteous face.

Here meditation seems to glow
With more than mortal fires,
And thro' ideal worlds to go,
To strike seraphic lyres.

Here oft the chiming distant bells
On gentle zephyrs float,
And oft to melancholy tells
The times when Shakespeare wrote ‡ ;
Recall our long forgotten friends,
In life once held so dear,
And o'er the hoary urn of time
Inspire the grateful tear.

† Alluding to the dripping of the water, and the musical noise it makes in falling from the rock.

‡ Guy's Cliff is but nine miles from Stratford, the place of Shakespeare's nativity.

* ————— I'll break my staff ;
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth ;
And, deeper than did ever plummet f
I'll drown my book.

Here long, perhaps, might Shakespeare stand,
And o'er these waters pore,
Ere Prosp'ro broke th' enchanted wand *
And Ariel's song was o'er.

Here oft he sung of warlike deeds,
And stain'd Avona red ;
Who in a bed of whisp'ring reeds
Conceal'd his timid head.

Here soar'd the bard to foreign climes,
Advent'rous like the stork :
Or daring sung the bloody crimes
Of Lancaster and York.

S O N G

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

HOW long shall hapless Colin moura
The cold regard of Delia's eye ?
The heart whose only guilt is love,
Can Delia's softness doom to die ?

Sweet is thy name to Colin's ears !
Thy beauties, ah ! divinely bright—
In one short hour by Delia's side,
I pass whole ages of delight.

Yet though I lov'd thee more than life,
Not to displease a cruel maid,
My tongue forbore its fondest tale,
And murmur'd in the distant shade.

What happier shepherd has thy smile,
A bliss for which I hourly pine ?
Some swain, perhaps, whose fertile vale,
Whose fleecy flocks are more than mine,

Few are the vales that Colin boasts,
And few the flocks those vales that rove ;
I court not Delia's heart with wealth,
A nobler bribe I offer—Love.

Yet should the virgin yield her hand,
And, thoughtless, wed for wealth alone—
The act may make my bosom bleed,
But surely cannot bless *her own*.

L I N E S

To the MEMORY of Mrs. TICKELL.

R E P L E T E with every charm to win the
heart,
To soothe life's sorrows, or its joys impart,
Soft—timid—elegant ! her beauteous mien
Bespoke the feeling—gentle mind within.

TIMPEST, Act V
Torn

Torn from her Husband's fond, adoring arms,
From Friends who weep her matchless worth
and charms,

By pale disease, which on her beauties prey'd,
Her roses blighted, and her form decay'd ;
They—like the graces of her virtuous mind—
Were not for weak Mortality design'd !
Thus the sweet tub'rose, in the thorny shade,
Whose flowrets wither, and whose honours
fade,

Till soft'ring dews and sunshine's chearing ray
Again call forth its beauties into day—

Thus, 'midst the agonizing tears of woe,
Truth whispers from the grave—*Thus shalt
thou blow !*

There is a coming morn shall bid thee rise,
And in the bloom of Virtue grace yon skies,
Where Truth and Piety shall live sublime,
And Worth shall find its own congenial
clime.

Then mourn not that THE SAINT, thus un-
dismay'd,

Died--at that dread command—*she e'er obey'd.*

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Warsaw, July 11.

THIS day his Polish Majesty arrived
here in perfect health, after an absence
of five months.

*Extract of the Resolutions of the States of
Holland and West Friesland, at the meet-
ing of their Most Noble High Mightinesses,
Saturday, July 14, 1787.*

The Pensioner of the Council reported to
the meeting, the consideration and advice of
the Equestrian Body, and what was further
committed by their Noble Mightinesses.

They then proceeded to examine the me-
morial of Baron Thulemeyer *, respecting
what happened to her Royal Highness the
Princess of Orange ; and having deliberated
thereon, resolved to give him the following
answer :

“ That their Noble Mightinesses have too
great a regard for his Prussian Majesty, and
his illustrious House, for them to suffer any
attempt to be committed against the person
of her Royal Highness, his sister, the Prin-
cess of Orange, stated in the memorial of
Baron Thulemeyer; and that, on the other
hand, their Noble Mightinesses make no
doubt, but that his Prussian Majesty will,
on his part, allow of the like regard which
is due from one Sovereign to another ; and
therefore, from his Majesty's good inten-
tions, they cannot doubt that the steps taken
by their Noble Mightinesses, as being the
sole Sovereigns of this Province, and as
such, having nothing so much at heart as
the peace of this country and its inhabitants,
they could not fail of taking care that a pro-
per regard should be paid to her Highness,
as being concerned in that business.

“ That their Noble Mightinesses could
have wished, that his Majesty had been fully
informed of the true circumstances of the
aimed-at event; and then they make no
doubt, but that the memorial presented by
Baron Thulemeyer, would not have taken
place; and yet their Noble Mightinesses
cannot think, that his Prussian Majesty means
that her Royal Highness should be exalted
above the Sovereignty of the Province; and
in that case, all the trouble she met with
in her journey to the Hague, so far as what

concerns the State in this unforeseen matter,
they wish him not to look upon as an at-
tempt of injury to her person.

“ That notwithstanding the above event,
their Noble Mightinesses, publicly avowing
the high esteem they have for his Majesty,
make no scruple of declaring on their part,
that the event chagrined them; and they
heartily wish it could have been prevented.
And that it would have been more advise-
able in her Highness, instead of her unexpec-
ted return to this Province, after an absence
of two years, to have communicated her in-
tention of coming to the Orange Zaal, and
what she aimed at, and given their Noble
Mightinesses, in some *proper manner*, a pre-
vious advice of the same; in which case
their Noble Mightinesses might possibly have
deliberated upon them both, and might
have represented to her Highness the reasons
against her journey, which of course must
have occurred to them. Besides, their No-
ble Mightinesses would have expostulated
with her Highness in the manner in which
the Prince *Hereditary Stadtholder* had, in the
month of September 1785, quitted the Pro-
vince with his family, and who, by re-
peated and manifest discontents against the
Sovereignty of Holland, backed by number-
less proceedings, made it indispensibly ne-
cessary for the Province to discover the dis-
content, and make use of the power of the
Republic under their dominion, for that
purpose.

“ The impression made by the contents
of the declaration published by the Prince,
on the 20th of May last, in which all ideas
of gratitude and dependence on this Pro-
vince was lost sight of, makes all that was
relative between their Noble Mightinesses
and their present Stadtholder, become un-
certain and fluctuating.

“ And lastly, The great division in the
minds of the people of the nation, in which
the principal and most respectable part are
engaged, in reclaiming their liberties by the
foreseen aims of the Stadtholder, so violent-
ly taken against them, while another party
incluable to mischief, and a thoughtless
mob, have here and there scandalously abu-
sed

* See page 82.

sed the name of Orange, as a signal and token thereby most dreadfully to make it a scene of uproar and desolation.

