

T H E

European Magazine,

A N D

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

For S E P T E M B E R, 1737.

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L O N D O N :

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In expectation of receiving further remarks from our Correspondent G—T—O, we have given the present the title of No. I.

Juno—S. K.—F. B.—o.—Grandison Habakkuk—Decius—The Epistle to Warren Hastings—Theatrics, and some others, are received.

Several pieces of our Poetical Correspondents, intended for this Month, are obliged to be postponed.

The *Virtus of Ancient Buildings*, recommended by *Antiquarius*, shall be attended to. One of them had already been pointed out by another Correspondent.

Reflector deserves no notice.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from Sept. 10, to Sept. 15, 1787.

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

WALES, Sept. 3, to Sept. 8, 1787.

North Wales	5	10	4	5	3	2	1	10	4	11
South Wales	5	6	0	0	2	11	1	8	4	9

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

AUGUST.

BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.
28—30—02	56	N.N.W.
29—30—03	61	N.N.W.
30—29—90	58	W.S.W.
31—30—23	60	W.

SEPTEMBER.

1—30—30	59	W.N.W.
2—30—38	57	N.N.E.
3—30—44	58	N.N.E.
4—00—00	00	
5—30—40	55	N.E.
6—30—41	51	N.E.
7—30—39	54	E.
8—30—42	55	N.N.E.
9—30—40	52	E.
10—30—23	56	E.
11—30—27	57	E.
12—30—23	55	E.
13—30—20	56	E.
14—30—12	53	E.N.E.
15—29—05	54	E.S.E.
16—29—40	57	S.

17—29—18	59	S.S.W.
18—29—25	55	W.N.W.
19—29—42	58	W.
20—29—45	56	S.W.
21—29—47	59	S.W.
22—29—64	59	S.
23—29—80	62	W.
24—29—98	61	W.S.W.
25—29—83	57	E.
26—29—68	62	S.E.

PRICE of STOCKS,

Sept. 27, 1787.

Bank Stock, shut	New S. S. Ann. —
New 4 per Cent. 1777, shut	India Stock, —
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785, 104 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 105 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 105	India Bonds, 67s. pr. Bills —
3 per Cent. red. shut	New Navy and Vict. —
3 per Cent. Conf. (9 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 70 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 69 $\frac{1}{2}$)	Long Ann. shut
3 per Cent. 1726, —	30 yrs. Ann. 1778, shut
3 per Cent. 1751, —	Exchequer Bills, —
3 per Ct. Ind. An. —	Lottery Tickets 15l.
South Sea Stock, —	Prizes —
Old S. S. Ann. shut	Bank for —

T H E
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
AND
L O N D O N R E V I E W,
For S E P T E M B E R, 1787.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

AN ACCOUNT of WILLIAM CRUIKSHANK, Esq.
[With a PORTRAIT of HIM.]

AT no period of time has the knowledge of anatomy and the science of surgery arrived at so great perfection as the present. Formerly France boasted the most skilful anatomists, and it was usual and apparently almost necessary for those who meant to devote themselves to this profession to travel to Paris in order to perfect themselves in the art. At present the reverse is the situation of this country. The abilities of the professors of this science, their diligence and sagacity, and the result of those qualities by their instructions to their numerous pupils, have entirely changed the face of affairs in these particulars, and freed the nation from so very humiliating a state. Of those who have contributed to this advantageous and honourable alteration, the gentleman whose portrait appears in this Magazine has contributed in no small degree.

Mr. CRUIKSHANK was born in 1746, at Edinburgh, where his father was Examiner in the Excise office. He was scarce five years of age when he lost his father; and he was sent soon after to a Latin school at Culrofs, in Perthshire, which he attended more than eight years. About the end of that period he obtained the prize promised by Dr. Erskine, then minister there, for the greatest effort of memory.

At fourteen, he went to the University of Edinburgh: for two years he attended the Latin and Greek classes, taught by Professors Stewart and Hunter; but being presented to a bursary in the University of Glasgow by the Earl of Dundonald, he left Edinburgh and went to Glasgow.

At Glasgow, he went regularly through all the classes of philosophy, and in 1767

he there took his degree of Master of Arts.

His bursary obliged him to study divinity; but he felt a superior propensity to the study of anatomy and physic, to which he yielded. These he studied under the Professors Hamilton and Stevenson.

After having remained eight years at the University of Glasgow, he, in 1771, came to London, recommended by Dr. Moore, then surgeon at Glasgow, under whom he had, for some time, had the opportunity of seeing the practice of physic and surgery. By the recommendation of Dr. D. Pitcairn, Mr. Cruikshank became Librarian to the late Dr. Hunter. He attended his lectures, the lectures of Dr. Fordyce, and became perpetual pupil to St. George's Hospital. The year following he became anatomical assistant, and then partner in anatomy with Dr. Hunter.

On the death of Dr. Hunter, Mr. Cruikshank and Dr. Baillie received an address from 86 students, then attending the lectures in Windmill-street, full of attachment and esteem; and about the same time, the University of Glasgow, of their own accord, conferred on Mr. Cruikshank the degree of Doctor in Physic. Mr. Cruikshank was also lately elected a Member of the Imperial Academy at Vienna, Honorary Member of the Lycæum Medicum Leicester-fields, and of the Royal Medical Society at Edinburgh.

Mr. Cruikshank and Dr. Baillie continue to teach the anatomical school begun and long taught, with high and merited distinction, by the late Dr. William Hunter.

In 1779, Mr. Cruikshank, at the desire of Dr. Hunter, wrote a Letter to Mr. Clere on the absorption of calomel from the mouth: he was then spitting blood, and as he did not expect to recover, he introduced some experiments on perspiration, and several of his principal doctrines respecting the absorbing powers of the human body; but that Letter has never been reprinted.

In 1786, Mr. Cruikshank published the Anatomy of the Absorbent Vessels in the Human Body. Dr. Hunter and he were to have published this work conjointly; and accordingly a great many drawings of these vessels, in almost every part of the body, had been made year after year, till they amounted to that number, that when they were laid before an eminent engraver, he said they could not be engraved for less than 800*l.* As Dr. Hunter died before any other step than merely collecting the drawings had been taken, and as he had made no provision in his will for the expense of such a publication, Mr. Cruikshank reduced the drawings to one in a general figure of the human body, where the different parts are seen in outlines, whilst the absorbent vessels are engraved in their natural appearance. This makes his first plate.

In his second plate he has given a specimen of these vessels as seen filled with their proper fluids on the intestines, which has been very generally admired for its accuracy and elegance; and as the structure of the absorbent glands was described variously by different anatomists, while at the same time the subject was considered of much consequence, he has dedicated his third Plate to this subject.

Dr. Hunter had left nothing in manuscript on the subject of the absorbent vessels, nor had any plan of the work been chalked out when he died.

The work is subdivided into two parts.

Mr. Cruikshank's order is as follows:

PART I.

1. Introduction, giving a general Idea of the Work.
2. Of Absorption generally.
3. The Ancients knew this Property in the Human Body.
4. They maintained that it was performed by the Veins.
5. Experiments intended to prove their Opinion.
6. Experiments refuting the former.
7. A more particular History of the Lacteals and Lymphatics.

8. The Lacteals seen by the Ancients, but not understood.

9. Further Confirmation of the Absorption of Fluids by the Lymphatics.

10. The Method of Discovering the Lacteals and Lymphatics.

11. Of the Origin of the Lacteals and Lymphatics.

12. Of the Orifices of the Lacteals and Lymphatics.

13. Of the Coats, Irritability and Muscularity of Ditto.

14. Of the Valves of Ditto.

15. Of the Lymphatic Glands.

16. Of the Ramification, Anatomoses, Numbers and Size of the Lacteals and Lymphatics.

17. Of the Termination of the Lacteals and Lymphatics.

18. Conclusion of Part First.

PART II.

1. Introduction.

2. Description of the Situation and Number of the Glands of the Absorbents.

3. Description of the Particular Distribution of the Absorbents in every Part of the Body.

Conclusion of Part II.

The Critical Review says, "We cannot leave Mr. Cruikshank without our sincere commendation of his very accurate and useful work, which will be a lasting monument of his skill, address and attention."

The Monthly Review says, "We find in this work more than the title promises; for besides the anatomy of the lymphatics, the whole doctrine of absorption is here amply explained, the objections against it are answered, and the opinion of former physiologists is overturned.—Great merit is due to the very elegant figure of the whole system of absorbents."—"We shall only add our opinion, that Mr. Cruikshank's labours will be esteemed a valuable addition to the libraries of anatomists."

It has already been translated into French by Dr. Radell, at Paris.

Mr. Cruikshank several years ago gave in a paper to the Royal Society of London, entitled, Experiments on the Nerves of living Animals; in which he gave his discovery of the regeneration of nerves, after portions had been cut out in quadrupeds. These last experiments have been repeated by the Abbé Fontana, in Italy, with the same result.

VIEW of the SEAT of RICH. O. CAMBRIDGE, Esq. at TWICKENHAM.

THIS delightful spot has long been celebrated as one of the most beautiful in a neighbourhood where every scene recalls to the mind some object famed for sublimity, for taste, or for grandeur. The possessor of it is a gentleman long known as the author of an excellent poem called *The Scribleriad*, some of the papers in the *World*, and some poems in *Dedley's Collection*. It is to be seen to great advantage from Richmond Hill, a place capable of inspiring ideas the most pleasing and delightful to the imagination, and which is sufficient to create a poetical fire where there were no sparks of it before.

The following reflections on the prospect from Richmond Hill were written many years ago by an eminent hand (the late Dr. Smollet) :

“ The assemblage of objects known by the name of landscape, is so interesting to the eye and affecting to the imagination, that where Nature did not supply sufficient variety to regale the faculty of sight and the powers of fancy, the most eminent painters have employed their talents in exhibiting artificial views and prospects, in which the great and sublime, the gay and agreeable objects of inanimate nature are variously combined, so as to furnish an infinite fund of entertainment, according to the different dispositions of the human mind. At one moment the imagination loves to contemplate the awful scenes of solitary nature, such as stupendous rocks, gloomy forests, and lowering skies; sometimes to survey the terrible, arrayed in forms, the foaming billows, the roaring cataracts, the foundering vessel, the tumbling ruin, the oaks up-torn, the blackening cloud, and gleaming lightning. There are scenes that strike the soul with a kind of pleasing horror, and fill it with sublime ideas of greatness and immensity. Such were the subjects that employed the pencil of the celebrated *Salvator Rosa*, in contradistinction to the more mildly pleasing scenes which rose from the labours of a *Poussin* and *Claude Lorrain*, according to the characters delineated in these lines of the poet :

“ Whate'er *Lorrain* light-touch'd with softening hue ;
Or savage *Rosa* dash'd, or learned *Poussin* [drew.”

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I THINK it some reflection on the English nation, which has so long held empire in India, that its subjects should have given themselves little or no trouble to ac-

“ But the genius of painting never conceived a view more rich and rural, more gay, magnificent, and enchanting, than that which Nature herself presents from Richmond Hill. Well might the poet exclaim,

“ Richmond ! that sees an hundred villas rise,
Rural or gay ———”

“ Let us suppose a man of an enthusiastic turn of mind, bred in an uncivilized, remote, and barren country, and tinctured with all the extravagance of superstition ; let us suppose it possible to convey him asleep from his native cottage to the summit of Richmond Hill, and there wake him abruptly in a serene summer evening, what would be his sensations, when he gazed around, and surveyed the particulars of the prospect ? when he beheld the level plain below arrayed in all the gorgeous pride of cultivation, when he saw the intermingled scene of trees and fields, and villas, towns, and villages, extending far as the visible horizon, except where the sight is agreeably bounded by the distant hill, crowned with the towers of lofty Windsor ; when he regaled his eye alternately with the delightful groves of Kew, and Ham, and Petersham ; and viewed the silver Thames winding in sweet meanders through the bosom of the vale, bursting in delightful masses on the ravished sight, displaying a number of verdant islets, and wafting a succession of boats and vessels on his gentle tide ; when he considered the whole prospect amazingly diversified into light and shadow, by a partial gleam of the setting sun ; when he observed the walk embellished with the happy daughters of Britain, shining in all the elegance of dress, and smiling in all the bloom of native beauty ; when his hearing was on one side rejoiced by the rural concert of the feathered choir, and on the other, his attention engaged by the harmonious notes of artful minstrelsy ; what could he suppose, but that he still remained under the illusion of a happy dream ; or, that all he saw and heard was a fairy vision, conjured up by the power of magic to regale his senses.”

rive at a knowledge of the manners, customs and religion of the people inhabiting that country. I have paid some little attention to them, and intend occasionally to communicate

nicate to the public, through the channel of some periodical work, the observations I have made: at present I shall confine myself to their religion, which is certainly the summit of idolatry; yet at the same time I allow its original instructions were excellent, and tended to the promotion of happiness. I allow that their private regulations, and that extension of humanity subsisting in every cast; that paternal affection and filial piety which ever reigns amongst them, would throw a splendid honour upon the most enlightened people, and perhaps even add a ray of lustre to the system of Christianity. Having thus premised, I shall follow the object of my pursuit, I mean an elucidation of my position respecting the idolatry of the Malabar religion.

In the year 1775, curiosity led me to be present at a festival, annually celebrated at a mountain about seventy miles from the ruins of Fort St. David's, called *Teruna-mally*, or the Holy Mountain. The fast begins on the day of the full moon, in the month of November, and the multitude of people who flock to it from all parts of the country is incredible. They commenced with a procession round the mountain, through an avenue that seems to have been formed for the purpose, in which are interspersed, at equal distances, twenty-four small temples, and in the front of each is a reservoir of fine water. On either side of the road I observed a line of religious of all denominations, in various attitudes, and in various habits, holding out brass basons to those who passed by, and continually calling out, "give alms, and receive Heaven;" others sat at the shrines of deities, proclaiming their several attributes and actions, and recommending them as deserving the purest worship. Whilst they were thus endeavouring to diffuse a sense of their divine greatness, their eyes frequently turned to their brass basons, that were gradually filling with a copper coin called *cash*.

Besides the strange figures of Pandarans that are common in other places, there were here some who had their hair hanging down, and twisted about their feet; others lay in the middle of the road covered with earth, like dead bodies that were just about to be burnt, their mouths left open, they called out from their biers for alms of those who stood by them. Some were covered over with earth in large heaps, so that it was inconceivable how they respired; but that the spectators might not take such spots for mere heaps of earth, the ends of their hands and feet were exposed. Many lay stretched out upon beds of sharp thorns; some danced round basons with bundles of lighted torches

under their left arm, so that the fire rose into their faces; in their left hand they held a vessel of oil, with which they fed the flame, and which they managed to dexterously, as to prevent it from doing them any injury. Many were suspended by ropes, fastened between two trees, with a fire under them, and some stood upon their heads without moving. At one of the little pagodas hung above a dozen cradles filled with men, and which exhibited a curious spectacle. On the trees were fixed indecent figures, and which were touched by barren women for the purpose of promoting fecundity. While the people were going round the hill they bowed to the Pagodas as they passed them, and sprinkled a handful of water upon themselves from the tanks:—they also bowed several times to the top of the hill, which they think has five faces, answering to the five senses or powers of the God of the mountain. They paid particular attention to a monument in the form of a stone pillar erected on one side of it which they called the needle, and upon which they said the Goddess Unarnaeie stood and appeared the wrath of her husband *Aruna-sala Isparens*. One figure in particular, from its singularity, was well worthy of notice, and for some time drew the whole of my attention.—It was a Senacee, or Devotee, whose arms were held over his head to their utmost extent, with the hands close clasped, and the palms inclining upwards; the joints of his arms had entirely lost their flexibility, and the muscular part of his frame had acquired a hardness almost equal to bone—his nails had penetrated through the backs of his hands, traversing each other on the palms, resembling the claws of a bird of prey, and the distortion was so great that they appeared as if not belonging to him.

He came from the Maratta dominions, and was upwards of forty years of age, twenty of which he had passed in the state as just described. He did not speak the language of this country, but through the interpretation of his followers, who were Pandarans.—He said his arms had been fixed in the manner I saw them, when in the act of adoration, and that he had remained so in obedience to the will of Providence. He travelled through the country on horse-back; his horses were led by one of his train, amongst which he had several anticipating his wants; and he drew ample donations from the inhabitants of every place through which he passed. Such effects do uncomman tho' unworthy objects produce on minds subject to the influence of superstition.

In the evening a signal gun was fired in the

the great pagoda of the town of *Tyrnamally*, and immediately the famous lamp on the top of the hill was in a blaze, at the sight of which, and the multitude of small lamps which the devotees on the hill put forth at their caves, at the same moment of time, all the people below lifted up their hands invoking *Arunafala*, the God they adore. The extended arms of such a host of people at the instant the flame appeared, at which they seemed much affected, was a very awful sight.

Surrounded by solemn objects, the mind readily receives the impressions they are capable of giving; throws off every confined idea; and, charmed with the pleasing melancholy with which it is enveloped, enjoys a harmony of sentiments that breathe benevolence and liberality.—Such was my situation; such were the sensations I experienced when the lamp in a manner burst forth as by a supernatural impulse, and threw a blaze over the multitude, whose eyes appeared devoutly fixed on the sacred fire; whilst their gestures and ejaculations strongly indicated the emotions of their breasts, replete with religion and piety, generosity and gratitude. But I was not allowed to remain long in this agreeable state; those who had in some degree placed me in it, soon robbed me of its enjoyment: quitting their devotions with a mechanical kind of indifference, they returned to those trifling amusements that form the greater part of all their festivals, and which they pursue with as much extravagant ardour as a boy would a new play-thing; and scarce any one bestowed a second look on the object, that only a few minutes before seemed to have raised them to the height of enthusiasm.

The lamp just mentioned is kept constantly burning about thirty-six hours; and the people employed in this office are those particular fishermen who fish only in rivers and canals known by the appellation *Sembaraver*, because the Malabar poets, who are the creators of their mythology, feign that the wife of *Arunafala* *Ispurin* was descended from that race. The lamp is prepared, it is reported, by placing together about seventy pieces of cloth, each piece consisting of thirty yards, in an iron cauldron, which is filled with oil and ghee; but formerly when the people were richer, and contributions to these articles more extensive, they prepared it in a large chasm formed in the rock by nature: at present the expence attending this ceremony is partly furnished from the revenues of the church, and partly from the voluntary donations of those who come to pay their vows.

The origin of this anniversary feast is variously related. One story is, that whilst

Arunafala *Ispurin* was one day engaged in play, his wife *Unamacie*, whom he had seduced from the fishermen, came behind and blind-folded him. Immediately the lower world was involved in darkness, and the terrestrial Gods appeared before him complaining of the want of light; when turning to his wife he reproached and accused her with having been the cause of such complaints, telling her that her crime could not be expiated unless she went down to the lower world, and there did penance for it. She went down accordingly, but chose such a place for her residence as proved a snare for her beauty, and for a while frustrated her purposes: at length she was directed to *Terunamally*, and there performed the necessary penance, standing upon the stone pillar before alluded to. Her crime thus expiated, *Arunafala* was reconciled;—appeared to her on the summit of the hill in a flame of fire, and immediately the lower world was enlightened again. But these particulars are merely out-lines of the fable, which is filled with many and long poetical descriptions.

Before I conclude, I must take some little notice of the hermits, who live in caves on the side of the hill, and whose austere life, and miraculous method of subsisting, is talked of with praise, veneration, surprize, and astonishment by the natives, who tell you they are content with what they get immediately round the mouths of their habitations. I saw many of these people, and visited two of them in particular, who esteemed themselves so very sacred, that at first they refused me admittance into their caves; but at length, on taking off my shoes, they consented, and permitted me to make such investigation as my fancy dictated. They were fond of speaking enigmatically, that they had resided on the hill from its earliest creation; and thus explain themselves; that they were born there, and that their forefathers had ever lived there. They have no cooking utensils in their caves, but a little below them is a spacious stone choultry, a fine canal, and a large banyan tree, where they have all those conveniences and necessaries that cannot be admitted into their caves. I should have observed, that on lighting the lamp, if it blazes out with prodigious force, it is the omen of a good harvest, but the reverse if it burns faintly.

I have thus far intruded, Sir, on an interesting subject, which I should be glad to see handled by others who possess greater abilities. My wish is to entertain the public. I have endeavoured to do so by this simple narration of facts, and if I am fortunate enough to succeed, although only for a moment, I shall be highly gratified.

FAC SIMILES of SOME of the EMINENT PERSONAGES of the REIGN of QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE pleasure which arises from viewing the hand-writing of those who have been eminent in their day, something resembles that which we feel from looking at a good portrait. We contemplate with a retrospective satisfaction the times in which they lived, their most celebrated acts, their virtues or their vices, and place the transactions of the period in review before us.

To an Englishman, the heroes and statesmen of Queen Elizabeth's days always afford the most pleasing reflections. The present set of Fac Similes are of some of those heroes and legislators of whom, in a future Magazine, we shall give a short account, together with a few more specimens of the same period.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

- July.* HAY-MARKET.
 2. ENGLISH Merchant—Siege of Curzola.
 3. Two to One—The Widow's Vow.
 4. Chapter of Accidents—Siege of Curzola.
 5. The Suicide—Agreeable Surprise.
 6. Spanish Barber—The Widow's Vow.
 7. *The Country Attorney*—Harvest Home.
 9. Ditto—Siege of Curzola.
 10. Ditto—The Romp.
 11. The Young Quaker—Peeping Tom.
 12. Country Attorney—The Son-in-Law.
 13. Chapter of Accidents—Gretna Green.
 14. The Son in Law—Agreeable Surprise.
 16. The Country Attorney—Golden Pippin.
 17. The English Merchant—Ditto.
 18. The Young Quaker—Peeping Tom.
 19. Venice Preserv'd—Flitch of Bacon.
 20. Tit for Tat—Agreeable Surprise.
 21. Jealous Wife—Comus.
 23. Love in a Village—Beggan on Horseback.
 24. Tit for Tat—Peeping Tom.
 25. King Henry II.—The Dead Alive.
 26. Young Quaker—Agreeable Surprise.
 27. Merchant of Venice.—A Mogul Tale.
 28. The Son-in-Law—Peeping Tom.
 30. The Suicide—Agreeable Surprise.
 31. The Young Quaker—Gretna Green.

- Aug.*
 1. Seeing is Believing—Tit for Tat—Gol. Pip.
 2. Two to One—The Son-in-Law.
 3. Lionel and Clarissa—Beggan on Horseback
 4. *Inkle and Yarico*—The Guardian.
 6. Ditto—Seeing is Believing.
 7. *Transformation*—Span. Bar.—*Eng. Read.*
 8. *Inkle and Yarico*—A Mogul Tale.
 9. Chapter of Accidents—Siege of Curzola
 10. The Young Quaker—Midas.
 11. *Inkle and Yarico*—English Readings.
 13. Ditto—Ditto.
 14. Tit for Tat—Intrig Chamb.—The Day.
 15. *Inkle and Yarico*—The Widow's Vow.
 16. I'll Tell You What!—Peeping Tom.
 17. Much Ado about Nothing—*Test of Love.*
 18. *Inkle and Yarico*—The Widow's Vow.
 20. English Merchant—Agreeable Surprise.
 21. Follies of a Day—The Day.
 22. Count. Attorn.—*Eng. Read.*—Son-in-Law.
 23. Agreeable Surprise—Ditto—Peep. Tom.
 24. *Inkle and Yarico*—The Widow's Vow.
 29. Jane Shore—Peeping Tom.

25. Tit for Tat—*Eng. Read.*—Gretna Green.
 27. *Inkle and Yarico*—A Mogul Tale.
 28. Sir J. Cockey at Court.—*Village Lawyer* Ghost.
 30. Seeing is Believing—Tit for Tat—The Romp.
 31. *Inkle and Yarico*—

- July.* ROYALTY THEATRE.
 3. An Occasional Address—The Birth-day—The Triumph of Cupid—The Recruiting Serjeant—Hobson's Choice.
 4. Ditto. | 6. Ditto.
 5. Ditto. | 7. Ditto.
 9. Ditto—with Collins' Ode on the Passions.
 10. Ditto. | 11. Ditto.
 12. Ditto—with a Tale from Baker's Chronicle
 13. Ditto. | 19. Ditto.
 14. Ditto. | 20. Ditto.
 16. Ditto. | 21. Ditto.
 17. Ditto. | 23. Ditto.
 18. Ditto. | 24. Ditto.
 25. Ditto—with a Lecture on Heads.
 26. Ditto. | 28. Ditto.
 27. Ditto. | 30. Ditto.

- Aug.*
 1. A Tale from Baker's Chronicle—True Blue—The Triumph of Cupid—Collins's Ode on the Passions—The Catch Club—John Gilpin—Hobson's Choice.
 2. Ditto. | 3. Ditto.
 4. Ditto—with a Lecture on Heads.
 6. Ditto—with Recruiting Serjeant.
 7. Ditto. | 9. Ditto.
 8. Ditto. | 10. Ditto.
 11. Ditto—with Thomas and Susan.
 13. Ditto—with the Birth-day, and Don Juan.
 14. Ditto. | 20. Ditto.
 15. Ditto. | 21. Ditto.
 16. Ditto. | 22. Ditto.
 17. Ditto. | 23. Ditto.
 18. Ditto. | 24. Ditto.
 25. Ditto—with Recruiting Serjeant.
 27. Ode to Friendship—Thomas and Susan—Triumph of Cupid—Hippesley's Drunken Man—Catch Club—Don Juan.
 28. Triumph of Cupid—Thomas and Susan—Collins's Ode—Lecture on Heads—The Catch Club—Don Juan.
 29. Ditto—with Hippesley's Drunken Man.
 30. Ditto. | 31. Ditto.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

ANECDOTES OF WILLIAM EMERSON.

GENTLEMEN,

BEING educated in an adjacent town to that in which the object of my present attention resided, I had frequent opportunities of seeing and hearing him converse: and though I do not attempt to delineate his character, or to do justice to his talents, vigour of mind, or profound learning, yet the circumstances concerning him which fell under my own observation, or which have been authentically related to me, may perhaps afford some entertainment to the readers of your well-conducted Magazine, and therefore are here transmitted to you.

Mr. EMERSON in his person was rather short, but strong and well-made, with an open countenance and ruddy complexion. He lived at a place called Hurworth, near Darlington, in the county of Durham, and if I mistake not, was born there. He inherited a small paternal estate of about 60l. or 70l. a-year, and was as independent as if he had enjoyed as many thousands. He was never known to ask a favour, or seek the acquaintance of a rich man, unless he possessed some eminent qualities of the mind. In all the various species of learning he possessed he was self-taught, having never had a master of any kind but to learn the mere elements of the English language. He was a very good classical scholar, a tolerable physician so far as it could be combined with mathematical principles, and teach a demonstration as Keil and Morton had endeavoured to bend to their hypotheses. The latter he esteemed above all others as a physician—the former as the best anatomist. He was exceedingly singular in his dress. He had but one coat, which he always wore open before, except the lower button; no waistcoat; his shirt quite the reverse of one in common use, no opening before, but buttoned close at the collar behind; a kind of flaxen wig which had not a crooked hair in it, and, probably, had never been tortured with a comb from the time of its being made. This was his dress when he went into company. No change was ever made during the time I knew him, which, at least, was more than ten years. Many people affirmed he had never had any other for twice that period. He never rode although he kept a horse. I frequently have seen him lead the horse with a kind of wallet stuffed with the provisions he had

bought at the market. He always walked up to London when he had any thing to publish, revising sheet by sheet himself:—Trusting no eyes but his own, was always a favourite maxim with him. He never advanced any mathematical proposition that he had not first tried in practice, constantly making all the different parts himself on a small scale, so that his house was filled with all kinds of mechanical instruments together or disjointed. De Moivre, Mac Laurin, and other mathematicians used to say, “He had no learning, poor man!” He would frequently stand up to his middle in water while fishing, a diversion he was remarkably fond of. He used to study incessantly for some time, and then for relaxation take a ramble to any pot-alehouse where he could get any body to drink with and talk to. The Duke of Manchester was highly pleased with his company, and used often to come to him in the fields and accompany him home, but could never persuade him to get into a carriage. On these occasions he would sometimes exclaim, “Damn your whim-wham! I had rather walk.” When he wrote his small Treatise on Navigation, he and some of his scholars took a small vessel from Hurworth, and the whole crew soon got swamped; when Emerson, smiling and alluding to his treatise, said, “They must not do as I do, but as I say.” He was a married man, and his wife used to spin on an old-fashioned wheel, whereof a very accurate drawing is given in his Mechanics. He was deeply skilled in the science of music, the theory of sounds, and the various scales both ancient and modern, but was a very poor performer. He carried that singularity which marked all his actions even into this science. He had, if I may be allowed the expression, two first strings to his violin, which, he said, made the E more melodious when they were drawn up to a perfect unison. His virginal, which is a species of instrument like the modern spinnet, he had cut and twilled into various shapes in the keys, by adding some occasional half-tones in order to regulate the present scale, and to rectify some fraction of discord that will always remain in the tuning. He never could get this regulated to his fancy, and generally concluded

by saying, "It was a damned Instrument, and a foolish thing to be vexed with."— In the earlier part of his life he attempted to teach a few scholars; but whether from his concise method, for he was not happy in explaining his ideas, or the warmth of his natural temper, he made no progress in his school; he therefore soon left it off.— He never had a scholar that did him any credit except Mr. Richardson of Darlington, who was always a great favourite with him, and of whom he used to say, that he was the only boy who had a head in his school. Mr. Emerson lived to the age of 81, and died on the 9th day of June, 1782. He was buried at Hurworth.

These particulars I transmit to you only as outlines of a very eminent man, whose merits as a mathematician I forbear to enlarge upon. Should they be the means of a more able hand doing him the justice he deserves, I shall not deem the trouble I have taken thrown away, or my time mispent. I am Your's, &c.

M. M.

THE following is as accurate a list of Mr. Emerson's Works, as we have been able to obtain.

1. The Doctrine of Fluxions. 8vo. about 1748.
2. The Projection of the Sphere, orthographic, stereographic, and gnomonical; both demonstrating the Principles, and explaining the Practice of these several Sorts of Projections. 8vo. 1749.
3. The Elements of Trigonometry; Containing the Properties, Relations, and Calculations of Sines, Tangents, Secants; or, The Doctrine of the Sphere, and the Principles of plain and spherical Trigonometry: All plainly and clearly demonstrated. 8vo. 1749.
4. The Principles of Mechanics; explaining and demonstrating the general Laws of Motion, the Laws of Gravity, Motion of descending Bodies, Projectiles, Mechanic Powers, Pendulums, Centers of Gravity, or Strength and Strefs of Timber, Hydrostatics, and Constructions of Machines. 8vo. 1754.
5. Navigation; or the Art of Sailing upon the Sea; Containing a Demonstration of the Fundamental Principles of this Art. Together with all the practical Rules of computing a Ship's Way, both by Plain Sailing, Mercator, and Middle Latitude, founded upon the foregoing Principles. With many other useful Things thereto belonging. To which are added, several necessary Tables. 12mo. 1755.
6. A Treatise of Algebra, in two Books.

Book 1. containing the fundamental Principles of this Art; together with all the practical Rules of Operation. Book 2. containing great Variety of Problems, in the most important Branches of the Mathematics. 8vo. 1765.

7. The Arithmetic of Infinites, and the differential Method, illustrated by Examples. The Elements of the Conic Sections demonstrated in three Books. Book 1. Of the Ellipsis. Book 2. Of the Hyperbola. Book 3. Of the Parabola. The Nature and Properties of Curve Lines. Book 1. Of the Conchoid, Cissoïd, Cycloid, Quadratrix, Logarithmic Curve, the Spiral of Archimedes, the Logarithmic Spiral, and Hyperbolic Spiral. Book 2. Of Curve Lines in general, and their Affections. 8vo. 1767.

8. Mechanics; or the Doctrine of Motion. Comprehending, 1. The General Laws of Motion. 2. The Descent of Bodies perpendicularly, and down inclined Planes, and also in curve Surfaces. 3. Motion of Pendulums, Centers of Gravity, Equilibrium of Beams of Timber, and their Forces and Directions. 4. Mechanical Powers. 5. Comparative Strength of Timber and its Strefs. The Powers of Engines, their Motion, and Friction. Hydrostatics and Pneumatics. 8vo. 1769.

9. The Elements of Optics, in four Books. 8vo. 1768.

10. A System of Astronomy. Containing the Investigation and Demonstration of the Elements of that Science. 8vo. 1769.

11. The Laws of Centripetal and Centrifugal Force. 8vo. 1769.

12. The Mathematical Principles of Geography. Containing, 1. An Account of the various Properties and Affections of the Earth and Sea; with a Description of the several Parts thereof; and a Table of the Latitude and Longitude of Places. 2. The Use of the Artificial and Terrestrial Globe in solving Problems. 3. The Principles of Spherical and Spheroidal Sailing; with the Solution of the several Cases in Numbers, by the Common Tables, according to the Spheroidal Figure of the Earth. 8vo. 1770.

13. Tracts. 8vo. 1770.

14. Cyclomathesis; or an easy Introduction to the several Branches of the Mathematics. Principally designed for the Instruction of Young Students, before they enter upon the more abstruse and difficult Parts. 10 Vols. 8vo. 1770.

15. A short Comment on Sir Isaac Newton's Principia, containing Notes upon some difficult Places of that excellent Book. To which is added, a Defence of Sir Isaac against the Objections that have been made to several

Parts

Parts of the Principia and Optics, by Leibnitz, Bernoulli, Euler, &c. and a Confutation of the Objections made by Dr. Rutherford and Bedford against his Chronology. 8vo. 1770.

16. Miscellanies: or, a Miscellaneous

Treatise, containing several Mathematical Subjects. 8vo. 1776.

Of this extraordinary Mathematician we should be glad to receive more particulars.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

MISCELLANEOUS REMARKS. No. I.

— Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.

THE following is Mr. Langhorne's translation of a passage in the amiable Plutarch's Life of Numa, relative to the punishment inflicted on Vestal Virgins who had broken their vow. "But she that broke her vow of chastity was buried alive by the Colline Gate. There, within the walls, is raised a little mount of earth, called in Latin *Agger*; under which is prepared a small cell, with steps to descend to it. In this are placed a bed, a lighted lamp, and some slight provisions; such as bread, water, milk and oil, as they thought it impious to take off a person consecrated with the most awful ceremonies, by such a death as that of famine." To this passage is subjoined the following note. "There seems to be something improbable and inconsistent in this.—Of what use could provisions be to the Vestal, who, when the grave was closed upon her, must expire through want of air? or, if she could make use of those provisions, was she not at last to die by famine? Perhaps what Plutarch here calls provisions, were materials for some sacrifice." The translator totally misunderstands the meaning of his author: the provisions here mentioned were merely intended to avoid the pollution attending direct murder. In the *Antigone* of Sophocles, a similar punishment is inflicted by Creon on Antigone, who had in immediate opposition to his commands interred the body of her brother. Creon thus informs the Chorus of his intentions.

Ἄγων ἔρημος ἐστὶ ἂν ἢ βροτῶν σίβητος,
Κράψω πετρῶδες ὕψων ἐν κατώρυγι,
Φοβέβης τοσόντων ὡς ἄγος μόνον προθείς,
Ὅπως μίαισμα πᾶσ' ὑπεκφύγοι πόλις.

*Perductam eò ubi deserta mortalibus est
via*

*Saxeo recondam vivam in specu,
Tantulo cibi, quantum piaculo sit satis,
apposito,*

Ut pollutionem tota effugiat civitas.

785.

Dr. Johnson's well-known epitaph

on Goldsmith has been justly admired: it might however perhaps be justly objected, that its sentences are too much after the manner of his English style. The Latinity of *tangere scribendi genus* in the following passage, I have understood has been called in question.

*Qui nullum ferè scribendi genus
Non tetigit,
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit
Sive risus essent morvendi
Sive lacrymæ.*

How far the following expression from Catullus may be urged in its defence, I leave to better judges to determine.

*Idem inficeto est inficetior rure,
Simul poemata attigit; neque idem unquam
Æquè est beatus, ac poema cum scribit.*
De Suff.

— "That ye had *vovuit to the swan*"

is a line from a poem of Dunbar's, published by the ingenious and able Mr. Pinkerton, Vol. I. An. Scot. Poems, 1786. p. 121. In the note upon the passage, Mr. Pinkerton observes, that Mr. Tyrwhitt, in his Glossary to Chaucer, adduces a singular instance of this vow from Mathew of Westminster. "When Edward I. was setting out on his last expedition to Scotland, 1306, a festival was held, at which *allati sunt in pompatica gloria duo cygni, vel olores, ante regem, phalerati retibus aureis vel fistulis deauratis desiderabile spectaculum intuentibus; quibus visis, Rex votum vovit Deo cæli et cygnis se proficisci in Scotiam, &c.* But the question is, whence could it originate? by what strange connexion of ideas was it introduced? Was it in resemblance of the ancient custom of touching a hog, or some other animal, at a solemn oath; and which animal was afterwards offered in sacrifice?"—So far Mr. Pinkerton's note.—It requires much greater depth of reading than I am master of, to produce any thing that looks like the origin of the custom; the following extract, however,

A a 2

however, may not be unworthy of the Antiquary's notice on this subject. "*Cygnus est ales fluvialis, et apud nautas in auspiciis favoris, nam ex ejus conspectu prosperum sibi cursum per marina discrimina suspiciantur, ideo quod nunquam se mergat in aquas, unde Æmilius Poeta:*

*Cygnus in auspiciis semper lætissimus ales
Hunc optant nautæ, quia se non mergit
in undis.*

See *Prophæta Anglicana Merlini Amb. Britanni, &c. septem libris explanationum in eandem Prophetiam excellentissimi sui temporis oratoris, &c. Alani de Insulis.* Printed at Francfort, 1603.

