

THE European Magazine,

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

For O C T O B E R, 1787.

[Embellished with, 1. A Portrait of TIBERIUS CAVALLO, F. R. S. And 2. A VIEW of Part of WANDSWORTH HEIGHT, from the CHELSEA SIDE of the RIVER THAMES.]

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L O N D O N :

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Neslor's hints shall not be lost.

The Poem on *Morning*, the *Address* to the *Laves*, and some other poetical pieces received, in our next.

Indignator shall be returned, as he desires.

Our new Correspondent *H.* must excuse us. What is good in his Poem is all borrowed.

We shall receive the Biographical *Annals* from *Oxonienfis* with great satisfaction.

We repeat that we cannot negotiate with anonymous Correspondents.

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

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

COUNTRIES upon the COAST.

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

WALES, Oct. 8, to Oct. 13, 1787.

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

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER. SEPTEMBER.

| BAROMETER. | THERMOM. | WIND. |
|------------|----------|--------|
| 27—29 — 75 | 58 | N.N.E. |
| 28—29 — 99 | 55 | N.N.E. |
| 29—29 — 73 | 52 | N. E. |
| 30—29 — 76 | 56 | S. E. |

OCTOBER.

| | | |
|------------|----|----------|
| 1—29 — 77 | 54 | S. E. |
| 2—29 — 75 | 59 | E. |
| 3—29 — 62 | 54 | E. |
| 4—29 — 56 | 60 | W.S.W. |
| 5—29 — 62 | 62 | W.S.W. |
| 6—29 — 70 | 58 | S. W. |
| 7—30 — 00 | 60 | S. |
| 8—30 — 12 | 59 | N. |
| 9—30 — 10 | 50 | W. |
| 10—29 — 47 | 57 | S. S. W. |
| 11—29 — 11 | 52 | S. W. |
| 12—29 — 34 | 48 | S. |
| 13—29 — 24 | 54 | W. |
| 14—29 — 42 | 43 | S. W. |
| 15—29 — 77 | 42 | S. W. |
| 16—29 — 73 | 59 | W.S.W. |
| 17—29 — 70 | 58 | W.S.W. |

| | | |
|------------|----|----------|
| 18—29 — 63 | 52 | N. |
| 19—29 — 74 | 44 | W. |
| 20—30 — 03 | 48 | N. |
| 21—30 — 14 | 47 | N. |
| 22—29 — 66 | 46 | W. |
| 23—29 — 70 | 52 | W. |
| 24—29 — 85 | 50 | S. S. W. |
| 25—29 — 69 | 50 | N. |
| 26—29 — 69 | 60 | W. |

PRICE of STOCKS,

Oct. 27, 1787.

| | |
|--|---|
| Bank Stock, shut ex div. | New S. S. Ann. — |
| New 4 per Cent. 1777, shut 89 $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{3}{4}$ ex div. | India Stock, — |
| 5 per Cent. Ann. 1785, 108 $\frac{3}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$ | India Bonds, — |
| 3 per Cent. red. shut 71 $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$ | New Navy and Vict. Bills, 3 per cent. dif. |
| 3 per Cent. Conf. 72 $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$ | Long Ann. shut 21 $\frac{3}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$ a 7-16ths |
| 3 per Cent. 1726, — | 30 yrs. Ann. 1778, shut 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ |
| 3 per Cent. 1751, — | Exchequer Bills, — |
| 3 per Ct. Ind. An. shut | Lottery Tickets 15h. 17s. 6d. a 18s. |
| South Sea Stock, — | 3 per Cent. for Nov. 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 72 |
| Old S. S. Ann. shut | |

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

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

ACCOUNT of the LIFE and WRITINGS of TIBERIUS CAVALLO, F. R. S.
[With a PORTRAIT of Him.]

I N times of peace we deem the most important characters to be those who have produced beneficial discoveries to mankind, or enlarged the bounds of science; and with these sentiments we feel a satisfaction in presenting to the public accounts of such persons as will be remembered when the faint hand of oblivion shall have erased every vestige of the destroyers of their species, and the disturbers of society. The gentleman at present selected has furnished the world with several useful productions, and therefore deserves to be remembered as a benefactor to mankind.

TIBERIUS CAVALLO, we are told, is the son of an eminent physician at Naples, the capital of the kingdom of that name, and was born the 30th of March, 1749. His education was liberal, and his acquirements did honour to his tutors. After arriving at the age of manhood, he felt a desire of extending his information by seeing foreign countries; and in Sept. 1771 arrived in England, where he has ever since continued his residence.

The first knowledge of him which the public obtained was by a volume entitled, "A Complete Treatise of Electricity, in Theory and Practice; with original Experiments." 8vo. This work is divided into Four Parts; in the first of which the author treats of the fundamental laws of electricity, or lays down such propositions relating to it, as, being independent of any particular hypothesis, are deduced from the *phenomena* that have been constantly and invariably observed to take place among electrified and other bodies. After an explanation of the terms peculiar to the science, he gives an useful catalogue

of *electric* and *conducting* substances, disposed in the order of their respective perfection, beginning with the most perfect in each class. He next treats of the two electricities; of the different methods of exciting electrics; of the phenomena exhibited by the electric matter when communicated to conducting substances, and to electrics; and of the Leyden vial, where he relates the more general effects produced by charged electrics.

The second division is appropriated to the hypothetical part of the science. He briefly explains the theory of positive and negative electricity, and offers some conjectures on the nature of the electric fluid. With equal brevity he enquires into the place occupied by the electric fluid in bodies, and into the nature of the principle which produces that difference in their composition, which constitutes some bodies electrics, and others conductors.

The third and principal part of the work is appropriated to the practice of electricity, and commences with a description, illustrated with plates, of the best electrical machines and their various appendages; together with an account of all the most material improvements which the apparatus has received down to the present time.

The fourth and last part of the work contains some new experiments made by the author; particularly a pretty large series respecting the electricity of the atmosphere.

In March 1779, he was elected a Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Naples; and in December the same year was admitted a Member of the Royal Society of London.

The next year he published "An Essay on the Theory and Practice of Medical Electricity," 8vo. a very valuable work, which has already obtained much praise. In 1781, he produced "A Treatise on the Nature and Properties of Air, and other permanently elastic Fluids. To which is prefixed, an Introduction to Chemistry." 4to. This work is also divided into Four Parts. In the first Part he briefly describes, under the title of An Introduction to Chemistry, the various substances, together with their principal properties, that are necessary to be known by a person before he enters on the examination of the different kinds of air or other elastic fluids. In the second Part he instructs his readers in the principles of *hydrostatics*, so far as the knowledge of them is necessary for the performance of the experiments described. He likewise here treats of the principal properties of air and other permanently elastic fluids, and gives a description of the apparatus employed in performing the various experiments. In the third and fourth Parts he treats of the nature and properties of the different species of air in particular chapters, and discusses their theory and various interesting circumstances relative to them, terminating the work by the relation of some original experiments made by himself.

In 1785, he published "The History and Practice of Aerostation," 8vo. containing a history of the art and the practice of it; and in 1786, "Mineralogical Tables," folio. In this work the excellent system of mineralogy sketched out by Cronstedt, corrected and improved by Bergman, and further enlarged by Kirvan, is disposed in two tables, each filling one side of a large sheet. One of them (called the *second*) contains the four classes of minerals, divided into *orders* and *genera*, with the principal *properties* of each; the other, all the particular *species* and *varieties*, ranged under the respective divisions; those which are compounded of two or more ingredients being placed in that class or order to which their principal ingredient belongs. They are accompanied with a pamphlet, in octavo, containing their explanation and use, an alphabetical index of the names of the minerals, with references to their respective places in the tables.

Since this work, our author has published "A Treatise on Magnetism, in Theory and Practice, with Original Experiments," 8vo. He is also the author of several papers published at different times in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London.

M A X I M S of the late Dr. J E B B.

[PUBLISHED IN HIS WORKS.]

SUICIDE is not a crime which should be deemed cognizable by the civil magistrate; but it is a sinful and vicious action, because it implies a want of trust in the goodness of Providence, and indicates the greatest degree of self-regard; hence frequent in lunacy, where self-regard seems to annihilate all secondary affections, such as modesty, piety, and benevolence.

If the production of happiness be pleasing to the Almighty, agriculture must be pleasing, as from thence the means of living are supplied, not to man only, but to innumerable kinds of other animals, who reside near the habitations of men.

The pleasure and love of the human mind, generated in granting favours, is greater than the love generated by receiving them, in order that men may be incit-

ed to the first glory of their nature, the practice of benevolence.

Men in England allow the use of one metal in planting religion in the human breast, viz. the use of GOLD; and why not then the use of STEEL?

Differences of style should be as the differences of dress in a prudent mistress of a family: one dress, when in domestic duties; another, when she receives visitors; a third, when she visits.

Every thing depends upon the husbandman. The earth, the common mother of us all, she produces, she supports us; and therefore Kings, Bishops, Lawyers, Physicians, Soldiers, Sailors, &c. &c. &c. to be kept within reasonable bounds, otherwise they may depopulate the world.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

The following Letter from the celebrated Antiquary THOMAS HEARNE, which has never been printed, is transcribed from the original copy in his own hand-writing. It was probably addressed to Mr. URRY, the Editor of Chaucer's Works.

S I R,

I CANNOT but highly commend your industry in being so inquisitive into the Life and Writings of *Jeffry Chaucer*, the Prince of our English Poets; and I am extremely obliged to you, for the account you sent me of the Editions of him that you have hitherto met with. Would others but imitate your diligence, we should understand this excellent Poet much better than we do, and be able to give a far more correct Edition of him than has hitherto appeared. Such an undertaking will derive great honour upon those that shall engage in it, and will be gratefully received by all true Scholars and Antiquaries. For *Chaucer* was not only an excellent Poet, but was admirably well versed in most parts of learning; and besides his profound learning, he was a compleat gentleman, and skilled in all the arts of address. These qualifications made him beloved and honoured; and his conversation and acquaintance were courted by the greatest personages; insomuch that he was sent Ambassador into foreign parts, where he came off with as much applause as he did in any of his performances in his own native country. This does not seem to be at all owing to his birth; his father, notwithstanding wealthy, being in all probability only a Merchant; though I know that *Leland*, in which he is followed by *Bale*, tells us that he was *nobilis loco natus*; which seems to be a mistake, there being no evidence now remaining that we know of, to confirm such an assertion, unless it be that from the Roll of Battel Abbey we learn that the *Chaucers* came with the Conqueror into England; and that *Pitts* tells us that his father was a Knight. Nor are we uncertain only as to his ancestors and his quality, but there are a great many other particulars relating to him, which at present we know nothing of; which I am persuaded we might be satisfied in, by a diligent inspection into ancient Records. I have not time myself to assit in any such attempt; and therefore I leave it to

yourself and others, who have both leisure and opportunity of going through so desirable a work.

We have several eminent persons for precedents in this useful inquiry, which cannot but add life and vigour to those who concern themselves in it. For soon after printing was established in this island, *William Caxton*, besides divers other good books, set himself carefully about searching out and publishing the several pieces of *Jeffry Chaucer*; but I much question whether he printed divers of them together. For though *Stow* and some others inform us, that he was the first that published his works, yet I believe they are to be understood of some pieces printed by him in distinct and small volumes, and not after the method that was followed by his successors. For *Richard Pynson*, in his Preface to his Edition of the *Canterbury Tales*, (which we have amongst *Mr. Selden's* manuscripts, and contains nothing else) acquaints us, that he printed them from a copy that was prepared for the press by his master *William Caxton*; but gives not the least hint that they had been before printed. *Caxton* and *Pynson* having spent their time so successfully upon *Chaucer*, and so much to the content and approbation of learned men, others were soon animated to advance and promote what they had begun; and accordingly several Editions followed, with improvements, as you have particularly specified in your paper: but *Caxton* and *Pynson* were exceeded in their labours by *William Botewil*, alias *Thinne*, Esq. who having collected all the old copies of *Chaucer* that he could any ways procure; and having, with great exactness, corrected a vast number of places, and made considerable additions, amongst which must not be passed by his notes and explanations; published the work in one volume in folio in the year M,D,XL*, (not in M,D,XLII, as *Mr. Wood* intinuates †) which was printed at London by *Thomas Berthelet*, as is noted by *Mr.*

* See *Stow Anna's*, Edit. fol. p. 326, and *Mr. Leland de Scriptoribus in vitâ Chauceri*.

† *Athenæ Oxon.* vol. I. col. 85.

*Leland**, and dedicated to King Henry VIII. Twenty years after this *John Stow*, the Antiquary, collated † this Edition with several manuscripts (some of which I suppose are part of those that had been collected a great many years before by *James Shirley*, Esq. who died in the year M,CCCC,LVI ‡, and not in M,CCCC,LXV, as you mistake) added some pieces of *Chaucer* not printed before; and in the year M,D,XCVII, joined to him divers pieces of *Lidgate*; which being done, he drew up an account of *Chaucer's* life, of his preferment, issue, and death, collected out of Records in the Tower and other places, which he at length communicated to *Thomas Speght*, who published them the same year, with the said improvements of *Stow* and his own, and methodized the life according to his own judgment. After this *Francis Thinne*, Lancaster Herald at Arms, a person very well versed in antiquities, and descended, as it seems §, from the beforementioned *William Thinne*; but not his son, as is affirmed by *Speght* in his Life of *Chaucer*; corrected this Edition in abundance of places, drew up several notes to it, and put them into the hands of the said Mr. *Speght*, who remitted them into another Edition of *Chaucer*, printed in folio in M,DC,II, which is the most compleat Edition we have yet; and besides the explication of old and obscure words, contains great variety of improvements that were not in former impressions. But I shall not trouble you with a Catalogue of the Editions of *Chaucer*, which you are acquainted with far better than I can pretend to. I shall however, if I meet with any Edition that you have not specified, let you know of it; and in the mean time I must take notice, that I have seen some pieces of him printed separately, that you have not mentioned; and 'tis likely I may meet with others hereafter in my searches. Among Mr. *Selden's* printed books in the *Bodleian* Library, is a quarto Collection of old romantick pieces; the first of which is *The Story of the noble Kyngs Cure de Lyon*, printed at London by *Wynkyn de Worde*, anno M,D,XXVIII. The author's name is not added, and therefore 'tis put down in

Doctor Hyde's Catalogue as an anonymous Tract; but upon consulting the book, I find that somebody, perhaps one that was formerly owner of it, has writ the following words, at the beginning: "By *Jeffrey Chasther, Poet Laret.*" What authority he had for this, I will not pretend to guess; but I thought fit to give you an account of it, that you may at your leisure examine into it. In the same Library we have another Collection of old English pieces, which was also *Mr. Selden's*, in which is "*The Plowman's Tale*, with a short exposition, and matters pr. at London, M,DC,VI," quarto. This exposition is very useful; and the author, who it may be was the said *Francis Thinne*, shews himself to be a man of skill, and to have been a master of *Chaucer*. Besides these two pieces, I must hint to you that the famous *Mr. Elias Astmole* has printed *The Tale of the Chanoin's Yeeman*, in his *Theatrum Chemicum*, page 227 (before which he has put *Chaucer's* Picture and Epitaph from Westminter-Abbey); and that in his *Museum* at Oxford is "*The Miller's Tale*, and *The Tale of the Wife of Bath*, with Comments: pr. at London in M,DC,LXV;" which last I have not yet seen; but I shall take the first opportunity to do it, and I will not fail to let you know the issue of my inquiry.

But notwithstanding these excellent persons labours were so successful as that they may seem perhaps to some to have superseded all future attempts, yet I may with modesty assert, that a much more correct and complete Edition of *Chaucer* might be given than any that has hitherto appeared. I have consulted some of our *Oxford* manuscripts, and find that the print is in a great many places corrupted; that in other places whole verses are wanting, which might by these helps be supplied; that sometimes the titles of the Tales are changed; and that, lastly, entire Tracts might be added that were never yet made publick. I took more particular notice of one manuscript there ||, which is a Collection of Poems; some whereof bear *Chaucer's* name; and others have no name at all; which nevertheless I take to have been written by him, as being in the same style,

* Loco citato.

† See his *Annals*, loco citato.

‡ See *Stow's Survey of London*, p. 416.

§ See *Wood's Athen. Oxon.* vol. I. col. 325.

|| Inter Codd. Fairfaxij, num. XVI.

and all in the same hand, which I guess to have been of the very age of *Chaucer*. From this Collection, from those that were in *Mr. Stow's* Library, from that mentioned by *Mr. Edward Philips* in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, and from a multitude of others, we might in all likelihood make another entire volume of *Chaucer* in folio.

I shall not give myself the trouble of multiplying instances to confirm what is before asserted, since those cannot but be obvious to every one that shall have the curiosity to inspect and examine a little the manuscripts. Yet I think it proper at present to inform you, that as the Prologue of *The Squire's Tale* in an excellent manuscript of *Mr. Selden's**, is quite different from that in the print, so there are eight verses in the Tale itself which are not in the common Editions. For whereas we have received as yet but two verses of the third part, with a note signifying that none of the rest, notwithstanding diligently sought after, could be recovered, we have here the following ones, which immediately precede the two already printed, viz.

To here now wol maken a knotte
To the tyme it come nexte to my lotte ;
For here ben felowes behynde an hope
truly

That wolden talke ful besily,
And have here sporte as well as I,
And the day passith certeynly.
Therefore Oste taketh now good hede,
Who shal next telle, and late him spede.

And whereas you mention a passage entitled, *Pœnitentia ut dicitur pro Fabula Reclorij*, by which *Chaucer* revoked several of his books that you found printed in an Edition of his Poems with *Mr. Tanner*, which you have not seen in any other, I must withal acquaint you, that I have found the same Revocation in a manuscript in the *Bodleian* Library †; which, because it is fuller than that you mention, and somewhat different, I shall transcribe at large:—"Now prey I to hem all that herken this litul tretise, or reden, that if ther be any thing in it that liketh hem, and thereof thei thanken our Lorde Jhesu Crist, of whom procedeth alle witte and goodnesse. And if there be any thing that displese hem, I prey hem also that thei arrecte it to the

defaute of myn unkonnyng, and not to my will, that wold fayne have seid better, if I hadde konnyng: for oure boke seith that al that is written for our doctryne, and that is meyn entent. Wherefor I beseeche yow mekely for the mercy of God, that ye prey for me that Crist have merce of me and forgoe me my giltes: and namele my translacions and enditinges, worldly vanities, the which I revoke in my retractiones, as is the boke of *Troilus*, the boke also of *Fame*, the boke of the *Fyve* and *Twenty Ladies*, the boke of the *Duches*, the boke of *Seint Valintyn's Day*, of the *Perlement of Briddes*, the *Tales of Caunterbury* (tho' that sownen into syn) the boke of the *Leon*, and many another boke if thei wer in my remembraunce, and many a songe and many a lecherous lay, of the which Crist for his grete mercy forgoe me the syn. But of the translacion of *Boete de Consolation*, and other bokes of *Legends of Seintes*, and *Omelies*, and *Moralite*, and *Devocion*, that thank I oure Lorde Jhesu Crist and his blisful moder and all the Seintes in Heven, biseking hem that thei fro henforthe unto my lyves ende send me grace to bewaile my giltes, and to stodie to the savacion of my soule, and graunte me space of verrey penitence, confession, and satisfaction to don in this present life, through the benigne grace of Him that is King of Kinges, and Prest over alle Prestes, that bought us with the precious blode of his hert, so that I may ben oon of hem at the day of dome that shallen be saved, and he that wrote this boke also. Amen. Qui cum Patre."

This passage immediately follows these words; "and the rest by travaile, and the life by deth and mortification of syn;" and is so continued with the Tale, as if it were part of it: but though the Revocation be also extant in the above-mentioned manuscript of *Mr. Selden*, yet it is written as distinct from the Tales, which conclude with that of the Parson. For thus it is brought in: "Here enden the Talis of Caunterbury, and th' autour taketh leve.—Now prey I to hem alle." So that it begins just as that which I have transcribed above; but however is much shorter, ending with the booke of *Seint Valentii*.

Besides the Tracts said in this Revocation to have been written by *Chaucer*, and the difference of the three copies,

* Archiv. B. 30. in Bibl. Bodl.

† Inter Codd. Caroli Hist. omi. num. I.

viz. our two and that in Mr. Tanner's book, we may observe, that the Scribe has entitled himself to a share in the petition: whence I begin to think that the Revocation is not genuine; but that it was made by the Monks. For not only the Regular but Secular Clergy were exasperated against *Chaucer* for the freedom he had taken to expose their lewdness and debauchery. But nothing gave them so much offence as *The Plowman's Tale*; in which he has, in lively colours, described their pride, covetousness, and abominable lusts; and shewed that the Pope is Anti-Christ, and they his Ministers. Such a satyr made by a person of his note and distinction, and so much celebrated for his wonderful fine parts, and exquisite learning and judgment, could not but work mightily upon them, especially when they had arrived at so high a pitch of wickedness, and were as it were drowned in sloth and luxury, being much worse now than their predecessors above three hundred years before, when even the Bishops themselves were illiterate, though adored and flattered upon account of their dignity and unbounded wealth, and attended upon by an amazing number of servants and sycophants: "circa ea tempora pleriq; episcopi erant illiterati, pecuniis & blanditiis potentes, vestium apparatu satelliū strepitu muniti," as in the manuscript History of the Church of Lichfield, in the Bodleian Library*. They could not endure to think of a reformation, especially since they were indulged to keep concubines, now celibacy had so generally prevailed; which however commendable in itself, if it be observed by such as can contain, gave occasion in great measure to that exorbitant way of living which we hear of in this age. Nor did the extravagancies of the Court a little to heighten and countenance them in their proceedings, the young King (notwithstanding endowed with several excellent qualities) and those that were his nearest favourites being wholly as it were addicted to pleasures, which were set out in the utmost splendour and magnificence; and that was the chief cause that moved a rebellion against him, which did not cease till he fell a sacrifice to those miscreants, in which the Clergy had some share, and for which they were excommunicated, as I have seen in a certain manuscript fragment in the Bodleian Li-

brary, which has not been taken notice of by our common Historians, and the act itself exclaimed against with the greatest horror and indignation by all virtuous and loyal men.

But if, notwithstanding what has been alledged, it be supposed that this Revocation is authentick, and that it was penned by *Chaucer* himself, we may then conjecture that it was done by him towards the latter end of the reign of *Richard II.* when having lost the favour of his Prince and most of his noble friends here, and being withal grown old, he retired himself from the pleasures of the world, and reflected seriously upon the changes and infirmities to which human nature is subject. This consideration, with the thoughts of a future state, could not but make him renounce the vanities of this life, and retract those passages which he perceived either had or might do mischief to religion and morality. After which he became quite weary of this life, and seemed to have no relish for any thing in it: though that may be attributed chiefly perhaps to the misfortunes which happened to him, he and his lands being taken into the King's protection in the second year of his reign, because of some danger that seemed to threaten from his favouring and striking in with the rash attempts of the common people. Whatsoever this attempt was, whether rebellion, or something bordering upon it, 'tis certain he forfeited the love of his Prince and most of his friends; and he was forced to lead afterwards a melancholy life, which often extorted from him grievous complaints, particularly of his own rashness in following the multitude, and sometimes would wish to exchange life for death †; which misery, however, was fortunate in this, that it prepared him the better for eternity, and influenced him to retract all the loose things in his writings.

Now the *Plowman's Tale* having given more offence than all the rest of *Chaucer's Works*, perhaps that is the reason why it appears in so few manuscripts. I have not found it in one of those I have consulted at *Oxford*, which has made some think that it is not *Chaucer's*: and this they believe confirmed from the stile, which is different from his other poems. *Mr. Pitts* confounds it with the satyr that is called *Piers Plowman*; but the publishers have skillfully ascribed it to him,

* Manuscript 65.

† This may be seen in the Complaint he made to his Purse, which *Mr. Speght* found ten times larger in *Mr. Stow's* manuscript than in print.

being warranted from a manuscript in Mr. Stow's Library; though it must be confessed that it is not properly termed a Tale, and it does not seem to have been put as one of the Tales by the author himself: for they are supposed to have been *spoken* and not *written*, as this † is plainly said to be, the Plowman concluding thus:

To holy church I will me bow,
Ech man to amend him Christ fend space;
And for my writing, me allow
He that is almighty for his grace.

The same word of *writing* is there made use of several times: as, "For my

writing if I have blame;" and, "Of my writing have me excused;" which seems to me an undeniable argument, that it was not delivered as a Tale told by mouth, as all the rest were.

I might from this occasion insist upon divers other particulars, but I have already exceeded the bounds of a letter; and I am afraid I have quite tired your patience. I hope, however, you will take what I have said as an instance of my readiness to serve you, being, with all sincerity,

S I R,
Your very humble servant,
THOMAS HEARNE.

Oxon, May 28, 1709.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

A CORRESPONDENT, after observing that the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE has lately furnished the World with several literary curiosities, desires we will insert the following NOTES on OVID'S ART OF LOVE, 8vo. 1709, which are transcribed with all their peculiarities from the original copy, formerly belonging to MR. POPE, in his own hand-writing, on the blank leaves.

NOTES by Mr. POPE.

AMONG a thousand errors in the notes to this book there are a few (in the notes on Book I.).

"P. 63. (Ovid relates the whole fable of Chiron and Saturn's Love to Phillyra in the 5th Book De Fastis)."

The Fable of Saturn and Phillyra is not told there, but only the death of Chiron related.

"P. 68. (The Romans met in the Temple of Venus to mourn Adonis, and infamous acts of lewdness were there committed, if we may believe Juvenal, Sat. 6. *Nam quo non prostrat femina templo?*)"

This verse is in the 9th Satire, lin. 24. and makes nothing to the purpose in regard to Venus's Temple more than any other temple: for Juvenal there mentions four temples, but none of them this.

"P. 75. (The number of the Sabines ravished Valerius Antias makes to be 427, and Jubas (as Plutarch writes in the life of Romulus) swells it to 600.)"

Plutarch himself quotes Valerius Antias affirming the number to be 500, and Jubas 683. Vid. Plut. in Rom.

"(P. 86. After Ovid had treated the

"subject of Paphac and the Bull so elegantly, in the 15th of the Met. he shews the excellency of his genius in adding so much to it here.")

Ovid does not treat of this story at all in the 15th of the Metam. he only just names Paphac in lin. 500. So this remark is impertinent.

"P. 94. (Acontius wrote on a golden apple the verses which are cited in Cydippe's Epitile.)"

The verses are so far from being cited there, that Cydippe expressly avoids citing them, in these words:

"*Mittitur ante pedes malum cum carmine tali—*

"—*Hei mihi! juravi nunc quoque pœni tibi.*"

Ovid. Ep. Cyd. lin. 107.

The verses in the History of Love, page 439. beginning—You haunt me still, &c. to the very end of that poem, are excellent, and worth all the rest of the book (*meo saltem judicio*).

To this may be added, that Mr. Pope had put the name of Mr. Yalden as translator of the 2d Book, which is anonymous, and A. Manwaring, Esq. of the Court of Love.

† See a note at the beginning of the Tales in manuscript, in Bibl. Bodl. inter Codd. Laud. K. 50, by John Barcham.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE enemies of the late Dr. Johnson, who have so maliciously related anecdotes of him, and attempted to detract from his reputation, have received their deserved punishment. The public at first despised, and have now condemned them to neglect. A crowd of snarlers, indeed, by their insignificance, have been protected from disgrace; for as Johnson was the common object at which impertinent vanity directed its darts, it would have been a nauseous task for any one to have attacked such a crew. To expose to the public the grounds on which these scribblers have generally attempted to found accusations against Johnson's character and writings, I think it worth while to make some remarks on a paper written by Dr. Percival of Manchester, which I accidentally looked at the other day in a bookseller's shop. Its title is, "On Inconsistency of Expectation in Literary Pursuits." The paper begins with an alas! that Locke was a feeble valetudinarian, and that under the circumstances of a delicate and broken constitution it could not be affirmed that

"Locke had a soul wide as the sea," &c.

How advantageous to a writer is anatomical knowledge! Who but a person grossly ignorant of anatomy could entertain a thought of putting the sea into the thorax of a man of a delicate constitution? The Doctor's criticism is highly ingenious and original; and, had it not referred to anatomy instead of natural history, might have been introduced with peculiar propriety into his "Essay on the Alliance of Natural History and Philosophy with Poetry." He proceeds to tell us, that Dr. Watts "passed a life of lingering sickness;" that "Mr. Pascall languished four years under a disemper;" that "Pope's vital functions were disordered;" that he had a head-ach; that "his learned biographer, Dr. Johnson, records with all the severity of sarcasm, that in the severe winter of 1740, one of Lord Oxford's domestics was called from bed four times in one night, to supply Pope with paper that he might not lose a thought;" that Dr. Johnson acknowledges, "he himself *triumphed* in the acquisitions which he should display to mankind, and indulged all the darts of a poet doomed to make a lexicographer;" that there is a passage in

Thomson applicable to this kind of "folly." I cannot help stopping here to pay my tribute of gratitude to the learned author for his minute account of the diseases of great men, which, very connectedly, offers in his remarks on Johnson. Had he been as well acquainted with the ancient as the modern history of literary men, he would, no doubt, have told us, that Cæsar paid Cicero the compliment of taking a vomit before he went to dine with him, and that the Dictator was troubled with a diarrhœa. Such anecdotes should not have been omitted in "An Essay on Inconsistency of Expectation in Literary Pursuits;" and I hope, when the Doctor publishes another edition of his works, that he will not fail to take advantage of the hint which I have suggested to him.

But to attend to his strictures on Johnson. His ingenuity is here unparalleled; for without Johnson's doing more than relating the above-mentioned fact of Pope, in order to prove that his contempt of his own poetry was affected, Dr. Percival, as he expresses it, with elegant alliteration, discovers the "severity of sarcasm." Our author is as ingenious in his explanation of what is said, as of what is omitted. Johnson, in his Preface to his Dictionary, tells the reader, that his plans were too comprehensive for execution, "that they were the dreams of a poet doomed to make a lexicographer." This gives the essayist occasion of introducing a general implied charge of vanity against Johnson. In whom then is the "severity of sarcasm?" In Dr. Johnson or Dr. Percival? To attempt more than he is able to execute, is surely undeserving of such an epithet as Dr. Percival uses.—It is the common fate of genius, "nor is any one (as Johnson observes) satisfied with himself that he has done much, but because he can conceive little." I will not insult the understanding of Dr. Percival's readers by asking whether the character is applicable to him? The passage quoted from Thomson, "This globe portrayed," &c. which he applies to Dr. Johnson, accuses him of "the folly" of being at his books, "turning over pages backwards and forwards," writing and blotting, scrawling and scribbling, losing the present to gain a future age, to be praised when he cannot hear, and enriched with fame when worldly store is useless." These charges in general are equally

equally applicable to Dr. Percival; for though, from what he has said of Johnson, it does not appear that he reads accurately, yet it must be acknowledged that he "turns over pages, writes and blots, scrawls and scribbles;" with some virtue no doubt, though one cannot suppose it to be a regard for fame either present or future.

After having examined Dr. Percival's reflections on Johnson, which was the design of my present address to you, I cannot resist the inclination of continuing my analysis of this exquisite essay, which contains a great deal of information unexpected from the title, and indubitably original in its application.

When the Doctor has taken leave of Johnson, he tells us that "knowledge may be cultivated in the busy scenes of active life;" that "Tully, Pliny, Bacon, and Temple, are evidences of this fact;" that "genius and industry cannot ward off sickness;" that "Cicero was under the necessity of retiring at certain seasons to one of his country villas," in order to be splenetic and melancholy.—But I can go no farther—I have as bad a head-ach as ever Pope had.—Sleep, which has been stealing on me ever since I opened the book, has got so much the better of me, that my pen has just now dropped from my hand. I must content myself with the fate of Johnson, and submit myself to the imputation of vanity, because like him I had proposed to myself a scheme which I find it is impossible to execute. What, to give at one sitting an abstract of such an essay! Nothing but the perfection of vanity could make me think of it.—Such anecdotes, and propositions so weighty and original, cannot be read without long thought, and the most steady attention. The reader may see the rest himself; and while he is doing it, I would advise him to look at that part of the essay of which I have given so concise a view, that he may be convinced I have omitted nothing which ought to have been inserted, nor misrepresented any thing that I have noticed. The Doctor concludes his "reflections" with a maxim from Seneca, that "we should not rest satisfied with the words of wisdom without the works, nor turn philosophy into an idle pleasure, which was given us for a salutary remedy."

Some readers perhaps, from observing the little relation between the contents of the paper and its title, may ask why the Doctor should chuse such an one. The question is natural enough, and

ought to be answered. Mrs. Barbauld wrote an excellent essay with a similar title. Doctor Percival, wisely judging that it is not the execution, but the title of a work that stamps its merit and reputation, wrote a paper, and then prefixed Mrs. Barbauld's title to it with some trifling variation. The success was equal to his expectations, and I may add deserts; for surely the inventor of so unthought of a species of plagiarism is well intitled to public thanks. The Doctor has applied his invention to another essay on the Alliance of Natural History and Philosophy with Poetry, which title Mr. Aikin very happily furnished him with.

To express to the reader the high respect which I have for the Doctor's talents, and to convince him that I am capable of distinguishing between what requires censure and what deserves praise, I beg leave to refer him to a very pathetic story of a crow in the paper last mentioned, which reflects equal honour on the Doctor's descriptive talents, and the benevolent and sympathetic feelings of his heart. *Ossific omnia!* As the Doctor's design in publishing this exquisite story was to incite others to an observation of similar facts for the improvement of poetry, in conformity with so laudable an intention, I attempted the other day to verify his interesting narrative, which as you have inserted in your last Magazine, I may hope to be intitled to the thanks of the sentimental projector for my success in it.

Before I take leave of you, I cannot avoid noticing some very ingenious criticisms on Milton in the paper which furnished me hints for the above poem. The sword of "flame wide-waving born by the cherubim stationed at the gate of Paradise," the Doctor thinks might have been described in a "more minute and pictorial" manner, if "the poet had been acquainted with the modern discoveries in electricity."

"To assist the reader's imagination," he is presented with an experiment on a glass tube sealed hermetically, and applied to an electrical conductor, which continues luminous for a long time after, and is made more so by rubbing. It is a pity that the Doctor has not worked this idea into a poem. How sublime must be the appearance of those celestial beings rubbing a glass tube with one hand, and turning an electrical machine with the other! What terror must such an exhibition have raised in the minds of our
fallen

fallen parents! But the Doctor is not content with this discovery. He tells us that perennial springs, odoriferous gales, and the spicy beauties and pearly treasures of the East, do not accord with an English landscape. We are then informed that Milton thus addresses the Goddess of the Severn:

“ May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl, and the golden ore,
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terrace round;
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.”

The Doctor's careless method of reading prevents him from discovering, that Milton does not here assert that the Severn's banks are crown'd with groves of myrrh and cinnamon; he only expresses a wish that they may be; and this does

not imply that the spices should grow there, but that they should be brought by commerce. After these very elegant criticisms, the Doctor, fearing that Milton's reputation should be entirely overthrown, thinks it necessary to apologize to the reader for “ plucking a leaf ” from the poet's brow. He seems to think that Milton's motto was prophetic of this attack:

“ *Ne veti noceat mala lingua.* ”

Dr. Percival's effort to “ pluck a leaf ” from Johnson and Milton's brow is like a dwarf's attempt to mutilate a trophy by the elevation of a three-legged stool. We are in distress for the pigmy animal, and expect every moment that he will overreach himself, and break either his neck or his shins. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,
PHILO JOHNSON.

OBSERVATIONS ON TWO OF GRAY'S ODES.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

FEW authors have attempted poetical composition who have not celebrated the approach of spring. This does not so much arise from personal observation and natural feeling, but from a glow kindled in the fancy by reading the descriptions of the Greek, Roman, and Italian poets. An imaginary beauty is often more powerful than a real one. Thus from reading romances and novels we conceive the idea that women are angels; and though an angel in petticoats was never discovered any where but in romance, we act under the influence of this delusion near one half of our lives.

“ LO! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.”

Why are the hours said to be *rosy-bosom'd*, and to be in the *train* of Venus? I should rather take them to be her harbingers. The *rosy-bosom'd hours waking the purple year*, forms a splendid confusion of imagery that no painter could draw, and that no man of sense can understand. — Where grandeur is studied, abstract terms are proper; where beauty is intended, particular images have a happier effect.

Who is the “ Attic warbler? ” I profess

I do not know. There is no harmony in the cuckoo's note: This bird is remarkable as being the messenger of the spring, but not as a songster. The three last lines of this stanza are very good.

“ Where-e'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade;
Where-e'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade;
Beside some water's rusky brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think,
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how indigent the proud,
How little are the great!”

A Northern poet, if he was to consult his own feelings, would, on the arrival of spring, walk on a green hill, bask in the sun, and enjoy the beauties of nature around him. He has no occasion for the *broad brown shade of the oak*, or the *rude canopy of the beech* to shelter him from the vernal beams. — *Ramorum ingenti protegat umbra*, &c. is a very natural wish in the *summer* of Greece or Italy, very unnatural in a British spring. Such is the effect of classical prejudices and of imitation!

“ With me the Muse shall sit and think.”

I wish he would rather *walk and feel* than think at all, especially than think upon the *ardour of the crowd*, the *littleness of the proud*, and the *indigence of the great*; subjects much more proper for a day of national falling, than for the birthday of the year.

“ Still

“ Still is the toiling hand of Care ;
 The panting herds repose ;
 Yet hark, how thro’ the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows !
 The insect youth are on the wing,
 Eager to taste the honied spring,
 And float amid the liquid noon ;
 Some slightly o’er the current skim,
 Some thew their gaily-gilded trim,
 Quick-glancing to the sun.”

The first stanza plainly refers to morning, here it is noon. “ To glow,” I imagine, is an object of sight, not of hearing. This stanza however is classical.

“ To Contemplation’s sober eye
 Such is the race of man :
 And they that creep, and they that fly,
 Shall end where they began.
 Alike the busy and the gay
 But flutter thro’ life’s little day,
 In Fortune’s varying colours dress’d :
 Brush’d by the hand of rough Mischance,
 Or chill’d by Age, their airy dance
 They leave in dust to rest.”

