

European Magazine,

For DECEMBER, 1787.

[Embellished with, 1. A Portrait of COLONEL WATSON, late Chief Engineer at Bengal.
2. A View of the MUSJID at JIONPOOR, designed by Mr. HODGES. And 3. A Second
Plate of FAC SIMILES of EMINENT PERSONS in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.]

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L O N D O N:

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Manchester Prologue* in our next.

G.—*Manlius*—R. P.—*Martinus Scriblerus*—*An Admirer of Dr. Price*—*Scotus*—C. D.—*Veteran*, and some others, are received.

We have received a letter from Mr. *Davies*, in which we are informed, that the "Select Dramatic Pieces" mentioned in the table of contents to our last, as written by him, were the production of another gentleman. We are sorry for the mistake, which had been discovered before the receipt of his letter.

Marriages and Deaths from anonymous Correspondents are never admitted.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from Dec. 17, to Dec. 22, 1787.

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

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

WALES, Dec. 10, to Dec. 15, 1787.										
	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
North Wales	5	8	4	3	3	1	1	9	4	8
South Wales	5	2	3	7	2	8	1	5	4	9

WALES, Dec. 10, to Dec. 15, 1787.

North Wales	5	8	4	3	3	1	1	9	4	8
South Wales	5	2	3	7	12	8	1	5	4	9

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER. NOVEMBER.

BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.
26—30—28	36	E. S. E.
27—30—30	32	E.
28—30—31	31	E.
29—30—47	31	E.
30—30—37	29	E.

DECEMBER.

1—30—14	39	W. S. W.
2—29—70	39	W. S. W.
3—29—61	41	S. W.
4—29—60	39	W.
5—29—55	46	S. W.
6—29—50	41	N.
7—29—93	39	S. S. W.
8—29—92	46	S. S. W.
9—29—72	55	W. S. W.
10—29—87	48	S. S. W.
11—29—76	50	S. W.
12—29—46	53	S.
13—29—76	44	N.
14—29—43	51	S.
15—29—44	47	N. W.
16—29—44	47	W.
17—29—30	48	S. W.
18—29—28	49	S.

19—29—45	47	W.
20—29—36	47	W.
21—29—74	40	N.
22—29—53	32	N. E.
23—29—53	30	N. E.
24—29—30	31	N. E.
25—29—26	32	N. E.
26—29—52	31	W.
27—30—09	35	N. W.
28—30—44	33	W.

PRICES of STOCKS.

Dec. 29, 1787.

Bank Stock,	Old S. S. Ann.
New 4 per Cent.	New S. S. Ann. shut
1777, 95 $\frac{1}{2}$	India Stock, shut
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785,	India Bonds, 77s.
shut	New Navy and Vict.
3 per Cent. red. 76 a	Bills, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ p. cr. dit.
75 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 76	Long Ann. 22 3-8ths
3 per Cent. Conf. shut	a 7-16ths
77 $\frac{1}{2}$ for the on.	30 yrs. Ann. 1778.
3 per Cent. 1726, shut	Exchequer Bills, 22s.
3 per Cent. 1751, shut	prem.
3 per C. Ind. An.	Lottery Tick. 16l. 12s.
South Sea Stock, shut	



Drawn on the Spot by W. Hodges.

A View of a MUSJID or TOMB at LIONPOOR.

Published by J. Sewell Cornhill.

Morris sculp.

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
AND
LONDON REVIEW,
For DECEMBER, 1787.

ACCOUNT OF THE MUSJID* AT JIONPOOR.

(WITH A VIEW OF IT.)

THIS Musjid was built by CHAJA JEHAN, the Vizier of SULTAN MAHUMMOOD SHAH, and who, during the minority of his son, Sultan MAMMOOD SHAH, and the troubles that ensued, assumed the name of SULTAN SHIRKI, (or King of the East) took possession of BAHAR, and fixed his residence at JIONPOOR.—This building was erected in 796 or 7 of the Higeira, and 1393 or 4 of the Christian era.

This rebellion does not appear to have succeeded beyond the person of CHAJA JEHAN, no Dynastly having been form-

ed from it; for in the year 1393, TAMERLANE entered HINDOSTAN, and swept empires from before him:—Sultan MAMMOOD SHAH fled from before the arms of the Conqueror, and remained exiled until the retreat of TAMERLANE, when he returned to DEHLI, and, after a reign of twenty years that was disastrous, interrupted, and inglorious, he died.

The above View is copied by permission from the admirable collection of Mr. Hodges, which requires only to be seen to ensure the approbation of every person of taste or judgment.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

A NARRATIVE of FACTS relative to the late DISPUTE at
TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

(Concluded from Page 471.)

AFTER the redelivery of the Memorial the Fellows who signed it received a notice to be in College on the 6th day of December, when the Memorial would be taken into consideration.

They accordingly all attended except Mr. Matthew Wilson, who was prevented by indisposition, and on the 8th they were sent for before a meeting of the Master, Mr. Meredith the Vice-master, Mr. Backhouse, Mr. Peck, Mr. Higges, Mr. Pofflethwaite, Mr. Collier, Mr. John Wilson the Burfar, and Mr. Hodson, the eight senior resident members, when each of the Memorialists having acknowledged his signature, and declined

withdrawing it, they were informed that the Master and Seniors had come to certain resolutions which were read in the words following.

Dec. 8th, 1786. After mature consideration of the following Memorial, addressed to the Master and Seniors, and subscribed by several Fellows of the College, [here the Memorial is inserted verbatim] in which Memorial (as appears above) complaint is made, “that in several late instances of elections of Fellows, some of the electors have never given the candidates any examination, and that instances have even occurred where a Senior has come into College after the ex-

* MUSJID, the place of worship among the MUHAMMEDANS, and frequently their tombs, pirations

piration of the time appointed by the Statutes for the examination in several branches of learning, and has even given a vote at the election to the exclusion of one who would otherwise have been an elector, and who had actually examined the candidates for that purpose."

It is agreed by the Master and Seniors, that it be recommended to all the electors to examine personally the several candidates; but that it does not appear to them that they have, or that it was intended by the Statutes they should have, the power to exclude any one of the Seniors who may be present at the time of election, and willing to take the oath prescribed by the Statutes, which oath hath been regularly taken by all the electors at the time of election of Fellows, Scholars, and Officers, and which to the best of their knowledge hath not been violated in any instance whatever.

It is agreed further, that it is uncandid, illiberal, and indecent, to suppose that any elector who may not (from indisposition or other accident) have personally examined the candidates, has not diligently informed himself from one or more electors who have examined, so as fully to satisfy his own conscience as to the respective merits of the several candidates in literature.

Agreed also, that it appears that the person avowed by the Subscribers to be pointed at in the latter part of the above Memorial, was in College part of the third, and on the whole fourth day appointed for examination of the candidates, although he was accidentally detained and prevented from being present so soon as he intended.

It is also agreed, that after the Master had disapproved of the mode of proceeding as hasty and violent, and had expressed his apprehensions that it might produce animosity and distraction in the Society; after he had offered to speak privately to the person alluded to, and if his interposition was ineffectual, had expressed a readiness to take the sense of the Seniors on the necessity of any future regulation; the Subscribers, after a week's deliberation or more, did redeliver the said Memorial in the very form and words wherein it had been first presented; and that in so doing they appear, to the judgment of the Board, not to have had in view only the redress of the abuse complained of, but a design to insult one or more of the members, if not the whole Board of Seniority.

Agreed also, by the Master and Seniors, that the terms in which the Subscribers describe the abuse complained of, "as in its consequences dishonourable to the Society, subversive of the first principles of its foundation, and highly detrimental to the public," appear to the Board to be indecent and unjust, tending to excite the most alarming suspicions, and cause dissensions within the society, while they bring disgrace and infamy upon it from without.

Agreed also, that the conduct of the Subscribers to the Memorial, concluding with the above cited expression, is directly contrary to the third Statute, which requires even from a Senior to a Junior Fellow, that in a case of actual delinquency, "*Illum amice commonefaciat horteturque, et quod peccatum sit ab eo per imprudentiam mature corrigat.*" Contrary also to the 20th Statute, which requires, "*Ut inferiores omnes erga superiores submisce se, et reverenter gerant, discipuli erga baccalaureos, baccalaurei erga magistros artium, illi erga baccalaureos Theologos et doctores, et omnes tum erga magistrum tanquam summum moderatorem tum erga octo seniores tanquam patres et primarios viros.*" Contrary also to another clause in the same Statute—*Stoicimus porro mandamus, et hortamur, ut magister, socii, discipuli, et ceteri in collegio vitam degentes, concordiam unitatem pacem et mutuum inter ipsos charitatem promovere solent foveant et observent. Scurrilitatem, obscena verba, scommata, iussurra, probro, scandala, verbo vel facto, omnino vitent.*" Contrary also to the 40th Statute, which directs, that if the Master is found to be "*In suo officio obeundo admodum negligens, per vicem magistrum et reliquos septem seniores aut per majorem partem eorum quorum consentientiam quantum possumus in hac re oneramus sicut domino Jesu rationem reddituri sint omni levitate et modestia admonetur, qui si hoc modo admonitus non se emendaverit, secundo similiter admonetur.*"

It is agreed, that for this offence, which the Master and Seniors wish may rather be imputed to imprudence and inconsiderateness, than to any studied design to injure; the Subscribers to the Memorial, viz. the Reverend George Waddington, John Baynes, the Rev. Thomas Cautley, the Rev. Miles Popple, the Rev. Thomas Jones, the Rev. Harry Porter, the Rev. Kingman Baskett, John Hallstone, the Rev. Matthew Murfit, shall together and

and severally receive *the first* admonition, to behave themselves for the future with more moderation, decency, and respect to the Master and Seniors.

Agreed also, that the Rev. Matthew Wilson be not included in this sentence, if upon his return to College, he ask leave to withdraw his name from the Memorial; but that if he refuse so to do, that then he also be included in the above admonition.

JQHN PETERBOROUGH, M. C.

When the Master came to read that part of the Resolutions which first appeared to have a tendency to censure the Memorialists, Mr. Waddington endeavoured to address him to request a copy of the charge against him, and to allow the rest an opportunity of being heard in their defence; but he was instantly stopped, and told with great heat *, that it was an insolent and impertinent interruption; and the admonition being ended, Mr. Baynes, who had been reprimanded for taking notes during the transaction, complained of the injustice of punishing him without previously letting him know what he was charged with, and hearing him in his defence: to which the Master replied, that it was unnecessary to hear them in their defence, as the Board of Seniority had proceeded on nothing which did not appear on the face of the Memorial itself. Mr. Baynes however, not satisfied with this answer, requested leave to read and take a copy of the Resolutions, which were re-

fused, as not being customary. The Memorialists were then dismissed, after being told the Resolution should not be entered in the Conclusion Book, if they would sign a paper humbly begging pardon for having behaved irreverently to the Masters and Seniors in presenting a Memorial expressed in improper terms.

A few days afterwards Mr. Popple † waited upon the Master, and applied to him again for a copy of the censure; when his Lordship said, that he wished it to be understood that he never would grant a copy of it, though the whole Seniority should consent to it, without an injunction of the King's Bench; and on Mr. Popple's complaining that the Memorialists had been called up to receive sentence before they knew that any crime was laid to their charge, he was told that it was the intention of the Board to keep them in the dark.

To a censure, as they conceived, so unmerited, Mr. Popple and Mr. Baynes were determined not to submit, and accordingly presented a petition to the Lord Chancellor, as Visitor of the College, stating the several circumstances of the case, and praying that the censure might be declared illegal and void, and that the same might be expunged from the Conclusion Book; that the Statutes, Charters, and Conclusion Book, might be produced at the hearing of the Petition; and that in the mean time the Petitioners might be at liberty to inspect and take copies of the same; which last was immediately ordered, and Mr. Baynes went

* This is the account in the affidavit of Mr. Baynes, Mr. Popple, and Mr. Hallstone. The Master, however, it should be observed, in his affidavit swears, that throughout the whole of this transaction, either in any private interview with either of the Subscribers, or at the Board of Seniority, he did not use any expression, to the best of his recollection or belief, which could be construed into warmth or provocation, unless the following expression could be so construed. In answer to the Rev. George Waddington, who on the question being proposed, whether he was induced by any threat to sign the Memorial, or did he sign it willingly and of his own accord? he, Mr. Waddington, replied, the question was an insult to him. To which he believed he might say—You, Sir, who are so tender in your own feelings, ought to have had more regard to the feelings of others. And in another instance, when complaint was made by one of the Seniors, that Mr. Baynes was a second time taking notes contrary to the orders of the Board, he said to him—If you persist to take notes, do it at your peril.

† The Master in his affidavit says, that with respect to this application, he understood Mr. Popple's visit to have been made in consequence of an offer which had been made him to take charge of the education of the Master's son. On this occasion some conversation might pass concerning the refusal of a copy of the sentence, yet he did not recollect any direct requisition of such copy being made. He did, however, recollect some conversation to have passed, and that he expressed a concern at having found Mr. Popple's name in the list of Subscribers. He also admits that he made use of the following expressions: That from the conduct of the Subscribers it seemed that the Junior Fellows thought the government of the College would be better in their hands than in the hands of the Seniors; but as the Statutes had appointed otherwise, he meant to use his endeavour to keep the authority where he found it.

to Cambridge, and was allowed access to them.

The hearing of the Petition came on the 30th October 1787; and the result of

it being already given at p. 430 of our last Magazine, is unnecessary to be repeated.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AN Admirer of your valuable Work never having seen the following original Letter in print—would esteem the insertion—and for such indulgence may transmit other similar curiosities. I am, &c.

JOHN FRANKLIN WILLIAMS.

(COPY) SLOANE M. S. S. No. 1519.

Whitehall, 9 June, 1665.

My Lord Sandwich,

THOUGH you have already done me very eminent Services, yett the great part you have had in this happy Victory which it hath pleased God to send us, adds very much to the former obligations I have to you. I send this bearer, my Lord

Hawley, on purpose to let you know more particularly my sense of it, and will say no more myself till I see you, that I may take you in my Arms, and give you other testimonies how truly I am

Your affectionate Friend,

CHARLES R.

To the Earl of Sandwich.

ACCOUNT OF THE SEVERAL PERSONS WHOSE SIGNATURES ARE
INSERTED IN THE ANNEXED PLATES.

(1.) SIR FRANCIS WALSHINGHAM, secretary of state. He was born in Kent, and educated in King's College, Cambridge, and then travelled abroad for his improvement in the knowledge of languages and men, as he afterwards did in the reign of queen Mary on account of religion. He was employed by her successor in several embassies, particularly to the Court of France twice, and once to Scotland and the Low Countries. The offices of chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, and of the order of the garter, which he held together with that of secretary, did not prevent him from dying in very necessitous circumstances in April 1590, with the reputation of having carried on the public service at the expence of his fortune.

(2.) John Whitgift, archbishop of Canterbury; born at Grimsby in Lincolnshire, educated at Cambridge; in 1577, advanced to the see of Worcester, and from thence, in 1584, to that of Canterbury. He died of a palsy, February 29, 1603, at Lambeth, aged 70 years.

(3.) Thomas Egerton, lord high chancellor, was the natural son of Sir Richard Egerton, of Ridley, Cheshire, by Alice, daughter of Mr. Spauke, of Bickerton in that county. He was born in 1539; entered of Brazen-nose College in Oxford, about 1556, and then removed to Lincoln's Inn. On 8th June, 1581, he was appointed solicitor general, and on June 2,

1592, attorney general. On 10th June 1594, he was made master of the rolls, which office he held with that of lord keeper until the first year of king James the first. He was advanced to the degree of baron Ellesmere in Shropshire, on 21st July 1603, and on the 24th of that month constituted lord high chancellor of England. In 1610 he was created viscount Brackley in Northamptonshire, and died at York-house in the Strand, on 15th of March 1616-17, having on the 3d of the same month resigned the great seal.

(4.) Thomas Sackville, lord Buckhurst; born at Buckhurst in Sussex; educated both at Oxford and Cambridge; after which he became a student of the Inner-Temple, where he wrote the tragedy of *Gorboduc*. He was several years a member of the house of commons, and on the 8th of June 1567, was knighted, and advanced to the dignity of baron Buckhurst. He was employed as ambassador both to France and the Low Countries, and on the death of lord Burleigh, became lord high treasurer of England. At the accession of king James I. he was continued as lord high treasurer, and died suddenly at the council-table, Whitehall, April 19, 1603. He was interred in Westminster Abbey.

(5.) William Cecil, lord Burleigh; born at Bourn in Lincolnshire, Sept. 13, 1520; secretary of state to queen Elizabeth. He died August 4, 1598.

(6.) Edward Clinton, earl of Lincoln, knight

Wm. Walsingham

W. Bingham

L. Keyes D^r

Jo. Cant

F. Knowles

Gho. Egerton C^s

E. Lynolly

Chas. Hutton

J. B. Mehus

T. S. Miller

Gho. Wykes

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE

J. P. P. P.

Re North

Norwich

W. K. M. S.

Lo. L. S.

Fortescue

G. Hunsdon

Published by I. Sewell Cornhill 1787

knight of the garter, appointed lord high admiral for life in the 4th year of Edward VI. He died January 1584-5, and was succeeded in his office by Charles lord Howard of Effingham.

(7.) Thomas Ratcliffe, earl of Suffex, of a very ancient and noble family, honoured through many descents by the title of viscount Fitzwalter. He had been employed in Ireland, where he had performed signal services to queen Elizabeth at her first coming to the Crown, till she recalled him to court, and conferred on him the office of lord chamberlain, in which he died 1583.

(8.) Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, master of the horse to queen Elizabeth, was second son of John earl of Warwick, afterwards duke of Northumberland. He had been made master of the buck hounds for life, in the 4th year of Edward VI. and the year following sworn one of the six gentlemen of the king's privy chamber. When queen Mary recovered the crown from lady Jane Grey his sister-in-law, he was committed to the Tower, and attainted with his father, but released in October 1554, and made master of the ordnance at the siege of St. Quintin's in 1557. Soon after the accession of queen Elizabeth to the throne, he was raised to the great office of master of the horse, and two years after elected knight of the garter, and appointed constable of Windsor Castle, and in September 1564, created earl of Leicester. The year following he was made chancellor of the university of Oxford, as he had been before high steward of that of Cambridge; and in 1566 was honoured by Charles IX. of France with the order of St. Michael. The extraordinary share of her majesty's favour which he enjoyed from the beginning of her reign till his death in September 1582, at which time he was possessed of the several posts of lord steward of the household, general of the army, and earl marshal of England, was less owing to the qualities of his mind, than to the advantages of his person and address; for he was the most obnoxious in his private character of all who were employed by her, and suspected on good grounds of the most shocking crimes, which he affected to conceal under high pretensions to piety.

(9.) Sir Francis Knollys, whose sister married to secretary Walsingham. He was born at Rotherfield Gray, near Henley in Oxfordshire, and educated in Magdalen College, Oxford. His first entrance at court was in the place of gentleman pensioner to Henry VIII. in the latter end

of his reign. Under king Edward VI. he distinguished himself so much by his zeal for the reformation, that he thought proper to retire into Germany when queen Mary succeeded to the crown; but upon her death he immediately returned to England, where he was sworn of the privy council to queen Elizabeth, who afterwards made him her vice chamberlain, treasurer of her chamber, and at last, treasurer of her household, and knight of the garter.

(10.) Sir Christopher Hatton, knight, lord Hatton, and high chancellor of England. He was of an ancient rather than a considerable family, at Holdenby in Northamptonshire, and educated in St. Mary Hall, Oxford. He removed thence to the Inner Temple, where he had not continued long before he distinguished himself so much in a visit at court, by the graces of his person and his activity, that her majesty appointed him one of her gentlemen pensioners, then of her privy chamber, captain of the band of pensioners, afterwards vice chamberlain, and of her privy council, and at last lord chancellor, in 1587. In that great post he supplied his own defects by the assistance of the ablest men of the profession, and his integrity in the administration of it was unsuspected. His death, which happened in 1591, was hastened by an unexpected demand of money from the queen, urged in so severe a manner, that all the kindness she afterwards shewed to him was insufficient to remove the impression it had made.

(11.) Dr. Thomas Wilton, a civilian; and native of Lincolnshire; educated at Cambridge with Sir Francis Walsingham, and was afterwards tutor to Henry and Charles Brandon, successively dukes of Suffolk. He travelled abroad during the reign of Mary, in the last year of which he was imprisoned at Rome by the Inquisition, on account of two books which he had published in England, upon the arts of rhetoric and logic, but escaped death upon a fire happening in the prison, the people of Rome forcing the doors of it open, and letting out the prisoners. The accession of queen Elizabeth to the throne occasioned his return to his own country, where he was appointed one of the masters of requests, and master of the hospital of St. Catherine, near the Tower of London, and was sent ambassador to the Low Countries in 1576, and the year following, secretary of state. In 1579-80 he was made dean of Durham, which dignity, with the post of secretary, he enjoyed until his death in 1581.

(12.) Sir John Popham, second son of Edward

Edward Popham, esq. educated at Balliol College, Oxford; afterwards studied the law in the Middle Temple, and became successively, serjeant at law, solicitor general, attorney general, and chief justice of the king's bench. He died 10th Junr, 1607.

(13.) Robert Cecil, youngest son of lord Burleigh, and the first earl of Salisbury. He was born June 1, 1563; knighted June 1591; sworn of the privy-council in August; and in 1596, appointed secretary of state. In 1599 he was made master of the court of wards, and in the same year went to France, to negotiate a peace between that country and Spain. On the accession of king James he was created lord Cecil, and viscount Cramborn, and in 1605 earl of Salisbury. In 1608 he was constituted lord high treasurer, in which post he died May 24, 1612.

(14.) Roger North, afterwards the second lord North, was ambassador extraordinary from queen Elizabeth to Charles IX. king of France. He was constituted treasurer of the household 1597, and died Dec. 1600.

(15.) Sir William Knollys, treasurer of the household to queen Elizabeth. He was appointed by king James master of the wards, and a knight of the garter, and by king Charles I. earl of Banbury.

(16.) Sir John Fortescue, appointed chancellor, and under treasurer of the exchequer, 1590. He died 23d Dec. 1607, being then chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, master of the great wardrobe, and a privy councillor.

(17.) Charles Howard, earl of Nottingham; born 1536; appointed lord high admiral of England, 1585, and earl of Nottingham, 1597. In 1599 he had the title of lord lieutenant general of all England, an office unknown to succeeding times, conferred on him, and during six weeks exercised almost regal authority.—He held several considerable offices under James I. and died 14th Dec. 1624, aged 87.

(18.) George lord Hunsdon, appointed lord chamberlain 1597.

EPISCOPAL ANECDOTE.

DR. BEAUCLERK, the late Bishop of Hereford, having preached but *one* sermon during his being a Bishop, reminds me (says a Correspondent) of a similar fact, attended with much more curious circumstances of a Bishop of Co. k.

Dr. WILLIAM LYONS, who was preferred to the Bishoprick of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross, towards the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, was originally a captain of a ship, who had distinguished himself so gallantly in several actions with the Spaniards, that on being introduced to the Queen, she told him he should have the *first vacancy that offered*.

The honest Captain, who understood the Queen *literally*. soon after hearing of a vacancy in the See of Cork, immediately set out for Court, and claimed the Royal promise.—The Queen, astonished at the request, for a time remonstrated against the impropriety of it, and what she could never think of as an office suitable for him. It was, however, in vain; he said, the Royal word was passed, and he relied on it. Her Majesty then said, she would take a few days to consider of it, when, examining into his character, and finding him a sober, moral man, as well as an intrepid commander, she sent for Lyons, and gave him the bishoprick, saying at the same time, “she hoped he would take as

good care of the church as he had done of the state.

Lyons immediately set out for his bishoprick, which he enjoyed for above twenty years with great reputation to himself, but never attempted to preach but once, and that was on the death of the Queen. On that melancholy occasion he thought it his duty to pay the last honours to his Royal mistress, and accordingly mounted the pulpit in Christ Church, in the city of Cork, when, after giving a good discourse on the uncertainty of life, and the great and amiable qualities of the Queen, he concluded in the following warm but whimsical manner:

“Let those who feel this loss deplore with me on this melancholy occasion; but if there be any that hear me who have secretly wished for this event (as perhaps there may) they have now got their wish, and the D—l do them good with it.”

The writer of this article gives it on *good traditional authority*.—The Bishop's name and the date of his appointment (1583) are on record in the Consistorial Court of Cork; and his picture in his Captain's uniform, the left hand wanting a finger, is still to be seen in the Bishop's Palace at Cork.