Chaucer, in describing the Serjeant of Lawe, says, that he had "often yben at the *parvise*." The etymology of the word has often been disputed. Mr. Warton, in a note on this very passage of Chaucer, observes, that "the word is supposed to be contracted from *Paradise*. This perhaps signified an ambulatory. Many of our old religious houses had a place called *Paradise*." *Hist. of Eng. Poet. Vol. I. P. 453.* But surely this interpretation is very unsatisfactory. In a neglected little volume entitled "*The History of Churches in England, by T. Staveley, Esq. Lond. 1712.*" I find the meaning of the word well accounted for. "I find there was a certain part of the church anciently called the *Parvise*; that is, a nether part of the church set apart and used for the teaching of children in it; and thence called the *Parvise, à parvise pueris ibi edocentis,*" &c. P. 157.

*Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
L'All. 27. MILTON.*

This term perhaps has been already sufficiently explained. If the following passage from a play of old John Lilly's has not been previously adduced on the subject (and to the best of my recollection it has not) it may be deemed not unworthy of attention.

Manes. Wee Cynickes are mad fellows; did'st thou not finde I did *quip* thee?

TO THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY,

GENTLEMEN,

THE reality of a petrified city in Africa has been the subject of much enquiry and some ridicule. Mr. Cambridge, in his very excellent, but I think not sufficiently

Psyllus. No verily; why, what's a *quip*?

Manes. Wee great girders call it a *short saying of a sharpe wit, with a bitter sense in a sweet word.*

Alexand. and Camp. Blount's
Edit. 1632, Act III. Sc. 1.

Amongst Herbert's Poems, there is one intitled "*The Quip.*"

Might not the Bishop of Dromore's charming song of "O Nancy, wilt thou gang with me?" have originated from the second stanza of a song in the first volume of Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany, intitled, "The Young Laird and Edinburgh Katy."

O Katy, wiltu gang wi' me,
And leave the dunsome town a while,
&c. &c. Page 66. Edit. 1733, 9th.

———— the spring, the summer,
The *childing* autumn, angry winter,
change

Their wonted liveries, —
Mid. Night Dr. Act. II. Sc. 2.

"*Childing* autumn (says Steevens) is the pregnant autumn, the *frugifer Autumnus.*" Notwithstanding this expression has some of the old copies to countenance an admission of it into the text, I think it very doubtful whether it came from the pen of Shakespeare: it appears to me affected and harsh, terms which are seldom applicable to the epithets of our imitable bard. I must think that he wrote *childing*, which to a feeling mind and an intelligent ear is pregnant with meaning, though the epithet may be uncommon. It occurs however, applied to the wind, in Drummond of Hawthornden's Poems, page 6. Song 36. Edit. Folio. 1711.

If that ye winds would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Yeur furious *childing* stay.

I think likewise that the subsequent expression in the context of "*angry winter,*" has some weight in supporting the conjecture that the Poet wrote "*childing* autumn."

C—T—O,

distinguished poem of "The Scribe-riad," sends his hero in quest of this phenomenon, which he describes in the following lines:

"IN one dread night, a petrifying blast,
Portentous, o'er astonish'd Afric pass'd;
Whose fury spent on one devoted town,
Transform'd the whole with Gorgon force to
stone.

Each softer substance in that direful hour,
Ev'n life confess the cold petrific pow'r.
While yet she plies the dance, the buxom maid
Feels the chill pangs her stiffen'd limbs invade.
Through the warm veins of boiling youth they
spread,
And fix the bridegroom in the genial bed."

That an event of this extraordinary kind was once the subject of belief is very likely to have been the case; and as an additional evidence, to lessen the effects of ridicule towards those who may have given credit to this incredible story, I transmit you an extract of a letter from Sir Kenelm Digby to a friend, dated at Tholouse in France, Sept. 27, 1656; taken from a newspaper printed in the time of Oliver Cromwell, but whose title is unluckily lost.

"SIR,

"I Entertained you from Paris with miracles of grace, from hence receive one of nature. The following are the words of Mr. Fitton's letter of July 2, from Florence:—"Sir, this is to present my humble service to you, and to let you know of a strange metamorphosis hapned in Barbary not long

"since; which is, the turning of a whole city
"into stone: that is, men, beasts, trees, houses, utensils, &c. every thing remaining in
"the same posture (as children at their mothers' breasts, &c.) when the petrifying vapour fell upon this place. This city is under the king of Tripoly, some four days
"journey into the land. One Whiting, the
"captain of an English ship (who had bin a
"slave in these parts) coming to Florence,
"told the Great Duke of this accident, and he
"himself had seen the city. The Duke, desirous to know the truth, wrote to the
"Bassa of Tripoly about it, there having been
"a friendly correspondence between them
"these many years. The Bassa hath now
"answered the Duke's letter, and assures him,
"that the thing is most true, and that he himself is an ey-witness of it, going to the
"place purposely to see it, and that it hapned in the space of very few hours; and
"withal he hath sent to the Great Duke divers of those things petrified; and among
"the rest, Venetian zechias turned into
"stone." Thus Mr. Fitton.

"It seems strangest to me, that an unactive body (as all cold dry and earthy ones are) should thus change gold, the strongest resilient in nature. But it is true also, that little dense atoms force their way most irresistibly into all bodies, when some impellent drives them violently."

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY,

GENTLEMEN,

IF the following Letters, which have never been printed, are of sufficient importance to obtain a place in your Magazine; they are at your service. I am, &c.

C. D.

SIR, London, Oct. 6, 1722.

THE Statutes of the College of Physicians requiring a new election of an Elect, in the place of any who shall remove to any considerable distance out of town for a year, is the occasion of this trouble. The electors are unwilling to lose one of your abilities, if they can probably expect your assistance in their affairs: but if your resolution be not to return to town, or remain in it, they must in a short time elect another; but have desired me before, to intreat your answer, whether they may be so happy as to expect your company? and if they should by that answer be so unfortunate to be obliged to fill that place, they have desired me to intreat the continuance of your friendship and good offices as a member of their body. I am

Your most obedient, and
most humble servant,
HANS SLOANE.

To Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE,

SIR,

I HAVE the honour of your's, and acknowledge myself obliged by the marks of respect to me which you there express. In answer this will inform you, that I am determined to continue in the country retirement which I have chosen, where I hope to pass my short remains of life in peace and quiet. I am convinced therefore that I am no longer qualified to be an Elect, and am well satisfied that a choice should be made of some other Fellow of the Society to fill up the vacancy; and I heartily wish all happiness and prosperity to the worthy President of the College of which I have had the honour to be a Member so long. I am

Your most obedient
Humble servant,
RICHARD BLACKMORE.

Buxted, Oct. 12, 1722.

To Sir HANS SLOANE, Bart.

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

(Continued from p. 6.)

“WHEN I left Nice,” says our author, “where I had resided near seven months, and after travelling almost all France, returned to England, I most ardently desired to pass several years more in the study of polite literature; as then, I thought, I might enter into public life, to which my ambition had always prompted me, more mature and prepared: but with this fruit of my leisure, either fortune, or rather Providence, the disposer of all human events, would not indulge my sloth; for, on a sudden, I was obliged to quit that very literature to which, from my childhood, I had applied myself; and he

who had been the encourager and assistant of my studies, who had instructed, taught, formed me such as I was, or if I am any thing at all, ROBERT SUMNER, within a year after my return, was snatched away by an untimely death*.”

In 1771 Sir William published “*Dissertation sur la Littérature Orientale*,” 8vo. and this was followed by “*Lettre a Monsieur A** Du P*** dans laquelle est compris l’Examen de sa Traduction des Livres attribués a Zoroastre*,” 8vo. 1771; wherein he vindicated the University of Oxford, and exposed the arrogance of the Frenchman, who had insulted that learned

* It would be injustice to his grateful pupil, were we to suppress the eulogium pronounced on this gentleman by Sir William Jones. “The reader will, I hope, indulge me, if in this place I cannot refrain both from an encomium on the virtues of this my most learned and intimate friend, and a lamentation of his loss; for no man surely was more distinguished for genius, integrity, an admirable temper, most humane manners, exquisite learning. He had besides such a talent of communicating and instructing, as I never knew in any other master; lastly, such a cheerfulness and sweetness, that it was absolutely doubtful whether he was most agreeable to his friends or to his scholars. Both in the Greek and Latin languages he was deeply versed, yet, like another Socrates, he wrote very little himself, though no one had more skill and precision in correcting the faults, or admiring the beauties of other writers: so that if his course of life or more benignant fortune had placed him at the bar, or in parliament, and he had not undertaken the province of a schoolmaster, only in the talent of eloquence, which, of all nations, Britain alone now cultivates, he would have yielded the palm to no one: for several particular endowments, which of themselves recommend an orator, if not in perfection, were certainly much to be admired in him, a tuneful voice, polite diction, volubility of speech, humour, a remarkable memory; lastly, the eyes, the looks, the action, not of a player, but almost of another Demosthenes. In short, as Cicero, in some degree, said of Roscius, he was such a master as alone to seem worthy of instructing youth, and such an orator as alone to seem worthy of discharging the most important public trusts. Does not the name of such a one exact from me the highest honour? Such a one shall I not lament? For his death shall I not be afflicted? But let me beware of seeming to grieve more on my own account than for the death of my friend and instructor; for, by dying, what has he left but a frail, uncertain, wretched life, in which, except Virtue and Fame, there is nothing which a good man ought eagerly to covet? I indeed by his death am deprived of the most pleasing union of studies, and have also lost an assistant, whose judgment would have checked the redundance of youthful genius, have observed the faults either of my speech or gesture, have polished my language, and would not only have urged me to compose a task which, on account of its extreme difficulty, almost all of us avoid, but would have kindly animadverted on my writings, have detected my mistakes, and perhaps by friendly commendations, which have the greatest influence on the best minds, have even excited me to greater attempts. In this very work, which I am now publishing, how have I regretted the want of such a learned and candid critic! For though he once perused it cursorily, yet he added not a word; he scarce altered a syllable; the notes that he wrote in the margin of the book were written more for the sake of commending than of blaming: but such was his regard for me, that he had determined more accurately to revise with me the whole volume. If he had, it would perhaps have been free from many faults; at least it would have come forth more elegant and polished. But the perfection of my little book is a trivial loss; other things which have perished with him, I shall not cease most feelingly to lament; his friendship, his good offices, his advice: but, as I said before, this is my misfortune; for he, as I trust, is most happy, and rather compassionates the empty cares of mortals, than requires either their praises or their grief.”

body. In the same year he gave the public "A Grammar of the Persian Language," 4to. and at the same time proposed to republish Meninski's Dictionary, with improvements from *De Labrosse's Gazophylacium Linguae Persarum*, and to add in their proper place an Appendix subjoined to Gehanaguire's Persic Dictionary. The Grammar has already been found extremely useful, and has been reprinted several times; but the design of the Dictionary, though an object of even national importance, for want of due encouragement, was obliged to be laid aside.

In 1772 he published "Poems; consisting chiefly of Translations from the Asiatic Language. To which are added two Essays; I. On the Poetry of the Eastern Nations. II. On the Arts commonly called Imitative," 8vo. which in 1777 he republished with the addition of some Latin Poems, every way worthy their author.— On the 18th June, 1773, he took the degree of Master of Arts, and the same year published "The History of the Life of Nader Shah, King of Persia. Extracted from an Eastern Manuscript, which was translated into French by Order of his Majesty the King of Denmark. With an Introduction, containing, I. A Description of Asia according to the Oriental Geographers. II. A short History of Persia from the earliest Times to the present Century: And an Appendix, consisting of an Essay on Asiatic Poetry, and the History of the Persian Language. To which are added Pieces relative to the French Translation." 8vo. Our author at this period had determined on the study of the law as a profession, and to relinquish every other pursuit. Our readers will not be displeas'd with the following extract, which concludes the Preface to the History now under consideration.

The following Inscription to the memory of Doctor Sumner, is affixed to the wall of the south transept of Harrow Church:

H. S. E.

ROBERTUS SUMNER, S. T. P.

Collegii Regalis apud Cantab. olim Socius,

Scholæ Harroviensis haud ita pridem Archidiaconus.

Fuit hoc præstantissimo Viro

Ingenium naturâ peracere, optimarum discipulinarum studio sedulo

Excultum, usu diuturno confirmatum, & quodammodo subactum,

Nemo enim aut in reconditis sapientiarum studiis illo subtilior extitit,

Aur humanioribus literis limatior: nemini fore vel felicius

Contigit iudicii acumen, vel uberior eruditionis copia.

Egregiis hæc cum dotibus naturæ, tum doctrinæ subûdiis,

Insuper accedebat in scriptis mira ac prope perfecta eloquentia.

In sermone facetiarum lepor plane Atticus, & gravitate suaviter

Aspera urbanitas; in moribus singularis quædam integritas & fides;

Vitæ denique ratio constans sibi, & ad virtutis normam diligenter severaque,

Exculta. Omnibus qui vel amico essent eo, vel magistro usi, doctrinæ,

Ingenii, virtutis triste reliquit desiderium, subitâ, eheu! atque immaturâ

Morte correptus prid. Id. Sept. A. D.

1771, Æt. 41.

"To conclude; if any essential mistakes be detected in this whole performance, the reader will excuse them, when he reflects upon the great variety of, dark and intricate points which are discussed in it; and if the obscurity of the subject be not a sufficient plea for the errors which may be discovered in the work, let it be considered, to use the words of Pope in the preface to his juvenile poems, that there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five-and-twenty: most of them indeed were composed in the intervals of my leisure in the South of France, before I had applied my mind to a study of a very different nature, which it is now my resolution to make the sole object of my life. Whatever then be the fate of this production, I shall never be tempted to vindicate any part of it, which may be thought exceptionable; but shall gladly resign my own opinions, for the sake of embracing others, which may seem more probable; being persuaded, that nothing is more laudable than the love of truth, nothing more odious than the obstinacy of persisting in error. Nor shall I easily be induced, when I have disburdened myself of two more pieces which are now in the press, to begin any other work of the literary kind; but shall confine myself wholly to that branch of knowledge in which it is my chief ambition to excel. It is a painful consideration that the profession of literature, by far the most laborious of any, leads to no real benefit or true glory whatsoever. Poetry, science, letters, when they are not made the sole business of life, may become its ornaments in prosperity, and its most pleasing consolation in a change of fortune; but if a man addict's himself entirely to learning, and hopes by that, either to raise a family, or to acquire,

what so many wish for, and so few ever attain, an honourable retirement in his declining age, he will find, when it is too late, that he has mistaken his path; that other labours, other studies are necessary; and that unless he can assert his own independence in active life, it will avail him little to be favoured by the learned, esteemed by the eminent, or recommended even by Kings. It is true, on the other hand, that no external advantages can make any amends for the loss of virtue and integrity, which alone give a perfect comfort to him who possesses them. Let a man therefore, who wishes to enjoy, what no fortune or honour can bestow, the blessing of self-approbation, aspire to the glory given to Pericles by a celebrated Historian, of being acquainted with all useful knowledge, of expressing what he knows with copiousness and freedom, of loving his friends and country, and of disdaining the mean pursuits of lucre and interest: this is the only career on which an honest man ought to enter, or from which he can hope to gain any solid happiness."

The next year he published "*Poeseos Asiaticae Commentariorum Libri Sex, cum Appendice; subjicitur Limen, seu Miscellaneorum Liber*, 8vo. and pursuing his purpose of applying to the study of the Law, we hear no more of him from the press (except the new edition of his Poems); until the year 1779. In this interval he was called to the bar, and attended Westminster-hall and the Oxford Circuit, where he obtained but little business. He was however appointed a Commissioner of Bankrupts by Lord Bathurst, who is supposed to have intended to exert his interest to procure his nomination to the Bench in the East Indies. In a dedication to this nobleman, he is supposed to allude to these circumstances in the following passage. "I cannot let slip this opportunity of informing the publick, who have hitherto indulgently approved and encouraged my labours, that although I have received many signal marks of friendship from a number of illustrious persons, to whose favours I can never proportion my thanks, yet your Lordship has been my greatest, my only benefactor; that without any solicitation, or even request on my part, you gave me a substantial and permanent token of regard, which you rendered still more valuable by your obliging manner of giving it; and which has been literally the sole fruit that I have gathered from an incessant course of very painful toil; that your kind

intentions extended to a larger field; and that you had even determined to reward me in a manner the most agreeable both to my inclinations and to the nature of my studies, if an event which as it produced an accession to your happiness, could not but conduce to mine, had not prevented the full effects of your kindness.

"It might here become me to suppress, what I cannot however persuade myself to conceal, that your Lordship was pleased to assign the most flattering reasons for your intention, and to declare that you desired my promotion both for my own sake, and for that of the publick; the first of which motives I ascribe to your candour and the goodness of your heart; the second, which I am wholly unconscious of deserving, I can impute only to your singular benignity and indulgence."

These extracts are from the Dedication to "*The Speeches of Isaac, in Causes concerning the Law of Succession to Property at Athens, with a prefatory Discourse, Notes critical and historical, and a Commentary*, 4to. 1779."

In the next year we discover our author a candidate to represent the University of Oxford in Parliament. On this occasion the following paper was handed about, which, as it affords some traits of his character, we shall here insert. It is unnecessary to add, that the application was unsuccessful.

May 5, 1780.

To the UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

THE friends of Mr. Jones are persuaded, after the fullest deliberation, that it becomes absolutely necessary for them to answer a question, which has been repeatedly, forcibly, and pertinently asked: "Why is he not supported by his own college, of which he is an older member, though somewhat a younger Fellow than Dr. Scott?"

To this question a clear, succinct, satisfactory answer has been given by the college themselves, who, on the 2d of the present month, commissioned their Bursar to come to London, and call upon Mr. Jones with the following assurance: "That when they fixed upon Dr. Scott as their candidate, they imagined Mr. Jones's appointment to the vacant seat on the bench of Judges in India to be morally certain, and likely to take place in a short time: That they had, however, so far engaged themselves by attending a meeting of the Doctor's friends, in consequence of a printed paper circulated for that purpose on the 29th of April, that they could not recede."

It

It follows from this declaration, that, had it not been for the unhappy mistake about India, they would probably not have decided at all, but certainly not have decided precipitately, between the pretensions of their *only two lay-fellows*; one of whom has been often heard to say, that he would resign the absolute certainty of the most lucrative post to which he could now aspire, either in India or in England, for the moral certainty of so high an honour as that of being delegated by the University of Oxford "to protect in the legislature the rights of the republic of letters."

By the same unfortunate mistake, Mr. Jones has perhaps lost the happiness of being a college-candidate; but he is nominated by many of his friends from different colleges, whose votes and recommendations are engaged to him: the just objection, therefore, against having two candidates *from the same college* is thus removed.

Another of his misfortunes is, that he has comparatively few personal acquaintance within the pomeria of the University, where his professional avocations have not permitted him to reside, and where his competitor, a gentleman of acknowledged merit, has formed extensive connexions.

His friends, who are numerous, have only to add, that they have neither openly solicited, nor intend openly to solicit, votes for Mr. Jones within the University itself, because he will never become the instrument of disturbing the calm seat of the Muses, by consenting to any such solicitation for himself or for any man whatever. His own applications have been, are, and will be, confined to those only who have professed a regard for him, *and who have no votes themselves*: the Masters of Arts in a great University, whose prerogative is cool reason and impartial judgement, must never be placed on a level with the voters of a borough, or the freeholders of

a county. Even in proceeding thus far, he does not set the example, but follows it; and his friends would never have printed any paper, if they had not thought themselves justified by the conduct of others.

For the first and the last time, they beg leave to suggest, that no exertions must be spared by those who, either personally or by reputation, approve the character of Mr. Jones; into which, both literary and political, as well as moral, his friends desire and demand the strictest scrutiny. For his University he began early to provoke, and possibly to incur, the displeasure of great and powerful men: For his University he entered the lists with a foul-mouthed and arrogant Frenchman, who had attacked Oxford in three large volumes of misrepresentation and scurrility: For his University he resigned, for a whole year, his favourite studies and pursuits, to save Oxford the discredit of not having one of her sons ready to translate a tedious Persian manuscript. To Oxford, in short, he is known to be attached by the strongest possible ties; and only regrets the necessity of absenting himself from the place in which of all others he most delights, until the event of the present competition shall either convince him that he has toiled in vain as a man of letters, or shall confer on him the greatest reward to which he can aspire. The unavoidable disadvantage of being so late proposed, and the respectable support with which he is now honoured, will secure him in all events from the least disgrace.

We are obliged to postpone the remainder of this account, by reason of its length, until next month.

In page 5, of our Magazine for July last, by the inadvertence of the writer, a reference to the Monthly Review for May 1787, p. 414, was accidentally omitted.

An ACCOUNT of the LIFE and WRITINGS of Mr. JOSEPH REED.

JOSEPH REED was the second son of a person who carried on the business of a Rope-maker, at Stockton upon Tees, in the county of Durham. He was born in that town, in March 1723. His parents were Presbyterians, who with the rest of his early connections were little qualified, and as little inclined to encourage him in those pursuits, to which he afterwards bent his attention; and to which he is now entitled to be distinguished from any other of his predecessors. His original destination was not to the trade he was brought up to; but as he formerly printed a whimsical account of himself in a

periodical publication, it may not be improper to hear his own narrative of the early part of his life.

"I AM, by Divine Providence, the sole surviving male of a very ancient family. My ancestors, as far as I have been able to rake them out of the rubbish of obscurity, for three generations preceding my father, could neither read nor write. The gentleman, by whom I had the honour to be begot, was a very eminent passport or halter-maker; and notwithstanding the hereditary ignorance of the family, made such a considerable progress in literature, that he was able to cast

accounts, and scrawl a letter on business so intelligibly, that he could be understood by a major part of those with whom he had any dealings. His natural abilities were very extensive, though he was no conjurer in learning; and so fully was he convinced of the disadvantages of illiterature, that he was determined to give his children as good an education as his purse and their capacities would admit.

“As my elder brother's upper chambers were not extremely well furnished, my father was in no great anxiety about giving him a liberal education; but a certain brat of the family raising his expectations, he was resolved to spare no pains or expence in the cultivation of his understanding. At seven years old, little master, *videlicet*, my sweet Self, was to be put into Gaffer Hoole's leading strings to the Latin tongue: but being at that time seized by an ill-natured ague, which, some few intervals excepted, visited me almost three years, my entrance into grammatical trammels was postponed. My father being under great grief and perplexity, on account of my tertian visit, used every method in his power to rid the house of so troublesome an intruder, and at length succeeded by employing an old snarler of the faculty to baik him out of the family. I was no sooner freed from my late engagement, than a second-hand grammar was purchased, and, at the first quarter day, I was to begin my Latin; but an unlucky accident had almost disconcerted the scheme of my education: this was no less than the death of my honoured Papa.

“When the violence of our grief for the loss of our common supporter was over, ways and means were to be found out for the maintenance of a widow and six children. A council of three was accordingly called, which was composed of two female wry-faced Presbyterians, and an old canker'd shipwright, of the same sect, who might with justice be called the greatest old woman of the three. They unanimously agreed, that my brother should be intrusted in our paternal occupation, to keep up the dignity of the family; but could not, till after various meetings, and a great consumption of tobacco and old pipes, resolve how to dispose of Pilgratick. One of them was for kissing the small claim I seemed to have to manhood, by putting me apprentice to a taylor, another to a barber; for they very wisely observed, as I was but a very puny chap, and much of the family of the Slims, I should not be able to endure any hard labour. It was at last resolved, *nemine contradicente*, that I should, at a proper age, be put to a cabinet-maker. This resolution had assuredly passed the maternal assent, had not a gentleman of learning; a distant relation by my mother's side, interposed, and offered to supply me with books and board, till I had perfected my education at a grammar school. This generous proposal, though opposed with great

warmth and bitterness by my mama's privy council, was prudently accepted by my mother, who was not a little elevated with the hopes of her son's arriving at the dignity of thumping the cushion. Well, I was put to school, and hurried with such vast rapidity through Messrs. Hoole, Lilly, Cato, and Corderius, that my master declared I was the finest boy he had ever under his care. Before I had been a fortnight entered in Mynheer Erasmus, I had the misfortune to lose my master, who died of a distemper not uncommon in this island, a scolding wife. A successor was immediately called from that great nursery of bum-brushers, Appleby school. With this preceptor, after the first half year, I lived in perpetual uneasiness on account of his notorious, not to say villainous, partiality to the vicar's nephew, between whom and myself there was as great an emulation, as perhaps was ever known in those great seminaries of literature, the schools of Eton and Westminster. Under this grammatical tyrant, learning became the most insupportable burthen; however, being wearied out by the usage of this rascally pedagogue, I broke through my slavery, and was put to a school in my native town. Here I began to recover my small relish of the classics; but my brother unfortunately dying before I had been four months fixed in my new situation, I was most barbarously torn from school to supply the place of the deceased. All my Latin books were immediately seiz'd by the order of the council, and inhumanly kept from me with as much strictness as pen and ink from a state prisoner: by which means my progress in that language hath been no further serviceable to me than in teaching me to write tolerable grammar in my mother tongue. This, though it seemed to me an act of great oppression, was no more than the effect of sound policy; for it was very sagely concluded, that my love of learning would naturally increase my aversion to business. However, under these restraints I could not be easy; and, as Latin authors were denied me, with my small allowance I purchased an odd, crabbed, unfashionable book, called *Paradise Lost*, written by a son of darkness, one John Milton. This author at first was too hard for me, but by frequent reading, I began to understand and relish him. After I had finished old Common-wealth, I hired, at the important sum of two-pence a week, a queer, obsolete author, that you may perhaps have heard of, one William Shakespear, a great play-wright; but unluckily while I was perusing the first volume, I was detected by a dissenting clergyman, who was loved in our family. This gentleman, though a man of great worth and learning, had caught the common infection, and was of opinion, that the knowledge of Shakespear was altogether unnecessary to a halter-maker. Well, what was to be done? I was so charmed with my cousin Shakespear, that I could not forget him;

him; and to read him openly was downright defiance to my mother and her ministry. In this exigence I had recourse to a variety of wiles, by which I secured to myself the pleasure of perusing my favourite author without discovery."

It would be endless, Mr. Reed adds, to give an account of all the contentions, embarrassments, and unsuccesses he underwent for many years; all which were insufficient to divert him from Dramatic Poetry, which through every period of his life seems to have been the object of his particular regard. So early as the year 1742, he began a Farce, called "The Superannuated Gallant," which in 1745 was printed in 12mo. at Newcastle, where we are informed it was represented by a company of strollers. In 1747 he made a visit to London, led to it most probably by his affection for the Drama. In 1750 he married; and having a desire to transplant himself to the neighbourhood of the metropolis, he in the beginning of 1757 accomplished his design, and settled himself in Sun Tavern Fields, where he continued during the remainder of his life.

Except The Superannuated Gallant, and a Poem on Mr. Pope's death, which was printed in the Magazines of the times, but which deserves little praise, we do not find that he had then any otherwise employed the press. Soon after his arrival in town, he published "A British Philippic inscribed to the Right Honorable the Earl of Granville," 4to 1756: a piece intended to excite the resentment of the nation against the French, and inveighing against the prevailing vices of the times. We believe it obtained but little notice from the publick. In 1758 his Mock Tragedy of "Madrigal and Trulletta" was performed at Covent Garden Theatre one night, 6th of July, under the direction of Theophilus Cibber, of eccentric and dissipated memory. Cibber had promised to perform in it himself, but the situation of his affairs would not permit him (which indeed he little cared for) to fulfil his engagement. It was accordingly represented by such a company as might be expected, hastily collected, and very slightly disciplined. Two of them only, and those who afterwards arrived at no degree of excellence, signalized themselves on the occasion. During the rehearsal of the piece, an author we believe still living, recommended the following lines for

the dying speech of the hero; and from the circumstance of his being obliged to rise from the dead to repeat them, we may conclude the audience to have been in no ill-humour at the representation*.

I thank thee for't—and now thou, thou
flower of friends,
There's but one favour left for me to ask,
Or thee to grant—I pray thee mark it well—
Report my death just as thou'lt see me play
it—
Observe this struggle—See this wriggling
twit.—
I grind,—I writhe,—and now I kick,—kick
out—
A general shudder runs through all my
limbs;
And with a hollow voice I groan my last—
Oh! Oh! Oh!

[Dies.

A Farce called Sir Thomas Callicoe, or The Mock Nabob, taken from Sir Courtly Nice by another hand as it is imagined, concluded the evening's entertainment. This Mock Tragedy was soon afterwards published in 8vo. with Notes pointing out the performances alluded to or ridiculed in it. Among the rest Dr. Smollet's Regicide being treated with severity, he was supposed to have taken his revenge in the Critical Review, in which he was concerned. This occasioned Mr. Reed to reply in a pamphlet, entitled, "A Sop in the Pan for a Physical Critic, in a Letter to Dr. Smollet," occasioned by a Criticism on a late Mock Tragedy called Madrigal and Trulletta. By a Hater-maker." 8vo. 1759.

At this time Mr. Reed had written "The Register-Office," which in August 1758, he put into the hands of Mr. Foote, who promised to produce it at one of the Theatres in the ensuing season. Mr. Foote however, who seems to have been restrained by no motives of delicacy, where interest or any prevailing passion could be gratified, finding a character in the piece which he could adapt to his own style of acting, in violation of every principle of honour or probity, without any scruple made free with the property entrusted to his care, and in 1760 transferred it into his Comedy of "The Minor," under the name of Mether Cole. This dishonest conduct was revented by Mr. Reed, who before this period having heard that Foote intended to bring out his performance in Dublin with-

* By the Author's account it should seem at first to have met with opposition. "That the Play was most inhumanly butchered in the representation none will deny; for if ever so compleat a collection of Theatrical Wretches was in any one Play brought upon the stage of a Theatre-Royal, I will venture to renounce all pretensions to common sense. But notwithstanding the disadvantage of its representation, the play was saved; a circumstance contrary to my expectation, that I gave it up for damn'd before the conclusion of the first act." *Sop in the Pan*, p. 16.

out his consent, made an application to Mr. Garrick; by a letter in December, 1759, stating the circumstances of his case, and offering his Farce for performance at Drury-Lane Theatre. His intercourse with this Manager began with unfavourable circumstances, and probably created that want of confidence and jealousy on one side, and resentment and supineness, if not a more active quality, on the other, which seemed to pervade every future negotiation between them. No reply being received in near three weeks, an answer was demanded with some degree of spirit, which probably offending the dignity of the Manager, occasioned a peremptory refusal of the piece at that juncture. Each party it appears was disgusted and dissatisfied with the other, and the correspondence broke off abruptly; nor had our author any communication with Mr. Garrick for above twelve months.

The conduct of Mr. Foote was too gross to be patiently submitted to, and after some time, he found it necessary to endeavour to soothe our author, to which he was urged, if not compelled, by some warm remonstrances from Dr. Johnson. He at length could no longer refuse to produce "The Register-Office, which brought the Manager and our Author once more together. The same unaccommodating spirit seemed to actuate them both; and though Mr. Garrick could not prevent the Farce being acted, he shewed no alacrity in promoting the success of it. After undergoing many alterations; after being mutilated by Foote, and garbled by the Licenser; it was however, at last, produced on the 25th of April, 1761, and favourably received. At a meeting between Mr. Garrick, Mr. Foote, Dr. Johnson, and the Author, it was determined that the fourth night should be set apart for the latter's benefit. But the Manager soon afterwards receding from this engagement, and insisting it should be the sixth night, a difference arose between him and our Author, who peremptorily insisted on the strict observance of the agreement. This occasioned Mr. Garrick to refuse his performance on the night, by which means the receipts of the house were insufficient to defray the expenses of it, and the Author and Manager once more parted disgusted with each other. In the latter end of this year Mr. Reed lost his wife.

In the mean time our Author had written the tragedy of *Dido*, which after endeavouring to obtain the patronage of Lord Southwell for, he procured to be perused by Mrs. Cibber. This lady applauded the piece in very warm terms; but this circumstance, as it appears there was no cordiality between her and the Manager, was no recommendation to him. In the same proportion as she praised,

the other spoke disparagingly of the performance: and in a letter to the Author, he declared his opinion against it in these decisive terms: "My judgment is, that the fabrick is very uninteresting, and indeed I think is not in the power of any author to draw a good dramatic plan from it. I likewise think that the characters are neither well supported, or well employed; and I fear that the language would rather appear, from the affectation of obsolete words, to ridicule Shakespeare than seriously to imitate him."

To such a verdict our Author was not of a disposition to submit. He warmly expostulated with Mr. Garrick, and desired the fate of his Play might be referred to some indifferent person, as had been done in the case of Mr. Murphy's *Orphan of China*; but this precedent the Manager did not chuse to extend further than it had been, and persisted in his refusal. Mr. Reed then reclaimed his Play, in order to have it represented at Covent-Garden; to which Theatre Mr. Rich had promised it admission. The death of that Manager prevented the execution of this design, and *Dido* appeared to be condemned to oblivion.

In 1762, Mr. Reed published a very useful book, entitled, "The Tradesman's Companion; or, Tables of Avoirdupois Weight, from Eighty Pounds to Five Shillings per Ton; calculated to a Farthing. With additional Tables, from a Stilling to a Farthing per Pound; shewing at one View the Price of any Simple Quantity from a Ton to a Pound, &c." He had also for some time assisted the writers of a popular political paper, called "The Monitor;" and when the presumed Authors of that work were taken into custody, was under some apprehensions of sharing the same fate.

In 1763, Mr. Garrick went abroad, and our Author again attempted to procure the reception of *Dido*. It was read to Mr. Powell, who being pleased with it, promised it every assistance in his power; and on the Manager's return, effected a reconciliation between him and our author. *Dido* was then altered, but still Mr. Garrick shewed a reluctance to permitting its representation. After various objections, however, and a long negotiation, it was recommended by him to permit it to take its fate at the benefit of Mr. Holland, which after some hesitation was consented to. It was accordingly acted on the 28th of March 1767, and was received with great applause. The following passages we remember were particularly noticed:

—Gentle sleep,
Thou balmy comfort! banisher of care!
Thou intermediate state 'twixt life and death!
Thou kind, yet mystical restorative

Of weary Nature, how unequally
 Thy blessings are distributed to man !
 Wert thou a human being, I should think
 thee
 Some noble in disgrace, thou com'st to Courts
 With such reluctance. The tri'd cottager
 No sooner stretches him on hardest bed,
 But strait the rustic snores : The King
 oppress'd
 With double weariness of body and mind,
 Oit tosses half the night on downy couch,
 Ere thou wilt visit him with one slight flum-
 ber. Act IV.

Thou wouldst not have Æneas chargeable
 With guilt so hateful as Ingratitude ?
 In all the train of Vice there's not a monster
 More foul, more ugly, than Ingratitude.
 It is a fiend of blackest hue, begot
 By the demon Envy on the forenoon's Pride,
 And litter'd in a base, a thankless heart.
 In want 'tis humble ; licks, yet, if it durst,
 Would bite the hand that ministers relief.
 In power 'tis proud ; repays past benefits
 With scorn, neglect, or insult. Its sharp
 tooth
 Strikes deeper than the serpent's poisonous
 sting ;
 And he that entertains this footy guest,
 Harbours as rank a devil in his heart,
 As Hell hath ever gender'd. Ibid.

It was afterwards performed a second and
 a third time, when the season being too far
 advanced to continue the representation, it
 was laid aside by consent until the opening
 of the house in winter.

During the recess, the state of Drury-lane
 Theatre had sustained a material alteration,
 by the removal of Mr. Powell and Mrs.
 Yates to Covent-Garden. To supply their
 places, it was proposed to substitute Mr. Red-
 dith and Mrs. W. Barry ; but Mr. Barry
 and Mrs. Dancer being soon afterwards en-
 gaged, Mr. Reed insisted on their filling the
 characters before performed by Mr. Powell
 and Mrs. Yates. Mrs. Dancer at first ac-
 cepted the part, but Mr. Barry's absence in
 Ireland prevented for some time any applica-
 tion to him. On his return, as our Author
 always supposed, by the influence of Mr.
 Garrick, both he and Mrs. Dancer refused to
 perform the characters intended for them ;
 and the Author as steadily refusing the substi-
 tutes offered for them, the play was of ne-
 cessity laid aside.

To make amends to our Author for his dis-
 appointment relating to Dido, Mr. Garrick
 offered him a night on account of *The Re-*

gister-Office, which Mr. Reed accepted ;
 and introduced a new character of a flatteringly
 Poete's, which was excellently performed
 by Miss Pope, and bid fair to become a fa-
 vourite with the publick ; but as though har-
 mony was not designed to last long between
 the Manager and Author, the latter forbade the
 representation of it after the tragedy of *Ze-
 nobia*, which he thought had unfairly super-
 seded *Dido*. The Manager resented the pro-
 hibition, the Farce was laid aside ; and both
 the Author and Manager for the last time
 parted with resentment towards each other,
 and from thenceforth ceased to have any com-
 munication together.

As no effort was made nor any inclination
 discovered by either of the parties towards a
 reconciliation, all correspondence between
 them from this time ceased. Mr. Reed,
 however, wrote a narrative of the whole
 transaction, which he intended to publish,
 but was dissuaded from it by the solicitations
 of Mr. Holland. He had before this period
 written *Tom Jones*, an Opera, which had
 been received by Mr. Garrick ; but while
 he was expecting a time to be fixed
 for its performance, he was alarmed with an
 account that Bickerstaff, of infamous me-
 mory, intended to write a piece on the same
 subject. After some altercation between
 them, Mr. Reed judged it prudent to secure
 the performance of his own Opera first ;
 and therefore transferred it to Covent-Gar-
 den Theatre, where it was performed 14th
 of January, 1769, with great applause, and
 for several nights afterwards. The profits
 arising from this performance, amounted to
 a considerable sum of money.