Very good *night-thoughts*, not vernal contemplations at all. In the eighth line, “ swept” is a more proper word than “ brush’d,” as the besom of destruction is an image of more dignity than the brush of mischance.

“ Methinks I hear, in accents low,
 The sportive kind reply ;
 Poor Moralist ! and what art thou ?
 A solitary fly !
 Thy joys no glittering female meets,
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
 No painted plumage to display :
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
 We frolic while ’tis May.”

By far the best, and worth all the rest put together. This insect speaks like an angel, and gives an excellent rebuke to the poet, for having forsaken the paths of nature to indulge in an unseasonable morality.

An ACCOUNT of the LIFE and WRITINGS of Sir WILLIAM JONES.
 (Concluded from Page 185.)

THE Riots of the next year gave occasion to another publication of our Author, entitled, “ An Inquiry into the legal Mode of suppressing Riots ; with a constitutional Plan of future Defence,” 8vo. and in 1781 he published “ An Essay on the Law of Bailments,” 8vo. a very masterly Treatise, which did great honour to his learning.

Quære, Why are most vernal odes melancholy ? Is it not from the natural feelings of men getting the better of their early prejudices ; and the demon of the East counteracting the genius of the West ?

N. B. I once wrote An Ode on Spring, which I shall not look at for the present, lest I should find myself the object of my own criticism ; an incident very likely to happen in the fluctuations of this present evil world.

SECOND ODE.

A CHILD forms a carrot into the figure of a man ; a clown carves a human head on his staff, (often the best head of the two) and men of genius entertain themselves by animating inferior objects with their own passions and desires. The amusements of people have often a reference to their serious pursuits ; and great poets, from Homer to Gray, have amused themselves and their readers, by giving a kind of heroic consequence to the little incidents of the hour. A trifle is more than a trifle from a great man ; and though we are sorry to hear that Hercules handled the distaff, and that Achilles wore petticoats, we are well pleased to find that Alcibiades diverted himself with children, and that Addison fought birds’ nests.

In works of this kind the concealed allegory forms one of the great beauties of the piece. Homer’s mice and frogs are Greek and Trojan heroes in disguise ; and Gray’s Selima, excepting her tortoise coat, her snowy beard, her purring and her paws, (not forgetting her conscious tail) is a real woman, and actuated with female passions. This observation, I think, obviates the objection which Johnson has made to this pretty poem, which is a happy specimen of that humour which Gray often shews in his letters.

gal abilities. In this year also he recalled his Muse in an Ode, bearing that title, on the nuptials of Lord Viscount Althorpe to Miss Lavinia Bingham, March 6, 1781. This excellent performance is preserved in our Magazine for January 1785, page 62.

From many circumstances which might be collected together it would appear, that

M m our

our Author at this juncture did not coincide in opinion with those who had the direction of Government, nor did he approve the measures at that period adopted.— With these sentiments he seems to have been selected as a proper person to be introduced as a Member of the Constitutional Society, and accordingly in 1782, he was chosen, and accepted the honour in the following letter:

"Lamb's-Buildings, Temple, April 25, 1782.

"SIR,

"IT was not till within these very few days that I received, on my return from the front, your obliging letter, dated the 18th March, which had I been so fortunate as to receive earlier, I should have made a point of answering immediately.

"The Society for Constitutional Information, by electing me one of their members, will confer upon me an honour, which I am wholly unconscious of deserving, but which is so flattering to me, that I accept of their offer with pleasure and gratitude: I should indeed long ago have testified my regard for so great an Institution, by an offer of my humble service in promoting it, if I had not really despaired, in my present situation, of being able to attend your meetings as often as I should ardently wish.

"My future life shall certainly be devoted to the support of that excellent Constitution, which it is the object of your Society to unfold and elucidate; and from this resolution, long and deliberately made, no prospects, no connections, no station here or abroad, no fear of danger, or hope of advantage to myself, shall ever deter or allure me. A form of government so apparently conducive to the true happiness of the community, must be admired as soon as it is understood, and, if reason and virtue have any influence in human breasts, ought to be preserved by any exertions, and at any hazard. Care must now be taken, lest, by reducing the Regal power to its just level, we raise the Aristocratical to a dangerous height; since it is from the People alone that we can deduce the obligation of our laws and the authority of magistrates. On the People depend the welfare, the security, and the permanence of every legal government; in the People must reside all substantial power; and to the People must all those, in whose ability and knowledge we sometimes wisely, often imprudently, confide, be always accountable for the due exercise of that power, with which they are for a time intrusted. If the properties of all good government be considered as duly distributed in the different parts of our beloved republic, goodness ought to be the distinguished attribute of the Crown, wisdom of

the Aristocracy, but power and fortitude of the People. May justice and humanity prevail in them all! I am, Sir,

"Your very faithful and obedient servant,
"W. JONES."

To Mr. THOMAS YEATES.

At this period he began to engage himself warmly in the politics of the times. On the 28th May, 1782, he delivered a speech to the assembled Inhabitants of the Counties of Middlesex and Surrey, the Cities of London and Westminster, &c. at the London Tavern, which he directly published in 8vo. To shew that he was not unmindful of the object of the Constitutional Society's institution, he transmitted to it the following letter:

"Lamb's-Buildings, Temple, June 7, 1782.

"SIR,

"I lately met with some dangerous doctrine concerning the Constitution of England, in the work of an admired English writer; the doctrine so dangerous, that an immediate confutation of it seems highly necessary; and the writer so admired, that his opinions, good or bad, must naturally have a very general influence. It was the opinion, in short, of the late ingenious Henry Fielding, that "the Constitution of this island was nothing fixed, but just as variable as its weather," and he treats the contrary notion as a ridiculous error. Now, if this doctrine be well founded, our Society will soon, I imagine, think it wise to dissolve themselves, since it is hardly consistent with the gravity of sensible men to collect and impart information, like the makers of almanacks, upon any thing so uncertain as the weather: if, on the other hand, the error be palpably on the side of Mr. Fielding, you will not only proceed with assiduity in your laudable design of rendering our Constitution universally known, but will be at least equal in usefulness and true dignity to any society that ever was formed. His words are these, in the preface to his tract "On the Increase of Robberies," dedicated to Lord Chancellor Hardwicke: "There is nothing so much talked of, and so little understood in this country, as the Constitution. It is a word in the mouth of every man; and yet, when we come to discourse of the matter, there is no subject on which our ideas are more confused and perplexed. Some, when they speak of the Constitution, confine their notions to the law; others to the legislature; others, again, to the governing or executive part; and many there are, who jumble all these together in one idea. One error, however,

is common to them all; for all seem to have the conception of something uniform and permanent, as if the Constitution of England partook rather of the nature of the soil than of the climate, and was as fixed and constant as the former, not as changing and variable as the latter.

“ Now in this word, The Constitution, are included the original and fundamental law of the kingdom, from whence all powers are derived, and by which they are circumscribed; all legislative and executive authority; all those municipal provisions, which are commonly called the Laws; and lastly, the customs, manners, and habits of the people. These joined together, do, I apprehend, form the political, as the several members of the body, the animal œconomy, with the humours and habit, compose that which is called the natural constitution.”

He adds a paragraph or two of elegant but idle allusions to the Platonic philosophy, as if we lived under the polity of Plato, not in the dregs of William the Norman.

Now of all words easy to be comprehended the easiest, in my humble opinion, is the word Constitution; it is the great system of public, in contradistinction to private, and criminal, law, and comprizes all those articles, which Blackstone arranges, in his first volume, under the rights of persons, and of which he gives a perspicuous analysis. Whatever then relates to the rights of persons, either absolute rights, as the enjoyment of liberty, security, and property, or relative, that is, in the public relations of magistrates and people, makes a part of that majestic whole, which we properly call The Constitution. Of those magistrates some are subordinate, and some supreme; as the legislative, or Parliament, which ought to consist of delegates from every independent voice in the nation; and the executive, or the King, whose legal rights for the general good are called prerogative. The People are the aggregate body or community, and are in an ecclesiastical, civil, military, or maritime state.

“ This constitutional or public law is partly unwritten, and grounded upon immemorial usage, and partly written or enacted by the legislative power; but the unwritten, or common law, contains the true spirit of our Constitution: the written has often most unjustifiably altered the form of it; the common law is the collected wisdom of many centuries, having been used and approved by successive generations; but the statutes frequently contain the whims of a few leading men, and sometimes of the mere individuals employed to draw them: lastly, the unwritten law is eminently favourable, and the

written generally hostile, to the absolute rights of persons.

But though this ineffimable law be called unwritten, yet the only evidence of it is in writing, preserved in the public records, judicial, official, and parliamentary, and explained in works of acknowledged authority. Positive acts of the legislature may, indeed, change the form of the Constitution; but, as in the system of private law, the narrowness or rigour of our forensic rules may be enlarged or softened by the interposition of parliament (for our courts of equity are wholly of a different nature) so all legislative provisions, which oppose the spirit of the Constitution, may be corrected, agreeable to that very spirit, by the people or nation at large, who form, as it were, the high court of appeal in cases of constitutional equity; and their sense must be collected from the petitions which they present, expressed with moderation and respect, yet with all the firmness which their cause justifies, and all the dignity which truth becomes them. I am, Sir,

“ Your very faithful, humble servant,
W. JONES.

To Mr. THOMAS YEATES, Secretary to the Society for Constitutional Information.

It was in this year that he published “ The Mahomedan Law of Succession to the Property of Intestates, in Arabic, with a verbal Translation and explanatory Notes.” 4to.

At length the post of one of the Judges in the East-Indies, which had been kept vacant five years, was determined upon being filled up, and our Author on the 4th March, 1783, was appointed to that station, and on the 20th received the honour of knighthood. On the 8th of April he married Miss Shipley, eldest daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph, and almost immediately embarked for the Indies. He had previously written the celebrated Dialogue which was printed by the Constitutional Society, and is well known from the legal prosecution which has since been carried on against the Author's brother-in-law, the Dean of St. Asaph, for the publication of it. A short time before his departure from England he also published “ The Moallakat; or, Seven Arabian Poems, which were suspended on the Temple at Mecca, with a Translation and Arguments.” 4to. To this it was intended to add a preliminary discourse and notes.— The former to comprize observations on the antiquity of the Arabian language and letters; on the dialects and characters of *Himyari* and *Korasshi*, with accounts of the *Himyari* and *Korasshi* poets; on the manners of the

the Arabs in the age immediately preceding that of *Mahomed*; on the temple at *Mecca*, and the *Moallakat*, or pieces of poetry suspended on its walls or gate; lastly, on the lives of the *Seven Poets*, with a critical history of their works, and the various copies or editions of them preserved in *Europe, Asia*, and *Africa*. The latter to contain authorities and reasons for the translation of controverted passages; to elucidate all the obscure couplets, and exhibit or propose amendments of the text; to direct the reader's attention to particular beauties, or point out remarkable defects; and to throw light on the images, figures, and allusions of the Arabian Poets, by citations either from writers of their own country, or from such of our European travellers as best illustrate the ideas and customs of Eastern nations. This discourse and the notes have not yet appeared.

During his voyage to the East-Indies he planned the scheme of a Society, which has already afforded considerable entertainment and instruction to the public in *The Asiatic Miscellany*. In the Discourse read before them, 15th January 1784, he says, "When I was at sea last August on my voyage to this country, which I had long and ardently desired to visit, I found one evening, on inspecting the observations of the day, that *India* lay before us, and *Ferisia* on our left, whilst a breeze from *Arabia* blew nearly on our stern. A situation so pleasing in itself, and to me so new, could not fail to awaken a train of reflections in a mind, which had early been accustomed to contemplate with delight the eventful histories and agreeable fictions of this Eastern world. It gave me inexpressible pleasure to find myself in the midst of so noble an amphitheatre, almost encircled by the vast regions of Asia, which has ever been esteemed the nurse of sciences, the inventors of delightful and useful arts, the scene of glorious actions, fertile in the pro-

ductions of human genius, abounding in natural wonders, and infinitely diversified in the forms of religion and government, in the laws, manners, customs, and languages, as well as in the features and complexions of men. I could not help remarking, how important and extensive a field was yet unexplored, and how many solid advantages unimproved; and when I considered with pain, that in this fluctuating, imperfect, and limited condition of life, such enquiries and improvements could only be made by the united efforts of many, who are not easily brought, without some pressing inducement or strong impulse, to converge on a common point; I consoled myself with a hope, founded on opinions which it might have the appearance of flattery to mention, that if in any country or community such a union could be effected, it was among my countrymen in Bengal; with some of whom I already had, and with most was desirous of having the pleasure of being intimately acquainted."

In consequence of the plan laid down in this Discourse, a Society has been established from which great expectations are formed, and from the beginnings, it is hoped, these expectations will not be disappointed. Five Numbers of their Papers have been already published, and from those we are led to believe that the institution will be productive of great advantages to science and literature.

Sir William Jones's first Charge was delivered to the Grand Jury at Calcutta, December 4, 1783. It has been since published, and contains sentiments worthy of a Judge; equally agreeable to the principles of law, and consistent with the dictates of right reason. In his station he has conducted himself with ability, firmness and discretion; and we doubt not that his residence in India will be equally beneficial to himself, to the natives of that populous part of the globe, and to his own country.

VIEW of Part of WANDSWORTH HEIGHT, from the CHELSEA Side of the River THAMES.

THIS View is copied from a painting by the Rev. Mr. GARDINER of Battersea on a wall in his garden, which forms a very pretty deception from the front, looking through the palisades, and is taken from a view near the bridge on the Chelsea side of the river Thames. It is so happily conceived and so well executed, as to call for the attention of a traveller to stop and behold it, who seldom departs unentertained. When he turns his back on it, he sees a

cheerful landscape well adorned with neat villas on the Middlesex side of the Thames, together with the bridge and Battersea new church, which form a picture of the most pleasing kind.

It may not be unentertaining to our readers to inform them, that the great Lord Boleynbroke, whose writings will be read for ages to come, had formerly a seat and gardens near this place, which are now pulled down, and the site occupied by various

rious manufactories. It was in this place he spent his hours of retirement with such of his friends, which were no inconsiderable number, as visited him in this retired situation. He frequently regaled them with a walk to the vestry-room at Battersea old church during the time of high water, remarking, though he had travelled much in various parts of Europe to view the magnificent scenes which present themselves in more serene climates, yet he declared he had never beheld a more beautiful sheet of water.

What would his Lordship think now there is a bridge over the same, many elegant villas on each side, a new church on as pretty a construction as ancient and modern improvements united can admit of—together with good roads to all the adjacent villages; and such affluence at present, that there are now seventeen coaches kept in this village, which in his time only afforded one?

We shall take this opportunity to observe, that in this neighbourhood, the hill and part of the low ground adjoining to York-house, formerly the residence of Cardinal Wolsey, (where, with little expence, a cut from the river Thames could be made navigable to the foot of Wandsworth hill) were the places judged by the committee appointed under an act of parliament the most eligible spots (for *health* and good water, articles particularly directed by the act) for building penitentiary houses, or places of industry, where by separate confinement and labour it was hoped the young offenders against the laws of their country might be reclaimed, and made useful members of the community; a plan greatly recommended by Mr. Howard and Mr. Hanway.

The original committee consisted of the late Dr. Fothergill, George Whatley, and John Howard, Esqrs. but not agreeing in their opinions; the former insisting on the vicinity of the ground near Bagnigge Wells with that degree of obliquity peculiar to his sect, another on the new cut from Blackwall to Limehouse, and the third on another place; their contention continued so many years, that the public lost the advantage of a very excellent plan, which might have been matured greatly to the advantage of society.

The expence and insufficiency of the hulks at Woolwich, soon after revived the design, on the prospect of peace. A new committee was chosen, and plans advertised for, with a reward of an hundred gui-

neas for the best, and fifty for the second best. Many ingenious designs were sent, which employed the committee many days to examine; at length they adjudged Mr. Blackburne's as first, and Mr. Hardwicke's as second. The contrivance of all the building and apartments appeared to have every convenience that could be wished, aided by the natural situation and rise of the ground. Nothing seemed wanting to make so laudable an undertaking complete but unanimity. The governor's house was so admirably contrived, that the first appearance of riot or idleness could not escape his notice, he being able to see the whole without being perceived by the culprit. Idleness, or a more than ordinary disobedience, were to be punished not by stripes, but by confinement in a room of ten feet square, with smooth perpendicular walls, and lighted from above; the floor made of triangular hard pieces of wood, about three inches each triangle, thus sharpened close to each other. Here the culprit was to be shut up without shoe, stocking, or any other covering than a pair of trowsers; by which means, whether he moved, stood, sat, or lay, he could receive little enjoyment of his favourite vice *Idleness*.

The ground, about eighty acres, was surveyed and properly laid out, its price ascertained by a jury, we believe 85*l.* per acre; when behold, it was discovered there was no provision in the act to raise the money to pay for the ground and such an expensive undertaking!

Thus those visionary hopes of reformation that had been so fondly adopted by Mess. Howard, Hanway, and other friends to the community, fell to the ground, to the great joy of the inhabitants adjoining, who presented strong remonstrances against the erection on such an admirable spot. How far their fears of inconvenience were well-founded we are at a loss to judge, since elegant buildings well fenced and guarded, would have stood on church land, that can never be improved further than by agriculture; and from its tenure, that improvement not carried at best further than mediocrity. But what we most lament is, that the committee did not pay for the land, which under the act would have been made freehold. Had it then been sold in small parcels, doubtless many pretty villas would have been erected on this delightful spot, which must now remain in its present state, being, as already observed, subject to the inconvenience of church tenure.

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

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

An Hasty Sketch of a Tour through Part of the Austrian Netherlands and great Part of Holland. 3vo. 4s. Sewell. 1787.

THE very great modesty with which the author submits this little volume to the world, joined to his motive for publishing it, disarm us at once of the severity of criticism.—His intention in printing it is to devote the profits to the relief of an unhappy lady, reduced by unforeseen misfortunes from affluence and elegance to actual want and misery, aggravated by the additional distress of beholding four helpless children looking up to her for that support, which the cruelty of fate deprives her of the means of affording them.—Under such circumstances we must overlook much more capital errors than occur in this little work, for charity covereth a multitude of sins.

This Tour may in one respect be not only entertaining but useful. The author has been careful to give a list of the objects worth visiting in every place through which he passes, with a very exact account of the expence, which to future travellers may be found highly convenient. He has likewise given a full account of the constitution of the *Pays Bas Autrichiens*, and a very particular and accurate description of *Amsterdam*, which, from the present posture of affairs, will not, we presume, be an unpleasing subject for the inspection of our readers; we therefore submit it to their perusal.

You are immediately struck with the extreme neatness and grandeur of the city of Amsterdam.—Trade here wears a most flourishing, cheerful aspect, nor do you see one idle fellow in the streets.—This city is situated on the river Amstel, and is esteemed the greatest port in the world, yet the entrance to it is so very dangerous, and attended with such disadvantages, that it is very inconvenient, as well as hazardous, for loaded ships, and men of war, to enter it.—The foundations of this city are laid on large piles of wood, driven into the moats, the Stadthouër alone having near 14,000 to support it.—This city, in the fourteenth cen-

tury, was only a little insignificant fishing town; since that time it has risen to the state in which it is at present—a state of magnificence, grandeur, and riches, not to be surpassed, and scarcely to be equalled by any city in Europe.—It has in several instances evinced the resources it possesses within itself, independent of the other provinces.—It was amongst the last cities which acceded to the confederacy of the States, nor did it shake off its allegiance to Spain till the year 1578, six years after the first breaking out of the disturbances in the Low Countries.—Surrounded at this time by enemies on all sides, deprived of its inland trade by the States, who forbade any communication with them, while under the Spanish yoke, it was obliged (though with reluctance) to accede to the confederacy, and submit to the government of the States.—In the year 1672, Louis XIVth invaded the United Provinces, and such brilliant success at first attended his arms, that, in the course of a few weeks, he gained possession of the provinces of Gueldres, Utrecht, and Overryssel, and had he not wasted his time at Utrecht in vain pomp and useless parade, all the United Provinces would undoubtedly have fallen under the dominion of France.—At this period Amsterdam alone retained the smallest degree of courage or resolution.—The rapid success which had attended the arms of the French Monarch had struck such a panic into the other provinces, as deprived them of all ability to make any exertions for the common good.—The conduct of Amsterdam raised them from the stupor into which they were fallen.—That city alone made those exertions which astonished all Europe.—The Magistrates appointed an extraordinary guard of the Bourgeois—the populace were kept under subjection by the influence of money—ships were stationed to guard the coast, and prevent supplies from coming to the French army—the greatest part of the adjacent country was also laid under water.—These precautions (intelligence of which was con-

stantly

stantly transmitted to the French Monarch) induced him to give up the attempt of any further conquest that campaign, and he returned, crowned with laurels, to Paris, amidst the congratulations and rejoicings of his subjects, who, in viewing the glory he had acquired from his rapid successes, forgot the price at which they had been purchased, as well as the little advantage they were likely to derive from it—Not more than three months after his return, the Provinces were recovered by the States, and their old matters resumed the government.

The Government is composed of the following Civil Officers.

Thirty-six Senators, or Members of the Grand Council.

Grand Bailiff.

Four Burgomasters.

Nine Eschevins.

Pensionary.

Treasurer Ordinary.

Treasurer Extraordinary.

Intendant of Orphans.

Clerks of Account.

Commissioners of the Bank.

Commissioners for Insolvents.

The Borrowing Bank.

The Office for settling trifling affairs.

The Office for the affairs of the Marine.

Receivers of the Excise and Customs.

The thirty-six Senators represent the body of the people, and watch over the laws and rights of the citizens, to take care that they are not abused or altered; nor can the Burgomasters make any alteration in the laws without their consent. All the principal affairs, either of the republic or city, are entrusted to their care and management—On the decease of any of them the number is filled up by election.

The Grand Bailiff is a kind of Chief Justice, whose office is to correct all transactions of the law—His power, however, is very comprehensive—the power of arresting criminals comes from him—he interrogates them in person, and signs their confession—demands the infliction of punishments due to their crimes, and executes judgment upon them. He has in his train a Secretary, Sergeant, Keeper of the prison, and thirteen Archers.—The Secretary takes down the accusation, as also the confession of the prisoners.—The Sergeant or Bailiff brings the prisoners before the Grand Bailiff.—The Archers follow him either in part or the whole wherever he goes—they conduct all the delinquents to prison, apprehend them, and are present at their executions.—The office of the Keeper is chiefly to execute the commands of the Grand Bailiff and Schepens.

The dignity of Burgomaster is the most considerable of any in the States—There are always four governing Burgomasters—Every year, on the first of February, three are elected, who, with one of the preceding year, take charge of the affairs in their department—Generally the old ones are employed as Treasurers, or as Deputy Counsellors to the States of Holland, or to the Admiralty—No person can be admitted to the rank of Burgomaster, till he has been a Bourgeois for seven years, and exercised some considerable civil employment—The four reigning Burgomasters may convoke the council whenever they chuse—their inspection extends to most departments—Conjointly with the Treasurer, they have the superintendance of all public edifices, of the streets, canal, fortifications, &c. They are not, however, in the capacity of Judges; nor do any civil or criminal offences come under their cognizance,—but (as I have before said) belong to the jurisdiction of the High Bailiff. The Burgomasters are, nevertheless, at the executions, and in either civil or criminal causes are often asked by the Grand Bailiff for their advice—All the offices of the city are in their nomination,—and the Directors of the different churches, the Governors of the hospital, are all under their direction, and must give in their different accounts to them—There cannot be a more disinterested, impartial office than that of Burgomaster—nor do they shew more favour in their decisions to their own countrymen than to strangers.

The office of a Schepen is a very different one—they were formerly called Jurats, because they are obliged, before they enter into office, to swear that they will preserve the laws and customs of the State inviolate—There are nine of them—Seven new ones are elected annually, much at the same time the Burgomasters are—The thirty-six Senators assemble, and chuse fourteen persons, who are presented by them to the Stadtholder, and the Prince elects seven out of that number—the two old ones of the last year unite with the seven new ones, one in quality of President, the other of Vice President—The Schepens sit in judgment and pronounce sentence, both in civil and criminal matters, and in the absence of the Grand Bailiff discharge the functions of his office—Immediately after the election of the Burgomasters and Schepens, all the different vacancies in the public offices are filled up; those which relate to civil affairs, are in the nomination of the Burgomasters—those which relate to criminal in that of the Schepens.

The Pensionaries are men well versed in the laws of their country, as well as in those

those of foreign nations.—They act in the same light as counsellors to the Burgomasters and Schepens, who seldom transact any business of consequence without previously consulting them. In any treaty with foreign nations, one of them is generally sent in the capacity of Ambassador from the States.

The military force of the city consists chiefly of the Bourgeois.

They compose five regiments, in each of which are twelve companies—these are all distinguished by particular colours, as blue, green, yellow, &c. like our trained bands in the city of London—Every night four companies mount guard at the Stadtholder's house, and other public buildings. The turn of these sixty companies comes only once in fifteen days—on the day, two drums beat near the houses and lodgings of those who are to mount guard. All who are sixty years of age, as also Jews, are exempted from mounting the Bourgeois guard—indeed any who dislike this office may have their attendance dispensed with, by procuring a substitute, or paying a fine, which is not very great—There are also at Amsterdam, as well as in all the cities of the United Provinces, another kind of guards under the title of *Les Gardes de Nuit*.—The number of these are in proportion to the size of the cities, and number of streets—At Amsterdam, I am informed there are between two and three hundred—each of them are paid five stuyvers a night during the summer, and half that sum in the winter, as they are relieved—This money is raised by a tax on beer, vinegar, paper, the tolls of the city, &c. &c. In most of the cities in Holland, these guards walk about with a sword dangling at their side, and a large stick in their hand, like our watchmen in London, which does not give them a very martial appearance. I must do them, however, the justice to say, that they are in general a very fine, healthy-looking body of men, resembling in nothing the poor decrepid watchmen which we see in London, save in their office—At Amsterdam, in the room of sticks, they carry a long pole similar to our halberd, and walk two by two; in other cities they walk singly—They are on duty in winter from six in the evening to the same hour in the morning; during the summer season, only from ten till three. The inhabitants call this guard by several different names, as *Ruatemmen*, *Klaapperman*, *Waaker*, &c. all descriptive of the thundering noise they make with an instrument they carry about with them, called *Un Martinet de Bois*—These they sound very often, to let the people know that they are upon the watch, and that they are the defenders of their persons and property

—Indeed, you are all night disturbed with the noise of these instruments, so that a stranger, instead of supposing himself in a state of security; rather fancies he is an inhabitant of a besieged citadel—I think, exclusive of the aforementioned guards, there are but two companies of regular troops, which are of North Holland—No inhabitant of Amsterdam can attain the right of Bourgeois, except by marriage, or paying a particular sum—and every one who quits his country, and goes to reside in any other part of Europe, forfeits immediately all his privileges, except he keeps a house and domestics at Amsterdam, in which case he retains all his rights. The Bourgeois (or Burgeses) are exempted from tolls of every kind, both for themselves and their property, though for the latter, I believe it is necessary to have a kind of passport—No city exceeds Amsterdam in its number of charitable institutions, or in the regularity and order preserved in them—It is computed, that no less than ten thousand paupers (including those at the hospital) are supported at the expence of the States, and by private contributions. What country in Europe can boast of charitable institutions superior to the following, viz. *La Maison de Charité pour les pauvres Familles*, where more than one thousand four hundred are supported—*L'Hospital*, where a certain number of sick and wounded are admitted, and maintained at the expence of the States, and under the immediate direction of the chief magistrates of the city.—*Maison des Lepreux*, an institution originally designed for the relief of those who were afflicted with the leprosy, but (which disorder having been for some time happily unknown) is now converted into an asylum for old men and women, who, on paying a small sum of money, are maintained the remainder of their lives.—*L'Hospital des Orphelins Bourgeois*, for the reception of the poor unfortunate children bereft of their parents in infancy, who are maintained and educated at the expence of the States, and when arrived at a proper age, are put out to different trades, as the boys from Christ's Hospital in London—*La Cour de Veuves*, a building erected for the reception of widows who have fallen into distress—A house called the *Bayard*, which receives indiscriminately all descriptions of paupers, and affords them three nights lodging, and three days meat and drink—To this institution, we may, I think, attribute the scarcity of beggars to be met with in the streets of Amsterdam, and which, when we consider the extent of the city, is no small matter of astonishment—These are a few, out of a great number of public edifices, erected for the purposes of charity.

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

(Continued from Page 112.)

IN our Magazine for August, we left Mr. Jefferson upon the "high stilts" of political braggadocio, and in the midst of what, even *physically* considered, is at most, to use his own expression, but a "proud theory." In all men, the *amor patriæ* is a spontaneous and a laudable passion; but when, contracting itself into a *puerile prepossession*, it will admit of no distinct or exclusive superiority in any other country, ceasing to produce praise, it begins to excite contempt. Thus, when (in the ardour of his zeal to aggrandize the intellectual powers of "the Man of America," and to belittle * those of the Man of Europe) our author betrays in almost every sentence the *imbecility of his own mind*, what idea can in sober reason be formed of those *transcendent gifts of understanding* which he so hyperbolically ascribes to the *rest of his countrymen*? Certain it is, that, if we may judge of the general stock from the particular sample exhibited by Mr. Jefferson himself in the volume before us, no very flattering opinion can be entertained of it.

But our author, if unqualified to appreciate the mental qualities of Man, is by no means unequal to the task of enumerating the various species of birds, and even of quoting their respective designations from Linnæus and Catesby. Of those belonging to Virginia, between ninety and a hundred, he tells us, have been described by Catesby alone; and to a catalogue of the indigenous animals of the country, he adds a short account of an anomaly of Nature in the race of Negroes brought from Africa, who, though black themselves, have sometimes white children, called *Albinos*. Of these *Albinos* Mr. Jefferson had access himself to know four; and of three others he had received faithful accounts. The circumstances in which all the individuals alluded to agree, are really in themselves curious, and worthy of physical investigation as to their cause.

"They are of a pallid, cadaverous white, untinged with red, without any coloured spots or seams; their hair of the same kind of white, short, coarse, and curled, as is that of the Negro; all of them well-formed, strong, healthy, perfect in their senses, except that of sight, and born of parents who had no mixture of white blood. Three of these *Albinos*

were sisters, having two other full sisters, who were black. The youngest of the three was killed by lightning at twelve years of age. The eldest died at about twenty-seven years of age in child-bed with her second child. The middle one is now alive in health, and has issue, as the eldest had, by a black man, which issue was black. They are uncommonly shrewd, quick in their apprehensions, and in reply. Their eyes are in a perpetual tremulous vibration, very weak, and much affected by the sun: but they see better in the night than we do. The fourth is a negro-woman, whose parents came from Guinea, and had three other children, who were of their own colour. She is freckled, her eye-sight so weak that she is obliged to wear a bonnet in the summer; but it is better in the night than day. She had an *Albino* child by a black man: it died at the age of a few weeks.— A sixth instance is a woman of the property of a Mr. Butler, near Petersburg. She is stout and robust, has issue a daughter, jet-black, by a black man. I am not informed as to her eye-sight. The seventh instance is of a male belonging to a Mr. Lee, of Cumberland. His eyes are tremulous and weak: he is tall of stature, and now advanced in years. He is the only male of the *Albinos* which have come within my information. Whatever be the cause of the disease in the skin, or in its colouring matter, which produces this change, it seems more incident to the female than male sex. To these I may add the mention of a negro-man within my own knowledge, born black, and of black parents; on whose chin, when a boy, a white spot appeared. This continued to increase till he became a man, by which time it had extended over his chin, lips, one cheek, the under-jaw, and neck, on that side. It is of the *Albino* white, without any mixture of red, and has for several years been stationary. He is robust and healthy, and the change of colour was not accompanied with any sensible disease, either general or topical."

Of phenomena like these we recollect other instances, varying in certain particulars, but upon the whole substantially the same; and it cannot but be within the memory of most of our readers, when the circumstance of a *similar* transmutation of colour having taken place on the

* A new, but favourite expression of our author.—See p. 214.

skin of a female negro in Virginia, was recorded among the Transactions of the Royal Society; but unhappily without the addition of a single remark by which the *cause* of it might be ascertained either on rational or scientific grounds.

It is rather remarkable, that of the fish and insects of America there has been nothing like a full description or collection. More of them are described by Catesby than by any other writer; and many are also to be found in Sir Hans Sloane's Jamaica, as being common to that Island and the American Continent.

According to Mr. Jefferson, the honey-bee is not a native of America; for though Marcgrave mentions a species of honey-bee in Brazil, yet, from his description, it has no sting, and is therefore different from the one found in the United States, which resembles perfectly the European honey-bee. The Indians themselves are also of opinion, that bees were originally brought from Europe; but when and by whom no man can tell. They call them the *white man's fly*, and consider their approach as indicating the approach of the settlements of the whites.

Here a question of some curiosity occurs to our author, namely, "How far northwardly have these insects been found?"—That they are unknown in Lapland, he infers from the information of Scheffer, that the Laplanders eat the pine-bark, prepared in a certain way, instead of those things sweetened with sugar. *Hec comedunt pro rebus saccharo conditis.* Schuff. Lap. c. 18.—and certainly no position can be more clear than that honey, if they had it, would be found a better substitute for sugar than any preparation of the pine bark. Beside, if it be true, as Kaim tells us, that the honey-bee cannot live through the winter in Canada, Mr. Jefferson is perfectly justifiable in his inference, that this valuable insect furnishes an additional proof of the remarkable fact, first observed by Buffon, that "no animals are found in both continents, but those which are able to bear the cold of those regions where they probably join."

We now come to the seventh query submitted to the consideration of our author. Of this query so vast is the object, that it requires nothing less, to use Mr. Jefferson's own *elegant* and *correct* language, than "a notice of *all what* can increase the progress of human knowledge." Under the *latitude* of this question he endeavours

to furnish certain data for estimating the *climate* of Virginia; and for this purpose, conceiving journals of observations on the quantity of rain, and degree of heat, to be "*lengthy*," confused, and too minute to produce general and distinct ideas, he exhibits the result of "five years observations, *to wit*, from 1772 to 1777, made in Williamburgh and its neighbourhood;" reduces that result to an average for every month in the year; and states the various averages so reduced in a table, which is also enriched with an analytical view of the winds during the same period.

Though by this table it appears, that in Virginia there are "on an average 47 inches of rain annually, which is considerably more than usually falls in Europe," yet our author supposes there is a much greater proportion of sun there; and is even inclined to think, that "there are twice as many cloudy days in the middle parts of Europe, as in the United States of America.

The changes from heat to cold, and cold to heat, he represents to be so "very sudden and great," that "the mercury in Fahrenheit's Thermometer has been known to descend from 92° to 47° in thirteen hours." A change in the climate, he observes, however, is taking place very sensibly. Both heats and colds are become much more moderate within the memory even of the middle-aged. Snows are less frequent, and less deep. They do not often lie below the mountains more than one, two, or three days, and very rarely a week. They are remembered to have been formerly frequent, deep, and of long continuance. The earth used to be covered with snow about three months in every year. The rivers, which then seldom failed to freeze over in the course of the winter, scarcely ever do so now. This change, nevertheless, we are told, has produced an unfortunate fluctuation between heat and cold, in the spring of the year, which is very fatal to fruits.

The population of the State next occupies the attention of Mr. Jefferson; and to illustrate it, he furnishes a table, shewing the number of persons imported for the establishment of the colony in its infancy, and the census of inhabitants at different periods, extracted from different histories and public records. According to our author, it appears, that from the year 1654 to the year 1772, the *tythes**

* A term which includes the free males above 16 years of age, and slaves above that age of both sexes.

of Virginia had increased from 7209 to 153,000. The whole term, being of 118 years, yields a duplication once in every 27 $\frac{1}{4}$ years. The intermediate enumerations, taken in 1700, 1748, and 1759, furnish proofs of the uniformity of this progression; and should this rate of increase continue, he infers, that within 95 years Virginia will have between six and seven millions of inhabitants, amounting (in the supposition that his country will be bounded, at some future day, by the meridian of the mouth of the Great Kan-haway) to one hundred souls for every square mile; which, in his opinion, is nearly the state of population in the British Islands.

In his objections to "the present desire of America to produce rapid population by as great importations of foreigners as possible," we perceive no accuracy of calculation, no truth of argument, but much of the visionary spirit of an illiberal patriotism.—"Let us suppose," says he, "that, in this State, we could double our numbers in one year by the importation of foreigners; and this is a greater accession than the most sanguine advocate for *emigration* * has a right to expect; then I say, beginning with a double stock, we shall attain any degree of population only 27 years and 3 months sooner than if we proceed on our single stock." To evince the impolicy of the measure, he observes, "Every species of government has its specific principles. Ours perhaps are *more peculiar* than those of any other in the universe. *It is a composition of the freest principles of the English constitution, with others derived from natural right and natural reason.* To these nothing can be more opposed than the maxims of absolute monarchies. Yet from such we are to expect the greatest number of emigrants. They will bring with them the principles of the governments they leave, imbibed in their early youth; or, if able to throw them off, it will be in exchange for an unbounded licentiousness, passing, as is usual, from one extreme to another. It would be a miracle were they to stop precisely at the point of temperate liberty. These principles, with their language, they will transmit to their children. In proportion to their numbers, they will share with us the legislation. They will infuse into it their

spirit, warp and bias its direction, and render it a heterogeneous, incoherent, distracted mass."

Leaving our author to the undisturbed enjoyment of these and other political *reveries* on the subject of American population, and passing over the answers to the ninth and tenth queries (which contain nothing but a retrospective view of the number and condition of the Virginian militia and regular troops, and their pay, in the years 1730 and 1781; together with a similar one of the marine of the State, which, *woeful* and *wonderful* to tell! when the English obtained the possession of their rivers, was "*left with a single armed boat only*") we proceed to the eleventh query, which leads the author to give a description of the *Aborigines* of Virginia. Tracing them from 1607, when the first effectual settlement of the colony was made, he observes, that the country from the sea-coast to the mountains, and from Patowmac to the most southern waters of James's river, was occupied by upwards of forty different tribes of Indians. Of these the most powerful were the Powhatans, the Maanahoacs, and the Monacans; who all, it is remarkable, spoke languages so radically different, that interpreters were necessary when they transacted business.