THE POWER of CORRUPT SOCIETY and FALSE SHAME over the NATURAL FEELINGS of VIRTUE: Exemplified in the STORY of FATHER NICHOLAS.

[From "The LOUNGER," lately published.]

Je n'arme contre lui que le fruit de son crime. CREBILLON.

THE effects of moral instruction and precept on the mind have been rated very highly by some grave and worthy men, while by others the experience of their inefficacy, in regulating the conduct of the hearer or reader, has been cited as an indisputable proof of their unimportance. Among those, say they, on whom Moral Eloquence has employed all her powers, who have been tutored by the wisest and most virtuous teachers, and have had the advice and direction of the ablest and most persuasive guides, how few are there whose future conduct has answered to the instruction they received, or the maxims which were so often repeated to them. Natural disposition or acquired habits regulate the tenor of our lives; and neither the sermon that persuades, nor the relation that moves, has any permanent effect on the actions of him who listens or who weeps.

Yet, though examples of their efficacy are not very frequent, it does not altogether follow that the discourse or the story are useless and vain. Stronger motives will no doubt overpower weaker ones, and those which constantly assail will prevail over others which seldom occur. Passion therefore will sometimes be obeyed when reason is forgot, and corrupt society will at length overcome the best early impressions. But the effects of that reason, or of those impressions, we are not always in condition to estimate fairly. The examples of their failure are easily known, and certain of being observed; the instances of such as have been preserved from surrounding contagion by their influence, are traced with difficulty, and strike us less when they are traced.

Formal precepts and hypothetical cautions are indeed frequently offered to youth and inexperience, in a manner so ungracious as neither to command their attention, nor conciliate their liking. He who says I am to instruct and to warn, with a face of instruction or admonition, prepares his audience for hearing what the young and the lively always avoid as tiresome, or fear as unpleasant. A more willing and a deeper impression will be made when the observation arises with-

out being prompted, when the understanding is addressed through the feelings. It was this which struck me so forcibly in the STORY OF FATHER NICHOLAS. I never felt so strongly the evils of dissipation, nor ever was so ashamed of the shame of being virtuous.

It was at a small town in Brittany, in which there was a convent of Benedictines, where particular circumstances had induced me to take up my residence for a few weeks. They had some pictures which strangers used to visit. I went with a party whose purpose was to look at them: mine in such places is rather to look at men. If in the world we behold the shifting scene which prompts observation, we see in such secluded societies a sort of still life, which nourishes thought, which gives subject for meditation. I confess however I have often been disappointed; I have seen a group of faces under their cowls, on which speculation could build nothing; mere common-place countenances, which might have equally well belonged to a corporation of bakers or butchers. Most of those in the convent I now visited were of that kind: one however was of a very superior order; that of a monk, who kneeled at a distance from the altar, near a Gothic window, through the painted panes of which a gleamy light touched his forehead, and threw a dark *Rembrandt* shade on the hollow of a large, black, melancholy eye. It was impossible not to take notice of him. He looked up, involuntarily no doubt, to a picture of our Saviour bearing his cross. The similarity of the attitude, and the quiet resignation of the two countenances, formed a resemblance that could not but strike every one. "It is Father Nicholas," whispered our conductor, "who is of all the brotherhood the most rigid to himself, and the kindest to other men. To the distressed, to the sick, and to the dying, he is always ready to administer assistance and consolation. No body ever told him a misfortune in which he did not take an interest, or request good offices which he refused to grant: yet the austerity and mortifications of his own life

life are beyond the strictest rules of his order; and it is only from what he does for others that one supposes him to feel any touch of humanity." The subject seemed to make our informer eloquent. I was young, curious, enthusiastic; it sunk into my heart, and I could not rest till I was made acquainted with Father Nicholas. Whether from the power of the introduction I procured, from his own benevolence, or from my deportment, the good man looked on me with the complacency of a parent. "It is not usual," said he, "my son, for people at your age to solicit acquaintance like mine. To you the world is in its prime; why should you anticipate its decay? Gaiety and cheerfulness spring up around you; why should you seek out the abodes of melancholy and of woe? Yet though dead to the pleasures, I am not insensible to the charities of life. I feel your kindness, and wish for an opportunity to requite it."—He perceived my turn for letters, and shewed me some curious MSS. and some scarce books, which belonged to their convent: these were not the communications I sought; accident gave me an opportunity of obtaining the knowledge I valued more, the knowledge of Father Nicholas, the story of his sorrows, the cause of his austerities.

One evening when I entered his cell, after knocking at the door without being heard, I perceived him kneeling before a crucifix, to which was affixed a small picture, which I took to be that of the Blessed Virgin. I stood behind him, uncertain whether I should wait the close of his devotional exercise, or retire unperceived as I came. His face was covered with his hands, and I heard his stifled groans. A mixture of compassion and of curiosity fixed me to my place. He took his hands from his eyes with a quickened movement, as if a pang had forced them thence: He laid hold of the picture, which he kissed twice, pressed it to his bosom; and then gazing on it earnestly burst into tears. After a few moments, he clasped his hands together, threw a look up to heaven, and muttering some words which I could not hear, drew a deep sigh, which seemed to close the account of his sorrows for the time, and rising from his knees, discovered me. I was ashamed of my situation, and flammered out some apology for my unintentional interruption of his devotions.—"Alas! (said he), be not deceived;

these are not the tears of devotion; not the meltings of piety, but the wringings of remorse. Perhaps, young man, it may lead thee to be told the story of my sufferings and of my sins: ingenious as thy nature seems, it may be exposed to temptations like mine; it may be the victim of laudable feelings perverted, of virtue betrayed, of false honour, and mistaken shame."

MY name is St. HUBERT; my family ancient and respectable, though its domains, from various untoward events, had been contracted much within their former extent. I lost my father before I knew the misfortune of losing him; and the indulgence of my mother, who continued a widow, made up, in the estimation of a young man, for any want of that protection or of guidance which another parent might have afforded. After having passed with applause through the ordinary studies which the capital of our province allowed an opportunity of acquiring, my mother sent me to Paris, along with the son of a neighbouring family, who, though of less honourable descent, was much richer than ours. Young *Delasferre* (that was my companion's name) was intended for the army: me, from particular circumstances which promised success in that line, my mother and her friends had destined for the long robe, and had agreed for the purchase of a charge for me when I should be qualified for it. *Delasferre* had a sovereign contempt for any profession but that of arms, and took every opportunity of inspiring me with the same sentiments. In the capital I had this prejudice every day more and more confirmed. The *fierté* of every man who had served, the insolent superiority he claimed over his fellow-citizens, dazzled my ambition, and awed my bashfulness. From nature I had that extreme sensibility of shame, which could not stand against the ridicule even of much inferior men. Ignorance would often confound me in matters of which I was perfectly well informed, from his superior effrontery; and the best established principles of my mind would sometimes yield to the impudence of assuming sophistry, or of unblushing vice. To the profession which my relations had marked out for me, attention, diligence, and sober manners were naturally attached; having once set down that profession as humiliating, I concluded its attendant qualities to be equally dishonourable. I was ashamed of virtues to which I was

naturally inclined, a bully in vices which I hated and despised. Delaferre enjoyed my apostacy from innocence as a victory he had gained. At school he was much my inferior, and I attained every mark of distinction to which he had aspired in vain. In Paris he triumphed in his turn; his superior wealth enabled him to command the appearances of superior dignity and show; the cockade in his hat inspired a confidence which my situation did not allow; and, bold as he was in dissipation and debauchery, he led me as an inferior whom he had taught the art of living, whom he had first trained to independence and to manhood. My mother's ill-judged kindness supplied me with the means of those pleasures which my companions induced me to share, if pleasures they might be called, which I often partook with uneasiness, and reflected on with remorse. Sometimes, though but too seldom, I was as much a hypocrite on the other side; I was self-denied, beneficent, and virtuous by stealth; while the time and money which I had so employed, I boasted to my companions of having spent in debauchery, in riot, and in vice.

The habits of life, however, into which I had been led, began by degrees to blunt my natural feelings of rectitude, and to take from vice the restraints of conscience. But the dangerous connection I had formed was broken off by the accident of Delaferre's receiving orders to join his regiment, then quartered at Dunkirk. At his desire, I gave him the convey as far as to a relation's house in Picardy, where he was to spend a day or two in his way. "I will introduce you," said he in a tone of pleasantry, "because you will be a favourite; my cousin *Santonges* is as sober and precise as you were when I first found you." The good man whom he thus characterised possessed indeed all those virtues of which the ridicule of Delaferre had sometimes made me ashamed, but which it had never made me entirely cease to revere. In his family I regained the station which, in our dissipated society at Paris, I had lost. His example encouraged and his precepts fortified my natural disposition to goodness; but his daughter, Emilia de Santonges, was a more interesting assistant to it. After my experience of the few of her sex with whom we were acquainted in town, the native beauty, the unaffected manners of Emilia, were infinitely attractive. Delaferre,

however, found them insipid and tiresome. He left his kinsman's the third morning after his arrival, promising, as soon as his regiment should be reviewed, to meet me in Paris. "Except in Paris," said he, we exist merely, but do not live." I found it very different. I lived but in the presence of Emilia de Santonges. But why should I recall those days of purest felicity, or think of what my Emilia was? for not long after she was mine. In the winter they came to Paris, on account of her father's health, which was then rapidly on the decline. I tended him with that assiduity which was due to his friendship, which the company of Emilia made more an indulgence than a duty. Our cares, and the skill of his physicians, were fruitless. He died, and left his daughter to my friendship. It was then that I first dared to hope for her love; that over the grave of her father I mingled my tears with Emilia's, and tremblingly ventured to ask, if she thought me worthy of comforting her sorrows? Emilia was too innocent for disguise, too honest for affectation. She gave her hand to my virtues (for I then was virtuous), to reward at the same time and to confirm them. We retired to Santonges, where we enjoyed as much felicity as perhaps the lot of humanity will allow. My Emilia's merit was equal to her happiness; and I may say without vanity, since it is now my shame, that the since wretched St. Hubert was then thought to deserve the blessings he enjoyed.

In this state of peaceful felicity we had lived something more than a year, when my Emilia found herself with child. On that occasion my anxiety was such as a husband who deaps upon his wife may be supposed to feel. In consequence of that anxiety, I proposed our removing for some weeks to Paris, where the might have abler assistance than our province could afford in those moments of danger which the soon expected. To this she objected with earnestness, from a variety of motives; but most of my neighbours applauded my resolution; and one, who was the nephew of a Farmer-General, and had purchased the estate on which his father had been a tenant, told me, the danger from their country *accoucheurs* was such, that no body who could afford to go to Paris would think of trusting them. I was a little tender on the reproach of poverty, and absolutely determined for the journey. To induce my

wife's consent, I had another pretext, being left executor to a friend who had died in Paris, and had effects remaining there. Emilia at last consented, and we removed to town accordingly.

For some time I scarcely ever left our Hotel: It was the same at which Emilia and her father had lodged when he came to Paris to die, and leave her to my love. The recollection of those scenes, tender and interesting as they were, spread a sort of melancholy indulgence over our mutual society, by which the company of any third person could scarcely be brooked. My wife had some of those sad presages which women of her sensibility often feel in the condition she was then in. All my attention and solicitude were excited to combat her fears. "I shall not live," she would say, "to revisit Santonges: but my Henry will think of me there: In those woods in which we have so often walked, by that brook to the fall of which we have listened together, and felt in silence what language, at least what mine, my Love, could not speak."—The good Father was overpowered by the tenderness of the images that rushed upon his mind, and tears for a moment choked his utterance. After a short space he began, with a voice faltering and weak:

—Pardon the emotion that stopped my recital. You pity me; but it is not always that my tears are of so gentle a kind; the images her speech recalled softened my feelings into sorrow; but I am not worthy of them.—Hear the confession of my remorse.

The anxiety of my Emilia was at last dissipated by her safe delivery of a boy; and on this object of a new kind of tenderness we gazed with inexpressible delight. Emilia suckled the infant herself, as well from the idea of duty and of pleasure in tending it, as from the difficulty of finding in Paris a nurse to be trusted. We proposed returning to the country as soon as the re-establishment of her strength would permit: mean time, during her hours of rest, I generally went out to finish the business which the trust of my deceased friend had devolved upon me.

In passing through the Thuilleries, in one of those walks, I met my old companion Delaferre. He embraced me with a degree of warmth which I scarce expected from my knowledge of his disposition, or the length of time for which our correspondence had been broke off.

He had heard, he said, accidentally of my being in town, but had sought me for several days in vain. In truth, he was of all men one whom I was the most afraid of meeting. I had heard in the country of his unbounded dissipation and extravagance; and there were some stories to his prejudice which were only not believed, from an unwillingness to believe them in people whom the corruptions of the world had not familiarised to baseness; yet I found he still possessed a kind of superiority over my mind, which I was glad to excuse, by forcing myself to think him less unworthy than he was reported. After a variety of inquiries, and expressing his cordial satisfaction at the present happiness I enjoyed, he pressed me to spend that evening with him so earnestly, that though I had made it a sort of rule to be at home, I was ashamed to offer an apology, and agreed to meet him at the hour he appointed.

Our company consisted only of Delaferre himself, and two other Officers, one a good deal older than any of us, who had the Cross of St. Louis, and the rank of Colonel, whom I thought the most agreeable man I had ever met with. The unwillingness with which I had left home, and the expectation of a very different sort of party where I was going, made me feel the present one doubly pleasant. My spirits, which were rather low when I went in, from that constraint I was prepared for, rose in proportion to the pleasantries around me, and the perfect ease in which I found myself with this old Officer, who had information, wit, sentiment, every thing I valued most, and every thing I least expected in a society selected by Delaferre. It was late before we parted; and at parting I received, not without pleasure, an invitation from the Colonel to sup with him the evening after.

The company at his house I found enlivened by his sister and a friend of hers, a widow, who, tho' not a perfect beauty, had a countenance that impressed one much more in her favour than mere beauty could. When silent, there was a certain softness in it infinitely bewitching; and when it was lightened up by the expression which her conversation gave, it was equally attractive. We happened to be placed next each other. Unused as I was to the little gallantries of fashionable life, I rather wished than hoped to make myself agreeable to her. She seemed, however, interested in my atten-
tions

tions and conversation, and in hers I found myself flattered at the same time and delighted. We played, against the inclination of this Lady and me, and we won rather more than I wished. Had I been as rich as Delaferre, I should have objected to the deepness of the stakes; but we were the only persons of the company that seemed uneasy at our success, and we parted with the most cordial good-humour. Madame de Trenville (that was the widow's name), smiling to the Colonel asked him to take his revenge at her house, and said, with an air of equal modesty and frankness, that as I had been the partner of her success, she hoped for the honour of my company, to take the chance of sharing a less favourable fortune.

At first my wife had expressed her satisfaction at my finding amusement in society, to relieve the duty of attending her. But when my absence grew very frequent, as indeed I was almost every day at Madame de Trenville's, though her words continued the same, she could not help expressing by her countenance her dissatisfaction at my absence. I perceived this at first with tenderness only, and next evening excused myself from keeping my engagement. But I found my wife's company not what it used to be; thoughtful, but afraid to trust one another with our thoughts, Emilia shewed her uneasiness in her looks, and I covered mine but ill with an assumed gaiety of appearance.

The day following Delaferre called, and saw Emilia for the first time. He rallied me gently for breaking my last night's appointment, and told me of another which he had made for me, which my wife insisted on my keeping. Her cousin applauded her conduct, and joked on the good government of wives. Before I went out in the evening, I came to wish Emilia good night. I thought I perceived a tear on her cheek, and would have said, but for the shame of not going. The company perceived my want of gaiety, and Delaferre was merry on the occasion. Even my friend the Colonel threw in a little raillery on the subject of marriage. 'Twas the first time I felt somewhat awkward at being the only married man of the party,

We played deeper and sat later than formerly; but I was to shew myself not afraid of my wife, and objected to neither. I lost considerably, and returned home mortified and chagrined. I saw

Emilia next morning, whose spirits were not high. Methought her looks reproached my conduct, and I was enough in the wrong to be angry that they did so. Delaferre came to take me to his house to dinner. He observed as we went, that Emilia looked ill. "Going to the country will re-establish her," said I.—"Do you leave Paris?" said he.—"In a few days."—"Had I such motives for remaining in it as you have?"—"What motives?"—"The attachment of such friends: but friendship is a cold word; the attachment of such a woman as De Trenville." I know not how I looked, but he pressed the subject no further; perhaps I was less offended than I ought to have been.

We went to that Lady's house after dinner. She was dressed most elegantly, and looked more beautiful than ever I had seen her. The party was more numerous than usual, and there was more vivacity in it. The conversation turned upon my intention of leaving Paris; the ridicule of country-manners, of country-opinions, of the insipidity of country-enjoyments, was kept up with infinite spirit by Delaferre, and most of the younger members of the company. Madame de Trenville did not join in their mirth, and sometimes looked at me as if the subject was too serious for her to be merry on. I was half ashamed and half sorry that I was going to the country; less uneasy than vain at the preference that was shewn me.

I was a coward, however, in the wrong as well as in the right, and fell upon an expedient to screen myself from a discovery that might have saved me. I contrived to deceive my wife, and to conceal my visits to Madame de Trenville's, under the pretence of some perplexing incidents that had arisen in the management of those affairs with which I was intrusted. Her mind was too pure for suspicion or for jealousy. It was easy even for a novice in falsehood, like me, to deceive her. But I had an able assistant in Delaferre, who now resumed the ascendancy over me he had formerly possessed, but with an attraction more powerful, from the insatuated attachment which my vanity and weakness, as much as her art and beauty, had made me conceive for Madame de Trenville.

It happened, that just at this time a young man arrived from our province, and brought letters for Emilia from a female friend of hers in the neighbourhood.

hood of Santonges. He had been bred a miniature-painter, and came to town for improvement in his art. Emilia, who deoted on her little boy, proposed to him to draw his picture in the innocent attitude of his sleep. The young painter was pleased with the idea, provided the would allow him to paint the child in her arms. This was to be concealed from me, for the sake of surprising me with the picture when it should be finished. That she might have a better opportunity of effecting this little concealment, Emilia would often hear, with a sort of satisfaction, my engagements abroad, and encourage me to keep them, that the picture might advance in my absence.

She knew not what, during that absence, was my employment. The slave of vice and of profusion, I was violating my faith to her, in the arms of the most artful and worthless of women, and losing the fortune that should have supported my child and hers, to a set of cheats and villains. Such was the snare that Delaferré and his associates had drawn around me. It was covered with the appearance of love and generosity. De Trenville had art enough to make me believe, that she was every way the victim of her affection for me. My first great losses at play she pretended to reimburse from her own private fortune, and then threw herself upon my honour, for relief from those distresses into which I had brought her. After having exhausted all the money I possessed, and all my credit could command, I would have stopped short of ruin; but when I thought of returning in disgrace and poverty to the place I had left respected and happy, I had not resolution enough to retreat. I took refuge in desperation, mortgaged the remains of my estate, and staked the produce to recover what I had lost, or to lose myself. The event was such as might have been expected.

After the dizzy horror of my situation had left me power to think, I hurried to Madame de Trenville's. She gave me such a reception as suited one who was no longer worth the deceiving. Conviction of her falsehood, and of that ruin to which she had been employed to lead me, flashed upon my mind. I left her with execrations, which she received with the coolness of hardened vice, of experienced seduction. I rushed from her house I knew not whither. My steps involuntarily led me home. At my own door I stopped, as if it had been death to enter.

When I had shrunk back some paces, I turned again; twice did I attempt to knock, and could not; my heart throbbed with unspeakable horror, and my knees smote each other. It was night, and the street was dark and silent around me. I threw myself down before the door, and wished some ruffian's hand to ease me of life and thought together. At last the recollection of Emilia and of my infant boy crossed my disordered mind, and a gush of tenderness burst from my eyes. I rose, and knocked at the door. When I was let in, I went up softly to my wife's chamber. She was asleep with a night-lamp burning by her, her child sleeping on her bosom, and its little hand grasping her neck. Think what I felt as I looked! She smiled through her sleep, and seemed to dream of happiness. My brain began to madden again; and as the misery to which she must wake crossed my imagination, the horrible idea rose within me,—I shudder yet to tell it!—to murder them as they lay, and next myself!—I stretched my hand towards my wife's throat!—The infant unclasped its little fingers, and laid hold of one of mine. The gentle pressure wrung my heart; its softness returned; I burst into tears; but I could not stay to tell her of our ruin. I rushed out of the room, and, gaining an obscure hotel in a distant part of the town, wrote a few distracted lines, acquainting her of my folly and of my crimes; that I meant immediately to leave France, and not return till my penitence should wipe out my offences, and my industry repair that ruin in which I had involved her. I recommended her and my child to my mother's care, and to the protection of that Heaven which she had never offended. Having sent this, I left Paris on the instant, and had walked several miles from town before it was light. At sun-rise a stage-coach overtook me. It was going on the road to Breff. I entered it without arranging any future plan, and sat in sullen and gloomy silence, in the corner of the carriage. That day and next night I went on mechanically, with several other passengers, regardless of food, and incapable of rest. But the second day I found my strength fail, and when we stopped in the evening, I fell down in a faint in the passage of the inn. I was put to bed, it seems, and lay for more than a week in the stupefaction of a low fever.

A charitable brother of that order to which I now belong, who happened to be in

in the inn, attended me with the greatest care and humanity; and when I began to recover, the good old man ministered to my soul, as he had done for my body, that assistance and consolation he easily discovered it to need. By his tender attentions I was now so far recruited as to be able to breathe the fresh air at the window of a little parlour. As I sat there one morning, the same stage coach in which I had arrived, stopped at the door of the inn, when I saw alight out of it the young Painter who had been recommended to us at Paris. The sight overpowered my weakness, and I fell lifeless from my seat. The incident brought several people into the room, and amongst others the young man himself. When they had restored me to sense, I had recollection enough to desire him to remain with me alone. It was some time before he recognized me; when he did, with horror in his aspect, after much hesitation, and the most solemn intreaty from me, he told me the dreadful sequel of my misfortunes. My wife and child were no more. The shock which my letter gave, the state of weakness she was then in had not strength to support. The effects were a fever, delirium, and death. Her infant perished with her. In the interval of reason preceding her death, she called him to her bed-side; gave him the picture he had drawn; and with her last breath charged him, if ever he could find me out, to deliver that and her forgiveness to me. He

put it into my hand. I know not how I survived. Perhaps it was owing to the outworn state in which my disease had left me. My heart was too weak to burst; and there was a sort of palsy on my mind that seemed insensible to its calamities. By that holy man who had once before saved me from death, I was placed here, where, except one melancholy journey to the spot where they had laid my Emilia and her boy, I have ever since remained. My story is unknown, and they wonder at the severity of that life by which I endeavour to atone for my offences.—But it is not by suffering alone that Heaven is reconciled; I endeavour by works of charity and beneficence to make my being not hateful in its sight. Blessed be God! I have attained the consolation I wished.—Already, on my wasting days a beam of mercy sheds its celestial light. The visions of this stony couch are changed to mildness. 'Twas but last night my Emilia beckoned me in smiles; this little cherub was with her! His voice ceased,—he looked on the picture, then towards Heaven; and a faint glow crossed the paleness of his cheek. I stood awe-struck at the sight. The bell for Vespers tolled—he took my hand—I kissed his, and my tears began to drop on it—"My son," said he, "to feelings like yours it may not be unpleasing to recall my story.—If the world allure thee, if vice ensnare with its pleasures, or abash with its ridicule, think of Father Nicholas—be virtuous, and be happy."

ON THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

By M. L'Abbé PASQUET.

WHY must our lives be of so short duration? Why don't we live two or three thousand years?" This is what we daily hear.

Almost all mankind complain of the shortness of life. If it was in their option to extend their length of days as far as they would wish, those who would resolve on death at the end of two or three thousand years, would be more scarce than the suicides of our days.

Senseless men! have you well thought on the result of so long a life? If God were to grant your inconsiderate wishes, it would be necessary he should enlarge the globe, or deprive us of the power of re production. But our globe is not capable of being enlarged, without over-

throwing our planetary system, and producing its consequent ruin.

The bodies heaped on each other, in broad and deep holes, after a battle, convey but a faint idea of the confusion we should be in on this sorrowful planet, if no one was to die for fifteen hundred years only, or that the common life of man was to be of that number of years, and that he had the power of generation during seven-eighths of that long life, as is commonly seen in the present system. This is evident from the following calculation.