As Mr. Reed at all times had determined
 that his attention to his trade should not be
 diverted by his theatrical amusements ; it
 seems as though his ardour for the stage was
 from this period somewhat cooled by the
 obstacles he had met with in his pursuits*.
 Though he continued to divert his leisure
 hours with writing dramattick pieces, we do
 not find that he attempted to get any of them
 acted until the year 1772 ; when Mr. Foote
 actually promised under his hand to produce
 one of them called "*The Impostors*," if he
 obtained the Chamberlain's licence. The re-
 presentation of this performance was pre-
 vented by the Author being informed by a
 capital performer, that Mr. Foote had un-
 warily expressed a resolution to take this op-
 portunity of revenging the disgrace he had
 incurred, by the discovery of his personating
 the character of *Mother Cole*. In this year,

* He had in 1759 declared, " I hate a lazy life, and must have my hands or head em-
 ployed. When my *hempen* calls are brisk, I am not at home to the *Mises* ; but when my trade
 grows dull, I am glad to receive their *Ladyships*." See in the *Pan*, p. 23.

Mr. Reed became a volunteer in favour of Mr. Garrick, against the infamous attack of Kenrick. The letters he published in this controversy were by Kenrick ascribed to Garrick himself. They were published in "The Morning Chronicle" under the signature of Benedick, and afterwards added to the fifth edition of "Love in the Suds." It is to Mr. Reed's honour, that he never communicated this act of justice to Mr. Garrick, nor desired to derive any advantage to himself from it.

In 1776, he gave Mr. Woodward a small piece, taken from Gil Blas, called "The Impostors, or A Cure for Credulity," which was acted at his benefit 19th of March. This was his last Theatrical exhibition. His care of a very profitable trade left him but little leisure, and that leisure he devoted to literary and domestick amusements.

In 1784, he published "An Epitaph on the late illustrious Earl of Chatham, dedicated to the present Minister;" 8vo. and in 1786, printed "Saint Peter's Lodge; a Serio-comic legendary Tale, in Hudibrastic verse," 8vo. which he inscribed to the Prince of Wales. In this year a monopoly of hemp took place, which was supposed would have a pernicious effect on the shipping of the Kingdom. On this occasion he published "A Rope's End for Hempen Monopolists; or A Dialogue between a Broker, a Rope-maker, and the Ghost of Jonas Hanway, Esq. In which are represented the pernicious Effects of the Rise in the Price of Hemp. By a Halter-maker, at the Service of all Monopolists." 8vo. His last performance was "The Retort Courteous; or A candid Appeal to the Public, on the Conduct of Thomas Linley, Esq. Manager of Drury-Lane Theatre, to the Author of Dido. Containing original Letters and just Remarks on the Manager's arbitrary and indefensible Rejection of that Tragedy." 8vo. 1787. A long sedentary course of life with little exercise, brought

on a disorder which terminated his life, 15th of August, 1787, at the age of 64. A few days after he was buried in Bunhill-fields burying-ground. His property, which was considerable, he left to be divided between his three surviving children in equal proportions.

Mr. Reed's character deserves a few words, if uprightness and integrity have any claim to the remembrance of mankind. In a life passed with so little variety, few opportunities present themselves for the display of heroic virtues, the bons mots of life, as Dr. Johnson justly called them; yet one instance did occur, which we shall relate in a note*. He was possessed of considerable genius, and had he mixed more in the world, would have made a better figure as a dramatick writer. He had no small portion of humour, and as far as his observation reached he painted with accuracy. The merit of invention would with great injustice be denied him. As a man, his character was very amiable; he was hospitable and generous, kind and affectionate to his relations, frank and open to his friends, charitable and humane to all. He disdained the sneaking vices of meanness and servility, and probably lost some opportunities of benefiting himself by too open an avowal of his sentiments to the Managers of the Theatres, with whom it was his lot to negotiate. The same disposition prevailed in his conduct as a man of business, and he is supposed to have incurred some resentments on account of his pamphlet concerning the hemp monopoly; but satisfied with the propriety of his conduct, he was perfectly indifferent to any consequences resulting from it. He had no slight opinion of his own powers, and what he thought due to his merit, he was not backward to demand. He was indefatigably diligent in all his pursuits. The austerity and preciseness of the sect in which he had been educated, had weakened his attachment to it; and when he ceased to be a member of † that persuasion, he did not

* At the time Mr. Reed resided at Stockton, and when he was in no very affluent circumstances, a person who had acquired about 2000l. in the sea-service, thought proper to leave him the whole of his property. Mr. Reed immediately on the death of the testator sent for his next of kin; and very generously and disinterestedly relinquished the whole of the bequest to them.

† In his Poem of St. Peter's Lodge, it seems probable that he meant to pourtray himself in the following dialogue:

" — Now say what church you stuck to?
 " With modes of worship discontented,
 " Nor Church nor Chapel I frequented.
 " Then I my venture, Sir, to assert,
 " You're half an Atheist in your heart.
 " Not so, good Saint—my youthful mind
 " To Calvin's principles inclin'd;
 " But as my reason stronger grew,
 " From Calvin's worship I withdrew;

" Convinc'd

unite with any other. His character as a tradesman, will be best spoken of by those with whom he had any dealings; but it may be said with confidence, that he has left behind him that reputation which we apprehend

he fought for in his life-time; and which we believe, were he now conscious, would afford him more satisfaction than any praise bestowed on his genius, that of being universally acknowledged an HONEST MAN.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

The following account of an unpublished Play has been transmitted to us, with leave to print it in the European Magazine. We know not how far our Correspondent may be authorized to grant this permission; but as we perceive nothing that can give offence to any person in the paper, we do not hesitate to accept the offered favour with every acknowledgment. It appears to have been intended as an article in "The Biographia Dramatica;" but why it was suppressed, and an inferior one, in every point of view, substituted in its place, we are unable to give any information. To the several accounts already printed of the story from whence the plot of this play may have been derived, we are desired to add, that there is one hitherto unnoticed, which lays the scene in the North of England, in the time of Charles I. It is a pamphlet entitled, "Eleanora: or a Tragical but True Case of Incest in Great Britain." 8vo. 1751.

"THE MYSTERIOUS MOTHER. A Tragedy, by *Horace Walpole*, 8vo. 1768. This dramatic piece was printed by our author at Strawberry-hill, and distributed among his particular friends, but with strict injunctions that it should never be shewn to Mr. *Garrick*, or Doctor *Johnson*. Mr. *Walpole* could by no means stoop to the judgment of the former, who had preferred *Agis to Douglas*; and of the rigorous criticism of the latter he would seem to have encouraged the most unreasonable apprehensions. His play however, which we have often read, and shall often read again, may in our opinion boast of a more correct representation of ancient manners, a nobler fund of morality, a stronger effervescence of the passions, and a happier enchainment of the

mind in suspense, than are to be discovered in any other tragic effort of a modern date. The fable of it, which is similar to that in the *Queen of Navarre's Novels*, vol. I. nov. 30. is perhaps improper for the stage, as undoubtedly there are crimes which have owed their repetition to the very records that stated their enormity.—The chief defects of the work before us, arise from the choice of a tale so slender as not to furnish out a sufficient variety of business,—in the fourth act, from somewhat too like a stage trick to create astonishment,——and, occasionally, from an improper use of antiquated words and phrases. We have likewise heard it observed, that the moment to which the guilt of our heroine is confined, was of all others such as could not fail to have unfitted

" Convinc'd that every sect abounded
 " In tenets on wild notions grounded.
 " If to no sect or godly class
 " Alitid, how could you gain your pass?
 " I made, at my examination,
 " This brief, yet honest declaration:
 " To one *supreme, eternal BEING*,
 " All just, all merciful, all seeing,
 " Man's great CREATOR, SIRE, and FRIEND,
 " From whom all benefits descend,
 " In whose protection I confided—
 " I bow'd, while I on earth resided;
 " And strove, as far as human weakness
 " Permitted, both in health and sickness,
 " To shew obedience to his will,
 " By doing good and shunning ill.
 " The zealots would against me rave,
 " All were my Brethren to the grave."

her for the commission of the fact from whence her succeeding miseries were derived. But the critics who suggested this remark, do not appear to have considered how impossible it is, when the disappointed passions of a daring and sensual female are once in motion, to determine on what object they may repose.

Though the first of English critics has acutely observed, that single bricks are but bad specimens of a building, we shall venture to introduce the following descriptive speech appropriated to the character of an airy soldier who begins the piece, together with the sensible and animated reflections on the church of Rome, which the *Mysterious Mother* delivers at her first exit. The learned reader will perceive, as indeed our author acknowledges, that the latter of these effusions is in some measure imitated from the address of *Caio to Labienus* in the ninth book of the *Pharsalia*. The two passages are not selected on account of their superior splendour, for

— uno avulso non deficit alter
Aureus, et simili frondebat virga metallo,

but because the force of them will not be much diminished by their separation from the scenes to which they belong.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Platform before the Castle.

Florian.

“ WHAT awful silence! How these an-
“ tique towers,
“ And vacant courts, chill the suspended
“ soul,
“ Till expectation wears the cast of fear;
“ And fear, half-ready to become devo-
“ tion,
“ Mumbles a kind of mental orison,
“ It knows not wherefore. What a kind
“ of being
“ Is circumstance!
“ I am a soldier, and were yonder battle-
“ ments
“ Garath'd with combatants, and cannon-
“ mounted,
“ My daring breast would bound with exul-
“ tation,
“ And glorious hopes enliven this drear
“ scene.
“ Now dare I not scarce tread to my own
“ hearing,
“ Lest echo borrow superstition's tongue,

“ And seem to answer me like one de-
“ parted.
“ I met a peasant, and enquir'd my way:
“ The carle, not rude of speech, but like
“ the tenant
“ Of some night-haunted ruin, bore an
“ aspect
“ Of horror, worn to habitude He bade
“ God bless me, and pass'd on. I urg'd
“ him farther:
“ Good master, cries he, go not to the
“ castle;
“ There sorrow ever dwells, and moping
“ misery.
“ I press'd him yet.—None there, said he,
“ are welcome,
“ But now and then a mass-priest, and the
“ poor,
“ To whom the pious countess deals her
“ alms,
“ On covenant, that each revolving night
“ They beg of Heaven the health of her
“ son's soul,
“ And of her own: but often as returns
“ The twentieth of September, they are
“ bound
“ Fast from the midnight watch to pray
“ till morn.—
“ More would he not disclose, or knew not
“ more.
“ —What precious mummery! Her son in
“ exile,
“ She wastes on monks and beggars his in-
“ heritance,
“ For his soul's health! I never knew a
“ woman,
“ But lov'd our bodies or our souls too
“ well.
“ Each matter whom maintains its hour of
“ empire,
“ And obstinately faithful to its dictates,
“ With equal ardour, equal importunity,
“ They tease us to be damn'd or to be
“ sav'd.
“ I hate to love or pray too long.”

—————

“ Consult a holy man! Inquire of him!
“ Good father, wherefore? What should
“ I inquire?
“ Must I be taught of him that guilt is woe,
“ That innocence alone is happiness?
“ That martyrdom itself will leave the
“ villain
“ The villain that it found him? Must I
“ learn
“ That minutes stamp'd with crimes are past
“ recall?
“ That joys are momentary, and remorse
“ Eternal? Shall he teach me charms and
“ spells,

- * To make my sense believe against my
 " sense?
 " Shall I think practices and penances
 " Will, if he say so, give the health of vir-
 " tue
 " To gnawing self-reproach?—I know
 " they cannot;
 " Nor could one risen from the dead pro-
 " claim
 " This truth in deeper sounds to my con-
 " viction.
 " We want no preacher to distinguish vice
 " From virtue. At our birth the god re-
 " veal'd
 " All conscience needs to know. No co-
 " dicit
 " To duty's rubrick here and there was
 " plac'd
 " In some faint's casual custody. Weak
 " minds
 " Want their foul's fortune told by oracles
 " And holy jugglers. Me, nor oracles,
 " Nor prophets, death alone can certify,
 " Whether, when justice's full due's ex-
 " acted,
 " Mercy shall grant one drop to flake my
 " torment.
 " —Here, father, break we off; you to
 " your calling,
 " I to my tears and mournful occupation."

The narrow limits of a work like ours ex-
 clude the power of doing adequate justice to
 the very singular merit of this tragedy; but
 we will venture to add, that the reader of
 taste who is fortunate enough to meet with
 it, will hardly be disposed to controvert our
 decision in its favour.

Since the foregoing article was written,
 we have met with a tragedy, entitled, *In-
 nocence Disress'd, or, The Royal Penitents*,
 8vo. 1737, a piece founded on the same
 story with the *Mysterious Mother*, to which
 it is far inferior in contrivance, sentiment,
 character and language. There is yet a ma-
 terial coincidence between parts of the con-
 duct of these two performances, though per-
 haps no more than the singularity of the sto-
 ry would have forced on different authors
 who had undertaken the same task, without
 the least acquaintance with each other's la-
 bours.—We are informed also, that the re-
 motest origin of the tale is to be met with
 in a collection of mock causes proposed for
 arguments at a mooting in France, a custom
 anciently observed in our own seminaries of
 law. From this publication it found its way
 into the *Queen of Navarre's Novels*, and
 from thence into similar books of entertain-
 ment.

T H E L O N D O N R E V I E W.

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

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

(Concluded from page 23.)

WE closed our last observations with
 the mention of Johnson's Dictionary,
 the compiling of which was an important
 period of his life. We are now arrived at
 Sir John Hawkins's account of Johnson's
 settlement with the bookfellers, on the
 conclusion of that great work; a strange
 settlement indeed on Johnson's part,
 but which throws great light on his
 character. But we must recur to a for-
 mer part of Sir John's book for some par-
 ticulars.

The principal London Bookfellers,
 who, says Sir John, "had long medi-
 tated the publication of a Dictionary
 after the model of those of France, and

"the *Academia della Crusca*"—John-
 son's reputation as a scholar and philolo-
 gist being well established—"looked upon
 "him as a fit person to be employed in
 "such an undertaking. Johnson was
 "promised a liberal reward—was tempted
 "to engage with them, and accordingly
 "set himself to compile that work." For
 this purpose he hired apartments in Gough-
 square, and fitted up a room with desks
 for Amanuenses, five or six of whom he
 kept under his eye. After this informa-
 tion to his reader, and giving an account
 of what Dictionaries he used, Sir John
 rambles away from his subject; and
 about thirty pages afterward thus takes it

up again: "Johnson was all this while working at the Dictionary, having to assist him a number of young persons, whose employment it was to distribute the articles with sufficient spaces for the definitions, which it is easy to discern are of his own composition. Of these his assistants some were young men of parts, others mere drudges. Among the former was one of the name of Shiells, a Scotchman." During part of the time of this labour, which was in all about nine years, Johnson by way of relaxation wrote his Rambler, the Dictionary, according to Sir John, being a task which Mr. Johnson performed with great reluctance. "It deprived him," says our author, "of many of the pleasures he most delighted in, as, namely, reading in his desultory manner, and the conversation of his friends. It also increased his constitutional melancholy, and at times excited in him a loathing of that employment, to which he could not but look upon himself as doomed by his necessities. The sum for which he had stipulated with the booksellers was by the terms of the agreement to be paid as the work went on, and was indeed his only support. Being thus compelled to spend every day like the rest, he looked on himself as in a state of mental bondage, and reflecting that while he was thus employed, his best faculties lay dormant, was unwillingly willing to work."

After one hundred and forty pages spent in digressions and bye-histories, the Dictionary is again introduced. "It has already been mentioned," says Sir John, "that Johnson's inducement to this undertaking was the offer of a liberal reward. The term liberal is indefinite, and after the lapse of twenty years, during which such sums as from three to eight thousand pounds have been paid for copies, would hardly be allowed to fifteen hundred and seventy-five, which was the sum stipulated for the Dictionary. Of this Johnson, who was no very accurate accountant, thought a great part would be coming to him on the conclusion of the work; but upon producing, at a tavern-meeting for the purpose of settling, receipts for sums advanced to him, which were indeed the chief means of his subsistence, it was found, not only that he had eaten his cake, but that the balance of the account was greatly against him. His debtors were now become his creditors; but the, in a perfect consistency with

"that liberal spirit, which, in sundry instances, the great booksellers are known to have exercised towards authors, remitted the difference, and consoled him for his disappointment by making his entertainment at the tavern a treat."

The above paragraph is not more highly characteristic of Dr. Johnson, than it is of the ideas and spirit of Sir John Hawkins. In a citation just made, Sir John says that Johnson was promised a liberal reward by the Booksellers, and in the above he says, that the term liberal is indefinite. These in the strongest manner convey the idea that no precise sum was specified, and yet we are immediately told that 1575l. was the sum stipulated for the Dictionary. In a note Sir John says, that he had the original contract in his hand; and to this sum, our Knight observes, can "hardly be allowed" the term liberal, when it is considered that during the lapse of twenty years, from 3000l. to 8000l. pounds had been paid for copies. Indeed when we consider the bulk and drudgery of the work, that Johnson was nine years employed on it, and had five or six Amanuenses to pay out of it, we must not only agree with Sir John, and deny the term *liberal* to Johnson's payment, but must add that it was mean and pitiful. Yet, strange to tell, Sir John immediately forgot that he had objected to the term *liberal* applied to Johnson's payment for his great and long labour; for all in the same breath he calls the remission of a balance against Johnson, "in perfect consistency with that *liberal* spirit, which, in sundry instances, the great Booksellers are known to have exercised towards authors." If the stipulated payment was inadequate and illiberal, as certainly it was, the remission of a balance against Johnson was no more than that justice where Honour holds the scales; and to say that Johnson was consoled by having his reckoning paid for him at a tavern, betrays in Sir John a most contemptible meanness and fordidness of spirit. It reminds us of a canting methodist whom we once met at a friend's table, who disgusted the company by his continually thanking God in the most silly and unworthy manner. One happened to say, These are good turnips. "Ay, let us thank God, says Cant, for sending us good turnips." The small-beer is very fresh, says another. "Ay, says Cant, let us thank God for sending us fresh small-beer." When favours of small account are represented as most important benefits, who can help despising the littleness

littleness of that mind which so highly rates them?

An indelicate satirical work in ridicule of Johnson and his writings, and also against Akenfide, named *Lexiphanes*, is erroneously ascribed by Sir John to the late Dr. Kenrick, who, he says, wrote it in order to get honour by one or the other answering him; but he was disappointed. But this is all blundering in the dark: *Lexiphanes* was written by one Campbell, a Purser in the Royal Navy, who lately died in the West-Indies.

Birds of a feather will flock together, says the old proverb, and the dull will bepraise the dull. Thus we find our author very cordial in the praise of Blackmore. Johnson, on whose poetical taste we have given a limited opinion, in our account of Boswell's Journal of the Tour to the Hebrides, (see Vol. VIII. page 452.) was it seems inclined to favour Sir Richard Blackmore, "who with a dignity of mind that merits praise," says Sir John from Johnson, "despised the failures of the wits who attacked him." And the consequence is, says our Knight, "that his poem entitled *Creation* still lives in the esteem of every judicious reader, and in that most elegant encomium which Mr. Addison has bestowed on it in the Spectator (No. 339); and Dennis, one of the severest of critics, has given it greater praise than he ever vouchsafed to any modern composition." Sir John introduces the above by citing Bentley for saying that "no author was ever written down but by himself," and is highly pleased with Sir Richard's foresight of his future fame. "All this, as Johnson relates," says Sir John, "Blackmore foresaw." But, in the name of wonder, what fame did he foresee with justice as due in futurity to those volumes of poverty and dulness, and other of his numerous poetical attempts? That his poem intitled *Creation* is the best of his works, and has merit, is readily confessed, but all its merit will not cover his multitude of poetical sins. It is an anecdote well known to those who have conversed with those who were old *Literati* twenty or thirty years ago, that Sir Richard, when he was writing his *Creation*, belonged to those celebrated meetings of the wits called the *Kit-Cat* club; that he produced his poem by *piece-meal* to them; that it received their corrections; that his copy was mostly taken home by some of them, and returned at next meeting much improved; that Addison in particular thus befriended him; and hence in a great measure the

merit of his *Creation*. And seriously to cite the authority of the capricious Dennis, who reviled Pope, Addison, Steele, Prior, and every eminent author of the age, is indeed too ridiculous to deserve either much examination or censure.

About the year 1758, Johnson was offered a living by Mr. Langton, the friend of Bennet Langton, Esq. "It was a rectory in a pleasant country," says Sir John, "and of such a yearly value as might have tempted one in better circumstances than himself to accept it; but he had scruples about the duties of the ministerial function that he could not, after deliberation, overcome. *I have not, said he, the requisites for the office, and I cannot in my conscience swear that flock which I am unable to feed.*" This conduct, however unlike the man of the world, does great honour to the religious sincerity and integrity of the heart of Johnson.

To Johnson's humour, and talent of burlesque versification, Sir John has done dull justice. He gives the Meditation on a Pudding in ridicule of Hervey's Meditations. This was spoken in Scotland, and is first recorded by Boswell; but our honest Knight makes no mention of the authority from whence he takes it.

Sir John is sadly puzzled about the propriety of Johnson's acceptance of a pension. After having talked *about it and about it*, "It is yet difficult," says he, "if not impossible to justify Johnson, both in the interpretation given by him of the word pension, and in his becoming a pensioner. In one instance or the other he was wrong, and either his discretion or integrity must be given up." After much *see-saw* work our Knight vindicates the integrity of Johnson as incorruptible, favours his acceptance of an unconditional pension, and justly observes that his case was not similar to that of Marve, who refused the high offers of the second Charles at a time when he stood in need of a guinea.

On poor Goldsmith Sir John is very severe, yet mostly just on the oddities of that poet. That he had "no humour," as Sir John will have it, is the assertion of Dulness. His comedies, his Vicar of Wakefield, and some of his little ballads contain much genuine and arch humour; though it is true of his conversation, as Sir John says, that "he never told a story but he spoiled it."

In his account of Goldsmith's waiting on the late Duke, then Earl of Northumberland, Sir John displays his own dis-

position in striking colours. Sir John happened to be at the Earl's at the time, and on Goldsmith's coming from his audience, says he, "I asked him the result of his conversation. His Lordship, told me he had read my poem, meaning the Traveller, and was much delighted with it; that he was going Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and that hearing I was a native of that country, he should be glad to do me any kindness. And what did you answer, asked I, to this gracious offer? Why, said he, I could say nothing but that I had a brother there, a clergyman, that stood in need of help: as for myself, I have no dependence on the promises of great men; I look to the bookfellers for support; they are my best friends, and I am not inclined to forsake them."

This disinterested conduct of Goldsmith was exactly that of a man who loves independence, and prefers it to anxious and uncertain dependence on the smiles of a nobleman. It is also easy to conceive that Goldsmith found himself unfit for the train of a Lord Lieutenant, and viewed with reluctance the change of life and pursuits which such a situation would certainly produce; and besides was satisfied with what his talents could command from the public, and its agents the Bookfellers. But Sir John seems totally blind to these sentiments, so congenial to the character of Goldsmith, and very grossly calls him "an IDIOT in the affairs of the world, thus to tittle with his fortunes, and put back the hand that was held out to assist him." But still worse is Sir John's retailing an ungenerous obloquy on the memory of Goldsmith. "In his dealings with the bookfellers, says he, he is said to have acted very dishonestly, never fulfilling his engagements."—What never! Whence then his numerous publications, by which the bookfellers were considerable gainers? The very worst that FACT will admit in this case is, that sometimes he was perhaps deficient in punctuality of the proposed time; a common case with the most respectable authors, and a circumstance often unavoidable. A Gentleman would have said no more; for the engagements which Goldsmith never fulfilled, were broken by the hand of Death after a few days illness, occasioned by an inflammation in his bladder and an imprudent use of James's Powders. What man of candour and generous feeling but must detest the propensity of our Knight to vilify the deceased

by the most unfair conclusions, measuring the conduct of others by his own disposition. To this we must add his severe censure, of the very contrary kind, on the pious and venerable Dr. Young: "A man," says Sir John, "who by a strange fatality could never attain to any of those distinctions in his profession, which are generally understood to be the rewards of learning and piety, and must be supposed to have failed by the ardour with which he solicited, and the servile adulation which he practised to come at them; of which latter disposition he has given such instances in the dedications of his Satires to the several persons of high rank to whom they are addressed, as also in the exordium to each of the Night Thoughts at their first coming abroad, for in the later edition they are omitted, as are a disgrace to manhood, and must have put the vainer of his patrons to the blush."

Among the many parts of Sir John's work which are a disgrace to the candour of manhood, this is one of the most infamous and odious. The logic of it is exactly thus: Dr. Young with all his talents failed of preferment; and this must be supposed to be occasioned by the ardour with which he solicited, and the servile adulation he practised; instances of which he has given in his dedications, &c. which "are a disgrace to manhood, and must have put the vainer of his patrons to the blush." We are afraid it is no easy matter to put Sir John to the blush; otherwise he might be as red as crimson for the above most illiberal paragraph. Dr. Young's dedications and exordiums we remember well, and there is nothing in them beyond the style of the time in which he wrote. There is a fashion in dedications as well as in dress, and Young was not only far from the extreme to which other celebrated writers have gone, but the characters of the persons he addressed, for the most part vindicates him. But Sir John's illiberal censure on this head is nothing to the infancy of his conclusion, that Young's want of preferment must be supposed to have arisen from the ardour and servile adulation with which he solicited. Every man of a good heart is interested, and must feel, when an amiable and pious character is thus basely misrepresented, and condemned on the must be supposed of a sordid and illiberal disposition. But notwithstanding all the ardour of solicitation and servile adulation ascribed to him, we find Dr. Young of a very different

ferent temper. At a time of life too, when age, conscious of its infirmities, becomes avaritious, we find him refusing preferment, and boasting in one of his Night Thoughts, that there was still one, though bred with Courtiers,

To whom preferment came a day too late.

After ridiculously accusing Johnson of envying Garrick, because he had a low idea of Garrick's literary abilities, and hated mimicry and buffoonery, our Worthy enters into a serious defence of Johnson's Prayers and Meditations, and of the publication of them, which, we are told, was by Johnson's desire. Happy had it been for Johnson's reputation, and for the credit and honour of true piety with the great multitude, if these Prayers and Meditations had been committed to the flames, and consigned to oblivion. They afford only a melancholy proof of the superstitious and deplorable weakness to which the strongest minds are in some instances liable; and his resolves, and the constant breaking of them, are childishness itself.

Talking of the Doctor's tour to the Western Islands of Scotland, Sir John has this strange sentence: "Of the inhabitants, those of St. Kilda for instance, some are Christians—others are of the Romish communion, and the rest are of that denomination of Protestants who adhere to the reformation of that furious bigot John Knox." So Papists and Presbyterians are not Christians. Yet in a few pages we find Sir John inveighing against Dr. Johnson for not joining in worship with these "who adhere here to the reformation of that furious bigot John Knox." And he compliments the religion of Scotland as "Christianity in its utmost purity;" with what consistency with his former invective against the Scotch reformation, let the reader judge.

The scheme for bringing Dr. Johnson into Parliament is worthy of attention. Sir John thinks that Johnson would have made a brilliant figure in the House. "Had Johnson become a member," says he, "of the House of Commons, as he was one of the most correct speakers ever known, he would undoubtedly have exhibited to that assembly a perfect model of senatorial eloquence." And in his account of Johnson's political pamphlets, our Knight is the warm friend and defender of the Doctor's political principles. But we claim the liberty of differing widely from Sir John on these

heads. Johnson's defects of hearing and sight, and his awkward attitudes and ungraceful appearance, are often introduced and strongly marked by Sir John; and surely all these are greatly against any man's making an eminent figure in the British Senate. His deafness would have prevented a proper understanding of the debates going on; his appearance would not have commanded respect; and his eloquence was not of that declamatory, rapid, and vehement kind, which distinguishes our most popular speakers. Nor can we possibly agree with Sir John in admiration of the Doctor's political principles. His political reasoning is often fallacious, and as often betrays great ignorance of his subject. Witness his estimate of the value of Falkland's Island. It is a fact well known, that ever since their first acquisitions in South America, the Spaniards have been extremely jealous of every thing that looked like an attempt of England to gain a port in, or even any knowledge of, the South Seas. To gain such, was the chief ambition of that great and intelligent Commander Sir Walter Raleigh; and the Spanish resentments were worked up to the highest pitch by his attempts. It is of the utmost importance to Great Britain, in the time of war, to cut off the Spanish resources from the South Seas; and every thing that tends to distress them in that rich and most vulnerable quarter, must produce a proportionate advantage to this country.

The man of the plainest understanding may conceive the vast importance of having a port or ports in those distant seas, where our fleets may rest and rendezvous on any emergency, and from whence they may intercept and annoy the rich fleets of the enemy. And this plain reasoning is strongly confirmed by the Spanish jealousy, and by their strenuous exertions to prevent any footing of the English in those seas. The importance of such a port is also authenticated by the voyage of Lord Anson in the most indisputable manner. And what Englishman who considers and weighs these facts, can withhold his indignation, when he hears a Johnson thus ignorantly describing Falkland's Island:

"A bleak and gloomy solitude, an island thrown aside from human use, stormy in winter, and barren in summer: an island which not the southern savages have dignified with habitation; where a garrison must be kept in a state that contemplates with envy the exiles of Siberia; of which the expence will

“ be perpetual, and the use only occasional; and which, if fortune smile upon our labours, may become a nest of smugglers in peace, and in war a future refuge of buccaneers.”

A train of more contemptible reasoning than the above is hardly to be produced.—The vast importance of a rendezvous in the South Seas, is passed over as a mere nothing, and Falkland’s Island condemned because it was not a place of luxury. How despicable must such argument appear to the great statesman and experienced general, who never admit the plea of hardship when the service requires it; and how many of our most valuable settlements in every part of the globe are liable to the very same wise objections, and the sagacious “may become a nest of smugglers and buccaneers!” In short, the sage Dr. Johnson appears to have known as little of the real importance of Falkland’s Island, as the southern savages, whose neglect of it is most absurdly brought as a proof of its inutility. And equal to the above-citation in weakness and childifness is the following: “There is reason to expect,” says the grave Doctor, “that as the world is more enlightened, policy and morality will at last be reconciled, and that nations will learn not to do what they would not suffer.” And this *reasonable expectation* will certainly take place, but not till then, when human nature ceases to be what it at present is.

Yet with all its absurdities Johnson’s pitiful treatise on the affair of the Falkland Islands is honoured with the high approbation of Sir John Hawkins, who calls it “a most judicious pamphlet;” and which he a little before had called, “founded in true policy and sound morality.” And so fully has our worshipful Knight adopted the ideas of Johnson, that he thus paraphrases him, calling the Falklands, “spots of earth so inconsiderable, as Johnson asserts, that in the desert of the ocean they had almost escaped human notice, and which if they had not happened to make a sea-mark, had, perhaps, never had a name.” And this *perhapsing* rant (if we may be allowed a new word) fully proves, that Sir John was just as good a judge of the commercial and military advantages of the Falkland station as Dr. Johnson and the *Southern Savages*, to whose conduct the good Doctor so wisely appeals.

Who that considers his natural defects, his prejudices, and warped politics, can be at a loss to form an idea of what sort of Member of Parliament Dr. Johnson would

have made? Nor can we close this subject without remarking a most fallacious argument pompously held up by the Doctor, in his pamphlet named the *False Alarm*.—We are obliged to quote from memory; but the purport is exactly thus: Having denied that the interest of the nation was in any danger, “Go to the distant counties,” says he, “and ask the country gentlemen and the wealthy farmers, if the nation is not ruined? They will answer with surprise, that they know of no such thing, that they have good crops and good markets, and every thing is going on very well.”—But a stage-coachman may overfet his coach in a ditch or an old quarry-pit, while those who were snug in the *basket* know nothing of the matter.

After the above censure on Sir John, we are happy to own that we agree with his estimate of Johnson’s poetical talents.—“Moral sentiments and versification,” says our author, “seem chiefly to have engaged his attention, and on these his criticisms are accurate, but severe, and not always impartial.” And Sir John had just said that Johnson neither understood nor relished descriptive poetry, which might well account for the “frigid commendation” which he bestows on Thomson, Dryden, and others of the descriptive poets. Much the same estimate of Johnson’s poetical taste and talents is given in our Review of Boswell’s *Journal of the Tour to the Hebrides*; and as our Knight has notoriously borrowed from other writers, and even the periodical publications, it is no strained conjecture, that he had our estimate in his eye, when he passed his judgment on the Doctor’s poetical powers. (See our Magazine for December, 1785, p. 451.)

It is well known that Dr. Johnson had great delight in intelligent conversation, but that he hated mimicry and buffoonery; for which reason, says Sir John, the Doctor so managed it, that Garrick was never admitted into the celebrated literary club founded by Johnson, who had also instituted other clubs. The last of these is severely reprobated by Sir John. It was instituted by the Doctor, says he, in December, 1783, at an ale-house in Essex-street, was a sixpenny club, and “though some of the members were persons of note, strangers, under restrictions, for three-pence each night, might, three times in a week, hear him (*Johnson*) talk, and partake of his conversation.” “The more intimate of Johnson’s friends looked on this establishment, both as a sorry expedient to kill time, and

“ and a degradation of *his* powers.—It
 “ was a mortification to them, to associate
 “ in idea the clink of the tankard with
 “ moral disquisition and literary investiga-
 “ tion.” And our Knight adds, that those
 “ friends, “ from motives of mere compas-
 “ sion, suffered him to enjoy a comfort,
 “ which was now become almost the only
 “ one of which he was capable”—and
 “ which in the “ short space of ten months,
 “ the increase of his complaints obliged
 “ him to forego.” But all this, with Sir
 John’s leave, is calculated to convey ideas
 very wide from the truth, and, in reality,
 to burlesque both the Doctor and his
 friends. The *buckram* self-importance of
 Sir John, (who was ashamed, as he re-
 cords it, to be seen coming out of a tavern
 in a morning, after having passed the night
 with Johnson and the Literary Club) we
 may well suppose never permitted him to
 visit the club at the ale-house in Essex-
 street. It consisted nevertheless of the first
 literary characters; and however *cheap* Sir
 John has represented the Doctor’s conver-
 sation, no strangers were admitted but such
 as were introduced by members, who paid
 for them. The room where the club met,
 was up a stair-case as you enter the house,
 was commodious, and at such a distance
 from the tap-room, or other rooms of
 common resort, that *the clink of the tank-
 ard* was not to be heard, and disturbed
 only “ the moral disquisition and literary
 “ investigation” of Sir John’s dreams.—
 At this club every one chose his own
 beverage and drank out of his own tum-
 bler, which once filled with negus or
 sherbet, but for the greatest part with plain
 water, as the Doctor’s was, formed the *de-
 bauch*, as Sir John would incline one to
 think it was, of the evening. Add to this,
 that the landlord of the house had been long
 a servant at Mr. Thrale’s, where Johnson
 knew him; and that to serve this man
 was one of the Doctor’s objects; and how-
 ever our Knight may despise the smallness
 of the reckoning, to receive three times a
 week three times the value of the liquors
 used, was not despised by the landlord.

We shall rather hurry over Sir John’s
 account of the Doctor’s last days and
 hours. It is to some feelings a consolati-
 on, but to others a most disagreeable
 thing, to contemplate the last weaknesses of
 a great mind. It gives no pleasure to us
 to reflect that a Johnson erred; and we
 could have wished, for the credit of mora-
 lity and piety, that his foibles and weak-
 nesses, in place of being wantonly blazoned
 abroad by his biographers, had been
 buried in oblivion. Sir John’s account of

his fixed dread of death, and of his lancing
 his legs in his last hours, give a shock which
 is best relieved by the thoughts that con-
 stitutional melancholy was the great disease
 of his life, and that he was certainly sunk
 in dotage, when he lanced his legs to let
 out the water from his kidneys. Yet
 while we lament his failings, we must not
 forget his singular and exemplary humility,
 when he reviewed his life, and his many la-
 bours in the cause of virtue and piety.—
 Great humility is becoming in the best and
 wisest of men, and has a magnanimity in
 it, of which the little and selfish mind can
 form no conception: and this many vir-
 tue ornamented, in an uncommon degree,
 the last hours of the truly great and good
 Dr. Johnson.

We are sorry to pass immediately from
 this due praise to a censure of the Doctor.
 But Sir John’s account of his negro-ser-
 vant, Frank, must not be wholly passed by
 in silence. He represents him as a most
 worthless profligate fellow, who, though
 the Doctor had left him seventy pounds
 per ann, besides 337l. was soon in such
 want, as could not have happened without
 infamous misconduct. It appears that
 Johnson had left his own relations but a
 small proportion of his estate, and totally
 forgot a poor, old, but respectable charac-
 ter, one Heely, allied to him by marriage,
 though in great distress in an almshouse.
 He also leaves a first-cousin of his own,
 Elizabeth Herne, an incurable lunatic, to-
 wards whose maintenance he had contri-
 buted fifteen pounds a-year, no more than
 one hundred pounds towards her future
 support. On this Sir John not injudi-
 ciously thus remarks:

“ That the name of the poor man
 “ Heely occurs not in the will, and that
 “ no better provision is therein made for
 “ the lunatic Herne than a legacy which
 “ may fail to support her through life, can
 “ no otherwise be accounted for, than by
 “ the Doctor’s postponing that last solemn
 “ act of his life, and making a disposition
 “ of what he had to leave, under circum-
 “ stances that disabled him from recol-
 “ lecting either their relation to him, or
 “ the distresses they severally laboured un-
 “ der. Any other supposition would be
 “ injurious to the memory of a man, who,
 “ by his private memoranda in my posses-
 “ sion, appears to have applied near a
 “ fourth part of his income in acts of
 “ beneficence*.”

If such apology, little short of a confes-
 sion of dotage, be necessary for a Johnson,
 as certainly it is, let this lesson, and the
 wild lancing of his legs in his last hours,

* This fourth part must be exclusive of the
 Whom he supported at his house,

house-keeping expences of his several inmates
 teach

teach us, how erroneous it may be in short-fighted mortals to be anxious and earnest, as Johnson was, for a long protracted life, and days spun out to a feeble thread.