The circumstance of the Indians being separated into so many little societies, Mr. Jefferson ascribes to their having never submitted themselves to any laws, any coercive power, any shadow of government.—"Their only controuls," says he, "are their manners, and that moral sense of right and wrong, which, like the sense of tasting and feeling in every man, makes a part of his nature. An offence against these is punished by contempt, by exclusion from society, or where the case is serious, as that of murder, by the individuals whom it concerns. Imperfect as this species of coercion may seem, crimes are very rare among them: inasmuch that were it made a question, *whether no law, as among the savage Americans, or too much law, as among the civilized Europeans, submits man to the greatest evil, one who has seen both conditions of existence would pronounce it to be the best; and that the SHEEP are happier of themselves than under the care of wolves.* —It will be said, that great societies

* We are at a loss to know what our author means here by *emigration*. It is for *importation*, if we mistake not, and not *emigration*, that the Americans are such strenuous advocates.

cannot exist without government. The savages therefore break them into *small ones*."

To this preference of *no law* in a savage condition to *too much* in a civilized one, succeeds a table containing a state of the several tribes in question, according to their confederacies and geographical situation, with their numbers when the first settlers became originally acquainted with them, where these numbers are known. From the census of 1669, it appears that in the space of 62 years several of the tribes were reduced to about one-third of their former numbers. This melancholy circumstance our author ascribes to the abuse they made of spirituous liquors; to the introduction of the small-pox among them; to wars; and to abridgments of their territories. By no means, however, will he allow, that the lands of the country were taken from them by *conquest*. On the contrary, he declares, that "in histories and records he has found repeated proofs of *purchase* which cover a considerable part of the lower country; that many more would doubtless be found on further search; and that, as he phrases it, the upper country, *we know*, has been acquired *altogether* by purchases made in the most *unexceptionable form*."

Having thus rescued his own forefathers, and the forefathers of his countrymen in general from the odious imputation of having obtained that by *fair means*, which hitherto it was suspected they had obtained by *force*, and added a few remarks, neither new nor interesting in themselves, on the indolent disposition and rude customs of the Indians, Mr. Jefferson proceeds to a discussion of the grand question, "From whence came those aboriginal inhabitants of America?"

On this head, the observations of our author merit notice.—In adverting to the discoveries long ago made, which were sufficient to shew that a passage from Europe to America was always practicable, *even to the imperfect navigation of ancient times*, and that in going from Norway to Iceland, from Iceland to Greenland, from Greenland to Labrador, the first traject is the widest; he infers,

that this having been practised from the earliest times of which we have any account respecting that part of the earth, there is no difficulty in supposing that the subsequent traject may have been sometimes passed. Again, as the late discoveries of Captain Cook, in coasting from Kamtschatka to California, have proved that if the two continents of Asia and America be separated at all, it is only by a narrow freight, so it is probable that from this side also inhabitants may have passed into America. Beside, the resemblance between the Indians of America and the eastern inhabitants of Asia would induce a conjecture that the former are the descendants of the latter, or the latter of the former; excepting indeed the Eskimaux, who, from the same circumstance of resemblance, and from identity of language, must be derived from the Greenlanders, and these probably from some of the northern parts of the old continent.

Perfectly do we agree with Mr. Jefferson, when he observes, that "a knowledge of their several languages would be the most certain evidence of their derivation which could be produced."—This, in fact, is the best proof of the affinity of nations which ever can be referred to; and, as he again remarks, "How many ages have elapsed since the English, the Dutch, the Germans, the Swits, the Norwegians, Danes, and Swedes, have separated from their common stock; yet how many more must elapse before the proofs of their common origin, which exist in their several languages, will disappear!"—Viewing the matter in this light, it is certainly not a little to be lamented, that the Americans should have suffered so many of the Indian tribes already to be extinguished, without having collected and deposited in the records of literature the general *rudiments*, at least, of the languages they spoke.

To these observations succeeds a state, drawn up in the form of a catalogue, of the nations and numbers of the Aborigines that still exist in a respectable and independent form; as also of their respective boundaries within, and circumjacent to, the United States.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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

(Concluded from page 213.)

THE Second Volume of Mr. Colman's Prose opens with a series of detached letters, published at different times in the

newspapers. They are in general sprightly, and there are some good laughs at the politics of those days; but the subjects

are now too far *passé* to be interesting. One of the best of them is a ridicule of the passion of Englishmen for quack medicines, with a medical case subjoined, which, as we think it well told, we shall present to our readers.

MEDICAL CASE.

“ A gentleman who had long been complaining and complaining, and ailing and ailing, and who had taken all the medicines in and out of the dispensatory, at length applied to the celebrated Doctor Radcliffe. The Doctor soon perceiving the nature of his case, told him, that he was in possession of a secret, which was infallible for his distemper; but that unluckily it was at that time in the hands of Doctor Pitcairne at Edinburgh, to whom he would write to apply it in favour of the patient, if he himself thought it worth while to go so far in quest of it. The patient readily undertook the journey, and travelled to Edinburgh: but when he arrived there, he had the mortification to find that just before Doctor Radcliffe's letter reached Edinburgh, Doctor Pitcairne had sent the medicine to Doctor Musgrave of Exeter. The patient however had resolution enough, on Doctor Pitcairne's advice, to go across the country to Exeter, in further pursuit of it: but as ill-luck would have it, Doctor Musgrave told him, that he had, but the day before, transmitted it back again to Doctor Radcliffe in London, where the patient naturally returned, to take the benefit of it at home. He could not help laughing with the Doctor at the tour he had taken, and at his strange disappointments. I went after the medicine, said the patient, to no purpose; and yet I cannot tell how it happens, but I am much better than I was when I set out. I know it, cries the Doctor, I know it. You have got the medicine. The journey was the secret. And do but live *temperately* and keep yourself in exercise, you will have no occasion for any physick in the world.”

Mr. Colman next offers several remarks on Johnson's Edition of Shakespeare in 1765. In general he agrees with the critic, and where he differs it is with candour. We, however, are in general inclined to coincide with Johnson rather than his corrector. In one place, for example—in Henry the Fifth—Shakespeare speaks of an usurper endeavouring “*to sue his title with some shews of truth.*” Johnson proposes to read “*line his title,*” and justifies it by a passage in Macbeth, where the Thane of Cawdor is said “*to line the rebel with hidden hope and wantage;*” and we think

him right. Mr. Colman however contends for the old reading, and explains the word “*fine*” to signify “*refine.*” But how can a man be said to *refine* with a *shew*? Though Shakespeare is loose in his metaphors, he is not often absurd.—If “*fine*” stands, we would rather suppose it a verb coined from the adjective, and interpret it to *make fine*. In Henry the Fourth the King talks of “*fasting the garment of rebellion with some fine colour,*” which is precisely the same idea: and besides, if “*fine*” signified to *refine*, it would have been written “*refine*” with an apostrophe. We would however, on the whole, rather adopt Johnson's correction.

These fugitive pieces are followed by “*Critical Reflections on the old English Dramatic Writers,*” addressed to David Garrick, Esq. The drift of these remarks was, to incite Mr. Garrick, then Manager, to revive several excellent old plays, and to do the same justice to Jonson, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, which he had so liberally imparted to Shakespeare. Mr. Colman states some of the objections against the older plays: that

“ Many of them, though they abound with beauties, and are raised much above the humble level of later writers, are yet, on several accounts, unfit to be exhibited on the modern stage; that the fable, instead of being raised on probable incidents in real life, is generally built on some foreign novel, and attended with romantick circumstances; that the conduct of these extravagant stories is frequently uncouth, and infinitely offensive to that dramattick correctness prescribed by late critics, and practised, as they pretend, by the French writers; and that the characters exhibited in our old plays, can have no pleasing effect on a modern audience, as they are so totally different from the manners of the present age.”

But to this he answers, that

“ The mind is soon familiarized to irregularities which do not sin against the truth of Nature, but are merely violations of that strict decorum of late so earnestly insisted on. What patient spectators are we of the inconsistencies that confessedly prevail in our darling Shakespeare! What critical catcall ever proclaimed the indecency of introducing the stocks in the tragedy of Lear! How quietly do we see Gloster take his imaginary leap from Dover cliff! Or to give a stronger instance of patience, with what a philosophical calmness do the audience dose over the tedious and uninteresting love-scenes, with which the bungling hand of Tate has

* Macbeth says, “*For Banquo's issue have I filed my soul,*” for *defiled*; and the apostrophe is inserted.

coarsely pieced and patched that rich work of Shakspeare!—To instance further from Shakspeare himself, the grave-diggers in *Hamlet* (not to mention Polonius) are not only endured, but applauded; the very nurse in *Romeo and Juliet* is allowed to be nature; the transactions of a whole history are, without offence, begun and completed in less than three hours; and we are agreeably waded by the *chorus*, or oftener without so much ceremony, from one end of the world to another.

“It is very true, that it was the general practice of our old writers, to found their pieces on some foreign novel; and it seemed to be their chief aim to take the story, as it stood, with all its appendant incidents of every completion, and throw it into scenes. This method was, to be sure, rather inartificial, as it at once overloaded and embarrassed the fable, leaving it destitute of that beautiful dramattick connection, which enables the mind to take in all its circumstances with facility and delight. But I am still in doubt, whether many writers, who come nearer to our own times, have much mended the matter. What with their plots and double-plots, and counter-plots and under-plots, the mind is as much perplexed to piece out the story, as to put together the disjointed parts of our ancient drama. The comedies of Congreve have, in my mind, as little to boast of accuracy in their construction, as the plays of Shakspeare; nay, perhaps, it might be proved that, amidst the most open violation of the lesser critical unities, one point is more steadily pursued, one character more uniformly shewn, and one grand purpose of the fable more evidently accomplished in the productions of Shakspeare than of Congreve.”

In these sentiments we perfectly agree with Mr. Colman. It is certain that the most powerful effects are produced on the stage by that noble daring which snaps asunder the shackles of colder criticism; and he alone arouses our passions and alarms our feelings, “*qui spirat tragicum satis et feliciter audet.*” In short, our author’s reflections on our old English Dramatists are acute, sensible, and judicious; and we heartily wish they had been successful in their aim. But how does it happen that since himself has been one of the *arbitri elegantiarum*, he has never put his own opinions in practice? Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher are at least as great strangers in the Hay-Market, as in Covent Garden, or old Drury.

In the “Preface to Beaumont and Fletcher’s Works,” published in 1778, we find little more than common-place

observations, and a repetition of the arguments in his “Critical Reflections.” The only amusing passage is a note on the orthography of the name of Shakspeare. We trust our readers will excuse the insertion of it; for every circumstance, however otherwise trifling, becomes of importance when it refers to our immortal Bard.

“The name of Shakspeare is spelt at least a dozen ways. We are told, in the first note on the *Dunciad*, of “an autograph of Shakspeare himself, whereby it appeared that he spelt his own name without the first *s.*” Yet even this autograph is not decisive. In the register-book at Stratford upon Avon, the name of the family is regularly entered Shakspere. In the poet’s own will, which now lies in the Prerogative-office, Doctor’s Commons, his name is spelt three different ways. In the body of the will it is always written Shackspere: this, however, may be ascribed to the lawyer. The will consists of three sheets, the first of which is legibly subscribed Shackspere; the two others Shakspeare. It must be acknowledged that the hand-writing, as well as situation of the first signature, is different from that of the two following; but it appears extraordinary that a stranger should attempt to falsify a signature, which is usually subscribed to each sheet for the sake of giving authenticity to so solemn an instrument, and is, therefore, always taken to be the hand-writing of the testator. Mr. Garrick, however, had in his possession the lease of a house formerly situated in Black-Friars, and but lately taken down on account of the new bridge, which belonged to that poet. As a party to that lease he signs his name Shakspeare; and the first syllable of his name is now pronounced in his native county, Warwickshire, with the *short a*, Shak-and not Shakspeare. On the other hand, it must be confessed, that the dialect of that county is more provincial than classical, and we believe that all the families, who are now known by the poet’s name, both spell and pronounce it Shakspeare; which indeed seems most reconcilable to etymology, if etymology be at all concerned in so capricious a circumstance. Many of the quartos published in his lifetime, not only followed this mode of spelling, but seemed nicely to mark the proper pronunciation, by printing his name in the title-page with a hyphen between the two syllables that compose it, thus, Shake-speare. His contemporary Jonson, as well as Milton and Dryden his successors, adhered to the same orthography.”

To the Preface succeeds a litigation between Doctor Farmer and Mr. Colman, relative to the learning of Shakspeare;

spears;—the Doctor attacking, and the Manager defending it.—That the Poet had some learning is easily proved, and that it was but little is equally certain. He did not need the spectacles of books to look through Nature. His learning is intuition; but as

“ Learn’d commentators view
“ In Homer more than Homer knew,”

so do we think on the present occasion Mr. Colman has overshot the mark; or, if he thinks this decision too hard, we will tell him in the words of Sir Roger de Coverley, that “ much may be said on both sides.”

Mr. Colman next seats himself in the chair of Aristarchus, on the celebrated reply of the Jew in the trial scene in the Merchant of Venice. Many a man has thought himself very clear in a point of law or of conscience, until he has gone to consult a lawyer or a casuist. In commentaries, generally speaking, our knowledge is inversely as our study—the more we read, the less we understand; and thus much we will boldly assert, that every man who reads Mr. Colman’s remarks on the passage he treats of, will find himself at the end ten times more confused than at the beginning. He will probably have lost his own opinion, and certainly have got no other in exchange.

The passage is this, as it stands in Rowe’s, Theobald’s, Pope’s, and Hanmer’s Editions:

“ And others, when the bag-pipe sings
“ i’ the nose,
“ Cannot contain their urine for affection.
“ Masterless passion sways it to the mood
“ Of what it likes or loaths.”

The sense here is tolerably obvious.—“ Affection” signifies sympathy;—but then arises a difficulty. “ *Passion*,” in the next line, is said to *sway it*;—that may be *affection or sympathy*. Now a sympathy may sway our passions, but not *é contra*. To remedy this, an amendment is proposed, and the passage read and pointed thus:

“ And others, when the bag-pipe sings
“ i’ the nose,
“ Cannot contain their urine. For affections,
“ Masters of passion, sway it to the mood
“ Of what it likes or loaths.—”

This cannot stand. If this were the reading, *it* in the last line should be

they. Sympathies or affections sway our passion to what *they* like or loath; but this is too great a violation of the text. Capel’s reading is,

“ ——— For Affection,
“ Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
“ Of what it likes or loaths:”

which makes in our judgment a perfect and an elegant sense. But it seems the stop at the word “ *urine*,” in the second line, hurts Mr. Colman’s ear: and how does he remedy it? His method is as ready as a Borrower’s cap: it is but supposing a line or two dropped from the press, which he fills up thus:

“ And others, when the bagpipe sings i’ the
“ nose,
“ Cannot contain their urine for Affection.
“ *Sovereign Antipathy, or Sympathy*,”
“ Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
“ Of what it likes or loaths.”

At this rate of criticism, all difficulties vanish. It is but supposing a line or two dropped, and the passage may signify any thing. But Mr. Colman must not think with his frize to patch the velvet of Shakespeare. No man who ever read one play of the Bard’s could fail in an instant to separate the metal from the clay. Mr. Colman’s reading is unnecessary, inelegant, feeble, and as like Shakespeare as he to Hercules.—Shall we venture to offer a conjecture of our own?

“ And others, when the bagpipe sings i’ the
“ nose,
“ Cannot contain their urine for Affection.
“ Masterless passion sways *us* to the mood
“ Of what it likes or loaths.”

Cedimus inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis. As we have spoken freely of Mr. Colman’s opinion, we leave ourselves to the critical justice of our readers.

From Criticism Mr. Colman betakes himself to Education, and in a very sensible little tract combats and, in our mind, overthrows Mr. Locke’s system, which indeed in many instances is so absurd, that nothing but his great name could bear it out. Mr. Colman is *pugnis unguibus et rostro* for a public education, and in this the universal practice of the nation is with him.

The Third Volume is filled with a translation of Horace’s Art of Poetry in verse, with very copious notes. Mr. Colman differs from all the commentators with re-

gard to the design of his work. His idea of it is, that "one of the sons of Piso, undoubtedly the Elder, had either written, or meditated, a poetical work, most probably a Tragedy; and that he had, with the knowledge of the family, communicated his piece, or intention to Horace: but Horace, either disapproving of the work, or doubting of the poetical faculties of the Elder Piso, or both, wished to d'funde him from all thoughts of publication. With this view he formed the design of writing this Epistle, addressing it, with a courtliness and delicacy perfectly agreeable to his acknowledged character, indifferently to the whole family,

the father and his two sons.—*Epistola ad Pisonem, de Arte Poetica.*" In this idea he is supported, if we are not mistaken, by some late German Commentator, who has taken up the same ground—*Sed non nostrum tantas componere lites.*—The translation, though tolerably faithful to the sense of Horace, has little of his spirit, and less of his elegance.

The Work concludes with several excellent Prologues and Epilogues, in which Mr. Colman has hit off the fashionable topics and follies of the day with very great success. On the whole, these little volumes may furnish out a very agreeable relaxation from severer studies.

An Essay; containing a few Structures on the Union of Scotland and England, and on the present Situation of Ireland. Prefixed to De Foe's History of the Union. 4to. Stockdale.

THIS Essay is partly the work of the celebrated J. L. De Lolme, and concluded by another hand. It is not easy to speak of its merits. M. De Lolme's part consists of nothing but historical facts, and indeed may with more propriety be esteemed materials for a work, than a work itself. He contents himself with a simple statement of facts, without attempting, unless very rarely indeed, to draw any inference. What use he might have made of them, had he completed the Essay, we cannot pretend to judge; but at present we look in vain for the deep research, the philosophical enquiry, and the ardent spirit of liberty that breathe so strongly through the Essay on the British Constitution.

Any thing that falls from the pen of M. De Lolme must be valuable. We therefore regret exceedingly to find his production in this mutilated state, *ut nec pes nec caput uni reddatur forma.* As far, however, as he goes, he leans uniformly to the cause of liberty, of justice, and of Ireland. He proves from history, that Ireland never was in any sense a conquered country, until the times of Elizabeth and James the First; the petty chieftains there both were and considered themselves as perfectly independent, insomuch that a curious challenge is yet preserved, sent by one of them to Henry VIII. The Irish ambassador met the King coming from chapel, and addressed him, *Stapedibus tuis, Domine Rex! MacGilla patricius, dominus meus, tibi me misit, ut denuncem quod, nisi cohibeas furationes et latrocinia Johannis de Burgi, isse bellum faciet contra te;* and the matter was redressed accordingly.

In short, the English dominions in Ireland consisted but of four shires, called the Pale; and out of this pale the English laws were neither acknowledged nor obeyed. No magistrate was appointed, no justice went circuit, no revenue was drawn. When the English Lord Deputy endeavoured to soothe Mac Guire, Lord of Fernanagh, into accepting a sheriff, he answered him with great good-humour, "Your sheriff may come, and welcome; but let me know the price of his head, that when my people cut it off, I may know what to fine them accordingly;" and John Allen, Irish Master of the Rolls, informed Henry VIII. that his laws were not obeyed twenty miles in compass.

"The only way to form a true idea of Ireland, and of the dominion of the English Crown and Nation there, previous to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and indeed of James the First, is by considering the English colony that had been settled on that island in the same light as the settlements or colonies formed by Europeans in remoter parts of the world. It was a settlement of the same nature as those at Senegal or Goree, on the coast of Africa; or like Bombay, on the coast and country of the Mahrattas; or Madras, thirty years ago, on the coast of the Carnatic; or the Dutch settlements in the Island of Java, and at the Cape of Good Hope. But the justest idea that may be acquired of the nature of the English colony in Ireland, from the times of Henry the Second to those of Queen Elizabeth, is by comparing it with the Colony at New-York, as it would now stand, if the late treaty had not taken place, and the Americans, in conjunction with the North-Indians, did continue to beset its territory, and oppose the extension of the English

government. The North-Indians, in such case, would represent the Irish; and the Americans would be the degenerate English,—or some of them the English subjects of blood, according as it might suit them to keep some intercourse with the government of the colony; with this difference, however, that the Irish were the more numerous nation, and continued to occupy about two-third parts of the island.*

Such was the situation of Ireland until the death of Queen Elizabeth. During her reign the hands of the English government had been strengthened, the petty chieftains gradually subdued, but the treaty with O'Neal, the last of them, was not signed till a few days after her death. James the First is therefore to be named the first English Sovereign who really possessed the dominion of Ireland.

"At this æra, all violent opposition to the government was put an end to. The spirit of Irish resistance was braced, to use the expressions of Sir John Davies, as it were in a mortar, with the *sword, famine, and pestilence altogether*. The law now penetrated into every remote corner of the island.—Justice, the sword having first cleared the way, took the whole country in her progress, in the same manner as the *Virgo* moves in the Zodiac preceded by *Leo*, as Sir John classically and elegantly expresses it; and the judges were now enabled to proceed round the whole Kingdom, like planets in their extensive orbits; whereas their circuits had till then been confined to the small precinct of the Pale, like the narrow circle which the *Cynosura* describes about the *Pole*.

"At the same time that the power of the judges and of the English government was thus extensively fixed, the *Irish* laws and customs were abolished, and the English laws established in all cases without exception, through the whole island. Lawyers had then business enough; and even more than enough. The harvest was great, to use once more the expressions of Sir John Davies, but the labourers few; (*magna messis, sed operarii pauci*) and "the number of the judges was encreased in every bench*."

"As a further step for the settling of Ireland, numerous colonies were sent from Great-Britain to occupy the lands which had been taken from those tribes and chieftains who had been more particularly engaged in the war that had been lately terminated. King James gave uncommon attention to the fra-

ming of the ordinances that were made for the proper settling of these colonies; and all writers have agreed in praising the judicious measures that were adopted, and in considering the zeal and success of the king in that respect, as the most laudable part of his reign."

But though Ireland was thus for the present reduced to order, the independent spirit of the nation, and their dislike to the domination, and indeed the name, of England, soon broke out. The Reformation was introduced into Ireland by the point of the sword; but as the colourable pretext of law was necessary to support this, it became necessary to procure a majority in parliament.

"There had been no parliament held in Ireland for twenty-seven years before the time we are speaking of, which was the eighth year of the reign of King James the First. The protestants were so few in Ireland, in Queen Elizabeth's time, that the government of the colony could not venture upon calling a parliament: there was too little certainty of getting a majority on the protestant side, even with the power possessed by the crown of erecting new counties and corporations: this had been the cause of the long intermission of parliaments that has been above mentioned. The council of James the First, in the eighth year of his reign, had a more advantageous scope, now that the island was universally subdued, and a numerous colony of the protestant religion had been introduced, that was settled upon extensive tracts of land. New boroughs were erected in those quarters occupied by the new settlers. Even then the government found themselves, at first, mistaken in their reckoning, through the remarkable ardour with which the opposite or catholic party exerted themselves, especially in the elections for counties: elections were lost where there was thought to be little danger of it; and even privy-councillors excluded. The disappointment was made up by speedily erecting fresh corporations, or boroughs, and conferring upon them the right of electing members. Hence the complaints made afterwards by the catholic party, that several new corporations which had sent members, had been erected, in order to the sending of precepts to them for elections, after the first issuing of the writs for calling the parliament."

By these means a majority was procured; Government proceeded with vi-

* "The power of the law and of the judges did not become, however, quite so completely established in Ireland, at the beginning of the reign of James the First, as Sir John Davies describes it. Several insurrections took place in this reign, that were raised by Irish Chieftains; though they were quelled without any great difficulty, as their power and resources had been broken by the late war."

gour; and the penal statutes of Elizabeth were put in force.

“By virtue of these statutes, no man who refused to take the oath of supremacy, could be invested with an office in a corporation, or be a justice of the peace, or a magistrate: he was not to be a privy councillor, nor to be preferred to any post in the government: if a lawyer, he was not to be admitted to plead at the bar, or to fill the office of judge. All the higher dignities of the church, together with church livings, and church emoluments, were moreover allotted to the protestant clergy, as a reward for their orthodoxy. A weekly fine was also to be laid upon every person who should neglect to attend the church service.

“By all the above ordinances and measures the protestant became established, to the complete exclusion of the catholic religion; and at that period arose those formidable party distinctions of catholics and protestants, into which the inhabitants of Ireland have since been divided.

“By these strong measures, an union was now formed between the Irish chieftains and tribes, who, after losing their lands and their laws, were now to lose their religion, and the whole of the old English colony, whose lords and men of influence were now to lose their consequence, whose lawyers and priests were thrown out of employment, while the numerous commonalty had their churches taken from them, and were insulted by penalties for not conforming to the religious rites of their opponents. All were now united together under the common banner of the catholic faith, and turned their eyes towards the protestant party as a common aggressor and enemy.”

The consequence was, the terrible war in 1641, and the horrid massacres committed by both parties—cruelties which, for the honour of human nature, it would be well to bury in eternal oblivion. At length Cromwell landed in Ireland with such an army as had never been seen there before, 30,000 foot and 15,000 horse; and after a course of exemplary, though perhaps necessary severities, he finally and decisively conquered the kingdom, so that the old distinctions of old Irish and English were destroyed, and the people run into one common mass.

The Revolution, happy and glorious as it was for the general interests of the British empire, was attended by peculiar hardships on the Irish Catholics. After a brave struggle for the interests of King James II. they had, by the magnanimity and wisdom of William, secured several advantages to themselves at the surrender of Limerick, which, during the

life of that wise monarch, were well and faithfully observed.

“But the just line of conduct, in regard to Roman Catholics in Ireland, we have above mentioned, ceased to be pursued in the reign of Queen Anne. Several acts of the Irish parliament were passed by which the conditions of Limerick were gradually violated; and at length the famous laws of *discovery* were enacted, by which the triumph of the protestant over the catholic party was finally completed, after an hundred and ten years struggle.

“By these laws, the Roman Catholics were absolutely disarmed. They could not purchase land. If one son did abjure the catholic religion, he inherited the whole estate, though he was the youngest. If he made such abjuration, and turned *discoverer* during the life-time of his father, he took possession of the estate; his father remaining a pensioner to him. If a catholic had a horse in his possession worth fifty or an hundred pounds, or more, a protestant might take the same from him, upon paying him down five pounds. If the rent paid by any catholic was less than two-thirds of the full improved value, whoever *discovered*, or turned informer, took the benefit of the lease, &c. &c.”

From the death of King William, the affairs of Ireland have taken a different turn. The Catholics being finally subdued, had left the external peace of the country secure, and Irishmen had leisure to regard their internal situation. And here indeed they found ample ground for discontent and alarm. During the troubles, and for some time after, England had assumed a right to bind Ireland by specific acts of parliament, which *ex necessitate rei* had been acquiesced in. But now that the cause was removed, the Irish thought it reasonable the effect should cease; and at length, in 1698, the noble tract of Molyneux appeared under the title of “The Case of Ireland being bound by English Acts of Parliament.” This pamphlet may be considered as the commencement of those political hostilities which, after a struggle of above fourscore years, have at length terminated in the Independence of Ireland. At the publication of this book the parliament of England took the alarm, and voted it a seditious libel, burned it by the hands of the common hangman, and boldly declared that “Ireland was, and ought to be, subordinate and dependent on the Imperial Crown of England.” The situation of Ireland at that time would not permit her to struggle, and under a gloomy silence the whole business rested. Molyneux’s book, however, was not for-

gotten. The next open dissention was in the year 1719, in which, on the occasion of an appeal to the British House of Lords, and the denial of their jurisdiction by the House of Lords in Ireland, the famous Declaratory Act was passed, better known by the name of the 6th of George I. which sets forth, that

“Whereas attempts have been lately made to shake off the subjection of Ireland unto the imperial crown of this realm: And whereas the House of Lords in Ireland have of late assumed, against law, a power to examine and amend the judgments of the courts of justice in Ireland: Therefore, be it enacted, that the said kingdom of Ireland is subordinate unto, and dependent upon, the imperial Crown of Great-Britain: and that the King's Majesty, by and with the consent of the Lords and Commons of Great-Britain, has full power and authority to make laws and statutes to bind the people and the kingdom of Ireland. And be it farther enacted, that the House of Lords of Ireland have not any jurisdiction to judge of, affirm, or reverse, any judgment or decree given in any court within the said kingdom.”—The bill having met with the concurrence of the commons, and received the King's assent, became an act of parliament; so that the claim laid by the British House of Peers to jurisdiction over the kingdom of Ireland, was, in case of future opposition, to be backed by the whole strength of Great Britain.”

This is rather a singular mode of deciding a difference. Two parties differ; the stronger oppresses the weaker; the weaker remonstrates, and is answered by a declaration: so that what to-day is fact, to-morrow is precedent; what to-day is injustice, to-morrow is law! The House of Lords in Ireland did not tamely submit to this infringement of their privileges and the national liberty; but Ireland was still poor, weak, and divided; so that after a very short and ineffectual struggle in parliament, she quietly yielded her mouth to the bit, and the authority of England appeared as firm as the Pyramids of Egypt. But the great day of redemption was now at hand. The unfortunate war, as to Britain, of 1775, which exhausted her force and broke her empire, was attended with a recovery of the constitutional independence of Ireland.—The exigencies of England compelled her to withdraw her troops, and the nation was left to her own resources for defence. An army of citizens, self-appointed, self-armed, self-paid and disciplined, rose like an exhalation: from one extremity of the island to the other nothing was heard but the din of arms. Their officers were men of the

first rank, fortune, and abilities; of bravery not to be doubted, and who approved by their conduct that their wisdom was not less: by the most moderate computation they amounted to forty thousand men. Government, which at first had affected to ridicule, was soon taught to respect, if not to dread them. The Volunteers felt their own strength, and were supported by the unanimous voice of the people at large. They formally required a total liberation, first of their trade, and then of their constitution. Great-Britain, and greater in her fall than in her proudest success, felt the justice of their claim. She saw the long and patient sufferings of Ireland; she knew that, in fact, by acceding to her demands she did but sacrifice national pride to national justice; and with equal wisdom and magnanimity gave up what Ireland was resolute to obtain, and the refusal of which would certainly have been followed by a struggle ruinous to the interests, perhaps subversive of the very name of both countries. On a fair statement it will appear, that Ireland gained much; England lost little, if any thing. The repeal of the declaratory law, the supreme jurisdiction of the Irish House of Peers, the power of framing bills originally in the Irish parliament, the mutiny law, and the independence of the Judges; these do not appear to have been unreasonable demands, and therefore they were successful. Ireland having thus secured her external independence, set herself to reform her parliament at home, in the election of which great grievances appear to exist: but here her efforts were not successful; there is, however, a pertinacity in the people of that country which renders it highly probable they will persist until they obtain a reform in the representation.

Such is the account given by M. De Loime of the past and present state of Ireland, which is, as was observed, merely historical. The remainder of the work is said to be “by another hand.” This gentleman is a strenuous and an able advocate for an union between Great-Britain and Ireland. He quotes the opinions of several eminent politicians in its favour; but then—“we lions are none of us painters.”—they are all Englishmen. Whether an union would be a measure advantageous to Ireland or not, we confess ourselves incompetent to decide; but it is certain no measure can be more unpopular on both sides. The English evidently do not wish to give up a share in their commerce, and the Irish are as little inclined to part with their newly-recovered constitution. It is not pleasant to confess it, but we fear it is too

true, that there is not a very cordial national affection between the countries; nor do we hear of any inconvenience resulting from their present mode of connection, which therefore we do not wish to see drawn closer. At any rate, very

many years must elapse before such a measure can become advisable to attempt, if indeed the prejudices both of England and Ireland will ever admit it to be carried into execution.

An Account of the Landed Property of the Crown, as contained in the Report of the Commissioners appointed to enquire into the Land Revenue *. 4to. 12s. 6d. Hooper.

IN our Magazines for July and August we gave an abstract of a very useful and well-written work on the Land-Revenue, by the Hon. Mr. St. John, to which the present publication forms a valuable supplement. It is indeed no other than a *rent-roll* of royal estates, containing a description of all the landed possessions and revenues of the Crown in England and Wales, so far as is entered in the office of the Surveyor-general of the Crown Lands, for the remainder of long terms granted prior to the passing of the civil list act of the first year of Queen Anne, and not yet expired; or under leases granted since that period for terms not exceeding thirty-one years, or three lives; excepting in cases of messuages and tenements, which are allowed to be granted for fifty years, or three lives, conformably to the limitations of the said act. It may be here necessary to observe, that, besides the estates herein mentioned, there are others not entered in the office of the Surveyor-general, which were granted by the Crown for long terms, prior to the accession of Queen Anne: these will become the objects of future attention.

To render this account and abstract as intelligible as possible, the substance is arranged in columns, under distinct heads. The first gives the counties in alphabetical order, with a brief description of the lands, houses, or other hereditaments, demised in each county; then follow the names of the lessees—the dates of the leases—the terms whereby granted, and the periods of expiration—the value of the premises by the latest survey or estimate, according to the Surveyor-general's report—the fines received on renewal—the old rents formerly received—the increased and new rents, discharged and to take place in case new leases shall be granted—and lastly, some observations applicable to the particulars contained in the respective leases.

On looking through this schedule, the first observation that strikes us is the grievous mismanagement of the Land-Revenue in prodigal grants to opulent individuals, by which the Crown is impoverished, at the same time that the receiver is by no

means proportionably benefited. It appears that the actual value of the Crown Lands is 102,626l. 14s. 1½d. while the rents received amount at present to 10,563l. 12s. 1d. with an eventual rise at remote periods and contingencies of 6,221l. 2½d. so that the estate is under-let no less a sum than 85,842l. 1s. 9½d. per annum;—for somewhat less than *one-sixth* of its value! In Berkshire, the value is 1,418l. 19s. and the actual rent 213l. 18s. 3d. In Essex the disproportion is greater, the value being 2,897l. 5s. 4½d. and the rent but 225l. 2s. 7½d. In Kent, the estate is 5,178l. 12s. 10½d. the rent 500l. 18s. 1d. Lincolnshire is estimated at 3,574l. 12s. 6½d. and produces 352l. 10s. 0½d. Norfolk is valued at 1,044l. 12s. 5d. and the rent is 158l. 4½d. Surrey is not behindhand in mismanagement; her value is 6,969l. 18s. 2½d. her produce 639l. 6s. 9½d. or somewhat under a *tenth* of what it should be. Yorkshire is rated by the Surveyor-general at 4,942l. 4s. 7½d. and yields 530l. 6s. 10d. which is very nearly a *ninth* of the real value. But Middlesex out-does all; the rate is 61,024l. 11s. 11½d. and the produce 4,709l. 3s. 7d. or very nearly *thirteen times* less than the real value.

This extreme mismanagement we can hardly hope to see remedied, while the Land-Revenue remains on its present footing; at the same time that it is evident, if it were put in a proper train, it might become an object of national concern. As it now stands, it is an appendage to the Crown to trifle, as to be even disgraceful, producing but 10,000l. a-year; and of those who are benefited by it, a great majority would not feel the loss, if they were even to pay the real value of their farms, instead of a nominal *six-and-eight-pence*. It is therefore our earnest wish that the whole of the Land-Revenue, or at least such part as can be sold without a great loss, be immediately disposed of, and the principal vested, part of it to make good the charges at present sustained by the Land-Revenue, and the remainder for the general service of the nation. The liberality of Parliament in granting one million sterling annually to his Majesty's private use, may well justify the kingdom

* A similar publication of this Report is sold also by Mr. Debrett (the publisher of Mr. St. John's work) in 4to. Price 12s. 6d. Boards.

in expecting, and the King in granting, what, though of little service and less honour to him, may yet contribute in some degree to lighten that heavy and almost intolerable burden under which Great-Britain at present staggers.— Indeed the recent enquiries into this subject, the publication of Mr. St. John's book, which from his situation may be looked on as official, and this last Report of the Commissioners, induce us to hope that Administration meditate a reformation of the Land Revenue. How very necessary some reformation is, will appear from a few extracts, which we shall submit from the Schedule, and which will shew in what a prodigal manner that business is at present arranged.

In Kent, Sir John Shaw holds the manor of Eltham, value 1807l. per annum, for which he pays a rent of 150l. and a fine of 1800l. or one year's income: for this he has a tenure of thirty-one years. Sir Sampson Gideon, in Lincolnshire, holds an estate of 1000l. a year for thirty-one years, for which he pays 110l. and about 2000l. fine. In Middlesex, the Duke of Marlborough pays for his house in the Park 75l. per annum for fifty years, and a fine of 30l. when it is rated, and certainly under-rated by the Surveyor-General 600l. yearly. The Earl of Godolphin has such another hard bargain: his lordship's house in the Park is only worth 350l. a-year, and he is charged with 100l. fine, and the unconscionable rent of 16s. 8d. His lordship's tenure is fifty years. Lady Clifford has an estate from the Crown about Spring-Gardens, granted in 1779, value annually 3130l. for fifty years, for which her ladyship paid less than half of one year's income as a fine, and her rent amounts to the gross sum of 26l. a-year! Earl Gower pays 56l. per annum for fifty years, and a fine of 170l. for his house in Whitehall, estimated at 500l. a-year. His Grace of Richmond, in like manner, is unjustly charged 70l. a-year for fifty years, for a house in Privy Garden, that is not worth above 400l. per annum. The Duke of Portland pays for his messuage in the same place 16s. 8d. whereas the real value is but 200l. annually. Lord Cadogan pays 14l. 6s. 8d. for two messuages in the Privy-Garden, valued at 384l. annually. The Duke of Northumberland is charged for his bargain in Scotland-Yard 13l. 6s. 8d. and it is worth barely 532l. per annum by the valuation. For six separate grants to Rich. Glynn, Esq. the Bishop of Coventry, Lord G. Germaine, Benjamin Leithner, Esq. William Greaves, Esq. and Lord Walpole, amounting to the gross rent of 2000l. per annum, the

actual receipt is 155l. Earl Temple pays for his house in Pallmall, value 350l. a-year, no more than 15l. Sir Caesar Hawkins for seven houses, value 270l. pays 29l. a-year; about a tenth of the value. Lord Cadogan, to make him amends for his bargain in the Privy-Garden, which clears but 370l. annually, has five messuages in Pallmall for 30l. a-year, which are estimated at 240l. Samuel Rush, Esq. for his farm in Piccadilly, value 500l. a-year, is charged 32l. Daniel Graham, Esq. for 460l. annually, is loaded with 20l. a-year rent. Francis Paddey, Esq. is still worse off; for he pays 55l. a-year for 480l. Sir Joseph Andrews, for 520l. a-year, pays 30l. James Jurin, Esq. pays the enormous rent of 12l. 10s. a-year for twenty-one messuages in Swallow-street, Glasshouse-street, and Leicester-street, which cannot produce him above 700l. a-year. Lord Robert Manners, for 1200l. a-year, pays 85l. Thomas Lee, Esq. for 604l. pays 50l. Thomas Pitt, Esq. pays 13s. 4d. for a neat 1000l. per annum. The Hon. George Hamilton, for 2400l. a-year, pays 10s. and Edward Ruffel, Esq. for 1800l. pays 20s.—Of all these estates, where they are in land, the terms are for thirty-one years; where in houses, for fifty.