The circumference of one of the grand circles of our sphere being 7,200 marine leagues of 2,850 fathoms, and of 20 to the degree, its diameter will be 2,291 $\frac{1}{2}$ leagues;

leagues; its surface 16,501,183.77 leagues, which being reduced into square feet, gives 4,825,110,925,148,450. If we only deduct one half, supposed to be occupied by the sea, the lakes, and rivers, there will remain 2,412,555,462,574.225.

Now, let us suppose this half to be inhabited by a thousand millions of men; if this number was only to increase yearly only one hundredth, it would be so great at the end of 1,476, that it would, within a trifle, fill the whole habitable surface of the earth, giving each man the space of a square foot; for $\frac{1}{100}$ elevated to its 1,476th power, and multiplied by 1,000,000,000, produces the number 2,389,936,508,196,722. If we add to this number the product of one year more, it will then give 2,413,835,873,278,689, which will exceed that of the square feet the habitable part of our globe contains.

If instead of the hundredth, we suppose the number of men to increase a five-and-twentieth, which would not be exorbitant in a supposition of so long a life, were it even a great deal shorter, at the end of 374 years, this thousand millions of men would amount to 2,346,681,621,621,621, a number almost equal to that of square feet contained in the habitable part of the earth. If we add one year more of such an increase, we then shall have 2,440,548,886,486,485, a greater number than that of square feet

the water leaves uncovered on the surface of the earth.

This number, great as it is, is nothing in comparison of that which would be produced by such an increase continued for 1500 years: imagination starts at it. Then would mankind be heaped on each other, were they no bigger than lemons. Here is the number calculated according to the logarithms of eight decimals; 35,481,257,359,813,084,135,514,018,691,588,785, a number above two hundred times greater than that of 162,628,999,125,937,863,623,442,432,000,000, which gives the cubical points of matter contained on the entire mass of our globe. It must be observed a cubic inch contains 2,985,984 of those points.

What must we conclude from thence? That every thing is wisely arranged; that all things, even those we dread so much, as death for example, are ordained for our good; that the Almighty, to leave us more at liberty, and give us elbow-room, has willed there should be diseases, physicians, military men, executioners, and a thousand other destructive methods, of which we are so silly as to complain, without reflecting that all this is necessary to prune the great tree of human nature, to give it air, and to husband its sap by retrenching its superfluous branches, which would soon cause it to perish without this precaution.

ON GOOD KINGS.

By M. MERCIER.

IN the sixteenth century, a certain person inscribed in the circumference of a farthing the names of all the good princes, ancient and modern; and still there was room left.

I wish this fancy were renewed in our days, as it has some humour in it, and that this fine coin was current.

The result of ancient and modern history would, in a manner, be contained in this small compass. What a laconic piece of philosophy!

Oh, happy farthing, decorated with the names of good kings, thou wouldst, in my opinion, exceed the finest quadruples, and I would wear thee at my button-hole!

Let us all assist in composing this uncommon farthing. Let us recapitulate the names to be admitted, and those that

should be rejected. Though this work would not be very voluminous, yet it must require much accuracy and understanding.

I admire that fine expression of Montesquieu: "Clemency is the distinguishing quality of monarchs; monarchs obtain so much by clemency, it is followed by so much affection, so much glory attends it, that it is almost ever a great happiness for them to have opportunities of exerting it."

Let us hasten, then, my friends, to coin our farthing; let it be the medalion of posterity; let it take place of those bronzes the idle antiquarian accumulates, which present us the hard features of those wicked kings, from whom human nature was only relieved by the benignant stroke of death.

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 ,

F O R D E C E M B E R , 1787.

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

Gulielmi Bellendeni Magistri Supplicum Libellorum Augusti Regis Magnæ Britannæ, &c. De Statu Libri Tres. 8vo. 12s. Sewell, &c.

A Free Translation of the Preface to Bellendenus; containing Animated Strictures on the Great Political Characters of the Present Time. 8vo. 4s. Payne and Son, &c.

Remarks on the New Edition of Bellendenus; with some Observations on the extraordinary Preface. 8vo. 1s. Stalker.

WE hardly recollect an instance in which the attention of both our learned and political circles has been so powerfully engaged (so powerfully, it might even be said, *fascinated*) as by the recent republication of the long-lost, though inestimable work of Bellendenus "De Statu." But before we enquire into the particular merits of that truly-classical performance (or rather assemblage of performances) it may not be improper to present our readers with a few anecdotes of the author, selected from the Preface now annexed to it by the editor, which is in itself a TREASURE of modern *latinity*.

From the preliminary account alluded to we learn, that Bellendenus was by birth a Scotchman, and (so far as conjecture may determine) descended of an ancient and honourable family. Of his particular situation, and habits of life, we have little certain knowledge. Dempster, indeed, tells us, in his "Lives of the Scottish Writers," that he was Professor of Humanity at Paris, in 1602; and it is an established fact that he enjoyed the office of *Magister of Requests* * to James VI. of Scotland, of whom he was a particular fa-

vourite. Whether James conferred any other mark of distinction upon him, we are entirely ignorant. Certain it is, however, that this monarch, who possessed no mean portion of learning himself, took a delight in patronising men of science; and certain is it also, that to his munificence Bellendenus was indebted for a life of honourable retirement at Paris; where he permitted not his abilities to languish, nor was forgetful of the welfare of his country.

In the year 1608, he there published the "Ciceronis Princeps;" a work fraught with admirable instructions for the private, as well as public conduct of princes, and expressly calculated to demonstrate this grand and immutable truth, that no government can be permanently secure which has not for its basis the mutual felicity of the Sovereign and the People.—To this first edition of the "Ciceronis Princeps" was annexed a valuable prefatory Discourse, entitled "De Processu et Scriptoribus Rei Politicæ."

It was not till the year 1612 that the first edition of the "Ciceronis Consul, Senator Senatufque Romanus," made its appearance. This book—the longest of

* "Magister Supplicum Libellorum." In explaining the nature and meaning of this title, the editor tells us, that the inhabitants of Sicily had a Magistrate termed *Libellenfis*, the same with the *Magister Libellorum* of other countries; whose business it was to receive petitions, and to make a report of them, after examination, to the Sovereign.

the three, in our opinion too the most valuable, and the one which Bellendenus finished with most care—consists of fifty-six chapters; in which (while they contain political doctrines essential to the prosperity of every mixed government, together with an account of the institution of the consulship, of the original extent and gradual diminution of its authority, and of the qualifications necessary to the due discharge of the consular office) we find the origin and constitution of the Roman Senate, and the various matters, both civil and religious, that were subject to its cognisance, described with *truth*, and enforced with *energy*.*

In arranging the books, or tracts, before us, the learned editor has preserved the order which Bellendenus himself preserved in the first edition; of the title-page to which, *as it stood originally*, we shall present our readers with a copy.

“Gulielmi Bellendeni Magistri Supplicum Libellorum Augusti Regis Magnæ Britanniæ, &c. De Statu Libri Tres. 1. De Statu Præci Orbis in Religione, Re Politica et Literis. 2. Ciceronis Princeps; sive de Statu Principis et Imperii. 3. Ciceronis Consul, Senator, Senatusque Romanus; sive De Statu Reip. et Urbis imperantis Orbi. Primus nunc primum editus; cæteri, cum Tractatu de Processu et Scriptoribus Rei Politicæ, ab Auctore aucti et illustrati. Parisiis, apud Herveum du Mesnil, via S. Joannis Lateranensis, sub signo Bellerophonis Coronati, M.DC.XVI. Cum Privilegio Regis.”

After having published the pieces here enumerated, our author began, but was prevented by death from finishing, another work entitled “De Tribus Lumibus Romanorum.” It was to have consisted of three tracts, descriptive of three of the most illustrious characters of antiquity; namely, Cicero, Seneca, and the elder Pliny. The only one he lived to publish, however, was that which had Cicero for its object; and highly must it ever be lamented by the learned, that the other

two tracts were not permitted to come into existence, when it is considered how admirably, in the one that did appear, the author has selected from the works of the great Roman Orator, and exhibited in one comprehensive point of view, his most valuable remarks and opinions—exhibited them too in the very words of Cicero, with the addition merely of connecting sentences; which sentences, however, are written in a style of latinity that would have done honour to the pen of Tully himself.

On this occasion the editor—evidently with extreme reluctance, but evidently also with a manly detestation of literary plagiarism and ingratitude—has held up to scorn the character and conduct of Middleton, the *celebrated*, but, as it now appears, the *disingenuous*, biographer of Cicero; whom he asserts, in the most unqualified terms, not only to have been indebted to Bellendenus for many useful and splendid materials, but to have made a mere transcript of his work, wherever it might answer his purpose †.

With respect to the Three Books more immediately before us, our opinion would differ widely indeed from that of the learned world in general, if we did not declare, that they require no apology for their re-introduction to public notice beyond what is to be found in their own intrinsic merit; nor have we a doubt but that to every enlightened mind they will come with ample recommendations, not merely from the dignity of the subjects they discuss, but from the perspicuity of argument, the beauty of sentiment, and the varied elegance of diction, which, more or less, illumine and adorn every page of the work.

In the First Book, Bellendenus—at length *providentially* rescued himself from the “*gloomy regions of obscurity*”—brings to light from those regions many facts, not less curious than important, concerning nations of the most remote antiquity. With a diligence, equalled only by the exertions of a mind uncom-

* In 1616, these two books were re-published, with the addition of the tract entitled, “De Statu Præci Orbis;” a work abounding in curious and important information from Josephus, Eusebius, Aristotle, Plato, Clemens Alexandrinus, and Cicero, respecting the religion, the politics, and the literature of the ancient world, and enriched with remarks that redound alike to the fame of the author as a scholar and as a philosopher.

† Before the period alluded to, the work of Bellendenus was known but to very few; nor had any person, Mr. Warton excepted, ever been at the pains to compare it with the performance of Middleton. Our editor himself, however, has since taken the trouble to collate the two productions; and on this ground it is, that, speaking on the subject decisively, he has—so to express it—“*damned to everlasting fame*” the very name of Middleton.

monly penetrative and acute, clearly does he in the execution of this part of his work unfold every thing relative to the primitive discipline of the Persians and Egyptians, obscure as it was in itself, and variously as in its effects it had been diffused. In the like satisfactory manner, and with not less precision and brevity, he describes the primary origin of nations in general; points out the steps that conducted them to prosperity or grandeur; and elucidates the various means by which they differed from each other.

In this, as in all his other tracts, philosophy owes much to Bellendenus.—The fabulous details which encumbered, while they perplexed, the HISTORY of Greece, he elucidates, he refutes, and renders ultimately ridiculous. The wild and extravagant notions, or *systems* as they have been styled, that prevailed on the subject of RELIGION, he has also admirably exposed—exposed too by unanswerable arguments, derived not from *philosophy merely*, but from *revelation*.

Amidst all this gloom of *antiquity*, however, in no instance does Bellendenus discover any thing of that coldness and insensibility which we are generally taught to consider as the essential characteristics of an *antiquarian*. Never does he degrade his talents by an investigation of *theological* points which are accompanied with *mystery*, or which, whether *mysterious* or not *mysterious*, are in themselves *idle*, and *unproductive of happiness to mankind*.—Researches like these our admirable author very wisely leaves to the *drones* of theology, who will not, or who cannot, *employ their time better*.

In truth, we hardly know an author who has more powerfully, or more irresistibly exerted himself than Bellendenus, in supporting the rights of human nature on the principles of a sound political government.

To this point, in all his works the sentiments of Bellendenus have a dignified tendency; and accordingly in the Second Book, beautifully do we find him illustrating these fundamental, though highly-neglected truths: That whoever desires to exercise authority over others, should previously learn the government of himself—should remember, and be ever ready to obey, whatever the laws command—should, on all occasions, be eager to listen to the sentiments of the wise, with a perfect disdain of flattery, and abhorrence

of corruption—should, in attempting to *extend* his dignity, be cautious, but in *preserving* it tenacious—should, in fine, distinguish himself by the purity of his morals, and the moderation of his conduct; *nor ever direct his HAND, his EYE, or his IMAGINATION to that which is the PROPERTY OF ANOTHER*.

In his Third Book—which, as already intimated, relates chiefly to the duties of a senator—our author, whose learning and virtue were formed to keep with other an equal pace, seems to *soar above himself*.—Hyperbolic as this expression may appear, and tinged even with a *lull*, which, *hypercritically* considered, would not disgrace the land of Hibernia, we will not retract it.—In every sense, indeed, the book in question is literally and truly a *chef-d'oeuvre*; nor do we know whether to admire it more for the purity of the moral and political doctrines it contains, than for the classical energy of language in which those doctrines are inculcated.—To Britons—and not to Britons only, but to all nations that enjoy, or that wish to enjoy, the blessings of liberty resulting from LAW, uncontrolled by the *will of a DESPOT*, it must ever have charms.

It is remarkable—in fact, to the reputation of our literature it is *disgraceful*—that, till the republication before us, there were but three complete copies of the work existing, or *known to be existing*, in the kingdom. Of neither of the three have we been happy enough to obtain an inspection; but, from the high sense we entertain of the veracity of the editor, we are freely disposed to believe, that the present edition * is more correct than that which passed from the hand of Bellendenus himself.

After all, however, it may be asked—and, if we mistake not, repeatedly has it been asked already—Why, and for what purpose, is Bellendenus restored to the world at this particular period?—Questions like these it becomes not us to answer; but firmly are we of opinion, that his *imputed* editor, though borne away by a torrent of prepossessions and prejudices respecting what vulgarly we call the *Olds* and the *Ins* of the present government of our country, is a man who glories in his integrity, moral as well as political, and who would perish rather than utter a word inconsistent, in either sense, with the *mens sibi conscia recti* of a real patriot.

* The one before us is the *second*, which contains a list of corrigenda, to be had separately of the booksellers by the purchasers of the *first* edition.

With an allusion, sufficiently FANCIFUL it must be confessed, to the unfinished work of Bellendenus, "*De Tribus Luminibus Romanorum*," he has assimilated, or attempted to assimilate, the characters of our great *Ex-Ministers*, Mr. Burke, Lord North, and Mr. Fox; to whom the several treatises before us are respectively inscribed—inscribed, however, not in the servile language of *adulation*, but in terms of a *panegyrical enthusiasm*, which, could Cicero rise from his grave, Cicero would not blush to own †.

These distinguished statesmen—who in their political career have certainly suffered more by invective, and been honoured more by panegyric, than any other public characters in the kingdom—he describes as the *Three Luminaries of Great Britain*; and, as such, of each of them he exhibits an admirable portrait ‡.

It does not appear, however, that either in the delivery of his own sentiments, or in the republication of the works of Bellendenus, he had the most distant intention of making either himself or them subjects of popular animadversion. The size of the volume, though encreased by the Preface, has not been suffered to encrease its price; and the editor declares he did not think of writing it till he had positively agreed with the printer about the whole expence of the impression, the copper-plates, and the price of the book. This being the case, it seems to give him but little concern (and, in fact, but little does it concern the public at large) whether he has done well or ill in discussing points so full of difficulty and danger as those which occupy his masterly preface, provided, by the trouble he has taken in publishing the work itself, Bellendenus be but restored to that rank in literature, in philosophy, and in politics, of which he has so long and so unjustly been deprived.

In noticing the Translation of this famous Preface, we are sorry that, relinquishing the language of panegyric, we must, if we speak of it at all, speak with contempt. In the title-page, it is boldly pronounced a *free* one; and yet it is *ser-*

vile to an extreme, consequently to an extreme *inelegant*. One more unworthy of the illustrious original we conceive to be hardly possible. In the language there is no animation, no nerve, no dignity; but there is an abundance of puerile affectation, of scholastic pedantry. Of its imperfections, manifold as they are egregious, the translator seems not himself to be wholly insensible; and thus, in presenting himself at the tribunal of criticism—thus *curiously* does he apologise for them.—"Although," says he, "*we may venture to claim some commendation for our diligence, we are not reluctant to confess that this our youthful progeny has not animal strength sufficient to undergo the severity of inquisitional tortures.*"

"*Animal strength!*"—What a brilliant metaphor!—Perfectly are we lost in the admiration of its beauty, added to its novelty, when thus rendered so happily allusive to the *mental exertions* of a juvenile translator. Far be it from us, however, to inflict upon his *animal strength* any tortures that may appear *inquisitional*; but this we must say, that as he translates *like a school-boy*, he ought not, for the manner in which he has executed his present task, to *pass without a school-boy's punishment*.

What a pity that the learned editor did not himself prevent a composition, fraught with such resplendent beauties of classical diction, from being thus disfigured in an English dress by any *Tyro* in literature whatever!—If credit may be given to the voice of Fame, he possesses the rare, and truly-wonderful talent of writing Latin better than English, and English better than most other men in the kingdom. For the honour of our language, then, let us hope that the period is not very distant, when, stooping to become *his own translator*, he will favour the world with a version into his vernacular tongue of one of the most admirable and admired Latin productions that ever flowed from the pen of an Englishman.

Of the "Remarks on the New Edition

† In delineating the objects of his political ridicule or censure, he frequently has recourse to fictitious names. Thus, by Dofon, we are to understand the Marquis of L—f—ne; by Novius, the Lord C—nc—r; by Miso-Themistocles, the Duke of R—d; by Thrasybolus, Mr. D—d—s; by Clodius, Mr. W—lks; *et sic de multis aliis*. To the C—nc—r of the E—q—r he bitterly gives a Greek appellation; imitating in this instance, he says, the example of Nicholas Heinsius, who, in his Letters to Gronovius, frequently calls Gevartius "*Ο Δεινός*," avoiding, in testimony of contempt, to distinguish him by his proper name.

‡ The portraits of Mr. Burke and Mr. Fox are modern likenesses. Not so the portrait of Lord North, which is engraved from the copy of a painting executed by Allan Ramsay in 1764.

of Bellendenus," and "the Observations on the extraordinary Preface," which form the last article now under our review, all we shall observe is, that they are

penned with elegance, and seem to flow from the mind of a gentleman possessed of sentiments somewhat congenial with those of the editor himself.

Mary Queen of Scots Vindicated. By John Whitaker, B. D. Author of the History of Manchester; and Rector of Ruan-Lanyhorne, Cornwall. 3 vols. 8vo. 18s. Murray.

(Concluded from Page 378.)

HAVING closed the *external* evidence for the forgery of the ever-memorable Letters, Contracts, and Sonnets, our author proceeds to examine the *internal*! In order to place this evidence also in some new points of view, he presents us with a copy of these several documents in the languages in which they were originally published; subjoining to each of them a variety of remarks, in order to point out—as he *whimsically* expresses it—"the numerous signatures of forgery in the *belly* of them *"

By this mode of inquisition, Mr. Whitaker produces a new train of witness at the bar of the public, deposing to circumstances of a very different nature from all that we have seen before; but completely coinciding with them, and equally, in his opinion, *decisive evidences of the forgery*.

The Letters and Sonnets are printed from Goodall's edition of them, which he pronounces a standard one in itself. He has noted, however, several variations, seeming of moment, that are to be found in Anderson's copy. Improving upon the plan of Goodall also, who first divided some of the Letters into paragraphs, and first numbered the divisions in the Sonnets, he has now formed paragraphs in *all* the Letters; broken the divisions into stanzas in the Sonnets, for the more commodious reading of them; and numbered the paragraphs in the Letters, for the facility of referring to them.

In the first of the Letters, this is certainly an improvement particularly calculated to facilitate the evidences of its authenticity, of its corruption, or of its entire forgery.—It runs, indeed, as our author observes, into all the length of "one of Richardson's *conversational* epistles. Only there is an infinite difference between the two in every other re-

spect. Richardson's are strikingly characteristic; full of spirit, and pregnant with intelligence. But *this* carries no light of intelligence within it. *This* contains no sparks of spirit in it. *And it is one complete violation of character, from the beginning to the end of it.*"

These are certainly bold assertions; but, to prove that they are not assertions merely, Mr. Whitaker has occupied above one half of the second volume; the remainder of which is engrossed by the subsequent seven Letters, and by his own masterly comments upon them, tending with irresistible energy to evince that they are, without exception, bare-faced forgeries.

Of those forgeries he will not allow the infamy to have been confined to Scotland. It extended, he affirms, equally to England. In 1581, Randolph, the agent of Elizabeth at the Scottish court, exerted himself with a very extraordinary vigour to drive the new Earl of Lenox from the administration of affairs, and to replace Morton in it. He therefore applied to the young king. But failing in his aims there, he addressed himself to the parliament, charging Lenox with having supplanted Morton, and other true subjects, in the good opinion of the king.

These collateral facts Mr. Whitaker turns to an admirable use in his detection of the forgeries immediately under consideration. According to our author, this very Randolph *produced some letters*, that had been written by Lenox, *he said*, to encourage foreign nations in a descent upon England. And he censured them, by their regard for the *Reformed Religion*, to resent this conduct, to draw their swords (if necessary) against their sovereign himself, and to expect the assistance of Elizabeth in the *pious work*.

"Here, *as against Mary before*, was a formal production of forgeries, to justify

* It must have been in a moment of whim, and certainly of *whim* merely, when Mr. Whitaker, with all the powers of *sterling* English at command, thus made a perfect sport of language by talking of signatures being in the "*belly*" of papers, whether published or not published, whether forged or not forged.

accusations, and to sanction rebellion. Only here, the Letters stepped forward boldly, and appeared upon the open theatre of the world. They sued to be seen and examined, by Lenox and by all the parliament. And, for that very reason probably, it was instantly discovered that they were forged *.

Certain it is that Dr. Robertson omits all mention of these forged Letters, though he knew that his favourite Elizabeth was considered as an associate in the foul act of forgery with Randolph, who had evidently acted by her directions. It does not appear, indeed, that Elizabeth attempted to vindicate herself from the imputation. "She never disowned either the violence or the fraudulence of her ambassador. She did not even recall him. She even justified him *in form* upon his return, as a man of INTEGRITY, and as a FRIEND to SCOTLAND †.

These are facts which are *no longer deniable*—facts, which in truth (the spirit of *fashion* being no more) seem hardly to be *longer denied*.—Elizabeth, it is evident, had long been habituated to the sight of forgery.—Forgery, as our author justly observes, she had seen displayed in its liveliest colours, at the conferences before her Commissioners.—"She had made herself a *party*," says he, "in that grand deed of knavery, by assisting in the deception, and by uniting to prosecute the purpose of it. But she afterwards went *further* in forgery. She rose from the humility of an *accomplice*, to the dignity of a *chief*, in the work. The vile arts which she had seen practised by the Scots against their Queen, she practised with more confidence, and with less success, against the Scots themselves. And she exerted them equally against Mary afterwards; letters forged in the name of Mary being sent to the houses of Papists, letters forged in the names of Papists being pretendedly intercepted on their way to Mary, and even forged letters from Mary, concerning Barmington's conspiracy, being pretended to be found in the wall of her prison ‡."

These Mr. Whitaker calls "hellish mysteries of iniquity;" and Lethington (with the assistance of his subalterns in the business, Murray and Morton) he scruples not to pronounce the original initiator of them all.—This Lethington had

been *long* in the habit of counterfeiting Mary's writing, and even *acknowledged* that he had, in some private conversations at York §.

"It was *he* therefore"—with infinite force infers our spirited author—"it was *he*, that forged the warrant from Mary for the execution of Lord Huntly. It was *he*, that forged the other warrant for the subscription of the nobles to Bothwell's bond. *He* forged the letter of June 15. *He* forged the letter, or the *story* of a letter, written from the Queen to the Captain of Dunbar Castle, and *intercepted by the rebels*. *He* forged the two letters from Linlithgow and Holyrood-house which were *suppressed by the rebels*. And *HE* forged the eight that were *actually published*."

Of the petty forgers—the miscreants that trod in the steps of Lethington, and took his DOWNWARD road to fame—our author takes little notice. Their productions he considers as only the *play-things of a wicked hour*.—"They never," says he, "could rise to the dignity of such deeds of enormity as we see above. These required a spirit like Lethington for the work; a man whose rank entitled him to hold the office of Secretary of State; a man whose abilities qualified him to make a conspicuous figure in it; and a man whose soul was as daring in invention, as his hand was dexterous in execution. And that *master-stroke* of forgery, the fabrication of a set of letters which should convict a QUEEN of *adultery and murder*, is peculiarly too high and bold an operation for any but a Lethington."