Sir John mentions the Doctor's having put his negro-servant to school to learn Latin; but he omits the Doctor's motive, which is a curious anecdote, and throws light on his character. His motive was, that his negro Frank should take holy orders, and preach the Gospel to his countrymen in the West-Indies. This strongly confirms the remark that has often been made on the Doctor, that his knowledge of men was drawn from books, and not from real life. It was a laughable, though sad mistake, to think to make *Frank* an apostle. Beside the profligacy ascribed to him by Sir John, the poor fellow is remarkably stupid; and though possessed of enough, perhaps, of low, selfish cunning, as ascribed to him by Sir John, is of very circumscribed ideas. On hearing of his intended *Apostleship*, the writer of these pages, on different times calling on the Doctor, took several opportunities to put some questions to Frank, and always found his intellects as above described.

But poor Frank the negro was not the only one whose character the good Doctor mistook. Who will say he has been happy in his friendship with his biographers? with persons who have with the most industrious assiduity placed every foible and failing in the broad glare of the sun; who in the most clumsy and indelicate manner, have held him forth as an object of pity and regret to the virtuous, and of triumph and ridicule to the infidel and libertine? If biography require that a great man's foibles and failings should not be suppressed, still there is a way of doing it, inoffensive and truly candid, as different from that of Johnson's biographers, as the cutting of the finest razor is from the hacking and hewing of a butcher's cleaver. And of all his biographers, the Worshipful Sir John Hawkins is the most execrable.—— Not content with blazoning his natural and mental weaknesses in the most unfriendly manner, he has often, as these our remarks have detected, been guilty of the most gross unfairness in representing the Doctor's conduct and motives in many cases; witness, in particular, his charging the Doctor with hypocrisy, dissimulation, and rant, (See our *Mtg.* for July last, p. 21.) in talking affectionately of his deceased wife. And as if not satisfied with mere misrepresentation, and judging by the pitiful standard of his own motives, he has, in many instances, betrayed a lurking vul-

volence, and a secret pleasure in recording his friend's absurdities and weaknesses.— It is well-known that the celebrated Bayle was no sincere friend to revelation, though not an open enemy. The method he follows is evident throughout his Biographical Dictionary. The philosophers and other celebrated names of Greece and Rome are placed in the most favourable and pleasing views; their superstitious and detestable vices, their treasons and murders, are all palliated (when not wholly suppressed), and touched with so gentle a hand as if it were sacrilege to uncover their stains. But when an Assertor of Christianity, a primitive Father of the Church, or any one celebrated for exemplary piety, afford the topic, every human weakness and every failing is sure to be viewed with a microscope, and exposed to ridicule and contempt, while the satirical grin of the assassin biographer is seen in the turn of every sentence. Though both candour and charity forbid the supposition that such as Bayle's were the motives of Dr. Johnson's biographers, justice and common-sense must pronounce that they have fallen into the same illiberal track; and that their representations of Dr. Johnson, particularly those of Sir John Hawkins, have a great deal of the ungenerous, unfair, and pernicious tendency, affording pain and regret to the good, and pleasure and triumph to the immoral and profane.

Happy that, at last, we are to take leave of Sir John Hawkins, that unfair and cruel assassin of his friend's memory, and of the respectability of a truly virtuous character, notwithstanding all his foibles and oddities, we shall conclude with an obvious remark on a sentence from our Knight: "He (i. e. Dr. Johnson) once mentioned to me a saying of Dr. Nichols, and highly commended it, viz. "That it was a point of wisdom to form intimacies, and to chuse for our friends only persons of known worth and integrity, and that to do so had been the rule of his life. It is therefore," continues his Worship, "difficult to account for the conduct of Johnson in the choice of many of his associates." And his long friendship with Sir John, and the confidence he placed in him, add not a little to the difficulty: a difficulty only to be accounted for by the easy, charitable disposition of Johnson; and from that want of penetration which could think of teaching Latin to a very stupid negro-servant, in order that he might preach the Gospel to the Negroes abroad, and propagate Christian-

Comparative Reflections on the past and present Political, Commercial and Civil State of Great Britain: With some Thoughts concerning Emigration. By Richard Champion, Esq. late Deputy Paymaster General of His Majesty's Forces, and Author of Considerations on the Situation of Great Britain, with respect to the United States of America. 8vo. 6s. Debrett.

THESE Reflections are contained in a series of letters, twenty in number, supposed to be written on board the good ship BRITANNIA, at sea, on her passage from Britain to America, in the short space of time between the 20th of October and the 2d of December inclusive in the year 1784, by the author, seemingly under a disappointed, consequently discontented gloomy state of mind; and if he had not told us he had been Deputy Paymaster of the British forces, we should rather have suspected that he had been Paymaster General of the American forces; or, indeed, General and Commander in Chief over all America, and the States thereunto belonging: for General Washington himself cannot be more enamoured with the work of his own hands, the fruit of his long toil and warlike operations, the emancipation of the United States of America, than this enraptured author discovers himself to be in every respect.

In these letters we have the effusions of a desponding mind concerning the impending fate of Britain, as devoted to speedy, sure and rapid ruin; taking, under these apprehensions, a long everlasting farewell of a once glorious, but now depressed, degraded, and for ever ruined country; and seeking a safe, free and happy asylum in the new United States, alias Empire of North America, rising, like a phoenix, out of the ashes of its dying parent the British Empire. It follows then that British subjects ought to read these melancholy reflections with a considerable degree of circumspection, and make allowances for the state or frame of mind the author was in when he wrote them, and the enthusiastick view he had taken of the state of American affairs from a very distant and deceiving prospect. Perhaps, if the author arrived in America at that time, and has continued there ever since, he may have seen much occasion to change his opinions and alter his sentiments, too romantick and visionary to be realised in these our days. Time and experience are the friends of truth; and we believe that General Washington, Dr. Franklin, and all the Presidents and Members of Con-

gress find their new-started Empire to be something very different from what their fond expectations had painted it, while in pursuit of the delusive phantom.

Nevertheless Mr. C. has thrown out many just observations and sound solid truths, well deserving the serious attention and consideration of all true Britons, both governors and governed, to rouse their fears, their jealousy, and care that the fatal events here predicted may be averted by the timely removal of those evils which are certainly now existing; and which, persevered in, may and must lead to those fatal consequences here pointed out and asserted by our author.

The first letter is a kind of narrative of the disappointment of the writer's early wishes and expectations of being appointed British Consul to the United States of America, immediately upon the conclusion of the peace of 1783, by the Duke of Portland quitting the helm of government just about the time of his strongest assurances of the appointment. Hence we see that Mr. C. is a partisan of the Coalition. He owns that by some he has been called an American. By one writer he was stiled an Apologist of Congress. We think the word *panegyrist* would have been better substituted for *apologist*; for a panegyrist he certainly is of every thing American. He carries his visionary speculations in favour of America so far, as to convert the casual state of the atmosphere into a strong political prognostication, in these words: "The last sight of the British shore sunk deep into my heart, and left an impression which will not easily be erased. The evening we parted from it was serene, and the sun dipped his beams to the westward in a calm and untroubled ocean. The Lizard Point was in view.

"For earth—surrounding sea our flight awaits.

"Peace and tranquility sat upon the bosom of the vast Atlantic, and pointed out the way we were to go; whilst the gathering distant clouds, which hung over the land, seemed to tell us, that it was time to leave infatuated
D d "Britain."

“ Britain.” Need we give more to form a compleat picture of the man ! Let this suffice on this score.

In the second letter Mr. C. gives some account of the national debt and peace esta-

blishment, with strictures on the state of the British government, contrasted at different periods. These great objects he states in the following very concise manner.

	Debt.	Interest.	The whole Peace establishment.	Increase.
In 1754	£. 75,000,000	2,650,000	6,500,000	
1774	136,000,000	4,200,000	10,000,000	3,500,000
1784	250,000,000	9,500,000	15,000,000	8,500,000

Whether our author is accurate in his calculations or not, we mean not to investigate here, but presume he is not very far from the truth. If he is mistaken in any considerable given sum, it belongs more properly to Ministers of State and their subordinates to contradict him from authentick documents in their possession, than to us or any other description of men. If he is correct in his statement, it is well worth the statesman's and politician's while to attend to his reasoning on that important subject.

Mr. C. next adverts to the well-known calculation of Sir Robert Walpole, to what amount the national debt might be carried, without lessening publick credit and endangering the Commonwealth; and he contends that the calculation was well founded, and that every excess beyond that sum has weakened the national credit, and lessened the value of the Funds themselves; all which might have been prevented, if Ministers of State would have exerted themselves to discharge, in time of peace, the excess of the publick debt above one hundred millions, created by the temporary exigencies of the war of 1756. He then enters into an examination of the times in which we live, which he calls a melancholy contrast to the former—in these words:

“ We are now, as we were in the year 1763, at peace. Our government is feeble and deranged. Our national debt, when the expences of the war are wound up, will be nearly doubled. The fruits of the glorious war of 1756 are almost wholly lost. Our ancient powerful and wonderfully-increasing colonies, forming an immense Empire, are torn from us; and our remaining colonial possessions either in gradual decay, or in great and imminent danger. Our sister kingdom is in a state of miserable confusion; whilst the Mother-country is bending under the pressure of more than fifteen

“ millions, annually imposed upon her to discharge the interest of her national debt, and to support her peace establishment.” A very melancholy picture! and though perhaps overcharged in the colouring, we fear too much allied to truth, for Britons too look upon with indifference. From these *data* our author reasons very plausibly upon the difficulty, if not the impracticability of raising larger sums for defraying the national debt. He even questions the possibility of keeping up the publick income to its present standard; cautioning Government to take great care, that they do not by weight of taxes destroy the means from whence these taxes are to arise.

The third letter is said to be upon the new system of government introduced in the present reign. As this is a more abstruse subject, complicated with many perplexing circumstances, and as the whole book seems to be a *chef d'oeuvre* of the Leaders of Opposition, delegated to the care or patronage of one man, we must give this part a very serious investigation.

This third letter, then, upon the new system of government, begins with these remarkable words: “ The practical system of government which has prevailed under the present reign, was originally arranged in the family of the late Princess Dowager of Wales, and carried into execution by the Earl of Bute, on the King's accession to the Throne. It has generated all the effects which the framers proposed to themselves; for it has shaken the confidence of family connections, weakened the habits of respect for Administration, totally destroyed the stability of government, and finally been productive of all the calamities which have befallen the nation. The Administration has been bandied about in such a manner, that Government has neither grace nor vigour left in

“ it : like a woman whose beauty might
 “ have animated desire, and commanded
 “ respect, when united with virtue, she
 “ begets loathing, and excites contempt,
 “ when deformed by prostitution.”
 This, it must be confessed, is a very laconic and very severe description of the present reigning system. How far it is just, we must leave to the good sense and candour of our readers to judge for themselves. One observation we may safely make, that the conduct of Administration in general has been very contrasted, mysterious and inexplicable, throughout the whole of the present reign; consequently the man who should undertake to unravel the mystery, would find himself exceedingly puzzled to perform his engagement; and if he should even be sharp-sighted enough to dive into the secret, he might run some risque in developing the same.

In another place he says, “ Every great Officer of State has a Secretary or deputy imposed upon him. A Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is under the same tutelage. The place of First Minister has yet stronger guards. The ostensible Ministers are in general confined to the care of their several departments, and are made responsible alone for them. The Cabal too prevalently keeps, for the important purposes of government, some Secretary about the person of the First Lord of the Treasury, to receive their orders; and, on the like occasions, some invisible, though powerful, agent to manifest their pleasure. The ostensible Ministers are not only directed to obey their commands, when signified in this manner, but have frequently suffered the disgrace of having measures imposed upon them in the House of Commons, without any previous communication with them.” This minute circumstantial detail of the proceedings of that secret invisible power called the interior Cabinet, could not come originally from any living mortal but one of those, who, having been ostensible members of Administration, have felt the weight and force here alluded to pressing hard upon himself and his coadjutors in office, impelling them to do those things they wished to leave undone, and to leave undone those things which of all things they wished to have done and performed! But here another difficulty occurs, not easily to be removed, viz. Who, where, what is that phenomenon in politics that can invest any

cabal, junto, or party of men, with that power which can thus controul all orders and bodies of men, itself remaining uncontrouled and uncontroulable? These things are too deep and mysterious for us to dive into.

Our author proceeds thus : “ The characteristic of almost every Administration under this reign, has been an heterogeneous mixture of debility and insolence, tyranny and corruption. Lord Rockingham and the Duke of Portland, who governed during the very short periods of their Administration upon the old system, are the only exceptions.”— We are not disposed to dispute one tittle of Mr. C.’s general assertion, but rather give it fuller scope, by excepting his exceptions, and adding them to the general mass of mal-administration above described.— The first very short Ministry of the noble Marquis laid the sure foundation of that rebellion which soon after broke out into an open flame of civil war; and the last still shorter Administration of three months, terminating with his life, laid the foundation of an eternal separation between the parent country and her alienated children. The noble Duke’s short-lived Administration had but one leading feature to characterise it by, the famous East-India-bill, which contained in its bosom the most heterogeneous mass of debility and insolence, tyranny and corruption, we ever saw, before it made its appearance.

Our author then goes into a deduction of the state of Parties, of Whigs and Tories, during the reigns of the first two Princes of the Brunswick family, in the course of which he gives many good strokes at the leaders of both, occasionally pointing out the duplicity of those who led, and those who followed, with some degree of shrewdness and propriety. He next recurs to the secret Junto : “ Constantly using the precaution of selecting for the Members of Administration such men as had few connections, they retained within themselves the entire direction of the affairs of government. They will always find Ministers to execute their measures, of sufficient rank to give some grace to Administration, though not of connections sufficient to render their power dangerous.”— This observation must come originally from somebody who has looked within the veil which hides the secret springs of all those machinations that have constantly filled the minds of true, intelligent Britons with wonder, amazement, and chagrin!

The fourth letter, on the state and principles

ciples of the different parties, the prevalence of the new system, and the disposition of the people to submit to it, treats of the prudence of the first two Brunswick Kings, in letting some branches of high prerogative lie dormant, and committing the administration of Government into the hands of the Whigs, who were Anti-prerogatives by profession; while the Tories, strongly attached to kingly prerogative, were jealous of any restraint laid upon it, even in the hands of a Prince whom they did not much venerate, the person or family of the Prince who wore the Crown. He quotes a case, wherein he says, when Lord L. revived the doctrine of the lawfulness of the King's negative in Parliament, the right was immediately questioned. He then goes on to hint at the danger of a similar revolution to that recent one in a Northern kingdom, happening to us through the meanness, servility, and dependence of the generality of the people upon government and its administrators.

In the fifth letter, upon the Coalition, the motives of the Whig leaders in forming it, and the event which followed, our author begins with a comparative view of the general conduct of the two parties, Whigs and Tories, which we think rather hypothetical and visionary, adverting to what he calls a late great event in England, the dissolution of Parliament.—“But (says our author) the conduct of the far greater part of the Whigs, especially the Dissenters, arises from the disgust to the principal Whig families who formed the coalition with Lord North. By thus sacrificing their principles to their resentment, they involve themselves in the same ruin which they have brought upon their leaders. Whether they were justified or not for the part which they have taken, is not now (though it shall be hereafter) a matter of consideration. The fact is, that the Whigs have joined an Administration, in support of the extension of the Prerogative beyond a certain boundary, and have censured the representatives of the people for attempting to refrain it.—This gross misconduct of the Whigs has contributed much more to the destruction of their party, than the artifices which have been practised, and the attacks which have been made upon them by their avowed enemies, during a series of much more than twenty years.” Now, if there be any thing yet left in this country such as pure Whiggism, that is, Whigs upon principle, who have never been contaminated with Toryism, through self-interest, ambition, or vain-glory; to

such men this is a very alarming and humiliating declaration, deserving of their most serious and attentive consideration. It is here presupposed, that Lord North was at the head of the Tory interest, and that the Whig leaders in Parliament, by joining him in the coalition, have lost the confidence, and forfeited the support of the Whigs out of Parliament, whereby they are become a disjointed, broken, and dispersed body, in a state little short of destruction, at least in a state of distraction. How they will rally again, or whether they will ever be re-embodied in a regular phalanx, time only can determine.

After playing upon the “number forty-five” making the fortune of John Wilkes, and the words “Coalition and taking away of chartered rights” ruining the Whig leaders, Mr. Champion proceeds to a comparative view of the leading features of the two bills of Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt, in which he treats our East-India Company and all the European associations for the East-India trade with great severity.—“The Mahomedan conquerors (says he) robbed these poor people (of India) only of the fleece: The Christian traders deprive them both of fleece and skins. But what must be the principles (continues he) of those Whigs, who, having destroyed the power of the first Whig families in the country, regarded without opposition or complaint, a stroke levelled at the root of the dearest privileges of Englishmen, depriving them of the right of trial by Jury? In the last India bill has been substituted another jurisdiction, a Court of Star-Chamber (so far as it extends) in the place of the common courts of justice.”—We know not whether Whigs or Tories rule the roost, but certain it is, that the present Administration abounds with innovations of no inconsiderable magnitude, apparently of a precarious, if not a dangerous tendency.

Our author next enters upon a discussion of the merits and demerits of that famous transaction the COALITION, seemingly with fear and trembling; sincerely wishing it had never taken place, yet deeming himself culpable should he form any opinion of censure upon it; condemning Lord North for being made use of as an instrument in carrying on the most abandoned measures of the new system, yet applauding him for throwing himself at last into the arms of the Whigs, and submitting himself to be disposed of at their pleasure, either to remain in, or to retire wholly from, any Administration which might be formed. Not so highly does he applaud his friends for their coalition

with

with Lord North, "from which (he says) no good has arisen, and eventually much mischief. It was not a desirable union." It was not indeed! and if the people of England could have endured it with any degree of complacency, it would have proved them ten times more corrupt than we humbly hope they are. "Men of the highest honour and integrity were linked with characters, whose conduct they had frequently and justly condemned."—Now, we leave to the original *Norrbites* and *Foxites* respectively the task of determining which of the leaders of these parties were

the men of the highest honour and integrity, and which were most frequently and justly condemned, or which were most condemnable; and also whether they were most condemnable in their opposition or their united state. We shall also leave to their consideration the awkward apology the author makes, in the remainder of this letter, for the Rockingham and Portland families coalescing with and making use of the party influence of a man whose principles they disliked, and whose measures they had constantly opposed.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Philosophical and Miscellaneous Papers.

Lately written by B. Franklin, L.L.D. Fellow of the Royal Society of London; Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris; President of the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia, &c. &c. 8vo 3s. 6d. Dilly.

IN the publication before us, Dr. Franklin, the Nestor of America, the Proteus of Philosophy, and the very Oracle of Politics, has evinced himself to be in the full possession of that uncommon vigour of mind, versatility of genius, and industry of research, which originally distinguished him as a man of science; and by which, fond of occasionally indulging himself in the tranquil, unambitious pursuits of his former days, it is evidently his wish to be distinguished still.

Of the different papers, however, which fill the present volume, we do not recognize one that has not, in one form or another, been published before*, the first excepted; which consists of a Letter to Dr. Ingenhousz, Physician to the Emperor at Vienna, on the *theory of chimnies*, and which appears to have been written at sea in the year 1785, while the author was on his return to America, after the completion of his memorable embassy to the Court of Versailles †.

This letter, which, trifling as the subject may seem to a fastidious or superficial reader, is in reality the most ingenious and most important piece in the

whole collection, commences with a scientific, but plain and rational elucidation of the principle upon which the ascent of smoke depends; and that principle, as a proof that it is not a mere *child of theory*, the Doctor illustrates by pertinent examples, accompanied with plates.

The causes of smoky chimnies are distinguished by our author with singular precision into nine different classes; for each of which, as, of course, it may be concluded, a different remedy is required.

The Doctor begins with smoky chimnies in a *new house*, under the description of those which are so from the *mere want of air*; the wainscoting, the doors, and the sashes being all tight. Such being the cause of the evil, the only remedy for it must certainly be an *admission of air from without*.—The question, however, is, How much air is absolutely necessary?

This difficulty our author ingeniously endeavours to resolve thus:—"Shut," says he, "the door gradually, while a middling fire is burning, till you find that before it is quite shut, the smoke begins

* The papers alluded to are, A Letter to Mr. Nairne, of London, on hygrometers, tending to prove that the air is more dry in America than either at London or Paris—a Letter to Mr. Alphonse Le Roy, containing a variety of maritime observations, fraught with scientific ingenuity and mechanical information—a tract entitled, Information to those who would remove to America—Remarks concerning the Savages of North America—A Description of the internal state of America—and, lastly, A Letter on the Criminal Laws, and the Practice of Privateering.

† This valuable tract, which originally made its appearance in Philadelphia, is now, for the more general accommodation of the public, reprinted separately, under the title of *Observations on the Causes and Cure of Smoky Chimnies*, and to be had of Messrs. Debrett and Sewell.

to come out into the room; then open it a little, till you perceive the smoke comes out no longer. Then hold the door, and observe the width of the open crevice between the edge of the door and the rabbet it should shut into. Suppose the distance to be half an inch, and the door eight feet high, you find thence that your room requires an entrance for air equal in area to ninety-six half inches, or forty-eight square inches, or a passage of six inches by eight. This, however, is a large supposition, there being few chimnies that, having a moderate opening, and a tolerable height of funnel, will not be satisfied with such a crevice of a quarter of an inch; and *I have found a square of six by six, or thirty-six square inches, to be a pretty good medium for most chimnies.*"

According to our author's system, the second cause of the smoking of chimnies is, their openings in the room being too large, and not proportioned by the height of the funnels; the principle upon which its function and its utility chiefly depend. The third cause he ascribes to the improper shortness of the funnels; the fourth, to their overpowering one another; the fifth, to their tops being commanded by higher buildings, or by a hill; the sixth, to a circumstance the reverse of the preceding one—namely, where the commanding eminence is farther from the wind than the chimney commanded; the seventh, to the improper situation of a door.

In elucidating the eighth cause, when a room that has no fire in its chimney is sometimes filled with smoke, which is received at the top of its funnel, and descends into the room, the reasoning of the Doctor is so curious, and so satisfactory, that we cannot resist the temptation of giving it to our readers in his own words.

"The surrounding atmosphere is frequently changing its temperature. If, after a warm season, the outward air suddenly grows cold, the empty warm funnels begin to draw strongly upwards; that is, they rarefy the air contained in them, which of course rises, cooler air enters below to supply its place, is rarefied in its turn, and rises; and this operation continues, till the funnel grows cooler, or the outward air warmer, or both, when the motion ceases. On

the other hand, if, after a cold season, the outward air suddenly grows warm, and of course lighter, the air contained in the cool funnels being heavier, descends into the room; and the warmer air which enters their tops, being cooled in its turn, and made heavier, continues to descend; and this operation goes on, till the funnels are warmed by the passing of warm air through them; or the air itself grows cooler. When the temperature of the air and of the funnels is nearly equal, the difference of warmth in the air between day and night is sufficient to produce these currents, the air will begin to ascend the funnels as the cool of the evening comes on, and this current will continue till perhaps nine or ten o'clock the next morning, when it begins to hesitate; and as the heat of the day approaches, it sets downwards, and continues so till towards evening, when it again hesitates for some time, and then goes upwards constantly during the night, as before-mentioned. Now when smoke issuing from the tops of neighbouring funnels, passes over the tops of funnels which are at the time drawing downwards, as they often are in the middle part of the day, such smoke is of necessity drawn into these funnels, and descends with the air into the chamber."

The ninth and last point in which our author considers smoky chimnies is, when, though they generally draw well, they are yet apt to give smoke into the rooms; it being driven down by strong winds passing over the tops of the funnels, though not (as in one of the causes before described) descending from any commanding eminence.

While thus illustrating the various causes of the domestic evil which forms the subject of the paper immediately under consideration (and which was never certainly illustrated with so much scientific ability before) the Doctor would have employed his time to little purpose, if he had not pointed out a specific remedy for it under all its circumstances. This he has done amply, and with a degree of judgment that, in our opinion, will render the tract a work of *practical utility*, as well as of *theoretical curiosity*; nor allow it to terminate, like the *blaze* of some of his *political* and *patriotical* efforts, merely in *fumo*.

A Treatise on the Culture, Use, and Advantages of the Plant called Scarcity-Root. By the Abbé de Commerell, Correspondent to the Royal Society of Arts and Sciences in Metz. Translated from the French, by M. Sibille, Teacher of the French Language in Paris. 8vo. 1s. Debrett.

TO this pamphlet we have paid a degree of attention proportioned not to its tiny size, but to the magnitude, added to the apparent novelty, of the subject which it elucidates.—If population can neither be encreased nor maintained but in those countries which constantly abound with the principal necessaries of life, our author is certainly entitled to no small degree of praise, for making known “the nature and utility of a root, which, in times of scarcity, affords to mankind a salutary and agreeable food; and, when fodder is dear, presents, both in summer and winter, a copious and cheap nourishment for cattle; which in all seasons, as well as in all lands, has an abundant and certain produce; and of which the culture is simple, the harvest and preservation easy.”

These, it may be said, are mere assertions—assertions of the author himself. They are; but, connected as they seem to be

with the illustration of a plant, little, if at all, hitherto known in this country*, it becomes an object of some moment to ascertain the truth or fallacy of them.

According to the Abbé de Commerell, the *Scarcity-Root*—which is always prolific, and yields well, even when every other vegetable fails—is not to be classed either among turneps or carrots; and though in its exterior and feed it resembles beets, it is much superior to these plants in every respect †. Beside, its culture is so easy, and its advantages are so numerous (supplying as it does the want of other food) that, in our author's opinion, it deserves not only to be adopted every where, but to be preferred to all other roots with which cattle are fed, even in the most plentiful years.

Having thus in general terms illustrated the singular utility of the plant in question, the Abbé proceeds to point out the proper time and mode of sowing, transplanting,

* France seems to be still as much a stranger to the plant in question as England. Our author styles it *Racine de Disette*, from its German name *Mangel Wurzel*; and it is with a strict adherence to this derivation, that the Translator calls it in English *Scarcity-Root*.

† As a proof that the *Scarcity-Root* is a distinct genus, and ought not to be confounded with any species of beets, our author observes, “If the *Scarcity-Root* be not stripped of its leaves, it will never grow to its usual wonderful size: on the contrary, if the leaves of the beet be frequently plucked, it prospers no more; it weakens, its vegetation languishes, and its root hardens. Beside, its leaves have by no means the same taste as those of the *Scarcity* plant; nor do they grow so long, or succeed one another so rapidly. In other respects also the comparison will not hold between the beet and the *Scarcity-Root*: the leaves of the former are curled, have broad fibres and an earthy taste: their roots are small, irregular and forked, as hard as horn, and quite uselefs.

“If the *Scarcity-Root* were a beet,” says the Abbé, “would the husbandmen sow them separately as they do? These two roots are equally known, and both cultivated in all the provinces of Germany; but the *Scarcity-Root* only in large quantities, by reason of its great superiority in produce and utility. In those same provinces the beet has a very distinct proper name, *Rotbe-Ruben*, which has never been given to the *Scarcity-Root*.”

“However,” continues he, “it is of very little importance whether this root be of the family of the beets or of any other; what is essential and indisputable is, that it has all the advantages which I ascribe to it. I do not boast of a new invention or discovery; my only design is to acquaint the public with my own experiments and observations. If the root which is the subject of these observations, be known in other countries beside Germany, which is possible, it should seem that its culture and qualities are not so, since its encrease is not what it ought to be.”

As a proof also of its superiority to beets, as a wholesome and pleasant food for man, our author afterwards observes, that the stalks of the plant are eaten like those of beets, but have not the same earthy taste.—“They may be prepared,” says he, “in different manners: when dressed like spinach, many prefer them to it. By the continual succession of their production, from spring to the month of November, they are very useful to farmers, and all others who maintain a great number of servants. In winter time the roots are eaten, dressed also different ways; they are wholesome, of an agreeable taste, much superior to the *red-beet*, and at least equal to the *turnep*.”

tilling,

tilling, and manuring it; of gathering the leaves, which, he says, plentifully succeed each other without ceasing, and are of the greatest benefit to horned cattle; of gathering also the roots, preserving them, and planting them again, in order to obtain their seed, &c.

In addition to this methodical elucidation of his subject, our author, in the form of a recapitulation of what he had advanced, says, "1. This vegetable may be eaten by man during the whole year; it is good, salutary, and does not occasion flatulencies, as *turneps* do*. 2. It is never hurt by the vine-fretter, caterpillar, or any other insect; its produce every where is certain, and it is not sensible of the vicissitude of the seasons; which properties do not belong to any kind of *turneps*. 3. The leaves of the *Scarcity-Root* afford an excellent food for every kind of cattle during four months: those of all *turneps* grow but once in the year, and then are very hard, and eaten by insects. 4. The *Scarcity-Root* is easily preserved eight months in the year; on the contrary, about the end of March, *turneps* become fibrous, tough, and hollow. 5. *Turneps*,

and other roots of their kind, never succeed perfectly, often fail totally, and must be planted in a soil light, fresh and sandy. *The Scarcity-Root grows every where, and, whatever be the soil, has a certain produce.* All farmers may, therefore, derive great advantage from it. 6. The milk of the cows which are fed with *turneps* for some days together, acquires a strong, sour, and very unpleasant tallow-taste: those cows which eat *Scarcity-Roots* yield milk and butter of the best quality."

After *concomiums* like these, all we have to regret is, that the author should have omitted to authenticate the properties he has ascribed to this rare and valuable plant, by a few attested facts, derived either from his own observation, or from the observation of others. We should also be more inclined to think him actuated by a pure desire of promoting the public good, if he had not taken care to announce *where alone it is that the TRUE Scarcity-Root is vendid in Paris*; for who is there that does not perceive in this notice, somewhat that bears a strong resemblance to the *clover foot of Quackery* †?

Diamond-cut-Diamond; a Comedy, in Two Acts. Translated from the French of Guerre Ouverte, ou Ruse contre Ruse. By Lady W. 8vo. 1s. Debrett.

A SERVILE translation of a popular, but despicable, little drama. In the *Midnight Hour*, which is a liberal translation of the same performance, and of which the reader will find a short account in the *Theatrical Journal* of our Magazine for June, we found the pantomimi-

cal incidents that distinguish the scenes of the French original, enlivened with a sprightliness of dialogue, and an elegance of diction. To the "Diamond-cut-Diamond" of Lady W. however, no such compliment can be paid, without a gross violation of critical truth and justice.

A Letter to a Friend, with a Poem, called The Ghost of Werter. By Lady ——— 8vo. 1s. Debrett.

THIS brochure, we understand, comes from the same fashionable pen that produced the *Diamond-cut-Diamond* translation above noticed; and sorry we are, that, with all our gallantry for the sex of the author, and respect for her rank, we must still withhold praise from her in her literary capacity.—Who will not be

charmed, however, with the modesty of the lady, when, with a sneer at the studies and pursuits to which her sex was formerly confined—"religion, music and the needle"—he hears her declare, that "she feels emotions in her heart and soul, which tell her she dares reason and act up to man's most boasted wisdom, or descend

* The Abbé even affirms, that, from the vast superiority of the *Scarcity-Root*, the culture of *turneps* is now almost given up in Germany; where, till the introduction of this valuable plant, *turneps* "were grown" constantly.

† Since the above article was written we have learned, that Dr. Lettford, not less indefatigable in promoting the interests of science than of humanity, has not only, from experiments of his own, confirmed the truth of the valuable properties ascribed to the *Scarcity-Root*, but has also collected a quantity of the seeds, (of his own growth) for the generous purpose of distributing them gratis. He has likewise favoured the world with a correct translation of the Abbé de Comtaerell's pamphlet, printed for Dilly.

to study's most abstruse depths." Before we can put any faith in this proud assertion, other proofs, good lady, must appear beside those you have yet been pleased to exhibit. As a poetess, your ladyship can never be placed even in the lowest rank; if we may form a judgment of your Muse from the humour she was in when she dictated the lame, bombastic lines of the "Ghost of Werter;" but in the "Letter to a Friend" introductory to it, we discover—what, in our opinion, your ladyship as a woman, and even as a woman of

quality, should prize infinitely beyond poetical fame—a delicate mind, happily formed to obey, if not to inculcate, those refined sentiments which form the basis of female honour, and to which the Charlotte you so justly hold forth to scorn, was evidently so unfeeling, remorseless stranger, in her conduct to the unhappy Werter, long as it has been ridiculously applauded by our mock-sentimental masters and misses, and not unoften by their foolish papas and mammas.

Prose on several Occasions, with some Pieces in Verse. By George Colman. 3 vols. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Cadell.

THESE volumes consist principally of periodical essays, which at different times since the year 1753 have appeared in the public Newspapers; of critical remarks on our more ancient dramatic writers; and, in verse, of a Translation of the Art of Poetry of Horace, a few trifling *jeux d'esprits*, and several very good prologues and epilogues.

Of the prose, the first in the volume is No. 90 of that popular and entertaining work *The Adventurer*; wherein, by a very ingenious allegory, the writer introduces writers of eminence, of all ages and countries, sacrificing the faulty parts of their works at the shrine of Apollo, where Aristotle and Longinus attend as high-priests. After receiving the deposits of Homer, Virgil, Milton, Shakspeare, Pope, and several others, a crowd of Atheists at last bring forward the Bible, and throw it with loud acclamations into the flames; but the sacred volume lies unhurt, and a chorus of "dulcet symphonies and voices sweet" is heard, chaunting the following verses: "The words of the Lord are pure words; even as the silver, which in the earth is tried and purified seven times in the fire." Of this admirable little essay we know not whether most to admire, the wit or the piety.

Mr. Colman next gives us fifteen numbers of a work called *The Genius*, first published in the *St. James's Chronicle*, so far back as the year 1761. In these if he be not very deep, he is at least amusing. If he rise not to the sublime morality, or flash not with the brilliant wit of his immortal predecessor the *Spectator*, his observations on life are

yet sufficiently just, and conveyed with abundant sprightliness. In his first number he very well enumerates and discriminates the different classes of Geniuses.

At school the young *Genius* will begin to heighten our expectations of his future abilities. His parts, indeed, will be too brilliant to attend to the instructions he might receive there; but his spirit will have more room to display itself. He may be at the bottom of his class, but he will be at the head of every scrape. He may be deficient in Greek and Latin, make false concord in his prose, and be guilty of false quantities in his verse; yet, before he leaves school, he will not be unacquainted with the world, will walk familiarly into a tavern, know the best songs at Comus's court, and the names and persons of the kindest ladies upon town. But when once relieved from scholastic restraints, as his sphere will be more noble, his fame will become more eminent. If he is entered at either of our universities, the tameness of an academical life being ill adapted to the vivacity of his disposition, he will spend all his time in Covent Garden by way of being in genteel company. If he is sent abroad, because, forsooth, his wise parents or guardians imagine that the discipline of our own universities is not strict enough, he will soon convince them that the government of foreign academies is infinitely more lax. He will speedily distinguish himself by his uncommon spirit; and after shooting a waiter, killing his friend in a duel, or perhaps contaminating the sixty descents in the house of a German baron by decoying his daughter, he may ride post out of the continent, and be glad to embark in a storm in order to get safe footing in Old England.

Old England is, indeed, the noblest thea-

ere in the universe for a *Genius*. Here he may go through all the changes and diversities of his character at pleasure. Here he may send his mistress to parade through the streets in a gilt chariot, drawn by pye-bald horses; he may at the same time be so deeply engaged at play, that his own chariot may stand at the door of Arthur's till eight in the morning. He may ride his own matches at Newmarket, and perform new miracles against time and weight, and number of horses, every season. In a word, he may indulge his vivacity in every ebullition of *Genius*, from tossing off his quarts of champagne, to shooting himself through the head.

With this spirit and vivacity may a *Genius* of quality and estate employ himself: but as talents are the gift of nature, and riches the mere favours of fortune, it happens unluckily, that many a *Genius* is reduced to the mean resources of trade or profession to support himself. In these cases, if the warmth of a *Genius* is not abated, it involves him in many difficulties. The spirit of the clerk in a counting-house may perhaps betray him into a forgery; and the evil *Genius* of the apprentice may tempt him to commit depredations on the till.

The young physician of *Genius*, instead of throwing that solemnity into his countenance, which would make him look as if he had himself taken the potion he should prescribe, adopts a whimsical air, and soon loses his credit with the old practitioners, the apothecaries, and his brother attendants at the hospital, by laughing at the farce of physick, and swearing that water-gruel is of infinitely more service than the whole *Materia Medica*. A *Genius* of this species sometimes retrieves himself by recurring irregularly to physick, and hawking a *nostrum*.

The lively student at the inns of court has too sublime a turn of mind to follow his profession. He gives the attorneys a contempt for him by endeavouring to converse with them facetiously; and is seen walking the streets in an illegal bag-wig, instead of prudently wearing the business-following bob. He may be found oftener behind the scenes at the play-house, than in the courts of justice; and if he is a prodigious *Genius* indeed, he even writes for the stage.

Several subsequent numbers are on subjects merely temporary, which tho' well-handled are not now interesting: we cannot at this day pluck up the grass to see whether the wind is still adverse to the coming of her Majesty, nor enter with any spirit into speculations on the peace of 1763. Some however there are, whose subjects are perennial; as No. 6,

on Scandal, with two very well-delineated characters; and No. 12, on Good-Humour, which has infinite merit. We shall select one or two passages, as in our judgment it stands foremost in Mr. Colman's essays.

Of all the qualifications of the mind which are not positive virtues, I do not know any that is more desirable than Good-Humour. No quality renders the possessor more easy and happy in himself, or recommends him more forcibly to other people. Virtue itself receives additional lustre, abates the rigid severity of its character, and takes its most ravishing graces and embellishments from such a disposition; a disposition so amiable in its nature, that even a man of loose principles, when of so agreeable a turn, often conciliates to himself many friends and well-wishers. The men at least allow that he is a pleasant fellow, court his company, and account him no-body's enemy but his own; while the women call him a dear agreeable creature, and declare that though, to be sure, he is a wild devil, it is quite impossible to be angry with him.