From these extracts, and they make but a very few of those which we could select, it appears how very necessary reformation is. The grants we have selected are all to men of the greatest consequence, highest rank, or largest fortunes in the kingdom. To such men the rent of their houses must be a very petty consideration; the loss to individuals would be trifling, while the sum produced by proper management might become of material service to the public.

To this general rent-roll are subjoined three Appendixes. No. I. states the Land-Revenue in Queen Mary's time to produce annually 86,620l. 15s. 2d $\frac{1}{4}$. No. II. is a Compendium of the whole Revenue and Profit of the Estates of the Crown under James the First, amounting to 455,366l. 17s. 1d. nett; and No. III. a List of the Names of all the Manors, &c. taken by Survey in the Reign of Charles the First.

Referring our readers to Mr. St. John's excellent observations on this subject, we shall conclude the present article with a wish that the Minister may take speedy, serious, and effectual steps to rescue the Land-Revenue of the Crown from its present state of profligate dilapidation, and put it on a footing at once respectable to the King, and serviceable to the Nation.

An Academy for Grown Horsemen. By Geoffrey Gambado, Esq. Folio. 11. 1s. Hooper.

THIS ludicrous work, formed on the model of Swift's "Advice to Servants," which has produced so many imitations, is, in many instances, executed with very great humour, and irresistibly provokes our laughter. The author gives directions for every possible mode of horsemanship, walking, trotting, cantering, galloping, stumbling and tumbling, illustrated with copper-plates; of which it is enough to say, that they come from the port-folio of Mr. Banbury.

Mr. Gambado arranges his work in the following order: How to chuse a horse; how to tackle him; in what sort of dress to ride him; how to mount and manage him; how to ride him out; and above all, how to ride him home again.

As to the first head, the choice of a horse, he leans mostly to that particular class known by the name of dray-horses, in preference to blooded ones.

"On the road, what dangers do we incur from the weakness of our horses! The pitiful spider-legged things of this age fly into a ditch with you at the sight of a pocket handkerchief, or the blowing of your nose; whereas mount one of these, and the world cannot alter your route:—Meet a higher's cart, he will stop it, either with his own head or your leg; fall in with a hackney coach, and he will carry you slap dash against it."

"The height of a horse is perfectly immaterial, provided he is higher behind than before. Nothing is more pleasing to a traveller than the sensation of continually getting forward; whereas the riding a horse of a contrary make, is like swarming the banners of a stair case, when, though perhaps you really advance, you feel as if you were going backwards.

"Let him carry his head low, that he may have an eye to the ground, and see the better where he steps.

"The less he lifts his fore-legs, the easier he will move for his rider, and he will likewise brush all the stones out of his way, which might otherwise throw him down. If he turns out his toes as well as he should do, he will then disperse them to the right and the left, and not have the trouble of kicking the same stone a second time.

* * * * *

"A bald face, wall eyes, and white legs (if your horse is not a grey one), is to be preferred; as, in the night, although you may ride against what you please yourself, no one will ride against you.

"His nose cannot project too much from his neck, for by keeping a constant tight rein on him, you will then sit as firm as if you were held on.

"A horse's ears cannot well be too long: a judicious rider steers his course by fixing his eyes between them. Were he cropt, and that as close as we sometimes see them now-a-days, in a dusky evening the rider might wander the Lord knows where.

* * * * *

"I have found many persons who have purchased horses of me, very inquisitive and troublesome about their eyes; indeed as much so, as if their eyes were any way concerned in the action of the animal. As I know they are not, I give myself very little trouble about them. If a rider is in full possession of his own, what his horse has is perfectly immaterial; having probably a bridle in his mouth to direct him where to go, and to lift him up with again, if he tumbles down. Any gentleman chusing, indeed, to ride without a bridle, should look pretty sharp at a horse's eyes before he buys him; be well satisfied with his method of going, be very certain that he is docile, and will stop short with a "wohey*," and after all, be rather scrupulous where he rides him. Let no man tell me that a blind horse is not a match for one with the best of eyes, when it is so dark that he cannot see: and when he can, it is to be supposed the gentleman upon his back can, as well as he; and then, if he rides with a bridle, what has he to fear?"

In the article of dress, our author recommends a large white wig, a cocked hat, black plush breeches in summer, and a pompadour or some other flashy-coloured coat, that in case of an accident, as your horse running off across the country, or the like, you may be a more conspicuous object for the pursuit of your friends; or at worst, that they may know in what part of the world to have you *cried*. Your boots and breeches knees must never meet, so that the flap of your saddle chafing you agreeably between them, may satisfy you that your leg is in a proper position.

"Be very careful to spur your horse in the shoulders only; there he has most feeling, because he has most veins; besides, by spurring at his body, five times in six your labour is lost: if you are a short man, you spur the saddle-cloth; if you are leggy, you never touch him at all; and if middling, you

* "I have searched Chambers and Johnson for this Wohey! but cannot find him. I do not recollect such a word in all Shakespeare, and he dealt at large in the language. Neither is it to be met with in Master Bailey's delicate Collection of Provincialisms. What is Wohey?"

only wear out your own girths, without your horse being a bit the better for it."

"On riding eastward or westward, keep your toes due north and south, and *à conversation*."

"Thus your spurs may be brought into play, with little or no exertion; and thus, in turning sharp round a post, your horse may be prevented from hurting himself by running against it."

"The being able to guide a horse, is a matter of some moment on the road, though it may not be so any where else; and I would advise you always to ride with a lash whip; it shews the sportsman, and will assist you much in your steering. If your horse bears too much to the right, of course you drop the reins entirely on that side, and pull them up sharp with both hands on the other; but if that does not answer, you must refer to your whip, and a good smart cut over his right cheek and eye, will soon set him straight again. This is the mode you will see adopted by every judicious pig-driver †; and I am told that a pig is esteemed by judges, to be far more averse to direct progression, than a horse."

"Before ever your horse gets into motion, clap both your spurs into him pretty sharp; this will set him going for the whole day, and shew him you have spurs on, which if he did not know, he might incline to be idle. Thus then you go off with eclat, provided nothing is in your horse's way; and if there is, you have probably put him so on his mettle, that he will leap over it and run away with you. If he should, however, you will make a most spirited and magnanimous appearance."

"When a man is once well run away with, the first thing that occurs to him, I imagine, is how to stop his horse; but men by no means agree in their modes of bringing this matter about. Some will run him at a ditch, which I allow to be a promising experiment, if he leaps ill or not at all. Frenchmen (and the French are excellent horsemen) will ride against one another; no bad way either; and I have seen riders make directly for a stable (if a door happens to be open), and with good effect."

"Of all these methods, I am clearly for

the stable door; because, if entering full speed, you should be afraid of your head, spread out your legs sufficiently, and your horse will go in without you."

"In riding the road, observe in passing a whisky, a phaeton, or a stage-coach, in short, any carriage where the driver sits on the right hand, to pass it on that side; he may not see you on the other; and though you may meet with a lash in the eye, what is the loss of an eye to a leg, or perhaps a neck."

"Should a man on horseback be on the road, and leading another horse, always dash by the led one; you might otherwise set the man's horse capering, and perhaps throw him off; and you can get but a kick or two by observing my instructions."

"In passing a waggon or any tremendous equipage, should it run pretty near a bank, and there be but a ditch and an open country on its other side, if you are on business and in a hurry, dash up the bank without hesitation; for should you take the other side, and your horse shy at the carriage, you may be carried many hundred yards out of your road; whereas by a little effort of courage, you need only graze the wheel, fly up the bank, and, by slipping or tumbling down into the road again, go little or nothing out of your way."

Having laid down these admirable rules, Mr. Geoffrey Gambado concludes poetically with a hope to see his pupils yet on Sunday,

"—————Fearful to be late,
Scour the New Road, and dash thro' Grove-
nor-gate;

Anxious and fearful too his steed to shew,
The proud Bucephalus of Rotten-Row;
Careless he seems, yet vigilantly fly,
Woo's the stray glance of ladies passing by;
While his left heel, insidiously aside
Provokes the caper that he seems to chide."

The Plates, which are most happily adapted to the work, particularly "How to stop your horse," "How to turn any horse, mare, or gelding," "How to ride genteel and agreeable up Hyde-Park," and "How to stop your horse at pleasure," which are irresistibly ludicrous, conclude this very laughable performance.

† "A very *in-judicious* remark this: were a pig to be driven in a hard and sharp, or a Weymouth, and a horse in packthread tied to his hind-leg, it is a matter of doubt with me, whether the latter would drive so handy as the former. As pigs now can play at cards as well as horses, I think it is but fair to suppose them capable of dancing a minuet with equal activity and grace, whatever Mr. Astley may alledge to the contrary. The author is very hard upon pigs."

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.

(Concluded from Page 205.)

THE Sixth Letter is entitled, "An explanation of the apparent contradiction in the actions of the principal Whig Leaders, with respect to America, at two different periods of time."—"The first of these periods (he says) was when Lord Rockingham came into office in April 1782. That excellent nobleman refused to accept the Administration, until the conditions which he stipulated to be performed, were previously agreed to by the Court. One of these stipulations was, that an immediate end should be put to the American war, and the independence of the United States unconditionally granted."—This is a full confirmation of what we stated in a former Review, that the Marquis of Rockingham's last and shortest Administration laid the foundation of an eternal separation between Great-Britain and her refractory Colonies. "The last of these periods (says he) was when the Duke of Portland came into Administration in conjunction with Lord North, Lord Stormont, and Lord Carlisle, men who had hitherto acted upon opposite principles to him."—*Quis talis fando temperet a Iachymis?* Here the names of the main-spring and other Members of the Coalition are carefully avoided which ought to stand foremost on the list, names which constituted the very essence of the Coalition, one side of it at least; but we must leave our Author to wander by himself through the maze which forms the remainder of this letter, and pass by the Seventh Letter, explaining the circumstances attending the formation of Lord Rockingham's Administration, a subject we are not very competent to traverse.

The Eighth Letter, on the necessity of vesting the administration of government in an able and vigorous Minister, begins thus: "Could we suppose a Prince in the situation of having committed faults, it might follow, that he would find a full remedy in expiation; and this by throwing himself into the hands of those, but those only, who had been the tried friends of his family. This country can boast a subject whose character is exactly adapted to

take the lead in administration, even during the most distracted state of affairs."—This is saying a vast deal indeed, in a few words, if these words can be made good; but after the most careful and attentive perusal of this letter, consisting of eighteen pages, describing the man in the most high-flown style of panegyric, we confess ourselves utterly unable to make the application to any man living; or even to guess, with any satisfaction to ourselves, at the man here pretended to be pointed out to public approbation, and as an object of Royal confidence and universal applause; which description he concludes with these words:—"Any Prince whatsoever might accomplish the purposes of ease to himself, his family, and his people, by vesting the administration of his affairs in the hands of such a man as I have here described—a man of integrity, of honour, of ability; supported by families of great property and extensive connections; in fine, possessed of those qualifications, which, by engaging the confidence of all honest men, would put an end to any distractions of the Empire, even in the moment of their arising, and timely guard against the calamities which, in such a case, would threaten the kingdom; and hence peace and happiness to the Prince and people would certainly ensue."—Now we say without reserve, that if there exists such a man as is here described, may he be the Man whom the King shall delight to honour and place all his confidence in, and invest with ample unconfined powers to manage all his affairs foreign and domestic, to the satisfaction of the Prince upon the throne, and the great joy and comfort of all his loyal loving subjects; to which we believe all the people will say AMEN!—Who? where is the man?—Let him be pointed out immediately, without loss of a moment of time. There is not a moment to lose.

The Ninth Letter is on the state of the commerce of Great-Britain before the war; and, indeed, goes on to trace the progress of trade in the war, which he considers principally to have arisen from

the trade of war, as a vast trade in itself, which employed many hands; but the consideration of this article we shall leave to merchants, manufacturers, and others concerned in the trades of peace and war.

The Tenth Letter treats of the State of Commerce of Great-Britain since the peace—reflects severely on the British Administrations for their prohibitory laws and regulations enacted and carried into execution against the Americans, but carefully avoids saying any thing reflecting the least on the United States, for the provocation on their part given to the British Legislature to use these methods.—He says, “It is very probable, that the “dreadful prospect which opens itself to “Great-Britain will soon be matured, “The two great wounds which the commercial part of it may expect, will be “received from the East-India Company, “and the American Merchants. Of the “latter enough has been said: the former cannot be mentioned without horror.”—It is somewhat remarkable that our zealous Author should here couple his beloved Americans with his execrated East-Indians, as the joint cause of the downfall of the British Empire. He then proceeds to draw a pretty striking and true picture of the present state of the East-India Company, and the conduct of their upper-servants; touches upon the conduct of Administration loading the people with taxes for the support of that Company; the commutation-act, and the pernicious consequences accruing to the public from the tea-trade; and adds these emphatical words: “The people, who “have been plundered by the present “Ministers, to pay their duties and their “dividends, are still to be plundered to “pay off their debts, in order to re-establish this monopoly for farther oppression and distress.”—It is well worth the while of Ministers and Parliament to consider attentively, and see whether these things are so or not?

Our Author then goes on to enquire into the advantage or disadvantage derived from a trade with India, and thinks it terminates in an exchange of the silver of Europe for the manufactures and luxuries of the East. He then relates the different ancient modes of merchandize with the East, by the way of the Caspian and Euxine Seas, through Alexandria in Egypt and the city of Venice, which terminated at last in a voyage by the way of the Cape of Good Hope. How long that will continue, he does not take upon him to say, but thinks it would be a much more

natural communication, if the trade should fall back into its ancient channel through Egypt; for which he assigns various plausible reasons, through which we cannot spare room to follow him, nor yet through various other speculations on bullion, gold, and silver, and their effects upon Spain and Portugal.

The Eleventh Letter upon the former and present State of the Manners of the People of Great-Britain, contains many excellent observations, well worthy of the serious consideration of all ranks of people in Great-Britain.

In the Twelfth Letter he ascribes the change of our manners chiefly to the effect which the East-India wealth has produced; wherein he glances at “rings, “bracelets, stomachers, and other equally valuable jewels, torn out of the “mines in the East-Indies, and brought “in haste to ornament the persons of “some of the most fashionable and exalted members of the community in “England;” and at other extraordinary circumstances of India Governors supplanting ancient families in their parliamentary interests and connections, and taking their places, vying with them in magnificence, splendor of mansions, and extravagant living in town and country.

In the Thirteenth Letter, after touching a little on the diminution of respect paid to our Nobility, and the probable causes of the same, Mr. Champion throws out some very severe animadversions on the conductors of our daily newspapers, comparing their number, use, and application formerly, with their present overgrown number, abuse, and deviation from their proper objects, ends, and designs of public utility, to contrary and sinister purposes. We leave these things with a recommendation to the Gentlemen concerned to consider well the charge, how far it is justifiable, and to profit by the reproof, and to shew it in their future diurnal productions, by a careful, circumspect, and manly conduct of their respective papers. He then compares the vices of our Nobility with those of the degenerated Romans, as described by *Cicero* and *Ammianus Marcellinus*; adding, that to debasement of manners, we have added its natural consequence, servility of mind; and concludes this letter with some gloomy remarks on the public debt, and the confusion it is likely, some time, to occasion.

In the Fourteenth Letter he makes a more ample, general, and striking comparison between the manners of LONDON and ROME, in the days immediately preceding

ceding the destruction of that famous city and Republic, which he alleges the riots and conflagrations of 1780 had very nearly realised. "The vast body of the citizens, says he, were then incapable of defending her against an unarmed banditti.—In the year 1780 they did not appear to have the power of action. Had not the military arrived at the very instant in which their fate seemed to be suspended in a doubtful balance, the great and opulent city of London would most probably have been plundered and destroyed: a devastation, which, like that of Rome, would have filled the world with horror and apprehension."—We do not coincide in opinion with our author on this point. If such a thing had happened to London, great would have been the catastrophe, no doubt: yet, even in that case, there would have been a very material and essential difference between the state of ancient Rome in the moment of destruction, and the modern Commonwealth of Great Britain suffering such a calamity in her metropolis. All praise and thanks to Divine Providence that the dire experiment was not made!

The 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th Letters are wholly dedicated to the doctrine of emigration from England—as a land of evils and impending calamities—to America, painted as a land flowing with milk and honey, abounding with plenty springing spontaneously out of the earth, without the husbandman's labour, and almost without his care; pointing out the most eligible situation in America for emigrants to resort to, and be blessed in that happy land,

"Offering its blissful isles and happy seats,
Where annual Ceres crowns th' uncul-
tur'd field,

And vines unprun'd their blushing clus-
ters yield;

Where olives, faithful to their season,
grow;

And figs with nature's deepest purple
glow.

From hollow oaks where honey'd streams
distill,

And bounds with noisy foot the pebbled
rill;

Where goats, untaught, forsake the flow'ry
vale,

And bring their swelling udders to the
pail.

— — — — —
Jove for the just preserv'd these happy
climes;

To which the gods their pious race invite,
And bid me, raptur'd bard, direct their
flight."

Here is a picture, though somewhat curtailed by us, of something better than Canaan, the ancient Land of Promise, and rising near to the description of Paradise, or garden of Eden itself. Now what man or woman, reading and believing all this, would not be tempted to fly upon the wings of the wind to this beatifick country, as here represented?

Our author, however, seems to have believed himself, in hopes of seeing these visions realised, and actually proceeds to point out the most proper employments of emigrants in America, and what descriptions of men are best adapted to the calls and necessities of that country. He goes even so far as to suggest a regular systematic plan for whole bodies to emigrate from Great Britain and Ireland, to form new colonies in America; and for one colony to be the means of seducing, aiding, and assisting another to abandon their native country, with their wealth, riches, arts and sciences, tools and implements of manufactures, mechanics and husbandry, until all the valuable, useful members of the community should be drawn out, and so leave this depopulated country a mere desolate deserted island. Such a delusive romantic dream, portending destruction to the Commonwealth, and ruin to many, many individuals, is not to be endured even in a land of liberty. We therefore reprobate these whole six Letters.

Upon the whole, we look upon the work under consideration as a kind of a political creed, or confession of faith, as now generally adopted among our Anglo-American enthusiasts and furious oppositionists, both in high and low life, containing all their sentiments collected into one point of view; the chief object whereof seems to be to paint Great Britain as a once great and glorious kingdom now crumbling to pieces, and sinking into irretrievable ruin, coloured with the very blackness of despair; apparently with a view to turn the attention of the readers from this gloomy object to the new United States of America, which he paints as a Phoenix of a new unrivalled Empire, rising out of the ashes of the parent kingdom, possessing all her former excellencies and glory, uncontaminated with her spots and blemishes; and to press home upon the minds of Britons a general emigration to America, as the only sure means of avoiding those evils pro-
phesied

phesied to come upon this devoted infatuated land, before the difficulties, already great in England, should increase to such a degree, as to make the removal of a family unpleasant and inconvenient. Indeed, the whole drift of the book seems to be to sicken the good people of Britain of their native country, and to urge them on to seek an asylum in America; and to point out the best method of emigration for individuals, families, kindreds, and whole communities or colonies to embrace and pursue with the most vigorous attention and assiduity. We therefore recommend the readers of the work before us to use great care and circumspection in the perusal, and to make large and liberal allowance for the very strong bias they may see was upon the mind of the author when he wrote it.

We cannot avoid, at the same time,

giving a caution to men in high stations to take special care, that, by their conduct and management of national affairs, they do not realise many of those predictions which the author holds out so positively. And we scruple not to tell them, that many melancholy truths are incontrovertibly stated by him, which well deserve their most serious consideration, in order to profit by the lessons even of our enemies, more salutary and beneficial to us, when attended to, than the false delusive flattery of pretended friends.—*Fas est ab hoste doceri!*—It is lawful, nay it is commendable and truly praise worthy to be taught by the sarcastic ill-natured admonitions of our adversaries. Under such restraint and caution, we could wish every Minister and servant of the Crown would read and ponder well the contents of this extraordinary production.

The Odes of Anacreon; translated from the Greek. By the Rev. D. H. Urquhart, M. A. 4to. 2s. Cadell.

TO transfuse the beauties of old Anacreon into the English tongue, it requires the nicest touches of art, added to no small share of congeniality of disposition in the translator. To neither of these requisites has Mr. Urquhart any pretensions. Instead of aiming to catch the spirit or fire of the author, his sole object seems to be, to render the meaning li-

terally, faithfully, and, as it were, *verbum verbo*. This being the case, insipidity is the sole characteristic of the version before us; which has not even the merit of being illustrated with notes either critical or explanatory, or with the smallest remark tending to exhibit in its true light the character of Anacreon, or of the period at which he lived.

A Trip to Holland; containing Sketches of Characters: together with Curfory Observations on the Manners and Customs of the Dutch. 12mo. 2 vols. 6s. Becket.

THIS trip is of the *sentimental* class, and confessedly formed on the model presented to the fancy of the author by the *Sentimental Journey* of "poor *Yorick*." The work, though upon the whole rather frivolous, and abounding more in caricatures than faithful pictures of the manners and customs of the Dutch,

is not destitute of merit. We are apt to think, however, that the author would in general have pleased more, had he in general *endeavoured* to please less, merely by an affectation of—what he is incapable of imitating with success—the *Shandyan* manner.

The Romance of Real Life. 3 vols. 12mo. Cadell. 9s. 1787.

THIS Romance, or more properly these Romances are abstracts of several remarkable cases in the jurisprudence of France. The incidents in many of them, though indisputably authenticated, are infinitely more astonishing, and, at least, as instructive as those of the romances of fiction. The great design of this little work is, to caution us against hasty and premature judgments, even when appearances are most strong, and most especially when the life and character of an individual are

at stake, by shewing us how often the high courts of justice in France, after mature thought and close investigation, have been grossly and palpably erroneous in their decision, to the murder of many unhappy wretches, and the eternal degradation of their families. To an Englishman it is meet cause for triumph, that while not a year elapses in France without repeated instances of such misjudgment, in his own country centuries have passed over without a blemish on our tribunals; ere, among

ten thousand proofs, of the superior excellency of the British constitution, and its sacred palladium, Trial by Jury.

These little stories are related in a plain, but pleasing style; and the name of the

author from whom it is abstracted, is subjoined to each. On the whole, we found it an amusing little work, and as such we recommend it.

Select Odes from the Persian Poet Hafez. Translated into English Verse, with Notes critical and explanatory, by John Nott. 4to. 10s. 6d. sewed. Cadell.

TO the lovers of oriental literature—those especially who are yet but young in the study of the Persian language—this elaborate but ingenious production will be found a valuable present. With all the sprightly endowments, and voluptuous propensities, which endeared Anacreon to ancient Greece, Hafez, the celebrated Bard of modern Shiraz, not unoften unites a vein of morality and sentiment which places him in a point of view superior to that in which the old *inspired* Son of Bacchus chose generally to exhibit himself*.

Of the Poet Hafez it is, indeed, no small praise, that in the brilliancy of his wit, added to the charms of his versification, there were such charms as to induce the most powerful sovereigns of the East to solicit the encomiums of his Muse; that even by all the proffered pomp and splendor of Courts he could not be induced to relinquish the humble enjoyments of literary retirement; and that the effusions of his imagination were not only the admiration of the jovial and the gay, but the manual, as it were, of *piety* to the superstitious sons of Mahomet, *oracularly* determining to them the councils of the wise, and prognosticating the fate of armies, and the rise or the downfall of nations.

In his preface, Mr. Nott disclaims all pretensions to novelty of remark upon the productions of his author, but pays a just tribute of respect to the Count Reviski,

and to Mr. Richardson, and to Sir William Jones; professing to have trodden in their steps, though not so implicitly as to preclude the exercise of his own judgment. For the merit of having endeavoured to direct the attention of the public to what had been before said by others, our translator courts no praise. In the work now published, he has exhibited in an English dress, only *seventeen* of the Odes of Hafez; but he has accompanied them with the originals, which, when carefully compared with the elegant versions of Mr. Nott, and particularly with his notes upon them, will, in our opinion, be of no small utility in promoting—what has long been wanted both in a literary and commercial view—a scientific knowledge of the Persian tongue.

In the farther prosecution of this idea, Mr. Nott gives us reason to expect, that should the specimen before us be favourably received, his future labours will contain more accurate and more profound researches into the language of Persia; claiming to himself, in the mean time, the privilege (which far be it from us to deny him) of being tried not by the excellence or imperfection of his work, considered abstractedly, but by its correspondence with the plan he professes to have laid down—a plan, in the execution of which he discovers, it must be confessed, no small degree of ardour, if not actual enthusiasm.

The History of Miss Greville. 3 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d bound. Cadell.

IN these volumes we discover little novelty of character, little variety of adventure, but much *morality* of instruction, clothed in language which if it does not

always deserve the praise due to grammatical purity, seldom fails to please by its vivacity, or to interest by its animation.

The grand object of the work being to

* From the life prefixed of Hafez by our Translator, we learn that he was cotemporary with Tamerlane, who was exceedingly displeas'd with him for having said in one of his Odes, that "he would give for the mole on the cheek of his beloved all Samarcand and Bokhara."—

In the comment on this little passage, a curious portrait is presented of Oriental manners.—Tamerlane, it seems, thought that Hafez meant to undervalue the towns of Samarcand and Bokhara, when he had offer'd to barter *their riches* for the mole on his favourite's cheek. Upon this, "our bard is reported to have said, *How can the gifts of Hafez impoverish Timur?* meaning, that *poets in general had nothing to give*; and that they might lavish away kingdoms in their vertes, without doing the smallest injury to their royal possessors. Tamerlane acknowledged that he was more pleas'd with the poet's *wit*, than with the utmost panegyric his *song* could have bestow'd."

evince by *example*, that a *first attachment* of the heart may be *weakened*, at least, if not wholly *conquered*, by the united aids of *reason* and *resolution*, let us see with what powers of *imagination* our author has established a doctrine which has created a world of *words* among philosophers of "school-taught pride," but about which, we believe, among those who ever *truly* felt in their early years the force of a *first impression*, there never was, nor is likely to be, but *one opinion*.

Into the *morality* of the question we look not, nor have we, at present, any business to look. It is to the general *truth* or *fallacy* of the system we should direct our enquiries.

From the story of Miss Greville we learn, that the heroine of the piece is deeply enamoured of an amiable and deserving youth, Lord Rivers, who in return loves her with a boundless affection. Before the virtuous purpose of their mutual flame can be accomplished, his Lordship finds it necessary to repair to America; and, during the interval of his absence, all the letters he writes to the young lady are intercepted by her father. Stung with this apparent inattention in the mistress of his affections, he is told, and he believes, that she has formed an engagement with another; while she, from the mere circumstance of his silence, concludes him to be, *like the rest of his sex*, faithless and inconstant.

While, in consequence of these base

proceedings, the lovers are to an extreme anxious and unhappy about each other, the father of Miss Greville becomes involved in pecuniary difficulties; and, as his *generous* friend in those difficulties, he introduces to her acquaintance Sir Charles Mortimer. Miss Greville is *charmed* with generosity; and *doubtly* is she charmed with it when, *by methods that cannot alarm the nicest sensibility*, he relieves her wants with still more generosity than he had relieved those of her father.

Of all these *generous* proceedings the consequence is, that in a very short space of time Miss Greville becomes Lady Mortimer. While they are yet at the height of *wedded happiness*, Rivers returns; and all the frauds that had been practised to delude both him and his *still-loved* Greville, are exhibited in their naked colours. It now appears, that Rivers and Mortimer had themselves lived formerly in habits of intimate friendship. The lady, however, rises superior to her *former* passion. She sees, and she is impressed with the vast debt of *gratitude* due to Mortimer; nor will she deviate from that line of conduct which *Virtue should dictate to his wife*. The consequence is, that—thanks to the influence of *gratitude* and *esteem* over the silly passion, called *love*, in the bosom of the heroine of the piece—the abused, the wretched Rivers returns to America, and—to the *disgrace of the author*—is KILLED.

Alan Fitz-Osborne, an Historical Tale. By Miss Fuller. 2 vols. 12mo. G. Murray.

IN this "*Historical Tale*," while both truth and history are wantonly set at defiance, we find many beauties of imagination deformed with many absurdities of taste.

The story of the piece, under Miss Fuller's management, interests the *passions* of the reader, while it offends his *judgment*; and so "puzzled in mazes" is he while endeavouring to develop the various incidents of *incongruity* which compose the work, that he must be blessed with more patience than has fallen to our lot, if he does not "ever and anon" exclaim to himself, "*Chaos is come again!*"

But from this rude, heterogeneous fiction, let us endeavour to form *something* like a regular fabric of truth.—An outline, then, we will attempt to give of the story, as exhibited before us; not, how-

ever, without bestowing upon it every stigma, where stigma may appear due.

Alan Fitz-Osborne, "the mighty hero of this *mighty* tale," is the son of an Earl of that name, and of Matilda, the heiress of De Burgh, who lived at the period of our third Henry. The Earl has a brother, who is represented to be a wretched and most contemptible creature;—one, however, who *loves* Matilda, and who, borne away by the impetuosity of his illicit, his infamous *desires*, is disposed to *hope all, dare all*, in the pursuit of them.

Walter is the name of this brother; and by the virtuous Matilda his brutal passion is rejected with equal indignation and scorn.

In the mind of a man possessed of sentiments far more elevated than those of Walter,

Walter, a sudden transition from extreme love to extreme aversion is natural. But *aversion alone* pervades not the bosom of Walter after his repulse from Matilda. He meditates, and he accomplishes her death, after having by the basest machinations contrived to send her husband to the *Holy Land*, where rumour spreads it that the good Earl had fallen in battle.

In the mean time, Edward, the eldest son of King Henry, having passed the years of infancy, begins, with all the pride of manhood, to join the pious followers of the Cross*. At the departure of the Earl—the meek, it would appear too, the *simple* Earl—Alan was entrusted to the care of the perfidious Walter, who, thirsting still for blood, not only persecuted him with a relentless, though unprovoked vengeance, but made a base attempt upon his life.

At length the illustrious youth, in defiance of all opposition, arrives safely in the *sanctified* territory of Palestine. There he behaves like a Hero—a *Christian* Hero; and after many triumphant engagements, as a Champion of the *Cross* against the multitudinous and multiform Champions of the *Crescent*, he obtains a truce from the mighty Sultan of Babylon.

In the course of this truce the victorious Alan, overcome with melancholy, becomes, amidst all his conquests, enamoured of solitude; and, throwing from him the *laurels* he had acquired,

passes the interval in "*inglorious ease*," among the woods of Joppa.

In those woods—mark it, reader!—the youth discovers his *long-lost father*, who was *supposed* to have fallen in battle, but who—mark it again!—sunk into melancholy like his son—had become an ANCHORET. But *why* did he become an Anchorer? The beaux and belles of *our day* will laugh when we tell them, that the reason was, *he doubted the fidelity of his WIFE*.

Wars, however, and even the *rumours* of wars, at length cease. And what is the consequence? An incident from which we are informed, that the dutiful youth brings his father back to England; where, uniting himself to a woman of virtue, he is represented to be blessed, *supremely* blessed, in the arms of Love, Peace, and Friendship.

Love, Peace, and Friendship!—Often in the course of these volumes have such *care-soothing* expressions met our ears; but so it has happened, that they have but few striking instances truly *reached our hearts*. Miss Fuller, however, must not be dismissed till we have paid her the compliment (and it exceeds a compliment, for it is a *truth*) of observing, that amidst all the imperfections of her work, there is a *nerve* in her style of which many *gentlemen*-authors might be proud, and of which it will please us to see a repetition on a subject more favourable to her talents than that of Alan Fitz-Osborne.

The Adventures of Monsieur Provence, being a Supplement to the Englishman's Fortnight at Paris. Translated from the French. 12mo. 2 vols. 6s. sewed. Kearsley.

HERE are few of our readers, who should suppose, who do not recollect—recollect too with some pleasure—the *Milord* who shone so conspicuously in the *Quinzaine Anglois*, or "Englishman's Fortnight at Paris." Be this as it

may (as in the world of literature there are many *strange* disguises) we cannot help suspecting the "Supplement" before us to be a production of the very pen that produced the work itself.

In the moral of each, certain it is, that

* In perusing a *Tale*, even when dignified with the epithet *historical*, we expect not to "see things as they are," nor even as they literally were; but here, or rather in what follows, we find a gross, an improper, and—what is unpardonable—an *unnecessary* deviation from truth. On this subject what says History?—What, consonant to History, does even the Muse of Thomson say in his Edward and Eleanor?—There we learn that Edward was accompanied to the Holy Wars by his dear, his virtuous Eleanor; that he was wounded by a poisoned arrow; and that, with an affection and a fortitude that have already immortalised her name, she sucked from his deadly sore the venom, preserving his life by the deed, while she manifestly endangered her own.—Alas! Miss Fuller, where was your recollection, when you omitted this *grand* historical fact? Of what avail might it not have been to you, even in the formation of a *Tale*? In such cases, Miss, *away with your "SALVES!"*—At present, criticism—and sorry are we to say it—CRITICISM admits not of a single SALVO for you, when, like another good Lady Bountiful, you represent the cure in question to have been accomplished by *SALVE* merely.

no two pieces can be more different; for as in the one we behold a man of real merit, who, with all the advantages that might be supposed to flow from superior birth, superior education, and even superior talents, is suffered to pine in obscurity and want, so in the other we have the picture of a wretch, who, merely through stratagem and intrigue, obtains both wealth and honour.

The object of the present work is to shew, that "genius, honour, and voracity, shut almost every door against him who possesses them;" and we wish there were not some truth in the remark, when the author boldly declares, that Genius is often despondent and miserable while Folly stalks abroad successful and triumphant.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Bromley, Oct. 3, 1787.

GENTLEMEN,

NOT any of the Grammars or Dictionaries I have yet seen, have taken any notice of the word *as*, but as a Conjunction.—It has even escaped the observation of the late learned Dr. Johnson, though in his Dictionary he has quoted a sentence from Tillotson in which it occurs twice, but not reconcilable to that part of speech which is called a Conjunction. The sentence alluded to is this: "Is it not every man's interest, that there shou'd be *such* a Governor of the world *as* designs our happiness, *as* wou'd govern us for our advantage?" Vide Johnson's Dict. *As* 19, answering to *such*.

In remarking upon this, I would not be thought by any means to dictate to *such* a one *as* Johnson was; but if any future English Grammar or Dictionary shall make its appearance, may it not be thought worth the author's while to take more notice of this word than what has been hi-

ther to done, and give it a place among Relatives? I admit that all Relatives have the nature of Conjunctions—but few Conjunctions have the nature of Relatives.—In the above sentence, and others of the same kind, the word *as* must (in my opinion at least) be as much a Relative as the words who, which, that, &c. But admitting it a Conjunction, where is the nominative case to the verbs *designs* and *wou'd govern*? If it be a Conjunction in this case, the sentence must be elliptical, which, I think, is not necessary. In translating it into any other language, as *Latin* or *French*, should we not use *talis* and *qualis*, *tel* and *quel*, &c.? These few crude observations I have thrown together in hopes of seeing it more intelligently handled by some of your more ingenious Correspondents, if these observations should be deemed worthy of an insertion in your useful and entertaining Magazine.

Your's, Gentlemen,

K—H—

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

Dover.

THE following Anecdote may be depended on as a fact. Its insertion in the European Magazine will further oblige your correspondent

RUSTICUS.

ANECDOTE OF J. J. ROUSSEAU.

IN the year 1767, Rousseau, piqued at the neglect with which he found himself treated in this kingdom after his ridiculous charges against his friend David Hume, quitted Wootton in Derbyshire very abruptly—even without acknowledging the many civilities he had received from Mr. Dayenport, to whom the house he had resided in belonged, and for the use of

which he was indebted to that gentleman's friendship for Mr. Hume. On his arrival at Dover, in Kent, as the wind or tide did not serve for the passage-boats to sail immediately, he received an invitation to dine with P—F—, Esq. a respectable character of that place. Whilst at table, he expressed the greatest impatience to be at sea, and could not be persuaded but

Mr.

Mr. F—— had been requested by General Conway, then Secretary of State, to detain him. In this belief he arose from table repeatedly, ran to the window, and eagerly looked if the wind was fair. At last, in spite of every assurance from his kind entertainer, that he was at liberty to do as he pleased, his fears so overcame his reason, that he hastened on board the boat, which then lay dry in the harbour, and shut himself up in the cabin. At this want of confidence in John James, Mr F—— asked his governante, an elderly lady who resided with him under that appellation, what method it would be most eligible to pursue to bring the eccentric philosopher from his hiding-place. She, well acquainted with all his extravagancies, and with her own power over him, went, at Mr. F——'s request, after the runaway. She began with displaying the very impolite manner in which he had returned the attentions of that gentleman, and how much beneath a man of sense it was to act as he had done. Every one who knows any thing of Rousseau, knows the opinion he entertained that every individual, every nation combined to render him an object of contempt and misery. He supposed that every one knew his person and his history, and thence became suspicious of every one. With this idea ever in his mind, he was apprehensive that the account of the wind's not being fair, was only a pretext to detain him in this kingdom. What could induce him to suppose the English wished to hinder his return to France, it would be difficult, I believe, to ascertain. Be that as it may, the good lady's rhetoric was all given to the wind. At last, vexed at the obstinacy of John James, she began to menace and abuse him most unmercifully, with all the warmth of female indignation. This had the desired effect; the poor philosopher, ever wishing to live in peace, and yielding more to the violence of her rage than the force of her arguments, followed the good lady, trembling, to the shore.