In the delineation of characters Mr. Whitaker is always pre-eminently happy; and sorry are we that our limits will not permit us to exhibit at length the picture he gives of the temper, the disposition, and the manners of this subtil, this base, this unprincipled Statesman; who, in the midst of his evil deeds, scrupled not, like all his co-adjutors in the destruction of Mary, to style himself a *Reformer*, to exclaim against the abominations of Popery, and to be zealous for the *parity* of religion!

At the period of the Reformation, our author metaphorically considers FORGERY to have been the *peculiar disease of Protestantism*. "Originally coming forth," says he, "as a kind of leprosy upon the brow of Presbyterianism in Scotland, it was conveyed by the intercourses of vice to the

* Camden, Transf. 262, Orig. 316.—Spotwood, 312.—Crawford, 369.

† Stuart, II. 136—138.

‡ Stuart, II. 196, 203, 251, and 267.

§ Camden, Transf. 216. Orig. 143, 144.

profligate Head of the Church of England. In *both*, it concurred with the rebellious turbulence and the sacrilegious violence of the *Reformed*, to stop the nations of Europe, that were springing forward from the idolatries of Popery into the pure worship of Protestantism; to make them run back, with a too hasty horror, at the *frightful* face of Reformation before them; and to prefer even Popery with all its idolatries, to Protestantism with those enormities accompanying it. And the crimes of such wretches as Lethington, Morton, Murray, and Elizabeth, served unhappily to check the progress of that greatest of all illuminations to man, next to the first propagation of the Gospel; kept many of the States about us from coming forward to the glorious light of it; and actually abridged it of half its extensive utility to the world.*—

So much for the Letters; and now for the Sonnets.—When these Sonnets pretend to be written, has not yet been determined. The rebels themselves, who should be the best judges, seem to have designed them for a time *antecedent* to the Letters; but both Lord Hailes and Dr. Stuart think, that they appear from their internal evidence, to be calculated for the period between the seizure of Mary and her marriage*.

Be this as it may,—for it would lead us into a long train of investigation, were we to endeavour to ascertain the intended chronology of them, and then, like our author, “make it convict them clearly of forgery”—let us proceed to enquire *who it was that wrote them*.—Lethington, though already proved to have drawn up the Letters, was not, according to Mr. Whitaker, “capable of drawing up Sonnets. *These* were written originally in Scotch, and *these* in French.” Even if Lethington was qualified for writing in French, he was certainly, from all that appears, not qualified to write *poetry* in French. This, indeed, required talents of a very different nature from Lethington’s; nor was there a man among the usurpers, who, in the opinion of our learned historian, was qualified for poetical composition, and who was also capable of undertaking it in the French language, *except only the* REDOUBTABLE BUCHANAN.

“This being the case, the whole enquiry is reduced to a short point; and Bu-

chanan must himself stand the reputed father of this poetical bantling, that has been laid so long at the door of Mary.” Buchanan’s own manner of speaking concerning the Sonnets, serves remarkably to corroborate this conclusion of our author.

“In his History,” says he, “he mentions the Sonnets and the Letters together. He notices the Letters first; but he praises them not. He says only, that they were written by Mary. They are *Literæ, Regina manu Gallico sermone conscriptæ, ad Bothwellium*. He did not chuse to compliment Lethington, against whom he wrote a printed libel so early as 1570. Then he immediately notices the Sonnets. But he passes not over *them* in so cursory a manner. *He stops to praise them*. He marks the *elegancy* of them. They are *carmen Gallicum, ab eadem NON INELEGANTER factum*†. The natural partialities of self-love solicited this transient eulogium from him. He, who would not compliment the Letters as Lethington’s, could not but compliment the Sonnets as his own. He who praises not Mary for any thing, he who is eager to abuse her upon every occasion, he who is actually abusing her at the very moment, *for his own and for Lethington’s forgeries*; even he suspends his dashing pen at once, and even he praises her for the elegance of some verses—*which he had written for her*. And the father betrays his relation to the bantling, by the visible yearning of his affections towards it.”

Such are the ingenious arguments of our author on this long-contested topic; and to the reader of penetration we leave it to comment upon them. Of the Sonnets themselves, whoever was the fabricator of them, the infamy is the more atrocious, as they agree entirely with the Letters in pretending a voluntary intercourse of adultery to have been carried on by Mary with Bothwell, but differ totally from them in the main circumstance of this adultery.

“The Letters,” says Mr. Whitaker, “suppressed all idea of the rape, by building themselves upon the *sumise* of an adultery antecedent to the date of the rape. They *thus* prove themselves to be spurious at once, and add one more to the many proofs of their spuriousness, which we have already witnessed. The Sonnets therefore deserted this treacherous soil, and came back to the solid ground of fact. *They founded themselves upon that rape,*

* Stuart, I. 395.

† Hist. XIX. 374.

which

which the Letters had buried under their own rubbish. But then, to adduce any thing like a charge of criminality against Mary, they were obliged to borrow the fictitious tale of adultery from the Letters, to give it a new origin, to assign it a later date, and to subjoin it to the genuine story of the rape."—Thus—to adopt the very natural conclusion of our author—thus do the Sonnets form a middle line, betwixt the truths of history and the falsehoods of fiction; taking a part from both, reflecting the light of truth in the rape, presenting the shades of falsehood in the adultery; and showing their own forgery the more conspicuous, by the striking opposition between them.

The forgery of the Sonnets, as well as of the Letters, being thus exposed, Mr. Whitaker passes immediately to the Contracts, which, with a similar over-powering lustre of evidence, he likewise shews to have been fabrications of the most infamous complexion. From that evidence it appears, that as Lethington assuredly made the Letters, Buchanan composed the Sonnets, and Lethington transcribed both into a hand writing imitative of Mary's, so Morton (from the inferences,

at least, of our historian, and rarely in his inferences do we think him erroneous) drew up the *first Contract* for Mary, which was therefore written in a *chancery* hand unlike hers; Morton also drew up the *second Contract*, in the pretended hand-writing of Huntly, his immediate predecessor in the office of Chancellor; and Murray himself, "who was the presiding genius of the whole villainy, and set all the implements of iniquity to work," fabricated with his own hand the *Confessions* of Paris, &c.

Having in this manner gone over the Letters, the Sonnets, and the Contracts, with an examining eye, and "pointed them out with the sure finger of truth to the merited scorn and derision of mankind," the author closes his work* with an ample, and, we will add, a satisfactory, account of the murder of Darnley;—a murder, which, as he himself expresses it, is the fixed pivot, upon which the Contracts, the Sonnets, and the Letters, equally move—is, in fact, the grand centre of gravity to all that vast system of forgery, which is so admirably detected and exposed in the volumes before us.

The Works, Theological, Medical, Political, and Miscellaneous, of John Jebb, M. D. F. R. S. With Memoirs of the Life of the Author. By John Disney, D. D. F. S. A. 3 vols. 8vo. 11. 1s. in Boards. Johnson.

IN our memory, few men have left behind them a more unfulfilled fame than the late Dr. John Jebb. It was not, indeed, the fame of *superior TALENTS* merely—it was the fame, more honourable far, and far more rare, of *superior VIRTUE*, which he courted, and which, even amidst the rage of contending factions, the intemperate voice of Faction itself could never deny him, either in his theological, his medical, or his political pursuits. In each of those pursuits he uniformly evinced an incorruptible integrity, added to an indefatigable perseverance, in vindicating the cause of Truth, and in promoting, upon the liberal grounds of philanthropy, the welfare, not of this or that sect, this or that nation, but of mankind at large.

Of his general character we cannot, indeed, communicate a more faithful idea than in the words (rather tinged as they may appear with panegyric) of Dr. Disney, his worthy editor and biographer; to whom, however, we are sorry to add, no praise seems to be any where due for either accuracy or elegance of diction.

"The reputation of Dr. Jebb," says he, "rests on the most solid and lasting basis, while it is left to rest upon his own unfulfilled, amiable and useful life."

"Examine his conduct, and the nearer you view it, the more distinctly will you observe his never-ceasing pursuit of knowledge and truth; and his never once departing from his own well-formed principles and convictions. And in all his differences with others, you cannot fail to

* To the whole, however, he has annexed an Appendix containing the principal of those passages in the original papers, upon which he had founded the main parts of his "Vindication;" and to some of those passages he has subjoined notes, in order to "elucidate a few points additional in the clouded history of Mary, to assert still further the insulted interests of truth, and to maintain still more the violated rights of innocence."

mark his candour in speaking of the persons and motives of his adversaries, however severely he reprobated their opinions and conduct.

"In every point of view he appears to advantage, and is deserving of much praise. In his own acquirements he united the various merits which have been ascribed to men of the most distinguished eminence. As a divine, he truly deserved the character which was given by Erasmus of William Latimer, *vere theologus, integritate vite conspicuus*. As a physician, we may, with great truth, apply to him what Casaubon said of Galen, *criticorum non minus quam medicorum princeps*. As a patriot, we may mark him in the character of Sidney, *sanctus amor patriæ dat animus*."

In the life of this respectable man (as exhibited at least by his present biographer) there appear to have been few incidents worthy to be recorded* beyond those connected with the two grand objects of his attainment—the improvement of education by the institution of public examinations at Cambridge, and the restoration of the British constitution by shortening the duration of parliaments;—objects, in the pursuit of which we all know, and many among us lament, that, with all his zeal, he was unsuccessful.

The life itself of the author being thus uninteresting, we shall proceed to take a cursory view of his writings, as exhibited in the present edition, which is embellished with an elegant portrait of the Doctor, and graced with a list of subscribers highly honourable to the memory of his virtues.

The first piece that attracts our notice is, a Short Account of the Theological Lectures now reading at Cambridge, which was originally published in the Year 1770, and is re-printed from the Second Edition, with a Harmony of the Gospels annexed.

To this succeeds a tract consisting of Letters on the Subject of Subscriptions to the Liturgy, first printed in the WHITEHALL EVENING-POST, under the Signature of PAULINUS, and re-printed in 1772, with Notes and Additions; which tract is followed by a Letter to Sir W. Meredith on the same subject, signed AN

ENGLISHMAN, which made its first appearance in 1772.

In the Second Volume we are presented with Six Sermons. The only one of the number that appeared before, is the first, which is on the Excellency of the Spirit of Benevolence, was published in 1773, and preached at Cambridge (in the midst of the disputes relating to subscription) to recommend candour and good-will. The subsequent Sermons are now published from the original MSS. and it is but justice to observe of them, that they all abound in sentiments that reflect honour upon the author as a Man, while they command veneration for him as a Christian—a Christian attached to no cause, but what he piously and conscientiously believes to be the *immutable cause of TRUTH* †.

The Sermons are followed by Theological Propositions and Miscellaneous Observations. These also are published from the original manuscripts; and not less than the Sermons themselves do they impress us with an admiration of that philanthropic disposition which, both in public and in private life, seems uniformly to have been at once the origin and the guide of the author's conduct.

The next piece that presents itself is a Latin Thesis defended in the Theological School at Cambridge in March 1764, on the question, "*Status animarum, in intervallo mortis atque resurrectionis, agentium, quicquam, five sententium, ex sacris literis colligi nequit*." In this little piece there are many beauties of language—beauties, which, we confess, we should hardly have scrupled to pronounce classically elegant, as well as correct, if the Editor (who certainly knew the Doctor more intimately than we had the honour to know him) had not expressly told us, that he *improved greatly in his Latin style afterwards*.

Be this as it may, without commenting on the subsequent tracts that fill the present volume (and *duy* to comment upon them, a volume would scarce be sufficient) we shall proceed to enumerate their titles.

After the Sermons, the Theological Propositions and Miscellaneous Observations, and the Latin Thesis (which form the first three articles, and to which we

* And even of these, the most material the editor leaves us to gather from passages in the Doctor's own letters.—Some Memoirs of Dr. Jebb are given in Vol. IX, p. 157. of this Magazine.

† In his religious opinions, our author was, in the strictest sense of the word, an UNITARIAN. In those opinions he persevered to the last; and rather than abandon them, he had many years before relinquished all claims to either *clerical honour*, or *clerical emoluments*.

have already endeavoured to do justice) follow, IV. A Short State of the Reasons for a late Resignation; to which are added, Occasional Observations, and a Letter to the Right Rev. the Bishop of Norwich; first published in 1775.—V. An Answer to the Author of “A Letter to the Rev. Mr. Jebb, with Relation to his declared Sentiments about the Unlawfulness of all Religious Addressees to Christ Jesus;” first published in 1779, as a Postscript to Mr. Lindley’s Two Dissertations.—VI. A Sketch of the Plan of the Society for promoting the Knowledge of the Scriptures; first published in 1773.—VII. Remarks upon the present Mode of Education in the University of Cambridge; to which is added, A Proposal for its Improvement; first published in 1772.—VIII. A Proposal for the Establishment of Public Examinations in the University of Cambridge. With Occasional Remarks; first published in 1774.—IX. An Address to the Members of the Senate of Cambridge; first published in 1775.—X. Select Cases of the Disorder commonly termed the Paralysis of the lower Extremities; to which is added, A Case of Catalepsy; first published in 1782.—XI. An Address to the Free-

holders of Middlesex, on Monday the 20th of December 1779; published in the same year.—XII. A Letter to Sir Robert Bernard, Bart. Chairman of the Huntingdonshire Committee; printed in 1781.—XIII. Letters addressed to the Volunteers of Ireland, on the Subject of a Parliamentary Reform; collected and published in 1784.—XIV. Thoughts on the Construction and Polity of Prisons. With Hints for their Improvement; published in 1785.

On opening the Third Volume, we are presented with a variety of other miscellaneous essays, written (and, it would appear, published also) in the years 1771, 1772, and 1773; and at the close of the work, we find an additional assemblage of fugitive pieces—or rather pieces which, but for the respectable form they now assume collectively in the edition before us, *would have been fugitive*. These are entitled Political Papers. They consist of various Letters, or Essays, on the predominant subjects of popular attention in England from the year 1780 to the year 1785; and as they are the last in date, so are they, upon the whole, the least in merit, of any in the whole collection.

Sketch of Commotions and Disorders in the Austrian Netherlands, including Transactions from the First of April 1787. In a Series of Epistles, by Dennis O’Flaherty, Esq. of the Kingdom and Province of Ireland. Emended into English by the Editor, and founded on official Papers. 8vo. 2s. 6d. stitched. Johnson.

THIS same Squire O’Flaherty (with his Editor, by whom he is to happily “*emended into ENGLISH*”) is a wag—yes, reader, a *wicked* wag; for verily he laugheth at *Kings*, yea, if we mistake not, maketh a scorn of *Priests*.—O profanation! *abominable* profanation!—And, if such liberties are to be taken with impunity, well may it be exclaimed by every zealous *churchman*, as well as *statesman*, What—oh! what is at length become of our sacred, our high re-idolised *jus divinum*!—

Oh! oh! Dennis, and could you fix on no day of the year, past or present, jewel, but the *First of April* for the commencement of Quixotism in the bosom of the IMPERIAL and IMPERIOUS Joseph?—In England, and, we believe, in the dear “*KINGDOM and PROVINCE of Ireland*” also, it is called “*Fool’s Day*,” and—*seriously* to speak of what certainly deserves not to be treated as a *joke*—may it not, to the triumph of both civil and religious tyranny, stand recorded in the IMPERIAL

CALENDAR of GERMANY as a day of IMPERIAL FOLLY!—

But, *to be more serious still*, highly as we are inclined to admire the talents, to respect the virtues, and to CHERISH THE PRINCIPLES of a Monarch, who, amidst all his miscarriages, is so amply entitled to the praise of being indefatigable in his *endeavours* to render mankind happy, sorry are we, that, finding our REPEATED *predictions upon the subject* REPEATEDLY *verified*, Truth compels us to tell him—*what loudly his PEOPLE have told him already*—that he has defeated (at least *pro tempore*) his own purpose, by an ill-advised, ill-timed, ill-directed, ardour of precipitation, and—to *future Reformers* let it be a lesson!—*precipitation merely*.

In all his eager efforts for the correction of abuses, whether political or religious, events have proved, how little the mighty, but baffled Joseph knew of human nature, or even of human systems, when he conceived it possible to root out by *vio-*

lence, and as it were *instantaneously*, popular prejudices and prepossessions that had existed for ages;—to create in fine, —what Omnipotence alone *can* create—ORDER from CHAOS in a MOMENT.

But away with all *grave* remarks!—for *grave* as the subject may be that gave birth to the Epistles before us, in a very *sportive* humour was the Muse of Dennis O'Flaherty, when, in dictating them, the inspired him with ideas, which, fraught as they are with the very *soul* of pleasan-try, tend irresistibly to provoke even a Cynic to join in a hearty BROAD laugh with honest Dennis himself.

Ah! Dennis, as plainly we told both thee and the reader before, thou art a wag—aye, and a *graceless* wag.—What! was it not sufficient to make us shake our sides at the absurdities of an EMPEROR, without exposing also to ridicule a set of SACERDOTAL UNDERLINGS, now, to the infinite HONOUR of *Imperial Dignity*, become his SACERDOTAL MASTERS?

Fie upon it, 'Squire!—While you were amusing yourself at the expence of a *well-meaning* MAN, who wishes (and certainly from the most laudable motives) to be handed down to posterity as an IMPERIAL REFORMER, how could you think of ridiculing also the *PIOUS rebels to his authority*—an authority, which, even with a hundred thousand armed men in his pay, far from being able to enforce, he has been, to every *essential* purpose, forced again to commit to their SANCTIFIED discretion*?

* It appears too evident, then, Dennis, that in all his late conflicts, while surrounded with his own Hosts, the GOD or HOSTS *was not upon his side*.—Still, right or wrong, the CHURCH MILITANT has been triumphant—triumphant too not merely in Bruges and Brabant, but in every corner of the Austrian Netherlands.—When at school, well do we recollect to have heard the adage, “*Experientia docet Stultos*.”—Joseph is no Fool; but, in the name of Heaven, let him begin to shew to the world, that he is not above *profiting by experience*.

† “*Great Cesar!*”—There is a *fashion* in all things; and accordingly for some time it has been the *ton* in our political circles to transmute the appellation of the *Imperial Joseph* into that of the *Imperial Cesar*.—But wherein consists the *propriety* of the transmutation?—Julius—the *famed* Julius of the name—he who *invaded*—we must not say *conquered* Britain, which, perhaps, we shall be told, never properly *was* conquered,—HE, then, who *invaded* Britain, and kept Europe in awe with the terrors of a Roman army, happily said of himself, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*.—When, even amidst his *domestic* broils, shall we see these bloodless and pacific words form an addition to the mottoes that already grace the standard of the IMPERIAL EAGLE?

‡ You shall not be *c—s'd*, but hereby, Mr. O'Flaherty, you are *d—n'd* at the bar of Criticism for using an expression, which, indecent as it is in itself, offends still more from its manifest transgression upon the propriety of rhyme.—Even in a burlesque poem, Sir, the words “*rehears'd*” and “*curs'd*” were never intended to meet the ear as echoes of each other.

§ What *superlative* delight would it have given Colley Cibber to see, even in *irony*, the words “*Great Cesar*” so often *happily* introduced in the course of so very few lines!—“*Great Cesar*,” many of our readers may recollect was the favourite appellation by which, in his OFFICIAL capacity, Colley chose to dignify the character of George II.—In all his Odes, whether written to celebrate the *anniversary of the King's birth*, or to proclaim the *birth of a New Year*, “*GREAT CESAR*” was still predominant. It was, indeed, the constant *burthen* of his Song.—Between 'Squire Dennis and 'Squire Colley, however, there is this essential,

Fie upon it! *again we say*; and till the Emperor has taken such steps as the *calm dictates of wisdom* may suggest to him for the retrieval of his honour in this respect—*fie upon it!* we *still SHALL say*, *even to himself*. Often, from the eccentricity of his conduct, has he, in his IMPERIAL capacity, *let HIMSELF down*; and now the reader shall see how—to repeat a *vulgar* expression—he is *let down* by our poet; who, though not, to all appearance, a CHRISTIAN Priest, seems to have some pretensions to the title of a Priest of MOMUS.

“*GREAT Cesar* † was gone through the regions of Dwina

To see a new town, and embrace Catherina (Physicians all say that, to keep a man stout, No nostrum is equal to running about;

And, either for health or amusement, 'tis clear,

Great Cesar keeps bouncing like new-bottled beer,

Whilst riots and statesmen are left *en arriere*.)

Great Cesar was gone, a third time 'tis rehears'd,

And if I apologise for't, I'll be c—s'd ‡.

So, whether the critics approve it or not,

My Muse, *quoad bec*, never values a jot,

But forward she goes in pursuit of a plot.

“*Great Cesar* §, once more, thro' the regions of Dwina

Was gone to shake hands with the great Catherina.

Hence those took occasion their seats to display,
Who long had been wishing him out of the way.
'Twas now the great pillars of State must be
shaken

By all who had lost, or who fear'd for their
bacon.

Priests, Lawyers, and Statesmen, united
again,

('Twere pity no force could such ardour
restrain!)

And the bully-mania o'er'spread ev'ry brain.

"An army of heroes *ex-order* appear'd—
Their beavers they cock'd, and their canes
they uprear'd.

A-propos of such heroes—by fifties who spring
Up in days full of show, such as now I may
sing.

On grounds piping hot they like cucumbers
shoot,

Cold, cold at the heart, and unsound at the root.
Awhile they look green, as on fungus they
lie,

Till, nipt by a blast, they grow yellow and
die.

All this of the patriot-heroes?—oh, fie!

The bell of alarm they long threaten'd, but
rung ill,

And clos'd the campaign, like the cock of a
dunghill.

"What wonder that those should be mad
when they're bit,

Who reason exclude in what'er they admit?

The Clergy, the Statesmen, took fire, and anon

Exclaim'd, that *religion! religion was gone!*

Ev'n *law* (to religion not closely ally'd)

Join'd issue at once, and the Sov'reign defy'd.

All orders were seiz'd with ideal alarms,

Ev'n Tailors rose up with *To arms, MEN, to
arms!*

Confus'd and perplex'd to all corners they
run,

With reason, or not, on their side, 'twas all
one,

Since the naked old beggars exclaim'd,
We're UNDONE!"

Adieu, Dennis—adieu, at least, for the
present!—Thou art a droll, and, upon the
whole, a witty fellow; nor would it dis-
grace either a Swift, a Butler, or an An-
stey, to have thee acknowledged as one of
their lineal descendants.—As such, soon
may we again have thee before us at our
Monthly Tribunal; where, if a judgment
may be formed from the specimen before
us, offend as thou mayest in other re-
spects, thou wilt have little to dread for
thy POETICAL SINS!

A Panegyric on Frederic III. King of Prussia. Translated from the French (which
is annexed) of M. Laureau, Historiographer to the Count D'Artois. By Henry
Charles Christian Newman, B. A. of Trinity College, Cambridge. 4to. 2s. 6d.
Kearsley.

FROM imperial satire on the *living*, we
now turn, but turn, it must be confes-
sed, with little pleasure, to royal panegy-
ric on the *dead*. In thus expressing our-
selves, however, by no means would we be
supposed to derogate from the merits of the
composition itself, which, in its *original*
state, contains many beauties of sentiment
expressed with much energy of language.
Our objection is, *in toto*, to the translation.
A more *obscure* one we have not lately
seen; and from the perusal of one more
insipid, Goddess of Dullness, long in thy
mercy mayest thou defend us!—Mr. Henry

Charles Christian Newman *may* be a Bat-
chelor of Arts of Trinity College, Cam-
bridge; but sure we are, that when he ob-
tained that honourable degree, no enquiry
must have been made into his proficiency
in the French and English languages.—
Of neither of them does he seem to know,
and consequently of neither of them is he
qualified to exhibit, the *characteristic* ex-
cellences.—Amidst all his arts, then, let
Mr. Newman (before again he appears
before us in his present capacity) begin to
learn the *humble* art of translating French
into English.

Edward; or the Curate. A Poem. By the Rev. Samuel Hoole, A. M. 4to. 3s.
Doddsley.

FICTION is the proper field of poetry;
and therefore it is a circumstance of
very little moment to us, or to the public
in general, whether the little narrative
contained in the elegant poem before us

has truth for its basis, or not.—Simple as
the story is, it powerfully interests the
passions of the reader, from the artless,
but pathetic manner in which it is told.

A mutual attachment having taken

this *woful* difference, that, amidst all his ROYAL panegyrics, the one *was not* a POET, and
amidst all his IMPERIAL *farcafus*, the other *is not* a LAUREAT; nor, we fear, unless he mend
his manners, *likely to be*. place

place between Edward the Curate, and Caroline the daughter of the 'Squire, the latter, on her refusing to desert the object of her love, is renounced and disinherited by her obdurate, relentless father.