“ And besides these principal considerations for the peace of the province, her Highness ought to have observed, that with respect to her intention of coming here, so far as her aim extended by her mediation or treating with the Sovereign, to settle the differences subsisting; this object, tho’ praiseworthy in its first instance, never could have produced the desired effect, because it is notoriously known to the whole nation that her Royal Highness is not qualified with the requisite impartiality for a mediatrix (abstracted from the other circumstances pending between the Sovereign and his Stadtholder, or lieutenant, or the person holding that situation), besides its being non-effective, while the Hereditary Stadtholder persists in his manner of thinking and acting manifestly against the Sovereign of this province.

[The Resolution then goes on to state the particulars of the arrest of the Princess of Orange, which we have given before, and concludes in these words.]

“ That all which happened in this matter, so far as their Noble Mightinesses are informed, was actually conducted in a very decent manner; in so much that some of the Commissioners accompanied her Royal Highness, at her own request, and for the security of her person, with an escort of horse to Schoonhoven, and arrived at that city; and having remained there more than one day, her Royal Highness thought proper, after being informed of the provisional deliberations of their Noble Mightinesses on that affair, to return to Nimeguen, in the execution of which she met with no opposition whatsoever; and which is evident proof that her liberty was not taken from her; the more so, that it has not appeared by letters from her Royal Highness, or otherwise, that any complaints have been made to their Noble Mightinesses, either of the conduct of the Commissioners in that encounter, or upon any other matter whatever that tends so much as to a shadow of an indecent imperious treatment, or want of respect due to her illustrious Person; in which case their Noble Mightinesses would have thought themselves authorized to inflict some penalty or reproof on the Commissioners, whose conduct has more than probably prevented a popular disturbance.

“ That their Noble Mightinesses with reason assure themselves, that his Prussian Majesty, after receiving these details, will convince himself that he has not been previously informed with that requisite impartiality concerning the matter mentioned in the Memorial of the Envoy Thulemeyer; and that his Excellency Baron Thulemeyer be moreover requested to assure his Prussian Majesty, that their Noble Mightinesses set the highest esteem upon his Majesty’s friendship, wishing to give the most indubitable proofs thereof upon all occasions; and also

of their regard and esteem for the person of her Royal Highness the Princess of Orange and Nassau; that they also flatter themselves to expect the same from the equity of his Majesty; that he will not exact on their part, that they any ways neglect to take all the necessary steps which all Sovereigns are indispensably bound to do for the conservation, quiet, and welfare of their citizens, intrusted to their care; inasmuch as their Noble Mightinesses can give his Prussian Majesty the fullest assurances, that in their last resolutions on this matter, nothing will be moved but what will tend to the salutary views of the public tranquillity.”

Resolved, That as according to the information given by the Envoy de Rhede, his Prussian Majesty has also addressed himself on this matter to the Court of France, the Pensioner shall be requested, and is hereby requested, to notify this resolution to the Marquis de Verac, his most Christian Majesty’s Ambassador to this Republic, praying him to lay before his Court the necessary informations; and finally, that copies of this resolution shall be transmitted to the Lords the States of the other Provinces.

Wezel, July 15. Our Governor has received a letter from the King of Prussia to the following purport:

“ Whereas the situation of affairs in the Seven Provinces has now necessitated me to take an active part in them, I have resolved to march an army from 60 to 70,000 men thither; and I desire you will immediately cause the necessary preparations to be made against their arrival. For your regulation I have further to inform you, that they march the 18th of July from Magdeburgh, and will be in your parts on or about the 30th of the same month.”

Hague, July 18. M. de Verac, the French Ambassador here, has informed the States of Holland, that the King his master conceives the treatment the Princess of Orange met with, in being stopped on her journey to the Hague, was a great insult. It was carrying matters to too great a length; the King of Prussia was therefore certainly justified in demanding ample satisfaction for the affront, which they would do well to give. But it is apprehended this wholesome advice comes too late.

Brussels, July 19. Last Monday Lord Torrington, Minister from the Court of London, publicly declared that he had received a letter from Germany, which informed him that the regiment of Bender was marching for the Low Countries, and had obtained a passage through the lands of the Palatinate. This news occasioned some emotion, which was much increased on receiving fresh advice that the Emperor had really given orders for an army of 60,000 men to prepare to march on the first order. The Generals are also named except the Commander in Chief, which every one supposes will be the Emperor himself.

Brussels, July 20. All we can learn at present

present relative to the situation of the affairs of this country is, that the States of Brabant have summoned an assembly of the States of the other provinces to consult upon the proposals of the Emperor* and they have requested their Royal Highnesses, our Governors General †, and the Minister, not to set out from hence ‡ until the return of a courier, who was sent some days since to Vienna with a remonstrance to the Emperor, requesting him to publish a declaration assuring the Netherlands of the continuation of their old constitution; in return for which the States offer to give his Majesty the strongest assurances of their fidelity to him: they further acquaint the Emperor, that their Royal Highnesses and the Minister have, at the request of the States, postponed their journey.

Abbeville, (France) July 21. On Monday last, the 16th, a dreadful fire broke out at a village called Oyfemont, within four leagues of this town, by which the whole place was almost entirely destroyed; as, out of 360 houses, there are but 100 remaining, and those of the poorest kind. The conflagration was so general (from a very high wind at the time) that the poor inhabitants have lost all their effects. It began at twelve o'clock at noon, and continued till two. The church is entirely destroyed, and the sacred plate, &c. would have been lost, had it not been for the very extraordinary exertion of Mons. Dunning (vicar of a little village called Coufere) who at the hazard of his life saved the plate, with the parish register. The place carried on a very considerable trade in grain, which is entirely destroyed; and such is the distress of the poor people, that had it not been for the generosity of the neighbouring villages, and some particular people in Abbeville, who sent them bread, they must absolutely have starved. The heat of the flames was so intense, that the church bell was melted. The fire is supposed to have been occasioned by an old woman in liquor smoking, who dropped her pipe among some straw.

Cadiz, July 29. We learn at this instant that the City of Mexico has just been totally destroyed by an earthquake which lasted ten minutes, and that the aqueduct and reservoir being dried up, the inhabitants who have escaped the disaster suffer the greatest scarcity of water.

Utrecht, July 30. The army of the Prince of Orange, encamped a league from this

town, having within these few days made a motion to the left, and having been reinforced by a strong detachment from the post of the village of Bunnick, they appeared to menace Vreeswyck and Jutphaas, which are occupied by the troops of Holland, and thereby to cut off the communication, which is open by the Leck, with the Province of Holland.

In order to prevent this being effected, the Rhingrave of Salm, who commands the garrison of this town, resolved to disturb them on the side of the village of Soelt, which forms the communication with part of the Stadtholderian corps cantoned on the side of Amersfort. And accordingly, on the 26th in the evening, he made a sortie from hence with a strong detachment from the garrison, in two columns, one of which he led in person towards Bunnick and Zeist, with an intention of making an attack, in order to prevent the execution of their designs.