He returned to Mr F——'s house, and conversed sociably with that gentleman and his family till late in the evening. Among other things he expressed a fear that there might be in his writings some sen-

timents which the vulgar misunderstanding, and his enemies misrepresenting, would prove prejudicial to the interests of religion. He said he wrote to men of sense and feeling only—always from the heart, and with the purest intentions.—“ I am not ignorant of the human mind, (continued he) I know what influence the writings of a man even so little known to some as I am, may have upon the thoughtless part of mankind. Hence I tremble to think of the effect which the Confessions of Faith of a Savoyard Vicar, published in my Treatise on Education, may produce in the minds of the weak and undiscerning! I am the most miserable of men! Before I commenced author, no one enjoyed life with greater delight than I did! At the age of forty, a question proposed by the Academy of Sciences at Dijon in Burgundy, raised my ambition to become an author. Success made me foolish enough to continue one, and from that period have I been the most persecuted, banished, and unhappy of the human race. Every circumstance of my life has been maliciously held forth to the public view, and always in a false light.”

Rousseau was a man of great sensibility, but that sensibility degenerating into weakness, proved a source of distrust and inquietude to himself and all that surrounded him. With all his powers of mind he had but little knowledge of what is termed the World. He knew the heart of man, but he knew it only in its state of purity, before custom, luxury, and necessity, had made it what we now see.

A few years after his return to the continent, Rousseau married the woman mentioned above as his governante. To the best of my information she is still living.

I have, somewhere, a copy of French verses written by Rousseau on his wife, which a gentleman, just returned from France, put into my hands a few weeks since. As I have not seen them in print, they shall be at your service very soon, being at present mislaid.

N. B. In your last Magazine, page 235, column 2, line 12, for *livery* read *living*, as it was in my copy.—“An epithet drawn from art degrades nature,” says Dr. Johnson.

DIALOGUE OF THE DEAD

BETWEEN A FAQUIR AND A VESTAL.

By Mr. MERCIER.

Faquir.

OF what service has it been to me, during forty years, to be driving nails in my buttocks, sleeping whilst upon my legs, suspending myself by a rope over the flames, or looking at the tip of my nose until it was illuminated? I believed I should have gone straight to the paradise of our Holy Prophet, and there enjoyed the blue-eyed Houries. I am finely deceived! I have neither body nor wife; I am no longer any thing but a poor wandering shade, that a blast of wind sends from one side to another; I have not even the desires I restrained; and all this the better to taste the celestial enjoyments.

Vestal. You have great reason to complain truly! Were you buried alive, like me? They certainly waited until you were dead before you were buried.

Faq. You must surely have been, then, in a desperate trance?

Vest. No. A senate who called themselves the legislators of the earth, and a people who conquered it by their arms, condemned me to that punishment.

Faq. You must, then, have been a traitress to the state?

Vest. No.

Faq. What had you done, then?

Vest. What did I do!

Faq. You hesitate.

Vest. There are certain things we cannot relate without reluctance.—

Faq. Why? What we did with our bodies above has no relation to our present situation; it is a kind of covering we have thrown off, and is now foreign to us. Let us honestly own our past follies; I was an idiot all my life, mortifying, scourging, flashing my poor body that could not but—You do not seem to have done as much.—Come, do not blush, tell me all; what signify a few spots on the clothes that are no longer ours?

Vest. (*sighing*) Do you know Rome?

Faq. No.

Vest. How! Yet it conquered the whole world.

Faq. The whole world! Not so neither; I protest I never heard any mention made of Rome. But what connection is there between that city and your extraordinary instrument?

Vest. I was born in that city, the mistress of the Universe. They attributed their preservation to some bucklers which fell from Heaven, and keeping up a fire which came down in the same manner.

Faq. That was a strange kind of super-

stition in a people whom you represent as governing the whole earth by their arms and laws!

Vest. The keeping up this sacred fire, deposited in a temple, was entrusted to young girls. I was chosen to watch over this celestial fire; and as they believed the empire would be endangered if it was suffered to go out, the law punished our negligence with death. We were, moreover, commanded to preserve our virginity on pain of being buried alive.

Faq. Ah! I now distinctly perceive why you were buried before you died. But I am much astonished that such a conquering nation should attach its great and proud destiny to the frail security of virginity.

Vest. They did every thing to make us forget this sacrifice; rank, dignity, respect, riches, every thing was granted us. The most honourable seats at public spectacles were reserved for us. The axes and fasces were carried before us, and those of the Consuls bowed down to us. If a criminal fell in our way, our meeting confirmed his pardon and saved him from punishment.

Faq. Those were extraordinary privileges. But amidst those honours and universal respect, you did not think you had amends enough made you?

Vest. Notwithstanding the tremendous law, the shame, the most cruel death with which I was threatened, I became—sacriligious.

Faq. The violation of your oath had, then, very alluring charms, madam?

Vest. The executioners, the desolation of Rome, of my family, the pontiffs, the fulminations of Heaven and earth, all vanished in presence of my lover.—He risked as much as I.

Faq. Then I have nothing more to say.—

Vest. When I promised to live chastely, serenity then filled my soul, and the innocent life I led could not inform me of the extent of the sacrifice. But solitude soon destroyed the veil of infamy. I felt an insupportable void; my imagination penetrated the temple's walls, and far distant from its melancholy enclosure sought the object it delighted to adorn with all manner of perfection. My duty appeared severe; encompassed with the homage of my country, I envied the obscure liberty of the meanest citizen. I saw nothing at length in this unextinguishable fire, placed on Vesta's altar, but the emblem of the useless flame that fired my breast.

Faq. You were more enlightened at least than

than me. I was first the dupe of all the extravagancies to which I became a victim. I was honestly a martyr, which is very rare. But tell me something of your lover, the name of this sacrilegious man.—The story is interesting.

Vest. His name was Valerius. One day I saw him at the temple viewing me attentively; it seemed as if a fiery dart had pierced my heart: I caught a look, and was enlightened, as if surrounded with a new existence. Nature seemed embellished; I tasted, for the first time, the forerunner of happiness. Whenever I suspected my lover to be within the enclosure of the temple, I walked with more grace and dignity: he viewed me, concealed, in the crowd; frequently on great solemnities. I was surrounded with acclamations, and this profane crowd knew not for whom I assumed the noble deportment, and added to the pomp of the worship of which my lover was the secret divinity. But when the crowd retired, the temple being shut, every thing around me was gloomy darkness; my soul was engrossed by shuddering melancholy and wretched despair. I rent the solitary walk with my groans.—I said to myself, I love; and Valerius, in the midst of Rome, surrounded by easy and seducing beauties, will condemn a conquest which will be dangerous; he will not have the resolution to encounter death for me; the charms of all the Roman ladies are offered him, they vie with each other for him, they attach him, they draw him away by turns. Must I, then, remain in ignorance whether I am beloved? and am I condemned to live in so cruel an uncertainty?

Fig. Your lover, perhaps, said as much on his part?

Vest. He guessed my thoughts, and from that moment he was worthy of me.—On the first festival he came to the temple. My companions and I were all arranged in order; we carried the sacred vases, and went round the sanctuary in procession with solemn steps: a slight veil concealed us, but did not prevent us from seeing every one of the spectators. Valerius had fixed himself in the foremost rank of the people. When I came very near him I cast a glance at him, which was half concealed by my veil. In reply, he laid his hand upon his heart, and in an instant his eyes darted lightning, and were moistened with tears. My sight almost failed me. Fainting, I had like to have dropped the vase from my hand, but hope and joy filled my heart. Satisfied and proud of my conquest, I advanced boldly to the steps of the altar, and no longer doubted but he would dare undertake every thing for me.

Fig. You interest me, priestess. I, who

never heard of love in my life, you give me a description of it after my death. Still I feel that there is something in it.—Come, let me hear the end of this adventure.

Vest. The night following I watched in the temple, to keep alive the sacred flame. This only glimmering fire enlightened the majestic space; when it grew pale, the vaulted roof inspired a religious awe; but in the dreary solitude, I thought I saw the image of my lover wandering and multiplied about me. I extended my arms towards Heaven, with some inarticulate expressions, deterred at the thoughts of a culpable vow; and by an opposite sentiment, I clasped the statue of Vesta, and exclaimed—“Oh, goddess! if I offend thee, grant that the coldness of the marble may possess my heart! I burn, and am the votary of another power. What avails it thee, that the sacred fire should be constantly fed by the hand of a virgin? Why should my homage be less pure by dividing my heart between thy worship and that of Love?”—Whilst I pronounced these words, I heard a noise in the dome of the temple. Turning my head, at one of the avenues I perceived a man ready to pass the barrier that separated us. I endeavoured to cry out, but my voice was reluctant. Sliding down by the cord, he fell with all his weight at my feet. I trembled all over, because I expected the pavement of the temple to be covered with his blood.—I ran to him and raised him.—“I was Valerius; but he could not speak. He rested his head and hands on one of the pillars. My heart was rent, but he soon recovered himself, and we strayed, hand in hand, in the vast labyrinth of this solitude. Our expressions and our hearts were confused: the intoxication, the sweet delirium of love, deprived me of all ideas of the place wherein I was, as well as of the deposit confided to my charge. Wandering absorbed in transports unfeared before, and more overwhelmed with my lover’s ecstasy than my own, the hours fled; the past and future all disappeared. Valerius became the god of the temple, and, entirely devoted to him, I did not perceive that darkness was surrounding me every where, that it augmented, and that it was overspreading the sacred recesses. The glimmering fire now cast its last expiring shade.—I perceived the danger; I broke from my lover’s arms; I ran, the flame grew pale, wavered, and seemed, for an instant, to revive, but its rays expired just as I came up to the altar. A slight smoke which exhaled, pronounced my death and punishment. Valerius instantly joined me; he seized my cold and frozen hand, and, whilst I was just dying, supported me.—I implored Vesta, I implored Love.—Valerius, with a bold blast, recalled the extinguished flame.—
Gods!

Gods! he was not guilty.—In an instant I saw the sacred fire revive and shine again.

Faq. What obligations were you not under to *Vesta*!

Vest. What obligations was I not under to *Love*! *Valerius* appeared more adorable to me; the danger I had experienced made him still more dear to me. I pressed him in my arms, and, for the first time, the tears of *Gratitude* equalled those of *Love*.

Faq. I imagine you were not very ungrateful.

Vest. Alas! amidst the expressions of the most lively tenderness, my joy was not complete; I already felt the horror of separation. The dawn appeared, and I had occasion for a supernatural courage to chase him from the temple. The seventh day resumed my duty of priestesses in rotation—

Faq. Which you long hoped for.

Vest. I appointed to meet him in the same place at the same hour, and he was certain of the same return of love, as I could have wished to annihilate the interval of those slow and cruel hours between moments so short and delicious.

Faq. You have made me shudder at the risks you ran, whilst the flame was glimmering. How, then, did you dare to venture again seven days after?

Vest. Ah! *Faquir*, thou hast never loved, I see; thou hast only seen the *Houries* by the strength of thy imagination. Now learn what thou art a stranger to.—Observe that desire, youth, the novelty of objects may have seduced and influenced me to take the first step; but love caused the second: love had imprinted on my soul a certain character of impatience and eagerness to which I totally abandoned myself. I was proud to love; a sentiment so novel filled every object which had any connection with my happiness with the same fire that influenced me. I wished for the seventh day; I implored the sun, impatient of his tardy approach—I wished to hasten his western fall, and cause him to accomplish in one day the revolution of the tedious period. Ah! *Faquir*, surely I may be allowed to lay open the weakness for which I have suffered so cruelly.

Faq. I cannot but admire how much you were an *Anti-Vestal*.

Vest. Consider this temple as removed, and you might view me as a lover, a spouse, perhaps a happy mother!

Faq. That is all very well; and whilst, during forty-five years, I have mortified myself, what good has it produced to the world? I previously thought I was exercising airs of virtue.—I find there were as great fools in Rome as in my country; that is some consolation at least, and I may imagine the epide-

mic disorder is universal.—But did *Valerius* come back on the seventh day?

Vest. Alas! he did, to his misfortune, and to mine.

Faq. How?

Vest. Some suspicions having arisen, his steps were traced.

Faq. Ah, I tremble for him; that was bold indeed.

Vest. *Faquir*! *Vesta* was revenged!

Faq. Oh! what a cruel goddess! But why would you create such deities yourselves?

Vest. She reigned before I was born; consequently I was subservient to such powers, even when I came into the world. Ah! *Faquir*, pity me! I gave myself up to the ecstacy of a happy and contented love. Grief and fear were banished from my mind. Serene as if fortunate, I indulged myself in a silent tenderness, where voluptuousness, less poignant but milder, seems to identify us to the object we adore. Our souls in unison, accorded in the same thoughts and sentiments. But how shall I describe the horror that succeeded this happy state! Doleful and increasing screams resounded from the vaults of the temple; the attendants entering with flambeaux in their hands, dispelled more welcome darkness.—Enraged priests—

Faq. Priests! Ah, you were undone! I thank I already see you in the fatal dungeon.

Vest. The dejection of my afflicted companions, the silent reproaches visible on their countenances, the indignation of all the spectators, but, above all, the sight of my lover bound, struggling in vain, and casting his last parting looks on me—image but to yourself all those circumstances, which at once attacked my eyes, my ears, my heart! I instantly perceived the conformation which, from the narrow limits of this temple, would extend over Rome and the whole empire. One would have thought it was on the point of ruin. I was stripped of my priestly ornaments, which were handled with horror; all orders of the state foreboded the most dreadful disasters; all manner of business, as well public as private, was suspended; you would have imagined that *Valerius*, by having captivated me, had broken the talisman that supported not only Rome but the whole universe.

Faq. It was very extraordinary that a people of so much importance should have chosen such a talisman.

Vest. Sentence of death was soon pronounced on me by the unanimous voice of all the pontiffs, who condemned me to be interred in a cave, where with cruel pity they had provided bread, water, milk, and a funeral lamp, as to make the victim taste the apparatus of death, and to lengthen out its torment.

As I was led to my grave, the crowd fell back; I was forsaken by all friends and relations. I was surrounded by priests, judges, executioners, who, with a gloomy silence, held down their dejected heads. The grand pontiff, when on the point of compelling me to the fatal ladder, which was to separate me for ever from the living, began to exhort me, and talk to me of the Gods; but I silenced him. "Stop, barbarian," said I, "do not touch me. I can descend without thy help into the bowels of the earth; there I shall hear no more of thy sanguinary rites. Dost thou pretend to judge of love? I die, since Valerius is to die. I have transgressed the laws of Vesta, but those of Nature are more sacred and more ancient. If in my youth and inexperience I blindly wore the chains of superstition, I had a right to cast them off when I attained to reason and sentiment. Avaunt! your fire will die on the altar of Vesta; but the fire of love will never be extinguished, because it is lighted up by the hand of the great Author of Nature. This is the fire I cherish, this I have carefully preserved, and in death only it will abandon me; I should say rather, it will survive my ashes."

Faq. This discourse had no effect upon the priests?

Vest. No. I descended into the tomb that

awaited me, whilst they filled up the entrance. Judge what I suffered, seeing the earth falling around me, and burying me in a narrow space, near a lamp which was to be extinguished only with my life. What remains to be told is inexpressible; a slow death; a thousand deaths; from despair to annihilation, and from annihilation to despair. To suffer thus for love, what dreadful moments! But during the long course of this misery I never reproached my lover. Love was in my heart, and seemed to alleviate my horrible sufferings. I murmured the name of Valerius, and my greatest torment was to be ignorant of his fate. The only remorse I had was to have been the cause of his misery. I excused my own, and I never ceased thinking of Valerius till an end was put to my existence.

Faq. We must forget what is past, as it is pretty equal at present whether we were happy or unhappy above. Life is only to us as a dream half effaced. Let no gloomy remembrance trouble the peace we now enjoy. Leave that wretched Rome and her priests to themselves. Do you think they still have Vestals there?

Vest. Do you think there are any Faquirs yet existing?

Faq. Yes—Farewel, priestsess.

LETTERS of the late Mr. STERNE.

(Continued from Page 136.)

LETTER XVI.

To ———.

Sunday Evening

Do not imagine, my dear fellow—and do not suffer, I beseech you, any pedantic, cold-hearted fellow to persuade you—that *sensibility is an evil*. You may take my word on this subject, as you have been pleased to do on many others—that sensibility is one of the best blessings of life—as well as the brightest ornament of the human character.

You do not explain matters to me, which, by the bye, is not fair; but I suppose, from the tenor of your letter, which is now beside me, that you have been made a dupe of by some artful person—who, I am disposed to think, is some *cunning dog*—and that, under the impressions of this game that has been played you, your vanity is alarmed, and your understanding piqued; and then you lay all this dire grievance, in a very pettish manner, let me tell you, at the door of your sensibility. And, which is worse than all the rest, you write to me as if you really believed yourself to be in earnest, in all the see-saw observations you have written to me on the subject.

Be assured, my dear friend—if I thought the sentiments of your last letter were not the

sentiments of a sickly moment—if I could be made to believe, for an instant, that they proceeded from you in a sober, reflecting condition of your mind—I should give you over as incurable, and give up all my hopes of your rising into that proud honour, and brilliant reputation, which, I trust, you will one day possess.

I was almost going to write—and wherefore should I not—that there is an amiable kind of *callibility*, which is as superior to the slow precaution of worldly wisdom, as the found of *Abel's Viol di Gamba* to the braying of an ass on the other side of my paleing.

If I should, at any time, hear a man pique himself upon never having been a dupe—I should grievously suspect, that such an one will, some time or other, give cause to be thought, at best, a mean-spirited, dirty rascal.

You may think this is strange doctrine—but, be that as it may—I am not ashamed to adopt it. What would you say of any character who had neither humanity, generosity, nor confidence? Why, you would say, I know you would—such a man

"Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils"—And yet imposition—dupery—deception—call it by what name you will, attends upon these virtues like their shadow. For virtue, my dear

dear friend, like every other possession in this world, though it is the most valuable of all—is of a mixed nature; and the very inconveniences of it, if they deserve that name, form the basis on which its importance and natural excellence is established.

Sensibility is oftentimes betrayed into a foolish thing;—but its folly is amiable, and some one or other is the better for it. I am not for its excesses—or a blind submission to its impulse, which produces them;—yet somehow or other, I should be strongly disposed to hug the being who would take the rag off his back—to place it on the shivering wretch who had nought to cover him.

Discretion is a cold quality—but I have no objection to the possessing as much of it, as will direct your finer feelings to their proper objects.—But here let its office finish;—it proceeds a step further—there may be mischief:—it may cool that current which is the life-blood of all virtue, and will, I trust, warm your heart, till it is become a clod of the valley.

Sensibility is the source of those delicious feelings which give a brighter colour to our joys, and turn our tears to rapture. Though it may now and then lead us into a scrape, as we pass through life—you may be assured, my dear friend, it will get us out of them all, *at the end of it*;—and that is a matter which wiser men than myself will tell you, is well worth thinking about.

So leaving you to your contemplations—and wishing them, and every thing you do, an happy issue—I remain, with great truth,

Your affectionate,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XVII.

To ———.

Bond-street, Thursday Morning.

SO, my dear friend, you are pleased to be very angry with the Reviewers;—so am not I. But as your displeasure proceeds from your regard for me, I thank you—as I ought to do—again and again.

I really do not know to whom I am personally indebted for so much obliging illiberality. Nor can I tell, whether it is the society at large, or a splenetic individual, to whom I am to acknowledge my obligation. I have never enquired who it is, or who they are: and if I knew him or them, what would it signify? and wherefore should I give their names immortality in my writings, which they will never find in their own?—Let the asses bray as they like; I shall treat their worships as they deserve, in my own way and manner, and in a way and manner that they will like less than any other.

There is a certain race of people who are

ever aiming to treat their betters in some scurvy way or other; but it has ever been a practice with me, not to mind a little dirt thrown upon my coat, so that I keep my *lining unrumpled*.—And so much for that envy, ignorance, and ill-nature, for which what I have written is far too much.

I am rejoiced, however, for twenty good reasons, which I will tell you hereafter, that London lies in your way between Oxfordshire and Suffolk, and one of them I will tell you now—which is, that you can be of very great service to me; so I would desire you to prepare yourself to do me a kindness, if I did not know that you are always in such a state of preparation.

The town is so empty, that though I have been in it full four and twenty hours, I have seen only three people I know—Foote on the stage, Sir Charles Davers, at St. James's coffee-house, and Williams, who was an hasty bird of passage on his flight to Brighthelmston, where I am told he is making love in right earnest, and to a very fine woman, and with all the success his friends can wish him. Our races at York were every thing we could desire them to be in the Ball-room, and every thing we did not desire them to be on the ground. The rain said nay, with a vengeance, to the sports of the course, for all the waterspouts of the heavens seemed to be let loose upon it. However, in the amusements *under cover*, we were all as merry as heart could wish. I had promised a certain person that you should be there, and was obliged to parry a score or two of reproaches on your account.

But, though I forgot to tell it you before, I am by no means well, and if I do not get away from this climate before winter sets in, I shall never see another spring in this world; and it is to forward my journey to the South, that I request you to make haste to me from the West.

Alas, alas, my friend, I begin to feel that I lose strength in these annual struggles and encounters with that miserable scare-crow, who knows as well as I do, that do what I can, he will finally get the better of me, and all of us. Indeed he has already beat the vizor from my helmet, and the point of my spear is not as it was wont to be. But while it pleases Heaven to grant me life, it will, I trust, grant me spirits to bear up against the lawcy circumstances of it, and preserve, to my last separating sigh, that Sensibility to whatever is kind and gracious, which, when once it possesses the heart, makes, I trust, ample amends for a large portion of human error.

You may, indeed, believe, that while I am sensible of any thing, I shall be sensible of your friendship; and I have every reason to think, that should my term be drawing nigh to its period,

period, you will continue to love me while I live, and when I am no more, to cherish the memory of

Your ever faithful and affectionate,
L. STERNE.

LETTER XVIII.

To ———.

I SAW the charming Mrs. Vesey but for a moment, and she contrived with her voice, and her thousand other graces, to *dis-order* me; and what she will have to answer for on the occasion, I shall not employ my casuistry to determine; nor shall I ask my good friend the Archbishop, from whose house, and amidst whose kindness and hospitality, I address this to you.

I envy, however, your saunter together round an *empty* Ranelagh; and I should have liked it the better, because it was empty, and would give the imagination, and every delicious feeling, opportunity to make one forget there was another being in the room but ourselves.

You will, I am sure, more than understand me, when I mention that sense of female perfection—I mean, however, when the female is sitting or walking beside you—which so possesses the mind, that the whole globe seems to be occupied by none but you two; when your hearts, in perfect unison, or I should rather say, harmony with each other, produce the same chords, and blossom with the same flowers of thought and sentiment.

These hours—which virtuous, tender minds have power of separating from the melancholy seasons of life—make ample amends for the weight of cares and disappointments which the happiest of us are doomed to bear. They cast the brightest sunshine on the dreary landscape; and form a kind of refuge from the stormy wind and tempest.

With such a companion, is not the primrose bank and cottage, which humble virtue has raised on its side, superior to all that splendor and wealth have formed in the palaces of Monarchs? The scented heath is then the *perfumed Araby*; and though the nightingale should refuse to lodge among the branches of the poor solitary tree that overshadows us—if my fair minstrel should but pour forth the melting strain, I would not look to the music of the spheres for raptiment.

There is something, my dear friend, most wonderfully pleasant in the idea of getting away from the world; and though I have ever found it a great comfort, yet I have been more vain of the business, when I have done it in the midst of the world. But this *aberration* from the crowd, while you are surrounded and pressed by it, is only to be accomplished by the magic of female perfection. Friend-

ship, with all its powers—mere friendship cannot do it. A more refined sentiment must employ its influence, to wrap the heart in this delicious oblivion. It is too pleasing to last long; for envious, sleepless care is ever on the watch to awaken us from the bewitching trance.

You, my friend, possess something of the reality of it: and I, while I enjoy your happiness, apply to fancy for the purpose of creating a copy of it. So I sit myself down upon the turf, and place a lovely fair-one by my side—as lovely, if possible, as Mrs. P——, and having plucked a sprig of blossoms from the *May-bush*, I place it in her bosom, and then address some tender tale to her heart; and if she weeps at my story, I take the white handkerchief she holds in her hand, and wipe the tears from off her cheek, and then I dry my own with it; and thus the delightful vision gives wing to a lazy hour, calms my spirits, and composes me for my pillow.

To wish that care may never plant a thorn upon yours, would be an idle employment of votive regard; but that you may preserve the virtue which will blunt their points, and continue to possess the feelings which will, sometimes, pluck them away, is a wish not unworthy of that regard with which I am

Your most affectionate,
L. S.

Lydia writes me word that she has got a lover—Poor dear girl!

Bishopstorp, Thursday night.

LETTER XIX.

To ———.

Sunday Morning.

IF you wish to have the representation of my spare, meagre form, which, by-the-bye, is not worth the canvas it must be painted on, you shall be most welcome to it; and I am happy in the reflection, that when my bones shall be laid low, there may be any resemblance of me, which may recal my image to your friendly and sympathising recollection.

But you must mention the likeness to Reynolds yourself; for I will tell you why I cannot. He has already painted a very excellent portrait of me, which, when I went to pay him for, he desired me to accept, as a tribute, to use his own elegant and flattering expression, that his art wished to pay to my genius. That man's way of thinking and manners are, at least, equal to his pencil.

You will see, therefore, the delicacy of my situation, as well as the necessity, if the genius of Reynolds is to be employed in the business, of your taking it entirely upon yourself. Or if your friendly impatience, which you express with so much kindness, will let you

well

wait till we make our tour to Bath, your favourite Gainsborough may do the deed.

Or why not your little friend Cofway, who is riding fast into fame and fortune? But be it as you please, and arrange it according to your own fancy.

At all events, I shall treat myself when I get to Rome with my own busto, if Nollkens does not make a demand for it that may be inconsistent with my Exchequer. The statuary decorations of my grandfather the Archbishop's monument, in the Cathedral at York, which you admire so much, have given birth, I believe, to this whim of mine; and this piece of marble, which my vanity—for let it be vanity if you please—desires for myself, may be placed by the hand of friendship, and by your's perhaps, near my grave—and so much for that

But I was born for digressions, and I, there-

fore, tell you at once, not rashly, or prematurely, but with all due sobriety and reflection, that Lord —— is of a low, base, pimping nature. If he had been nothing but a fool, I should have said—Have mercy upon him! but he has just understanding sufficient to make him answerable for what he does, and not sufficient to perceive the superiority of what is great over what is little. If ever that man rises into a good or a noble action, I would be bound to be considered as a retailer of scandal, and an ill-natured man, as long as I live, and as long as my memory lives; but no more of him, I beseech you—and the hour tells me to write no more of any thing, for I must hasten where I ought to have been half an hour ago—so God bless you, and believe me, wherever I am, to be

Most cordially your's,

L. STERNE.

OF THE ECCENTRICITIES OF IMAGINATION.

A CERTAIN writer, apologizing for the irregularities of great geni, delivers himself thus: "The gifts of imagination bring the heaviest task upon the vigilance of reason; and to bear those faculties with unerring rectitude or invariable propriety, requires a degree of firmness and of cool attention, which does not always attend the higher gifts of the mind. Yet, difficult as nature herself seems to have reduced the task of regularity to genius, it is the supreme consolation of dulness to seize upon those excesses, which are the overflowings of faculties they never enjoyed." Are not the *gifts of imagination* here mistaken for the strength of passions? Doubtless, where strong passions accompany great parts, as perhaps they often do, there imagination may increase their force and activity: but where passions are calm and gentle, imagination of itself should seem to have no conflict but speculatively with reason. There, indeed, it wages an eternal war; and, if not controuled and strictly regulated, will carry the patient into endless extravagancies. I use with propriety the term *patient*; because men under the influence of imagination, are most truly disordered. The degree of this distemper will be in proportion to the prevalence of imagination over reason, and, according to this proportion, amount to more or less of the whimsical; but when reason shall become as it were extinct, and imagination govern alone, then the distemper will be madness under the wildest and most fantastical modes. Thus one of these invalids, perhaps, shall be all sorrow for having been most unjustly deprived of the crown; though his vocation, poor man! be that of a schoolmaster. Another is all joy, like Horace's madman; and it may seem even cruelty

to cure him. A third is all fear; and dares not make water, lest he should cause a deluge.

The operations and caprices of imagination are various and endless; and, as they cannot be reduced to regularity or system, so it is highly improbable that any certain method of cure should ever be found out for them. It hath generally been thought, that matter of fact might most successfully be opposed to the delusions of imagination, as being proof to the senses, and carrying conviction unavoidably to the understanding; but I suspect, that the understanding, or reasoning faculty, hath little to do in all these cases: at least so it should seem from the two following, which are very remarkable, and well attested.

Fienus, in his curious little book *De Viribus Imaginationis*, records from Donatus the case of a man, who fancied his body increased to such a size, that he durst not attempt to pass through the door of his chamber. The physician, believing that nothing could more effectually cure this error of imagination than to shew that the thing could actually be done, caused the patient to be thrust forcibly through it; who, struck with horror, and falling suddenly into agonies, complained of being crushed to pieces, and expired soon after.—Reason, certainly, was not concerned here.

The other case, as related by Van Swieten, in his Commentaries upon Boerhaave, is that of a learned man, who had studied till he fancied his legs to be of glass; in consequence of which he durst not attempt to stir, but was constantly under anxiety about them. His maid, bringing some wood to the fire, threw it carelessly down; and was severely reprimanded by her master, who was terrified not a little for his legs of glass. The forly wench,

out of all patience with his megrims, as she called them, gave him a blow with a log upon the parts affected: which so enraged him, that he instantly rose up, and from that mo-

ment recovered the use of his legs.—Was reason concerned any more here; or, was it not rather one blind impulse acting against another?

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS.

[From the First Volume of GROSE'S MILITARY ANTIQUITIES.]

BY the Saxon laws, every freeman of an age capable of bearing arms, and not incapacitated by any bodily infirmity, was, in case of a foreign invasion, internal insurrection, or other emergency, obliged to join the army, that being one of the three services comprised under the title of the *trinoda necessitas*; these were, attending personally in war for the defence of the nation, working at and contributing to the building of the public castles and fortresses, and repairing bridges and highways.

In forming their armies the following regulations were observed: all such as were qualified to bear arms in one family, were led to the field by the head of that family. Every ten families made a tything, which was commanded by the borsholder, in his military capacity styled conductor. Ten tythings constituted an hundred; the soldiers of each hundred were led by the chief magistrate of the hundred, sometimes called the hundredary. Several hundreds formed a trything, which was commanded by the officer called a trythingman; and the force of the county or shire was commanded by the hertoch, dux, or duke, and he by the king, or an officer called the kyning's hold, i. e. the king's lieutenant or general, which office lasted only during the war. In times of peace, or when the king did not think it necessary to have a general, the militia remained under the command of the dukes of each county.

Every landholder was obliged to keep armour and weapons according to his rank and possessions; these he might neither sell, lend, nor pledge, nor even alienate from his heirs. In order to instruct them in the use of arms, they had their stated times for performing their military exercise; and once in a year, usually in the spring, there was a general review of arms, throughout each county.

The clergy were exempted from personal military services, not only as being contrary to their profession, but likewise that they might the better attend to their religious duties.—Their estates, though held in *franc almoigne*, were however chargeable to the *trinoda necessitas*, the only imposition to which they were liable.

The greater part of the Anglo-Saxon forces consisted of infantry; the cavalry was chiefly composed of the Thanes, and such men of property as kept horses.

The Saxon cavalry are frequently delineated in ancient illuminations as riding without stirrups, with no other defensive armour than a helmet; their weapon a spear. It is nevertheless certain, that defensive armour was worn by their officers and great men about the time of the Norman conquest.

Their infantry seem to have been of two sorts, the heavy and light-armed. The first are represented with helmets made of the skins of beasts, the hair outwards, large oval convex shields, with spikes projecting from the bosses, long and very broad swords, and spears. The light-infantry with spears only, and some no other weapon than a sword; beside which, different histories relate that they also used clubs, battle-axes or bills, and javelins; the latter they darted with great dexterity, and then instantly came to close fight. The dress of both horse and foot was a tunic with sleeves, the skirts reaching down to the knees; the horsemen wore spurs with only one point.

The kings commonly wore their crowns in battle, which also in some measure answered the purpose of a helmet.

The Anglo-Saxon mode of drawing up their armies, was in one large dense body, surrounding their standard, and placing their foot with their heavy battle-axes in the front.

By the laws of King Edward the Confessor, any man who from cowardice abandoned his lord, or fellow-soldiers, whilst under the command of the hertoch, in any expedition by land or sea, forfeited both his life and property, and his lord might resume any lands he had formerly granted him. He who was slain in war fighting before his lord, either at home or abroad, all payments due for reliefs on his estates were remitted to his heirs who were to enjoy his lands and money without any diminution, and might divide it among them.

The introduction of the feudal system, which took place in this kingdom about the year 1086, gave a very considerable change to the military establishment of the nation.—This alteration in the constitution, was not, it is said, effected by the sole power of King William, but was adopted with the consent of the great council of the realm, assembled at Sarum, where all the principal landholders subjected their possessions to military services, became the king's vassals, and did homage and swore fealty to his person for the lands held

held of him, as superior lord and original proprietor. But when it is considered, that the great landholders at that meeting were most of them Normans, the friends and followers of the king, on whom he had bestowed the estates taken from the English; the suffrage of such an assembly, though freely obtained, will scarce justify the measure being deemed a national choice.

By this system all the lands of the realm were considered as divided into certain portions, each producing an annual revenue, stiled a knight's fee. Our ancient lawyers are not agreed as to the quantity of land, or sum of money of which it consisted; it indeed seems to have varied at different periods: however, in the reigns of Henry II. and Edward II. a knight's fee was stated at 20l. per annum. The number of knights fees in this kingdom was estimated at sixty thousand.

By the feudal law, every tenant in capite, that is every person holding immediately from the king the quantity of land amounting to a knight's fee, was bound to hold himself in readiness with horse and arms to serve the king in his wars, either at home or abroad, at his own expence, for a stated time, generally forty days in a year, to be reckoned from the time of joining the army. Persons holding more or less, were bound to do duty in proportion to their tenures: thus one possessed of but half a fee, was to perform service for twenty days only. The lands of the church were not exempt, but ecclesiastics were generally indulged with performing their service by deputies, although sometimes their personal appearance was insisted on; possibly from a supposition that their presence with the army would give a confidence to the soldiers, and a sanction to the cause; effects not unlikely in those days of superstition; or perhaps the instance here particularly alluded to, was occasioned by some new contrivance of the clergy to avoid the performance of their military services, by calling a convocation.

The service being accomplished, the tenant was at liberty to return home; if he or his followers afterwards continued to serve with

the army, they were paid by the king: certificates from the constable or marshal were sometimes required, in proof that a knight had duly performed his service.

If a tenant in capite, or knight, could not perform his service in person, through sickness, being a minor, or any other cause, he obtained leave to send some able person in his stead; an indulgence for which it was often necessary to fine to the king, a fine being, in the language of those days, not only an amercement for an offence, but also the price of a favour. Our records afford several instances, wherein feudal tenants unable to bear arms were by proclamation directed to find unexceptionable persons to perform their services for them.

As a tenant who held several knights fees, could not do the service of more than one in his person, he might discharge the others by able substitutes being knights, or by two esquires, sometimes stiled serjents, in lieu of each knight.

Sometimes the king compounded with his tenants for particular services, and sometimes for those of the whole year, accepting in lieu thereof pecuniary payments, with which he hired stipendiary troops: this is generally supposed to have introduced the practice of levy-money, first begun by king Henry II. The punishment for non-attendance, when duly summoned, was a heavy fine, or forfeiture of the tenure.

The tenants in capite, in order to find substitutes for those fees, for which they could not serve themselves, made under-grants to their favourites and dependants, liable to the same conditions as those on which they held them from the crown, namely fealty and homage, and that their tenant should attend them to the wars, when they should be called upon by the king, there to serve for a stated time at their own expence, properly armed and mounted: these again had their under-tenants and vassals. Men at arms, or knights, were generally attended by their tenants and vassals, both on horseback and on foot: these served in the infantry either as archers or bill-men.

REMARKABLE CHARACTERS, MANNERS, &c. IN THE HIGHLANDS.

[From Mr. Knox's "TOUR to the HEBRIDES," just published.]

THE only boat upon Coll, in which any person, except those amphibious animals the Highland fishers, would venture himself, belonged to Mr. Maclean, and had been taken to Sky by his family, who were upon a visit. In this dilemma, a venerable old man offered, with a degree of frankness that I little expected, to carry me in his vessel to Bara, or wherever I might think proper to go; not only so, "but faith," said he, I can introduce you to any family in the

"Long Island, for every body knows William Macdonald, who has been a fisher these five and forty years, and was always respected by the first lairds in the Highlands.—I saw your book," added he, "in the Isle of Sky; O! how you have trimmed that *****! He's talk of fishing! He knows more about custom-house fees, and how to harrass industrious men who toil at sea; throwing out his gibes by a good ste-side, with the wine

“ bottle before him. If you can be ready to go to-morrow morning, we'll get out with the ebb tide; our harbour is none of the best, but leave that matter to old Macdonald, who knows it weel.”

This old man commenced herring fisher in 1742, and by his indefatigable attention, and great experience, realited 7000*l.* a much greater sum than any person in the west of Scotland had acquired by that profession only. He had in latter times four good sailing vessels, with which he went to the fishing every season; and he became so well acquainted with the appearances of the approach of the herrings at one loch, and of their departure for another, that he was often successful, when other vessels went away empty. He had also acquired a more perfect knowledge of the coast of the Highlands than any person living, excepting Mr. Mackenzie, who founded the whole of it.