It is hardly saying too much in favour of this quality, to assert that it is one of the first requisites in society: for though strict honour and integrity are of more essential value in the grand purposes of human life; yet Good-Humour, like small money, is of more immediate use in the common commerce of the world. There is no situation in life, no engagement in business, or party of pleasure, wherein it will not contribute to mitigate disappointments, or heighten enjoyment. A husband, friend, acquaintance, master, or even servant, however faithful or affectionate, will occasion many miserable hours to himself, as well as to those with whom he is connected, if his virtues are not seasoned with Good-Humour; and whether he is a partner for life, or a partner in a country-dance, an associate in great and mighty undertakings, or a companion in a post-chaise, he should, on every occasion, cherish and keep alive this agreeable disposition.

Such observations are of every climate, for they are the offspring of sense and nature; but to Englishmen they are peculiarly applicable, who have ever been more remarkable for the goodness of their hearts and their heads, than of their tempers.

The character of Sir Thomas More, though peculiarly illustrious for unflinching integrity, was in no instance more winning and amiable than in true pleasantry and Good-Humour. His cheerful behaviour on the scaffold, and in every particular relative to his death, is familiar

familiar to all; but there is no circumstance in which the evenness of his mind is more truly delineated, than in his behaviour to his family on his resignation of the Chancellorship. The way in which he discovered it to his wife bespoke the most genuine Good-Humour. When he went out of church, it was always usual for some of his officers; to go to his lady and acquaint her of his departure: but the Sunday after his resignation, he went himself up to her pew, and, bowing, gravely said, "*Madam, My Lord is gone.*" She, who was accustomed to the facetiousness of his manner, did not immediately comprehend his meaning; but on his explaining the matter to her, as they went home, she began to upbraid him for his shameful inattention to his interest; upon which, without being at all disconcerted by this conjugal lecture, he took occasion to turn the discourse, by finding fault with some part of her dress.—This absolute command of temper, and pleasant vein, is surely to be envied; and he who sees the goods of fortune fall from him, not only without shaking his fortitude, but also without abating the gaiety of his heart, may fairly be said to possess an uncommon share of Good-Humour.

Surly is a man of an easy fortune, humane and benevolent in his nature, and, as *Dogberry* says, "honest as the skin between his brows;" he has contracted a kind of habitual peevishness, and every common occasion of life affords him matter of offence. The instant he rises in the morning, he is disquieted with the appearance of the weather, and pours forth execrations on the climate; and when he sits down to breakfast, the water is smoked, the butter rank, the bread heavy, the news-paper dull and insipid, and his servant sulky or impertinent: yet all the while, he has no malice in his mind, and means no harm to any creature in the world. He has a thousand good qualities, which the quickness of his temper converts into petulance and ill-humour. He is a great lover of wit, but cannot bear the least piece of pleasantry on himself; and the most innocent jest touches him to the quick. He will bestow twenty pounds in an act of charity, or do the kindest offices to serve an acquaintance in distress, and the next moment quarrel with his friend for disturbing his reflections by humming an opera-tune. Thus *Surly* lives, much esteemed, and little beloved; and though every body thinks well of him, there are very few that care to cultivate his acquaintance.

But if the want of Good-Humour is so conspicuous in a man, of how many charms does it deprive one of the other sex! Softness is their distinguishing characteristick; but

though, like milk, they are naturally smooth, yet, like milk, they create particular disgust when they turn sour. No female character is more offensive than a *Strew*, and the impolite spirit of the English law has provided very rough treatment for termagants, and prepared the severest discipline for the cure of a scold. The greatest reproach on an old maid, that character so much dreaded and ridiculed in the female world, is her ill-humour; and crossness is the worst part of a prude. On the contrary, Good-Humour, like the *Cestus*, encircles the fair-one with new beauties, and is an antidote to the ravages of age and the small-pox. It is the best part of the portion with a virtuous wife, and a most amiable feature in the face of a Queen.

The last number contains some very just satire on those antiquated *Tabbies* of some rank and little fortune, who strain their narrow circumstances by a pitiful imitation of the expensive follies of our nobility. The character of *Mrs. Marrcourt* is common in life; and though we do not think the class numerous or respectable enough to have drawn our ingenious Essayist's attention, yet we cannot but be much pleased with his manner of sketching her outline.

Mrs. Marrcourt is the widow of a gentleman who had a place in the household, and at her husband's death obtained, by the interest and solicitation of some powerful friends, an annual pension of a hundred and fifty pounds. Having had, as she often says herself, a very genteel education, and always lived in a polite sphere, she entertains the most profound respect for all persons of fashion, as well as an implicit veneration for all the manners, appurtenances, and dependences of quality; wherefore, notwithstanding the narrowness of her income, she never could endure the thoughts of being exiled from the great world, but has been reduced to several shifts to maintain the appearance of a tolerable footing in it. Being now grown aged and infirm, she cannot well crawl through the Park in fair weather, or along the best paved streets to pay her morning visits. She is, however, in possession of the cast sedan of a countess of her acquaintance, by whom she was honoured with it as a present seven years ago; but being unable to pay her chairmen the usual rates for weekly attendance, she drives a hard bargain, and retains them at an under price; whence it often happens, that her two chairmen are not only in liveries of two different colours, but she is obliged to be carried by all the raw-boned, unpractised fellows, who jumble along in a rough trot, as uneasy as a stage-coach.

coach over the stones; and no sooner have they learnt to pace along in the true human amble, and become capable of better business, than they desert the good old lady, and their places are supplied by a fresh pair of hackney novices; so that she has the breaking-in of most of the two-legged colts in town. She has apartments in one of the old palaces, gratis; and during the summer-months, because she would not, for the world, be so ungentle as to stay in London, she takes a twopenny lodging at Greenwich or Richmond. She constantly visits at several great houses, and though often shut out, by perseverance and the utmost good-breeding, she is sometimes let in, and perhaps, if there is no particular company, asked to stay dinner. The ladies treat her with a haughty familiarity, and stile her plain *Marrcourt*: and the facetious men of fashion make mock love to her; compliment her, in the strain of well-bred raillery, on her person, beauty, taste, and other qualifications; freely indulging themselves in all those liberties, which young fellows, conscious and vain of their rank, are apt to take with their inferiors.—Yet, even from this kind of connection with people of distinction, does *Mrs. Marrcourt* derive no small degree of consequence. She remembers the day she bought her last pound of tea, by recollecting it was the same on which she dined at his Lordship's; she talks familiarly of Lady Harriot and Lady Mary; and is reckoned, by all the lower gentry of her acquaintance, to be a *mighty genteel sort of body, and to keep none but the very best of company.*

With this essay Mr. Colman closes *The Genius*; and thirteen years after, in the year 1775, he breaks fresh ground in *The London Packet*, under the signature of *The Gentleman*; being, as he facetiously adds, the *first* time of his appearing in that character. Indeed we should suppose it sat uneasy on him; for out of six numbers he has three filled up with letters from *A Blackguard*, who is however in nothing so, further than the name. In *Colman's Genius* he writes like a *Gentleman*, but we cannot with truth invert the sentence: his second temple is not like the first. The third essay under this signature on Style and Language, is far the best; most of the observations are just, and the following allusion to Johnson is extremely happy.

Purity of Style, like purity of manners, is not wholly practicable: languages, like men by whom they are framed, will be imperfect; yet every endeavour to trace the sources of corruption, tends to stop its progress. Living

authors, as well as living manners, are at once the chief objects of our censure and imitation. The works of deceased writers, which we have been taught by tradition to applaud, are too seldom turned over; while the productions of our contemporaries present themselves to our notice oftener than their persons. He who has talents to distinguish himself from the crowd, has more followers than an ancient philosopher. A popular writer sets the fashion of Style, and the very herd of criticks, that wish to depreciate the value of his works, run after him. If an author arises, whose deep learning and large imagination, struggling for expression equal to his conceptions, tempt him to lengthen his periods, and swell his phraseology; if an intimate familiarity with the combinations of a dead language now and then betray him into too wide a deviation from the vernacular idiom; such a writer will have the mortification to see the beauties of his Style distorted by awkward imitation, and his errors (if in him they are errors) made ridiculous by aggravation. The language that, in his master hand, like a well-tuned instrument, "discourses most eloquent music," under their management utters nothing but discord. The rattling of their periods and tumidity of their phrases, like the noise of a drum or swell of a bladder, are but symptoms of their wind and emptiness.

His caution with regard to the use of Grammars and Dictionaries, is the result of sense and observation.

The Grammars of living and dead languages are too often framed on different principles: in the latter, all irregularities, for which an authority can be pleaded, are sanctified by a rule; while the other brands every idiom, or bold combination, as a licentious barbarism. No man ever learnt a language, living or dead, from a Grammar or Dictionary; but by reading the best authors, and partaking of the best conversation. He, who habituates himself to such studies and such society, without proposing to himself a particular model, will insensibly form a Style of his own; as in the mechanical part of writing, every man abandoning himself to his own fancy or powers, almost every man writes a different hand. A certain freedom of Style, a manly flow of language, will distinguish the authors of such a school; whose periods will not be divided into formal compartments, like the squares of a Mosaic pavement, exactly answering each other; but the members of a sentence, like the members of the human body, will seem to be put together with ease as well as symmetry, and equally framed for the purposes of elegance and strength.

As to Grammars and Dictionaries, though not administering to the foundation of our tongue, they may certainly be of great use to contribute to its preservation. They are a kind of scaffold erected by skilful workmen, after our language has been completely built, to repair the ruins of time, and to keep the venerable structure from further decay. The last great English Dictionary will remain, as long as the English Tongue shall remain, a monument of the learning and genius of its author; and I cannot better enforce the utility of the studies recommended in this paper, than by concluding it with an extract from the admirable Preface to that work; a Preface, which at once delivers the precepts, and affords the example, of a pure and eloquent Style.

—“ I have studiously endeavoured to collect examples and authorities from the writers before the Restoration, whose works I regard as *the wells of English undefiled*, as the pure sources of genuine diction. Our language, for almost a century, has, by the concurrence of many causes, been gradually departing from its original *Teutonic* character, and deviating towards a Gallick structure and phraseology, from which it ought to be our endeavour to recall it, by *making our ancient volumes the groundwork of Style*, admitting among the additions of later times, only such as may supply real deficiencies, such as are readily adopted by the genius of our tongue, and incorporate easily with our native idioms.

—“ From the authors which rose in the time of Elizabeth, a speech might be formed adequate to all the purposes of use and elegance. If the language of theology were

extracted from Hooker and the translation of the Bible; the terms of natural knowledge from Bacon; the phrases of policy, war, and navigation, from Raleigh; the dialect of poetry and fiction from Spenser and Sidney; and the diction of common life from Shakespeare, few ideas would be lost to mankind, for want of English words in which they might be expressed.”

To these remarks every man must assent, even when unsupported by the gigantic name of Johnson.

The *Terræ Filius*, which follows, is defined to be “ A Student who writes a satire on the members of a University during the *Encenia*, and is a sort of licensed Pasquin.” Mr. Colman has indeed avoided the asperity and ill-nature of Pasquin, but he has unluckily let the wit likewise escape him, and is no where so consummately dull as in a character where wit is indispensable. A man may be a *Genius* perhaps, a *Gentleman* certainly, but a *Terræ Filius* by no means, without a great deal of wit. We therefore must protest against the essays under this last signature, and perhaps their writer would have lost no fame, if he had totally suppressed them. *The Genius*, *The Gentleman*, and *The Terræ Filius*, are a kind of inverted pyramid. *The Terræ Filius* by the force of gravity sinks with a natural alacrity into the bosom of his venerable parent; *The Gentleman* very properly ranks above him; and as *Virtus sola nobilitat*, *The Genius*, independent of birth, takes place of both.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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 Makritrick Adair, M. D. Member of the Royal Medical Society, and Fellow of the College of Physicians at Edinburgh. 8vo. 4s. Dilly.

(Concluded from Page 133.)

IN almost every page of the present work, our author discovers a degree of puerile self-sufficiency, and arrogant self-importance, worthy alone of those very *Quacks* whom with so much zeal, and so little knowledge, he incessantly labours to demolish with the thunders—the *imaginary* thunders of medical logic. Of quackery in all its shapes, and under all its disguises, we entertain *in reality* that foreign contempt which the

Doctor himself, we are afraid, merely *affects* to entertain; and as there may be quackery in literature, as well as in medicine, we cannot hesitate a moment in pronouncing Dr. Adair a *quackish author*, somewhat inferior, perhaps, in impudence to his *immortal*, and *immortalising* predecessor at Bath, Dr. Graham, but by no means his superior either as a scholar or a man of science.

These are truths—truths which the Doctor

Doctor has himself rendered self-evident; and, bitter as they may be to his palate, if they operate upon him at all, they must operate, we should hope, to his *professional reformation*. If, in the midst of his vain-glorious boastings, he had confined his *anathemas* to the multitudinous generation of Quacks only, not a syllable would we object to all he *has said*—to all with propriety or decency he *could say* on a subject so generally interesting to the welfare of mankind.

But, why, with talents so mean—with endowments so uncultivated, and apparently so *incapable of cultivation*—why, like boys in their sport, should he dare wantonly to throw his arrows at the LEGITIMATE members of his profession?—With all their acknowledged skill, with all their acknowledged probity, neither can Dr. Buchan* nor Dr. Moore † escape the fury of the medical *Dracconifer* before us. Does he envy the fame of those gentlemen? or, childish as he is, can he be weak enough for a moment to suppose, that in attempting to degrade their character, he can possibly dignify his own, or erect upon the shoulders of others a pyramid of reputation to himself?

From the labours of Dr. Buchan—who, to his *shame* be it recorded, did not think it beneath him to tell the world with *simplicity* how to cure even “scalded shins and kiked heels”—our author, with a *smear*, predicts “the utter *annihilation* of physicians and surgeons.”—Mercy upon us, what *prophecy* havoc!—Thank Heaven, it is a prophecy merely—the prophecy, it must be confessed, however, of a *great man*—the prophecy, in a word, of Dr. James Makitrick Adair!

In mentioning Dr. Moore, and coupling his professional character with that of the author of “*Domestic Medicine*,” he very *modestly* observes, “*Another Doctor*, after the most *laudable* efforts to inculcate an opinion that there is nothing well-grounded or permanent in medical principles, proceeds to insinuate that *Nature* and the *Nurse* are the only infallible doctors; though the Doctor, *perhaps not very consistently*, subjoins an elaborate

treatise on the cure of *those very diseases* which he had previously consigned to the management of the forementioned *venerable* personages.”—But in this remark there is nothing to excite admiration, compared with the inference drawn from it.—“Thus,” says our sagacious author, “after one Doctor had liberally imparted *all his practical knowledge*, and another declared there was *none to impart*, it might have been expected that they would have *retired from business*, supremely happy in their *patriotic* endeavours to relieve the public from all future taxation on the score of *medical fees*; yet—hear him, reader—“yet,” adds he, “*these gentlemen, it is probable, may still be found in the exercise of their profession!*”

On the egregious folly, as well as impertinence, of this remark we will make no comment. Of *medical pedantry* it exhibits the very quintessence; but, amidst all the puny attacks of an Adair, this consolation still remains both for Dr. Moore and Dr. Buchan, that (treading in the steps of the immortal Bacon, who was the first that *dared* to divest philosophy of that *rustic barbarism* in which, for ages before, it had been involved by the pride and bigotry of scholastic ignorance) they have disinterestedly done every thing that, *individually* considered, men *could do*, to strip the medical science of its gaudy, useless trappings; to establish it upon a permanent basis; and—what Dr. Adair, in particular, seems disposed never to forgive—to familiarise it to the *capacity*, and to the *practice* of mankind at large.

By no such *unprofessional* views is our author actuated. His object, he fairly tells us, is to “engage the attention of *fine gentlemen and fine ladies*; to give their reading an *air* of study and serious employment; and, by creating a *habit of thinking*, happily relieve them from that *vacancy of mind*, and dreadful ENNUI, from which dress, balls, routs, scandal, and novel-reading, may not always relieve *beings* who have *just pretensions to rationality* †.”

If we may put faith in the Doctor’s

* Author of “*Domestic Medicine*.”

† Author of “*Medical Sketches*,” &c. &c.

‡ We are not perfectly certain how this compliment may be relished by the “*beings*” alluded to—our “*fine gentlemen and fine ladies*,” but this we know, that *he who cannot himself think to any purpose*, is ill-qualified to create “*a habit of thinking*” in others.—To obtain the smiles of the ladies, our author affects to take particular pains, flattering himself, as he expresses it, that they “*will readily pardon an old fellow for throwing out some occasional strokes*.”

own prognostics, *immense* and *universal* will be the fame of the volume before us.—Listen to him again, good reader.—“To the *travelled* gentlemen and ladies the author would observe, that were a work on *this plan* to be published either in Paris or Roine, it would be *read by all who had pretensions to KEEP GOOD COMPANY*; as the *whimsicality* of its plan, and the *singularity* of its *curious* anecdotes, would be commented upon, with great vivacity and *erudition*, at every *conversazione* and *petit soupé* in each metropolis; he therefore *humbly* (O what HUMILITY!) “*hopes* that OUR fashionable *Conoscenti* will not manifest less curiosity than their neighbours.—Having thus he *flatters himself*, secured for his work a favourable reception with *all people of fashion in this realm*, he *most consistently* relies on the countenance of all Men of Letters, viz. the Members of both Houses of Parliament in *both* kingdoms, the Members of *all* the Universities, the Bench and the Bar, &c.”

Of the patronage of the Clergy our author affects to be “peculiarly assured;” but for this patronage the chief reason he assigns is, that he was incited to the publication of the volume before us “by a very respectable Member of their Body.”

After having amused himself with the idea that his book will be universally read and admired by his medical brethren also—“the *sage* Doctors,” as he is pleased sarcastically to style them—he adds, “Estimating his fellow-subjects of this realm at twelve millions, and allowing the moderate proportion of one in twelve to be possessed either of learning or taste, (*excluding midwives, nurses, and quacks, who have neither*) the author is sometimes induced, in his *momentary fits of patriotic enthusiasm**, to form the most flattering calculations of emolument (not for himself, for he disclaims it, but) for the manifold charitable institutions of this kingdom; and to present to his *mind's eye* a most glorious prospect, not only of *contributing largely toward the support of every public charity*, by these his lucubrations, but even of *extending his beneficence to the SINKING FUND*; which, under the auspices of the present *economi-*

cal administration, may probably turn out to be one of the most useful of all public charities.—Toward the completion of this *great undertaking*, he looks up, with a well-grounded confidence, to his *good friends* the Reviewers; who, those of the medical class especially, though they may sometimes be a little *parsimonious* in the article of *critical indulgence*, are *never deficient*” (he acknowledges) “in the points of candour and impartiality.”

Extravagant and hyperbolic as this self-applause may appear, in giving a loose to it the Doctor is *perfectly serious*; and if in either of the passages above quoted, there be any thing that bears the *semblance of irony*, trust us, reader, it is the *semblance merely*. For the compliment he has been pleased to pay to the *Reviewers*, in the name of our monthly brethren at large we thank him; and as a fresh proof of “*our* candour and impartiality,” we shall proceed to give an analytic statement of the various objects that compose his “*Natural History of the Human Body and Mind*,” leaving it to the Public to form its own ideas of the general merit or demerit of the author.

The work is methodically divided into books, and those books into chapters.—In Chap. I. the Doctor, exhibiting a comparison of Man with other animals, will not allow him to be “but a little lower than the angels;” but disclaims the doctrine of Lord Monbodo and others, who have alleged him to have an affinity with the *Ouran-Outang* and the *Monkey*. With his usual *gallantry*, however, to “the fairest part of the creation,” those, at least, “of *rank and fashion*,” he hints, that though he cannot totally approve, he yet cannot totally reject, the hypothesis of Governor Holwell, lately published †, namely, “that our bodies are inhabited by the spirits of *rebellious angels*, and that to the female form and character have been allotted the *meekest and mildest*; and which consequently *have the least of the devil in them*.” Proceeding next to a division of the subject, he describes the solids in general, as also the simple morbid affections of the fibres, and illustrates not only the constituent principles, but the morbid affections of the blood.

of *humour and pleasantry*, when he *solemnly* assures them, that, exceedingly anxious as he must be to conciliate their *good opinion*, he could not possibly *intend to give offence*; and therefore could have no other motive than merely to enliven a *serious* subject.”—From a *young fellow* an apology like this might have its weight with the ladies; but from an *old fellow*, what can they say of it but, what we say, *Faugh!*

* Fits, he ought to have said, of *lunatic vanity*.

† For an account of the work here alluded to, see Vol. XI, p. 165.

Chap. II. is flimsily occupied in telling us that motion is essential to life; in explaining the pre-disposing and occasional causes of motion; and in illustrating the nature of sensibility and stimulus, of action and re-action.

The second Book opens with a description of the functions and qualities of the body; of the sources and instruments of sensation; of the causes of morbid sensibility, muscular motion, and its defects. To these illustrations succeed remarks on the *external senses*—seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, touching; as likewise on the morbid affections of those senses, on sleep, and its effects, &c.

In the ensuing chapter we are presented with, what the author calls, “the natural history of the human mind,” including a description of the *internal senses*. To this succeeds an enquiry into the nature and source of perception; of ideas of sensation and reflection; of memory, and the morbid affections of that faculty; of the secession and association of ideas; of imagination, and reminiscence, as distinguished from memory; of thought, judgment, and reasoning; of genius, or invention; of truth and error; of the morbid affections of the mind respecting truth and error; of delirium, madness, melancholy, hypocondriacism and idiotism; of pleasure and pain; of the appetites, particularly as they are connected with the will; of voluntary and involuntary motions; of the passions, and their morbid effects, &c.

In Book III. Chap. I. the structure of the heart, and of the arteries and veins is described, and an explanation given not only of the circulation of the blood, but of the various causes of its circulation. The importance of the circulation to the

vital, animal, and natural functions is also illustrated, and the result given of certain experiments made by a transfusion of blood into the veins*.

The author proceeds next to describe the organs of respiration; to point out its uses; and to illustrate the qualities and effects of different kinds of air. He likewise describes the organs of articulation and their morbid affections, together with those of the vital powers, &c.

In Book IV. Chap. I. we have a description of the natural functions,—of the organs of mastication and deglutition; of the stomach; of the process of digestion, and its causes; with the result of some experiments on the digestion of brutes. Instances are also given of extraordinary appetite, of extraordinary fasting, and of the fatal effects of thirst; with an illustration of the changes the food undergoes in the intestinal canal, and of the mode of its conversion into chyle.

In Chap. II. of this Book our author considers the nature of the secreted humours, and describes the structure of the glandular organs; the liver and gall-bladder; the bile; the pancreatic and salivary glands; the saliva; the mesentery, the lacteals, and the chyle; the spleen, the kidneys, and the omentum; the lymphatic and the mucous glands; nutrition, absorption, and the whole absorbent system; the excretory organs; the nature of perspiration and sweat; with general remarks on secretion and excretion, and on the qualities of the body.

In Chap. III. we have a view of the embryotic state of animals, and particularly of Man, of whom a characteristic description is also given at the different stages of life. The Doctor next touches upon the races of antediluvians, postdiluvians, gi-

* On this head our author judiciously enough observes, “As every person’s blood seems to be peculiarly adapted to his own system, the attempts made in the last century to transfuse blood from one animal to another, could not be expected to succeed. After various experiments made on brutes, by which an equal quantity of blood was drawn off by one vein, as was transfused by another, so that no injury might be sustained by over-filling the vessels, the experiment was at length made on the human body. The expectations formed from this experiment were very high; especially as some old animals, particularly a dog and a horse, seemed in some degree to have renewed their vigour, by exchanging part of their blood for that of younger animals.

“Some of the first experiments made on men did not seem to be followed by any bad effect, and indeed, after the first trial made at Paris, on a young idiotical person, into whom some ounces of the blood of a lamb were transfused, he seemed to have become more alert and sensible; but on a second experiment he was seized with a phrenzy, and died apoplectic. Notwithstanding this dreadful event, they had the audacity to repeat the experiment on another person in France, and two in Italy; and all of them being evidently destroyed by it, the practice was prohibited.

“The experiment was also made in this country, and the Royal Society had determined to repeat it, but were happily restrained by previous information of the fatal event at Paris.”

ants, and dwarfs; and exhibits a proportion of deaths at different periods of life; of males and females born; of males and females married; of the mortality of the two sexes; of the diseases of different countries; of the healthiness of different climates, countries, and places. To these illustrations succeeds a general and particular description of temperaments, which our author distinguishes into the firm, the delicate, the sanguine, the lax or phlegmatic, and the dry. The diseases of each he particularly notes; gives a comparative view of mortality in two different centuries; assigns the probable causes of difference in this respect; and urges some plausible (we are inclined to think too very just) objections to the Suttonian plan of inoculation.

Thus far have we followed the Doctor in his "Natural History of the Human Body and Mind." The remaining pages of

the volume are pompously, self-sufficiently, and, we will add, unnecessarily, filled with an Essay, divided into five Chapters, feebly illustrating the difficulty of attaining medical knowledge, those branches especially which relate to the practice, and the difficulties resulting from the multiplicity of diseases;—the difficulty of distinguishing diseases by their symptoms;—the difficulty of determining when and how a disease will end;—and, finally, the difficulties attending the cure of them.—

Upon the whole, this is a "flat, stale, and unprofitable performance;" nor can we exempt it from the humorous stricture of Sterne upon new books in general, though deprecated by our author in the preface; and therefore it is that without scruple we tell him, his work resembles an Apothecary's mixture, composed by pouring out of one bottle into another.

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

(Concluded from Page 135.)

8. CASE of an Extra-uterine Fœtus. Communicated in a Letter to Dr. Simmons, by Mr. Edward Jacob, junior, Member of the Corporation of Surgeons of London, and Surgeon at Feversham in Kent.

This is a very curious and well authenticated case, but of a nature not to be minutely described, with propriety, in any other than a medical work.

9. Case of a Ganglion of the Tendons opened and successfully treated. By John Evans, M. D. of Liverpool.

The treatment of this case does credit to the author of the paper. The contents of the ganglion, when opened, were found to be, not a glairy fluid, as is commonly the case with this kind of tumours, but a number of substances, in all about two hundred, of different sizes, resembling, in every respect, so many unripe nut-kernels. The wound was perfectly healed in three weeks.

10. A Case of Hydrophobia. By Mr. David Dundas, Surgeon, at Richmond, in Surry. Communicated in a Letter to John Grieve, M. D. Member of the Royal College of Physicians of London, and by him to Dr. Simmons.

Of all the calamities to which human nature is liable, this of the hydrophobia seems to be the most dreadful. The instance here related is particularly remarkable on account of the uncommon length of time (eighteen months) that intervened

between the bite and the coming on of the symptoms, and is well deserving of the practitioner's attention.

11. An Account of two Cases of violent Constipation of the Bowels; the first successfully treated by the internal and external Application of cold Water; and the second terminating by a Discharge of Matter from the Vagina. Communicated in a Letter to Dr. Simmons, F. R. S. by Mr. Charles Kite, Member of the Corporation of Surgeons of London, and Surgeon at Gravesend, in Kent.

The practice in the first of these two cases was bold, but fully justified by the event; which may serve as a striking proof of the superior efficacy of cold applications in circumstances similar to those described in Mr. Kite's paper.

12. On the Cause of the Death of Children when the Umbilical Cord is compressed during Labour. By John Clarke, Licentiate in Midwifery of the Royal College of Physicians, and Teacher of Midwifery in London.

The author of this inquiry shews himself to be an ingenious physiologist. His arguments all tend to prove that children who are destroyed by compression of the umbilical cord, die for want of those advantages which animals receive from the influence of air upon their blood.

13. Extract of a Letter from Mr. Robert Cheshier, Surgeon, at Hinckley, in Leicestershire; containing an Account of

a Case of Luxation of the Os Humeri, in which the Reduction of the Bone was facilitated by inducing Sickness and Faintness, by Means of Emetic Tartar. Communicated to Dr. Simmons by Dr. Denman, Physician in London.

The man who was the subject of this curious experiment, was a robust subject, and the head of the bone being slipped pretty far under the pectoral muscle, many fruitless attempts had been made to reduce it. In this state of difficulty Mr. Chesher gave him repeated doses of emetic tartar till he became sick, and so faint, that he could scarcely support himself on the chair. During this state of faintness the muscular fibres were so relaxed as to allow the bone to be easily reduced into its socket. In a note to this paper the Edi-

tor points out a practice somewhat similar described in the Philosophical Transactions, volume 51.

14. Observations on the Use of Arsenic in Intermittent Fevers. By Robert Willan, M. D. Member of the Royal College of Physicians, and Physician to the Finsbury and Public Dispensaries in London.

These cases, which are seven in number, appear to be related with candour, and are much in proof of the efficacy of the remedy recommended.

The Journal concludes as usual with a Catalogue of new Medical Books. The present Catalogue gives the titles of no less than seventy-five, the greater part of them published in foreign countries.

The Life of M. Turgot, Comptroller-General of the Finances of France in the Years 1774, 1775, and 1776. Written by the Marquis of Condorcet, of the French Academy of Sciences; and translated from the French. With an Appendix. 8vo. 6s. Boards. Johnson.

FROM the well-written volume before us we learn, that this consummate Statesman, and truly upright Minister, was a descendant of one of the most ancient families in Normandy, and was born in Paris on the 10th of May, 1727. He was the youngest of three brothers, and originally destined for the church. Accordingly, after having taken his degree, he was elected prior of the Sorbonne; a rank, it seems, rarely conferred by the doctors of that order but upon the bachelor who is of the most conspicuous and honourable family. At this period, he was only twenty-three years of age.—Young as he was, however, he was obliged, in his capacity of prior, to deliver two Latin orations. In the first of these, it was his object to evince the benefits which mankind have derived from the diffusion of Christianity; in the second, he gave a philosophical history of the progress of the human understanding; and in both, according to his biographer, he discovered an uncommon fund of information, ingenuity, and acuteness.

M. Turgot, indeed, seems to have been endowed with all the gifts of an universal genius; for we are told, that during the course of his academical pursuits, he not only applied himself to poetry and the belles lettres, but studied the elements of every science, rendered himself master of many, and even digested plans for the execution of a vast variety of works; including poems, tragedies, and philosophical romances, and even extensive disserta-

tions upon natural philosophy, history, geography, grammar, politics, ethics, and metaphysics. Of these works all that now remain are a few of the plans.

When the period arrived for M. Turgot to fix upon a profession, rejecting the church, he embraced the law. We next find him in the station of master of requests; a station, which not only renders the person who holds it the servant of the executive power, and the grand instrument of government in operations of commerce and finance, but requires him, more frequently than the member of any other order, to assume the first offices of administration. Considering the extension of knowledge as an object of the greatest national utility, M. Turgot, amidst all the cares of government, was still indefatigable in his literary and scientific pursuits; and the publication of the *Encyclopédie* being in agitation at the period alluded to, he enriched that work with several articles.

In 1761, M. Turgot was appointed Intendant of Limoges; an office of which the chief functions are, to give directions in detail for carrying into execution the general orders of administration; to make provisional decisions in certain cases; and to adjudge others with respect to commerce and finance, subject to the council. In this office, where so many opportunities offered of doing much good, or much mischief, we find several instances of the laudable and truly exemplary conduct of M. Turgot.

He now published his "Report," containing a complete dissertation upon loans; and some time after appeared the "Essay on the Formation of Wealth*." To these publications succeeded his Treatise on "Mines and Quarries;" in which, with not less patriotism than philosophy, he deduces, from the principles of natural justice, the laws that ought to regulate not only the working of mines, but the distribution of the property in them.

It was not till the death of Louis XIV. that M. Turgot was promoted to the first offices of government. By the public voice (as a man who to all the improvements that study could confer, united the experience which results from habits of business) he was then appointed minister of the marine, and in a month after removed to the administration of the finances.

Under the wise and active administration of M. Turgot, the finances of France began to recover from that alarming state of perplexity in which, for a considerable time before, they had been ruinously involved. Of the diligence and integrity of this great financier our biographer gives most striking proofs.—At the period of his accession to power, ten millions of livres in bills of exchange, advanced to the West-India colonies, had been due five years, and the payment suspended by government. Of that vast sum M. Turgot immediately paid off fifteen hundred thousand livres; set apart a million a-year for payment of the remainder; and offered, if it might be agreeable to the proprietors of the bills in question, to fund them at four per cent. Busied as he was in diminishing the national debt, and in making redemptions useful to the less opulent

class of citizens, not less active was he in diminishing another grand source of the decline of public credit—*anticipations* of the revenue. But the circumstance which renders these financial achievements truly meritorious, is, that, far from having been completed with the aid of new loans, or by the imposition of new burthens upon the people, many of the old taxes were, in the mean while, either diminished or totally suppressed. What renders them astonishing also is, that they were all with ease accomplished in the short space of twenty months; during many months of which M. Turgot was so severely afflicted with the attacks of an hereditary gout, as to be incapable of attending to business.

So strenuous an advocate was this great man of religious toleration, that in conformity to the liberality of his own principles, he scrupled not to propose an amendment of the oath administered to the kings of France at their coronation, and even to draw up a memoir on the subject; urging the sovereign to an unreserved toleration with respect to religious sentiments and worship, as a duty which he owed to the inviolable laws of conscience, to humanity, and, in fact, to policy.

It was when he was at the height of this bright, this glorious career, that the king demanded his resignation; and from the fate of M. Turgot we may learn, that in France, as well as in England, the best of ministers is but weakly guarded, when he has nothing to shield him from the machinations of powerful and aspiring parties but the *personal esteem of his sovereign*.

A Poetical Epistle to a Curate. By Josiah Thomas. 4to. 2s. 6d. Faulder.

THE sufferings of the inferior clergy of the Church of England have long called aloud for redress; nor is it necessary to invoke the aid of the Muses, to exhibit them in all their horrors. The ingenious author of the Epistle before us, is himself a member of the reverend order, thus *irreverently* treated; and his professed view

in writing it was, to reconcile himself to his hard lot. The poem is really not without a considerable share of merit—There is a philosophic dignity in the sentiments, added to an harmonious flow in the numbers, which in our opinion entitle Mr. Thomas to move in a sphere very different from that of a paltry Curate.

* Our biographer affirms, that this performance forms the basis on which Dr. Smith reared the superstructure of his celebrated work on the "Wealth of Nations." Surmises to the like effect we have heard before from different quarters; but the truth or fallacy of them we will not presume to determine, having had no opportunity to examine M. Turgot's publication on the subject.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

P R O L O G U E

TO THE

COMEDY of the COUNTRY
ATTORNEY,

Spoken by Mr. BENSLEY.

IF Life is but a Jest, and all Things show it,
Why then commend me to the Comic
Poet;

For he, who makes that life the merriest Jest,
Enjoys it most, and understands it best.

Off then, ye Sons of Tragedy, begone,

And let life's gay interpreter come on!
Your's are fine fingers, and a curious art
That plays fine tunes upon the human heart;
Runs fine divisions upon Ah! and Oh!
And strikes fine melody from notes of woe.
But grant our maxim good, and you must
own

'Tis a dull jest that makes the hearers groan.

The World's a Stage, and they alone can
please

Who tread the Stage with gaiety and ease.
Laugh where we can, we will; but still our
mirth

Shall give no scandal to one man of worth.
With honest zeal we'll lash those foes to life,
A perjurd husband, and a guilty wife:

And whilst we ply the rod, the voice of Truth
Shall guide its moral to the ear of youth.

Love we shall show, but it shall be such
Love

As honour stamps, and parents must approve.
And with your leave, Attorneys, for this night,
We'll set a rare example in your sight.

Shut not your ears; we never will offend
'em;

As many as are blest with ears may lend 'em.
The characters you'll meet are fancied
elves:

We don't invite you, Sirs, to see yourselves.

'Till modern manners furnish something new,
The want of novelty must rest with you.

Thus, if wit seems to languish in the nation,
'Tis the effect of general reformation.

Reform then, till the morals of the age
Leave not one foible to supply the stage!

Our author wishes not to found his fame
On follies that disgrace the British name.

E P I L O G U E.

Written by GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.

Spoken by Miss FARREN,

In the Character of LADY RUSTICK.

WHEN Tragedy has made soft Pity weep,
Grim Terror rous'd, or wrapp'd the House
in sleep,

Out comes the chearful Epilogue; and then
You smile, or wake, and are yourselves
again.

Our Bard, resolv'd to please you if he can,
Sticks to the system, though revers'd the
plan;

And to five Acts of Comedy, succeeds
My Lady Rustick in her Widow's Weeds,
Frown not, grave Critics; start not, Ladies
gay!

I'll preach no Fun'ral Sermon o'er our Play.
These modes and shapes of grief, these suits of
woe,

Oft cover joy "within that passeth show."
On husbands monuments oft Patience sits
Smiling in sorrow, sad and gay by fits,
Free from the prison of a Dotard's arms,
Her sables trappings but encrease her charms;
As skillful Jewellers, their gems to grace,
The richest brilliants on black velvet place.
Each gentle Knight, a witness of her grief,
Comforts the fair who seems to court relief!
All ornaments laid by, the mournful dress
Hangs out a flag, the signal of distress;
As hatchments, o'er the darken'd windows
set,

Proclaim the tenant dead, the house to let.

To-night our artist strove, in tints not
faint,

The portrait of a Widow'd Wife to paint.
True to her vows, though conscious of her
lot,

Enslav'd to age, and wedded to a dot;
Firm to the last, and freed from nuptialties,
Conqu'ring the passions she would fain dis-
guise.