The corps was composed of 300 men, cavalry and infantry, with two field pieces. They took post at Bilt, from whence the cavalry marched towards the advanced posts of the Stadtholder's troops; but these having retired to their main body, it became too dangerous, owing to the obscurity of the night, to pursue them. This detachment therefore returned at day-break, after exchanging only a few shot.

The other column was not so fortunate. It was commanded by Lieut. Col de Kleinenberg, and composed of 350 men, cuirassiers, hussars, chasseurs, and subleers of the legion of Salm; one company of the regiment of Pallardi's infantry, 48 men of the Amsterdam regiment, and a detachment of the chasseurs, Burgesses.

This small body left the camp at Zeist at about a league distance on the right, and advanced to the village of Soelt. They secured two advanced posts of four men each; but the principal detachment they found at Zoelstyeck, a Castle at some distance from Soelt, belonging to the Prince of Orange: this detachment belonged to the regiment of Hesse-Darmstadt, of the repartition of Friesland. The attack not being very hasty, they profited by the advantage of their situation, and took possession of part of the Castle itself; whilst the rest kept firing under cover of the walls and hedges. The firing became very hot on both sides.

Those who were present at the action think

* The Emperor's proposed change in the constitution of the provinces, was to reform the Assembly of the States, and to new-model the Courts of Judicature.—Intendants over certain districts were to be appointed, by whom justice was to be administered in a very summary mode.

† The Duke of Saxe Teschen, who married the sister of the Emperor, is the present Governor of the Austrian Netherlands.—The power is delegated to the Duke jointly with his Consort.

‡ The Duke and Dutchess of Saxe Teschen, alarmed at the commotions that threatened to disturb the provinces, are since gone to Vienna, to lay before the Emperor the danger of persevering in his views of reform.

that the regiment of Hesse Darmstadt made a very noble defence. The troops of Holland and Utrecht, on their side also behaved with the greatest valour. The Ensign Van Geyfen, who owing to the defection in the regiment of Pailardi, had been raised from a sergeant, was mortally wounded; and on being desired to retire, this brave man continued the fight, until a second ball carried off his head. We had also the ill-luck to lose the peasant, who, out of affection for the cause of his country, offered himself as our guide. Thus deprived of our chief help, and the darkness of the night not permitting us to distinguish proper objects, likewise the impossibility of forcing the enemy's post with our small number, all together made it necessary to begin a retreat; and we were also under the necessity of trusting to a new guide. This guide proved treacherous, and led us towards the camp at Zeist. At day-break we perceived our error, and returned back near Hilversum, from whence different detachments came successively hither.

We do not know with precision the loss on either side. Exclusive of Ensign Van Geyfen, we had five men killed and twelve wounded; of which some are mortal. The cavalry lost five horses, which were killed; but, in return, they had brought in six from the enemy, also two grenadiers and one corporal prisoners.

The action lasted one hour and a half; when it commenced, the numbers were equal; but the enemy received a reinforcement from the neighbouring Cantonniers. The Viscount de Dolonien, formerly Lieutenant of the Body Guards of his Most Christian Majesty, acted as a volunteer in the legion of Salto on this occasion.

Hague, July 30. The States General of the United Provinces having deliberated on the Memorial presented to them on the 11th inst. by M^{onsieur} de Thulemeyer, Envoy Extraordinary from the King of Prussia, it is determined, that the Envoy should be informed that they have made repeated applications to the States of Holland on the subject of what lately happened with regard to the Princess of Orange, without success; and therefore must leave to the States of Holland and West Friesland to answer the consequences, as the States General would not in any wise be answerable on the occasion.

Memorial presented to the States General of the United Provinces by his Excellency the Baron de Thulemeyer, Envoy Extraordinary from his Majesty the King of Prussia.

THE orders of his Prussian Majesty command his Envoy Extraordinary undersigned, to communicate to your High Mightinesses the Memorial here annexed, which he has had the honour of transmitting to their Noble and Grand Powers the States of Holland respecting the attack made upon the august

person of the sister of his Majesty, and the repeated demand of a proportionate satisfaction for that insult.

His Majesty is anxious to give your High and Powerful Mightinesses this new mark of his confidence and constancy of friendship. He gratefully returns his approbation of the conduct which you have adopted and adhered to in the course of the whole of this disagreeable event, and the repeated exhortations you have made use of to bring about such disposition as his Majesty has a right to expect from the Province chiefly interested in rendering satisfaction to the honour and just demands of a Prince, the friend and neighbour of the Republic.

His Majesty does not in the least doubt that your High Mightinesses will persevere in the same proceedings, and contribute to effect, without loss of time, such satisfaction as the King demands.

At the Hague, August 6, 1787.

(Signed) DE THULEMEYER.

Memorial presented to their Noble and Grand Powers the States of Holland and West-Friesland, by his Excellency the Baron de Thulemeyer, Envoy Extraordinary from his Prussian Majesty.

Noble, Grand, and Powerful Lords,

THE undersigned Envoy-Extraordinary from his Prussian Majesty has transmitted to the hands of the King his master the Resolutions which your Noble and Grand Powers have ordered to be returned in answer to his Memorial of the 10th of July, respecting the attack made upon the person of the august Sister of the Monarch.

The King could not without extreme surprise, learn, that instead of fulfilling his just expectations of an offer of satisfaction proportioned to the insult, an answer has been grounded on arguments evasive and insufficient. His Majesty will not dissimble to you, Noble, Great, and Powerful Lords, that the pretended ignorance of the motives which have conducted her Royal Highness to the Hague, and the apprehension of a popular tumult, will never give a colour of excuse to the proceedings of the Commissioners sitting at Woerden. Such a suspicion ostentatiously published is a new insult. The word of the Princess, her solemn declaration that she did not undertake the journey to the Hague, but from motives the most pure, namely, to quiet all minds, and to point out the means of a general reconciliation in the Provinces, were sufficient to give the Deputies of your Noble and Grand Mightinesses the most perfect conviction of her intentions. If the people, overflowing with love and gratitude to the Illustrious House of the founders of the liberty and independence of the Belgic States, should have forgotten themselves, and become tumultuous; if the presence of the august consort of the Stadtholder should have produced such demonstrations of joy as would have affected

the public tranquillity, the means of making the residence of the Sovereign secure from any attack, and unproductive of any danger, which was probably exaggerated in expectation, were left then to the discretion of your Noble and Grand Mightiness.

The care besides with which her Royal Highness had prevented any public testimony from being made of improper and ill-timed zeal, by concealing from the public the knowledge of her approaching arrival, was a circumstance which gave her a new claim to the acknowledgments of Government.