Being thus a complete master of the fishing trade, and of the very hazardous navigations of these seas, he became at last a guide to the whole bus fleet, in whatever related to sailing, fishing, curing, and the markets. “ When I came out of any loch,” said he, “ they used to say, There goes Macdonald! Let us weigh our anchors, there's nothing more in this place for us. Then the swiftest among them would try to keep up with us, but we scudded away like birds, and laughed at the best of them. I have seen fifty sail crowding after us, as if they had been in pursuit of the Monksers. Then I hauled down a sail to give them time to bear up, for they had as good a right to the herring as myself: I shewed them the way, as if they had been my own children.—But I should not speak of children; I have been ruined by my children. My two daughters married two brothers, who dabbled too far in the American trade, and were often obliged to me for assistance. At last, by cautionary, and by money advanced them at different times, I lost every shilling; was put into prison; and am now obliged, at the age of seventy years, to go to sea again for a poor livelihood. The laird of Boisdale, good gentleman, has let me have a small vessel for 100*l.* though worth 200*l.* which I am to pay when I am able. I take a freight, or any thing that offers. But I am now too old for this business; an arm chair would be more agreeable.”

This being the history of poor old Macdonald, he is always a welcome guest at the seats of hospitality in the Highlands; and here I found him in Mr. Maclean's house, where he enjoyed all the conveniences of one of the family.

ANECDOTE of Dr. JOHNSON.

AT Dunvegan, the seat of Macleod, the chief of that ancient clan, and proprietor of the fourth west part of Sky, Dr. Johnson, who met with the utmost civility from the family, made a *faux pas*. Lady Macleod, who had repeatedly helped him to sixteen dishes, or upwards, of tea, asked him if a small basin would not save him trouble, and be more agreeable. “ I wonder, madam,” answered he roughly, “ why all the ladies ask me such impertinent questions? It is to save yourselves trouble, madam, and not me.” The lady was silent, and went on with her task.

SALUBRITY of the HERRIDES.

TO one of these islands the late sir John Elliot flew for the recovery of his health, after having tried in vain the usual places of resort, and every assistance that waters and medicine could bestow. For this voyage, he hired a large vessel at Leith or elsewhere, sailed round the north coast by the Pentland Firth, and stretched from thence to Harris, where his old acquaintance Capt. Macleod provided a decent lodging for him in the house of Mr. Campbell, a respectable tackman in the pleasant island of Bernera.

Upon his arrival at Harris, he was so far exhausted that he could scarcely walk a hundred yards from the vessel, and his voice was so feeble that he could not distinctly articulate his words. He began his regimen with goats whey, butter-milk, vegetables, and other simples. His disorder lay in his stomach, which retained very little of even the weakest food or drink; yet was at the same time so voracious, that he could not be kept from eating almost constantly, and, with the greatest desire, those kinds of food that were the least proper for him. He, who in his practice strictly forbade the use of flesh meat and butter, could not be prevented, by Mr. Campbell and his family, from devouring quantities of both, which returned instantly into a tub placed before him.

He did not, however, neglect the whey, &c. which, with the air of the wide ocean, probably contributed to the change that began to appear in his looks, after he had been four or five weeks upon the island.

In proportion as his stomach began to retain proper nourishment, in the same proportion his unnatural appetite abated; and in six weeks from the time of his arrival, his health seemed to be nearly restored. If he had set out earlier in the summer, and remained at least three months upon suitable diet, amusing himself in shooting, fishing and sailing among these islands, it is thought that he would have recovered entirely.

He

He returned in September, by the north passage, to Edinburgh, in a much better state of health than when he left that city, but died soon after at the seat of a nobleman in England.

MANNER of LIVING in the HEBRIDES.

IN the Hebrides, and upon the coast of the main land, a gentleman can entertain twenty people with thirty or forty different articles, at an expence not exceeding fifteen or twenty shillings for eating, which in London would cost twenty pounds. The gentlemen in the Highlands have also the advantage in their wines and spirits, owing how ever, in a great measure, to a melancholy cause. Many ships are wrecked and broke in pieces upon their coasts every year, and the floating part of the cargoes is found at sea, or thrown upon the shore, where it is claimed by the proprietor.

Dr. Johnson, or his factor, in speaking of a Highland breakfast, makes a heavy complaint against the use of cheese at that meal. "In these islands however," says he, "they do what I found it not very easy to endure. They pollute the tea-table by plates piled with large slices of Cheshire cheese, which mingles its less grateful odours with the fragrance of the tea." There is another article that is used universally upon the shores of the Highlands, and over the Hebride

Islands, of which the Doctor takes no notice, viz. broiled fish, which must have been equally offensive to him, and for which omission we cannot account.

Having given the particulars of a Highland dinner and supper,* in the principal families, I shall complete the bill of fare of the day, by specifying those of the breakfast, viz.

A dram of whiskey, gin, rum, or brandy plain, or infused with berries that grow among the heath.

French rolls; oat and barley bread.

Tea and coffee; honey in the comb; red and black currant jellies; marmalade, conserves, and excellent cream.

Fine flavoured butter, fresh and salted. Cheshire and Highland cheese, the last very indifferent.

A plateful of very fresh eggs.

Fresh and salted herrings broiled.

Ditto haddocks and whittings, the skin being taken off.

Cold round of venison, beef and mutton hams

Besides these articles, which are commonly placed on the table at once, there are generally cold beef and moor-fowl to those who chuse to call for them. After breakfast the men amuse themselves with the gun, fishing, or sailing, till the evening, when they dine, which meal serves with some families for supper.

ACCOUNT of a very Extraordinary ERUPTION of FIRE in ICELAND, in 1783.

[From "PENNANT'S SUPPLEMENT to ARCTIC ZOOLOGY," lately published.]

UPON the first of June, 1783, there was observed a shaking of the earth, in the western part of the province of Shaptarfiell, which increased until the eleventh, and was so great that the inhabitants were under the necessity of quitting their houses. At this time there was observed a continual smoke, or steam arising out of the earth, in the northern and uninhabited parts of the country. Three fire-spouts broke out, of which that in the north-west was the greatest. After rising to a considerable height in the air, they were collected into one stream, which ascended so high as to be seen at the distance of thirty-four miles. The whole country, for double that distance, was covered with a thick smoke and steam.

The fire was mixed with prodigious quantities of brimstone, sand, pumice-stone, and ashes, which fell in the fields, villages, and towns, at a considerable distance. The pumice which fell in the villages, being red-hot, did considerable damage. Along with the pumice-stone there fell a great quantity of dirty substance like pitch, sometimes in the

form of small balls, and sometimes like rings or garlands.

After a few days the fire came out, sometimes in a continued stream, and at other times in flashes, which were seen at the distance of thirty or forty miles, and were accompanied with a noise like thunder. The phenomenon continued the whole summer. What was remarkable in this eruption, upon the same day that the fire broke out, there fell a great quantity of rain in all that neighbourhood, which did almost as much harm as the fire. At a greater distance from the fire, there was severe coldness in the atmosphere; in some places a very heavy fall of snow, and in others a great quantity of hail. The extreme heat of the streaming fire, meeting with so large a body of water, occasioned such a steam in the air as to darken the sun, which appeared like blood, and the whole face of nature seemed to be changed.

When the first fire broke out, there was a considerable increase of water in the rivers Skapta and Piorfa; but upon the eleventh of

* Viz. delicate beef, mutton, veal, lamb, pork; venison, hares, pigeons, fowls, tame and wild ducks and geese, partridges and great variety of moor fowl; salt cod, ling and tusk, fresh cod, whiting, haddock, mackerel, skate, soals, flounders, lythe, salmon, trout, herrings, sprats, and cuddies, with the produce of a garden; all these luxurious varieties, Mr. Knox says, are the articles which a Highland laird or chieftain has at his table at dinner and supper.

June, the former was totally dried up in less than twenty-four hours; and the day following a prodigious stream of red-hot lava ran down its deep channel through the whole of its course. The fiery stream, beside entirely filling up the valley in which the river Skapta ran, spread itself for a considerable distance on each side, laying all the neighbouring country under fire; and even overflowed all the buildings in the village of Buland, the situation of which was remarkably high.

It appears from the narrative, that the extent of the ground covered by the lava was fifteen miles long, and seven broad. The perpendicular height of the edge was from sixteen to twenty fathoms; so that wherever it came it covered every village it met with, as well as several hills; and those which, on account of their great height, it did not cover, were melted down by it in such a manner that the whole surface was in a fluid state, and formed a lake of fire, resembling red-hot melted metal.

This terrible eruption was productive of two other circumstances equally wonderful. Two islands have been thrown up. One of these made its appearance in the month of February 1784, where the water was before upwards of a hundred fathoms deep. This island is above half a mile in circumference, full as large as the mountain Erian in Iceland; and, by the last accounts, it continued burning with great vehemence. The other island, which is at a greater distance northward, is yet larger in circumference, very high, and has likewise burnt without intermission for a considerable time.

Ever since the first breaking out of the eruption, the whole atmosphere has been loaded with smoke, steam, and sulphurous vapours. The sun became at times totally invisible, and, when it could be seen, was of a reddish or bloody colour. The fisheries are most of them destroyed; for the banks, where the fish used to be, are so shifted and changed as not to be known again by the fishermen; and the smoke is so thick as to prevent them from going far out to sea; for no object is visible at above the distance of fifty fathom.

The water of the rain falling through this smoke and steam, is so impregnated with salt and brimstone as to destroy the hair, and even the skin, of the cattle; and all the grass in the island is so covered with sooty and pitchy matter, that the most of it is destroyed; and what is left is rendered poisonous to any cattle that eat of it; so that those which have escaped the fire are now dying for want of food, or poisoned by the unwholesome remains of the vegetables. Nor are the inhabitants, in many respects, more free from dangers than the cattle. Many have lost their lives by the poisonous quality of the smoke and steam, of which the whole atmosphere consisted; particularly old people, and such as had any weakness and complaint of the breast and lungs.

During the fall of the rain which has been mentioned, there was observed at Trondheim, and other places in Norway, and also at Faroe, an uncommon fall of sharp and salt rain, which was so penetrating that it totally destroyed the leaves of the trees, and every vegetable it fell upon, by scorching them up, and causing them to wither. At Faroe there fell a considerable quantity of ashes, sand, pumice, and brimstone, which covered the whole surface of the ground whenever the wind blew from Iceland; and the distance between these two places is at least eighty miles. Ships that were sailing between Copenhagen and Norway were frequently covered with ashes and brimstone, which stuck to the sails, masts, and decks, besmearing them all over with a black and pitchy matter. Many parts of Holland, Germany, and other countries in the North, observed a brimstone vapour in the air, accompanied with a thick smoke; and in some places there fell upon the earth every night a light grey-coloured substance, which, by its yielding a bluish flame when thrown upon the fire, evidently appeared to be sulphurous. These appearances continued, more or less, all the months of July, August, and September.

This volcanic phenomenon is the most extraordinary of any upon record; and the account of it merits particular preservation in the annals of natural history.

P O E T R Y.

A VISION,

Written while passing through the STREIGHTS
of GIBRALTAR.

By THOMAS CLIO RICKMAN.

F AIR was the day, all blythsome blew
the gales,
And only favouring zephyrs fann'd the sails;
Full on the right tremendous rose to view
Sade Afric's mountains, cloath'd in sable hue;

And not unrival'd on the other side,
The Andalusian hills frown'd o'er the tide;
And now as from the Atlantic surge we
steer'd,
The seat of Mars himself, Gibraltar's rocks
appear'd.
In proud romantic state it awful rose,
And look'd indignant on insulting foes,
Such scenes the mind with various feelings
fir'd,
And e'en the visions of the night inspir'd.

When lo! methought our bark resail'd
 the tide,
 And Gib again I view'd with English pride.
 And, wond'rous, as I look'd on either side,
 Near me methought proud Peru's conqueror
 stood,

And next to him the shade of Penn I view'd :
 When Cortez, pointing towards the slaugh-
 terous place,

" There lives, cried he, the first of human
 race!

" Glory herself presides o'er that blest Rock,
 " Of men, and winds, and seas, it stands
 the shock.

" In me, tho' Mexico's conqueror you be-
 hold,

" And him who ransack'd Peru's mines for
 gold ;

" Yet, Penn, continued he with thunder-
 ing voice,

" Much more would my ambitious soul re-
 joice,

" On this rude Rock to hold of war the rod,
 " And shine in Europe's eyes Gibraltar's
 God ;

" To hurl destructive red-hot balls around,
 " And see the daring foe or burnt, or
 drown'd,

" Than be that Cortez ; tho' my well known
 name

" Scarce boasts a rival in the lists of fame."
 Here Penn, with accents forcible and mild,

While on the impassion'd conqueror he smil'd,
 " Cortez ! full well thou know'st my dif-
 ferent creed,

" And that my heartstrings at this prospect
 bleed.

" Thou know'st with what a different eye
 I see

" That horrid system long embrac'd by thee ;
 " For oft' our conversations this way lead,
 " And even Cortez will sometimes recede.

" Say, on America's delightful shore,
 " Without the murderous blade, or cannon's
 roar,

" Have I not conquer'd, and far more ob-
 tain'd

" Than ever thy rapacious madness gain'd ?
 " E'en now on earth my fame surpasses
 thine,

" And brighter blazon'd all my actions shine.
 " Come, let's away—this prospect glooms
 my heart,

" And makes the tear of deep affliction
 start.

" Poor human nature ! take them as thy due :
 " I would, ah ! could I, give thee wisdom
 too *."

I D Y L.

" THIS gone ! the bark that wafts my Love,
 To Gallia's shore it bears its way.

* For the character of Cortez, see the History of the Conquests of Peru and Mexico.—
 For that of Penn, see the History of the British Settlements in America, by Abbe Raynal.

Ye Zephyrs ! gently bid it move ;
 Ye Loves ! around it fondly play.

Ye Waves ! O softly curl around,
 As when thy new-born Venus smil'd !
 By you my joys or woes are crown'd :
 If calm, I'm blest—if rough, I'm wild.

Farewel !—and may no arts efface,
 Sweet girl ! the charms your soul can boast,
 And every foreign mode you trace,
 Endear you more to Albion's coast :

And when the adverse shore you roam,
 Its sports, its fam'd attentions see,
 O charmer ! will a thought steal home,
 Nor with unkindness think on me ?

Dover.

RUSTICUS.

S O N G,

Adapted to the Music of "GENTLE RIVER."
 TO MY HEART.

C E A S E, my heart, ah cease lamenting !

All thy hopes and all thy pain,
 All thy faithful tend'rest wishes,
 All are treated with disdain !

Sure the maid who thus can scorn thee,
 Ill deserves thy love sincere :

All that hear thy woe-sick story,
 All but Lucy weep to hear.

O how vain the Muse to charm thee !
 Vain thy reason !—vain thy pride !

Happy thou would'st bleed for Lucy,
 Cold to all the world beside.

If 'tis madness reigns within thee,
 Then 'tis pleasure to be mad ;

For I prove, alas ! thou canst not
 Wish the wanted peace I had !

Dover.

RUSTICUS.

To the Right Honourable Lady CHARLOTTE
 GORDON, dress'd in a Tartan Scotch Bonnet,
 with Plumes, &c.

By Dr. BEATTIE.

W H Y, Lady, wilt thou bind thy lovely
 brow

With the dread semblance of that warlike
 helm,

That nodding plume, and wreath of various
 glow,

That graced the chiefs of Scotia's antient
 realm ?

Thou know'st, that Virtue is of power the
 source,

And all her magic to thy eyes is given ;

We own their empire, while we feel their
 force,

Beaming with the benignity of Heaven.

The plumed helmet, and the martial mien,
 Might dignify Minerva's awful charms ;

But more resistless far the Cyprian Queen,—
 Smiles, graces, gentleness, her only arms.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

LOOKING over an old drawer a few days ago, I recovered the four following little pieces, which were all written by a Youth, at that time under sixteen. As he was under my care, I remember the occasion of them perfectly well. That on the death of the celebrated Philosopher Porphyrie was occasioned by a conversation, at which the youth was present, wherein that Philosopher's violent zeal against Christianity, and its defender Origen, were mentioned, which led to the consideration of the different tempers inspired by Christianity and Paganism; Origen telling the Consul, when threatened with death, that a Christian could put off his body with as much indifference as a Philosopher put off his coat; the other, when his fortunes became adverse, flying, upon principle, to self-murder for relief; dying with all the rage and blasphemy of Paganism. Next morning the youth presented me with the following lines on the subject, which I hope are not unworthy of a place in your valuable Magazine. The sentiments here ascribed to Porphyrie, are those of Seneca and other Heathens, who accounted a virtuous man as equal to the Gods, and superior to whatever they could inflict;—a superiority which, however boasted of, consisted solely of blind arrogance, brutal rage, and self-destruction.

PORPHYRIE is supposed to speak.

Al! shame! ah shame! such was not Origen!

Serene and calm I saw the reverend man;
When threatened with an instant dreadful death

By Cæsar's Consul. Smiling, he reply'd,
As unconcern'd we put our bodies off,
As a Philosopher puts off his coat.

Shall Porphyrie, in manly fortitude,
Be less than Origen? No, none shall say,
That he, whom Porphyrie's superior mind
Has baffled at hard argument, should yet
In manly fortitude shame Porphyrie.

Ha! summons all your terrors, Erebus,
I scorn to shrink. Now grant this firm resolve.

Yes, I have rapt the grand celestial pride
Which the dread Thunderer would to himself

Make sacred. On him I, with pride, look down,

And smiling, view the impotence of all,
Or mortal, or immortal. In myself
Supreme and independent here I stand.

Deep sinks the valiant blow: and now, thou Fate,

Thou Destiny deem'd irresistible,

I dare thy worst to make my soul know fear,
Or terror seize my heart.—And here he drew
Another desperate stroke: deep in his heart
The pignard sunk, and Porphyrie was no more.

Being desired to write some lines for the tombstone of a worthy old Farmer whom he knew, our Youth produced the following, which are not inelegant:

WHAT few proud tombs, with trophies dress'd,

This humble stone can tell;
By all his friends and family blest,
He bade the world farewell.

His widow's and his children's sighs
A better praise declare,
Than all the marble eulogies
Given by the joyful heir.

But the sagacious widow and wise children rejected the above, and substituted in its place:

Afflictions sore long time I bore,
Physicians was in vain;
Until the Lord he thought it best
To ease me of my pain.

Epigram on laying the Foundation of a New Exchange at ----- Written in his Thirteenth year.

THAT gain is gainful, all mankind agree,
And good Exchanges must the best things be;
But bad Exchanges are the greatest evil:
If you don't credit me, pray ask the Devil.

The following was written for a School-fellow:

HAIL, happy morn! Still festive joy be thine.
And come, O Genius of my native land!
Sacred to thee this day shall ever shine;
To thee and Honour's cause illustrious stand.

The fairest of the Spring's gay train,
When Flora o'er the Cambrian plain
Scatters the primrose and the pansie blue,
O come, and with thy British fire
My lips, my glowing breast inspire,
To sing the praises to thy heroes due.

Aghast the Roman Legions stood,
When plunging in the briny flood,
The Britons met them ere they gain'd the shore;

Ev'n Cæsar gaz'd appall'd, when he beheld
Their naked breasts oppose the Roman shield;

And the great Chief, with cautious fear,
Retir'd before the British spear,
And left the British brand disdain'd with Roman gore.

Full oft, Caractacus, thine awful eye
Has seen the Roman squadrons fly
Before thy lifted sword ;
Nor less the Hero didst thou shine,
When, tho' in chains, thy worth divine
Was own'd by Rome's proud lord.

What hosts of Heroes claim the song
Of British line from Brutus sprung !
Yet, 'midst the glorious train,
The Muse shall celebrate thy name,—
Brave Gam, the song shall speak thy
fame,
While British Bards remain.

When England's noblest Henry led the van,
And dar'd, with few, the numerous
bands of France,
A troop of Knights to seize the Hero ran.
O'erpower'd he fell. Beneath the bran-
dish'd lance
With scatter'd helm bold Henry lay.
Brave Gam beheld. With rage he
glows,
His single arm repels the foes,
And turns the fortune of the glorious day.

Nor shall the heroes sleep unsung,
Who on this happy morn, on Gallia's coast,
O'erthrew the bravest troops of Gallia's host.
As in the keen pursuit they drove along,
A field of leeks the closing scene supply'd :
St. David's was the day, and both they chose—
The day to Heav'n still to renew their vows ;
And with the humble leek, their well-
earn'd pride,
The weary Victors deck'd their manly
brows.

S O N N E T.

Imitated from PETRARCH.

BLEST shade, that on the silent wing of
night
Frequent return'st, to cheer that lonely hour
With those dear eyes, whose pure and tender
light
Not death hath dim'd, but given diviner
power
To soothe with softened ray the longing sight,
And stay a while pale Grief's incessant shower ;
Oh, kind beyond the grave ! thy form I
know,
And hail the gentle vision of thy love ;
Nor throbs my bosom in so wild a woe,
As sad I seem along the plains to rove,
Where first thy beauties taught my song to
glow ;
Where still my unavailing sorrows flow ;
Oh, only joy this wounded heart can share,
To see that beauteous form, and know my
Laura there.

S O N N E T from the SAME.

By the Rev. Mr. BANNISTER.

T H E air, the fragrance, and the cooling
shade

Of that sweet laurel, whose all-cheering sight
Fill'd ev'ry breast with wonder and delight,
Blasted by death remorseless, droop and fade.
Extinct that light—those eyes for ever clos'd.
On whose soft beams my pensive soul repos'd.
O death ! so often call'd to aid despair,
Bring to my arms my much-lamented fair.
But as the sun eclips'd, his glory thro'ws,
By the dark shadows of the moon o'erspread,
And soon emerging from the gathering clouds,
With lustre unimpair'd erects his head ;
Thus Laura only sleeps ;—their vernal bloom
(Her slumbers o'er) her vivid cheeks assume ;
She joins the spirits blest, the heavenly train,
In those bright realms where joys eternal
reign.

This humble tribute of my verse receive,
For know, thy name to distant times shall
live,

If verse like mine a lasting fame can give.

The following Verses were hung on the
Boughs of a venerable Walnut-Tree,
which ever-shadows the Burial-ground of
the celebrated Poet WALLER, in Bea-
consfield Church-Yard.

By Mr. PRATT.

S TRANGER, if virtue, or if verse, be
dear,

With pious caution pay thy visit here.
Planted by him, whose sacred dust has laid
Twice fifty summers underneath my shade,
Protector of the hallow'd spot I stand,
To guard this vault from each unhallow'd
hand ;

Spare then each branch that canopies the
tomb,

A part of Waller feeds my verdant bloom ;
Oh ! spare each leaf that bows the poet's
grave,

For in each leaf a part of him you save ;
And on the fruits which clust'ring round me
grow,

A more than vulgar destiny below :
Taste, but with reverence kneeling at the
shrine,

So may'st thou eat, and Waller's Muse be
thine ;

A second Tree of Knowledge may I be,
And unforbidden Wisdom thine in thee.

T H E B A C H A N A L I A N.

I.

P O E T S may rack their crazy brains,
To court the Muse in lofty strains,
While humble I invoke the Nine,
And sing in praise of Rosy Wine.

II. Tho'

II.

Tho' Fortune seldom smiles on me,
Yet I can still contented be :
Whene'er she frowns I'll not repine,
But drown my care in Rofy Wine.

III.

Sequefter'd from the giddy throng
That skim the tide of life along ;
If e'er to Pleasure I incline,
'Tis that I find in Rofy Wine.

IV.

Let others seek for Wealth and Fame,
Or bubble Honour's empty name ;
Let others Laurel wreaths entwine,
I'll be content with Rofy Wine.

V.

Love spreads his filken toil in vain,
Nor gives my heart a moment's pain :
I ne'er (to bow at Beauty's shrine)
Will quit my charming Rofy Wine.

VI.

When Wit and Mirth unite their pow'r,
And brighten ev'ry focial hour ;
For all the wealth of India's mine
I'd not exchange my Rofy Wine.

VII.

Attend, ye fons of gloomy Care,
'Tis Bacchus bids you not despair ;
To him your troubled thoughts resign,
And try the power of Rofy Wine.

J. B-----o.

To Doctor WILLIAM PERFECT the following small Tribute is respectfully addressed by his obliged and obedient humble servant,

HARRIET FALCONER.

ASSIST, ye Maids of Thespia's sacred stream,
Forfake your ever-fair, your fragrant bow'rs,
While o'er my soul soft Friendship sheds her gleam,
In Friendship's praise renew your pleasing pow'rs.

Were I, bright nymphs, for once your guardian care,
Would you for me but wake your heavenly lyre,
Then might these lines Philander's worth declare,
And ages yet unborn that worth admire.

Methinks I see on Time's eternal base,
Unalterably fix'd, his sacred name ;
Not even Time his glory can efface
From the bright annals of immortal Fame.

Fair glorious vision, see the heavenly Muse
To aid an earth-born votary now descends :
Hail, wondrous Goddess ! thou my numbers chuse,
Philander's Friendship all its influence lends.

With looks benignant then the Goddess spoke—

“ Rise suppliant, rise, the Muse assists thy toil.”

From the bright trance my wond'ring soul awoke ;

But ah ! no more beheld the radiant smile.

Yet I delighted aim to sing thy praise ;
Yet shall this tongue thy native virtues name ;

For thee the infant Muse her voice shall raise,

And bid this pen thy innate worth proclaim.

In the still gloom of night, when deep is rest

The world is sunk, and every eye retires
To close in sleep, my ever-grateful breast
For thee Philander wak'd its latent fires.

From their high thrones e'en Sion's Saints shall bend,

And liſt'ning Angels echo back my pray'r ;
At thy great name the hoſts of light attend,
And hail with rapture Heaven's eternal care.

May ſpotleſs Peace within thy guiltleſs ſoul
For ever dwell more beauteous than before ;

May every year with added honours roll,
And ſuns revolving ſhew thy virtues more.

Haply ſome happier Muſe in ſtrains ſhall glow,

More fam'd, more equal to Philander's worth ;

Whoſe riſing merit, crush'd by Scorpion woe—

But for thy aid had perish'd in her birth.

Yet let his ſmiles attend this artleſs ſtrain,
My Muſe from fulſome adulation free,
'Tis his to ſooth the ſting of conſcious pain,
And Heaven rewards his care with ſympathy.

From me he turns not now with cold diſdain,

But condeſcends to hear this humble lay ;
So may fair Peace her ſpotleſs rights maintain ;

And guide his footſteps to the realms of day.

ON THE GRAND CANAL FROM LEEDS TO LIVERPOOL, AND DOUGLAS NAVIGATION.

FAM'D Greece and Rome, for arms and arts renown'd,
Shall yield to Britain's Heaven-protecte'd ground.

In arms her prowess the whole world reveres,
And in the arts an equal glory ſhares ;

Whether to please luxuriant Fancy's eye,
 Or works of most extensive use supply.
 The last my theme, deign, heavenly Muse,
 t' inspire,
 And warm my breast with a poetic fire,
 To sing the praises of th' ingenious man
 Who first conceiv'd the patriotic plan
 T' unite the western with the eastern main;
 A noble work! which shall transmit his name
 To future ages with increasing fame.

My humble Muse a grateful tribute pays,
 And gives a well-meant tho' unequal praise.
 Where peasants late pursu'd their daily toil,
 And spread the grain, or bent the stubborn
 soil,
 Now vessels on the stream triumphant ride,
 Nor need assistance from th' impelling tide.
 From port to port, thro' rocks, o'er hills and
 vales,
 The numerous barks invite propitious gales:
 Or should the winds their friendly aid deny,
 The vessels shall the adverse winds defy,
 And sturdy steeds shall well the want sup-
 ply.

Here storms may threaten, but shall rage in
 vain;
 They spend their harmless force—then calms
 succeed again.
 And now with patriot ardent zeal inspir'd,
 And thoughts of Britain's future glory fir'd,
 I glad relate the advantages we gain
 By this safe intercourse from Main to Main.
 When warlike nations on the Ocean's way,
 With hostile fleets shall meet in proud array;
 If haughty France, by blind ambition driven,
 Again should urge the direful wrath of
 Heaven,
 Again spread far and wide fierce war's
 alarms,
 And call forth Britain's glorious sons to arms;
 Then shall our wealthy merchants various
 store

Securely be convey'd from shore to shore;
 Shall wisely shun the Chantrel's dangerous
 snares,
 And haughty Gallia's numerous privateers.
 Thus whilst within the bosom of our isle
 The nation's treasures artful foes beguile,
 Our naval sons, a gallant, hardy race,
 With strength increas'd pursue the ardent
 chase;
 The British thunder with tremendous roar
 And added force shall shake each hostile
 shore;
 Defy the united strength of France and Spain,
 And Britain still be Sovereign of the Main.

DIALOGUE in a HERMITAGE.

STRANGER.
 WHAT is empire, what is glory,
 What is beauty, wealth, or fame?
 Hermit.—These will soon decay before ye,
 But true virtue's still the same.

Stranger.—What is then our choicest blessing,
 Tell me, venerable sage!
 Hermit.—Life hath nothing worth carefessing,
 Save, with faith, the sacred page.
 Stranger.—Flee then far, ye pageant honours!
 Sprung not from the hand divine!
 I hate the source, despise your honours—
 Hermit! henceforth I'll be thine.
Otranto-Castle. OBLIVION.

SONNET from PETRARCH.
 TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

“Zefiro torna, e'l bel tempo, ramena, &c.”
 THE Spring returns, and all her smiling
 train;
 The wanton zephyrs breathe along the
 bowers;
 The glist'ning dew-drops hang on bending
 flowers,
 And tender green light-shadows o'er the plain.
 And thou, sweet Philomel, renew'st thy strain'
 Breathing thy wild notes to the midnight
 grove;
 All nature feels the kindling fire of love,
 The vital force of Spring's returning reign.
 But not to me returns the cheerful spring!
 O heart, that know'st no period to thy
 grief,
 Nor Nature's smiles to thee impart relief,
 Nor change of mind the varying seasons bring:
 She, she is gone! all that e'er pleas'd before!
 Adieu, ye birds, ye flowers, ye fields, that
 charm no more!

In the last stanza, Milton has evidently
 copied the sentiment and the words on his
 own blindness, in the Hymn to Light:

“But not to me returns,” &c.

ELEGIAC VERSES,
 Occasioned by the Death of Doctor IRVINE,
 Lecturer in Chymistry and Materia Medica,
 in the University of Glasgow.
 By Mr. RICHARDSON.

O How precarious is the lot of man!
 Our life, a vapour: and our age, a span.
 Gay in the sunshine of our opening years,
 Th' extended scene a lovely aspect wears:
 With various tints glow our effulgent skies;
 And bowers of bliss on every side arise:
 The green field blossoms: and the waving
 grove
 Allures us with the tuneful voice of love.
 Onward we journey, with high hope elate;
 But soon, too soon, lament our alter'd state.
 Cold breezes blow: th' ascending vapour
 shrouds
 Our youth's gay morning with a night of
 clouds;
 S I

The drizzly shower, th' impetuous storm descends—

Care, disappointment, and the loss of friends,
Th' unmerited reproach, th' undue return
For deeds of kindness, teach us soon—to mourn.

Timely, O Jardine, to my wounded heart
The balm of thy serenity impart :
And teach me, Arthur, while the tempests blow,

To stem, with fortitude, the tide of woe :
My friends, communicate the lenient cure :
Teach me to strive, to pardon, and endure.

And yet, ah me ! at this oppressive hour
Your hearts are troubled too ; your spirits lower :

The tear yet oozing in the reddened eye,
Th' untimely vigil, and th' unbidden sigh,
Musings, and throbbings, when observ'd,
Suppress,

Prove the sad conflict of the troubled breast.
With you, I pour the tributary tear :

With you, at Irvine's unexpected bier !
A beam of Science, parted soon, deplore !
Our fellow-labourer, alas, no more !

The partner of our social hours, with whom
We liv'd, the tenant of an early tomb !

Hasten, my friends, O haste and give relief
With the composure of becoming grief ;
Go ! from the deeply, deeply smitten heart
Elicit tenderly the barbed dart :

Go to the chief in sorrow, who lament
Their staff now broken, and their bow unbent :

For sympathy with friendly counsel join'd,
May yield some solace to th' afflicted mind.—
But how, with shaking knees, approach the door

Where Irvine liv'd ?—where Irvine lives no more !

How meet the sorrows that have cause to flow,
Or find excess in reasonable woe !

How soothe the pangs that rend a Widow's heart !

Or comfort to the Fatherless impart.—
Poor, little Boy ! Affliction's early prey,

Grief hath soon clouded thy commencing day !
Who can thy loss, thy heavy loss, repair ?

Who introduce thee to a world of care ?
But yet I will not bid thy sorrow flow :

Soon wilt thou learn, too soon, thy load of woe
Amuse thee, Boy : or lose thyself in sleep :

'Tis thy poor Mother who must wake and weep.

Spirits of Mercy ! unto whom 'tis given
To minister on earth, the Peace of Heaven ;

And soothe the sufferings of a wayward doom :
Come, on the wings of Consolation come !

Bre the all your influence here, benign and mild,

To the lone Widow and her only Child.

Edin. Aug. 7th, 1787.

A CURIOUS and INTERESTING LETTER from DAVID ROSS, Esq. to —, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

OUR conversation of yesterday evening made such an impression on my mind, that I cannot avoid requesting you to publish the following anecdotes.—I they relate so immediately to Mr. Palmer's plan, and to the commercial and mercantile interests of the metropolis, that I think it would be unjust to conceal them.

In the year 1752, during the Christmas holidays, I played George Barnwell, and the late Mrs. Pritchard played Milwood. Doctor Barrowby, physician to St. Bartholomew's hospital, told me he was sent for by a young gentleman in Great St. Helen's, apprentice to a very capital merchant. He found him very ill with a slow fever, a heavy hammer pulse, that no medicine could touch. The nurse told him he sigh'd at times so very heavily, that she was sure something lay heavy on his mind. The doctor sent every one out of the room, and told his patient he was sure there was something that oppress'd his mind, and lay so heavy on his spirits, that it would be in vain to order him medicine, unless he would open his mind freely. After much solicitations on the part of the doctor, though he confessed there was some-

thing lay heavy at his heart, but that he would sooner die than divulge it, as it must be his ruin if it was known. The doctor assured him, if he would make him his confidant, he would by every means in his power serve him, and that the secret, if he desired it, should remain so to all the world, but to those who might be necessary to relieve him. After much conversation, he told the doctor, he was the second son to a gentleman of good fortune in Hertfordshire; that he had made an improper acquaintance with a kept mistress of a captain of an Indian man then abroad; that he was within a year of being out of his time, and had been entrusted with cash, draughts, and notes, which he had made free with, to the amount of two hundred pounds. That, going two or three nights before to Drury Lane, to see Ross and Mrs. Pritchard in their characters of George Barnwell and Milwood, he was so forcibly struck, he had not enjoyed a moment's peace since, and wish'd to die, to avoid the shame he saw hanging over him. The doctor asked where his father was? He replied, he expected him there every minute, as he was sent for by his master upon his being taken so very ill.

The doctor desired the young gentleman to make himself perfectly easy, as he would undertake his father should make all right; and, to get his patient in a promising way, assured him, if his father made the least hesitation, he should have the money of *him*. The father soon arrived. The doctor took him into another room, and, after explaining the whole cause of his son's illness, begged him to save the honour of his family, and the life of his son. The father, with tears in his eyes, gave him a thousand thanks, said he would step to his banker, and bring the money. While the father was gone, Doctor Barrowby went to his patient, and told him every thing would be settled in a few minutes, to his ease and satisfaction: That his father was gone to his banker for the money, and would soon return with peace and forgiveness, and never mention or even think of it more. What is very extraordinary, the doctor told me, that in a few minutes after he communicated this news to his patient, upon feeling of his pulse, without the help of any medicine, he was quite another creature. The father returned with notes to the amount of 200*l.* which he put into the son's hands—they wept,

kissed, embraced. The son soon recovered and lived to be a very eminent merchant. Doctor Barrowby never told me the name, but the story he mentioned often in the green-room of Drury Lane theatre; and after telling it one night when I was standing by, he said to me, "You have done some good in your profession, more, perhaps, than many a clergyman who preached last Sunday"—for the patient told the doctor the play raised such horror and contrition in his soul, that he would, if it would please God to raise a friend to extricate him out of that distress, dedicate the rest of his life to religion and virtue. Though I never knew his name, or saw him to my knowledge, I had for nine or ten years, at my benefit, a note sealed up with ten guineas, and these words: "*A tribute of gratitude from one who was highly obliged, and saved from ruin, by seeing Mr. Ross's performance of Barnwell.*"

I am,

Dear Sir,

Hampstead,
20th August 1787.

Yours truly,

DAVID ROSS,

(COPY.)

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

SEPTEMBER 29.

MRS. Taylor, who a few years since performed at Covent-Garden under the name of Mrs. Robinson, appeared at Drury-Lane in the character of Elwina in Percy.—This lady is considerably improved since her former appearance in London, but we doubt that the managers of this theatre have still to look for an occasional substitute for Mrs. Siddons.

OCT. 1. A person who assumed the name of Seymour, appeared at Covent-Garden in the character of Macbeth. As his attempt was a decided failure, it is unnecessary to dwell on faults which will no longer offend the eye or ear. Before the play the following Address was spoken by Mr. Pope:

WHEN ER a new-fledg'd Poet hither brings

The trembling Drama on his untried wings,
True to his call the friendly Prologue waits,
Your favour courts—your justice deprecates:
And let it not presumptuous then appear
If once the Actor begs a partial ear.—
Bold is the hope on critic ground to raise
The envied garland of theatric bays.

—When here, high candidates for buskin'd fame,
"Fancy's rich Child,"—and tuneful Otway come;

They soon perceiv'd, it was an easier art
To frame a play, than to perform a part;
Th' unwilling robe resign'd, they snatch'd
The pen,
And wrote like Gods who could not act like men.