Yet think not the fair victim's fate too hard,
Nor too severe the judgment of our Bard!
Too soon he held it, in her piteous plight,
Her Widow's Weeds to change for bridal
white:

Or from a Fun'ral, like his brother Bayes,
At once a marriage festival to raise.

Yet with her grief bright rays of hope he
blends:

When Lady Rustick's decent sorrow ends,
My Lady Millamour shall make amends.

AUGUST 28, was represented for the first
time, at the Hay-market, for the benefit of
Mr. Edwin, a pient piece, entitled The Village
Lawyer. It is a translation from the French,
and abounds in laughable, farcical situations,
It is likely to be a favourite. The following
is a sketch of the plot.

Scout, a lawyer, being expelled from West-
minster-hall for misbehaviour to the Court, is
obliged to retire to a country-village, where
having remained a fortnight, and not
finding any business, imagines he should very
soon

soon be able to acquire it, could he make a better appearance; for which purpose he has recourse to his neighbour, Mr. Snarl, a woolen-drafter, and by pretending he came to settle an account of his father's, who was dead, obtains a piece of cloth sufficient for his coat, and invites Snarl to dinner on a goose which had been sent him by a client out of Norfolk.

Sheep's-face, a servant of Snarl's, who has the care of a flock of sheep, having killed some of them, under pretence of preventing them dying of the rot, is at last detected by Snarl in the act of killing one of the best wethers, upon which he threatens to have Sheep's-face hanged. Sheep's-face not knowing what to do, is advised by his wife, whom he had espoused the night before, to have recourse to the lawyer; which having resolved upon, he meets Scout with the cloth under his arm on his return from Snarl, and states his case to him, which Scout undertakes, supposing him to be a servant of some farmer, but desires Sheep's-face to make no other answer to any question that should be asked him by the Justice than *Ba-a-a!*

Scout knowing that Snarl would come to dinner according to the invitation, pretends to have been mad a fortnight; but finding Snarl not so easy to be got rid of, makes several feigned fits, in the last of which he says there are thieves, immediately takes a broom and presents it to Snarl, and by this stratagem frightens him out of the house. Snarl then goes to Justice Mitrimus, where Scout and Sheep's-face go also.

Snarl, in giving in his evidence to the Justice, confounds the cloth Scout had obtained from him, and the wethers Sheep's-face had killed, which with Sheep's-face *Ba-a-a-ing!* every time a question is asked, makes a truly ludicrous scene; and the whole concludes with Snarl's giving his consent to his son's marriage to Scout's daughter.

SEPT. 5. *Vimonda*, a tragedy, by Mr. Macdonald, was acted for the first time at the Hay-market. The characters are as follow:

<i>Dundore</i> ,	- -	Mr. Bensley.
<i>Bernard</i> ,	- -	Mr. Aickin.
<i>Duke of Rothfay</i> ,	-	Mr. Kemble.
<i>Seton</i> ,	- -	Mr. Johnson.
<i>Lord Melville</i> ,	-	Mr. Bannister, jun.
<i>Afrida</i> ,	- -	Miss Woolery.
<i>Vimonda</i> ,	- -	Mrs. Kemble.

The story of this piece is analogous to those which obtained credit and interest in the twelfth century. A lover to obtain his mistress secretly attempts the father's life, and, as he imagines, puts him to death. He is prevented from carrying her off by a young hero, who instantly attacks her by his valour.—The father not being actually killed, haunts the castle as a ghost, and the villain who at-

tempts his life casts the imputation on his deliverer. This occasions perplexity to the imaginary characters, but not to the audience, and the question is decided by single combat. In the event the author chooses that the innocent and the guilty should suffer; for the villain is killed, and the hero being imposed upon by the offer of poison, at the request of his mistress, who supposed him guilty, drinks it at the moment he is convinced of his innocence, and the lady is made to run mad and die.

The sentiments, imagery, and diction, are not without merit; and the whole play, as the first effort of a young author, is respectable.—The following Epilogue, by Mr. Mackenzie, was spoken by Mrs. Kemble.

METHINKS our Heroine was wond'rous weak,

To let a Goblin Tale her marriage break.
Now, thank our stars! the childish creed is lost,

That gave such mighty influence to a Ghost;
Nor ever, as in these old-fashion'd times,
"Perturbed spirits" witness secret crimes;
Except when rais'd by some shrewd swindling brain,

They thump, and scratch, and vanish in *Cock-lane*.

Our Lovers' nuptials meet with no delays
From phantom-visitations now-a-days;
More solid bars their tender wistful crosses,
Deeds to indite, and parchments to engross,
Fortunes to settle, *pin-money*, *debates*,
Weighing of rents, and wedding of estates.
Or, sometimes, such the fate of earthly joys,
Perturbed Spirits *after wedlock* rise;
Spirits of anger, sullessness and strife,
That blight the genial sweets of married life;
Passions that every exorcism brave,
And strew indifference o'er affection's grave.
Or should the wife have some *familiar*

sprite,
(Such things there are) that haunts the house
by night,

He, like our bards, if rightly understood,
May prove, perhaps, no Ghost, but *sifts and blood*.

But here, within our mimic kingdom's
bound,

Still antique Ghosts may walk their nightly
round;

Still truncheon'd *Hamlet* glide, or *Banquo's*
shade

Drive Scotland's tyrant from his seat dif-
may'd.

Could but our magic spells contrive to bind
Spirits before the curtain as behind;

Poets no more should dread the fatal sound
Of harsh and angry Goblins rising round,

Of those who howl above, or hiss below }
the ground †.

May milder pow'rs now breathe their influence here,

And join the Muse's smile, the Muse's tear;
In this warm soil may foster'd genius spring,
And here young fancy stretch a bolder wing.

If such kind *Spirits* hither make resort,
Weak as we are, we'll not be frighten'd fort.
Let them walk here, we'll use no *charms* to cure it,

And tho' our house be *haunted*—we'll endure it.

The same evening, a new burletta, called *Hero and Leander*, was acted at the Royalty-Theatre.

Sept. 3. Mrs. Wells appeared at the last-mentioned Theatre, when the following occasional Address was spoken by Mr. Lee Lewes,

OF all the fights which London walkers meet,

That stop the gaping booby of the street—
Have you not seen a cripple in a cart
Drawn by two asses—act the author's part,
And with strange skill—which almost bears dispute—

Robb'd of his hands—turn writer with his foot?

Our scene, like this—of nat'ral strength bereft—

Dramatic Cripple—shifts with what is left.

For here, while 'ganst our pow'rs the war they wage,

And they who should support—would crush the Stage,

Should GARRICK'S *self*, with all his pow'rs anew,

Rise on this very spot—where first he grew,
E'en *He* your kind indulgence still must beg,
And sing "Roast Beef," or hop upon one leg.

Should *Siddons* too with forceful art appear,
To rend the heart, and draw forth every tear;
That wondrous art *Monopolis* would numb,
And snub those pow'rs to—*TRAGEDY struck dumb!*

For here we bluster not, nor rave, nor swagger:

EMBLEM of *Patience*—with a bowl and dagger,

Our *Tragic Muse*—depriv'd of scene and fable,

Stands, and will stand—as long as she is able.

To-night, for once, our shackled scene to aid,

A favour'd actress leaves th' inactive shade—
And here, in wish, in gratitude to you,

She *first* attempts a trifle—wholly new—
Sketches of voice and character—the best—

It bears no individual turn'd to jest!
To you she trusts, whose favouring applause

First fix'd this Stage, and aided first our cause;

Which, spite of contest, will survive, and must—

Be our hearts steady—as our cause is just.

10. A tragedy called *Almirina*, acted by one person on the plan of Whitehead's *Fatal Constancy*, was performed at the Royalty-Theatre. This was not a new thought, having formerly been exhibited by Mr. Foote in a piece called "The Diversions of the Morning." It is a piece possessing little merit, and owing its success entirely to the ability of the actor who performs the whole of it.

15. It was intended this day to open the theatre at Drury-lane with *The School for Scandal* and *The Quaker*; but the preceding day the following correspondence passed, which prevented the performance of any play that evening.

MR. PALMER deems it a duty to lay the following circumstances, and letters, before the public, in order to prevent any misrepresentation of facts respecting the cause, and manner, of his quitting Drury-lane Theatre.

Considering himself as most illiberally treated by the Managers of the Winter Theatres, Mr. P. thought he could not, either in justice to himself, or to the profession of which he is a Member, perform any longer under the direction of those who have insulted him individually, and stigmatized his brethren in general. Conformably to this opinion, Mr. Palmer, on Friday last, convened his Subscribers, and submitted implicitly to their opinion and advice. They honourably concurred with him in sentiment, that he had been extremely ill-used, and accorded with his proposal of quitting Drury-lane Theatre. After the Meeting broke up, Mr. Palmer sent the following letter to Mr. King:

"Dear Sir,

"The hurry in which I have been kept for some days past by the respect I owe to the public, has hitherto hindered me from taking proper notice of the insertion of my name in the Drury-lane play-bill for to-morrow night. I think it is not too late to do it now.

"Stigmatized as I have been for some months past, with the appellations of *vagrant*, *rogue*, and *vagabond*, in the newspapers, do the Managers of Drury-lane imagine that I can, with any propriety, appear upon their Boards? I should rather conclude that they think me unworthy of so great an honour.—Whatever may be their sentiments, I feel myself insulted by Mr. Linley; and the more so, as that gentleman, in conjunction with Messrs. Harris and Colman, persists in his very elegant charge, and has given notice by his Solicitors, Wallis and Troward, that the King's-Bench will be moved against the Justices who bailed my brother, when committed, in the phrase of the notice, as a *rogue* and *vagabond*. This, I repeat it, is persisting in the charge; and, under these circumstances, I feel that it would be meanness of spirit in me to act any longer at Drury-lane. I am therefore to desire, Sir, that in the bills for to-morrow, my

name may be omitted. A person of your experience will not be at a loss for another play, or, if the same play be necessary, for another performer.

"I am to request that you will immediately communicate this to Mr. Linley. After a long connection with you, and, on my part, great personal regard, I feel no small uneasiness in this separation; but I shall always remain, Dear Sir,

Royalty-Theatre, Yours,
Sept. 14, 1787. JOHN PALMER."
THOMAS KING, Esq.

"P. S. At the same time that I wish you to communicate my fixed determination of not again appearing as a performer at Drury-lane Theatre, if it be found inconvenient to alter the play advertised for to-morrow evening, sooner than the public shall be disappointed, I will perform."

To this letter the following answer was returned:

"Dear Sir,
"I Have not been able to see Mr. Linley since I received your letter; but will, as soon as possible, make him acquainted with the contents of it. In the mean time, I take the liberty to inform you, there will not be any performance at Drury-lane Theatre to-morrow; and am sorry to find we are not likely to have your assistance there in future. I am, Sir,
Your very humble servant,
Sept. 14, 1787. THOMAS KING."
MR. PALMER.

Mr. Palmer, on the receipt of this letter, conceiving that the disappointment of the public might be imputed to him, immediately dispatched the subsequent letter to Mr. King.

"Dear Sir,
"I This moment received your letter, informing me, that there will not be any performance at Drury-lane Theatre to-morrow. I hope the play is not postponed in consequence of my letter; as I before informed you, and now repeat it, that sooner than the public shall be disappointed, I am ready to appear in the character designed me in the bills.

Royalty-Theatre, I am, Sir, Yours,
Sept. 14, 1787. JOHN PALMER."
MR. KING.

Mr. Palmer having thus exonerated himself from any supposed duty to the Managers of Drury-lane Theatre, Mr. Bannister, disdainful to be the servant of his persecutors, sent the following letter to Mr. King; which was received, but not answered.

"Sir,
"I Am very much concerned, that the conduct of the Proprietors of Drury-lane Theatre should make it an indispensable duty in me to declare my determination not to perform there, in conformity to the notice which they have given in the bills that announce the opening of their House for the winter season. I have been branded with the infamous

title of *vagabond*—I have been persecuted under that appellation by, and at the instance of the very men who announce me, when it is their interest so to do, "in a contrary style." The inference is plain. I am a rascal and a vagrant when they can get nothing by me.—I am the contrary, when I am deemed an object of pecuniary advantage to their Theatre.

"Under such circumstances, I must, indeed, have no grateful idea of the profession to which I belong, and must pay a poor compliment to my good old friends in the West, and to that generous people by whose countenance and protection, in the East of the City, I am enabled to provide for my family, if I did not personally feel the intended insult, as clearly as I perceive that palpable hypocrisy which induces, by the Managers advertisement, a deception upon them; for, Sir, it must have been evident to every man of understanding, that the persecuted, when he can earn a livelihood elsewhere, will never become a subservient hireling to his persecutors.

"I am therefore to request you will, as Acting Manager, take notice, that my name, in the play-bills of Drury-lane, has been inserted without my consent; and consequently I desire that it may be discontinued, for the reasons I have mentioned.

"I wish not to give the least disappointment to those noble and numerous patrons, whose claims upon my gratitude must remain a debt which I shall never be able to discharge; and therefore, I wish it to be understood by you and the Proprietors, that my poor abilities in the Quaker are at their service to-morrow, and that I shall not charge the Managers any thing for my performance; but it is to be considered as a small token of my gratitude to the public, not as any part of my duty to the Theatre. I am, Sir, with great esteem,

Your most obedient, humble Servant,
CHARLES BANNISTER."

On the whole of the preceding circumstances, Mr. Palmer leaves the Public to make their comment. The utmost of his desire is, to acquit himself with every respect to the Town, from whom he has received so many obligations, for a series of years; that a life of professional exertion in their service will be the only means of testifying his gratitude.

JOHN PALMER.
Royalty-Theatre, Sept. 18, 1787.

The following OCCASIONAL ADDRESS, written by GEORGE DALLAS, Esq. was spoken at the Cheltenham Theatre, by Miss CHAPMAN.

At midnight hour, when solemn Silence reigns,
And darkness spreads her horrors o'er the plains,
Alarm'd, confus'd, th' affrighted traveller strays,
Whilst fancied dangers mark his dreary ways;

With doubt dismay'd, anxiety oppress'd,
Trembling he steps, while Terror chills his
breast;

Armida's phantoms in each tree he fears,
In ev'ry breeze the rising tempest hears:
Thus starts the timid deer! and from each
found,

Fancies the arrow flies, and feels its wound.
Such are the terrors, such the fears We feel,
When at this bar We make our first appeal.
To us, each auditor a critic seems,
And deadly murmurs are not merely dreams!

(To the Ladies.)

[Those lips which Nature never formed to
chide,

Our manners ridicule, our speech deride;]
So coward Fancy represents the storm,
Mis-shapes each object, and distorts each
form;

Engenders fear, that mars each noble aim,
And fetters Genius in its flight to Fame.
Yet why this fear, when sway like yours we
own?

Judgment here reigns—but Candour shares
the throne.

Then Candour speak, our merits freely try;
Who bravely struggles, cannot safely die.
The gallant soldier, who by arms inspir'd,
By Valour prompted, or by glory fired,
With dauntless ardour seeks, in martial soil,
The verdant wreath that crowns the hero's
toil,

Resists springs to snatch the laurel'd prize,
And nobly conquers—or, as nobly dies!

In humbler scenes alike we seek to shine,
And gain the generous wreath our Patrons
'twine:

No happier joy can warm the Actor's breast,
Than pleasing You—'tis thus that We are
blest.

Your frowns at once can check our anxious
strife;

Your smiles the sun that gilds our hopes
with life.

'Twas gleams like these, which erst, in
Rome's proud age,

Made *Roscus* shine—the planet of her stage!
Though War, unchain'd, gave savage Slaugh-
ter play,

And Gothic fury swept her fanes away,
Yet Fame, obedient to her lover's call,
Still shields her *Roscus* from the general fall;

To distant ages bears him, free from harms,
And rars his trophies with unfading charms.

Alike distinguish'd, see, in modern times,
A *Siddons* blaze—the meteor of our
climes!

Scarce had *Britannia* shed the tender tear,
Scarce strew'd the cypress on her *GARRICK's*
bier,

Ere *SIDDONS* rose, resplendent to the fight,
To cheer expiring Hope with new-born light.

Contending rivals still admiring gaze,
And Envy, charm'd, attunes her voice to
praise.

Let fond remembrance prompt the grateful
tale,

How here the bloom'd to deck fair *Hyham's*
vale.

First on these boards she felt the kindling
flame,

That rouses Genius to aspire at Fame;
First on this stage she sought the public view,
To Nature faithful, as to Virtue true.

With judgment polish'd, and with taste re-
fin'd,

Here, trac'd each varying passion of the mind.
In grief dejected, or with anguish wild,

Still Nature triumph'd in her fav'rite child;
From feeling bosoms drew the plaintive sigh,
While Pity's dew-drop fell from Beauty's
eye:

The chaste observer of her modest laws,
Saw future honours dawn in your applause;

Discern'd, in Time's dark womb, the splen-
did day,

When weeping crowds should own her magic
sway;

When Bards, delighted, should combine to
raise

The lasting column to record her praise.
With bold ambition, yet with tranquil mien,

Pleas'd the beheld, and wou'd the vivid
scene,

'Till realiz'd each fairy form of youth,
She wak'd—from dreams of Hope—to
works of Truth.

O! could our minds the blissful thought
attain,

That as you listen—you approve our strain,
Perhaps, some grateful ear yet might view

Another *Siddons*—rais'd to fame—by You.
In vain may trembling Talent hope to stand,

Unless protected by the public hand;
Uncheer'd by you, it droops in wither'd state,

And doom'd to perish, mourns its hapless fate.
Rais'd by your plaudits, shall the drama prove

The school where virtue may her mind im-
prove.

No meaner plant that stains the classic page,
Shall here be rear'd to soil a spotless stage.

Though vulgar Bards, for polish'd mirth unfit,
With low-born ribaldry have aim'd at wit;

The Bard by taste more cultur'd, ne'er will
seek

To spread confusion o'er the virgin cheek;
For base the triumph which a wit receives,

When Beauty blushes, or when Virtue
grieves.

Then let us hope, within these walls to find
The friendly aid, that marks the feeling mind.

From sparkling families let bright'ning eyes dis-
penite

The graceful symptoms of Benevolence.
So, if *Hygeia* to our pray'r attend,

Her choicest gifts shall wait each gen'rous
friend;

Health's best of blessings shall our Spring*
impart,

And joy, like ours, arise in ev'ry heart.

* The Mineral Spring at Cheltenham.

REMARKABLE STORIES and ANECDOTES.

[From Mr. GILPIN's "Observations on the Mountains and Lakes of Camberland and Westmoreland.]"

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ENTERTAINMENT
AT KENELWORTH CASTLE.

ONE of the most memorable particulars of the history of Kenelworth-castle, is an entertainment, which was given here by the Earl of Leicester to Queen Elizabeth. The tradition of this grand festivity still lives in the country; and we have hardly any thing equal to it on record. An account of it was published by one Langham, a person then in office about the court, and present at the time. I have already quoted from this work; and shall add a part of the account he gives of her Majesty's reception; from which an idea may be formed of the gallantry of the whole entertainment.

On the 9th of July 1575, in the evening, the Queen approaching the first gate of the castle, the porter, *a man tall of person, and stern of countenance, with a club and keys, accosted her Majesty in a rough speech, full of passion in metre, aptly made for the purpose; and demanded the cause of all this din, and noise, and riding about within the charge of his office?* But upon seeing the Queen, as if he had been struck instantaneously, and pierced at the presence of a personage so evidently expressing heroic sovereignty, he falls down on his knees, humbly prays pardon for his ignorance, yields up his club and keys, and proclaims open gates, and free passage to all.

Immediately, the trumpeters, who stood on the wall, being six in number, each on eight foot high, with their silvery trumpets, of a five foot long, sounded up a tune of welcome.

These harmonious blasters maintained their delightful music, while the Queen rode through the tilt-yard to the grand entrance of the castle, which was washed by the lake.

Here, as she passed, a moveable stand approached, in which sat enthroned the Lady of the lake; who accosted her Majesty in well penned metre, with an account of the antiquity of the castle, and of her own sovereignty over those waters, since the days of King Arthur: but that bearing her Majesty was passing that way, she came in humble wise to offer up the same, and all her power, into her Majesty's hands.

This pageant was closed with a delightful harmony of hautboys, flutes, cornets, and such other loud music, which held on, while her Majesty pleasantly so passed into the castle-gate.

Here she was presented with a new scene. Several of the heathen gods had brought their

gifts before her, which were piled up, or hung, in elegant order, on both sides of the entrance: wild-fowl, and dead game, from Silvanus god of the woods: baskets of fruit from Pomona: sheaves of various kinds of corn from Ceres: a pyramid adorned with clusters of grapes, *gracified with their vine-leaves*, from Bacchus; and ornamented at the bottom with elegant vases and goblets: fish of all sorts, disposed in baskets, were presented by Neptune: arms by Mars; and musical instruments by Apollo. An inscription over the gate explained the whole.

Her Majesty having graciously accepted these gifts, was received into the gates with a concert of flutes, and other soft music; and alighting from her palfrey, (which she always rode single) she was conveyed into her chamber: and her arrival was announced through the country by a peal of cannon from the ramparts; and a display of fireworks at night.

Here the Queen was entertained nineteen days; and it is recorded, that the entertainment cost the Earl a thousand pounds a day; each of which was diversified with masks, interludes, hunting, music, and a variety of other amusements. The Queen's genius seems to have been greatly consulted in the pomp and solemnity of the whole. Perhaps too it was consulted, when the classical purity of these amusements relaxed; and gave way (as we find it sometimes did) to boxing, bear-baiting, and the buffoonery of the times.

Among other compliments paid to the Queen, in this gallant festival, the great cock, which was fixed in Caesar's tower, was stopped, during her Majesty's continuance in the castle, that while the country enjoyed that great blessing, time might stand still.

ROBIN THE DEVIL.

WINDERMERE Island belonged formerly to the Philpotts, a family of note in Westmoreland. During the civil wars, two of them, an elder and a younger brother, served the King. The former, who was the proprietor of it, commanded a regiment; the latter was a major.

The major, whose name was Robert, was a man of great spirit and enterprize; and for his many feats of personal bravery, had obtained, among the Oliverians of those parts, the appellation of *Robin the Devil*.

After the war subsided, Col. Briggs, a steady friend to the Usurpation, residing at Kendal, under the double character of a leading magistrate (for he was a justice of the peace) and an active commander, held the country in awe. This person having heard, that Major Philipson was at his brother's house on the island in Windermere, resolved, if possible, to seize, and punish a man, who had made himself so particularly obnoxious. With this view he mustered a party, which he thought sufficient; and went himself on the enterprize. How it was conducted, my authority * does not inform us—whether he got together the navigation of the lake, and blockaded the place by sea; or whether he landed, and carried on his approaches in form. Neither do we learn the strength of the garrison within; nor of the works without: though every gentleman's house was, at that time, in some degree a fortress. All we learn, is, that Major Philipson endured a siege of eight or ten days with great gallantry; till his brother, the colonel, hearing of his distresses, raised a party, and relieved him.

It was now the major's turn to make reprisals. He put himself therefore at the head of a little troop of horse, and rode to Kendal, where Col. Briggs resided. Here being informed, that the colonel was at prayers, (for it was on a Sunday morning) he stationed his men properly in the avenues; and himself, armed, rode directly into the church. It is said, he intended to seize the colonel, and carry him off: but as this seems to have been totally impracticable, it is rather probable, that his intention was to kill him on the spot; and in the midst of the confusion to escape. Whatever his intention was, it was frustrated; for Briggs happened to be elsewhere.

The congregation, as might be expected, was thrown into great confusion on seeing an armed man, on horseback, enter the church; and the major taking the advantage of their astonishment, turned his horse round, and rode quietly out. But having given an alarm, he was presently assailed as he left the church: and being seized, his girths were cut, and he was unhorsed.

At this instant, his party made a furious attack on the assailants; and the major, killing with his own hand the man who had seized him, clapped the saddle, ungirthed as it was, upon his horse; and vaulting into it, rode full speed through the streets of Kendal, calling to his men to follow him; and with his whole party made a safe retreat to his asylum in the lake.—The action marked the man. Many knew him; and they who did not, knew as well from the

exploit, that it could be nobody but *Robin the Devil*.—Such are the calamities of civil war! After the direful effects of public opposition cease, revenge and private malice long keep alive the animosity of individuals.

SIMPLICITY and MANNERS of the PEOPLE of ROSTHWAIT, with their Mode of Procuring FUEL.

IN the deep retreat of the valley of Borrodale, lies the village of Rosthwait, having at all times little intercourse with the country, but during half the year almost totally excluded from all human commerce.

Here the sons and daughters of simplicity enjoy health, peace, and contentment, in the midst of what city-luxury would call the extreme of human necessity:

Stealing their whole dominion from the waste;

Repelling winter-blasts with mud and straw.

Their scanty patches of arable land, and these cultivated with difficulty; and their crops late-ripening, and often a prey to autumnal rains, which are violent in this country, just give them bread to eat. Their herds afford them milk; and their flocks, cloaths; the shepherd himself being often the manufacturer also. No dye is necessary to tinge their wool: it is naturally a russet-brown; and sheep and shepherds are clothed alike; both in the simple livery of nature.

The procuring of fuel is among their greatest hardships. In most parts of the world this article is sought either in pits, or on the surface of the earth. Here the inhabitants are obliged to get it on the tops of mountains; which abounding with mossy grounds, seldom found in the vallies below, supply them with peat. The difficulty lies in conveying it from such immense heights. In doing this they have recourse to a strange, and dangerous expedient; though similar to the modes of conveyance which necessity dictates in other mountainous countries. They make their peat into bundles, and fasten it upon sledges; on each of which a man sits, and guides the machine with his foot down the precipice. We saw many tracks along the sides of mountains, made by these sledges; several of which were four or five hundred feet high, and appeared from the bottom almost perpendicular.

ANECDOTE relative to the SIEGE of CARLISLE, in 1745.

THE short siege which Carlisle sustained in the rebellion of the year 1745, together with some awkward circumstances that at-

tended it, threw a general odium upon the town; and many believed, among whom was the late Duke of Cumberland, that it was very ill affected to the government. No suspicion was ever more unjust. I dare take upon me to say, there were scarce half a dozen people in the whole place, who wished well to the rebellion.

The following anecdote, known but to few, and totally unknown till many years after the event, will throw some light on its hasty surrender; which brought it into such disgrace.

When the rebels came before it, it was garrisoned only by two companies of invalids; and two raw undisciplined regiments of militia. General Wade lay at Newcastle with a considerable force: and the governor of Carlisle informing him how unprovided he was, begged a reinforcement. The single hope of this relief enabled the gentlemen of the country, who commanded the militia, to keep their men under arms.

In the mean time the rebels were known to be as ill-prepared for an attack, as the town was for a defence. They had now lain a week before it; and found it was impracticable, for want of artillery, to make any attempt. They feared also an interruption from General Wade; and besides, were unwilling to delay any longer their march towards London. Under these difficulties, they had come to a resolution to abandon their design.

At this critical time the governor of Carlisle received a letter from General Wade, informing him, he was so circumstanced, that he could not possibly send the reinforcement that had been desired. This mortifying intelligence, though not publickly known, was however communicated to the principal officers, and to some others; among whom was a busy attorney, whose name was H—s.

H—s was then addressing a young lady, the daughter of Mr. F—r, a gentleman of the country; and to assist his cause, and give himself consequence with his intended father-in-law, he whispered to him, among his other political secrets, the disappointment from General Wade.

The whisper did not rest here. F—r frequented a club in the neighbourhood; where observing (in the jollity of a cheerful evening) that only friends were present, he gave his company the information he had just received from H—s.

There was in that company one S—d, a gentleman of some fortune near Carlisle, who, though a known papist, was however, at that time, thought to be of very intire affection to the government. This man, possessed of such a secret, and wishing for an opportunity to serve a cause which he favoured in his heart, took horse that very night, after he left the club-room, and rode directly to the rebel-camp; which he found under orders to break up the next morning. He was carried immediately to the Duke of Perth, and others of the rebel leaders, to whom he communicated his intelligence; and assured them, they might expect a mutiny in the town, if they continued before it one day longer. Counter orders were immediately issued; and the next day the Cumberland and Westmoreland militia, being under no discipline, began to mutiny, and disperse; and the town, defended now only by two companies of invalids, was thought no longer tenable. The governor was tried by a court-martial; and acquitted: and nobody supposed that either the militia-officers or their men were impressed by any motive worse than fear.

HENRY JENKINS and FOUNTAIN'S ABBEY.

ABOUT the close of the last century, a piece of human antiquity existed in the neighbourhood of Fountain's abbey, still more curious than the abbey itself—that venerable instance of longevity, Henry Jenkins. Among all the events which in the course of a hundred and sixty-nine years had fastened upon the memory of this singular man, he spoke of nothing with so much emotion as the ancient state of Fountain's abbey. If he was ever questioned on that subject, he would be sure to inform you, “What a brave place it had once been;” and would speak with much feeling of the clamour, which its dissolution occasioned in the country*. “About a hundred and thirty years ago, he would say, when I was butler to Lord Conyers, and old Marmaduke Bradley, now dead and gone, was Lord-abbot, I was often sent by my lord to enquire after the Lord-abbot's health; and the Lord-abbot would always send for me up into his chamber, and would order me roast-beef †, and wassil; which, I remember well, was always brought in a *black-jack*.”—From this account we see what it was that rivetted Fountain's abbey so distinctly in the old man's

* The substance of these particulars the author had from a MS. shewn him by Sir Belknap Graham.

† The MS. says, a *quarter of a yard of roast-beef*. I have heard that the monasteries used to measure out their beef; but in what way I never understood.

memory. The *black-jack*, I doubt not, was a stronger idea, than all the splendor of the house, or all the virtues of the Lord-abbot.

CROMWELL.

IN the time of the civil wars the owner of Norton Conyers was Sir Richard Graham; of whom we heard an anecdote in the family, which is worth relating; as it is not only curious in itself, but throws a very strong, and yet natural shade on the character of Cromwell.

When the affairs of Charles I. were in their wane in all the southern counties; the Marquis of Newcastle's prudence gave them some credit in the north. His residence was at York, where he engaged two of the gentlemen of the country to act under him as lieutenants. Sir Richard Graham was one; whose commission under the Marquis is still in the hands of the family. As Sir Richard was both an active man, and much attached to the royal cause, he entered into it with all that vigour, which ability, inspired by inclination, could exert; and did the King more effectual service, than perhaps any private gentleman in those parts.

On that fatal day when the precipitancy of Prince Rupert, in opposition to the sage advice of the Marquis, led the King's forces out of York against Cromwell, who waited for them on Marsden-moor, Sir Richard Graham had a principal command; and no man did more than he, to end an action with success, which had been undertaken with temerity.

When the day was irretrievably lost, and nothing remained, but for every man to seek the best means of security that offered, Sir Richard fled, with twenty-six bleeding wounds upon him, to his own house at Nor-

ton Conyers, about fifteen miles from the field. Here he arrived in the evening; and being spent with loss of blood, and fatigue, he was carried into his chamber; where taking a last farewell of his disconsolate lady, he expired.

Cromwell, who had ever expressed a peculiar inveteracy against this gentleman, and thought a victory only half obtained, if he escaped, pursued his flight in person, with a troop of horse.

When he arrived at Norton, his gallant enemy was dead; having scarce lived an hour, after he was carried into his chamber; and Cromwell found his wretched lady weeping over the mangled corpse of her husband, yet scarce cold.

Such a sight, one would have imagined, might have given him—not indeed an emotion of pity—but at least a satiety of revenge. The inhuman miscreant still felt the vengeance of his soul unsatisfied; and turning round to his troopers, who had stalked after him into the sacred recesses of sorrow, he gave the sign of havoc; and in a few moments the whole house was torn in pieces; not even the bed was spared, on which the mangled body was extended; and every thing was destroyed, which the hands of rapine could not carry off.

In this country we met with another curious memorial of the battle of Marsden-moor. A carpenter, about two years ago, bought some trees, which had grown there. But when the timber was brought to the saw-pit, it was found very refractory. On examining it with more attention, it appeared, that great numbers of leaden bullets were in the hearts of several of the trees; which thus recorded the very spot where the heat of the battle had raged.

STORY OF ALBERT BANE.

[From *The Lounger*, lately published.]

WHEN I was, last autumn, at my friend Colonel Caustic's in the country, I saw there on a visit to Miss Caustic, a young gentleman and his sister, children of a neighbour of the Colonel's, with whose appearance and manner I was peculiarly pleased.—“The history of their parents,” said my friend, “is somewhat particular, and I love to tell it, as I do every thing that is to the honour of our nature. Man is so poor a thing taken in the gross, that when I meet with an instance of nobleness in detail, I am fain to rest upon it long, and to recal it often; as, in coming hither over our barren hills, you would look with double delight on a spot of cultivation or of beauty.

“The father of those young folks, whose looks you were struck with, was a gentleman of considerable domains and extensive influence on the northern frontier of our country. In his youth he lived, as it was then more the fashion than it is now, at the seat of his ancestors, surrounded with Gothic grandeur, and compassed with feudal followers and dependants, all of whom could trace their connection, at a period more or less remote, with the family of their chief. Every domestic in his house bore the family-name, and looked upon himself as in a certain degree partaking its dignity, and sharing its fortunes. Of these, one was in a particular manner the favourite of his master, Albert Bane (the surname, you know

know, is generally lost in a name descriptive of the individual) had been his companion from his infancy. Of an age so much more advanced as to enable him to be a sort of tutor to his youthful lord, Albert had early taught him the rural exercises and rural amusements, in which himself was eminently skilful; he had attended him in the course of his education at home, of his travels abroad, and was still the constant companion of his excursions, and the associate of his sports.

“On one of those latter occasions, a favourite dog of Albert’s, whom he had trained himself, and of whose qualities he was proud, happened to mar the sport which his master expected, who, irritated at the disappointment, and having his gun ready cocked in his hand, fired at the animal, which, however, in the hurry of his resentment, he missed. Albert, to whom Oscar was as a child, remonstrated against the rashness of the deed, in a manner rather too warm for his master, ruffled as he was with the accident, and conscious of being in the wrong, to bear. In his passion he struck his faithful attendant; who suffered the indignity in silence, and retiring, rather in grief than in anger, left his native country that very night; and when he reached the nearest town, enlisted with a recruiting party of a regiment then on foreign service. It was in the beginning of the war with France which broke out in 1744, rendered remarkable for the rebellion which the policy of the French court excited, in which some of the first families of the Highlands were unfortunately engaged. Among those who joined the standard of Charles, was the master of Albert.

“After the battle of Culloden, so fatal to that party, this gentleman, along with others who had escaped the slaughter of the field, sheltered themselves from the rage of the unsparing soldiery among the distant recesses of their country. To him his native mountains offered an asylum; and thither he naturally fled for protection. Acquainted in the pursuits of the chase with every secret path and unworn track, he lived for a considerable time, like the deer of his forest, close hid all day, and only venturing down at the fall of the evening, to obtain from some of his cottagers, whose fidelity he could trust, a scanty and precarious support. I have often heard him, for he is one of my oldest acquaintances, describe the scene of his hiding-place, at a later period, when he could recollect it in its sublimity, without its horror.—‘At times,’ said he, ‘when I ventured to the edge of the wood, among some of those inaccessible crags which you remember a few miles from my house, I have heard, in the pauses of the breeze which rolled solemn through the pines

beneath me, the distant voices of the soldiers, shouting in answer to one another amidst their inhuman search. I have heard their shots re-echoed from cliff to cliff, and seen reflected from the deep still lake below, the gleam of those fires which consumed the cottages of my people. Sometimes shame and indignation well nigh overcame my fear, and I have prepared to rush down the steep, unarmed as I was, and to die at once by the swords of my enemies; but the instinctive love of life prevailed, and starting as the roe bounded by me, I have again strunk back to the shelter I had left.

“One day,” continued he, ‘the noise was nearer than usual; and at last, from the cave in which I lay, I heard the parties immediately below so close to me, that I could distinguish the words they spoke. After some time of horrible suspense, the voices grew weaker and more distant; and at last I heard them die away at the further end of the wood. I rose and stole to the mouth of the cave; when suddenly a dog met me, and gave that short quick bark by which they indicate their prey. Amidst the terror of the circumstance, I was yet master enough of myself to discover that the dog was Oscar; and I owe to you I felt his appearance like the retribution of justice and of Heaven.—“Stand!” cried a threatening voice, and a soldier pressed through the thicket, with his bayonet charged. It was Albert! Shame, confusion, and remorse, stopped my utterance, and I stood motionless before him.—“My master!” said he, with the stifled voice of wonder and of fear, and threw himself at my feet. I had recovered my recollection.—“You are revenged,” said I, “and I am your prisoner.”—“Revenged! Alas! you have judged too hardly of me; I have not had one happy day since that fatal one in which I left my master; but I have lived, I hope, to save him. The party to which I belong are passed; for I lingered behind them among those woods and rocks which I remembered so well in happier days.—There is, however, no time to be lost. In a few hours this wood will blaze, though they do not suspect that it shelters you. Take my dress, which may help your escape, and I will endeavour to dispose of yours. On the coast, to the westward, we have learned there is a small party of your friends, which, by following the river’s track till dusk, and then striking over the shoulder of the hill, you may join without much danger of discovery.—I felt the disgrace of owing so much to him I had injured, and remonstrated again exposing him to such imminent danger—its being known that he had favoured my escape, which, from the temper of his commander, I knew would be instant death.

Albert, in an agony of fear and distress, besought me to think only of my own safety. — "Save us both," said he, "for if you die, I cannot live. Perhaps we may meet again; but whatever becomes of Albert, may the blessing of God be with his master!"