After their union in the bands of wedlock, every happiness attends them that can be considered as the reward of virtuous love, that excepted of enjoying a decent competence for their support.—By degrees, this deficiency embitters all their joys; and particularly is the sensibility of Edward shocked at seeing the loved partner of his bosom (entitled as she was to a respectable situation in life, not less from her birth than from her merit and her beauty) obliged to submit to the lowest menial offices—*drudge and drudge, and still be wretched!*—These circumstances preying upon the mind of the too susceptible Edward, he at length falls sick, and sinks into a state of rooted melancholy and despondence. Her own afflictions Caroline could bear, but those of her husband she cannot withstand; and accordingly, yielding herself a prey to the corroding passions that consumed her husband, they both fall victims to the wayward circumstances of their mutual love.

The poem, upon the whole, bears a considerable resemblance to the style and manner of Spenser, divested of his uncouth, obsolete phrases; and, as a specimen of Mr. Hoole's talents to do justice to his subject, we shall present our readers with a part of his picturesque description of the progress of love, as exemplified by the hapless Edward and Caroline.

“THE maid, all innocent, his converse sought,

And what her ear received her mind retained;

The lore of science from his lips she caught,
Till on her heart Love's sweet infection gained.

Off from her bosom stole th' unbidden sigh,
Her cheek grew warm when Edward met her view,

And now at village-church, she knew not why,

Though still attentive there, she more attentive grew.

“Thus unperceiv'd both fed the young desire,

Till the strong passion laughed at all control;
In her, though bright, yet gentle was the fire,
But Edward's mightier flame consumed his soul.

O thou! who wealth or fame hast made thy choice,

Watch the first faint attack of mining love;
That moment fly, when once the melting voice

Or radiant eye begins thy changing pulse to move.

“Why should I tell, what many a tale can show?—

The weak resolve, forgot as soon as made,
The thrilling transport, and the burning woe,

Which now by turns their days and nights invade,

Why should I tell? for who has never lov'd?
Each vowed from each to hide the stifled flame;

But soon, alas! by sudden impulse moved,
What long their eyes had shewn, their mutual lips proclaim.”

Six Narrative Poems. By Eliza Knipe. 4to. 3s. 6d. Dilly.

THIS Lady modestly styles herself an “unlettered Muse, who trembles at the severity of criticism, and dares not hope much even from candour.”—Modesty, in all characters commendable, is in none so amiably attractive as in the

fair followers of the “*tuneful nine*,” and therefore we feel a particular pleasure in recommending the pieces before us to the attention of our poetical readers in general.

Religion considered as the only Basis of Happiness, and of true Philosophy. By Madame the Marchioness of Sillery. 2 vols. 8s. T. Payne and Son.

IT would be as ridiculous to attempt to separate the principles of true religion from those of true philosophy, as it would be to affirm that happiness, in the proper sense of the word, can be attained but by a conscientious adherence to the duties inculcated by both. The volumes before us consist of essays, in the

form of chapters, on religion both natural and revealed; and though the Marchioness not only expresses herself in general with a tame simplicity, little calculated to attract the admiration of a fastidious critic, though she even borrows most of her arguments from other authors, yet, far from blaming her conduct

dust in either of these respects, we are disposed to applaud it; the work having been expressly written for the use of the Duke de Chartres, when a boy at the

age of only twelve years.—With respect to the translation, it is upon the whole executed with fidelity; but for elegance it has few claims to praise.

Edward and Sophia. A Novel. By a Lady. 2 vols. 12mo. 6s. Lane.

RATHER, it should have been said, “By a philosopher—a *pseudo-philosopher* in petticoats; one who, incapable of attracting her readers by novelty of incident, or originality of character, has contrived to eke out two insignificant volumes with a number of trite ar-

guments, and indecent sarcasms, on the subject of religion, which, from their general complexion, we are inclined to suspect the fair lady to have picked up in her attendance on some of those *blessed* seminaries of free debate, vulgarly ycleped “Disputing Societies.”

The Platonic Guardian, or the History of an Orphan. By a Lady. 3 vols. 12mo. 7s. 6d. Lane.

THIS lady affects not to *think so learnedly* as the author of Edward and Sophia; but she excels her far in the happy art of interesting the *attention* of

her readers. The work is by no means correctly written; but we have seen many worse novels of the *modern manufacture* than The Platonic Guardian.

Adventures of Jonathan Corncob, Loyal American Refugee. 12mo. 3s. Robinsons.

JONATHAN Corncob seems to possess no small portion of that kind of humour which is generally one of the most predominant characteristics of a genuine *Jack Tar*. To fine speeches, and fine sentiments, he makes no pretensions. His object rather is, to delineate characters ludicrously, but with *truth*; and the scenes

he describes are those chiefly of which he had himself been a spectator. In his account of the present manners of the Americans, and of the prevailing vices and follies in the West Indies, there is much pointed ridicule; nor do we scruple to add, that we have perused his Adventures with considerable pleasure.

The Sympathy of Souls. By Mr. Wieland. Attempted from the French, and revised after the Original German. 12mo. 3s. 6d. Bladon.

IT was not till within these *three years*, we learn, that Mr. Winzer—the translator of this admired work of one of the most ingenious *sentimentalists* that have in our days graced the literature of Germany—*knew any thing of the English language*. Whether there be a propriety or an impropriety in this acknowledgment, *apparently* so very candid, we will not contend; but it is highly requisite that Mr. Winzer should be told, *many more years than three* must elapse before by his

good Genius he will be endowed with the powers of transfusing the beauties of a Wieland into *any language*. The work before us, as announced in the title-page, is little more than an ATTEMPT TO TRANSLATE A TRANSLATION; and accordingly, no wonder is it that in every page we should be disgusted with Gallicism, and forced to lament a total want of *sympathy of soul* in Mr. Wieland and Mr. Winzer.

More Last Words of Dr. Johnson. Consisting of important Anecdotes, and a curious Letter from a Medical Gentleman, published from the Doctor's Manuscripts, with original Stories, of a *private Nature*, relative to that great Man. To which are added, singular Facts relative to his *biographical Executor*, formerly Chairman of the Quarter Sessions. By Francis, Barber. 8vo. 2s. Rich.

AN impudent and most abominable imposition upon the public, for which the wretch capable of committing it can

never make a sufficient atonement, even by the publication of his *own Last Words*, when on the point of being suspended—
and

and hereby we ordain that fufpended he fhall be—on the higheft gibbet of literary infamy!—By thofe who only read the title-page to this horrid mafs of fraud, as well as nonfence, it was, at firft, creduloufly fupposed, that poor Frank Barber, the Doctor's black fervant (than whom, it is certain, no perfon had more accefs to know him, without even excepting Sir John Hawkins, Mr. Bofwell, yea, verily, or Mrs. Piozzi herfelf) had commenced author, and undertaken to do thofe things in juftice to the character of his departed

mafter, which his “biographical executor” (or *Executioner*, call him, reader, which you pleafe) had deliberately left undone.—Frank, however, took the firft opportunity to undeceive the world by a public difavowal of all knowledge of the catch-penny farrago; which, hardly with lefs impudence, is now pretended to be the production of one Francis, a Barber by trade, who, we are told, *had the honour to SHAVE THE DOCTOR, and COMB HIS WIGs.*

ACCOUNT of the late JOHN ASTLEY, Efq.

THIS is a biography which folicits notice, from the fente of viciffitude, and the inftances of being recent and well known. It exemplifies on human fortune, and fhews how each extremity may be borne;—the one, fweetened by hope;—the other, fobered by reflection!

JOHN ASTLEY was born at Wem, in Shropfhire, of parents much lefs fhowy in their circumftances, but, morally, much more enviable. His father prafticed medicine. After a little time fpent at a country fchool, which ufually does little more than turn ignorance into prefumption, John Astley came to London, and was apprenticed to Hudfon the Portrait-Painter, who, bad as he was, was the beft of his time; and, though otherwife not worth the remembering, will never be forgotten, as the mafter of Sir Jofhua Reynolds.

Astley too, though not fo elegantly minded as Reynolds, might have been conspicuous in his art. When he left Hudfon, and went to Rome, he fhewed fuch parts as got, and kept, the patronage of Lord Chfterfield. The beft pictures he ever painted, were copies of the Beotvoglios, and Titian's Venus, and a head much in the manner of Shakelpeare,—and in the opinion of a judge whom few can doubt, Stuart, the portrait-painter, far preferable to the famous head in the collection of the Duke of Chandos.

When he returned from Rome, he was received for feveral months into the houfe of a friend, whose abundant kindnefs he never returned;—he then went an adventurer to Ireland; there his fortune was fo good, and his ufe of it fo diligent, that in three years he left the country with 3000l. more than he found it.

As he was painting his way back to London, in his own poft-chaise, and with an out-rider, he loitered, with a little pardonable vanity, in his native neighbourhood; and entering Knutsford affably with Major Elie, of the 68th, La y Daniel was at once won by his appearance. She contrived

the next day to fit for her portrait, and the next week fhe gave him the original: fupperfeding the claims of Mr. Smith Barry, Lady Daniel married Mr. Astley.

The marriage articles referved her fortune to herfelf; but fo fatisfactory was his behaviour, that fhe foon gave him the Tably Eftate; and dying foon after, fettled on him, after the death of her ideot daughter, by Sir W. Daniel, the whole Duckenfield Eftate in fee, amounting together to 5000l. a-year.

The Tably eftate, about 1000l. a-year, he decorated, built, and fold. Old Tomkinfon of Nantwich, who had the honour of breeding Sir Lloyd Kenyon, was the buyer; of courfe, it was not fold for more than its value; probably it was lefs, for Sir R. Taylor would have given 2000 or 3000l. more.

This money being fpent, he was to look for other refources. With fuch a reverfion as Duckenfield, what he looked for was eafily found; and after he had made two or three charges on the property, he received a propofal, no doubt very fan, for it came from Prefcott the banker, for a *poft obit* of the whole, in fucceffion to the daughter.

Astley had then waited long and loth for this contingency. It did not feem nearer than at firft; and he was eight or nine years nearer to his grave. He quickened the treaty with Prefcott; the price was fixed, and nothing remained but finally agreeing to it, when lo! the night before the agreement becoming final—the daughter died.

The news reached Astley at midnight; and he made the moft of it by his intelligence and difpatch. He hurried instantly into Cheshire, and going through all the forms, took poffeffion of the eftate, and returned to town before his wife's family knew what had happened, or could take the meafures they propofed, to counteract his claims.

On his outlet in London, he lived in St. James's ftreet, where Dr. Hill followed him, and wrote the book, except the Bible of the moft fale in the language, the Cookery of Mrs. Glaffe.

Astley afterwards bought Schomberg House, in Pall Mall, with some credit to his skill as an architect, and with more credit to Lord Holderness, as an honourable man; for having proposed the house to Astley for 5000*l.* he took that proposition as definitive, and refused James Payne's offer, for Lord Melbourne, of 2000*l.* more.

With 5000*l.* more he made three houses out of one. Gainborough and his art have made one well known. The center he himself inhabited, and raised that fine room, where Dr. Graham, with such infamy to the police which suffered him, preceded Colway. There too, he built an Attic story, which for the surprises of scenery, in a town like London, should be seen by all who come to it.

In the structure and decoration of small buildings, rich as the time is in architecture, Astley's architecture was pre-eminent. Pall-Mall is one instance; Lady Archer's saloon and conservatory at Barnes is another; Dickenfeld is yet finer than either. The saloon, the loggio in front, the chamber on each side, and the great octagon, are all as exquisite as original, from their first idea to the last.

Astley's ingenuity led him also to commercial arts; but in this commerce, the balance was against him. In the different sinkings on his colliery, he sunk more money than he raised. In the furnaces for his iron-stone, he consumed more metal from his pocket than the mine.

But in the article of money, his destiny was inexhaustible. The wastes of folly were more than equalled by the wantonness of fortune. His brother, the Putney surgeon, was run over by a waggon at Wimbledon, and left his life on the road. This, at once, more than replaced the 10,000*l.* he had run down in the furnace.

Estimating what he got by painting, by legacies, and by his marriage, he was worth above 100,000*l.* Of this, about 25,000*l.* were spent in art, and elegant accommodations, blameless at least, if not praise-worthy. —30,000*l.* he told Dr. Warren, he had spent on seven years excesses, when he was languishing under their consequences;—and, in the self-disapprobation of a retrospective hour, he told the writer of this account, he would give the remainder 100,000*l.* to redeem the time he had lost.

Some good is implied in the compunction that can wish for more. How more and more actively that wish might have aspired, had it been unchecked by time and chance—if his spirits had been disciplined by disaster—if his mind had been cherished by letters, and by truth. As it was, compared with his companions, and without literature or moral nurture, he had the benefit of contrast, and that favour which ranks from not being the worst. Eager as he was for gain, his grave could not be outraged as an

oppressor. Impetuous after pleasure, he abhorred those aggravated enormities which have to answer for the inroads on virgin innocence and domestic peace. He loved the pleasures of the table; but, like Charles the Second, he made his passion for wine subservient to the passion of love.—He was temperate on principle—he was active against inclination.

He cultivated cheerfulness, and very successfully. His diction, by degrees, improved to great felicity. He conversed with such powers, as made him more than a match for men much more intelligent than himself. This he did, by what Bacon allows as dextrous—by seeming to know what he did not—and by the fair use of all he did know—by all that constitutes a ready man—by whim, vivacity, and very often, the fair force of thought.

A good judge of life and manners has said, that he had a prejudice for a man whose christian name was made diminutive and familiar. The prejudice is founded, as far as the convivial charm. Jack Astley earned it fairly by his hilarity and ease, his good-humour and good-manners.

As a Companion, he had powers of captivation;—but except on art, or the experience of life he instructed less than he entertained. He was more merry than wise.

As a Companion in his own house, his hospitalities were perfect, and reached to all—with that sense, that spirit, and taste, which made them to all very winning.

He had been thrice married—and here he had most praise for relative duties. To Lady Daniel his regard need not be doubted. His first wife, the mother of his eldest daughter, he never mentioned without a sigh. Those sighs, we find, are amply repaid by the lady he has left behind.

As a Father, he failed deplorably—he had neither the cautious strictness of a good man—nor the over-strained indulgence of a bad one. He first encouraged folly, and then was inexorable in punishing it. That forgiveness and re-establishment which should have come from him, are left to be done by his widow.

That he is gone, may be a mercy to the three young children he has left—for had he lived, it is too probable, he had bred them in the worst way possible—in the ignorance and looseness of a Convent in France. He had exposed them to error, and then, perhaps, never would have forgiven them.

Such was the character and condition of Astley. He owed his fortune to his form—his follies to his fortune!—So very dubious are the tendencies of all apparent good! and thus, though low life may rise, it will rise only to fall the lower, unless it be upheld by the never-failing energie of sustaining worth—by mental merit, and preparation of the heart—by virtuous habits, and by useful knowledge.

EXTRACTS from a TOUR in CATALONIA, by ARTHUR YOUNG, Esq. F. R. S. &c.

[From "ANNALS of AGRICULTURE."]

(Concluded from Page 396.)

IN above an hundred miles in Catalonia, we have seen but two houses that appeared, decidedly, to be gentlemen's; one, the governor's at Vielle, and the other in the town of Foebiar, and in the same line of country, not more than one acre probably in 200 is cultivated. Thus far, therefore, we have experienced an entire disappointment in the expectation of finding this province a garden.

In this district not one acre in an hundred cultivated, all rocks, shrubs, and weeds, with patches of wretched oats on the mountain sides. The road leads up one which is all of stone, covered with rosemary, box, brambles, &c. At the top break at once on the view of a deep vale, or rather glen, at the bottom of which a muddy river has spoiled the little land which might have been cultivated. The hills are steep, and all is cultivated there that could be so, but the quantity very small.

Descend into a very rich vale, and to the town of Paous: cross the river Sagrée by a most commodious ferry-boat, much better contrived and executed for carriage and horses than any I have seen in England. I have crossed the Thames, the Severn, the Trent, and other rivers, but never saw any horses forced to leap through a narrow cut in the side of the boat, but I expected them to be lamed, and have been present when others have, with the greatest difficulty, been whipt in. A carriage may be driven in and out of this ferry-boat without taking off a horse, or any person moving from his seat. It crosses the river by a great rope passing against a lantern wheel, which is long enough to allow for the spreading of the river in the highest floods. Every thing now changes the features. The vale on comparison with those we have seen is wide, and also flat, and water plentifully conducted in canals, which pass every quarter, so as to be let into the field of every proprietor. Having passed above 100 miles of dreary mountain, this vale, so great was the contrast, had the appearance of enchantment. The care and attention given to irrigation, cannot be exceeded. The land is prepared for it, by levelling with a nicety as curious as for making a bowling-green, and this (conducting the water excepted, which is common to every one) is the only expence: this general level is divided into oblong beds, from 6 to 8 feet wide, by little ridges of fine mould, drawn up nicely with a rake every

time the ground is sown, in order that the water may not spread over too much at once, in which case the irrigation would be unequal; there would be too much of a current at the part where the water enters; a circumstance of no great importance in watering grass-land, but which would be mischievous in arable; small trenches take the water from the carrier-canals, and passing by the ends of those beds, the farmer opens them at pleasure to distribute the water where wanted. As soon as the land is sown it is watered, and periodically, till the plants are up; moderately while they are young; but every day, and sometimes twice a day, when full grown; the effect is surprising, and infinitely exceeds that of the very richest manures that can be spread upon any land. The rapidity of vegetation is so great, that there are but few crops which demand all the summer for coming to perfection; I believe hemp is the only one: that plant is now 5 to 7 feet in height, and of so thick a luxuriance that nothing can be imagined finer. The rye stubbles are ploughed and sown with French beans, which are up and watered. After hemp wheat is the crop. At Paous we saw many persons winding silk; the cocoons were in warm water, and wound off by a well-contrived reel, something different from those used in France.

Prices.—Bread, 3 sous, lb. of 12 oz.

Mutton, 6 sous } the lb. of 48 oz.
Pork, 15 sous }
Bottle of sweet white wine, 5 sous.
red, 2 sous.

Here they were threshing by driving mules around on a circular floor of earth in the open air; a girl drove three mules round, and four men attended for turning, moving away the straw, and supplying the floor with corn. Their crops are all brought home by mules or asses with panniers; met several; they each carried six great sheaves, equal to twenty common English ones; where roads are bad, this is the only way in which it can be done.

July 16th. Approach Barcelona: buildings many and good; numerous villas, and within two or three miles. They spread to the right and left, and are seen all over the country.—The first view of the town is very fine; the situation beautiful, and the road so great and well-made, as to add much to the general scene; indeed there can no where be a finer; it is carried in an even line over all narrow

vales, so that you have none of the inconveniences, which otherwise are the effect of hills and declivities. A few palm trees add to the novelty of the prospect to northern eyes. The last half-mile, we were in great haste to be in time for the gates, as they are shut at nine o'clock: we had had a most burning sun for forty miles, were a good deal fatigued, yet forced to undergo a strict ridiculous search at the gate, as every thing pays an entrée to government that goes into the town. When this was over, we went to the *French Crown*, but all full; then to *La Fonde*, where we found good quarters.

My friend thought this the most fatiguing day he had ever experienced; the heat being excessive oppressed him much. The contrast of this inn, which is a very great one, with many waiters, active and alert, as in England; a good supper, with some excellent Mediterranean fish, ripe peaches, good wine, the most delicious lemonade in the world, good beds, &c. &c. contrasted most powerfully with the dreadful starving or sinking fare we had every where else met with.

The 17th. View the town, which is large, and, to the eye, in every street remarkably populous: many of the streets are narrow, as may be expected in an old town, but there are also many others of a good breadth, and with good houses. Yet one cannot, upon the whole, consider it as well built, except in what relates to the public edifices, which are erected in a magnificent style. There are some considerable openings, which, though not regular squares, are highly ornamental, and have a good effect in setting off the new buildings to the best advantage. One quarter of the city, called *Barceloneta*, is entirely new and perfectly regular, the streets all cutting each other at right angles: it is true, the houses are all small, being meant for the residence of sailors, little shop-keepers, and artisans, but it is at the same time no inconsiderable ornament to the city: one front of this new town faces the quay. The streets are well-lighted; but the dust so deep in some of them, especially the broader ones, that I know not whether they are all paved or not. The governor's house, and the new fountain, are on a scale and in a style which shews that there are no mean ideas of embellishment here. The royal foundery for cannon is very great; the buildings spacious, and nothing wanting to shew that no expense is spared. The guns cast are chiefly brass; they were boring several 24 pounders, which had been cast solid, and which is an operation so truly curious, that one can never view it without paying some homage to the genius that first invented it. In time of war 300 men are employed,

but at present the number is not considerable. The theatre is very large, and the seats on the two sides of the pit (for the center is at a lower price) extremely commodious; there are elbows to separate the places, so that you sit as in an elbow chair. We were present at the representation of a Spanish comedy, and an Italian opera after it, and were surprized to find clergymen in their habits in every part of the house. This, which is never seen in France, shews a relaxation in points of religion, that may by and by have its effect. They have an Italian opera twice a week, and plays the other evenings. I saw a blacksmith, hot from the anvil, come in, and seat himself in the pit, with his shirt-sleeves tucked above his elbows. The house is larger than ours at Covent-Garden. Every well-dressed person was in the French fashion; but there were many others that still retained the Spanish mode of wearing their hair, without powder, in a thick black net, which hangs down the back: nothing can have a worse effect, or be, in idea, more offensive in so hot a climate. But the object at Barcelona which is the most striking, and which has hardly any where a rival, is the quay: the design and execution are equally good: it is about half a mile long, as I guessed by my eye. A low platform is built but a few feet above the level of the water, of stone, close to which the ships are moored; this is of breadth sufficient for goods and packages of all sorts in loading and unloading the vessels: a row of arched ware-houses open on this platform, above and over which is the upper part of the quay, which is on a level with the street; and, for the convenience of going up or down from one to the other, there are ways for carriages, and also stair-cases: the whole is most solidly erected in hewn stone, and finished in a manner that shews a true spirit of magnificence, in this most useful sort of public works. It does credit to the kingdom. The road by which we travelled for several miles to Barcelona, the bridge over which we passed the river, and this quay, are all works which will reflect a lasting honour on the present king of Spain. They are truly great. There are now about 140 ships in the harbour, but the number is often many more.

The manufactories at Barcelona are considerable. There is every appearance as you walk the streets of great and active industry; you move no where without hearing the creak of stocking-engines. Silk is manufactured into stockings, handkerchiefs, (but these are not on so great a scale as at Valencia) laces, and various stuffs. They have also some woollen fabrics, but not considerable. The great business of the place is, that of commo-

nion;

tion; there are not many ships belonging to the town, but the amount of the trade transacted here, is very considerable.

The industry and trade, however, which have taken root and prospered in this city, have withstood the continued system of the Court to deal severely with the whole province of Catalonia. The famous efforts which the Catalans made, in the beginning of this century, to place a Prince of the House of Austria upon the throne of Spain, were not soon forgotten by the Princes of the House of Bourbon. Heavy taxes are paid in Barcelona; nothing comes into the town without paying an *entrée*; a load of 220 bottles of wine pays 12 *pesettos*, which is about 12s. English: even wheat is not exempted. Houses pay a heavy proportional tax, which is levied with such strictness, that the least addition or improvement is sure to be attended with an increase of the tax. Nor is taxation the only instance of severity; the whole province continues to this day disarmed, so that a nobleman cannot wear a sword, unless privileged to do it by grace, or office; and this goes so far, that they are known, in order to be able to exhibit this mark of distinction, to get themselves enrolled as *Familars* of the Inquisition, an office which carries with it that licence. I note this correctly, as the information was given me; but I hope the person who gave it was mistaken, and that no such double dishonour is in question; in a court, to drive men four-score years after their offence, and which offence was only fidelity to the Prince they esteemed their sovereign, to so unworthy a means of personal distinction. The mention of the Inquisition made us enquire into the present state of that *holy* office, and we were informed, that it was now formidable only to persons very notorious in ill fame; and that when it does act against offenders, an Inquisitor comes from Madrid to conduct the process: from the expressions, however, which were used, and the instances given, it appeared that they take cognizance of cases not at all connected with faith in religion; and that if men or women were guilty of vices which made them notoriously offensive, this was the power which interposed: an account by no means favourable; for the circumstance which was supposed most to limit their power, was the explicit nature of the offence, that it was against the catholic faith, and by no means against public morals, to secure which is an object of very different judicatures in every country.