If these reflections have their rise in fact,
And 'tis indeed so hard a thing to act,
How dangerously to him must they apply,
Who proves to-night his tenfold Vanity.
But sure there's space beneath the Eagle's flight
For humbler hopes to range an honour'd height.
And Vanity herself might claim excuse
—A private foible answering public use.—
Fate but for this might famelick WOLFE have spar'd,

TULLY been mute—nor thrice-famed CHATHAM heard;
Where cold precaution in the breast abounds,
"Th' attempt too oft, and not the deed confounds."

FANCY, 'tis true, on liking can impose
A zeal as ardent as e'en Genius knows;
But till your voice declar'd it false or true,
None ever yet the uncertain impulse knew.—
That voice to try—and in such dubious plight,
A poor Probationer comes forth to-night;
Not in a desperate mood, with impious rage
'Gainst gentle nature stubborn war to wage.—

Obtrusive still his fruitless pains to waste,
And sadly plead *Necessity* for *Tolse*.
No! from this trial taught, with reverence he
Will onward, or retreat, as you decree.

—What tho' no bright reversion cheers his
view,

By friends forsaken,—and condemn'd by
you,

He'd sooner seek a rough retreat to gain
Beyond the limits of the Western main;
Sooner in India from *Oppression* crave
With her unhappy sons an envied grave,
Than here, in spite of Nature and the Muse,
Your patience torture—and your grace abuse.

3. Mr. Blanchard, from the Bath Theatre, appeared at Covent-Garden in Hodge in Love in a Village, and Sharp in The Lying Valet. He appears to be possessed of some talents for low humour, which must suffer by a comparison with the excellent performer in that walk at Covent-Garden. Waving any comparison, we cannot deny him praise for his performance in each of the characters he represented.

12. Mr. Fennel, under the name of Cambridge, appeared at Covent-Garden in the character of Othello. This arduous part has been often attempted with little success, and though frequently chosen for a first performance, would with more propriety be reserved for the last effort of the histrionick art. The powers of a novice in the profession cannot but sink under such an effort, and therefore it will not be wondered at if we are less profuse in our praises than other critics have been on this occasion. Mr. Fennel, however, exhibited many of the requisites of a good actor, and we entertain great hopes of his performance, when time and industry shall have matured his talents.

15. Orpheus and Eurydice, a pantomime by Mr. Rich, originally produced in the year 1740, at that time performed with unbounded success, and since at different periods revived with equal applause, had this evening the singular fate of being generally condemned. It has since been attempted one night, and, to the astonishment of every old frequenter of the theatre, finally condemned.

18. Mr. Bowden, from Manchester, appeared at Covent-Garden in Robin Hood.—His voice is a tenor that goes down to B, and rises perhaps as far as E. His tones are manly, and, as far as they go, all natural. The applause he met with, has been given from all quarters; both those who are judges, and those who rely on their ear only, unite in praising

him. We may therefore conclude that he has passed the fiery ordeal of trial, and will hereafter afford great entertainment to the public.

19. Mr. and Mrs. Bernard from Bath, appeared at Covent-Garden in the characters of Archer and Mrs. Sullen in The Stratagem, and Keckley and the Irish Widow in the farce of that name. Both were received with applause, and both were intitled to it in a degree. If their performances were not of the first rank, they were, at least, above mediocrity.

25. Mr. Sedgewick, who has been long known at the Anacreontic Society as a very good singer, tried his talents at Drury-Lane Theatre in the character of Antabanes in the opera of Artaxerxes, and performed it with considerable applause. He promises to be a better substitute for Bannister than any one that theatre at present affords.

THE ADDRESS TO FRIENDSHIP,

Spoken by Mr. PALMER on Mr. BANNISTER'S Night at the ROYALTY-THEATRE,

By THOMAS VAUGHAN, Esq.

LIVES there a feeling in the human
breast,

Whose virtues stand more eminent confest,
Than sacred *Friendship*? whose exhaustless
ray,

Pure as its source, dispels life's clouds away;
Cheers from the widow's eye the falling tear,
And frees the child of sorrow from despair;
Is man's best medicine in the worst disease,
And makes e'en age wear—cheerfulness and
ease;

Sheds its sweet influence o'er domestic woe,
And guards the social hour from every foe;
Points to the scene of future joys afar,
Not as a meteor—but a guiding star;
Improves our happiness, abates our fear,
By doubling transports, and dividing care.

These are the virtues which on *Friendship*
wait,

And these the blessings—I—have felt of late,
From *One**, “who, once determin'd, never
swerves,

Weights ere he trusts, yet weighs not ere he
serves;”

But, nobly fir'd with sympathetic zeal,
Dar'd to encounter what he dar'd to feel;
Nor shrunk he from the Verdicht of our
Laws,

Obtain'd by Faction in Oppression's cause.
And what is *Friendship*'s call, when blest
with pow'r,

If not exerted in the pressing hour?

* Mr. C. BANNISTER.

Then spare the feelings of a grateful heart,
Nor blame the fond emotions I impart,
Which live impress'd—beyond the reach
of art.

Nor yet to One—is fix'd the debt I owe,
But proudly boast the Friendship you bestow;
Which here—I'll cherish to my latest days,
The grateful Servant—You have deign'd to
raise.

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS
for MISS POWELL,

At the THEATRE ROYAL, MARGATE.

Written by Mr. PRATT.

THANKS to our stars, a fov'reign law
in nature

Is practis'd now-a-days by ev'ry creature;
To PLEASE is now the aim in smallest
things:

To PLEASE, without the aid of fins or
wings,

Some dive like fish, some soar like birds
in air,

While birds and fishes at the strangers stare,
Thinking it odd how gentlemen got there.

To PLEASE, the *beasts* too, in our arts ad-
vance;

Ceese learn the graces, puppies learn to
dance:

Those lightly trip now their old waddle's
o'er;

These move like Belles the minuet *de-la-*
cour;

And dare he own it, * Etiquette would tell,
Half *his* queer couples ne'er will dance to
well.

O say, ye blunderers, on a Thursday ball,
Doth not a well-bred puppy beat ye all?

And tho' for nights ye practise the Cotillon,
I'll wager Pug against ye for a million.

Follies, to PLEASE us, thus rise one by
one,

And ev'ry new-born trifle has its run.

To PLEASE, the bubbles swell; to please,
they burst;

And froth the second melts like froth the
first.

The *Rage*, the *Thing*, the *Twaddle*, and the
Bore,

Have had their fashion, and prevail no more;
And vast balloons, those bubbles in the air,
Now scarce can make a country bumpkin
Rare.

The learned *horse* yields to accomplish'd *dogs*,
While they give place to more accomplish'd
begs.

But, ah! the learned hogs themselves must
yield,

For *turkies* now at *school* must take the field.

If education, and 'tis past dispute,
Can form the man, it sure may form the
brute;

And since the rage of wisdom spreads so
wide,

Sure man and beast the honours should divide;
And since they both for talents merit praise,

Let pigs be gown'd, and puppies wear the
bays;

Let scientific apes a wreath obtain,
And owls turn wits, and write for Drury-
lane.

All, all would please; we ne'er can stint
the flame

Which gilds the path to glory or to fame;

Or gay, or serious, social is the glow,
And mutual ev'ry joy, and ev'ry woe.

To PLEASE, to soothe, to soften, to unite,
O'er life's dark shade to draw the tenderest
light;

From grief the real object to erase,
And shew a sabled sorrow in its place;

All these, blest office, to display is *ours*,
But, oh! an office still more blest is *yours*.

Rich from the bounty of the public heart,
Springs the lov'd recompence which crowns
our art;

The actor but reflects your generous aid;
And 'tis by you our toils are—*overpaid*.

Ev'n I am yours; and when you most
approve'd;

When most my little skill your plaudits
mov'd;

When you most honour'd what I trembling
play'd,

It was but finding on the powers you made.
Blest be the wreath, and doubly blest the
spot,

Where beauties thrive, and errors are forgot;
Where smallest flowers are nurs'd with kind-
est care;

Feel a rich soil, and prove the mildest air.

Thus feeble streams acquire unwanted force,
When daily fed by some superior source;

Some sacred fountain the rich tide bestows,
While broad, as Mine, from you each favour
flows.

The following congratulatory Address was
spoken by Mrs. R. MARTIN, at Mr. R.
MARTIN'S Theatre, at which his Grace the
DUKE OF RUTLAND, and most of the princi-
pal Nobility and Gentry of the county of
GALWAY in IRELAND, were present, before
the representation of the tragedy of DON CARLOS.

AWAK'D Hibernia's harp—though long
unstrung,

A theme sublimer than has yet been sung

* Mr. Walker, Master of the Ceremonies.

Demands those dulcet notes, that ancient skill
Which Monarchs heard well pleas'd on Ta-
ra's hill.

Thou that to heroes hast been wont to sing,
For heroes *sons* attune the warbling string;
With renovatèd magic numbers show,
That what our Granby *was*—is Rutland now;
That laurel wreath—that wreath which can-
not fade,

That lineal transmit from the glorious dead,
Which once adorn'd the god-like Father's
brows,

Nought of its verdure with the Son shall lose.
Thrice welcome Granby's Son—Oh, glorious
name!

So oft recorded in the Book of Fame;

With all the virtues of thy race inspir'd,
Lov'd by the good, and by the brave admir'd;
These do Ierne's loyal sons approve,
The worthy image of the King they love.
Long here propitious to our hopes remain,
Confirm our prospects from this virtuous reign,
Sprung from a race in seats of valour try'd,
From men who nobly liv'd, and nobly dy'd—
By thee united in one common cause,
We'll guard our country and protect the laws.
No more shall foreign or domestic wiles
Disturb the concord of the sister isles;
Justice and Liberty shall, hand in hand,
Wave their wide banners o'er this happy land;
And hither should our foes presume to steer,
They'll meet a Minden fate—another Gran-
by here.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Constantinople, Aug. 25.

THE following is a translation of the Ma-
nifesto published by the Sublime Porte
against Russia, remitted to Count Choiseul-
Gouffier, the King of France's Ambassador,
the 24th instant.

“The peace concluded between the Sub-
lime Porte and the Court of Russia in 1127
(1774), was chiefly made for the repose and
tranquility of their respective subjects; yet the
Court of Russia has not ceased to raise and
maintain pretensions capable of disturbing the
good harmony which that peace ought to pro-
cure: It has even proceeded so far as to seize
on the Crimea, a proceeding directly opposite
to the conditions agreed on to serve as a founda-
tion of the Treaty of Camardgik. It was
stipulated in the instrument then given on
both sides, that there should be no further dis-
cussion between the two Empires, and that
they should enjoy a perfect peace. It was
specified in the capitulations, that they should
avoid for the future all intrigue whatever, and
all plots secret or public; yet the Court of
Russia has raised up Prince Herachius, who
was furnished with a diploma of investiture as
vassal of the Sublime Porte. Russian troops
have been placed in Tethis: they have decla-
red themselves Supreme over the said Prince,
and from that moment the disorder in Geor-
gia and our adjoining frontiers has been gene-
ral. When we alleged that this proceeding
was a formal infraction of the Treaties, it was
maintained to the contrary. It was expressly
agreed on that the Oczakowians should have
the free and unlimited extraction of the salt-
pans, which always belonged to the inhabitants
of that frontier; yet they have always met
with a number of impediments, and experi-

enced every sort of ill-treatment from the
Russians; and when they reclaimed the exe-
cution of the Conventions, the Court of Russia
has constantly refused it. The Consul of that
Court has seduced the Waywode of Moldavia,
who has the rank of a Prince; he favoured
his flight, and when the Sublime Porte re-
claimed him, the Russian Envoy replied, his
Court would not deliver him up; a refusal
directly opposite to the Treaties. The Rus-
sian Court has shewn its bad designs by giving
what turn it pleased to many similar things.
It has corrupted the subjects of the Sublime
Porte, by establishing Consuls in Wallachia,
Moldavia, in isles and places where the pre-
sence of those officers were useless, and even
prejudicial to the true believers. It has invi-
ted to its estates the subjects of the Sublime
Porte, and employed them in its marine or
other services. It has especially entered into
the interior disposition of our Administration,
by soliciting either the recal or punishment of
Governors, Judges, Vassals, and of all the Offi-
cers not in their interests, and even of the Pa-
cha of Georgia and the Princes of Wallachia
and Moldavia. Every one knows how gene-
rally the Porte behaved to the Russian Mer-
chants: they carried on their trade in the Ot-
toman States with safety and liberty, and might
go where they chose, for which reason we ex-
pected the same indulgencies for the subjects
of the Sublime Porte. Such were our con-
ventions when the Russian Court wanted to
monopolize all the commerce, and exacted a
duty far greater from the subjects of the Sub-
lime Porte than from other powers. When
the subjects of the Sublime Porte wanted to
recover their debts in the Russian States, they
met a thousand obstacles: not being able to

go where they wanted, they were obliged to return without their due; many even have disappeared without our knowing what became of them. When the merchant vessels of the Sublime Porte wanted either through stress of weather or want of water, or any other urgent necessity, to go on board a Russian ship, the Russians kept them off with their guns. They have likewise sometimes fired on our vessels from Soghoodgiak. The Court of Russia wanted to introduce the article relating to Prince Heraclius amongst other articles of a great deal less importance, and gave notice in a ministerial manner, by its Envoy, to the Sublime Porte to furnish a common instrument for all these objects; if not, it had ordered General Potemkin to march to our frontiers with 60 or 70,000 men, to exact the execution of all the articles, and that the Empress was to come there herself. This notice was an open and formal declaration of war. The order given to General Potemkin to repair to our frontiers, at the head of so many troops, is analogous to the proceedings of the Court of Russia with regard to the usurpation of the Crimea. If the Russians remain master of it, the Porte cannot hope to remain in security for the future, and they will always have some bad designs to fear. These considerations engaged the Porte to shew to the Russian Envoy the desire they had for the Crimea to be established on its ancient footing, and to make a new treaty to cement friendship between the empires. The Envoy answered, he could not make these propositions to his Court, and that if he was to do it, he foresaw no good could result from it. He rejected or eluded the articles which contained our complaints, and formally answered, that his Court would not renounce the Crimea. That for all these reasons and others, either secret or public, which it is impossible to enumerate, the Sublime Porte is obliged to declare war; in consequence of which he has published this Manifesto to the respectable Court of France, to inform it of the resolution she has taken to go to war with Russia. The Sublime Porte submits the motives herein contained to the equity of her friends.

"The 11th of Zehade, the year 1201, (the 24th of August, 1787.)"

Hague, Sept. 26. The following is a letter from her Royal Highness the Princess of Orange to the reigning Duke of Brunswick:

"SIR, *Nimeguen, Sept. 15, 1787.*

"The moment your Highness enters the province of Holland at the head of the body of troops the King, my brother, has entrusted to you, permit me to recommend again to you the interests of that nation, which is so dear to

me, and to whose prosperity I shall always glory in contributing as much as in my power. I could not foresee that so simple an intention as that of my going to the Hague would have had such serious effects, and so entirely opposite to the salutary views which determined me to undertake that journey.

"I expected great obstacles before I succeeded in my endeavours to restore peace and tranquility; but the only difficulty for which I was unprepared, because it was the least probable, was unfortunately that which deprived me of every means of attaining my end, by stopping my journey by violent means.

"But if the unheard-of proceeding used towards me in Holland, a proceeding the impropriety of which has only been modified by my inward knowledge of not having merited it; if this proceeding, I say, has been disapproved by all the Courts, and every man of honour and good-breeding, what must be thought of those who compose the present plurality of the States of Holland, to see them misconstrue and sacrifice the interests of their country to little personal views, and oblige the King to take a satisfaction they have obstinately refused to his friendly exhortations.

"The King, by declaring he considered the offence as against himself, penetrated my heart with gratitude; but after the manner they dared to answer him, and the injustice which this pretended majority did not cease committing, that Declaration would have raised my greatest fears for that country which for twenty years I have considered as my own, and whose interests are inseparable from those of my house, if I had not been made easy by the Declaration of the States-General, that of the principal Members of the Assembly of the States of Holland, and of the greatest part of the nation, as well as by the magnanimous sentiments which characterize his Majesty.

"The King could not give a stronger proof of those sentiments than by charging your Highness with the execution of his orders; and the sentiments, Sir, you have desired to shew towards me, and which your Highness has manifested in your Declaration to the States of Holland, do not permit me to doubt of the wisdom and equity of your intentions; but your Highness must pardon me if I dare to implore your clemency toward that part of the inhabitants who are blinded and led astray by passion, and to assure you I shall consider your behaviour towards them, and the protection you shew to the wife part of the nation, as so many favours done to myself. In the mean-time, I do solemnly declare here, that, perfectly agreeable to the moderate principle shewn by the Prince in his last Declaration,

I will

I will never profit from any circumstances whatever to procure my family a greater authority than the constitution and true liberty of the Provinces grant it, and that for myself I shall always be ready to employ my good offices for the welfare of this country, and those of my house, without fear of trouble or disputes. I have no ambition for any influence, and I will only accept that which I owe to the confidence and friendship I may have merited. It is with these sentiments and the warmest gratitude I shall all my life remain with the highest consideration, Sir, your Serene Highness's most devoted Servant and Cousin,

WILHELMINA."

Hague, Sept. 25. Their Noble and Great Highnesses the Lords States of Holland and West-Friesland were assembled yesterday and this day.

His Serene Highness assisted at the Assembly of their High Mightinesses, and was complimented there by a speech pronounced by the President, when the Count Welderen proposed on the part of the province of Guelderland to congratulate his Serene Highness sincerely on his happy return to the Assembly, and testified how much they were pleased to see his Highness re-established in his noble dignities, and again enabled to assist in the re-establishment of the disordered affairs, and to support every one in his lawful rights and privileges, beseeching his Highness to employ his salutary cares for the general welfare, of which the province of Guelderland had always been assured and received the most striking proofs.

Mr. Peter Van Bleiswyk, Pensionary of Holland, repeated this compliment with his usual eloquence, and conformed entirely to it.

Last Monday, when we had the honour to see the family of the illustrious House of Orange and Nassau, all the houses and buildings were illuminated in as magnificent a manner as the shortness of the time would allow.

The German Jewish nation went the day before yesterday, at five o'clock in the afternoon, to the Synagogue, which was illuminated, and the books of Moses magnificently adorned, when, after the usual prayer, eight of the Psalms of David, viz. 9, 21, 35, 72, 117, 121, 124, and 125, were sung; after which the Lector made a very affecting prayer for the prosperity of the country in general, for all the supreme Colleges, the Regencies of the Republic, and their Royal and Serene Highnesses in particular. It is remarkable, that the Jewish nation, during all the unhappy troubles which have existed for so many years in our dear country, have ever behaved in the most exemplary manner.

Hague, Sept. 25. The States of Holland agreed on Saturday last, to write a letter to the Princes of Orange, inviting her to return to the Hague, and expressing their earnest desire to grant her Royal Highness satisfaction for the insult offered her near Schoonhoven, in the manner demanded by his Prussian Majesty. Her Royal Highness accordingly arrived here yesterday from Utrecht, and was received with the most joyful acclamations of all ranks of people. The deputations of the several States, and of the principal departments, waited on her Highness immediately after her arrival, and every possible mark of distinction was shewn her.

The regiment of Dragoon Guards, and the second battalion of the Swiss Guards marched into the Hague on Sunday. The garrison is now complete, and composed of the troops always quartered in this residence; and peace and good order begin to be happily re-established.

The Duke of Brunwick removed his head quarters on Saturday from Gouda to Alphen; and yesterday, his advanced posts moved forward as far as Amstelveen and Oudekerke, within four miles of Amsterdam. General Gaudi with his division has attacked and taken Nieuwenstuyts with 800 prisoners, 10 pieces of cannon, and 60 officers. *Gazette.*

Brussels, Sept. 25. Lord Torrington, Minister Plenipotentiary of his Britannic Majesty at Brussels, having received from his Court dispatches, to be communicated to the Government of the Austrian Pays Bas, and being in haste to obey these orders, has addressed the following letter to his Excellency Count de Murray, Lieutenant-Governor and Captain-General *per interim.*

"The actual situation of affairs in the United Provinces, where the troubles have long since fixed the general attention of Europe, having still become more critical by the recent and relative state of politics in these provinces, and France having notified the resolution of aiding with her forces that party in Holland who refuse to give satisfaction to the just complaints and demands which his Prussian Majesty has made for the insult done to the Princes of Orange; my Court has ordered me to have the honour of informing the Government General of the Austrian Pays Bas, that his Britannic Majesty cannot consider the alliance between France and the whole Republic as a just and sufficient reason to engage her to support a party in an affair expressly disavowed by the majority of the States-General. His said Britannic Majesty has declared and often repeated, that it was impossible for him to suffer with indifference the armed interposi-

sion of France in this affair; because, in tolerating this armed interposition, there could not but result consequences very dangerous, as well for the constitutions and independence of these provinces, as hurtful in many respects to the interest and safety of the States of his Britannic Majesty.

"In consequence of which, his Britannic Majesty is necessitated to make the speediest preparations for equipping a considerable naval armament, and for augmenting his land-forces, to the end they may be in a state and ready to act on any event.

"But that it will be his greatest pleasure to let his subjects, and all Europe, enjoy the felicity and blessings of peace, unless that the interest of his States force him to adopt a contrary conduct. That in consequence of these gracious dispositions, and in order to avert the scourge of war, his Britannic Majesty has renewed to his Minister at Paris, a repetition of these intentions, in case the Court of France are equally disposed to engage themselves to terminate amicably, and by equitable arrangements, the points of discussion which have impaired the state of affairs of the Republic, and reduced it to the deplorable situation it is in at this day.

"I have the honour to be, with the most distinguished consideration, your Excellency's very humble, and very obedient servant,

Sept. 24, 1787.

TORRINGTON."

Hague, Sept. 27. Extract from the registers of the Resolutions of the Lords States General of the United Provinces, Thursday, Sept. 20, 1787.

"The Lords Deputies of the Province of Holland and West-Friesland have read in their Assembly the resolution of the Lords States of the said Province their constituents hereafter inserted, viz.

"Having seriously considered the proposition of the Lords of the Equestrian body and Nobles, touching the dangerous situation of this Province, and the absolute necessity of preventing its farther ruin by speedy and effectual methods to preserve and save this place from the events which are justly feared, it has been thought proper and resolved to annul the resolution by which his Serene Highness the Prince Hereditary Stadtholder has been suspended from the charge of Captain-General of this Province, and to restore to his Serene Highness the command of the garrison of the Hague; to invite him to repair to the Hague immediately; in fine, to use with their Noble and Great Mightinesses every means to preserve the Province and re-establish the tottering constitution, and to stifle those ruinous discussions which have caused all the disasters, and in consequence to send his Serene Highness the following letter, viz.

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"*Illustrious Prince and Lord,*

"Having thought proper by our resolution of this day to re-instate your Serene Highness in your charge of Captain-General of this Province, by annulling and abrogating our Resolutions of suspension, and every thing relative thereto, and particularly to restore to you the command of the garrison of this our residence, we inform your Serene Highness of it as soon as possible, beseeching you at the same time, on account of the critical state of our province at present, to repair to the Hague, to act conjointly with us for the preservation of the province, the re-establishment of the tottering constitution, and to stifle the destructive discussions. With which, &c.

"Notice shall be given to the Chiefs of the Militia of our Province to respect his Serene Highness as Captain-General, and to obey and execute exactly his Orders and Patents, which he shall from time to time issue.

"That notice of the above be sent to the Assembly of their High Mightinesses.

"Their High Mightinesses having deliberated thereon, thanked the said Lord Deputies for the said communication; and their High Mightinesses testify their satisfaction touching the said salutary resolution, assuring them that their High Mightinesses will contribute as much as they can to the re-establishment of repose, union, and harmony amongst the confederates."

Hague, Oct. 3. The two Deputies from the town of Amsterdam having arrived here, to make in the name of their city a particular apology, which seemed to have been arranged between the Deputies and the Duke of Brunsvick, at Leymuyden; her Royal Highness the Princess, not being satisfied therewith, sent a note to them in which she says:

"That she desires nothing less than the punishment of the insults permitted against her.

"That she is very much affected at the situation which the authors and instigators of those insults have reduced Amsterdam to.— And that she desires nothing more ardently than to see assured the means and resolutions which will cause those disorders and acts of injustice to vanish, to re-establish the constitutional regency, to provide for the public peace, and to render to the country its ancient welfare and prosperity. And that she offers with pleasure to engage the King her brother to desist from every other point of satisfaction, and to withdraw his troops from before their town, as soon as the sincerity of their professions are confirmed by the town of Amsterdam, by acceding to the resolutions which have hitherto been taken for the re-establishment of affairs, and acting also in concert with the other members of the States of this province, to take such other steps and salutary

salutary resolutions proper to fulfil the pure views and the designs of prosperity which she proposes to revive in the country.

“ She nevertheless would have found much difficulty in coming hither on the invitation made by the States of Holland, if they had not joined the assurances that her Spouse should be re-established in all: To this end, she begged them not to think, that she desired to see the authors and instigators attacked, either in their honour, or in their goods, and much less exposed to lose their lives; but to prevent further suspicion, they must be dismissed from their stations, in which they had still power to excite new troubles.

(Signed) WILHELMINA.”

From the AMSTERDAM GAZETTE, Oct. 4.

All the negotiations of our city, whether with the Duke of Brunfwick or at the Hague, have terminated in an *entire submission* to the Court of Prussia and to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Orange, as appears by the following placard:

“ The Burgo-masters and Counsellors of the city of Amsterdam find themselves obliged to declare to the worthy corps of Burghers, that they have always conscientiously endeavoured to act conformably to the advantage of their dear country in general, and that of this city in particular—and that still, in their present circumstances, the good of this city, and that of its inhabitants, is dearer to them than their own lives, and the preservation of their honours, their employments, and their property.

“ The great and imminent danger in which they are involved, and the little time which with difficulty they have obtained to deliberate, not having permitted them to make fully known to the Burghers, all that has been transacted, to preserve this good city from the dreadful mischiefs that seem to impend, they have been obliged to accede to the points which the other Members of the States of Holland have agreed to; and to charge the Deputies of this city to yield to every demand, in case they cannot act otherwise—even the dismissal of the established Regents—rather than run the greater damages to the town and its inhabitants, in addition to those they have hitherto suffered; and after all, perhaps, after having undergone these losses, to be obliged to submit to demands still more afflicting. They call God to witness, from whom nothing can be concealed, and the oath which they took on assuming the magistrature, that they have had no other view in conceding every thing, than the prevention of the certain and irreparable ruin of the city.

“ Since they have been constrained to give up all, they will at least endeavour, and they hope to be able to preserve the most perfect

tranquility and security in this very populous city; to the effecting of which they expect with confidence, that the brave Burghers, who hitherto have exerted themselves with so much zeal for the preservation of that tranquillity, will continue to exercise the same efforts, and the same zeal, to maintain public quiet in the city, and to preserve each individual, whosoever it may be, from all manner of violence and oppression.

Done the 3d of October, by me,

H. N. HASSELAER, Sec.”

Hague, Oct. 9. Accounts received from Amsterdam this evening mention all the outposts of that city being evacuated; that Muiden had surrendered; that the strong posts of Overtoom and Diemenbrok were in possession of the Prussian troops; and that the Duke of Brunswick had completely surrounded Amsterdam itself, on the land side, close to the very walls.

The above accounts further add, that the lawful Magistrates had been recalled, and those who had usurped their charges deposed; that measures were taking for disarming the Free Corps; and that every thing promised a speedy restoration of peace and tranquillity. *Gaz.*

Amsterdam, Oct. 11. On Tuesday last the Burgher-masters received the following letter from his Highness the Duke of Brunswick, dated Amsterdam, the 9th instant.

“ In order to secure the requisition of his Prussian Majesty, and the honour of his arms, of being assured of the disarming of the auxiliaries and free corps that shall be found in Amsterdam, I demand of the Burgher-masters, and Council of the city, for my entire satisfaction of the legal mode of their being disarmed, that the Leyden Port, or Gate, be delivered to his Majesty's troops that shall appear there to-morrow at noon; and I pledge myself that no one shall come into the city; that the strictest discipline shall be observed; and that the troops shall stay no longer after the resolution of the States, with respect to their being disarmed, shall have been put in execution. You see, Gentlemen, I ask no more than what the States require, and what other cities, such as Dordrecht and Rotterdam, desired of me.

“ C. G. F. D. of BRUNSWICK.”

In consequence of the above, on Wednesday morning a deputation of two Burgher-masters, and two of the Council, waited on his Highness, who was near the Leyden Port, or Gate, in order to settle every thing relative to the present circumstances.

Hague, Oct. 12. Her Royal Highness delivered, on Saturday last, her complaint in writing to the Commissioners of their Noble Highnesses; which consists in declaring, that she did not require any corporal punishment

ment against the authors and abettors of the insult offered to her, but only that they be dismissed from all their employes. And upon the enquiry made by the Commissioners of their Noble Mightinesses, who were the authors, her Highness mentioned the following gentlemen :

M. Daniel Jacobus Canter, Chamberlain of the Council of the city of Haarlem.

M. Franciscus Guatherus Blok, Magistrate of the city of Leyden.

M. Jan De Witt, Magistrate of the city of Amsterdam.

M. Martinus Van Toulon, of the Council of the city of Gouda.

M. Cornelis Van Forceest, Lord of Schoorl and Camp, of the Council of the city of Alkmaar.

M. A. Coferus, Secretary at Woerden.

M. Cornelis Johan Dedange, Lord of the manors of Wyngaarden and Ruigbroeke, of the Council of the city of Gouda.

M. Cornelis De Gyzelaar, Pensioner of the city of Dordrecht.

M. Adriaan Van Zeeberg, and M. Pieter Leonard Van de Kastele, Pensionaries of the city of Haarlem.

M. Engelbert Francois Van Berckell, and M. Carl Wouter Vischer, Pensionaries of the city of Amsterdam.

M. Ludovicus Timon de Kempenaar, of the Council of the city of Alkmaar; together with those of the *Defensie Wezen*, of the city of Amsterdam.

Adriaan Pompejus Van Leyden, Lord of Hardinxvelt.

M. Balthazar Elias Abbema.

Lodewyk Hovy de Jonge.

M. John Bernard Bicker.

And their Noble Mightinesses with most of the cities, resolved to give this satisfaction; meanwhile Amsterdam was to explain on Thursday, and some of the cities concurred upon the approbation of their principals; so that this matter is as good as concluded.

A Letter from Berlin, dated Oct. 10, says, "A terrible fire has reduced to ashes the city of Ruppin, situated in the Marches of Brandenburg, about eight or nine leagues from Berlin. There are not above 240 houses standing; more than 600 have been burnt, as well as three churches, the Town House, and the building belonging to Prince Ferdinand of Prussia, the Royal Magazine, where there was a quantity of cloathing ready to be delivered to the troops, &c. The fire lasted twelve hours. They estimate the loss at many millions.

Hague, Oct. 11. On the 20th ult. the Prince of Orange published a declaration on the happy revolution of affairs, exhorting the inhabitants to demean themselves peaceably and

orderly; and not on any account to molest the persons or habitations of any, on pain of his highest displeasure.

Paris, Oct. 11. The 21st ult. the first President of the Parliament of Paris thanked his Majesty for having withdrawn the edict concerning the stamp-duty, and the land-tax bills, in the following words:—"Sire, your Majesty has given to the nation a very manifest proof of your equity and justice. The worthy heir of Charles the Vth's sceptre and virtues, you will be numbered, Sire, amongst the wisest of our Monarchs. Your Parliament, earnest to concur in your Majesty's beneficent views, and thoroughly sensible of the affectionate expressions you designed to make use of in your edict, that no means shall be left unemployed to relieve the people and render them happy, have ordered the edict to be registered, and appointed me to present to the Throne the homage of public thanks, with assurances of the profoundest respect, and unalterable fidelity to your Majesty."

His Majesty most graciously answered—"I am satisfied with the sincere marks of fidelity and obedience I have just now received from my Parliament. I am confident that they will always concur in my salutary views for the happiness of my subjects, and deserve the trust I have placed in them."

A letter from Paris since says, "The letters patent which recal the parliament here are published, and all the members are upon their return."

Hague, Oct. 12. On the 10th ult. in the morning, his Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick made his dispositions for bombarding the town of Amsterdam; but a detestation, in the interval, waited on his Serene Highness, intreating him to name the conditions to which he wished the city to subscribe: which being signified to them, the following capitulation was signed the next day at noon, and the same evening his Serene Highness took possession of the principal gate of the city.

1. A detachment of the King's troops, consisting of 150 men, 10 challeurs, and 4 orderly hussars, shall occupy the Leyden Gate; and two pieces of artillery shall be placed within cannon-shot of that gate.—2. Two battalions of challeurs shall be posted at Overtoorn.—3. In order to avoid giving occasion for any disturbances, none of the King's troops shall enter the city without the previous concurrence of the magistrate.—4. The Burgo-masters and City Council shall take the most effectual measures for securing the Sluices at the Haarlem and Mayden Gates.—5. Legal Information shall be given daily to his Serene Highness of the progress made in carrying into execution the Resolutions of the State, to which the town of Amsterdam has

already acceded.—6. Monf. de Haaren, the Pruffian Commiffary, fhall be informed of every thing relative to the difarming, in order to report an exact account of it.

Done at Overtoom the 10th of October, 1787. (Signed)

DEDEL, B.
CHARLES W. F. ELIAS ARNOLDZ.
Duke of Brunfwick. BEIKER. *Gazette.*

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

SEPTEMBER 28.

AN unhappy, and perhaps unparalleled, accident happened lately at Paris:—A child of five years of age hanged his brother, who was not quite two years and an half old. On his being reprehended, he answered coolly—“ I did not hurt him; my brother did not cry; I only did what I faw Punch do two or three times.”—He had been often to fee a puppet-fhow.

A proclamation has been iffued by the Emperor, by which the preliminary articles are given up, and the Provinces of the Auftrian Netherlands re-eftabliſhed in all their ancient privileges.

29. The Seffion ended at the Old Bailey, when 19 convicts received judgment of death; 53 were ſentenced to be transported; 11 to be imprifoned and kept to hard labour in the houſe of correction; 3 to be imprifoned in Newgate; 7 to be whipped and diſcharged; and 42 were diſcharged by proclamation.

A Common Hall was held at Guildhall for the election of a Lord Mayor for the year enſuing, when Alderman Burnell was choſen without oppoſition.

Mr. Arnott, filk-mercier, in Cornhill, having lately miſſed ſeveral pieces of filk, his wife (woman like) went to a conjurer, in order, by help of *magic art*, to diſcover the thief. The prudent conjurer promiſed an answer in two days; mean while he made enquiries behind St. Clement's church, and found the filk at one of the piece-brokers, which had been brought there and fold by a young lady; which young lady has proved to be the inmate friend of Mr. and Mrs. Arnott. She was taken into cuſtody, and examined laſt week at Bow-ſtreet; but from motives of humanity, we underſtand will not be profecuted.

OCTOBER 1. A melancholy accident happened in the houſe of the Marquis of Landown, in Berkeley-square. Mr. Mathews, a gentleman advanced in years, who has been for ſome time librarian to that nobleman, coming down ſtairs about eleven o'clock, was ſeized as it is ſuppoſed with a ſudden fit of giddineſs, and fell over the baniffers of a well ſtair-caſe. He unfortunately pitched on his head, and was killed on the ſpot.

Admiralty Office, Oct. 3. The King has granted his pleaſure to the Lords Commiſ-

ſioners of the Admiralty, that the uniforms of the Flag-officers of his Majeſty's fleet ſhall hereafter be as follows.

Full drefs. Admirals. A blue cloth coat, faced with gold lace, and loops of ditto, on both ſides regular; three on the flap; ſtand-up collar, with two laces; white cloth cuffs, with three laces; white ſilk lining; gilt buttons, with a ſmall anchor in the center, encircled with a laurel;—white cloth waſtcoat, plain, three buttons to the flap;—white cloth breeches.

Vice-Admirals. The ſame, with only two laces to the cuffs.

Rear-Admirals. Ditto, with only one lace to the cuffs.

Undrefs. Admirals. A blue cloth coat, with blue lappels, cuffs, and collar; embroidered button-holes, like thoſe now in uſe, regular in the lappel; three to the flap, three on the cuff, and three behind; buttons as above;—white cloth waſtcoat and breeches plain.

Vice-Admirals. Ditto, with button-holes three and three.

Rear-Admirals. Ditto, with button-holes two and two.

Commodores having Captains under them, the firſt Captain to the Admiral of the fleet, and firſt Captains to Admirals commanding Squadrons of 20 ſail of the line or more, ſhall be diſtinguiſhed by wearing the ſame frock uniform as Rear-Admirals.

Flag-Officers who are provided with the uniforms in preſent uſe, are permitted to wear the ſame for one year.

5. The following ſhips were put into commiſſion:

| Ships. | Guns. | Captains. |
|--------------|-------|----------------------|
| Battleur | 98 | Knight |
| Cumberland | 74 | M ^r Bride |
| Bellona | 74 | Bowyer |
| Alcide | 74 | Caldwell |
| Bobuſt | 74 | Corawallis |
| Perſeverance | 36 | Young |
| La Nymph | 36 | Bertie |
| Phoenix | 36 | Paine. |

6. At the drawing room the Neapolitan Ambaſſador introduced ſix gentlemen who brought over the rich preſent for the Queen from the King of Naples.—It conſiſts of a complete ſet of diſhes and plates, on which are painted the hiſtory of the Tuſcan war; and

and the story of Phaeton; and every piece is a different representation. These are accompanied by a number of emblematical figures, about 18 inches high, with about eight chariots and 16 horses beautifully imagined—a pyramid in the middle represents the Muses with their cymbals. Salts, &c. in the antique style, and covers of different sorts, both for the table, sideboard and desert, done after the Roman manner. The images are all of a beautiful white, and the countenance of each finely expressed. This royal present was in return for several pieces of remarkable fine brass cannon, presented long since by his Majesty to the King of Naples, and which are mounted on a favourite frigate, on board of which the King passes much of his time.