It is at the Hague, Noble, Grand, and Powerful Lords, it is in your own residence, where every citizen ought to enjoy full liberty, as established by the enlightened wisdom of your ancestors, that the resolution was taken to deny an entrance into the Province of Holland to the sister to a Great Monarch, to the Consort of a Prince invested with the first honours of your State.

The King will not trouble himself with enquiring into the legality of the right of refusal which the Commission of Woerden assumed to itself upon this occasion.

His Majesty will, however, consider the more attentively the manner in which it was given and executed. A number of armed persons surrounding the carriage of her Royal Highness, and the retinue that followed her, was rather becoming a prisoner of state than a great Princess entitled to respect from her illustrious birth, her noble and eminent qualifications, her virtues and her sentiments, which she has constantly and invariably consecrated to the service of the Republic. Her Royal Highness is scarcely arrived at Schoonhoven, when guards are stationed in all the avenues of her house, and an officer even placed in her apartment with a naked sword in his hand. Proceedings so outrageous and offensive have made a deep impression upon the mind of the King, my Master. His Majesty considers this injury as offered to himself, and it is at the instance, and in conformity with the express orders of his Majesty, that the undersigned again makes a demand from your Noble and Grand Powers, of an immediate and suitable satisfaction for the insult which has been offered. — His Majesty further enjoins me not to suffer you to remain ignorant that he will insist invariably upon this satisfaction, and that he will not content himself with a discussion of detached circumstances, vague excuses, or further shifts and evasions. The King is by no means insensible of the respect due to the Republic of the United Provinces and the illustrious Assembly of the States-General, which represent the Sovereignty of the State with regard to foreign Powers. His Majesty has been pleased to approve, with the most grateful acknowledgments, of the declared disavowal and discountenance which their High Mightinesses have manifested to the measures adopted in Holland respecting the point which makes the subject of the present memorial.

The testimonies of friendship which the King and his august predecessors have at all times been eager to give to the Republic of the United Provinces, on many interesting and critical occasions, authorize his Majesty to expect from your Noble and Grand Powers a just return of respect, and a proportion of the grievance which the undersigned is charged to repeat his complaint of. It is from your prudence, Noble, Grand, and Powerful Lords, and the result of your further deliberations on this subject, that his Majesty expects an answer speedy and satisfactory.

At the Hague, Aug. 6. 1787.

(Signed) DE THULEMEYER.

Peterburgh, August 1. Her Imperial Majesty, our Sovereign, after an absence of four months, entered this capital on Saturday evening from Zark-Zelo, where she had rested from the fatigues of a long and hazardous journey. The Empress was received with the greatest joy by all ranks of people, who testified the sincerity of their loyalty by illuminations, bonfires, and other public rejoicings. The cannon of the garrison, and at the Admiralty, were discharged on the occasion, and all the men of war and merchant ships fired salutes here and at Cronstadt on her entering the city, and dress in the colours of their respective nations. On Sunday morning her Majesty went to the Cathedral church, to which she was attended by the whole Court; being met at the entrance of the church by all the senior and superior Ecclesiastics in their respective habits, when she made a public offering at the altar, which was splendidly dressed on the occasion, and gave thanks for her safe return. Praises and thanksgivings were sung by the Ecclesiastics, and people in the other churches on this happy occasion. The prison doors are going to be flung open, so that captives long imprisoned join the general joy.

Count De Murray, Governor-General of the Low Countries, has published a note, under date August 6, which has been sent to the different States of the Low Countries, declaring,

“ That he will not hesitate to inform them, that the Emperor is not pleased with their last dispatch of the 18th of July, which announced on the part of the people impressions contrary to the confidence which his Majesty expected from all classes of his subjects, whilst it also gave birth to ideas contrary to the dignity of a Sovereign.

“ His Majesty thought that these circumstances rendered a meeting of his troops necessary, otherwise the state and nation would not expect to see peace properly restored.

“ His Majesty, however, expressly authorized his Excellency to assure them, that this meeting of his troops had not for its object any design against the constitution of the country, or any other steps contrary to the laws.

“ The States and all the nation must be sensible,

fenfible, no doubt, that he was doing nothing contrary to the constitution by the marching of his troops; and all inquietude or distrust on this subject, would justly cause his Majesty to doubt the truth of the assertions which the States had made of their fidelity and attachment, which they had announced on the 28th of July, and the intention of treating them paternally, with other objects of general welfare, addressed to the States of Brabant on the third of July by his Majesty, as it would be a scandal for all Europe, if, after the bounties which his Majesty had announced, *his subjects only* could have the idea of his troops remaining only in a state of inaction, as if they were in the service of some foreign Prince, and in simple quarters on a march.

The conduct of the nation, respecting the intended meeting of the troops, being, among others, regarded by his Majesty as the touchstone of their confidence and their faith; His Majesty, at the same time, has given his Excellency to understand, that according as he was informed the nation behaved, he would give a qualification, that the German troops designed for the Low Countries should not pass the frontiers of his hereditary States, except the regiment of Bender, which his Majesty, for particular reasons of service, had judged necessary to send to Luxembourg.

Paris, Aug. 6. This day the King held a *Bed of Justice* at Versailles. The different Members of the Parliament and of the Council arrived at half an hour after ten, and his Majesty took the throne about eleven. After a short speech, in which he expressed regret at the necessity of any taxes, and his determined will that his edicts should be registered, he referred the Parliament for a further explanation to the Chancellor. The Chancellor then expatiated, not only on the present urgent necessity for raising money for the exigencies of the State, but also on the propriety and justice of those edicts which his Majesty had recommended. *Mons. d'Aligre* then rose, and in a very nervous manner justified the conduct of Parliament in their refusal, declaring that his Majesty had been deceived by his Council respecting the necessity of any taxes, as well as the expediency of those that were proposed. Seeing that several ladies and different persons had been admitted, who ought not to have been present on such an interesting occasion, he forbore from prudence saying all that he should have said more on the matter, but hoped to have some more favourable opportunity of declaring to his Majesty the real sentiments of his subjects*. The Attorney

General followed him in a very animated speech, which he concluded by requesting, that if the edicts must be registered, they might be permitted to indorse on the back of them, that they were registered by the "express command of his Majesty." At length the two edicts for the territorial and stamp tax were registered, and the assembly then broke up.

Paris, Aug. 9. The Parliament of Paris sat on Tuesday, and entered on their journals a formal protest against the edict for the Stamp-tax, specifying, That it had been registered the day before by the express command of the King, against the approbation and consent of the Parliament; that it neither ought nor should have any force; and that the first person who presumed to carry the edict into execution, should be adjudged a traitor, and condemned to the galleys." The other Parliaments of France have formed, as it is said, the same resolution.