There are reckoned to be from 1200 to 1500 monks and nuns in the city.

Price of Provisions.

Bread, 4 sous and a fraction per lb. of 12 oz.	} that of the poor people, very little less; but they buy the soldiers bread, which comes cheaper; they live very much on stock-fish, &c.
Mutton, 22½ sous the lb. of 30 oz.	
Pork, 45 sous the lb. of 12 oz.	

Hams sometimes three or four *pesettos* or shillings the lb. of 12 oz. Wine four to five sous the bottle.

The markets are now full of ripe figs, peaches, melons, and more common sorts of fruit, in great profusion. I bought three large peaches for a penny, and our laquais de place said that I gave too much, and paid like a foreigner. Noble orange trees are in the gardens in the town full of fruit; and all sorts of garden vegetables in the greatest plenty and perfection. The climate in winter may be conjectured from their having green pease every month in the year.

Labour. Common day wages are 25 sous French, sometimes rise to 33 sous, the very lowest 22½. Stocking weavers earn 33 sous.

View the very pretty fort to the south of the town, which is on the summit of a hill that commands a vast prospect by sea and land. It is exceedingly well built, and well kept. Notwithstanding this fort to the south, and a citadel to the north of the town, corsairs, in time of war, have cut fishing vessels out of the roads, and very near the shore.

The 18th leave Barcelona; searched again at the gate going out, which seems for the payment of entries to be a needless and burthenome precaution. Enter immediately an extraordinary scene of watered cultivation, and which must have given the general reputation to the province. Nothing can well be finer.—The crops in perpetual succession—and the attention given to their culture great. Not the idea of a fallow; but the moment one crop is off, some other immediately sown. A great deal of lucerne, which is cut four, five, six, and even seven times in a year; all broadcast, and exceedingly thick and fine, from 2½ to 3 feet high when cut. It is all watered every eight days. We meet many mule loads of it going into the town, each 450lb. or 4½ quintals, which sells for four *pesettos*; or near 4s. English; suppose it 4s. for 500lb. it will not be difficult to calculate the produce of an acre. All I saw would yield ten ton green per acre at each cutting, and much of it a great deal more: let us suppose five cuttings or 50 tons per acre, at 16s. a ton, this is 40l. sterling per acre. It is to be remembered that the growth we saw was the third, perhaps the

fourth, and that the first and second are in all probability more considerable; it will not, therefore, be thought any exaggeration to calculate on five such. I by no means assert lucerne yields always, or generally so, as I speak only of what I see. I have very little doubt, however, but this is the amount of that portion which is thus cut and sold to Barcelona; possibly one-third, certainly one-fourth is to be deducted for the expence of carriage: this is the most difficult part of the calculation, for it depends on how many times the mule goes in a day, which must also depend on the readiness of sale and other circumstances. The profit is, however, amazingly great. All the other lucerne I have any where seen sinks, in my idea, to nothing, on comparison with the vast and luxuriant burthens given by these watered grounds.—The finest crops I have known in England are drilled, but there is a fallacy to the eye in the drilled crops in proportion to the distance of the rows; they appear thick while they are really thin; but in broad-cast ones which satisfy the eye there is no deception, and these immense burthens, through which the scythe is with difficulty moved, produce more at one cutting than two-feet drills would at three, with the advantage of the herbage being finer and softer. But weeds in England and Catalonia are two very different things; it well deserves, however, with us, a better trial than it has yet generally received. I have viewed broad-cast crops in that country, particularly Rocque's, on a very rich garden-foil, and Dr. Tanner's on a common turnip-loom, which, though not to be named with the Spanish, were certainly encouraging.

Hemp, through all these watered lands, is the predominate crop; it is seven feet high, and perfectly fine; some of it is already harvested. I am sorry to see that the watered

part of the vale is not more than a mile broad. Indian fig, called here *figua de Maura*, grows six or seven feet high, very branching and crooked, the arms at bottom as thick as the thigh of a common man; these and many aloe in the hedges. Every garden or farm has a small house with a reservoir for water, which is filled in most by a water-wheel, with jars around the circumference. The gardens between Barcelona and the fort, and also within the walls, are watered in the same manner; the water is let into every little bed, in the same way as I have already described. They are crowded with crops, and kept in most beautiful order: these in and close to the town scattered with mulberry-trees.—But in the district of which I am speaking at present, among the hemp and lucerne, neither vine, olive, nor mulberry. These watered lands belong generally to proprietors who live in Barcelona, and are let at thirty to forty Spanish livres the journal.

The valley in its widest part is three miles broad. Here it lets at 34 Spanish livres a year the journal, and the journal sells from 600 to 1000 livres, each of these livres being about 54 sous (1000 Spanish livres make 2700 French ones). Taking the medium at 800, and the French livre at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$, this makes the journal 90l. 2s. 6d. and the rent of it 4l. The gross rent of the land, therefore, pays nearly 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. but whether this is clear rent, the tenant paying all taxes, and doing the small repairs of his house, &c. or whether there are deductions on those accounts, are questions which were neither forgotten nor resolved. To shew the quick succession of their crops, they have corn in stocks on the borders of some of the fields, and the land ploughed and sown with millet, which is already nine inches high.

THE very ingenious writers who have already amused the Town at the expence of some of his Majesty's Servants, in *THE ROLLIAD*, and *PROBATIONARY ODES*, being supposed to have again taken the field in a new publication, we think ourselves again called upon to preserve the efforts of genius, though employed in a manner neither agreeable to our own sentiments, or, probably, to those of some of our readers. But Wit and Humour we deem ourselves bound to attend to, however employed, or in whatever manner exerted.

THE ALBUM: OR, MINISTERIAL AMUSEMENTS.

No. I.

DURING the late bustle—the most awful, we are assured from *undoubted* authority, that ever agitated these realms; when Ministers, with unheard-of sagacity, were employed in defeating the machinations of our

foes, before they had existence, and overturning plans, of which no political microscope has yet discovered the *embryo*;—Mr. Steele's hospitable Mansion at STREATHAM assumed a complexion not at all agreeing with the festivity of its owner. It was there, that in defiance

fiance of the *Proclamation*, each Sabbath was spent in debate; it was from thence, that *dispatches* were *dispatched* without number, and without end, until Ministers had accomplished their own *wise* purposes, in a manner peculiar to themselves, and, to use an appropriate line of the late Dr. Johnson,

“Had killed the yet *unanimous* young.”

These important concerns, however, being at an end,—and *Gallie faith* being bound up to its propriety, in declarations and counter-declarations of the strongest parchment, it became necessary to seek an interval of relaxation.—Mr. Dundas was the first to propose a freer circulation of the bottle; but this proposition was strenuously opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on account of the danger of *nocturnal* travels; and as strongly by the Solicitor General, lest by any unfortunate accident he should be betrayed from his usual *causidicity*. The Attorney-General declared himself inclined to neither side; upon which Mr. Martin cast a shrewd glance on Mr. Arden's nose, and laughed very heartily. Mr. Alderman Wilkes reminded the company of the *decorous* example which it was necessary for them to set to his Majesty's subjects;—but Mr. Beaufoy terminated the contest, by rising to address the company in that graceful manner so peculiar to himself.—Having composed his countenance—moulded his *chapeau* into the size of a tennis-ball—and disposed of his legs in such a manner, that one might not run away from the other—after an exordium of only half an hour, he assured them, that “he was *experimentally* convinced of the danger of the measure proposed by the Treasurer of the Navy; and that nothing but a total abstinence from wine could exempt that *body politic*—which the nation so deservedly held dear—from the morbid humours arising from its *deleterious* qualities.”

His Grace of Richmond next proposed, that the company should attend him into the meadow at the bottom of the garden, where, with their assistance, he offered to erect a model in clay, by which he would demonstrate, that, with his newly-invented redoubts, a garrison of 5000 men could defend themselves for a given time against a force superior by as many hundreds.—It is impossible for us to say how this proposal would have been received, as in that instant the Right Hon. Mr. Cornwall was observed to make a number of wry faces, occasioned, as he said, by a violent *colic*. The blue-room was instantly ordered to be aired for the venerable invalid, and in order to bring a speedy flambert to his relief, Major Scott was directed to attend him, and to read over his comments on the Preface to *Ellendennis*.

Mr. Grenville then mentioned the excessive fatigue which he had undergone in pursuing the French Minister—who was pursuing the French King—who was pursuing the cock pheasants round his hunting-seat. He therefore declared himself incapable of any violent exercise; and only proposed a game at *Cribbage*, to which Mr. M. A. Taylor having assented, they retired together to the little parlour for that purpose.

After a few minutes spent in farther hesitation by the rest of the company, Mr. Steele suggested, as a more eligible mode of amusement than any that had yet been offered, that an *Album* should be immediately opened; to which each person present, and every future visitor, should be solicited to commit some *poetical* effusion of the moment. They could perhaps promise themselves, he said, as much *variety* as filled the Vase at Bath-Easton, with as much *sublimity* as appears in the *Album* at Sir W. J.—n's. At all events, it was certain, that such a number of *curious originals* might be procured by this means, as would not only beguile the present moment, but would even expand the ideas and enrich the collections of posterity.

This proposal, either through vanity or complaisance, was immediately assented to by every individual present; and the eagerness with which the task was pursued, being in proportion to its novelty, the *Album* in three or four days was nearly filled. It was not at first intended that this collection should be made public. It was fixed, on the contrary, that the *modest muse* of Mr. Dundas, and the *chaste* inspirer from whom the *Premier* caught his flame, should together hide their heads in secrecy. It was even cruelly determined, that the *eloquence* of Mr. Martin—the *wit* of Sir Joseph Mawbey—the *brief epigrams* of Major Scott—and the *Attic strains* of Lord Sydney, should be for ever lost to the world. But from our first knowledge that such a treasure existed, our efforts to obtain a view were unremitting, and we are happy to add that they have been successful. We shall therefore present our readers with a few “EXTRACTS from the ALBUM at STREATHAM,” curtailed only in those parts which the haste of the Noble and Hon. writers may have rendered unequal to the rest, or which allude to such *jokes*, as, though laughable in the circle where they originated, may perhaps fail of exciting a smile, if communicated to the public eye.

No. II.

WHEN, in consequence of Mr. Steele's proposal, and the general determination, the
ALBUM

ALBUM was produced, a degree of anxious diffidence appeared in every face.—Mr. Dundas—though posterity will scarcely believe it—was observed to blush;—Mr. Rolle hid his face behind the round hat of oratorical notoriety; upon which Mr. Drake jun. in a speech which lasted one minute and thirty-five seconds, remarked on the difficulty of the task, and concluded with his usual happiness of quotation, by reciting the line from Virgil,

Obstupui, steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit.—

The remarkable volume which lay on the table, it appeared, had been originally intended for entering the vast amount of ministerial savings, and for noting the arithmetical progression in which they should hasten—to extinguish one debt by creating another.—It was now, on the contrary, to be employed in receiving *fictions* of another kind, and taken from the *epic* task of bold imposition, to the *pastoral diversifications* of mutual compliments or general adulation.

Mr. Pitt was first called on to favour the company with the effusions of his muse: but hastening in *medias res*, we shall omit to tell—how with reluctant modesty he declined the precedence—and how with proportioned urgency they insisted on his right;—how with meek diffidence the Premier at length took up the pen;—and how with a voice sweet as one of Longman and Broderip's *Celestinis*, Lord Mulgrave whispered his congratulations on the occasion.—It will be sufficient for us to communicate the following extracts from this inestimable performance, accompanied by a hope that at some future time we may be enabled to lay the whole before our readers.

O D E.

Awake! awake! some virgin muse,
And kindred energies infuse;
Pure as this spotless page must be the strain,
Which to th' expecting croud
Shall speak our joys aloud,
For PEACE *resor'd*,
Not by the sword,
But by our councils, in sage sapience plann'd;
For hostile machinations cross'd,
For PEACE *resor'd*—ere it was lost,
To bless—at small expence—this happy land.

In a strain of grateful humility, he then proceeds, after some general congratulations, to compliment very highly the exertions of his coadjutors on this trying occasion.—The

truth of the following lines we make no doubt will be admitted by every reader.

Of powers congenial—for each other form'd,
And by an equal flame of genius warm'd,
When *Sydney's* labours meet the loud acclaim,
Then shall *Carmarthen* share the meed of fame;
When *Mulgrave's* praise shall sound from
ev'ry tongue;

Then shall *Dundas's* purity be sung;
And *Arden* and *Macdonald*,—honor'd pair!
Living or dead, an equal praise shall share.
So when my *Greville's* parts shall fill the
train,

Their eulogy shall *Howe'sbury's* virtues gain.

This beautiful Antistrophe then concludes with infinite modesty,

With humbler note—with more obscure regard,

Then shall my labors find a full reward,
When future ages all our deeds shall scan,
And speak of each—as MINISTER and MAN!

In a digression of about a hundred lines, he then, as if gaining confidence from his association with such *respected* names, dwells with considerable force on the terrors of the French cabinet and the alarms of Spain during the late memorable negotiation. Speaking of the situation of Holland, he uses a most sublime simile, comparing the perturbation of their spirits to the waves that foam after an inundation from one of their own sluices, when

Borne by the rushing tide,
Their *drunken hopes all chang'd to stern
despair,

The MYNNEERS see their chattels floating
wide,

And beat their breasts, and tear their hair,
And curse their fated shore,

For warty ruin marked—for dark COM-
plottings more.

Returning from this digression to scenes less distant, the Right Hon. Poet seems to have caught new fire.—To those who are well acquainted with his abilities, this circumstance will appear by no means strange, as they must frequently have observed, that nothing so powerfully calls forth the effervescence of his genius, as his being indulged in speaking for half an hour on a business no way pertinent to the subject in hand.—Such was the fire which suddenly kindling, dictated the following bold Apostrophe.

Now strike the lyre again,
A louder—yet a louder strain,

* Was the hope drunk, wherein you dress yourself?

St. Stephen's opes its venerable doors !

I see the hostile phalanx move,
Their firm-set strength to prove ;

But soon the event shall prove their contest
vain.

—First, my *Beaufoy*, his skill to try,
On Dullness' chords his hands shall lay ;
Pleas'd with the sound, he knows not why,
His strains complacently shall lead the way.

In order due, then next shall *Martin* rise,
Whilst Folly jingles all her bells ;

Thro' the long period still he tries,
And on the monstrous *Cognition* dwells,

Till sense repugnant flies the sound,
And sombrous vapours fill the Dome around.

Thy speech too, *Greenville*, still to nought is
fix'd,

Sad proof of thy disorder'd state,
Of differing themes, the veering jargon mix'd,

Calls general pity for thy hapless fate.
Then next *Dundas*, his eyes on fire,

Wak'd by a thousand secret stings,
On *India's* woes shall touch the lyre,

Till mild Compassion trembles on its strings.
Whilst *Mulgrave*, sad as fix'd Despair,

In fullen strains his grief beguiles,
The solemn, strange and mingled air

At times is dull—at times he faintly smiles.

The Poet then proceeds with the same
happinefs of discrimination, to characterize

the other less distinguished supporters of the
present Administration :—after compliment-

ing each on his genius, sagacity, &c. or the
more *passive* equalities of Intrepidity of face,

or callous Insensibility to argument, he con-
cludes with the following admonition :

Then each, my friends, pursue his separate
course,

A certain victory it is yours to gain ;
On souls like yours, all reasoning loses force ;

To powers like yours, all *Opposition's* vain.

Some Hypercritics may perhaps object to
the freedom with which Mr. Pitt in this

spirited Ode has treated some of his friends
and intimates.—But they are to recollect, in

the first place, that the piece in question was
by no means designed for publication ; and

in the second, they should know, that such is
the *Amor Patrie* which actuates our Premier,

that when the *public good* is in question, he
makes no scruple of acting in concert with

persons whose principles and abilities he holds
in equal and professed contempt.

No. III.

WHEN Mr. Pitt had received the general
congratulations for the excellent Ode with
which he had honoured the ALBUM, the

truly illustrious Lord Hawkebury was called
on to favour the company with a specimen of
his poetic powers ; but in the instant when
he was preparing to comply, a violent blast
was heard from a Sow-gelder's horn, which
excited a momentary laugh ; and immediate-
ly after, by a strange concurrence of circum-
stances, Sir *Joseph Mawbey* was announced !

A proposal was then made by Mr. Steele,
that as the first visitor, the Baronet should
have the precedence, and he was accordingly
informed of the nature of the institution, and
of the compliment intended him.—Sir Joseph
arose, with his usual grace, to make a speech
on the occasion ; but as he drew forth his
handkerchief, scented with Molenau's best la-
vender water, he unfortunately fluted from
his pocket the engraver's bill for etching that
portrait of the Hon. Bart. which embellishes
the front of a Magazine.—The paper was
picked up by Mr. Dundas, who archly ob-
served to Sir Joseph, as he returned it, that
it wanted a *receipt*.

This perverse accident, which would have
discomposed any other than the grave Baronet,
had no effect whatever on the solemnity of
his countenance ; it, on the contrary, fur-
nished a subject for his muse, who, after a la-
bour of one hour forty-five minutes and ele-
ven seconds, by the Baronet's own stop-watch,
brought forth the following very brilliant and
epigrammatic Stanza :

THE honor some deride of Fame,
And scorn the whistling of a name ;
With others still it finds regard,
And forms their hope and their reward.
So when I'm dead—or else retir'd,
In *Copper* be this face admir'd,
And by the graver's art be't seen ;
—Fit index of the mind within !
Thus, SYDNEY, when thy toils are o'er,
When rank and office are no more,
Appropriate honors crown thine head,
And be thy form rever'd—in *Lead*.—
So DUNDAS, when his powers are with'er'd,
And when he's to his fathers gather'd,
When all his *boner'd* days shall pass,
Shall live in monumental—*Brass*.
Nor, GRENVILLE, shall thy fate expire,
Thy great, vast head shall all admire ;
For, when thy glorious race is run,
And thy *Negotiations* done,
As high in fame, as high in blood,
Thy beauteous bust shall smile—in *Wood*,
And when their friends their loss shall grieve,
In *Bronze* shall SCOTT and ARDEN live.
—Dull epitaphs may then be spar'd,
The worth of each may be inferr'd,
Whilst History's bright page shall tell,
What feats we did—and *eke* how well ;

And

And—such th' extent of mortal pride,—
How we were born—and how we dy'd.

The poetic beauties of the above delicious *morceau* must be too evident to the reader of taste to require any comment.—We shall only observe with what amazing coolness and Stoicism the Baronet speaks of his own *death*—an event which would doubtless fill every lover of his country with inconsolable affliction. The Borough of Southwark would mourn that eloquence which enforced the *mild* authority of the Surry Justices, and charmed all hearers—at Quarter Sessions;—Vauxhall would mourn that wit which cheered its walks, and that dignity which was so frequently the ornament of its bar;—nay, even the envious Dog and Duck must mourn the loss of that worth which has so greatly contributed to the essential interests of Religion and Morality—by silencing its organ.

We cannot forbear to remark also, with what a happy delicacy the Baronet adverts to the late important negociation of the Right Hon. Mr. Grenville. The *plural* number very neatly implies, that the above will not remain a *single* exertion of his diplomatic talents, but that such was his address and dexterity, that his grateful country may place the most secure reliance on him on every future occasion. The genius of the Poet, in this instance, can only be equaled by that of the NEGOTIATOR.

We should not omit to add, that Mr. Dundas made some objections to the word “*eks*,” which occurs towards the conclusion of this beautiful poem, as being in his opinion too antique;—but Mr. Alderman Wilkes, who, since the late Proclamation, never goes without a Bible in his pocket, produced from the Version of the Psalms such a number of passages where it was used, that he not only silenced the cavil, but also shamed that infidel want of recollection which the Treasurer of the Navy had betrayed in making the exception.

This discussion being ended, Lord Hawkesbury was again called on, but his Lordship requesting to be indulged with more time, several others offered themselves;—when the voice of Mr. Drake jun. being particularly *in alt*, he obtained an immediate attention. He was proceeding to address himself to Mr. Pitt, beginning his speech with these lines from Horace,

Cum tot festineas et tanta negotia solus,
Res Britannas armis tuteris, moribus ornes—

but was informed by Mr. Steele, that his speech would be dispensed with on this occasion; upon which this young orator, who

may justly be styled “the classical Hope of Britain,” sat down and produced the following lines:

RECITATIVE.

BEGIN, begin the strain, my Muse!
Nec satis fais—what I yet shall chuse;
Whether to sing of great St. Stephen's wars,
Where syllogisms take the place of tears,
Or thank the Gods—*pro jam secura pace*,
Tho' Whigs, still boding evil, would outface
ye.

I.

From *Eloquence* begins the song,
For which the young politic sinners long,
Who want some wary friend to tell 'em,
What dire heart-burnings thence arise,
What breaths convulsed! what ardent eyes!
Quas inimicitias et furore bellum!

With thee, oh! PITT, my strains begin,
Skilled *Country Gentlemen* to win

By declamation fluent;
Struck with the sound, with eager gaze,
Thy thicken'd ranks shall pour their praise,
Et in absurda ruent.

Nor thou, Dundas, shouldst pass unsung,
Had but my wayward Muse the tongue,

Or Eloquence to shew how;
I still admire thy—“gift of speche,”
And how I strive in vain to reach

Tes λόγος ἐς ἀκρον.

To learn from *Mulgrave* then I'll try,
Silent t' attend with downcast eye

To speeches, till I'm weary;
Or check *Braunsby*, when language mincing,
'Till haply I at length convince him

—*Quæ virtus sit silere.*

The applauses which Mr. Drake received for this equally learned and witty *jeu d'esprit*, will, we are certain, be echoed by all our readers, without exception.—The advantages which this gentleman derives from thus mixing the flowers of every language, as well in his vernacular Poetry, as in his parliamentary Declaration, are so obvious, that we are not without a hope to see this style both shortly and universally adopted.

No. IV.

THE applauses which were bestowed on Sir Joseph Mawbey and Mr. Drake jun. for their respective *jeux d'esprit*, it would furnish our limits to enumerate.—Mr. Wilkes, however, speaking of the *quotations* of the latter, mentioned in his usual facetious manner, something of the *purpureus pannus*; but Sir Watkin Leveson on the contrary, in the true spirit of a City joker, compared them to so many *plums* in a *padding*.

These

These comments were interrupted by three formal knocks at the door, after which his Grace the Duke of *Richmond* entered the room, accompanied by his confidential friend Mr. *James Luttrell*. His Grace then presented to Mr. Steele his contribution for the *Album*, but with such a reluctant condescension as the *Irish Giant* may be supposed to exhibit in stooping to play at *marbles*.—He then, in a manner equally *gracious*, proceeded to inform him, that his friend had lent his assistance to the composition, by answering the questions which his Muse had dictated, in the manner of an *Echo* from a distant part of the chamber!—This singular *Duet* we have now the honour of laying before our readers.

O D E.

Not the Muse—but Memory come,
Bring the spirit-stirring drum,
And all the clangors of the war,
For these—at distance due—I love to hear.—
Let the fifes now shrilly sound,
Let the chargers beat the ground;
Let *Mars* appear in his ensanguin'd car!
Bring the trumpet's stern alarm—
But ah!—for fear of harm—
Pray bring them not too near.
And now my fated soul shall haste to pry
Into the secrets of futurity,
Would inspiration haply come!

Luttrell. — I come.
Say then shall *Cornwall's* vote still cross each
scheme,
And all my glorious plans but prove a dream?
Luttrell. — A dream.
Must then, ah! must each proud erection
fall—
Bastions, doubts—nay, counterescarps and
all?

Luttrell. — Counterescarps and all.
And speak, shall *Pitt* still cross each bold
design,
And but disgrace and vain command be mine?
Luttrell. — And mine.
Shall then no *walls* this fated isle defend,
And must her *Navy* prove her only friend?

Luttrell. — Her only friend.
First let Destruction, pouring forth her cup,
“Confound and swallow *Navigation* up!”
Be all the Winds untied to make foul weather,
“And Nature's germins tumble all together!”
But—say, shall *Landown* mock me with
his smile,
Nor *Dundas* praise,—nor *Pitt* commend my
toil?

Luttrell. — End thy toil.

We feel it impossible to describe, how,
whilst this wonderful performance was read,
his Grace sat,—“his eye in a fine phrenzy

“rolling!”—until he at last started up, and repeated with enthusiasm those lines which he has partly borrowed from the immortal *Shakespeare*, in which action he unfortunately trod on the toe of Lord *Rawdon*; but no sooner did his Grace perceive the accident, than—such is the force of *habitual politeness*,—his passion immediately subsided, and he begged pardon of the noble Peer with a readiness and an energy which no language but his own could express.