By a Proclamation in this night's Gazette, the Parliament is further prorogued to the 15th of November next.

Whitehall, Oct. 9. This morning one of his Majesty's messengers, dispatched by the Right Hon. William Eden, his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of France, arrived at the office of the Marquis of Carmarthen, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for foreign affairs, with the Most Christian King's Ratification of the Convention, signed the 31st of August last, for explaining the extent and meaning of the thirteenth article of the last definitive treaty of peace, which was exchanged with Mr. Eden against his Majesty's ratification, on the 28th of September last, at Versailles, by his Most Christian Majesty's Plenipotentiary.

11. The Court-martial, held for the trial of Major John Browne, of the 67th regiment, gave their sentence in substance as follows:—

“That Major John Browne is guilty of a contempt of the Court-martial held in Antigua in 1786, on the trial of Capt. Robert Hedges of the 67th, in disclaiming and refusing to pay obedience to their authority; but they acquit him of any other contempt or disrespect.

“That Major John Browne has, in his narrative, arraigned the conduct of the said Court-martial in a degree not supported by evidence: but they acquit him of having acted scandalously, or in a manner unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

“And that having regard to the very long period of his arrest, during which Major Browne has necessarily been suspended from his duty and command, the Court are of opinion, and doth by their adjudication declare, that the punishment thereby sustained is fully adequate to the crimes of which he has been found guilty.”

“With respect to the charge preferred by

Capt. Hedges against Major Browne, “of cruelty or oppression, as commanding officer of the 67th regiment, towards Thomas Edwards, a private soldier,” the Court acquit Major Browne of the charge of Cruelty; but are of opinion he is guilty of Oppression towards the said Thomas Edwards, by subjecting him, without trial, to a punishment of disgrace and ignominy, during a period of three hundred and nine days:—and do adjudge, that the said Major Browne be suspended from pay and duty, during a like period of three hundred and nine days:—and do humbly recommend, that his Majesty will be pleased to direct, that out of the stoppages of the Major's pay, 40*l.* be paid to the said Thomas Edwards, as a satisfaction for the grievance he has sustained.”

In respect to Capt. Hedges, the Court declare their opinion, that in preferring his accusation of cruelty against Major Browne, he had some object in view less worthy than that of obtaining redress for an aggrieved soldier.

At the conclusion of delivering the sentence, was read, his Majesty's injunction against any officer's taking private satisfaction.

Lieut. Urquhart, one of the members of the Antigua Court-martial, and Capt. Hedges, have (it is said) received advice from the War Office, that his Majesty has no farther occasion for their services.

At the General Quarter Sessions for the Tower of London, the several appeals of Messrs. Palmer, Bannister, Gaudry, and Delpini, against the convictions of Justice Staples, adjudging them rogues and vagabonds, were heard, when the Court unanimously quashed all the convictions.

12. At a Court of Common Council holden in Guildhall, it was resolved and ordered,—That the sum of forty shillings for every able seaman, and twenty shillings for every ordinary seaman, over and above the bounty granted by his Majesty, be given by and during the pleasure of this Court, and not exceeding one month, (to commence on the day which the Lords of the Admiralty shall point out by letter to the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor) to every such seaman that shall enter at the Guildhall, into the service of his Majesty's navy.

The Lord Mayor informed the Court, that he waited on Lord Howe at the Admiralty, on the 9th, at eleven o'clock, and was received with the greatest politeness; that in a short time the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Pitt came, who much pressed his Lordship to sign the press-warrants, stating the necessity of the times. But his Lordship declaring, that he could not, consistent with his own feelings, do such an act until the legality of

them.

them was determined—refused; at the same time assuring their Lordships, that he would use every constitutional means to obtain men, and give Government every support in his power. That he had issued his precepts to take into custody all suspicious and disorderly persons, and if their Lordships would do him the honour to give him any information of seamen, fit objects for the service, in his jurisdiction, they might depend on his attention.

The Thanks of the Court were voted to the Lord Mayor.

13. The King has lately caused it to be made known to the nobility and gentry of all the royal households, that it would be expected they should dispense with all Sunday evening concerts and entertainments of every kind the ensuing winter, as every thing of that sort will be discountenanced by his Majesty.

PLAYS at BLENHEIM.

19. This evening the superb new Theatre at Blenheim was opened with the comedy of *Faſſe Delicacy*, and *Who's the Dupe?* The Dramatic Personæ were Ladies Caroline, Elizabeth, and Charlotte Spencer, and Miss Pethall; Lords Charles and Henry Spencer, Lord William Ruffel, the Hon. Mr. Edgcombe, and Mr. Spencer.—Lady Elizabeth Spencer performed Lady Betty Lanibton.—Miss Marchmont was supported by Lady Caroline Spencer.—Miss Rivers was personated by Lady Charlotte Spencer, who that very day entered her 19th year;—and Mrs. Harley by Miss Pethall.

Among the Gentlemen, Lord Henry Spencer was distinguished in Cecl.—Lord William Ruffel performed Sydney; and the theatrical powers of Mr. Edgcombe were called into action in Sir Harry Newburg.—Lord Charles Spencer represented Colonel Rivers; and his son Mr. Spencer was Lord Winworth.

In the entertainment, Lord Henry Spencer supported the character of Dokey, and Lord William Ruffel, Gradus. Lady Charlotte Spencer retained her christian name; and in the course of her part sung an Italian air.

20. Advices from America inform, that the rebellion in the State of Massachusetts Bay is by no means extinguished, but that the insurgents are daily receiving additional strength by the junction of a number of disaffected persons belonging to the neighbouring States. Several towns in Vermont, which lie near the line of Massachusetts Bay, offered an asylum and protection to the rebels, who have assembled there in large bodies, and threaten to burn and destroy the property of the friends to government, as soon as they are in sufficient force to take the field.

21. The Treasury Board have stolen a march upon the contractors in the supply of rum for

the present equipments. Notice was given to receive proposals for the supply of 50,000 gallons, and when the merchants attended, the ten lowest offers were separately accepted, by which means 500,000 gallons have been procured at the rate of 50,000; whereas if so large a consumption had been known to the contractors, the price would immediately have been raised to an extreme degree.

22. Three shocks of an earthquake have been felt at Martinique, by which several houses at St. Pierre were levelled with the ground. The spot called Morne-Vauclair hath suddenly disappeared, and left a chafin six hundred fathoms in length, from whence flames are said to issue from time to time.

25. The four regiments to be added to the establishment, and which are to be commanded by Sir Archibald Campbell, General Abercrombie, Colonel Musgrave, and General Marsh, are destined for India, where they are to remain. The measure is not adopted in consequence of the impending war, but of the recommendation of Earl Cornwallis, who wrote home that he thought there was not a sufficient proportion of European troops to the Seapoys. These regiments are accordingly to be added to the establishment, and they are to be raised in the following manner: The India Company are to give three guineas of bounty money to each recruit, and the officers are to provide their quotas at what further sum they can, and where they please.

St. James's, Oct. 27. Thursday last being the anniversary of the King's Accession to the throne, when his Majesty entered into the 28th year of his reign, there was a very numerous and splendid appearance of the nobility, foreign Ministers, and other persons of distinction, to compliment his Majesty upon the occasion. At one o'clock the guns in the Park and at the Tower were fired; and in the evening there were illuminations, and other public demonstrations of joy, in London and Westminster.

27. The Session ended at the Old Bailey, when Mr Recorder passed judgment of death on 6 capital convicts; 41 were sentenced to be transported; 3 ordered to be kept to hard labour in the house of correction; 4 to be imprisoned in Newgate; 3 to be whipped, and 18 discharged by proclamation.

The following noble specimen of patriotic zeal has not been lately equalled: the Right Hon. Lady Willoughby is the patroness of a ball at Alford, for the encouragement of the Lincolnshire stuff-manufactory, where all such ladies are invited as shall be willing to appear in a gown and petticoat made of wool grown, spun, woven, dyed, and finished in Lincolnshire. This ball is supported by subscription, and conducted by a committee.

C O U N T R Y - N E W S.

Canterbury, Sept. 27.

THIS afternoon at four o'clock, Powell, the celebrated walker, commenced his journey from Canterbury to London bridge, for a wager of 25 guineas. He was to come from Canterbury and return within 24 hours. He reached the Bridge at half past two on Friday morning, and was again at Canterbury just ten minutes before four in the afternoon. The ground is 112 miles; in coming he was ten hours and a half; in returning thirteen hours and twenty minutes; so that he saved his distance only by ten minutes. Powell is 53 years old.

At the Quarter-sessions at Durham, Matthew Smith of Harrington, was convicted of stealing a sack or poke of clover. This trial lasted four hours, when the Bench, which was much crowded, sentenced him to be confined to hard labour for six months in the house of correction. The following lines have since appeared:

BEAT hemp, honest Matt, and maintain it
a joke,

Let them rail, it will quickly be over;
Much better than buying a pig in a poke
Are the comforts of living in clover.

You see yourself snug in a well-furnish'd
house,

Lodg'd gratis as long as you stay,
Provided with work, and save many a sou,
For you've never a turnpike* to pay.

A letter from York, dated Oct. 12, says, "His Royal Highness the Duke of York arrived at his domain at Allerton-Mauleverer on Sunday evening; and on Tuesday morning was waited upon by the Sheriffs of this city, who were deputed by the Lord-Mayor and Corporation to congratulate his Royal Highness, in their name, on his arrival; and solicit of his Royal Highness the honour of enrolling his name among the free citizens."

York, Oct. 19. Monday last his Royal Highness the Duke of York gave an entertainment at Allerton-Park to his tenants, their families, and in short the whole neighbourhood, in the true style of ancient English hospitality. Several thousand persons were assembled. An

ox was roasted whole, and plenty of ale provided for the populace. It appeared to be his Royal Highness's intention that nothing should be wanting that could promote the hilarity and festivity of the day. There were races and other diversions in the park till the evening; when the company withdrew into the Hall, and sat down to an elegant repast:—Soon after which dancing commenced, when his Royal Highness opened the Ball, went down several country dances with different young ladies, and honoured the Ball-room with his presence the greatest part of the night.—The company broke up about four on Tuesday morning.

Doncaster, Oct. 20. Thursday last, about three o'clock, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales passed through this town, on a visit to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, at Allerton. His Royal Highness was attended in his carriage by Colonel Lake and Major Hanger, and (owing to an accident of a horse in his carriage falling dead just before he entered the town) did not stop, but ordered the drivers to pass slowly through the town, in order, as we suppose, that the concourse of people assembled on this occasion, might have an opportunity of seeing his Royal Highness.—The bells had been ringing a considerable time.

York, Oct. 23. This evening his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales arrived at Allerton, the seat of his brother the Duke of York. On Friday the Royal Brothers took the diversion of hawking, shooting, and coursing together, in and about Allerton-Park.—On Saturday they honoured Colonel Thornton with their company to breakfast at Thornville, where several of the neighbouring gentry, who had been invited on the occasion, had an opportunity of seeing and partaking of that condescension, affability, and good humour for which their Royal Highnesses are so remarkably distinguishable. Their Royal Highnesses afterwards took the diversion of foxhunting, and entered into the amusement with all the warmth of determined sportsmen. Yesterday they returned to London.

P R E F E R M E N T S, O C T O B E R 1787.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, Sept. 24.

THIS day, in pursuance of the King's pleasure, the following Flag Officers were promoted, viz.

John Montague, Esq. Richard Lord Viscount Howe, and Hugh Pigot, Esq. Admirals of the Blue, to be Admirals of the White.

Right Honourable Molyneux Lord Shuldham, John Vaughan, Esq. Vice Admirals of the Red,—John Reynolds, Esq. Sir

* This worthy gentleman, who possesses an estate of about 1500l. a year, has a dislike to the interruption of a turnpike, for which he some time ago paid the penalty of the law.

Hugh Palliser, Bart. Matthew Barton, Esq. Sir Peter Parker, Bart. Honourable Samuel Barrington, Vice Admirals of the White, — to be Admirals of the Blue.

Mariot Arbuthnot, Robert Roddam, George Darby, and John Campbell, Esqrs. Vice Admirals of the White,—James Gambier, William Lloyd, and Francis William Drake, Esqrs. Vice Admirals of the Blue,— to be Vice Admirals of the Red.

Sir Edward Hughes, K. B. John Evans, Esq. Mark Milbank, Esq. Vice Admirals

of the Blue.—Nicholas Vincent, Esq. Sir Edward Vernon, Knt. Sir Joshua Rowley, Bart. Richard Edwards, Esq. Rear Admirals of the Red, —to be Vice Admirals of the White.

Thomas Graves, Esq. Robert Digby, Esq. Sir John Lockhart Ross, Rear Admirals of the Red, —Benjamin Marlow, Esq. Alexander Hood, Esq. Rear Admirals of the White —Sir Chaloner Ogle, Knt. Right Honourable Samuel Lord Hood, Rear Admirals of the Blue, —to be Vice Admirals of the Blue.

Sir Richard Hughes Bart. Sir Francis Samuel Drake, Bart. Sir Edmund Affleck, Bart. Rear Admirals of the Blue, to be Rear Admirals of the Red.

And the following Captains were also appointed Flag Officers of his Majesty's fleet, viz.

John Elliot, Esq. William Hotham, Esq. Sir John Lindsay, K. B. —to be Rear Admirals of the Red.

Joseph Peyton, Esq. John Carter Allen, Esq. Sir Charles Middleton, Bart. John Dearymple, Esq. Herbert Sawyer, Esq. Sir Rd. King, Knt. Jonathan Faulkner, esq. —to be Rear Admirals of the White.

Philip Affleck, Esq. Sir Richard Bickerton, Bart. Honourable John Leveson Gower, Sir John Jervis, K. B. Adam Duncan, Esq. Sir Charles Douglas, Bart. —to be Rear Admirals of the Blue.

War-Office, Sept. 28. His Majesty has been pleased to appoint Major Generals Spencer Cowper, William Wynyard, Edward Mathew, Richard Burton Phillippot, Francis Smith, James Pattison, John Douglas, Honourable Alexander Leslie, Samuel Cleveland, Honourable Henry St. John, Sir William Eskine, John Campbell, and Sir George Osborn, Bart. —to be Lieutenant Generals.

As likewise Colonels Thomas Earl of Lincoln, John Campbell, John Leland, James Hamilton, John Stratton, Allan Campbell, James Rooke, Samuel Birch, Charles Crosbie, John Martin, Winter Blathwaite, John Earl of Suffolk, Ralph Abercrombie, Honourable Chapel Norton, Alexander Reyby, and John Gunning, —to be Major Generals.

John Frazer, Esq. to be Commissary of the Commissariat of Sutherland.

Edward Morgan, Esq. Barrister at Law, to be Recorder of Brecon.

The Reverend Mr. Longmire of Linton, and formerly Fellow of St. Peter's College, in the University of Cambridge, to be Master of that Society, vice the late Bishop of Carlisle.

Whitehall, Sept. 29. The King has been pleased to order a Conge d'Elire to pais the Great Seal, empowering the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle to elect a Bishop of that

See, void by the death of Doctor Edmund Law; and to recommend the Reverend John Douglas, D. D. Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, and one of his Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary, to be by them elected Bishop of the said see.

War-Office, October 6. 60th regiment of foot, 3d battalion, Major General William Rowley; ditto, 4th battalion, Major General William Gordon, to be Colonel's Commandant.

3d regiment of foot, Major John Joiner Ellis; 2d battalion of Royals, Captain William Cunningham; 2d regiment, James Ackland; 4th Regiment, Thomas Stanley; 6th regiment, John Henry Campbell; 7th regiment, William Fitch; 8th regiment, George Munro; 10th regiment, Jeremy Lister; 11th regiment, Matt. Jenour; 12th regiment, Thomas Pitton; 14th regiment, George Hanbury; 17th regiment, Bullstrode Whitelock; 18th regiment, Henry Tucker Menteflor; 19th regiment, William Gordon; 22d regiment, John Dumaresque; 23d regiment, Thomas Saumarez; 25th regiment, David Ogilvie; 26th regiment, C. B. Mackenzie; 29th regiment, Alexander Adolphus Dalley; 30th regiment, William Hartley; 31st regiment, G. Rutherford; 32d regiment, Paul Colville Castleman; 33d regiment, Robert Crawford; 34th regiment, Cottrell Mercier; 35th regiment, George Hallam; 37th regiment, Thomas Digby; 38th regiment, William Braban; 39th regiment, Coote Manningham; 40th regiment, John Edwards; 42d regiment, Adam Gordon; 43d regiment, James Bulkeley; 44th regiment, William Wynyard; 45th regiment, James Robertson; 50th regiment, M. R. Dickens; 53d regiment, William Cullen; 54th regiment, Thomas Frederick; 55th regiment, Robert Deighton; 56th regiment, Thomas Stribling; 57th regiment, James Fenwicke; 59th regiment, Honourable George Frederick Fitzroy; 65th regiment, John Foster Hill; 66th regiment, Honourable Charles Fitzroy; 67th regiment, John Elphinstone; 68th regiment, Thomas Merrick, —to be Captains of companies.

Corps of Royal Engineers. Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Basset to be Colonel, vice Harry Gordon, deceased; and Captain Alexander Mercer to be Lieutenant Colonel.

Charles Henry Frazer, Esq. appointed his Majesty's Secretary of Legation at the Court of Peterburgh; and Mark Gregory, Esq. to be British Consul at Malaga.

John Cayley, Esq. appointed his Majesty's Consul General in the dominions of the Empress of Russia, in the room of Walter Sharp, Esq. deceased.

Sir George Baker, Bart. to be President of the College of Physicians.

The Reverend William Lloyd to be Preacher

Preacher at the Charter House, in the room of Doctor Sainbury, deceased.

Mrs. Sparry, who was Governess to Lady Chatham's children, to be Keeper of the Levee Rooms at St. James's.

War-Office, October 20. Major General Sir Archibald Campbell, Colonel Robert Abercrombie, from 37th, Colonel Thomas Musgrave, from 40th, and Colonel James Marth from 43d, to be Colonels of regiments.

Lieutenant Colonel Gordon Forbes, from late 102d regiment, Lieutenant Colonel George Harris, from 5th regiment, Lieutenant Colonel James Balfour, from late 99th regiment, 5th regiment, Lieutenant Colonel Henry Fitzgerald, from late 85th regiment, 6th regiment, Colonel Archibald M'Arthur, from half pay of the same regiment, Lieut. Colonel Peter Hunter, from first battalion of same regiment, 37th regiment, Major Frederick Mackenzie, 40th regiment, Major Stephen Bromfield, and 43d regiment, Major George Hewitt, to be Lieutenant Colonels.

23d regiment, Brevet Major Boleyn Douglas, 40th regiment, Brevet Major John C. Adlam, 43d regiment, Brevet Major Duncan Cameron, 60th regiment, Major John Adolphus Harris, from 84th regiment, Major William Gooday Strutt, from half pay of the 60th regiment, and Captain Geo. Hart, to be Majors.

37th regiment, Captain Lieutenant John Wilbar Cook, 40th regiment, Captain Lieutenant Wald. Pelh. Clay, 43d regiment, Ensign Lord Charles Fitzroy, 55th regiment, Captain Lieutenant Ralph Gledstanes, 60th regiment, Captains Frederick Diemar, George Schneider, Frederick de Montrond, Charles Curzon, J. James Ecuquier, Samuel de Vismes. Captains Lieutenants Richard Maffey Hanford, Thomas Walker, Brevet Captain And. Phil. Skene, Lieutenants William Lachenwitz, James Wakeley, and William Martin, to be Captains of companies.

Also several other promotions of inferior rank.

23. Samuel Wallis, esq. to be one of the Commissioners in quality of a principal Officer of his Majesty's Navy.

26. The honour of Knighthood on Paul Jodrel, Doctor of Physic.

27. The dignity of a Marquis of the kingdom of Great Britain to the Right Hon. George Lord Viscount Townshend, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the name, stile, and title of Marquis Townshend of Raynham, in Norfolk.

Samuel Marshall, Esq. to be one of the Commissioners for victualling his Majesty's Navy, vice James Kirk, Esq.

John Daniell Esq. to be Comptroller of his Majesty's salt duties, vice George Hall, Esq. deceased.

MARRIAGES, OCTOBER 1787.

THE Reverend John Batteridge Pearson, Vicar of Croxall in Derbyshire, to Miss Falconer, eldest daughter of the Reverend Doctor Falconer, of Litchfield.

Captain Griffiths, of Bristol, to Miss Mary Hare.

Mr. Woodbridge, jun. of St. Dunstan's, Merchant, to Miss Collins, only daughter of Edward Collins, Esq. of Richmond.

Mr. Richard Simpson, of the Accomptant-General's Office, Custom House, to Miss Mary Holland.

Mr. Lewis Wulliamy, Sugar Refiner, of Leman Street, to Miss Lucy Frances Lucadou, of Old Broad Street.

At Laugharne in Carmarthenshire, Howell Price, Esq. to the Right Honourable Lady Aylmer.

Samuel Denton, Esq. Navy Agent, to Miss Arabella Parker, of Retford.

Henry J. A. Croaldale, Esq. Lieutenant of the Yeomen of the Guards, to Miss Sleorgan, grand-daughter of J. Gould, Esq. at the Red House, near Ipswich.

Mr. Pulham, Under Sheriff for Suffolk, to Miss Amis, of Woodbridge.

Archibald Fraser, Esq. to Miss Litchfield, of Essex Street.

George Best, Esq. Secretary in his Majesty's German Office, to Miss Ann Mello, of Fenchurch Street.

The Reverend Mr. Sheriffe, of Uggleshall, to Miss Affleck, of Bury, niece of Sir Edmund Affleck, Bart.

Lieutenant Colonel Hallows, of the 56th regiment of foot, to Mrs. Bruere, widow of the late Captain George Bruere.

John Foulkes, of Clement's Inn, Esq. to Miss Philippa Toller, daughter of the Reverend Brownlow Toller, of Billington Hall, Lincolnshire.

The Reverend Mr. Hilliard to Miss Grantham, of Louth, Lincolnshire.

Mr. J. W. Glenton, Merchant, to Miss B. P. Kelfall, youngest daughter of Mr. J. Kelfall, both of Liverpool.

In the East Indies, Lieutenant Bailly, to Miss Hope, sister to Captain Hope, Commandant of the 5th battalion of Sepoys.

Benjamin Allen, Esq. of Bennington Place, Herts, to Miss Catherine Cotterel, of Windfor.

William Hobson, Esq. of Park Street, St. James's, to Miss Cotton, daughter of T. Cotton, Esq. of Place Green, Chiselmhurst, Gent.

William Garret, Esq. of Portsmouth, to Miss Newland, of Havant.

In Virginia, Corbal Washington, Esq. nephew of General Washington, to Miss Hannah Lee, daughter of the Honourable Richard Lee, Esq.

C. Fisher, Esq. of the Tower, to Miss Garnault, daughter of the late Anice Garnault, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

Lieutenant Edmund Nepear, Esq. of the Royal Navy, to Miss Frances Hervey, sister to the Right Honourable Lady Trimleston.

The Reverend John Tattersal, of Eastling, in Kent, Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, to Mrs. Wheler, of Otterden Place, in the same county.

Reverend Edward Moises, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to Miss Mary Bowes, of Masham, in Yorkshire.

William Williams, Esq. Lieutenant of his Majesty's Royal Navy, to Miss Price, of Serie Street.

At Springkell, near Edinburgh, Michael Stewart Nicolson, Esq. of Carnock, to Miss Catharine Maxwell, daughter of Sir William Maxwell, of Springkell. Bart.

Sir Joseph Naro, Bart. late of the Province of Pennsylvania, to the Honourable Elizabeth Thomas, widow of the late Sir Owen Thomas, Bart. of Birmingham.

Richard Cross, Esq. of Shaw Hill, to Miss Parker, only daughter of the late Robert Parker, Esq. of Cueden, in Lancashire.

The Reverend Mr. Gilbert Gerard, Minister of the English Church in Amsterdam, to Miss Helen Duncan, daughter of John Duncan, Esq. late Provost of Aberdeen.

Adam Plowman, of Mary-le-bonne Street, Golden Square, to Miss Elizabeth B. Mayo, second daughter of the Reverend Doctor Mayo, of Wellclose Square.

The Reverend Mr. Williamson, of Basingstoke, to Miss Mary Jackson, eldest daughter of the Reverend Mr. Jackson, of Farnham.

John Fisher, Esq. of Southampton Buildings, Bloomsbury to Miss Campbell, daughter of Robert Campbell, Esq. of Creed Place, Gloucestershire.

Edward Hillman, Esq. of Rook Cliff

House, near Lymington, to Miss Martha Willis, sister to the Reverend Joseph Willis, of Sopley.

The Reverend Mr. Holt, one of the senior Vicars of Lincoln Cathedral, to Miss Hamilton of Lynn.

John Wycliffe, Esq. of Bishop Auckland, Durham, to Miss Marshall, sister of William Marshall, Esq. of Tadcaster.

James Vincent Mathias, Esq. Captain in the 62d regiment, to Miss Carter, of Thorpe, near Norwich.

Thomas Townly Parker, Esq. to Miss Brooke, of Alley Hall, Lancashire, only sister and sole heiress of the late Peter Brooke, Esq.

Captain Meyrick, of the 66th regiment, to Miss Keppel, daughter of the late Lord Keppel.

At Southampton, Maurice Bisset, Esq. to Miss Mordaunt, only daughter to the Countess Dowager of Peterborough.

Humphry Aulten, Esq. of Wotton Underedge, to Miss Southgate, of Hackney.

Henry Mountfort, Esq. of Gough Square, to Mrs. Andrews, of Kensington.

At Edinburgh, William Milner, Esq. of Craigtynny, to Miss Rawson, daughter of Mr. Henry Rawson, of Newark.

Captain Wathen, of the 14th regiment, to Miss Marianne Norford, daughter of Doctor Norford, of Bury.

At Badsworth, Captain Davison, of Thornes, near Wakefield, to Miss Anne Wise, second daughter of Mr. Wise, of Thorp Audling.

Doctor Wood, to Miss Cave, only daughter of Robert Cave, Esq. of Doncaster.

Thomas Layton, Esq. of Trinity College, Cambridge, to Miss Burleigh, of Colchester.

William Denby, Esq. Captain in the East India Company's Service, to Miss Elizabeth Bent, of Barnsley.

The Reverend Thomas Bisse, A. M. of Wadham College, Oxford, to Miss Townsend, of Ham, Surrey.

William Swiney, of Enniscorthy, in the county of Wexford, Ireland, Esq. to Mrs. Palmer, relict of the late John Palmer, Esq. of Naburn, Yorkshire.

MONTHLY OBITUARY, OCTOBER 1787.

SEPTEMBER 12.

ROBERT KENTISH, Esq. at St Alban's.

At Heytsbury, Wilts, John Bradford, Esq. formerly Lieutenant Colonel of the 11th Regiment of dragoons, in his 81st year.

Mr. Mitchell, Attorney at Law at Malden.

14. George Clarke, Esq. Watford, Northamptonshire.

15. The Lord Viscount Dillon,

Mr. Chapman, Haberdasher, Bread-Street.

20. Gilbert Lawrie, Esq. late Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and one of the Commissioners of Excise.

The Reverend John Walker, Vicar of Sawbridgeworth, Herts, of Takely, Essex, and Chaplain of the 7th Regiment of foot.

23. At Odham, Hants, the Reverend Benjamin Webb, Clerk, master of the grammar school there.

24. Anna

24. Anna Maria, Countess Dowager of Pomfret, widow of the late Earl of Pomfret. At East Sheen, Mr. Robert Rasfleigh, Merchant.

Lately at Tiffeld, in Northamptonshire, Neale Hayton, Esq.

25th, Mrs. Bates, of Covent Garden Theatre.

Lately in Ireland, the Reverend Doctor James Keefe, Titular Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.

26. Mr. James Park, landlord of the Castle Inn, New Brunford; and in less than two hours his wife.

Mr. Edward Pearson of Cheapside, Silkman.

Lately in her 67th year, Elizabeth, relict of Grenada Pigot Stanley, Esq. of Cumberbach, in Cheshire.

27. Mr. Thomas Dicker, formerly a Colourman in Newport Street.

Miss Stanley, daughter of Mr. Stanley, of Cross Hall, in Lancashire.

Lately, Colonel Norman Lamont of the 55th regiment.

28. At Oxford, the Reverend Edward Carne, late Fellow of Jesus College, and Vicar of Holyhead.

Mr. Deputy Thorpe of the Globe Tavern, Fleet Street.

October 1. Mr. Francis Smith, of Gracechurch Street, Woollen Draper.

Mr. William Lodge, the yeoman of the guard who seized Margaret Nicholson.

Lately, Joseph Webb, Esq. uncle to the Countess of Shaftesbury.

3. Mr. John James, Merchant, of Spital Square.

4. At Shadwell, Captain William Morden, aged 98, upwards of 60 years in the West India trade.

At St. Omer's, Ralph Clavering, of Calaly, in Northumberland.

Lately, the Reverend Mr. Pearson, Rector of Maiden Newton, Dorset.

6. Edmund Cooper, Esq. of Overleigh, in the County of Chester, aged 83.

Lately, at Evesham, Charles Kemp, Esq.

7. Mr. Wilson, Cabinet Maker in the Strand.

Mr. Edward Davis, formerly of Blackwell Hall Factor, and Director of the Union Sun Fire Office.

8. At Falkirk, in Scotland, in the hundredth year of her age, Helen Forsyth.

Mr. Thomas Ryding, Attorney at Law at Liverpool.

9. The Honourable Mr. Dawson, son of Lord Viscount Cremorne.

Mr. Broxholm, Trunk Maker, St. Paul's Church Yard.

Mr. Richard Wilson, Captain in the Newcastle trade.

Lately, at Dublin, the Reverend Robert King, LL. D. Dean of Kildare, and Prebendary of St. Michael in that city.

10. Richard Hayne, Esq. late of Ashborne, in Derbyshire.

At Hull, Francis Bine, Esq. Sheriff of that town.

At Edinburgh, Miss Isabella Gordon, youngest daughter of Sir Alexander Gordon.

Mr. James Williams, of the Island of Barbadoes.

George Nash, Esq. of Quarendon, near Derby, aged 96.

Mr. Geo. Good, Auctioneer, Fleet Street.

11. Miss Louisa Selwyn, youngest sister of William Selwyn, Esq. Member for Whitchurch.

Mr. Thomas Matthew, principal Clerk of the General Post Office, Edinburgh.

Sir Richard Hoare, Bart. aged 53.

Lately in Harley Street, Mrs. Smith, Lady of General Richard Smith.

13. Captain Thomas Jennings, son of the late Robert Jennings, Esq. many years one of the Clerks of the Exchequer.

14. Henry Moyle, Esq. of Greenwich.

At Chelsea, Mr. Reynolds Grignon.

Mr. John Hale, Brewer in Red Cross Street.

Lately at Ballamoore, in the Isle of Man, Sir George Moore.

15. Richard Kelsall, Esq. of Southampton Buildings Holborn.

Lately Rowland Hosier, Esq. of Farnham Green.

17. James Taylor, Esq. of Kingsdown in Kent.

Mr. Goldsmith, Charles Street, Westminster.

18. At Dover, Mr. D. Lardcut, late Weaver in Spital Fields.

19. Mr. Cox, master of the Mitre Tavern, Fleet Street.

Mr. George Needham, aged 77, upwards of 40 years one of the Serjeants at Mace in London.

Lately John Whitelock, Esq. of Chiltory Lodge, in Wiltshire.

20. Edmund Sanxay, Esq. of Cheam, in Surrey.

Doctor James Beauclerk, Lord Bishop of Hereford, aged 80.

Mr. Bailton, Beadle of Goldsmiths company.

21. Thomas Spratt, jun. Esq. of Salisbury, late Town Major of Fort St. George, in the East Indies.

Mr. William Griffiths, of Ellesmere, at Shrewsbury.

Mrs. Horsley, of Sawbridgeworth, widow of the Reverend Mr. Horsley.

23. Mr. Clare, formerly a Hosier in Fleet Street.

At the Castle in Dublin, of a fever, his Excellency the Duke of Rutland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His Grace was born on the 15th of March, 1754. He was married on December the 26th, 1775, to Lady Mary Isabella, daughter to the late Duke of Beaufort;—by whom he had six children:—Three of whom are sons, and at present in Ireland; and three daughters who are in England.

BANKRUPTS.

JOHN STONE, of Straines, Middlesex, J. Sadler, William Brotherton, of Bloomsbury Market, Merchant. Samuel Walfou, of Blakeney, Norfolk, Corn Merchant. George Palmer, of Bristol, Woollendrapier. Robert Noyes, of Bristol, Merchant. John Bell, of Gorleston, Suffolk, Merchant. Wm. Fell, sen. William Fell, jun. William Mayne, and Alexander Thom, of St. Martin's Lane, Middlesex, Taylors. John Blyth Wilkinson, of Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, Linen Draper. Jeffery T. Lecote, of Oxford Street, Draper. Solomon Mendes Behario, of Castle Street, Houndsditch, Merchant. John A'dred, of King Street, Cheap-side, London, Warehouseman. William Hobby, of Cloth Fair, Smithfield, London, Woollendrapier. Henry Humfrays, of Maddox Street, Taylor. Mary Councell, of Kingswood, Wilts, Clothier. James Files, of Fish Street, Shoemaker. William Dodgson, of Dodgson's Town, Cumberland, Dealer. Anthony Rutherford, of Sunderland, Coal Fitter. Thomas Scott, of Moor Place, near Moor Fields, Merchant. John Davidson, of King Street, Grocer. John M'Clary, of Salisbury Street, Merchant. John Lawrence, of Lambeth Marsh, Starch-maker. John Green, of Brampton, Cumberland, Drover. Bar. Batterbe, of Attleburgh, Norfolk, Shopkeeper. Michael Harris and Alexander Sheafe Burke, of Tower Street, Corn and Coal Dealers. James Allen and James Brymer, of Little Bell Alley, Coleman Street, Merchants. John Howitt and Richard Humphreys, of White Cross Alley, Moorfields, Gauze Dressers. William Hubbard and Gregory Southworth Wyley, of Birmingham, Druggists. Wm. Neal, of Ludgate Street, (partner with John Redhead) Mercer. Rudolph Heins, of Kenington, Dealer in spirituous liquors. William Howley, of Gosport, Shopkeeper. William Whitely, of Cannon Street, Merchant. George Galt, of Monkwearmouth, Master Mariner. Rowland Thomas, of Birmingham, Plater. Henry Williams, of Broad Street Buildings, London, Merchant. James Thompson, of High Holborn, Middlesex, Hardwareman. Henry Parsons, of Piccadilly, Middlesex, Grocer. Charles Pearson, of Liverpool, Linen Draper. John Thompson, of Mark Lane, London, Merchant, Dealer and Chapman. John Lawrence, of Castle Street, Holborn, London, Jeweller, Dealer and Chapman. John Pope, of Hinckley, Leicestershire, Shopkeeper. Peter Layng, of Wells, Somersetshire, Linen Draper. William Salmon, of Bath, Corn Factor and Mealman. Peter Thrall, of Bristol, Coach Maker and Victualler. William Ride and Joseph Ride, of the Parish of Brailsford, Derbyshire, Carriers. Edward Bate, of Liverpool, Corn Factor. Philip Hall, of the Fleet

Prison, London, Dealer and Chapman, Francis Holt, of Liverpool, and Anchor Smith. Charles Wilkins, of Tower Street, London, Ojiman. Joseph John Vanwingham, of Haxton Garden, Middlesex, Merchant. James Francis Vacher de la Cour, of Southampton Street, near Bloomsbury Square, Middlesex, Merchant. Mark Allegre Bennett and Charles Heaven, of Great Russell Street, near Bloomsbury Square, Middlesex, Merchants. Mark Anthony Bennett and Comad otherwise John Heaven, of Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury Square, Middlesex, Merchants. Samuel Parions, of Whitcombe Street, Middlesex, Upholder. Thomas White, of Birmingham, Buton and Toy Maker. James Cookson late of Plymouth Dock, Devonshire, Draper. James Edleston, of Manchester, Fustian Manufacturer. Edward Linney, of Gorton, Lancashire Dealer. Samuel Price, of Great Yarmouth, Saleman. Richard Ware and Wm. Webster, of Margate, Druggists. Christopher Paulson Wivel, of Charlotte Street, Merchant. Thomas Grombridge, of Suffolk Street, Dealer. John Planner, of Castle Street, St. Martin in the Fields, Upholder. Richard Parker, of St. Andrew's Hill, Blackfriars, Needle Maker. William Wilkins, of Crepping Wycombe, Feltmouger. John Fell and Owen Williams, of Mount Street, Haberdashers. John Saunders, of Bath, Taylor. Thomas Skegg, of Leeds, Silk Mercer. Liscombe Price, of New Inn, St. Clement Dances, Money Scrivener. Thomas Newland, of Long, Sutton, Hants, Merchant. James Smith, of Cambridge, Baker. John Crook, of Brewer's Yard, Timber Merchant. Thomas Living, of Holborn, Haberdasher. Josias Dawe, of Plymouth Dock, Mercer. Herman Zurhorit, of Thavies Inn, Holborn, Merchant. Henry Linderbush, of Mary le Bone Street, Cabinet Maker. Lewis Lambert, of the Strand, Stationer. Lewis Lambert, and Thomas Philips, of the Strand, Stationers. Robert Honeyborn, now or late of Bowling Green Lane, Clerkenwell, Merchant. Edward Edwards, of Windmill Street, Cheesemouger. Aaron Miller, of Chester, Scrivener and Haberdasher. Geo. Atkinson, of Templetowerby, Butter Factor. Joseph Wolff, of Throgmorton Street, Merchant. Thomas Wilkinson, of Nicholas Lane, Merchant. James Scott Gardner, of Manchester, Victualler. John Moore, of Piccadilly, Spur Maker. James Ingram, of Kirby Kendal, Merchant. Charles Seymour Pearson and Robert Portus, of Mincing Lane, Brokers. John Foster, of Princes Street, Coach maker. Francis Moore, of Birmingham, Tripe Seller. William Smith, of Cambridge, Baker. John Wright, of Monk-Wearmouth Shore, Shipbuilder.