Hague, Aug. 9. A few days ago there appeared a declaration of a very strong nature from the inhabitants of Holland against William the Vth. In this piece, which breathes nothing but warm resentment, the Prince of Orange is treated as being ungrateful, unfaithful, and perfidious in his conduct. He is reproached with having formed an aristocratic cabal, the end of which is to subvert the constitution; with having formed alliance with England, whilst Holland was at war with her; and to have made their territory the theatre of a civil war. After these accusations the inhabitants declare him stripped of all his dignities, and desire that he may be considered in every respect as a traitor to his country, as perjured in his oath, and disobedient to the orders of his Lords and Masters; that they deprive him of all his advantages, confiscate all his effects, and that, as he behaves himself like another Duke of Alva, he be proscribed and delivered into the hands of the Sovereign, to receive the recompence due to his conduct, &c.

The following Memorial has been presented to the States General by Sir James Harris, Envoy Extraordinary from his Britannic Majesty.

High and Mighty Lords,

The King, animated with the truest and most sincere sentiments of friendship for your High Mightinesses, cannot, without extreme pain, see the continuation of the unfortunate troubles which subsist in the Republic of the

* The Count d'Artois, brother to the King, is said to have declared hastily, "If I were King, you should comply." To this the President, bowing respectfully, replied, "If you were King, I should say as I now do: My heart is the people's, my understanding is my own, and my head is the King's!"

United Provinces; and which, by their continuation, threaten the most grievous consequences.

The Memorials which the undersigned Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary has presented to your High Mightinesses, since he had the honour to reside here, have shewn, that the King his master, as a good friend and neighbour of the Republic, has never ceased desiring to see peace re-established; and his Majesty will be always disposed to co-operate on his part, in such manner as your High Mightinesses may judge proper.

His Majesty having observed that the States of the Provinces of Zealand and Frizeland have declared their disposition to ask the mediation of some neighbouring powers, (in case that your High Mightinesses judge such intervention necessary) and that that of Zealand has called to mind, on this occasion, the repeated assurances which the King has given of his friendship for the United Provinces; the undersigned has express orders to assure your High Mightinesses, that his Majesty has constantly strongly at heart the re-establishment of the tranquillity of the Republic, the preservation of the true Constitution, and the maintenance of the just rights and privileges of all its members. His Majesty feels the greatest satisfaction, in having reason to think that the internal means furnished by the constitution itself, have power sufficient to accomplish so salutary an object. But at the same time, if your High Mightinesses are decided, that it is necessary to recur to a foreign mediation, and to invite his Majesty; then in natural consequence of his affection, and of his good will for the Republic, the King will be eager to prove to your High Mightinesses, his sincere desire to employ all the care that may depend on his Majesty to bring the negotiation to a happy, solid, and permanent issue.

JAMES HARRIS,

Hague, Aug 14, 1787.

Hague, Aug. 15. In the Utrecht Gazette of the 13th inst. an extract is inserted of a Memorial from the Baron de Rheede, Envoy Extraordinary from their High Mightinesses at the Court of Berlin to the States General, informing them that the Prussian Court had proposed to that of Versailles some points on which a mediation might be begun, with respect to the affairs of Holland. The points are said to be, that the military shall be recalled from the Province of Utrecht; that the differences subsisting in the City of

Utrecht shall be left to the decision of mediators; that the Province of Holland shall not force the other Provinces to annul their regulations of Government; that the suspension of the Captain-General shall be revoked, and the Government of the Hague restored to the Prince; that the Princes shall be requested to return to Holland; and that the licentiousness of the press shall be restrained.

Paris, Aug. 16. Yesterday the Parliament of Paris were by his Majesty banished to Troyes. The officers appointed to execute the King's orders received their instructions in the night, and with several parties of the French guards went early in the morning to the house of each member, to signify to him his Majesty's commands, which were, that he should immediately get into his carriage and depart for Troyes, without writing, or even speaking to any body out of his own house. By this sudden and secret manner of acting, the whole business was executed without any alarm to the people.

His Majesty, to soften the rigour of this act to his people, has made a display of many economical retrenchments in his household: Five of his palaces—*Chais, La Muette, Madrid, Vincennes, and Blois*, are to be sold by public vendue, or demolished. Besides this, all the houses belonging to his Majesty at Paris, except the *Louvre*, and the *Tuileries*, are to be disposed of. The Queen has made a retrenchment of nine hundred thousand livres annually.

Saturday the declaration respecting the stamps, and the edict for a land-tax, were published.

[The stamp-duty bill in France extends to the following objects, viz. to letters, provisions, nominations, patents, commissions, offices, charges or places under the King, Queen, or the Princes; to any employment conferred in the army, the navy, the law, the church, or the finances; to grants, privileges, concessions, honourable charges; to ecclesiastical preferments, immunities, &c. &c. All certificates, wills, receipts, bills of exchange, letters of credit, or any order on the Treasury, must be written on stamped paper; as likewise licences for carriages, lottery tickets, *Mont de Piétés**, policies or acknowledgments, letters usually sent to relations, friends, &c. with news of approaching marriages, or recent deaths; play-bills, music-paper, requests, memorials, juridical consultations, briefs, petitions, remonstrances, news-papers, periodical publi-

* A place where you recur to for pledging goods, or other portable effects. You pay at the rate of ten per cent. and at the end of the year the policies must be renewed by paying the interest, or else the goods are sold. The surplus, however, is given to the owner.

cations, such as journals, gazettes, mercuries, &c. &c. all must be published and circulated with a stamp mark. This duty certainly embraces many of objects not mentioned

in ours; and no private agreements, or trifling sums, can ever elude it, on account of there being a heavy fine in case of neglect or non-compliance.]

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

JULY 31.

BOTH Houses of Parliament, which stood prorogued until this day, were further prorogued until Tuesday the 16th day of October next.

Government has received intelligence of 16 sail of French ships of war being arrived in the Tagus. They consist of one vessel of 64 guns, 13 frigates, and two cutters.

August 1. A great concourse of people assembled this day to see the ascension of two balloons, according to advertisement, from the Vitriol ground, in the Borough. About half past two o'clock, one of them ascended, but without any creature in the boat attached to it, and continued in sight about half an hour. The other was demolished by the disappointed mob, who forced themselves into the ground, and did much damage. The proprietors of the balloons escaped their fury by flight.

A young Lady (Miss Fust,) daughter of Lady Fust, lately eloped from Bristol to the Continent with a son of Mars (Lieut. Boardman). The happy couple were immediately pursued by several of the Lady's friends, who traced them to an hotel at Lisle by their having incautiously made no secret of their names. Although they had been twice married, yet from some defect of form, neither marriage is legal. Application was immediately made to the Court of France for an order for Miss Fust to be delivered up to her friends, and granted by the Monarch on the 16th of last month, and the lover put under an arrest until advice of the young Lady's safe arrival in England should be received by the Governor of Lisle. Miss Fust is returned home, and appears not the least mortified in being deprived of her love. Her fortune is said to be more than 200,000l.