The comments and the eulogies on his Grace's Ode were extremely numerous; the idea of introducing the *Echo* was in particular admired, as being highly poetic, beautiful, and uncommon.—The late Doctor *Johnson*, it was observed, used frequently to relate of an high Personage,—that he teized him with a number of *multifarious* questions;—but then, added the Doctor, he had the complaisance to answer them all himself.—It was therefore suggested by the Duke of *Queensberry* to Sir *George Howard*, to convey the mention of this *simple contrivance* to that Personage; as, by thus *conversing* with an *Echo*, he might save himself the trouble of uttering, at least, the half of his discourse.

The other observations we shall, for the present, pass over, hastening forward, as our readers must do, when they are informed, that the next production came from the *erudite pen* of the most noble the Marquis of *Landown*, who, passing by accident, was called in by his old and *grateful* pupil Mr. *Pitt*, and prevailed on to honour the *Album* with the following Ode to *Sincerity*; which we shall submit, without any comment, leaving our readers to decide both on its poetic beauties, and its *appropriation* to the well-known character of that Nobleman.

ODE to SINCERITY.

NYMPH of the spotless robe, draw nigh,
With breast still pervious to each eye,
And charm me with thy pow'r:
Long has my soul thy force confess'd,
And still shalt thou remain its guest,
—As fits the present hour.

Sweet being! seldom found on earth,
Thou have I worshipp'd from my birth,
—Where'er convenience suited;
With doubtful tale, of varied hue,
Still to the changing purpose true,
These lips were ne'er polluted.

As bending 'fore thine honor'd shrine,
Thy praise then, heav'n-born nymph! be
mine,

'Twill gain new store of credit;
Tho', by the wreath that decks thy brow,
Nay, by thy sacred self, I vow,
—I scarce can think I need it.

So when in future times the Bard
To each shall fix their due award,
And Eden's truth relate ;
When *Sydney's* eloquence is told,
And *Harokibury's* high descent enroll'd,
As sapient as he's great ;—

When *Fox's* want of candour's sung,
And *Sheridan's* dull powerless tongue ;
The fame of *Burke's* expir'd ;
Then,—so immortal fates decree,
Then I, sweet nymph ! shall dwell with thee,
And be with thee admir'd.
(To be Continued.)

OBSERVATIONS on the FEMALE DRESS of the THIRTEENTH, FOURTEENTH, FIFTEENTH, and SIXTEENTH CENTURIES.

[From Mr. Gough's "Sepulchral Monuments," lately published.]

IN the earlier periods the tresses were left to their natural flow, as those of queen Matilda before mentioned. The coiffure of the 13th century concealed the hair entirely. In the middle of the 14th century, a closer headdress was introduced; the hair was shewn only in curls on the forehead, and covered with a veil, as on Joan de Cobham, 1354¹.

What objection the ladies had to the display of the hair (the greatest ornament of the human face) is hard to say: it was certainly more becoming, however formal, than either the fashions which soon succeeded, or perhaps obtained at the same time (the end of the fourteenth century) of muffling up the whole head and almost the face in drapery, or of pushing up the hair in protuberant nets, which covered the ears, or, which was still more ugly, was raised above them. This latter fashion appears at the beginning of the fifteenth century.

The *reticulated headdress* appears first on our monuments and those on the continent about the middle of the fourteenth century. Perhaps it was introduced into England by queen Philippa, who died 1369, and has it on her monument².

Lady Berkeley at Berkeley, 1360, has the long close headdress, adorned with net work of quatrefoils, a strait robe reaching up to her chin, and parting just below it; a border with a cordon³. It continued with us as late as the beginning of the 15th century, as appears on the brass of Joan wife of Richard son of Robert lord Poynings, in St. Helen's church, Bishopsgate, 1420, whose veil folds over it in front of the head in form of a subfast arch, like that of the lady of Judge Gascoigne, near the same time, in Harwood church, Yorkshire, who has also the reticulation. John of Gaunt's duchess in Old St. Paul's had the reticulation with the pediment.

The queen of Rene of Anjou, and Joan de Dreux lady of Seirant, 1356, have the close reticulated headdresses. The latter, with her husband, are represented kneeling on a monument of the 16th century, in St. George's abbey, near Angers.

It is not fairly represented in the engravings of Mary wife of Frank van Halen lord of Lillo 1415, in the metropolitan church of Malines in the Theatre de Brabant⁴; and Matilda countess of Spanheim, at Hemenrode, 1357, who has also the long buttoned sleeves⁵.

The hair of Cecilia Kerdeston⁶ is richly dressed in three rows. That of Maud de Cobham, in the same plate, fig. 2. in one mass of zigzag work, in five rows, which appears again at the bottom of the tresses. She has a single row of jewelry on her forehead. That of Catherine wife of Sir John Harfick, who died 1384, has the plaited or braided hair only at the sides of the face, it being left *à la nature* on the crown, and a studded fillet on the forehead. Joan duchess of Burgundy first wife of Philip de Valois, who died 1348, has the same headdresses⁷. The wife of Sir Miles Stapleton shews the same plaiting at the ears, while her hair on her forehead curling naturally is incircled by a studded fillet. Sir Thomas Chaucer's lady at Ewelme wears a veil covering the whole of her head. In all or most of these cases I doubt whether the hair be inclosed in net work, as the Spaniards of both sexes do up theirs in *sikien vedenillas*, over which the women throw a veil, or gathered up in some kind of cloth, as seems to be the case on lady Beauchamp's figure at Warwick⁸, in which such plaits as these evidently appear to come round and finish in a facing of that sort; and on that of Isabel duchess of Clarence, about 1477, at Tewksbury, it is more strongly marked. These were the ancient *couvercheffs*, in after times called *kerchiefs*.

One of the Marmion ladies at Tanfield, about the reign of Henry III. or Edward I. has a close short cap shewing her ears, but no hair.

Later ladies dressed their hair closer, with a narrow studded fillet: the gown plaited, large loose sleeves, mittens, and girdle. A little figure in Cheshunt church age unknown has close braided hair, with this close headdress and fillet, her ears left uncovered: she wears a kind of loose gown or frock, with

¹ Pl. XXXIX.

² Pl. XLIX.

³ Pl. XLIV.

⁴ I. 48.

⁵ Adm. Theod. Palat. III. p. 49.

⁶ Pl. XXXIX. 3.

⁷ Montf. II.

⁸ Pl. L.

XXIX. 4. Les cheveux tressés d'une manière particulière.

bag sleeves close at the wrist, a standing cape or collar, and mittens on her hands.

We see the headdresses of the 14th century tricked and frounced in proportion as much as in Drayton's time¹.

With dressing, braiding, frouncing, flowering,

All your jewels on me pouring.

Or as Spenser describes²,

Some frounce³ their curled hair in courtly guise,

Some prauiche their ruffles——.

The female headdress of the 14th century appears by the picture of Isabel queen of Edward II. before cited, in a MS of Froissart, in the King of France's library⁴, to have been of the sugar-loaf or conical form, very high, with lace floating in the air: a fashion which Montfaucon observes continued in France near two centuries, to the end of the fifteenth. A lady in Mr. Walpole's picture of Henry VI. whom he takes for Jaqueline duchess of Bedford, in a widow's habit, has the same headdress.

So have several ladies in Montfaucon, who calls it a *conic* ornament, which continued in fashion near two centuries, and on Mary of Burgundy, wife of the Emperor Maximilian, appears of an extraordinary length, having fastened on the top a very long gauze, which hangs down on both sides to the ground⁵. This is the origin of our lappets. Isabel de Bourbon wife of Charles duke of Burgundy has the same headdress, which Montfaucon there calls a *sugarloaf*, from the form, whence falls a gauze to fine and loose, that though it covers her eyes and the greatest part of her face, her features are seen distinctly through⁶. Isabel de Maille wife of John de Brie wears that great pointed headdress which continued near two centuries, and lasted till near the end of the fifteenth⁷. See also Margaret of Scotland, who married the Dauphin of France, son of Charles VII. 1436⁸.

When Isabel of Bavaria, the vain voluptuous consort of Charles VI. of France, kept her court at Vincennes, 1416, it was found

necessary to make all the doors of the palace both higher and wider, to admit the headdresses of the queen and her ladies⁹. Her rich drefs and train may be seen in Montfaucon, who adds, we have not yet seen a queen so set off as she¹⁰.

The high headdress was however in fashion fifty years before; as we see by the duchess of Bretagne, 1341¹¹.

To support the breadth of these dresses they had a kind of artificial horn on each side of the head, bending upwards, on which many folds of ribbands and other ornaments were suspended. From the top of the horn on the right side a streamer of silk, or some other light fabrick, was hung, which was sometimes allowed to fly loose, and sometimes brought over the bosom, and wrapt about the left arm¹². These horned headdresses, imperfectly represented by Mr. Strutt¹³ from illuminated MSS. are what are otherwise called *mitred*, and seem to have been introduced about the reign of Richard II.

The headdress described by Rofs as before cited as "*tiara alta et cornuta*," and known to antiquaries by the name of *mitred*, is not so common on foreign as on English monuments, though frequent in illuminations in Montfaucon's tome III. Mr. Pennant¹⁴ calls it a remarkable *mitre-shaped cap*, describing the monument of Sir Thomas and lady Boteler, in Warrington church, about the time of Edward the First. I am led to distrust my own conjecture on the monuments assigned to the Fitz Walter family at Dunmow, where the knight has *plumed* armour, and the lady the *mitred* headdress; both which were not introduced till two centuries later. I can only plead the tradition of the place, supported by the register of the house, and suppose the monuments made so long after the time of the persons death, that no regard was paid to the dress of the time when they lived. Compare my print of this monument with that in Antiq. Repert. III. p. 17. Matilda has what Montfaucon would call the

¹ Nov. Elfv. Nymph. II. vol. IV. p. 146.

³ from *froncer*, Fr. to curl.

⁴ Montf. II. xxi. p. 233.

² F. O. I. IV. 14.

⁶ III. Lxiv. 2.

⁷ Ib. III. p. 166. Pl. liv.

⁵ Montf. IV. vi. p. 59.

⁸ Ib. III. xxxviii.

⁹ Jouvenal des Ursins gives this curious account of them: "Et quelques guerres qu'il y eut, tempêtes et tribulations, les dames et damoiselles menoiient grands & excessifs etats, et cornes merueilleuses, hautes et longues, et avoient de chacune côté, en lieu de bourses, deux grandes oreilles si longs que quand ils voulient passer l'huys d'une chambre il falloit qu'elles se tournassent de côté et baissassent, ou elles n'eussent pu passer." Brantôme says, "Ou donne le las a la reyne Isabelle de Baviere, femme de roi Charles VI. d'avoir apporté en France les pompes & les gorgiasetez pour bien habiller superbement et gorgiasement les dames." Hist. de la Reine Marguerite.

Villaret, XIII. 423. Montfaucon, f. 99. col. 2. Pasquier, p. 578. Henry's Hist. of England, V. 357.

¹⁰ III. xxv. p. 18.

¹¹ II. xlv. p. 256.

¹² Montf. II. pl. VI.

¹³ II. xlv.

¹⁴ Voyage to the Hebrides, p. 10.

Mortier, the mantle, the strait-bodied long-sleeved tunic, a collar of SS. and a profusion of jewels and rings. No figure like hers is to be found in the *Monumens de la Monarchie Francoise*.

The headdress of lady Say, 1473, in Broxborn church, resembles a cylinder with hoops, having wires at the end to buoy out the flowing veil. She has a kind of falling double cape of fur and lace, and a jacket under her furcoat reaching to the knee. Joan de Bokenham, in Great Livermore church, Suffolk, and a lady at Long Melford in the same county, about 1425, has such an headdress.

The headdress was sometimes pointed at top like a pediment. So Aubrey describes the wife of one of the Mortimers earl of March, in the time of Edward III. in Maule church, c. Hereford. He says it was made of velvet or cloth embroidered. Henry the Seventh's Queen, in a picture by Holbein, at Whitehall, is such. Such is Anne Bulleyn's reputed portrait at Haver Castle, at Knoll, &c.

Margaret countess of Salisbury, daughter of the king-maker earl of Warwick, beheaded 1541, has this kind of headdress like so many on tombs¹. It came in about the reign of Henry VII. and is very common on stone figures, brasses, and pictures. I have not found one instance of it out of this country.

Instances of this divided headdress not so high are to be found among the house of Bourbon in the middle of the 15th century, on Mary wife of Peter d'Orgement, 1470², and two other ladies of the reign of Louis XII. on which last Montfaucon observes³, that they are dressed in the habit of the times, and their headdresses is extraordinary, and both dress alike. See also two ladies about the middle of the 14th century⁴; and the two peaks gradually diminished almost to a concave form in the monuments of the succeeding age. On the ladies of the Funtayne family at Norford, c. Norfolk, 1453⁵, these peaks appear to the veil, which on one of the wives is flat, as on lady Harcourt about 1470.

In the reign of Edward IV. female apparel assumed a more costly form. The first wife of Thomas Payton, at Iselham, is habited in the richest flowered silk⁶, and a fancy necklace of precious stones; her veil

flies behind her head, but shews very little hair, and in the coil under the veil is an inscription, which seems *Lorde Jesu, mercy!* On her wrists she has something like the stiff turned back ruffle of succeeding times: her feet are concealed under the folds of her robe. The second wife, who appears older, has the same kind of headdress, the same necklace and ruffles; but these last are of fur, with which her breast and shoulders are covered, and her robe trimmed at bottom. Both these ladies have very slender shapes, and are girded with broad belt like girdles. The dress of the French ladies was very different at this time, and had less departed from the ancient fashion⁷. The furcoat was not left off in 1481⁸.

In the middle of the 15th century female dress made great approaches to that worn in the succeeding one; the long sleeves were left off entirely, the mantle exchanged for a flowing gown, tightened more indeed round the waist, but training in the skirts like modern dress. The headdresses floated more at ease with veil-like lappets stretched on wires, and supported by a stiffened cawl; or if at all confined it was in the pediment form before mentioned, of which we have innumerable instances on brasses. A lady at Easton in Suffolk retains the long mitten sleeves, with a tighter gown, which seems to reach only to the knees, and shew a petticoat; her girdle drops so low that her purse is at her knees. This is one of the last instances of a cushion under the head. The wife of Thomas Broke serjeant at arms to Henry VIII. 1518, in Broxborne church, has the pediment headdress with very long lappets before and behind, while other ladies have only the lappets in front, and a kind of hood or close veil behind. She has also a belt reaching to her feet. About 1546 we come to ruffs round the neck and wrists, puffed sleeves with oilet holes, large falling hoods and jewels in front, stiff stays, laced apron, long petticoats, as Benet wife of Richard Dering, 1516.

In the reign of Elizabeth and James I. the stay or bodice was not so straitly laced, the sleeves at the shoulders were set in with raised and puffed work, the gown and petticoat and apron were distinct, the ruff confined to the neck, but enlarged⁹. In James's reign the women wore heavy shoes like men's, and high-crowned hats with

¹ See Ant. Repert. IV. 169. ² Montf. IV. 11. 5. ³ Ib. Pl. after xxviii. 2. 3.

⁴ IV. p. 146.

⁵ III. liv. 8, 9.

⁶ Blomet. III. 522.

⁷ Such I suppose as Stowe describing Sheriff Lion's gown, 1381. (see p. 137.) calls "*brached damask wrought with the likeness of flowers*," like Milton's *flowery-kintled Naiades* (*Comus*, 254). See also Mary of Burgundy, Montf. IV. v.

⁸ See Montf. III. p. liv. lxvi.

⁹ Ib. IV. vi.

¹⁰ In France at this time the sleeve was long, to the wrist, and puffed at the shoulders,

ribbands or bands. Even the youngest daughters retain the mother's habit, but sometimes have a kind of fly cap. Such a cap is worn by Mary Payton of Iselham, about the end of the sixteenth century. She has a standing cape to her gown, a ruff round her neck, her sleeves tied with ribbands from the shoulder to the wrist; a kind of fringed sash tied round her waist, and her gown opening in front discovers a rich embroidered petticoat. Radcliffe wife to Thomas Wingfield of Easton, Suffolk, 1607, has a close cap, hair drawn up high and stiff in front, standing ruff, puffed sleeves, with falling laced ruffles, very narrow pointed boddice, gown puckered up over fardingale, and shewing a rich embroidered petticoat. Elizabeth Lady Culpeper, in Ardingley church, Suffex, 1633, has an almost Vandycck headdress, a mantle wrapt round her, puffed and corded sleeves, with pinked ruffles, a falling band or ruff, and an embroidered petticoat. A young lady of this family, in

the same church, 1634, is dressed somewhat like her, except the mantle, and has a tassel to her girdle. In the middle of this century we see the veil falling over a black hood tied under the chin, and over the neck and shoulders a square white kerchief, as on the monument of John Oneby and wife in H'ckley church, engraved in Mr. Nichols's History of that town, pl. vi. and worn by the mother and daughters. The husband, who was a barrister of Gray's Inn, and steward of the court of records at Leicester, is in the dress of his profession, with a coif and large band.

Dr. Henry, who has given a short view of the dress of each reign at the end of his history of each reign, is rather too tender of his contemporaries, when he says, "Upon the whole, I am fully persuaded, that we have no good reason to pay any compliments to our ancestors of this period at the expence of our contemporaries, either for the frugality, elegance, or decency of their dress."

LETTERS of the late Mr. STERNE.

(Continued from Page 404.)

LETTER XXIV.

To ———.

Dijon, Nov. 9, 1765.

My dear Friend,

I RECOMMEND it to you, not, perhaps, above all things, but very assuredly above most things, to stick to your own understanding a little more than you do; for, believe me, an ounce of it will answer your purpose better than a pound weight of other people's. There is a certain timidity which renders early life amiable, as a matter of speculation; but is very inconvenient indeed, not to say dangerous, according to the present humour of the world, in matters of practice.

There is a manly confidence, which, as it springs from a consciousness of possessing certain excellent qualities and valuable attainments, we cannot have too early: and there is no more impropriety in offering manifestations of it to the world, than the putting on

your helmet in the day of battle. We want it as a protection—I say, as a protection from the insults and injuries of others; for in your particular circumstances I consider it merely as a defensive quality—to prevent you from being run down or run over by the first ignorant blockhead, or insolent coxcomb, who perceives your modesty to be a restraint on your spirit.

But this by the way—The application of it is left to your own discernment and good sense, of which I shall not write what I think, and what some others think, whose testimony will wear well.

I am so much better since I set my foot on the Continent, that it would do you good to see—and more good still to hear me; for I have recovered my voice in this genial climate; and so far am I now from finding a difficulty to make myself heard across the table, that I am almost fit to preach in a cathedral.

the gown sometimes open in front, sometimes fastened with bows; the ruff small; the gloves short early in the sixteenth century; see also later Catherine of Medicis, Elizabeth daughter of Henry II. Margaret daughter of Francis I. (Montf. V. pl. v. ix. xi. xii.) Margaret de Bourbon has a tucker without a kerchief; Diane de France, natural daughter of Henry II. has a handkerchief and larger ruff. Ib. pl. xii. 5, 6. The kerchief of Elizabeth queen of Charles IX. is of fur. Ib. pl. xxiv. Magdaleine de Corbie, so late as 1562, has the old fashioned close sleeve buttoned at the sides, and issuing out of larger, and terminating in a kind of ruffle. Ib. xv. 2. The hair of Frances princeps of Conde, pl. xxvii. is divided at top-mire-fashion. That great piece of stuff, as Montfaucon calls it, (V. p. 63.) rising up over the shoulders, at the back of the neck and head, appears in most of the portraits of Catherine de Medicis. Ruffs appear as early as 1503, and long fur cuffs, pl. xxvii.

Here they are all hey go mad—The vintage has been abundant, and is now at the close. Every eye beams delight, and every voice is attuned to joy—Though I am running away from Death as fast as I can well go, and am withal so pressed by the rascal, that I ought not in prudence to take time to look behind me; yet cannot I resist the temptation of getting out of my chaise, and sitting for a whole evening on a bank, to see these happy people dance away the labours of the day: and thus they contrive, for two or three hours at least out of the four-and-twenty, to forget, God bless 'em, that there are such things as labour and care in the world.

This innocent oblivion of sorrow is one of the happiest arts of life; and philosophy, in all its store-house of human remedies, has nothing like unto it. Indeed, I am persuaded that mirth, a sober, well-regulated mirth, is perfectly acceptable to the kind Being who made us; and that a man may laugh, and sing, and dance too—and after all, go to heaven.

I never could, and I never can, nay, I positively never will believe that we were sent into this world to go sorrowing through it. On the contrary, every object around me—the rural dance, and the rustic minstrelsy that I behold and hear from my window, tell me that man is framed for joy. Nor shall any crack-brained Carthusian Monk, or all the Carthusian Monks in the world, persuade me to the contrary.

Swift says, *Vive la bagatelle*. I say, *Vive la joie*; which I am sure is no *bagatelle*, but, as I take it, a very *serious thing*, and the first of human possessions.

May your treasury, my dear friend, continue to have good store of it—and, like the *widow's cruise*, may it fail not!

At Lyons I expect to find some tidings of you, and from thence I will dispatch some further tidings of myself. So, in the mean time, and at all times, may God bless you.—Believe me,

I shall ever remain most truly

And affectionately your's,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXV.

To ————

Lyons, Nov. 15.

I HAVE travelled hither most deliciously—though I have made my journey in a *désolée*, and, of course, alone. But when the heart is at rest, and the mind is in harmony with itself, and every subordinate feeling is well attuned, not an object offers itself to the attention but may be made to produce pleasure. Besides, such is the character of this

happy people, that you see a smile on every countenance, and hear the notes of joy from every tongue.

There is an old woman, at this moment, playing on a viol before my window, and a group of young people are dancing to it, with more appearance, and I believe, more *reality* of pleasure than all your brilliant assemblies at *Almack's* can boast.

I love my country as well as any of her children; and I know the solid, characteristic virtues of its people; but they do not play the game of happiness with that attention which is obtained and practised here.

I shall not enter into the physical or moral difference between the two nations—but I cannot, however, help observing, that while the French possess a gaiety of heart, that always weakens and sometimes baffles sorrow, the English still answer to the description of the *old Frenchman*, and really continue to divert themselves *moult triflement*.

Nay, how often have I seen, at a York assembly, two young people dance down thirty couple with as grave countenances as if they did it for hire, and were, after all, not sure of being paid: and here have I beheld the sun-burnt sons and daughters of labour rise from their scanty meal with not a pulse in their hearts that did not beat to pleasure; and, with the brightest looks of satisfaction, make their wooden shoes responsive to the sound of a broken-winded hautboy.

All the world shall never persuade me, there is not a Providence, and a gracious one too, which governs it. With every blessing under the sun we look grave, and reason ourselves into dissatisfaction; while here, with scarce any blessing but the sun, *on est content de son état*.

But the kind Being who made us all, gives to each the portion of happiness, according to his wife and good pleasure; for no one—and nothing is beneath his all-providential care—he even tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

By such reflections, and such influences, I am perverted from my purpose; for when I drew my chair to the table, and dipped my pen into the ink-horn, I breathed nothing but complaint, and it was my sole design to tell you so—for I have sent *a la parte résistante* again and again, and there is no letter from you. But though I am impatience itself to continue my journey towards the Alps, and cannot possibly indulge my curious spirit till I hear from you, yet such is the effect of my sympathetic nature, that I have caught all the ease and good-humour of the people about me, and seem to be sitting here, in my black coat and yellow slippers, as contented as if I had not another step to take; and, God

knows,

knows, I have a pretty circuit to make, my friend, before I may embrace you again.

It is not, as you well know, my practice to scratch out any thing I write, or I would erase the last dozen lines; as, the very moment I had concluded them, your letter and two others arrived, and brought me every thing I could wish. I would really linger if I thought you would overtake me. At all events, we shall meet at Rome—and I shall take the wings of to-morrow morning to further my progress thither.

I sincerely hope this paper may be thrown away upon you—that is, I wish you may be come away before it has made its passage to England. At all events, my dear boy, we shall meet at Rome. So till then fare thee well—and there and every where I shall be

Your most faithful and affectionate

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXVI.

To ———

I HAVE a great mind to have done with joking, laughing, and merry-making, for the rest of my days, with either man, woman, or child; and set up for a grave, formal, fee-faw character; and dispense stupid wisdom, as I have hitherto been said to have done sensible nonsense, to my countrymen and countrywomen.