"Albert's prayer was heard. His master, by the exercise of talents which, though he always possessed, adversity only taught him to use, acquired abroad a station of equal honour and emolument; and when the proscriptions of party had ceased, returned home to his own country, where he found Albert advanced to the rank of a lieutenant in the army, to which his valour and merit had raised him, married to a lady by whom he had got some little fortune, and the father of an only daughter, for whom nature had done much, and to whose native endowments it was the chief study and delight of her parents to add every thing that art could bestow. The gratitude of the chief

was only equalled by the happiness of his follower, whose honest pride was not long after gratified, by his daughter's becoming the wife of that master whom his generous fidelity had saved. That master, by the clemency of more indulgent and liberal times, was again restored to the domain of his ancestors, and had the satisfaction of seeing the grandson of Albert enjoy the hereditary birth-right of his race." I accompanied Colonel Caustic on a visit to this gentleman's house, and was delighted to observe his grateful attention to his father-in-law, as well as the unassuming happiness of the good old man, conscious of the perfect reward which his former fidelity had met with. Nor did it escape my notice, that the sweet boy and girl, who had been our guests at the Colonel's, had a favourite brown and white spaniel, whom they caressed much after dinner, whose name was Oscar.

On the PRESENT STATE of ALEXANDRIA, in EGYPT, &c.

[From "VOLNEY'S Travels in Egypt and Syria," just published.]

IT is in vain that we attempt to prepare ourselves by a perusal of books, for a more intimate acquaintance with the customs and manners of nations; the efforts of narratives on the mind, will always be very different from that of objects upon the senses. The images the former present, have neither correctness in the design, nor liveliness in the colouring; they are always indistinct, and leave but a fugitive impression, very easily effaced. This we more particularly experience, when we are strangers to the objects to be laid before us; for the imagination, in that case, finding no terms of comparison ready formed, is compelled to collect and compose new ideas; and in this operation, ill directed and hastily executed, it is difficult not to confound the traits and disfigure the forms. Ought we then to be astonished, if on beholding the models themselves, we are unable to discover any resemblance between the originals and the copies, and if every impression bears the character of novelty?

Such is the situation of a stranger who arrives by sea in Turkey. In vain has he read histories and travels; in vain has he from their description, endeavoured to represent to himself the aspect of the countries, the appearance of the cities, the dresses and manners of the inhabitants; he is new to all these objects, and dazzled with their variety: every idea he has formed to himself vanishes, and he remains absorbed in surprize and astonishment.

No place is more proper to produce this effect, and prove the truth of this remark than Alexandria in Egypt, the name of the

city which recalls to memory the genius of one of the most wonderful of men; the name of the country which reminds us of so many great events. The picturesque appearance of the place itself, the spread palm-trees, the terraced houses which seem to have no roof, the lofty slender minarets, every thing announces that he is in another world. A variety of novel objects present themselves to every sense: he hears a language, whose barbarous sounds and sharp and guttural accents offend his ear; he sees dresses of the most unusual and whimsical kind, and figures of the strangest appearance. Instead of our naked faces, our heads swelled out with hair, our triangular head-dresses, and our short and close habits, he views with astonishment tanned visages with beards and mustaches, bundles of stuff rolled up in folds on their bald heads, long garments which reaching from the neck to the heels, serve rather to veil than clothe the body, pipes of six feet long with which every one is provided, hideous camels which carry water in leathern pouches, and saddled and bridled asses, which lightly trip along with their riders in slippers. He observes their markets ill supplied with dates, and round flat little loaves; a filthy drove of half-starved dogs roaming through the streets; and a kind of wandering phantoms, which, under a single piece of drapery, discover nothing human but two eyes, which shew that they are woman. Amid this crowd of unusual objects his mind is incapable of reflection; nor is it until he has reached his place of residence, so desirable on landing after a long voyage, that, becoming more calm, he reflects on the nar-

low, ill-paved streets; the low houses, which, though not calculated to admit much light, are still more obscured by lattice-work; the meagre and swarthy inhabitants, who walk bare footed, without other cloathing than a blue shirt, fastened with a leathern girdle, or a red handkerchief; while the universal air of misery, so manifest in all he meets, and the mystery which reigns around their houses, point out to him the rapacity of oppression, and the distrust attendant upon slavery. But his whole attention is soon attracted by those vast ruins which appear on the land side of the city. In our countries, ruins are an object of curiosity; scarcely can we discover, in unfrequented places, some ancient castle, whose decay announces rather the desertion of its master than the wretchedness of its neighbourhood. In Alexandria, on the contrary, we no sooner leave the New Town, than we are astonished at the sight of an immense extent of ground overspread with ruins. In a walk of two hours, you follow a double line of walls and towers, which form the circumference of the ancient Alexandria. The earth is covered with the remains of ancient lofty buildings destroyed; whole fronts crumbled down, roofs fallen in, battlements decayed, and the stones corroded and disfigured by saltpetre. The traveller passes over a vast plain, furrowed with trenches, pierced with wells, divided by walls in ruins, covered over with ancient columns and modern tombs, amid palm-trees and nopals, and where no living creature is to be met with but owls, bats, and jackals. The inhabitants, accustomed to this scene, behold it without emotion; but the stranger, in whom the recollection of ancient ages is revived by the novelty of the objects around him, feels a sensation, which not unfrequently dissolves him in tears, inspiring reflections which fill his heart with sadness, while his soul is elevated by their sublimity.

In its modern state, Alexandria is the emporium of a considerable commerce. It is the harbour for all the commodities exported from Egypt by the Mediterranean, except the rice of Damietta. The Europeans have establishments there, where factors dispose of our merchandize by barter. Vessels are constantly to be met with there from Marseilles, Leghorn, Venice, Ragusa, and the dominions of the Grand Signior: but it is dangerous to winter there. The new port, the only harbour for the Europeans, is clogged up with sand, inasmuch that in stormy weather ships are liable to bilge; and the bottom being also

rocky, the cables soon chafe and part; so that one vessel driving against a second, and that against a third, they are perhaps all lost. Of this there was a fatal instance sixteen or eighteen years ago, when two-and-forty vessels were dashed to pieces on the Mole in a gale of wind from the north-west, and numbers have been since that lost at different times. The old port, the entrance of which is covered by a neck of land called the Cape of Figs, is not subject to this inconvenience; but the Turks admit no ships into it but those of the Mussulmen. It will perhaps be asked in Europe, Why do they not repair the new port? The answer is, that in Turkey they destroy every thing and repair nothing. The old harbour will be destroyed likewise, as the ballast of vessels has been continually thrown into it for the last two hundred years. The spirit of the Turkish government is to ruin the labours of past ages, and destroy the hopes of future times, because the barbarity of ignorant despotism never considers to-morrow.

In time of war Alexandria is of no importance: no fortification is to be seen; even the Pharos, with its lofty towers, cannot be defended. It has not four cannon fit for service, nor a gunner who knows how to point them. The five hundred Janissaries who should form the garrison, reduced to half that number, know nothing but how to smoke a pipe. It is fortunate for the Turks that the Franks find their interest in preserving this city. A single Russian or Maltese frigate would suffice to lay it in ashes; but the conquest would be of no value. A foreign power could not maintain itself there, as the country is without water. This must be brought from the Nile by the Kallidj, or canal of twelve leagues, which conveys it thither every year at the time of the inundation. It fills the vaults or reservoirs dug under the ancient city, and this provision must serve till the next year. It is evident, therefore, that were a foreign power to take possession, the canal would be shut, and all supplies of water cut off.

It is this canal alone which connects Alexandria with Egypt; for, from its situation without the Delta, and the nature of the soil, it really belongs to the deserts of Africa: its environs are sandy, flat, and sterile, without trees and without houses, where we meet with nothing but the plant which yields the Kali, and a row of palm-trees, which follows the course of the Kallidj or canal.

SINGULAR HISTORY OF HENDIA, A MARONITE GIRL.

[From the SAME.]

ABOUT the year 1755, there was, in the neighbourhood of the Jesuit Missionaries a Maronite girl, named Hendia, whose extraordinary mode of life began to attract the attention of the people. She fasted, wore the hair-cloth, possessed the gift of tears, and, in a word, had all the exterior of the ancient hermits, and soon acquired a similar reputation. Every body considered her as a model of piety, and many esteemed her a saint. From such a reputation to miracles the transition is very easy, and, in fact, it was soon reported that she worked miracles. To have a proper conception of the effects of this report, we must not forget that the state of men's minds in Lebanon, is nearly the same as in the earliest ages. There were neither infidels therefore, nor wits, nor even doubters. Hendia availed herself of this enthusiasm for the completion of her designs; and, imitating the conduct of her predecessors in the same career, she wished to become the foundress of a new order. In vain does the human heart endeavour to conceal its passions, they are invariably the same; nor does the conqueror differ from the monk; both are alike actuated by ambition and the lust of power; and the pride of pre-eminence displays itself even in the excess of humility. To build the convent, money was necessary: the foundress solicited the pious charity of her followers, whose contributions were so abundant as to enable her, in a few years, to erect two vast stone houses, which could not have cost less than one hundred and twenty thousand livres (five thousand pounds). They are called the Kourket, and are situated on the ridge of a hill, to the north-west of Antoura, having to the west a view of the sea, which is very near, and an extensive prospect to the south, as far as the road of Bairout, which is four leagues distant. The Kourket soon filled with monks and nuns. The Patriarch for the time being was Director-General, and other employments, of various kinds, were conferred on the different priests and candidates, to whom one of these houses was allotted. Every thing succeeded as well as could have been wished; it is true that many of the nuns died, but this was imputed to the air, and the real cause was not easy to be discovered. Hendia had reigned over her little kingdom near twenty years, when an unforeseen accident threw every thing into confusion. A factor travelling from Damascus to Bairout, in the summer, was overtaken by night near this convent: the gates were shut, the hour unseasonable; and as he did not wish to give any trouble,

he contented himself with a bed of straw, and laid himself down in the outer-court, waiting the return of day. He had only slept a few hours, when a sudden noise of doors and bolts awaked him. From one of the doors came out three women, with spades and shovels in their hands; who were followed by two men, bearing a long white bundle, which appeared very heavy. They proceeded towards an adjoining piece of ground, full of stones and rubbish, where the men deposited their load, dug a hole into which they put it, and, covering it with earth, trod it down with their feet, after which they all returned to the house.—The sight of men with nuns, and this bundle thus mysteriously buried by night, could not but furnish matter of reflection to the traveller. Astonishment at first kept him silent, but to this, anxiety and fear soon succeeded; he, therefore, hastily set off for Bairout at break of day. In this town he was acquainted with a merchant, who, some months before, had placed two of his daughters in the Kourket, with a portion of about four hundred pounds. He went in search of him, still hesitating, yet burning with impatience to relate his adventure. They seated themselves cross-legged, the long pipe was lighted, and coffee brought. The merchant then proceeded to enquire of his visitor concerning his journey, who answered, he had passed the night near the Kourket. This produced fresh questions, to which he replied by further particulars, and at length, no longer able to contain himself, whispered to his host what he had seen. The merchant was greatly surpris'd; the circumstance of burying the bundle alarmed him: and the more he considered it, the more his uneasiness increased. He knew that one of his daughters was ill, and could not but remark that a great many nuns died. Tormented with these thoughts, he knows not how either to admit or reject the dismal suspicions they occasion: he mounts his horse, and, accompanied by a friend, they repair together to the convent, where he asks to see his daughters.—He is told they are sick: he insists they shall be brought to him; this is angrily refused; and the more he persists, the more peremptory is the refusal, till his suspicions are converted into certainty. Leaving the convent in an agony of despair, he went to Dair-el-Kamar, and laid all the circumstances before Saad, Kiaya of Prince Yusuf, chief of the mountain. The Kiaya was greatly astonished, and ordered a body of horse to accompany him, and, if refused admission, to

force the convent. The Cadi took part with the merchant, and the affair was referred to the law. The ground where the bundle had been buried was opened, and a dead body found, which the unhappy father discovered to be that of his youngest daughter; the other was found confined in the convent, and almost dead: she revealed a scene of such abominable wickedness, as makes human nature shudder, and to which she, like her sister, was about to fall a victim. The pretended saint being seized, acted her part with firmness; and a prosecution was commenced against the priests and the patriarch. The enemies of the latter united to effect his ruin, in order to share his spoils; and he was suspended, and deposed. The affair was removed to Rome in 1776, and the Society *de Propaganda*, on examination, discovered the most infamous scenes of debauchery, and the most horrible cruelties. It was proved that Hendia procured the death of nuns, sometimes to get possession of their property, at others, because they would

not comply with her desires: that this infamous woman not only communicated, but even consecrated the host and said mass: that she had holes under her bed, by which perfumes were introduced at the moment she pretended to be in ecstasy, and under the influence of the Holy Ghost; that she had a faction who cried her up, and published that she was the mother of God returned upon earth, and a thousand other extravagancies.—Notwithstanding this, she retained a party powerful enough to prevent the severe punishment she merited: she has been shut up in different convents, from whence she has frequently escaped. In 1783, she was present at the visitation of Antoura, and the brother of the Emir of the Druzes was desirous to give her her liberty. Numbers still believe in her sanctity; and, but for the accident of the traveller, her greatest enemies would not have doubted it. What must we think of reputations for piety, when they may depend on such trifling circumstances?

P O E T R Y.

The COUNTRY MEETING*.

Written by T. J. a native of Philadelphia.

I.

OF war's tremendous deeds, the din of arms,
And acts by fame renown'd, fain would I sing,
But that ambition ne'er my bosom warms,
Nor would Calliope her succour bring
To bard that soars with too advent'rous wing.
O Shensstone! sweetest child of fancy fair,
Dart one fond ray, and guide the weakest quill,
That ever rashly claim'd thy guardian care
To point the high path up the slipp'ry hill,
Where thou thy lyre dost touch with still
improving skill.

II.

† Themes that have ne'er been polish'd into
rhyme,
Would a faint pencil in this verse pourtray,
If in the fond attempt to gain on time,
No taunting critic meet me on my way,
And with these accents rude my heart dismay:
' Vain youth, forbear, by desperate folly
mov'd,
' Of poetasters the mean herd to swell;
' But mark his strain whom laurell'd Phœ-
bus lov'd,

' What Horace, tuneful bard, has sung so
well,
' How Dædalus's son †, bold artist, headlong
fell."

III.

View yonder ancient dome with trees beset,
From which no lofty spire doth proudly rise,
Nor hence each week, when congregation's
met,
Are studied hymns e'er wing'd unto the skies,
Nor doth Amen from parish-clerk arise.
E'en music's lulling charm besemeth wrong
To those who did this modest temple rear,
For all who to these lonely confines throng,
Worship in guise of solemn silent pray'r;
Nor can they think that words their sinful
deeds repair.

IV.

No pulpit here doth grace the naked wall,
Nor doth the sculptor his gay art express;
For thus they teach: ' Religion does not call
' For the vain ornaments of splendid dress,
' Nor will meek heav'n superfluous grandeur
bless.'
And wrong they hold it, that the flock should
pay
For truths which ought to flow without cen-
troul,
Free as the silver dew, or light of day,

* Or Friends' place of worship.

† " Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."—Milton.

‡ Icarus.

To beam mild virtue on th' expanding soul,
And spread celestial sparks, free gift, from
pole to pole.

V.

But see, o'er yonder field the elder train
Of village dames their little infants bring,
Who else might loiter on the grassy plain,
And wet their new cloaths in yon bubbling
spring,
Which would their parents' minds with for-
row sting.

The sportive urchins oft will skip away,
To chase the partridge from the neighb'ring
bush;

And oft, with balls of well-attemper'd clay,
Will from its covert fright the trembling
thrush,

Nor mind the matron's careful voice which
would them hush.

VI.

Down the slop'd hill the gayer tribe de-
scend,
On neighing steeds that champ the steeled
bit,

Strait to the fane their pompous way they
tend;

There, 'midst their peers, in goodly order sit,
Young swains for strength renown'd, and
maids for wit:

Such strength as at the mill-door oft is seen,
When Colin lifts the sack of mighty weight;
Such wit as sports in gambols o'er the green,
And would the ear of nicer townsmen
grate,

He'd call it shocking stuff, and rude unseemly
prate.

VII.

Yet Humour her abode will deign to fix
Amidst the lively rustics of the place,
And with the village hinds will often mix,
Giving to ev'ry feat a festive grace,
And spreading cheerfulness o'er ev'ry face.

Let the polite, the polish'd blame their joys,
Whom nature unconstrain'd can never charm:
This is the life which ennui never cloy,
Nor e'er can fell ambition work it harm,
Blowing with hideous blast its poisonous
alarm.

VIII.

See yonder youth on prancing bay steed ride,
While satisfaction on his broad front beams;
And view his gentle charmer by his side,
For whom he wishes, and of whom he
dreams:

Of heav'nly form and mind to him she seems,
For her each ev'ning anxiously he culls,
Of wild flow'rs fair, a nosegay scented
sweet,

For her the chestnut drops its prickly shells,
And the wood pigeon yields its sav'ry meat,
With thousand tempting gifts which verse
cannot repeat.

IX.

And now thro' folding doors full wide
display'd,

Th' assembly's grave and pious numbers
throng,

While well each noisy buzzing murmur's
stay'd,

With the loose prattling of each infant tongue,
For oft confusion has from childhood sprung.

See the wise elder's venerable grace,
Mark with what slow-pac'd dignity he
moves;

See ev'ry little eye hang on his face,
And over all his features fondly roves,
For he the junior train affectionately loves.

X.

The village teacher sits with looks pro-
found,

And marks the ent'ring throng with eye
askance;

If, as he careful views the dome around,
He should on careless pupil's visage chance,
He sends him straight a play-forbidding
glance:

Of looks like these he hath a plenteous store
To fright his students from each frolic mood,
And well they watch to see his aspect low'r,
Trying each art t' avert the baleful wood,
By sitting wond'rous still, and seeming e'en
as good.

XI.

Silence with sleep his empire now divides,
While some on this, and some on that side
nod;

The ploughman still his steers and plough-
share guides,

And breaks in pleasing dreams the fancied sod,
While the school-mistress wields the birchen
rod.

Others, more wakeful, plan their future
deeds,

While on increase of wealth their wishes
stray:

The farmer thus in rapture counts his steeds,
And deals to each his part of winter's hay,
Till spring renews the grass, and gives re-
turning May.

XII.

Where will not thirst of tranch'rous gold
approach,

Since here, e'en here, it holds its wide do-
main!

From the warm cit who rolls in gilded coach,
To the dull carter whistling o'er the plain,
Does Pluto, god of shining lucre, reign.

Happy, thrice happy are th' instructed few,
On whom fell Want ne'er lays her harpy
claws,

But, far retir'd from 'midst the toiling crew,
Live in observance of wise Nature's laws,
And learn from her to trace the great Eternal
Cause.

E L E G Y.

THE author wishes to attach his mistress to the peasantry and rural enjoyments, which through a misjudged partiality to polished life, she is too ready to despise.

“THE blackbird whistles from the thorny brake,

“The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove *!”

O let us not, my charmer! scenes forsake,
Where ev’ry gale breathes melody and love.

How neat yon straw-roof’d cottage to the view!

How sweet the brown cakes from its oven steam!

The wood-fire smell to me is grateful too,
Nor thought beneath a pastoral muse’s theme.

See yonder rustic plant his native field;
Within the little sphere his mind surveys,

Few potent cares have room their force to wield,

And vex the soul, and gloomy make the days.

To him nor luxury nor ambition known;
Tho’ doom’d to toil, he murmurs not at fate:

How blest’d to think yon humble cot his own,

Secure from all that pain the wise and great.

Pleas’d, round his wood-fire, with the simplest tale,

A tale which ears refin’d would scorn to hear:

There mild-ey’d peace and cheery health prevail,

And truth and hospitality are there.

I read disdain upon my Daphne’s brow!

Her inmost thoughts are by her eyes confess’d—

Thou look’st contempt—and well the cause I know,

Thou scorn’st the pow’rs that rule the peasant’s breath.

Thou deem’st them vulgar, and to meanness prone,

Unblest’d with aught of Feeling’s soft controul,

Of birth obscure—to fame nor fortune known—

—But Virtue, Daphne, centers in the soul!

Know, him thy taste contemns, the lowly hind,

With scanty earnings, bought by many a toil,

Ofstears a numerous train—the partner kind
Of her who shares his labours with a mile.

Yon glebe where plenty’s genial gifts extend,
Owes half that bounteous aspect to his care—

Nature’s, his country’s, and his kindred’s friend,

Confess his virtue and vocation fair.

Ah why, my love, the village life disdain

See yonder rural elegance arise!

Amidst its glades shall Fancy hold her reign,
And all elysium open on thy eyes.

See! winding near, a Naiad murmuring
rives,

Whose sedge urn rests yonder hills between;

Haste to pursue her thro’ the shadowy groves,
Her glossy path it deck’d with livery green.

There will we roam, amidst inspiring shades,
And woo the Muse, whose voice shall

sweetly tell,

How Virtue flourish’d, how the sacred Maids
In scenes like these first swept the magic

shell.

The Dryads there, blythe nymphs! shall
haunt thy way,

And weave a leafy garland for thy brow;

And Love shall raise a shrine of flowrets gay,
Where oft thy Damon will repeat his

vow,

Forbear thy scorn! thy native tastes revere!
Discord, and pride, and interest past thy

thought;

Disdain the world—for us, sequester’d here,
Peace, health, and love shall bring us joys
unought.

Hark to the blackbird whistling in the brake!
Hark to the various warblings in the

grove!

O let us not, my charmer, scenes forsake,
Where every gale breathes melody and

love.

J. D. RUSTICUS.

RECEIPT for a COUGH.

By Dr. LAND, of AMERICA.

MUCH coughing, dear Phœbe, with ease
you might spare,

Much hoarseness and trouble, much head-
ach and care,

If a wet parlour floor you would seldom
admit,

Or a window shov’d up in the room where
you sit;

If abroad ’twere your rule but few moments
to spend,

When the damp shades of evening unhealthy
descend.

But when sable night with its vapours molest,
Be sparing of supper, be early to rest:

H h 2

Then

Then lie in the morning as long as you please,
While something diverts you—for nothing
should tease.

With the steam of your hyson, if health you
pursue,

Accept, without butter, a biscuit or two.

When you rise, it will further the cure of
your cough,

Tho' your dress should be light, let there still
be enough :

Serene be your passions, your temper be
calm,

Keep easy, contented, keep cheerful and
warm.

These are my directions—he this your relief,
I'm an ignorant old quack, if they give not
relief.

THE SYMPATHETIC ROOKS.

NEAR Irwell's flood, on lofty trees sustain'd,
A band of rooks their colony maintain'd,
So on the mount which Castle-field we call,
A Roman band once rais'd their tasty wall*.
Sage as a Confitory, known to few,
This *learn'd society* my notice drew ;
Their laws I note, their speech, their nests,
their play :

Ah, men ! I said, are rooks as much as they.
One eve, when Phœbus on his downward way
Pale as diluted gamboge shot his ray,
High on th' opposing bank I took my stand,
Intent to mark, my tablets in my hand,
In various rings they lead the airy ball ;
They croak, chirp, chatter, twitter, squeak,
and squall.

By turns they seek and leave the airy nest ;
Their playful joy quick-moving tails attest.
Too happy birds ! Death hovers on unseen—
Equies your joys, and soon will shift the scene.
Like two black clouds that o'er the Caspian
meet,

Or two first-rates, each terror of a fleet,
Two adverse rooks rush forth ; with fractur'd
wings

One falls—the waters splash, the welkin rings.
Curse not the noise on that funereal stream,
Sweet Sensibility inspires the scream :

Not with more loud, nor more discordant
tones,

Inspir'd by whisky, howl the Irish crones,
The drowning hero from his wat'ry bed
Like Milton's Satan rears his coal-black head ;
Rous'd by his mates the rising billow craves,
And lifts his mangled body from the waves.

Enraptur'd round the cawing nation crouds,
And bravo ! bravo ! rends the very clouds.
But short their joy ! his wings refuse the
weight ;

The stream receives him, and he yields to fate.
Loud shriek the brotherhood with fretful
fumes,

Clap hard their wings, and tear their ruffled
plumes,

While unavailing griefs my breast invade,
No HAWES at hand, and I averse to wade.

† BELAN'S ADDRESS to the COUNTESS of ALDBOROUGH,

“ YE Powers which o'er conjugal union
preside,

“ All-gracious look down on the bridegroom
and bride.

“ May wisdom, and virtue, and honour, and
praise,

“ Unceasing attend them thro' numerous days ;
“ And while in their palace Fate fixes their
lot,

“ O may they live happy as those in a cot.”
An old Song.

WELCOME from Britannia's coast,
Aldbro' fair, and all her host,

Worthy to adorn my sphere,
Chandos' Grace and Henniker !

Why the truant do you play †,
And from my bowers keep away ?

Against your visit Spring was here,
And left her buds for me to rear :

Summer's fun, Pomeroy's nurse,
Has ripen'd all those buds of course.

All my beauties full appear.
I sigh for Anne-Eliza here.

For her my hills shall breathe forth health ;
For her my vales shall teem with wealth ;

To court her out my birds shall sing,
And where she treads gay flowers shall spring .

When tired the deigns some rural tent,
My groves shall guard her from Sol's heat ;

My Naiads all shall flow to meet her ;
My cascades § tumbling down to greet her.

If scenes like these will please her mind,
Scenes like these she'll always find

Without doors—but within the dome,
She'll find an hospitable home.

Her Lord with cheerful wit and ease,
Each mind can suit, each heart can please :

Then quit the town, and with me prove
The joys of rural happy love.

June 22, 1787.

* See Whitaker's History of Manchester.

† Belan, the seat of the Aldbro' family, in Ireland.

‡ The family then being in Dublin.

§ The river Greece forms a cascade before the window—the river Slancy forms another.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

THE Deputies appointed by the States of Brabant have published an account of their proceedings at Vienna, and of the interview they had with their Sovereign.—This narrative it is not important to translate, as nothing occurred of consequence. The Emperor “from time to time glanced at the Deputies looks of fullen indignation.”—The interview took place on the 15th inst. The next day, the Prince de Kaunitz made known to them that the Emperor had transmitted to the Comte de Murray the following paper of instructions,

“*The Emperor and King,*

Trusty and well-beloved Comte de Murray, my Counsellor of State, Lieutenant-General of my armies, General Commandant, and my Lieutenant-General, and Captain-General, ad interim, of the Low Countries,

YOU will find by the Narrative annexed, in what terms I explained myself to the Deputation from the States of my Belgic Provinces in the audience which I gave them; and I send you this, that you may know more particularly my intentions and pleasure on the subject of the indispensable preliminaries of which the Narrative makes mention.

All the proceedings, more or less, of which the States and a part of the people have been guilty, are notorious; consequently it is impossible for me to yield to the sentiments of clemency which I am inclined to cherish, nor to the favourable dispositions which I manifested to the Deputation of the States, until there shall not remain the smallest vestige of any part of what they have dared to commit in contempt of the Sovereign authority since the first of April of this year.

To this effect it is necessary,

1. That in all the Provinces of the Low Countries every thing should be restored to the footing on which it stood before the 1st of April of this year.

2. The University and General Seminary of Louvaine, with all the persons employed and belonging to each, must be re-established in the condition in which they stood, or ought to have stood, on the said first of April; and it must be the same with the Seminary of Luxembourg.

3. The States of all the Provinces must submit implicitly to the payment of the subsidies, both those that are in arrear, and those which are current.

4. The companies of Burgeses, their military exercises, uniforms, cockades, and all other marks of party spirit, as well as all other illegal associations and meetings, shall be forthwith abolished; and in defect of troops, each Magistrate shall take the most

effectual measures for the support of the police and of good order.

5. The Convents suppressed previous to the 1st of April last, shall remain suppressed for ever; and the nominations that may have been made since that period to the vacant abbeys shall be null, and produce no effect in favour of the religious persons so appointed.

6. All the persons in office whom they have presumed to displace, must be restored; with the exception of the Intendants and Members of the new Tribunals of Justice; these two topics being of the number of those on which I am disposed to listen to my States, and to commune with them.

7. It is also indispensable, that all which regards the Chapters of Chanonopes, the religious fraternities, and all which respects the Clergy as citizens and subjects of the States; and generally, that all things shall be restored to the condition, and be made instantly conformable to the ordinances existing at the above period.

In a word, there must not remain the smallest vestige of any thing committed contrary to my orders and intentions since the 1st of April of this year.

My dignity renders all these preliminary re-establishments absolutely indispensable. The Assemblies of the States will perceive, I hope, the necessity, and I consequently flatter myself that every one of them will immediately and peaceably take place if possible.

But if it shall happen, against all expectation, that any one shall dare to oppose this restitution, which must be complete and preliminary, I authorize you by these presents, to employ for this purpose, all the means of authority which I have confided in you, and which, but with much regret, though I find it to be necessary, I am obliged to augment as far as the occasion shall require.

As soon as you shall inform me that all the above preliminaries are fulfilled, and that every thing is restored to order, I shall be ready to concert with the Assemblies of the States, or their Deputies duly authorized, what will be the best in the several branches of Administration without being contrary to the fundamental constitution of my Belgic Provinces; or on the contrary, I shall find myself under the necessity, for the general good, to employ all the means which are abundantly in my power, and of which I do not desire to make use from the affection which I yet bear for my Belgic people, although they have in my eyes been highly criminal.

And in so far, my trusty and well-beloved, may God have you in his holy keeping.

Vienna, Aug. 16.

JOSEPH.

The

After each individual of the Brabant Commissaries had been presented to the Emperor in form, at the first audience, he said, "The ceremony now is finished, you are no more deputies, we are citizens. You will do well to regard me as such. I shall be well pleased to be informed, and you will not be troubled to make me understand. When you would speak to me, I shall never be unreasonable. Come on Friday or Saturday, or when you will. All that you say, shall not be taken as a precedent, no more than all which I shall say."—After this the monarch retired smiling and saluting each member.

The Emperor when he received the deputies from Brabant was attended only by Count de Cobenzl, who stood behind him. —Mr. Petit being chosen for their speaker, requested the Monarch to read the discourse he had prepared, which was granted. The Emperor during the time glanced often with indignation: after the orator had finished, the Emperor arose, and advancing, desired to know the names of the deputies.—The Baron du Vieux Sart having a list, requested to read it: this being agreed to also, the Emperor walked round the circle, and said "that he knew them;" after which he addressed them as follows:

"The just displeasure which I feel on all that has passed in my Belgic Provinces, is not to be diminished by a mere parade of words; but it must be facts which follow, to prove to me the reality of those sentiments, fidelity and attachment which you have given me an assurance of, on the part of your constituents,

"I have given orders to the Prince de Kaunitz, to communicate to you in writing, and for the notice of your States, the orders which I have sent to my Government, and the execution of which I expect to be effected before entering into any deliberation whatever.

"The speedy and entire accomplishment of these orders are the more necessary, not only to restore all things to proper order, but at the same time to put a stop to the sufferings of circulation and commerce.

"The welfare of my subjects is the sole object of all my proceedings, of which I daily give the most real proofs. That I have not any design to reverse your constitution, you must be persuaded, by the evidence of calling to your minds, that in the moment when you have been bold enough to merit my indignation, that with all the means in my power, I have nevertheless repeated the assurances I have made to you."

The Emperor's answer to the Deputies induced them to present the following me-

moir to the Prince de Kaunitz, the Prime-Minister.

"The Deputies of the States of the Austrian Belgic Provinces, who are prostrate at the foot of the throne of their august Sovereign, have seen with the most sensible grief their endeavours and hopes frustrated, in not being able to obtain the proofs of his paternal tenderness, and that sort of declaration, which, by terminating the evils and misfortunes of this nation, would have raised its gratitude to its highest pitch; instead of which, my Lord, our concern is augmented, and our alarms are redoubled, at the knowledge of those orders which his Majesty has resolved to send to the Government General of our provinces, and which you have deigned to communicate to us.

"The faithful inhabitants of those provinces, full of confidence in his Majesty's paternal bounty, did not doubt but he would put the seal of approbation to the declarations which we were charged to solicit, and thereby renew the public confidence, without which commerce and industry must languish, if not become extinct, which will bring on a certain inactivity, the base of wealth. They hoped that a simple and precise declaration, tending to preserve all our rights, usages, and privileges, which we had reason to expect from his Majesty, would recover in the minds of foreigners that confidence they have a right to expect from an upright honest people, living peacefully under the protection of its wife and ancient constitution, which would have caused the national credit (greatly hurt by the fear of a new system) to resume its former vigour. They also hoped, that the inhabitants of those countries, who were ready to forsake their native soil by reason of internal divisions, would seek and find an asylum with them, which they certainly will not do now, until the new tribunals of justice are irrevocably suppressed, and the fatal Intendencies abolished by an express declaration.

"In the orders sent to the Government, every one will see his Majesty relaxes in nothing relating to the ecclesiastical affairs, which are so strongly linked with the rights and privileges of the other classes of citizens, that it seems as if it was all one interest. They will see that his Majesty previous to entering into any deliberation whatsoever, requires the subsidies to be granted and paid, whilst it has always been an inviolable rule that the consenting to the subsidies was dependent upon the exact observance of the privileges and liberties of the country.

"The penetration of your Highness cannot fail to observe the cruel sensations which those

those orders will have on the minds of the Belgic people, as well as on those of foreigners, as they must appear to be only given to strengthen the new dispositions issued in the sacred name of his Majesty, and which are the subject of our just complaints.

“ We are not ignorant, my Lord, that his Majesty can employ the force which Divine Providence has put into his hands; but can the goodness of his heart suffer him to employ means so contrary to the welfare of his subjects? Can he deliver up his children to the destroying hand of military execution, and that for no other reason than that they remain attached to a constitution, which securing the legitimate right of the Sovereign, operates at the same time to the happiness of his people? Can the paternal tenderness of his Majesty permit him to destroy his faithful subjects, instead of governing them by their original and native laws, under which they have happily flourished for so many ages? Can he reconcile means so destructive, with the paternal dispositions which he hath deigned to manifest, and which their inviolable fidelity hath made so proper? That which his Majesty thinks due to his insulted dignity, will it be obtained, if, to revenge himself, he shall deliver up to so many horrors his faithful subjects, who have ever been prodigal of their treasure, and even of their blood, in defence and for the glory of this House?

“ We presume therefore to supplicate your Highness to condescend to employ in our favour your good-will and high protection, and to make known to his Majesty our just apprehensions—to procure the revocation of the orders, some qualification of them, or at least to suspend the dispatch of the courier, that we may have time to give advice to our principals, to the end that with the zeal which always animates them, they may prepare the people for news so dismal, and strive to ward off the consequences, which, with the knowledge of those orders, we must apprehend.”

This memoir, however, had no effect

Brussels, August 27. This morning the States of Brabant assembled, and at eleven o'clock the third estate was called in, to deliberate on the answer to be made to the Emperor's proposals, when there were great debates.

MEMORIAL of the States of Brabant to his Excellency the Count de MURRAY.

“ The States of Brabant, after returning their thanks to his Excellency for the speedy communication of the orders which have been addressed to him, dated the 16th instant, cannot but testify to his Excellency the feeling of sorrow as well as grief into which the nation is plunged, by

the charges of blame contained in the dispatches of his Majesty, and in the speech which he has deigned to make to the Deputies sent to the foot of his throne. But if the States or the people of the Low Countries took the liberty of proceeding upon any affair contrary to the submission due to the sovereign authority, the States of Brabant would think themselves obliged to remonstrate to his Excellency, that in all their representations, and all their measures, there was never any thing contrary to order, obedience, and the purest fidelity. They have confined themselves in their remonstrances, and in the course of their present embarrassments, to reclaim their right with submission, and at the same time with that firmness which the state of disquiet and the distress of the nation indispensably requires.

“ It is more than notorious, that the discontents, and the general emotion of the nation, are solely caused by the tenor of the new system, and the subversion of the rights of the constitution. His Excellency is supplicated to be good enough to represent again this truth to the August Sovereign, and to omit no opportunity of persuading him, that the state of suffering in which circulation and commerce are plunged, cannot cease, until all matters shall be happily restored to their constitutional order.

“ The States of Brabant again take the liberty of submitting to his Excellency, that at the time it was in agitation to send Deputies to the sacred person of the Emperor, they were informed by a dispatch, dated the 18th ult.

“ That from the moment that the Provinces sent Deputies to the foot of the Throne, the embarrassments which have existed for some months, are regarded as terminated and concluded.

“ After the sending the said Deputies had been resolved upon, and put in execution, His Excellency informed the respective States, that his Majesty thought a concentration of troops necessary; “ the conduct of the nation with regard to the concentration in question being otherwise looked upon by his Majesty as the touch-stone of their confidence and fidelity.”

“ The States of Brabant as well as his Excellency being convinced of it, then declared their confidence in this concentration; notwithstanding which, by the said dispatch of the 18th July, the removal of the troops had been judged unnecessary.

“ The States, who with all the nation had reason to think that his Majesty would be satisfied by these proofs—the States see with grief, that the Emperor has still determined on many points, the execution of which is to take place antecedent to their entering upon

any sort of deliberation. His Majesty declares, that his dignity renders all these premises absolutely indispensable, and commands your Excellency to put them in execution.

“The States of Brabant are persuaded that your Excellency is sufficiently informed that all these premises, the renewal of which is commanded, are contrary to the fundamental laws, confirmed by the oath of the Sovereign; that of course it is impossible for the said States to give assistance directly or indirectly to this renewal, or to relinquish at any time, conformable to the 42d article of the Joyeuse Entree, an extract of which is hereto annexed, the right of making to his Majesty the most humble as well as the most pressing representations for the redress of these infractions of the rights of the Province. The States flatter themselves, and will never lose a hope, but that the justice of the Monarch will favourably attend to their claims.

With these sentiments of submission and confidence, the States of Brabant declare that they have been always absolutely far, as they still are at present, from employing against the execution of the premises ordered by his Majesty, any other means than those of representation, and such as are consistent with the dignity of the august Sovereign; protesting at the same time to your Excellency on the other hand, “That if the execution of the premises, which his Majesty requires, should prove the cause of any disorder or local tumult, neither the States nor the nation can be in any manner responsible.”