3. The Council at Bengal published on the 14th of February last, by a Gazette Extraordinary, an order,

“ That all the paper issued before and on the 6th of May 1784, including No. 265 of the General Register 1786-7, will be discharged on application at the General Bank, on or after Monday the 10th instant. The interest on this paper will cease on the 18th of Feb. 1787.

“ The interest which became due on the Hon. Company's bonds between the 6th and the 13th of Feb. 1787, inclusive, will con-

tinue to be discharged at the Treasury until Wednesday the 21st inst. when such as remain not taken up, will be appropriated to the discharge of the paper next ordered for payment.”

In the beginning of the year 1786, the E. I. India Company's paper in Bengal, which was considerably more valuable than that of any of the other Presidencies, bore a discount of from 24 to 28 per cent; but their credit is so considerably increased since that period, that at the time the *Ganges East-India* sailed from Bengal, the discount had fallen full 20 per cent.

St. James's, Aug. 4. On Thursday last, between twelve and one o'clock, His Royal Highness the Duke of York arrived from Germany, and soon after set out for Windsor.—*Gazette*

5. It appears from an accurate observation, that the quantity of rain that fell during the week before last in the neighbourhood of Leicester, was in the proportion of 1317 hogheads and 31 gallons per acre. It was the wettest week ever noticed there.

7. Commenced, for the first time, the passing of the new mail from Milford Haven, in Pembroke-shire, to Waterford in Ireland, where two new packets are employed, which are to pass alternately daily, wind and weather permitting. By this new conveyance, all the south and west parts of Ireland will have the advantage of a ready communication, which the late great increase of trade so much requires.

The whole surplus of the public revenue, after completing the million for paying off the public debt, amounted on the fifth of July last, to 990,000l. during the foregoing year.

St. James's Aug. 8. This day his Royal Highness the Duke of York was, by his Majesty's command, introduced into the Privy Council by the Right Hon. Earl Camden, Lord President, where his Royal Highness took his place at the upper end of the board, on his Majesty's left hand.

10. This morning the disagreeable news was received at the East-India House of the ship *Hartwell*, Capt. Frott, being totally lost on her outward-bound voyage the 24th of May, off Cape Bona Vista, near the shore; both ship and cargo are irrecoverable, but the captain and crew were saved.

13. This day, the birth-day of his Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES, who has now entered into the twenty-sixth year of his age, was publicly observed for the first time since his Royal Highness came of age, at Windsor, with every demonstration of joy. There was a Royal dinner; and a concert, tea, and supper, to which a select party of nobility and gentry were invited, and the town of Windsor was illuminated in the evening. In London the illuminations were more splendid than upon any former occasion.

16. Being the birth-day of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, who enters into the 25th year of his age, it was observed at Windsor in the same manner as that of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on Monday.

21. In this night's Gazette is an advertisement from the Stamp office, fixing the 24th of September for letting to farm the post-horse duties for three years, pursuant to the directions of an act of last session. The sums stated to have been received, at which each is to be put up, and the several districts fixed on, are as follow :

No.	Districts.	Produce.
1.	North Britain —	£. 5,167
2.	Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durham	3,391
3.	Yorkshire — —	7,365
4.	Lancashire, Cheshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire —	7,801
5.	Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Leicestershire —	6,225
6.	Northamptonshire, Rutlandshire, Warwickshire, Oxfordshire	7,900
7.	Wiltshire, Worcestershire, Gloucestershire —	7,237
8.	Norfolk, Suffex, Essex, Cambridgehire —	7,803
9.	Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire,	4,877
10.	Huntingdonshire, Hertfordshire	7,715
11.	Surrey — —	5,753
12.	Middlesex, incl. London and Westminster —	13,252
13.	Kent, Suffex —	10,594
14.	Hampshire, Berkshire —	7,614
15.	Dorset, Devon, Cornwall, Somerset — —	8,383
16.	North Wales —	2,384
17.	South Wales —	1,171

PREFERMENTS, AUGUST 1787.

SIR Fred. Haldimand, to be Governor of Gibraltar.

George Hardinge, esq; to be his Majesty's Justice of the counties of Glamorgan, Brecon, and Radnor, within the Principality of Wales.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Hervey to be his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary to the Great Duke of Tuscany.

28th regiment of foot. Major General James Paterson, from the 63d foot to be Colonel, vice Lieut. Gen. Sir Charles Gray, promoted to the 8th (or King's Royal Irish) regiment of dragoons.

Mr. Blizard, surgeon of the London Hospital, to be professor of anatomy to the Corporation of Surgeons.

The Right Hon. William Eden, to be his

Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the King of Spain.

The Duke of York has made the following appointments in his Royal Highness's household, viz. Mas. Gen. Grenville, Comptroller — Col. George Hotham, Treasurer — Col. Robert Abercrombie, Lieut. Col. William Morsham, Capt. Charles Crauford, and Henry Bunbury, esq; Grooms of the Bed chamber.

His Majesty has been pleased by Letters Patent under the Great Seal of Great Britain, to erect the Province of Nova Scotia into a Bishop's See, and to appoint the Rev. Charles Inglis, D. D. Bishop of the said See.

John Frost, esq; to be Deputy Solicitor for that particular branch that relates to the Lotteries only.

MARRIAGES, AUGUST 1787.

AT Porter's Lodge, Hertfordshire, Ashton Curzon, esq; to the Hon. Miss Howe, daughter to Lord Viscount Howe.

William Hutton, esq; of Gate-Burton, Lincolnshire, to Miss Scrope, of Lincoln.

At East-Newton, Northamptonshire Peter Denys, esq; to the Rt. Hon. Lady Charlotte Fermor.

Rev Philip Fisher, rector of Elton in Huntingdonshire, to Miss Roberts, daughter of David Roberts, esq; of Brentford.

Richard Clarke, esq; of the Inner Temple, to the Hon. Miss Foley, of Chandos-street, daughter of the late Lord Foley.

At Little Missenden, Bucks, Dr. Ferris, physician, to Mrs. Reddall, of Great James-street, Bedford-row.

At Teignmouth, the Rev. John Shepton, to Miss Noble, daughter of the late John Noble, esq; of Bristol.

John Hallhead, esq; merchant of London, to Miss Anna Maria Caswall, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Caswall, of Swalcliffe, Oxon.

George Calvert, esq; of the Coldstream regiment of guards, to Miss Haddock, niece to the Earl of Northampton.

Charles Palmer, esq; of Wanstead, Essex, to Miss Anna Mudge, of the same place.

At Nottingham, the Hon. Charles Strangways, brother to the Earl of Chester, to Miss Jane Haines, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Haines.

Captain Gonville Bromhead, of the 62d regiment of foot, to Miss Jane French, daughter of Sir Charles French, bart. of Cattle French in Ireland.

Wm. Cleland Moore, esq; of Barbadoes, to Miss Stuart, sister to Sir Robert Stuart, bart.

The Rev. Mr. Richardes, vicar of Tetbury, to Miss Eliza Thomas, youngest daughter of Timothy Thomas, esq; of Uley.

The Rev. N. A. Bliss, of Colerne, Wilts, to Miss Drewet, of Belvidere, Bath.

James Mersit, Esq; to Miss Drage, niece to John Drage, Esq; late High Sheriff for Cambridgeshire.

John Bowles, esq; barrister at law, to Miss Folket, of Moore-place.

Mr. Thomas Pote, bookfeller of Eton, to Miss Maria Kendall.

Mr. Oliver Toulmin, of Essex-street, Strand, Navy Agent, to Miss Toulmin of Hackney.

Capt. Baker, of the Coldstream regiment of guards, to Miss Baddefon, of Wyck, only daughter of the late Capt. Baddefon.

Lord Compton, son of the Earl of Northampton, to Miss Smith, eldest daughter of Joshua Smith, of Earl Stoke Park in the county of Wilts.

The Rev. Matthew Babington, rector of Rhodley, in Leicestershire, and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, to Miss Drake, daughter of Mr. Alderman Drake, of Leicester.

The Rev. James Hartley, rector of Staveley, near Boroughbridge, to Mrs. Charlotte Brooke, of the former place.

At Gosforth, the Rev. Mr. Ord, vicar of Whitfield, Northumberland, to Miss Brandling, daughter of Charles Brandling, esq; Member for Newcastle.

MONTHLY OBITUARY, AUGUST 1787.

JULY 19.

MR. Robert Dawson, Clapton.

20. Robert Hindley Trenchard, Esq. at Leigh, in Somersetshire.

Mr. Richard Samuel, Assistant Secretary to the Society of Arts and Sciences.

21. John Cheere, of Cowley-street, Westminster, Esq.

22. At Bath, George Cooper, Esq. of Freshford.

At Bath, Lady Isabella Stanley.

24. At Sir John Blaquiery's, at Port Lemon, in Ireland, Mrs. Dobson, wife of Robert Dobson, Esq. of the 20th regiment of foot.

Mr. Mark Morell, of Wallingford.

25. At Brightelmstone, Mr. Arthur Davis.

26. At Elton, in the county of Limerick, Mrs. Grady, wife of Standish Grady, Esq.

Lately, at Wrington, in Somersetshire, Dr. Samuel Wathen, many years Physician in London, and late of Dorking, in Surry.

27. At Chelsea, Griffydd Price, Esq. one of his Majesty's Counsel.

Mr. Thomas Hurd, of John-street, Tottenham-court Road.

Lately, at Edinburgh, Mr. Robert Dow, Minister of Adross n.

28. Mrs. Tickell, wife of Richard Tickell, Esq. and daughter of Mr. Linley, at Bristol. Mrs. Tickell was one season on the stage at Covent Garden Theatre, where she first ap-

peared in the character of Sally, in Mr. Colman's Man and Wife.

The Rev. Mr. Newcome, of Hobbets, in Suffolk, son of the late Dean of Rochester.

Mr. Bicknell, hatter and hatter to the King.

29. Edward Bridgen, Esq. merchant, in Lovel's court, Paternoster-row, Fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and Treasurer to the latter.

Mr. Bromwich, formerly of Ludgate-hill, who had acquired a considerable fortune by the manufacturing paper hangings in imitation of stucco-work, as well as of damasks, brocades, and other stuffs employed for hanging rooms. He was a candidate for Alderman of Farringdon Without, in opposition to Mr. Wilkes.

Mr. Joel Ofeland, ironmonger, of the Hermitage-bridge.

Mr. John Frogatt, attorney, in Castle-street, Leicester-fields.

Mr. Thomas Hatcher, callico-printer, at Mitcham.

30. William Romer, Esq. who at the close of the German war was deputed Agent by several Provinces in the Prussian dominions to liquidate their demands on Government.

Daniel Brodie, Esq. one of the oldest Captains in the Royal Navy.

31. Mrs. Field, one of the co-heiresses of the late Paul Field, Esq. Member for Hertford.

August 1. Mr. William Cook, of the South Sea House.

Mr. Peter Auber, silk weaver, in Spital-square.

Mr. White, partner with Messrs. Parsons and Govett, mercers, at Aldgate.

At Aberdeen, Mrs. Allardyce, Lady of Alexander Allardyce, Esq. of Donarton, and daughter of Alexander Baxter, Consul General of Russia.

Mr. Henry Hanson, Miles's-lane.

Lately, Maynard Colchester, Esq. at the Hill, near Mitcheldean, one of the Justices of Peace for Gloucestershire.

2. Mrs. Stanton, relict of Dr. Stanton, of Norfolk.

At Stockton, Mr. George Wear, surgeon.

Lately, Dr. Walter Cope, Bishop of Leighlin and Ferns.

3. Charles Rennett, Esq. of the Middle Temple.

Mr. John Dickenson, at Wanstead, Essex.

Mrs. Shaw, of St. John's Church-yard, Westminster, china painter and gilder.

Lately, at Dorney Common, near Windsor, Mr. Archibald Mason, who with his wife and 22 children were shewn to the late King and Queen Caroline, at Hampton Court, in 1737.

4. At Turnham Green, in the 78th year of his age, John Salter, Esq. Major General of his Majesty's forces, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st regiment of foot guards.

John Baynes, Esq. special pleader, in Gray's Inn. (See p. 140)

Mr. Bill, of Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell.

Mr. William Nelson, late an oilman in the Strand.

Lady Hodges, relict of Sir James Hodges.

5. John Davies, Esq. Palace-yard, Westminster.

Lately, at Southampton, Mr. Geo. Smith, timber merchant, at Lambeth.

6. Mr. John Rickman, landing surveyor at Portsmouth.

At Kendal, Mr. John Thompson, aged 77.

Lately, Hugh Lawson, Esq. Hull.

7. At Ipswich, James Hatley, Esq.

At Richmond, in Yorkshire, in the 83d year of his age, the Rev. Francis Blackburne, D. D. Rector of that parish, Archdeacon of Cleveland, and Prebendary of York. He was author of *The Confessional*, and several other learned works.

Lately, at Ashborne, in Derbyshire, Mr. John Goodwin, attorney at law.

8. At West Bromwich, aged 84, Mrs. Sarah Brett, the last daughter of the celebrated Mr. Matthew Henry.

John Tufton, Esq. Lieutenant Colonel of the marines, and one of the oldest officers of that corps.

Lately, at Buxton, Richard Baugh, Esq. Major of the 30th regiment of foot.

9. Mr. Hugh James, formerly an eminent grocer in Fleet-street.

At Northampton, Robert Clavering, Esq.