“With these sentiments, and always adhering to constitutional means, the States of Brabant find it absolutely impossible, in consequence of the 59th article of the Joyeuse Entree, to assent to any subsidy for the benefit of the sovereign, as long as the infractions committed shall remain unrepaid and unredressed; and that, in consequence of the solemn oath which the said States have taken for observing the Joyeuse Entree.”

(A COPY.)

Signed “DE COCK.”

Hague, September 6. Yesterday the Baron de Thulemeyer, Envoy Extraordinary from the King of Prussia, held a conference with the President of the States General, to whom he delivered the following

M E M O R I A L.

“High and Mighty Lords,

“The undersigned Ambassador Extraordinary of his Prussian Majesty hastens to testify to your High Mightinesses the satisfaction the King his master feels, on hearing of the desire that several Provinces have expressed to avail themselves of the good services of those powers, who are friends and neighbours of the Republic, for appeasing

the intestine animosities, and preventing the dangerous consequences that may result therefrom. His Majesty is in particular well satisfied with the request of the States of Guelderland and Utrecht, to add his mediation to that of the Courts of Versailles and London, to which he readily assents; and has ordered me to assure your High Mightinesses, that he will willingly take upon himself every thing that can be done on his part, for that purpose.

“His Majesty will zealously concur thereto with the same sentiments which he has ever shewn to the Republic, and which are manifested by the conduct of your High Mightinesses towards him.

“The King has commanded me anew, to assure your High Mightinesses, that he will upon all occasions interest himself for the peace and welfare of the States; and anxiously wishes, that the old constitution, so unfortunately shaken, may be restored by a friendly disposition, in rooting out the evil that must otherwise result therefrom, and with which the Republic is threatened. And moreover, to assure your High Mightinesses of his steadfast good wishes, which cannot be otherwise than an object of the desires of its friends and neighbours.

DE THULEMEYER.”

Hague, September 5, 1787.

Hague, Sep. 12. “Copy of the answer sent to Berlin, on Saturday the 8th instant, by the States of Holland, to the last Memorial of M. de Thulemeyer, which he delivered on the part of his Prussian Majesty, on the 6th of August last.

“That their Noble and Great Mightinesses answered the first Memorial presented on the part of his Prussian Majesty, by M. de Thulemeyer, with a firm conviction, that being informed of the facts respecting the journey of the Princess of Orange, his Majesty would not any longer suspect their Noble Mightinesses of designs which they never had; and which they think themselves bound to disavow in the most solemn manner. That in consequence, his Prussian Majesty would find nothing blameable in the conduct of their Noble Mightinesses, unless the adopting of precautions, which in their opinion, although to their great sorrow, circumstances rendered necessary; precautions which their Noble Mightinesses are of opinion would have been taken by any other sovereign, and which even it would have been his duty to take in a similar conjuncture.

“That to-day, after having considered the affair again with the most scrupulous attention, their Noble Mightinesses find themselves obliged to persist in their former sentiments, “That there has been no insult whatever
“ offered

“ offered to the person of the Princess of “ Orange,” as will appear to his Prussian Majesty in the most evident and clear manner, by the review of what passed on the occasion; of the report made (in consequence of an express order of their Noble Mightinesses) by the Commissioners established at Weerden for the defence of this province, and which they have the honour of annexing hereto; as also a letter from the Burgomaster and Council and City of Schoonhoven on the same subject: it will moreover appear from these papers, that the transaction, which was latterly said to have happened to her Royal Highness near the Sluice of Goverwel, in the note of M. de Thuleremeyer, did not take place on the part, or by the order of these Commissioners, because they were not present at the spot, when the farther progress of her Highness’s journey was stopped; and that even these Commissioners had any knowledge of it; but on the contrary, they treated her Royal Highness with all possible distinction and attention; so much, that her Highness returned them thanks at Schoonhoven “ in a friendly manner, for the attention that “ had been shewn to her;” and that afterwards, the same compliment was repeated in her name by M. de Bentinck. At the same time that their Noble Mightinesses do not make the least difficulty to declare, “ That “ if in case in this rencounter, when the farther progress of her Royal Highness was “ stopped, there happened any thing irregular, or contrary to the respect due to her, “ they would disavow it in the most advantageous manner.”

“ That after what has been thus advanced, their Noble Mightinesses think, that it will be equally apparent, that the marks of honour and proofs of respect which have been shewn to her Royal Highness by the said Commissioners, and on their behalf, must have been represented under a false light. That their Noble Mightinesses cannot either entertain an idea of suspecting her Highness of sinister views, nor entertain any diffidence with regard to the sincerity of her motives, concerning her design of coming to the Hague; and that thus in this point there has not been the smallest offence on the part of their Noble Mightinesses: That on the contrary, they ought to have been before as well as be at this moment convinced of the purity of the views by which her Highness was actuated. But as her Highness could not be a guarantee against the ferment of a blind and seduced populace, the Commissioners of their Noble Mightinesses found themselves under the necessity of preventing a turbulence, which they were convinced would have been caused by the sudden, unexpected, and secret arrival

of her Royal Highness, and from which scenes of carnage and confusion might have ensued, which would have sensibly affected the heart of her Highness, by making her a witness of the fatal effects of her unexpected coming, the which it would have been impossible for her to prevent.

“ That if this Princess, considering her quality of consort to the Stadtholder, had taken the precaution, which was so natural, of informing their Noble Mightinesses of her designs, they would have had an opportunity of submitting to her their opinions on that subject, as well with respect to the present conjuncture of affairs, which rendered her Highness’s intention very critical, as relative to the means which would have been the most proper to restore tranquillity and union in this country, and consequently to accomplish the views of her Royal Highness.

“ That these sentiments, and this disposition of their Noble Mightinesses continue the same, and therefore they can testify their regret for the necessity under which the Princess was to suspend her journey. That their Noble Mightinesses manifest these sentiments the more willingly, as they flatter themselves that they give his Prussian Majesty satisfaction thereby: That with the same intentions, not less for convincing his Prussian Majesty of their desire to preserve his regard and friendship, their Noble Mightinesses assure his Majesty, that very far from having any intention to oppose the journey which her Highness may be inclined to take to the Hague, their Noble Mightinesses, on the contrary, will invite her Highness with pleasure to effect this journey, as soon as ever the general tranquillity will admit this journey to be undertaken without danger; a danger which, nevertheless, their Noble Mightinesses think that even at this moment they cannot avoid in a satisfactory manner, such as would perfectly secure the citizens of the country. But their Noble Mightinesses particularly wish that her Royal Highness, with these laudable views of reconciliation, would postpone her coming until that salutary work be undertaken, that is to say, until general tranquillity may be assured.

“ That their Noble and Great Mightinesses are flattered, that these explanations, as far as they are meant, will fully satisfy his Prussian Majesty; that they will entirely dispel the clouds, which unexpected circumstances, that have given pain to their Noble and Great Mightinesses, have collected before him; that his Prussian Majesty will retain for them the same sentiments which he has entertained towards them hitherto, after the example of his glorious ancestors; and that by all the good offices of mediation that are in his power,

power, he will concur as a good friend and neighbour, to assist in procuring to this country, that tranquillity it wants at present, and which is the principal object of the cares and wishes of their Noble and Great Mightinesses."

Hague, Sep. 12. "M. de Thulemeyer, Envoy Extraordinary from his Majesty the King of Prussia, after having held a conference with the President of the States of Holland, on Sunday last, respecting the conditions which the King his Master required as a satisfaction for the offence committed against his August Sister, delivered him the following note:

"The King expects that their Noble and Great Mightinesses write a letter to her Royal Highness, which they must shew to the Minister of his Majesty before they send it, containing an acknowledgment of the error of the supposition that this Princess had any views contrary to the welfare of the Republic.

"That they must apologize for the opposition made to her journey, and for the want of that respect of which her Royal Highness complains.

"That their Noble and Great Mightinesses engage to punish at the requisition of the Princess, those who appear to be culpable of these offences against her august person.

"That they revoke their injurious and erroneous resolutions which they have taken on account of this journey, the revocation to be accompanied by an invitation,

"That her Royal Highness will come to the Hague, to enter into a negotiation with her, in the name of the Prince Stadtholder, for conciliating by a suitable arrangement the differences which subsist at present."

"The undersigned is also authorized to declare to Mons. the Grand Pensioner, that in case their Noble and Great Mightinesses, without difficulty, make such a moderate satisfaction, her Royal Highness will interpose with the King, her August Brother, to forbear any further requisition for satisfaction on this subject.

"He has, moreover, the honour to inform Mons. the Grand Pensioner, that if the fixing of the Council for negotiation at the Hague should be attended with difficulties, they may chuse some neutral town to negotiate the basis of what is to form a conciliation and mediation.

"The undersigned will not dissimulate to Mons. the Counsellor Pensioner, that his Majesty expects in the most express manner, that in the interim, the States of Holland will at least let things remain in their present state; and that they will not proceed

"to any suspension, deprivation and other measures offensive and prejudicial to the person of the Prince Stadtholder, Captain and Admiral General, as by doing so, they will render all conciliation illusory, impossible, and will add to the offences."

Hague, Sep. 18. On Thursday last the Prussian Army, under the command of his Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick, passed the river at Nimeguen, and advanced from thence in three columns. On their approach the Rhingrave of Salm evacuated Utrecht, after having nailed up 140 pieces of cannon, which he was obliged to leave behind him, and destroyed, as far as he was able, the powder and other stores, retiring with what he could collect of the garrison, in great disorder, towards Amsterdam and Naerden. On Sunday the Prince of Orange's troops entered the towns of Utrecht, Montfort, and the Vaart; and no opposition was made in any part of the Province.

Intelligence was received at the Hague, of Gorcum, Dort, Schoonhoven, and several other of the principal Towns of South Holland having surrendered, without bloodshed, to the Duke of Brunswick. The States of Holland issued orders for breaking and disarming the Free Corps; and late this evening they passed a resolution for restoring his Serene Highness the Prince Stadtholder to all his rights and honours, with the command of this garrison; and a deputation is appointed to the Duke of Brunswick, and a letter sent off to invite the Prince of Orange to return to his residence here. *London Gaz.*

Hague, Sep. 21. The Prince of Orange arrived here yesterday at two o'clock in the afternoon, and was received by the deputations from the States-General, the States of Holland, the Council of State and Committees, the Equestrian Order, the Courts of Justice, and the different Colleges. The Deputies of fifteen Towns were present in the Assembly of the States of Holland yesterday, when they unanimously voted an Address to the Stadtholder; and this day they came to a resolution declaring him reinstated in all his rights. It is impossible to describe the universal joy that prevails here among all ranks of people upon this event. *Ibid.*

Constantinople, Aug. 25. In the morning of the 16th instant, after a public audience of the Grand Vizier, Mons. de Bulgakow, the Russian Envoy, with his Secretary Mons. Jacobloff, Mess. Nicolo Pisani and Dandria, the two principal interpreters of that mission, and two of the Envoy's servants left to attend him, were conducted to the Seven Towers. The rest of the Russian Minister's suite was escorted by a guard to his Hotel in Pera, where they continue unmolested.

The formal declaration of war against Russia was read at the Porte on the 22d, with full and absolute power to the Grand Vizir for conducting the operations. *Ibid.*

The Chamber of Accounts at Paris, the Court next in rank after the Parliament, and Cour des Aides, have followed the example of the Parliament, and protested against the enregistrement of the new edicts, as being null and void.

The following is said to be the King of France's answer to the Court of Aids :

"It is not the business of my courts of justice to demand of me a convocation of the States-General; it belongs to me alone to judge whether circumstances require it, and I have determined in my own mind, that it is not necessary: you should not have renewed your demand. I have done more for my people than you required; I have granted them provincial assemblies, which are most competent to make known the wants and wishes of the whole kingdom; and I shall never oppose whatever their wants may require.

"I have transferred my Parliament to Troyes from Paris, where that Assembly had excited a ferment among the people, which their presence would only serve to foment

and to encrease. I shall judge when the proper time is come for its restoration. My principal object has ever been to know the truth: It was my duty to insist upon my full power to have my edicts registered. If there were any inconveniencies in the execution of them, my Parliament was wrong in not making me acquainted with them.

"I shall receive with pleasure your remarks and your supplications. You may expect every thing from my justice and my regard for my people. But you ought to consider the whole combination of circumstances; and that I am under the necessity of pursuing whatever measures will best enable me to preserve fidelity in my engagements."

Paris, Sep. 14. An Arret, or Proclamation of his Majesty's Privy-Council, was registered at Versailles the 2d instant, which annuls the Resolutions that passed in the Parliament of Paris the 7th, 13th, and 27th of August.

In the above arret the King speaks in the following terms:—"It is not by protests that my Courts are permitted to make known to me their deliberations on my edicts; but by remonstrances and supplication, which I shall ever cheerfully receive. Withdraw your protests, and do not dare to publish them."

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

AUGUST 22.

THE Right Honourable Lord Dunboyne, of the kingdom of Ireland, read his recantation from the errors of the church of Rome, in the parish-church of Clonmel.

Lord Dunboyne was a Romish bishop, is near 72 years of age, and married a young lady a few months ago aged 17. His grandfather was attained, and lost a considerable estate by adhering to the fortunes of King James the second.

A Special Court of Directors was held at the India-House for the purpose of taking into consideration the conduct of the captain and officers of the ship *Hartwell*, unfortunately lost in her passage to China off Bona Vista, one of the Cape de Verd islands; and after an examination into all the particulars, which lasted several hours, came to a resolution to dismiss the captain and chief mate, and suspend the second mate from the service.

The uniform to be worn by the commanders and officers of ships in the India Company's service, in lieu of the one agreed on the 29th of June, is as follows:—

The Commanders. Dress suit.—Blue coat, black velvet lappels, cuffs, and collar;—waistcoat and breeches deep buff;—

the button yellow metal, with the Company's crest engraved.

Undress.—Blue coat, without lappels;—waistcoat and breeches deep buff;—buttons as above.

The Officers. Blue coat without lappels;—waistcoat and breeches deep buff;—buttons the same as the Commanders.—The embroidery to be as little expensive as may be.

30. Ten convicts were executed before Newgate: one was Williams, the first that has been executed for carrying fire-arms, and attempting to rescue smuggled goods, made death by a late Act of Parliament. The others suffered for burglary and highway robbery.

SEPT. 4. A ceremony of a very interesting kind was exhibited in St. George's Chapel, Windsor: it is called "An Offering from the Knights of the Garter," which generally takes place twice a year, if a chapter can be formed; the chapter consists of three Knights. On this occasion, his Majesty presided as Sovereign of the Order; the other two members of the chapter were his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and his Grace the Duke of Montague. The

ceremony began in the following manner: His Majesty, first bending in reverence of the solemn nature of the place, walked up in the middle of the chapel, repeating this reverence at the half-way distance from the altar, at which arriving, he knelt and deposited on it a golden ingot. The Duke of York followed, and repeated the same ceremony with great exactness, placing another gold ingot on the altar. The Duke of Montague closed the whole, by another repetition of the ceremony, depositing also his gold ingot. Suitable prayers were said on this occasion, and the ingots, with other contributions, are appropriated to the benefit of the poor.

A riot happened among the operative weavers at Glasgow, which was not quelled without calling in the military, and the loss of four or five lives of the rioters.

WHITEHALL, Sept. 8. On Wednesday last the Rev. Mr. Gubert, Secretary to the Right Honourable Wm. Eden, his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Paris, arrived at the office of the Marquis of Carmarthen, his Majesty's principal Secretary of State for foreign affairs, with the convention between his Majesty and the Most Christian King, for explaining the extent and meaning of the thirteenth article of the last definitive treaty of peace; which convention was signed at Versailles, on the 31st of August last, by Mr. Eden, his Majesty's Plenipotentiary, and by the Plenipotentiary of his Most Christian Majesty.

The article in the definitive treaty of peace to which the convention alludes, is, "that no ships of war of any description shall sail on either side for the East Indies, without mutual consent."

One Thomas Stone underwent a long examination before several of the faculty and some Justices of the Peace, when evident marks of insanity having appeared in many parts of his late conduct, he was ordered to be confined till further orders in Bedlam Hospital.

Some days before this her Majesty received a very extraordinary letter from Stone, mentioning a very warm passion which he had conceived for her eldest daughter; and hoping, if their Majesties approved of the idea of his marrying her, he and the Princess Royal would be a very happy couple! After this, the man appeared at St. James's, and begged leave to be introduced in form, as, from not having had an answer, he conceived his proposal was acceded to. Silence gave content! This however was not much attended to by the people to whom he spoke. On his going afterwards to Kew, he was

was seized, and confined till he could be taken to the public office in Bow-street to be examined, where he confessed to have conceived an attachment for her Royal Highness; also that she had conceived the same for him. A great many papers on the subject of love were found upon him, addressed to her Serene Highness the Princess Royal.

Stone is a heavy-looking man, about 33 years of age: he is a native of Shaftesbury, and his father is a floor-cloth painter.—He was brought up an attorney, and has an uncle of the name of Sutton living in Islington. He wrote a letter to Mr. Delaval, of Pall-Mall, saying he proposed a plan for paying off the national debt.

His conversation is truly that of a lunatic. He says, his heart was stole from him three years ago, and till last March he did not know who was the robber, till being at the play, he saw the Princess Royal look up at the two smiling gallery.

The following are the lines which at the time of the above examination, were submitted to the critical examination of Dr. Munro, and which Stone acknowledged to be his production:

To her Highness the PRINCESS ROYAL.

Thrice glad were I to be your willing slave,
But not the captive of the tool or knave;
With woe on woe you melt my sighing
breast,
Whilst you reject your humble would-be
guest.

August 22.

T. S.

11. A duel took place in Hyde-park between Sir John Macpherson and Major James Brown. It was occasioned by a paragraph being inserted in the Calcutta Gazette by Sir John, which the Major considered as a reflection on him. They fired two or three pistols each, without the least injury to either; after which the affair was amicably settled.—It appeared, that two of the three balls fired by Major Brown had passed through the skirts of Sir John's coat; and the third, Col. Murray has been informed, was afterwards found in the pocket of Sir John's coat, where it had lodged in his pocket-book.

14. At the annual meeting of the French Academy on the 25th of August, the Prize of Virtue was adjudged to a maid-servant of the name of La Blonde, who supported, by her work and the little income she has, her master and mistress for upwards of thirty years; and now after their death she takes care of their children, going out to nurse for the purpose of procuring them the necessary assistance.

assistance. By recalling to the audience's mind fo unparalleled an instance of fidelity and charity, which they had already heard of in the public papers, a degree of enthusiasm spread its influence over every individual; and an eminent Magistrate proposing to make a collection upon the spot for the children, who were present, it was immediately agreed to. Thirty-three louis d'ors were collected, which, added to the prize, fifty louis, made up the sum of 831. sterling.

21. Prefs-warrants were issued out from the Admiralty-Office, and sent off by express to every sea-port in England for impressing seamen into his Majesty's service to man the ships fitting out at Portsmouth.

In consequence of the above order, several row-gallies armed with cutlasses boarded every ship in the river that night and next morning, and took out all the useful hands they could meet with. Upwards of 2000 hands on the river and on shore were pressed.

St. James's, Sep. 21. This day his Excellency the Marquis del Campo, Ambassador Extraordinary, and Plenipotentiary from the Court of Spain, had his first private audience of his Majesty to deliver his credentials.

22. This Night's Gazette contains a Proclamation by the King for encouraging Seamen and Landmen to enter on board his Ma-

jefty's Ships of War, allowing a Bounty of Three Pounds to able Seamen, Two Pounds to ordinary Seamen, and Twenty Shillings to able-bodied Landmen; and also another Proclamation for recalling and prohibiting Seamen from serving foreign Princes and States, and for granting Rewards for discovering such Seamen as shall conceal themselves.

24. Twenty-three sail of the line were this day put in commission, viz.

<i>Gatham.</i>	<i>Portsmouth.</i>	<i>Plymouth.</i>
Prince George	Victory	Ro. Sovereign
London	Barfleur	Atlas
Alexander	St. George	Impregnable
Alfred	Alicide	Cumberland
Arrogant	Bellona	Fortitude
Robust	Berwick	Hannibal
Venerable	Elephant	Vahant.
Resolution	Warrior	

At the same time seventeen new Admirals were appointed, whose names are as follow:

Cornwallis,	Sir Richard King, Knt.
Elliott,	Faulkner,
Hotham,	Affleck,
Sir John Lindsay,	Sir R. Bickerton, Knt.
Peyton,	Sir John Jarvis, K. B.
Allen,	Hon. J. Leveson Gower,
Sir C. Middleton,	Duncan,
Dalrymple,	Sir C. Douglas, Bart.
Sawyer,	

BIRTHS, SEPTEMBER 1787.

COUNTRESS Waldegrave, of a son.
 The Lady of John Fownes Luttrell, Esq. of a son and heir.
 The Lady of Paul Methuen, Esq. of a daughter.
 The Duchess of Beaufort, of a son.
 The Lady of Sir Tho. Wicheote, of a son and heir.
 Lady Ruthven, of a son.
 Lady Auguita Lowther, of a son and heir.

The Lady of Sir Edward Smythe, Bart. of a son.
 The Lady of William Burrell, Esq. of a son.
 The Lady of Lord Lismore, of a son.
 The Lady of Sir James Fitzgerald, Bart. of a son.
 The Lady of the Right Hon. Lord Stourton, of a son.

PREFERMENTS, SEPTEMBER 1787.

HERMAN Heyman, Esq. to be British Vice Consul at Bremen, to assist and act under the direction of Wm. Hanbury, Esq. his Britannic Majesty's Agent and Consul in the Circle of Lower Saxony, and the Free Cities of Bremen and Lubeck.
 William Richardson, of Agher, in the county of Tyrone, Esq.—John Craven Carden, of Templemore, in the county of Tipperary, Esq.—Charles Desvoeux, of India Ville, in Queen's county, Esq.—Edward Leslie, of Tarbert, in the county of Kerry, Esq.—Henry Mannix, of Richmond, in the county of Corke, Esq.—and Richard Gorges Meredyth, of Catherine's Grove, in the county of Dublin, Esq. to be Irish Barristers.
 Capt. William Robinson to be Provisional Commodore of the Marine at Bombay, vice late Commodore John Twiss.

The Rev. Verney Lovett, M. A. to be one of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's Chaplains in Ordinary; and the Rev. Francis Randolph, M. A. vicar of Broad Calk, to be Domestic Chaplain to the Duke of York.
 Lieut. Col. John Hardy, of the 56th reg. to be Governor of Dartmouth Castle, vice Arthur Holdsworth, Esq. deceased.
 Charles Henry Fraser, Esq. to be his Majesty's Secretary of Legation at the Court of Petersburg.
 Mark Gregory, jun. Esq. to be his Majesty's Consul at Malaga.
 Mr. Robert Coker to be one of the Commissioners of Hawkers and Pedlars, vice James Turner, Esq. of Oxford, resigned,
 Major General William Meadows to be Governor and Commander in Chief of Bombay and its dependencies, vice Rawson Haet Boddam, Esq.

MARRIAGES, SEPTEMBER 1787.

AT Teynmouth, the Rev. William Short, jun. to Miss Elizabeth Hodgkinson.

Mr. Reid, of Chelsea, to Miss Eliza Cofens, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Cofens, of Teddington.

Sir Isaac Heard, Knt. Garter Principal King at Arms, to Mrs. Alicia Felton, widow of J. G. Felton, Esq. late Inspector General of his Majesty's Customs for the Leeward Islands.

At Milan, by a dispensation from the Pope, the Marquis Lewis Marescotti, to Lady Sophia Butler, daughter to the late Earl of Lancashire.

William George Yelverton Esq. eldest son of the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, to Miss Read, daughter of John Read, Esq. of Fareham.

Lieut. Colonel Malcolm, Adjutant General to the East India Company's troops at Comorandel, to Miss Ramsay, niece to Sir Archibald Campbell.

Solomon Earle Esq. Captain in the East India service, to Miss Rose Rennel, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Rennel, of Stockingham, Devon.

James Meddowcroft, Esq. of Gray's Inn, to Miss Pocock, of Reading.

Henry Wakeman, Esq. late Commander of the Rodney East Indiaman, to Miss Freeman, only daughter of William Freeman, Esq. of Gaines, Herefordshire.

Michael Blunt, jun. Esq. of Mapledurham, to Mrs. Wright, of Berkeley street.

Edward Lamplugh Iton, Esq. of Iton Hall, Cumberland, to Miss Harriet Hayne, of Nottingham.

The Rev. Francis Welles, Rector of Earls-cromb, to Miss Elizabeth Parsons, youngest sister of John Parsons, Esq. of Kemerton, Gloucestershire.

The Rev. Mr. Walon, to Miss Fallowes, daughter of Mr. Fallowes, attorney of Leominster.

The Rev. Thomas Jones, Rector of Naunton Beauchamp, Worcestershire, to Miss Price, only daughter of the Rev. Mr. Price, Vicar of High Wycomb.

The Rev. John Pridden, Curate of St. Bride's, and Minor Canon of St. Paul's to Miss Nichols, daughter of Mr. Nichols, printer.

The Rev. Barnard Astley, son of Sir Edw. Astley, Bart. Member for Norfolk, to Miss Hesse, third daughter of Edward Hesse, Esq. of Sall.

The Rev. Edw. Pole, Rector of Trusley, in Leicestershire, to Miss Bingham, of Derby.

Mr. Nicoll, of Pall Mall, to Miss Boydell, of Cneapside.

The Rev. John Fisher, B. D. Canon of Windsor, to Miss Dorothea Scrivener, of Winccombe-Raleigh, Devon.

Mr. A. Highmore, an attorney, of Bury

Court, to Miss Harriet Hinckley, daughter of the late Dr. Hinckley.

The Rev. William Probyn, Rector of Longhope, to Miss Band, of Wick, Worcestershire.

Dr. Nicholl, of Doctors Commons, to Miss Birt, of Wenloe Castle.

James King, Esq. of Cranborne, Dorset, to Miss Ann Gardner, of Bridgwater.

Mr. Oliver Toulmin, of Essex street, Strand, Navy Agent, to Miss Toulmin, of Hackney.

Capt Baker, of the Coldstream regiment of guards, to Miss Baddefson, of Wyck, only daughter of the late Capt. Baddefson.

Lord Compton, son of the Earl of Northampton, to Miss Smith, eldest daughter of Joshua Smith, Esq. 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 Brook, of Beverley.

The Rev. Mr. Ord, Vicar of Whitfield, Northumberland, to Miss Brandling, daughter of Charles Brandling, Esq. Member for Newcastle.

The Rev. Charles Campbell, of Weasenhams in Norfolk, to Miss Straton, of Percy street, daughter of John Straton, Esq.

Thomas Potter, jun. esq. of St. Martin in the Fields, to Miss Toulmin, of Knightbridge.

George Sowley Holroyd, Esq. of Gray's inn, to Miss Chaplin, of Bridges street.

Frederic Pilon, Esq. author of "He Wou'd be a Soldier," to Miss Drury, of Kington.

Robert Blake, Esq. of Essex street, to Miss Goble, sister to James Goble, Esq. of Hempton, near Chichester.

William Hurst, Esq. of Galva, Glamorganshire, to Miss Esdaile, of Berner's street.

At Edinburgh, Major Dickinson, in the East India Company's service, to Miss Lindesey, daughter of Henry Lindesey, Esq.

John Holden, Esq. of Sheepy Hall in Leicestershire, to Judith, third daughter of the late William Robinson, Esq. of Hill Ridware, Staffordshire.

The Right Hon. Lord Viscount Barnard, eldest son of the Earl of Darlington, to the Hon. Lady Catherine Powlett, daughter of his Grace the Duke of Boulton.

Richard Graves, Esq. of Hembury Fort, Devonshire, Captain in the Royal Navy, to Miss Louisa Caroline Colleton, daughter of the late Sir John Colleton, Bart.

Dr. T. Munro, of Bedford square, to Miss Wood-

Woodcock, daughter of Dr. Woodcock, of Bath.

Dr. John Jeffries, of Rathbone place, to Miss Hannah Hunt, only daughter of the late — Hunt, Esq. banker, in London.

At Chatham, Baron de Rosing, Captain in the Duke of Holstein's body guards, to Miss Cowcher, of Chatham.

Capt. John Bluck, to Miss Mary Morgue, of Putney.

At Burv, the Rev. James Pawsey, Rector of Sufston & Mellis, to Miss Read, of Sufston.

The Rev. John Edge, Vicar of Rushmere,

to Miss Raffe, of Ipswich.

Mr William Wood, jun. of Knightsbridge, to Miss Louisa Delaval, daughter of Henry Delaval, Esq. of Grosvenor square.

Samuel Unwin, Esq. of Sutton Ashfield, to Miss Heathcote, of Newington-green.

Edward Carey, Esq. of Exeter, to Miss Bridget Ferrall, of St. Croix.

Norton Powlett, Esq. of Hampshire, to Mrs. Peach, of Specu hill.

The Rev. Dr. Horner, Rector of Lincoln College, Oxon, to Miss Medcalle, of Woodstock.

MONTHLY OBITUARY, SEPTEMBER 1787.

AUGUST 8.

AT Petersburg, Walter Shairp, Esq. Consul General in Russia.

15. The Rev. Dr. Sainsbury, Preacher at the Charter House.

17. The Rev. Richard Godwin, of Gateacre, near Liverpool.

21. Arthur Holdfworth, Esq. Member for Dartmouth, and Governor of Dartmouth Castle.

22. At Macstricht, Sir Thomas Wroughton, K. B. Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of Sweden.

At Straloch, John Ramsay, Esq. of Barra.

23. Mr. Bateman, distiller, in the Old Bailey.

24. Lady Ainslie, in St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh.

25. Mrs. Watkins, Housekeeper of the Levee Rooms, Whitehall.

The Rev. Mr. Geary, Rector of Great Billing, in Northamptonh. Vicar of Burton Huffey, in Lincolnshire, and Prebendary of Peterborough.

At Cowbridge, Glamorganshire, in the 25th year of his age, the Rev. Daniel Walters, Master of the Free Grammar School there.

Lately, Mr. Paxton, of Great Titchfield street, an eminent musician.

27. Mr. Charles Sarjant, formerly Housekeeper of Covent Garden Theatre.

28. Mr. Ward, master of the Cheshire Cheese public house, Wine Office court, Fleet street.

29. Benjamin Kidney, Esq. at his seat at Knutton Hall, in Northamptonshire.

In Hanover street, Hanover square, Ralph Grey, Esq.

At Oakingham, Berkshire, Mr. Robert Titchborne, formerly a silk mercer in Cheap-side.

Lately, in Nassau street, Dublin, Lieutenant Colonel J. P. Hamilton, Professor of the German Language in that civ.

30. At Deptford, Mr. John Robe, aged 98, one of the oldest River Pilots.

Mrs. Elizabeth Henckell, at Hampstead.

Mr. Beville, surgeon and apothecary at Sutton, near Ely.

Mr. Hughes, Clerk of Kentish Town Chapel.

Mr. Abel Sweetland, bookseller in Exeter, lately, at Busfield, Richard Staff, who had been 44 years Clerk of that parish.

31. Mr. Delaval, of Pall Mall.

At Maidstone, Mr. James Taylor, brother of Clement Taylor, Esq. Member for that town.

At Fulham, Mr. Castells.

SEPT. 1. John Fatkner, Esq. on Great Tower Hill, aged 96, formerly an Italian merchant.

Mr. John Howson, master of the Bull inn, Bishopsgate street.

Mr. Benjamin Dicker, watchmaker, in Alderigate street.

Edward Poore, Esq. of North Tedworth, Wiltshire.

Sir Anthony King, Knt. Alderman of Dublin.

2. Mr. Joseph Cowper, tallow chandler, in Holborn.

The Rev. Philip Brown, B. D. Rector of Blechingdon, and formerly Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford.

At York, Daniel Bell, Esq. late Officer of Marines.

At Tetbury, John Paul, Esq.

Lately, at Tarporley, in Cheshire, the Rev. Crewe Arden, M. A. brother to the Attorney General.

3. Thomas Sedgwick, Esq. of London Field, Hackney.

At Wolfley Bridge, in Staffordshire, on his return from the Northern Circuit, Mr. Serjeant Bolton.

At Edgmond, near Newport, Mr. Reynolds, many years Curate of that parish.

4. Mr. Richard Kemp, Moorfields.

Lately, the Rev. Mr. C. Casper Greaves, Minister of the Perpetual Curacy of Tiffington, in Derbyshire.

5. Mr. William Proctor, of Surrey street, Strand.

Mr. William Bass, brewer, at Burton upon Trent, aged 74.

Hugh Roach, Esq. Lieutenant in his Majesty's Navy.

6. Edward Taylor, Esq. Mortlake, Surrey.

The Rev. Richard Hewett, Vicar of Thornton cum Atterthorpe, and of Fanglofs cum Barmby, Yorkshire.

Lately;

Lately, at Rood Ashton, in Wiltshire, Richard Long, Esq.

7. The Rev. Mr. May, Senior Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge.

Mr. Christopher Parker, stockbroker, and Common Councilman for Walbrook Ward.

Mr. Christopher Hargrave, late a Solicitor in Chancery.

William Campbell, Esq. of Liston Hall, in Essex.

Mr. Croucher, of Willy, near Farnham, hop planter.

Eldred Addison, Esq. lately returned from Bengal.

8. Philip Holland, jun. M. D. of Hull, son of the Rev. Philip Holland, of Bolton, in Lancashire.

At Pulborough, Mr. John Clement, aged 90 years and 11 months.

9. At St. Alban's, Mr. John Domville.

At Wingfield, Derbyshire, Counsellor Leacroft.

10. At Brightelmston, James Norman, Esq. of Brounley Common, Kent.

Lyde Brown, Esq. one of the Directors of the Bank.

At Kensington, Mr. Scottgrove.

Mr. Richard Thorn, printer, at Exeter.

Gilbert Laurie, Esq. of Polmont, late Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and one of his Majesty's Commissioners of Excise.

Lately, Mr. Philip Parkhouse, bookseller, at Tiverton, in Devonshire, and father of Mrs. Cowley, author of several dramatic pieces.

Lately, in his passage from Jamaica, Gen. Bedward, jun. Esq. of Spring Garden Estate, Westmoreland.

12. Gregory Wright, Esq. Kensington.

Jane Countess of Northampton, relict of the late Lord Chancellor Northampton.

Lately, at Caen in Normandy, John Sawbridge, jun. Esq.

13. The Rev. Moses Browne, Vicar of Croy, Bucks, and Chaplain to Merden College. He was born in 1703, and was originally a pen-cutter. In 1723 he published two dramatic pieces called "Po-

tidus, or Distressed Love, a Tragedy," and "All Bedevilled, a Farce," both acted at a private theatre in St. Alban's Street. On the institution of the Gentleman's Magazine he became a contributor to it, and obtained some of the prizes offered by Mr. Cave for the best poems. In 1739 he published an octavo volume of Poems, and in 1749, "Sunday Thoughts, a Poem" 12mo. In 1756 he published "Percy Lodge, a descriptive Poem." He also was editor of "Walton's Complete Angler," and in 1773 re-published his "Piscatory Eclogues." He also translated Zimmerman, and was the author of some Sermons.

Capt. Thomas Robertson, upwards of fifty years Commander of a ship in the Leghorn trade.

At Leominster in Herefordshire, the Rev. John Bourne, M. A.

At South Park, near Tunbridge, Mrs. Allnut, relict of Thomas Allnut, merchant, of London.

Mr. John Perkins, bricklayer, aged 85.

14. Mr. John Salt, Postmaster, at Wirksworth, Derbyshire.

Mr. Law, Messenger of the Board of Green Cloth.

15. Mr. William Belloncle, weaver, at Shacklewell.

16. Mr. Nathaniel Herbert, master of the White Hart Inn at Baldock.

17. Capt. William Newlon, of the Royal Navy.

Mr. Taylor, the celebrated oculist in Hatton Garden, aged 63.

Lately, at his house in Arundel Street, in the Strand, aged 91, Mr. Hermon Zurhorst, many years a Hamburgh merchant.

18. Mr. William Sawyer Galscoyne, of Morris Court, near St. James's, Kent.

At Tatham Green, Mrs. Palfold.

Henry Hamer, Esq. Customer of the port of Liverpool.

19. Mrs. Walter, at Vauxhall.

21. Capt. Mathias Kitchen, many years commander of a ship in the Jamaica trade.

Mr. Joseph Fanning, of the Bank.

BANKRUPTS.

WILLIAM Brunt, jun. Winterville, Staffordshire, silk manufacturer. Thomas Gladstones, of Coventry Street, near Leicester Fields, Middlesex, silversmith. Gregory Winkin Hickman, John Lindopp, and John Dawson, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, merchants. George Kidd, of White Horse Court, Southwark, factor. John Simmons, Makin Simmons, and William Simmons, all of Liverpool, merchants. Robert Garbutt, of St. Jackson upon Tees, in the county of Durham, dealer and shopman. Thomas Graves, of Yardley, Worcestershire, corn-milliner. John Meadows Wood, of Norwich, printer. Thomas Parreck, of Birmingham toy-maker and jeweller. Rich-

Salisbury, jun. of Chorley, William Barrow, of Lancaster, William Carr, and Hugh Stroup, of Chipping, all in Lancashire, and John Shakerhall, of Cateaton Street, London, cotton manufacturers. Robert Thackray and John Sturkley Lucas, of Scotland Yard, Middlesex, money scriveners. Charles Barrow of Bolingbroke House, Battersea, Surrey, oil manufacturer. Christian Clauis, of Gerard Street, Soho Square, musical instrument maker. Anthony Songa and Bartholomew Songa, of Warwick Court, Throgmorton Street, merchants. William Pedder, of Gosport, Southamptonshire, grocer. Edward Hatfield and Francis Holgate, of Stayley, Lancashire, cotton manufacturers.