11. At Norton, near Stockton, Robert Cookson, Esq.

12. Mrs. Nairne, wife of Mr. Edward Nairne, of Cornhill.

Mr. Henry Bath, formerly apothecary to the Small Pox Hospital.

Lately, at Preston, Thomas Grimshaw, Esq. many years senior Alderman and Father of the Corporation.

13. At Lisburn, in Northumberland, John Collingwood, Esq.

Lately, at Akeid, in Northumberland, Mrs. Kerr, aged 111.

14. Lady Boughton, mother of the late Sir Theodosius Boughton.

Mr. Yale, surgeon and apothecary, Chandos-street, Covent-Garden.

At the Hague, Isaac de Pinto, in the 72d year of his age, justly esteemed for his literary abilities. With his demise ceases a pension of 500*l.* per annum he enjoyed from the English East-India Company since 1767.

The Rev. Dr. Edmund Law, Bishop of Carlisle, and Master of St. Peter-house College, Cambridge, aged 84.

At Yeovil, John Old Goodford, Esq. Justice of Peace for Somersetshire.

At Falkirk, James Hamilton, Esq. son of the late William Hamilton, of Wishaw, Esq.

15. Mrs. Brooks, widow of Mr. Brooks, late of the Bath theatre.

Mr. Joseph Reed, of Sun Tavern Fields, rope-maker, author of *The Register Office*, &c. (A further account of this author and his writings in our next.)

Mr. Christopher James, bricklayer, in Great Ryder-street, St. James's.

Lately, Lieutenant Joseph Lash, of the Royal Navy. On the 10th of April 1747, he with 50 men boarded and took the old Solebay man of war in St. Martin's Roads, with 120 men on board, and carried her safe to Bristol.

16. The Right Hon. John Ponsonby, late Speaker of the House of Commons, in Ireland.

Lately, at Cork in Ireland, in the 84th year of his age, Robert Berkeley, D. D. Vicar-General of Cloyne, and last surviving brother of the celebrated Bishop of that Diocese.

17. William Thorpe Holder, Esq. of Grosvenor Place. Mr.

Mr. Thomas Mayne, of Ponder's End.

Mr. French, hofier, in Drury-lane.

19. The Rev. Dr. Henry Peckwell, in James-street, Westminster. The cause of his death is said to have happened as follows: On Thursday the 9th instant Dr. Peckwell opened the body of a young woman who died of a decline. The Doctor had very accurately examined the lungs, which were in a highly putrid state, and having of course handled them, much putrid matter adhered. In sewing up the body, he unfortunately run the needle into his hand, which introduced some of the virus matter, or, in other words, inoculated him with putridity. Dr. Peckwell little attended to the circumstance that day; on Friday he found a swelling in his arm, but was so little indisposed, that he preached on Friday evening at Westminster chapel. On Sunday morning at two o'clock he waked in a most violent fever, and immediately sent for some medical friends; the fever baffled every effort of the most skillful practitioners, and the only apparent hope of saving his life was by sacrificing a limb; it was therefore resolved to take off his arm. On Friday morning Mr. Bromfield and Mr. Potts, attended by Sir Lucas Pepys, Dr. Warren, and Mr. Young, met to perform the operation, but it was then found that the

mortification had spread so universally thro' the frame, that no success was likely to attend the amputation; it was therefore abandoned, and on Sunday afternoon he died.

Kingsford Venner, Esq. at Chelsea.

19. John Barnwall Curzon, Esq. of Water Perry, in Oxfordshire.

Lately at Cheam House, near Epsom, in Surrey, Leonard Hammond, Esq.

20. At Edmonton, Mr. John Naudin, one of the Masters of the French School in Well-street, Hackney.

Mrs Catherine Courtenay, daughter of the Right Hon. Lady Catherine.

21. The Rev. William Plucknett, Rector of Thorington, near Colchester, Essex.

At Rotherhithe, aged 94, Capt. Cousins, upwards of 50 years in the Leghorn trade.

Mr. Legard, Keeper of the Lord Chamberlain's Office.

22. Edward Gilbert, Esq. in Featherstone Buildings.

23. At East Bourne, Suffex, Colonel Harry Gordon, of the corps of Royal Engineers, and Commander in Chief of the Engineers in the Leeward Islands. He landed the 18th instant at East Bourne, but on account of illness was unable to proceed to London.

24. At Powis Place, Anthony Richardson, Esq. in the 50th year of his age.

BANKRUPTS.

JOHN French, of Fenchurch-street, book-seller. John Edge, now or late of Bradburn, Lancashire, shopkeeper. William Haywood, of Water lane, Tower street, broker. William Drought, late of Stockwell, Surrey, but now of the King's Bench prison, brewer. George Hulley, of Bridge road, Lambeth, Surrey, taylor. William Field, of Feverham, Kent, shopkeeper. Samuel William York, of East Grinstead, Suffex, shopkeeper. Abraham Froud, of New Sarum, Wilts, mercer. Alexander McDougal, of Bar street, East Smithfield, macker mariner. Thomas Robinson, of Birmingham, gun maker. William Martin, of Birmingham, watch chain and toy maker. William Spooner, in Birmingham, saw maker. Edmund Bulkeley, of New Houses, near Saddleworth, Yorkshire, clothier. John Lodge, of Cornhill, merchant. Edward Knott, of Fenchurch street, shopkeeper. Frederick Breillat of Spital square, weaver. Edward Beak, of Embury, Dorset, grazier. William Maillard, of Bristol, wholesale woollen draper. Mills Brockbank, of Whitehaven, money scrivener. John Bulner, of York, linen draper. Robert Macgillivray, of Norwich, and John Edwards the younger,

of Swanton, paper makers. Edward Smith, late of Clare street, Clare market, grocer. Thomas Donne, of Osborne place White-chapel, silk broker. Caleb Crookenden and Michael Taylor, of Itchenor, Suffex, and James Smith of Lancaster, ship builders. Robert Furnais, of Wapping, broker. Richard Salisbury, William Barrow, William Carr, and Hugh Stirrup, all late of Chipping, Lancashire, merchants. Thomas Brideoake, late of Mumford court, Milk street, ware-houfeman. Thomas Melfone, of Bristol, glazier. John Barrow and William Barrow, of Lancaster, merchants. William Worster, of Old Palace yard, victualler. John Lindopp, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, merchant. William Philip Griffin, of Worcester, glover. Philip Sydenham, jun. of Barnstable, Devonshire, money scrivener. John Page, late of Gough square, jeweller. Gregory Neckin Hickman and John Dawson, of Birmingham, merchants. Ann Strachan, of Snadwell, baker. Joseph Birch, of H-lington road, victualler. James Linn, of Birmingham, grocer. Robert Moore, of Surrey-street, Strand, taylor. George Sang, of Smith's buildings, taylor. Richard Garland, of York, butter-facter.