To tell you the truth, I began this letter yesterday morning, and was interrupted in getting to the end of it by half a dozen idle people, who called upon me to lounge and to laugh; though one of them forced me home with him to dine with his sister, whom I found to be a being of a superior order, and who has absolutely made the something like a resolution with which I began this letter, not worth the feather of the quill with which it was written.

She is, in good faith, charming beyond my powers of description, and we had such an evening as made the cup of tea she gave me more delicious than nectar.

By the bye she wishes very much to become acquainted with you—no, believe me, from any representations or biography of mine, but from the warm encomiums she has received of you from others, and those, as she says, of the first order. After all this, however, you may be sure that my testimony was not wanting. So that, when you will give me an opportunity, I shall have the honour of presenting you to kiss her hand, and add another devout worshipper at the temple of such transcendent merit.

I am really of opinion, that if there is a woman in the world formed to do you good, and to make you love her into the bargain, which, I believe, is the only way of doing

you any good, this is the pre-eminent and bewitching character. Indeed, were you to command my feeble powers to delineate the lovely being whose affections would well repay thee for all the heart-achs and disquieting apprehensions that may and will afflict thee in thy passage through life, it would be this fair and excellent creature. My *Knight Errant* spirit has already told her that she is a *Dulcinea* to me—but I would most willingly take off my armour, and break my spear, and resign her as an *Angel* to you.

I need not say any thing, I trust, of my affection for you; and I have just now some singular ideas on your subject, which kept me awake last night, when I ought to have been found asleep; but I shall reserve them for the communication of my fire-side or your's, as it may be; and I wish as devoutly as ever I wished any thing in my life, that my fire was to brighten before you this very evening.

In the name of fortune, for want of a better at the moment, what business have you to be fifty leagues from the capital, at a time when I stand so much in need of you, for your own sake?

I hear you exclaim, Who is all this about? and I see you half determined to throw my letter into the fire, because you cannot find her name in it. This is all, my good friend, as it ought to be; for you may be assured that I never intended to write her name on this sheet of paper. I have told you of the divinity, and you will find the rest inscribed on the altar.

I was never more serious in my life; so let the whelps of your chariot roll as rapidly as post-horses can make them towards this town; where if you come not soon, I shall be gone; and then I know not what may become of all my *present* good intentions towards you—future ones, it is true, I shall have in plenty—for, at all events, in all circumstances, and every where,

I am,

Most cordially and affectionately your's,
Bond Street.

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXVII.

To ———

Friday.

THESE may be piping times to you, my dear friend, and I rejoice at it—but they are not dancing ones to me.

You will perceive, by the manner in which this letter is written, that if I dance—*Holbein's* piper must be the fidler.

Since I wrote to you last I have burst another vessel of my lungs, and lost blood enough to pull down a very strong man; what it has done then with my meagre form, clad

as it is with infirmities, may be better imagined than described.—Indeed it is with difficulty and some intervals of repose that I can trail on my pen; and, if it were not for the anxious forwardness of *my spirits*, which aids me for a few minutes by its precious mechanism, I should not be able to thank you at all—I know I cannot thank you as I ought, for your four letters, which have remained so long unanswered, and particularly for the last of them.

I really thought, my good friend, that I should have seen you no more. The grim scare-crow seemed to have taken post at the foot of my bed, and I had not strength to laugh him off as I had hitherto done—so I bowed my head in patience, without the least expectation of moving it again from my pillow.

But somehow or other he has, I believe, changed his purpose for the present; and we shall, I trust, embrace once again. I can only add, that while I live, I shall be

Most affectionately yours,

L. S.

LETTER XXVIII.

To ———.

Bond-street, May 8.

I FELT the full force of an honest heart-ach on reading your last letter.—The story it contains may be placed among the most affecting relations of human calamity, and the happiest efforts of human benevolence. I happened to have it in my pocket yesterday morning when I breakfasted with Mrs. M——; and, for want of something so good of my own, I read the whole of your letter to her—but this is not all; for, which is more to the purpose, (that is, to the purpose of your honour) she desired to read it herself; then she entreated me not to delay the earliest opportunity to present *you* to her breakfast-table, and the mistress of it to you. I told her of the awkward space of an hundred miles, at least, that lay between us; but I promised and vowed, for I was obliged to do both, that the moment I could lay hold of your arm, I would lend you to *her vestibule*.—I really begin to think I shall get some credit by you.

Love, I most readily acknowledge, is subject to violent paroxysms as well as slow fevers; but there is so much pleasure attendant upon the passion in general, and so many amiable sympathies are connected with it; nay, it is sometimes so suddenly, and oftentimes so easily cured, that I cannot, for the life of me, pity its disasters with the same tone of commiseration which accompanies my consolatory visits to other less offensive sources of distress.—In the last sad separation of friends, Hope comforts us with the prospect of an eternal re-union, and Religion encourages the belief of it: but, in the me-

lancholy history which you relate, I behold what has always appeared to me to be the most affecting sight in the gloomy region of human misfortune; I mean, the pale countenance of one who has seen better days, and sinks under the despair of seeing them return. The mind that is bowed down by unmerited calamity, and knows not from what point of the compass to expect any good, is in a state over which the Angel of Pity sheds all his showers.—*Unable to dig, to beg, ashamed*; what a description! what an object of relief! and how great the rapture to relieve it!

I do not, my dear boy, indeed I do not envy your feelings, for I trust that I share them; but if it were possible for me to envy you any thing that does you so much honour, and makes me love you, if possible, so much better than I did before—it is the little fabric of comfort and happiness which you have erected in the depths of misery. The whole may occupy, perhaps, but little space in this world—but, like the grain of mustard seed, it will grow up and rear its head toward that Heaven, to which the Spirit that planted it will finally conduct you.

Robinson called upon me yesterday, to take me to dinner in *Berkeley-square*; and, while I was arranging my drapery, I gave him your letter to read. He felt it as he ought, and not only desired me to say every handsome thing on his part to you, but he said a great many handsome things of you himself, during dinner and after it, and drank your health. Nay, as his wine warmed him, he talked loud, and threatened to drink water the rest of his days.

But while I am relating so many fine things to flatter *your vanity*, let me, I beseech you, mention something on the part of my own; which is nothing more or less than a very elegant silver standish with a motto engraved upon it, which has been sent me by *Lord Spencer*. This mark of that nobleman's good disposition towards me, was displayed in a manner which enhanced the value of the gift, and heighten'd my sense of the obligation. I could not thank him for it as I ought, but I wrote my acknowledgments as well as I could, and promised his Lordship, that as it was a piece of plate the Shandy family would value the most, it should certainly be the last they will part with.

I had another little business or two to communicate to you, but the postman's bell warns me to write adieu—so God bless you, and preserve you as you are—and this wish, by the by, is saying no small matter in your favour; but it is addressed for and to you with the same truth that guides my pen in assuring you that I am most sincerely and cordially, your faithful friend,

L. STERNE.

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

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Nov. 27.

AS soon as his Majesty had delivered his Speech *, he left the House, and the Commons retired from the bar. The time was occupied till near five o'clock, in swearing in the new Peers, among whom were the Duke of York, Marquis Townshend, Lord Heathfield, &c.

The Earl of Harrington rose to move the Address of Thanks to his Majesty, and pre-
faced his motion with a speech, in which there was much neatness and perspicuity, and was extremely well delivered.

He took a concise retrospect of the late political events, particularly in Holland, and stated the consequences that might have ensued, fatal and ruinous to England, if the Ministry had not by their spirited interference baffled the machinations of France.—The Address which he moved, as usual, followed paragraph by paragraph the Speech.

Lord Bulkley, in a short speech, delivered with fluency and grace, and without any kind of embarrassment, gave his reasons for rising up to second the motion.

The Bishop of Landaff reminded the House of a remark he had made in the course of the last Session, while their Lordships had the Commercial Treaty in discussion, that the reciprocal policy of England and the United Provinces was a close alliance. The trade with Holland he had stated to be of the utmost importance to this country. And when he pressed this remark of his on the recollection of the House, he did it to account for what might otherwise seem an inconsistency of conduct in concurring with the Address, and giving his vote of thanks to Government, for their pursuit of the real interests of the country. He declared, that when he had before opposed them, it was because in his heart he was convinced of the impolicy of their measures.—Now that he was assured they were acting wisely, he could freely give them his support with equal sincerity, and with as much decision. The approbation of a Bishop, he observed, might not be of much consequence to Ministers, but as far as his would go they were justly entitled to it.

He then took into consideration the right which the King of England, or the King of Prussia, might have to interfere in settling the internal affairs of the Dutch Republic. He did not conceive that they had, according to the law of nations, any pretensions to interfere, in order to vindicate the Prince of

Orange, whether deprived of his Stadtholderate, or curtailed of any other of his constitutional rights. But in stepping forward to prevent France from acquiring any improper ascendancy in the government of the Republic, they were justified on the ground of self-preservation.

To meddle in the internal affairs of an independent State, certainly appeared, at first sight, contrary to the law of nations—but the fact was, that the European nations were not in every respect to be considered as independent of each other. There were various relations between them; they were to be considered as so many links in a large chain, connected with each other. To suffer any one of these links to become weighty enough to drag down the others, would be destructive alike of personal safety, and of political consequence.

Lord Stormont agreed to the Address, but with a certain modification and reserve. He did not pledge himself to give his assent to every proposition contained in it. The principle he readily assented to, and had before urged Ministers to adopt, of forming a continental alliance in opposition to the views of France—considering Britain as the avowed rival of that ambitious power. Without a continental alliance, his Lordship maintained that England could not subsist; and of all the powers on the Continent, none was so natural, so desirable an ally as Holland. He was happy to find, that the Government had succeeded in crushing the worst of all tyrannies, an aristocratic faction. They had done well in interfering—but should have interfered before. At the time they were amusing themselves with their *fairly dream* of an union with France, they should have had their eyes open to the intrigues that were then carrying on in Amsterdam. He imputed much blame to Ministry, for suffering the East Indies to be wholly unprovided with any naval force, which he asserted to be the best safeguard his Majesty's foreign possessions could have. The force of the French there, he allowed, was not great—but as all force is relative, it must have been very great and formidable indeed, to those who have none—and if the late Ministerial measures had brought about a war, he saw nothing that would have prevented the French Government from sending over an express by land to India, which would have enabled the French to make themselves ma-
sters

sters of all our East India Trade. His Lordship made some further reflections on the misconduct of the Board of Controul, who, as he understood, had some difference with the Court of Directors.

The Duke of Norfolk expressed his general approbation of the measures which had been carried into execution, and of the good consequences which had resulted from them. He approved also of that part of his Majesty's Speech which recommended the putting our distant possessions into a proper state of defence, but reserved any observations he might make on that subject till a future day.

The Lord Chancellor then put the question, and the motion for an Address was carried *nem. diss.*

Nov. 28.

Warren Hastings, Esq; being brought to the bar, presented his answer to the charges exhibited against him for high crimes and misdemeanors, and the same being received and the title read, ordered to be proceeded with on the morrow.

Received the report that his Majesty had been waited on to know when he would be attended by that House with their address of thanks for his Speech from the Throne, and that his Majesty had appointed that day at three o'clock. The House then went up with their Address, of which the following is a copy

Most Gracious Sovereign,

"WE your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, in Parliament assembled, beg leave to return your Majesty our humble thanks for your most gracious Speech from the Throne.

"We acknowledge, with heart-felt gratitude, your Majesty's constant regard to the interests of your people, which could not be more fully manifested, than by your attention to the disputes lately subsisting in the Republic of the United Provinces.

"The danger with which their constitution and independence were threatened, could not but affect, in its probable consequences, the security and interests of your Majesty's kingdoms.

"We beg leave, therefore, humbly to express our highest approbation of your Majesty's just and wise determination, to counteract all forcible interference on the part of France, in the internal affairs of the Republic; and we acknowledge in the fullest manner, the propriety and necessity of the declaration made by your Majesty, in conformity to these principles, when the intention of the Most Christian King to assist the party, which had usurped the government of Holland, was notified to your Majesty. And we cannot but heartily applaud the wise

and vigorous steps taken by your Majesty for the augmentation of your forces by sea and land; measures which, while they prepared the country for any emergency which might arise, were the most likely to prolong the blessings of peace.

"We learn with particular satisfaction the rapid success of the Prussian troops, under the auspicious conduct of his Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick, which has obtained for his Prussian Majesty the just reparation which he demanded, and enabled the provinces to deliver themselves from the oppression under which they laboured, as well as to establish their ancient and lawful government.

"The important events which have taken place, without disturbing your Majesty's subjects in the enjoyment of the blessings of peace, afford matter of cordial congratulation to your Majesty; and we are happy to see your Majesty enabled to enter into an agreement with the Most Christian King for disarming, and placing the naval establishments of the two countries upon the same footing as in the beginning of the present year.

"We beg leave to return our humble thanks to your Majesty for ordering the several treaties and conventions to be laid before this House, and to assure your Majesty that we shall see with satisfaction any arrangement calculated to prevent jealousies and disputes between your Majesty's subjects and those of the Most Christian King in the East Indies.

"Your Majesty may depend upon our concurrence in such measures as it may seem expedient to adopt, in consequence of the other engagements entered into by your Majesty, as well as such as may be necessary for placing your Majesty's distant possessions in an adequate posture of defence.

"The flourishing state of the commerce and revenues afford us the highest satisfaction, and cannot fail to stimulate us to use our utmost endeavours to confirm and improve such important advantages, as well as to concur with your Majesty's paternal wishes for the continuation of the public tranquillity. We lament that hostilities should have broken out in any part of Europe; but we receive with satisfaction the information that your Majesty continues to be assured of the pacific disposition of all foreign powers towards this country.

"We reflect with pleasure on the zeal and unanimity shewn by all ranks of your Majesty's subjects on the late occasion, as it must give more weight to the assurances we now humbly offer to your Majesty, that, with every wish to cultivate the blessings of peace, we shall be always ready to exert ourselves to the utmost, when the honour of your

your Majesty's crown and the interests of your people may require it."

His MAJESTY's most Gracious ANSWER.

"My Lords,

"I thank you for this affectionate and loyal address. The satisfaction which you have unanimously expressed in the measures I have taken, is particularly agreeable to me. You may depend, that both in war and in peace my constant objects shall be the honour of my crown, and the advancement of the interests of my people."

Nov 29.

The House proceeded to take into further consideration the answers presented by Warren Hastings, Esq. against certain articles of impeachment preferred against him by the House of Commons. Mr. Hastings attending without, was brought to the bar by the Usher of the Black Rod, and kneeling, when he approached the same, was directed by the Lord Chancellor to rise: the Clerks at the table then proceeded to read the answers, relieving each other at the end of three skins of parchment; at about half an hour past five they got through the whole of the business. The Lord Chancellor then asked Mr. Hastings, whether those were the answers he meant to abide by? and being answered in the affirmative, he was directed to withdraw.

Mr. Hastings, in his defence, affirms, that he was four several times expressly appointed by the Legislature to the Office of Governor-General of Bengal, in seasons of great difficulty and distress, affecting every part of the British Empire; and that he never, directly or indirectly, applied to the King's Ministers, to the Directors, or to any Individual whatsoever, either to be originally appointed Governor-General of Bengal, or to be continued in that high office; that many of the acts for which he stands impeached were done prior to several of his re-appointments; that they were regularly communicated by him to the Court of Directors, and by them, according to law, to the King's Ministers; that of the millions who are said to be aggrieved by his acts, no one Man has yet been found to complain against him, although the charges originally exhibited arrived in India in the month of August 1786; that the system of Government which he established, is at this moment adhered to; that the Princes of India, who he is said by his acts to have injured, have corresponded with him since his return to England, and do to the present moment continue their correspondence with him; that from the Proprietors and Directors of the East India Company he received the most flattering marks of approbation while

abroad, and on his return to England, the unanimous thanks of the Court of Directors, for his long, faithful, and able services; that at the time he resigned the service of the Company, he received the most convincing proof of the esteem of his fellow-servants, and the British subjects in Calcutta, in an address delivered to him on the morning of his departure, and that a second from the Officers of the Army was transmitted to him many months after his return to England; that so far from the honour of the Nation having been affected, or the Company's prosperity diminished by his acts, he affirms, that during a long and arduous Government, the national character was preserved in Indostan, and the Company's prosperity considerably increased; that after Peace had been completely restored to every part of India, and the internal arrangements consequent of Peace effected, he, on the 1st of February 1785, voluntarily resigned that station which he had held for near 13 years; that he had not mentioned the preceding circumstances with a view of eluding any specific article of accusation, but when he was accused of Rapacity, Tyranny, Injustice, Peculation, and Breach of Faith, he deemed himself intitled to state generally, that the tenor of his Character, as known and esteemed by those amongst whom he had served for so many years, was held to be in every instance the reverse.

A copy of the above answer was, upon motion, ordered to be sent to the House of Commons.

Lord Stanhope afterwards moved, that the same might be printed, which was agreed to by the House, but not till after the same should have been sent to the House of Commons.

The Marquis of Carmarthen presented to the House copies of the following papers, viz. the Convention between his Majesty and the Most Christian King, signed at Versailles, August 31, 1787. —The Treaty between his Majesty and the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel dated Sept. 28, 1787. —The declaration at Versailles, dated Oct. 27, 1787, and signed by the Duke of Dorset and Mr. Eden. —A Counter Declaration, signed at the same time by the Count of Montmorin. —The Joint Declaration signed at the same time, together with translations of the whole.

The titles being read, the papers were ordered to lie on the table.

DEC. 5.

Received and read a number of petitions relative to private causes before their Lordships; the prayers of each were severally granted.

There being no business before their Lordships, the House adjourned to Monday,

DEC. 10.

A message from the Commons being delivered, acquainting their Lordships, that certain of their Members attended, they were ordered to be admitted; and being introduced, Mr. Burke, accompanied by the Committee chosen for that purpose, delivered in the usual form to the Lord Chancellor, at their Lordships' Bar, the Replication of the Commons to the Answer of Warren Hastings, Esq; against the Charges exhibited against him, which the reader will find in the Commons Journal.

The Commons having retired, the above was read by the Clerk of Parliament, and a consequent Order made,

That their Lordships do proceed to the trial of Warren Hastings, Esq. at the bar of their House on the thirteenth day of February next.

Ordered, That the proper officers do make the necessary preparations for the aforesaid trial.

Adjourned to

DEC. 12.

Lord Kinnaird moved, "that an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, that he will be graciously pleased to give directions to the proper officers, to prepare Westminster-hall for the trial of Warren Hastings, Esq. the said Warren Hastings, having been charged with high crimes and misdemeanors,

and impeached by the Commons of England at the bar of that House." Ordered.

DEC. 14.

The Lords with white staves informed the House, that his Majesty had been waited on with their Lordships' address, for the fitting up of Westminster-hall for the trial of Warren Hastings, Esq. and that his Majesty had been graciously pleased to answer, that he would give the necessary orders for that purpose.

DEC. 15.

Their Lordships ordered their Journals to be searched for a precedent for an adjournment over the 30th of January (King Charles's Martyrdom). No precedents being found,

Ordered, That the Bishop of Lincoln do preach before this House on Wednesday the 30th of January.

DEC. 17.

His Majesty came in State to the House, and being seated on the Throne, the Usher of the Black Rod, Sir Francis Molyneux, went to the House of Commons to command their immediate attendance; and being returned with the Speaker and several Members, the Royal Assent was given to three bills, the malt, land-tax, and marine mutiny bills.

As soon as their Lordships were unrobed, the House was resumed, and the Lord Chancellor put the question of adjournment until the 30th day of January next, which was agreed to.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Nov. 27.

THE Hon. Mr. Ryder, the Mover of the Address of Thanks to his Majesty for His Most Gracious Speech (see page 434) prefaced his motion with much elegance of expression, some argument, and no deficiency of what is termed *point*. Facts, he said, were so convincing of themselves, that they wanted no other aid than the mere recital of them, to gain the approbation of every individual; that the fear therefore of acquitting himself respectably in the office he had taken up thus voluntarily, was proportionably the less, as there was the less occasion to depend upon himself; he had only to recapitulate the measures pursued, that the concurring sentiments of the House might be infused to them. He stated the progress of all that Administration had done in the late dissensions in Holland. After many well-turned periods, fraught with *matter*, as well as *words*, Mr. Ryder sat down, with no small praise, and no small *style* to it, since

Mr. Fox deigned to pay the tribute to it he did.

Mr. Brooke seconded the Motion.

Lord Hood rose highly satisfied with the steps that had been taken; declared the unanimity of the Captains and Officers of the Navy on the subject of the late hostile preparations, and the spirit of the ordinary seamen, which had been evinced in their so cheerfully joining their respective ships.

Mr. Fox rose after Lord Hood, and expressed, with manner and language consonant, his perfect concurrence, in the warmest approbation, of all the most striking and important heads of the Address.

He could not refuse his acquiescence, without belying every principle he had ever held in that House. He was happy, that his sentiments of France, which had been thought romantic, were now found *solid*; that the high ideas he had ever supported of English liberty and importance were now realized, and that we might go to the laborious manu-
facturer,

facturer, and the poor mechanic, loaded as he is with taxes, with rates, and with duties, and say, "However low you may deem yourself, or however burdened with taxes, I call upon you for aid to support the balance of power in Europe, and the dignity of England among the nations of the earth!" Mr. Fox proceeded, that though there might be some of the minuter parts of the Address in which he could not entirely coincide, he was unwilling to check the saltness of his approbation, by entering into them; nor should they induce him to make any motion, nor even to refuse his assent. He trusted, however, that neither the House, nor any individual in it, was expected to pledge himself in support of specific estimates, or the detail of measures, before these had been sufficiently unfolded to them. In the grand outline, in the important and efficacious parts of these measures, he repeated, that he agreed. The conduct of France had been peculiar. We had it from the Throne, and therefore must believe it, (for it was not to be supposed, that any Minister would advise the Crown to deviate from truth) that France had declared her intention to interfere in favour of that party in Holland, whom his Majesty had called Usurpers upon the Rights of Sovereign Power; and yet the Counter-Declaration disavowed any intention ever conceived, of interfering in the disputes of Holland. *It was well, we had a better security for the continuance of peace, than the professions of France, in her inability, in the deranged state of her finances, and the disputes between the King and the Parliament.* This was the strongest security that we could have. He had observed in the Declaration, and Counter-Declaration, that which appeared to him singular, an agreement to discontinue the *naval* armaments only. He hoped, it did not admit the latitude or construction which he had heard given it in conversation, that neither power, upon any occasion, or in consequence of disorders in any other parts of Europe, were again to arm: He wished to hear from the Minister in that House, the proper construction to be given to this part of the Convention. However, for the improbability of any improper consequences from this, he also trusted to the inability of France, though he well knew her to be a nation of great resources.

Mr. Fox made a remark upon a part of Mr. Ryder's speech, which he seemed to do, for an opportunity of saying, that he had not come down to the House when it was delivered, but had been informed that its eloquence was of the first order; and that it was one of the best first speeches ever delivered—a compliment as honorable, from the quarter from whence it came, as it was just to the person who received it.

It may be inquired, said Mr. Fox, whether the late preparations for war were too extensive? Whether they were pushed too far? Or whether they ought to have commenced sooner? For his part, he saw a sufficient answer; he felt their best eulogium in their success. One more expression in the speech he would remark upon—it spoke of arming, to prevent the *forcible* interposition of France: he knew no occasion for the word *forcible*; he thought their secret machinations were sufficient cause to arm; he would arm against their *PERFIDY*!

Mr. Fox touched upon the increase of the military establishment. He had formed part of the Administration which regulated the reduction at the conclusion of the peace. That establishment had been acquiesced in by a subsequent Ministry, who had continued several years in place. If therefore the establishment were defective, the Ministry who had continued must share the blame with those who had originally arranged it. If new occurrences or farther views had rendered an increase necessary, he expected that the Minister would enter, on a proper day, into an explanation of the subject.

Lastly, he repeated his fullest approbation of the leading features of the Speech and Address, declaring that he should concur in voting the necessary supplies with the greatest cheerfulness, and never gave a vote with greater zeal.

Mr. Pitt applauded the candour and sincerity with which the Speech and Address were treated by Mr. Fox; acknowledging that he had placed their tendency, and the extent to which the House would commit itself by them, in a very fair and proper point of view. He rejoiced that the general principle accorded so fully with his sentiments, and would not detract from the merit which Mr. F. endeavoured to assume, in having suggested at former periods, and in other situations, some ideas which committed him to an approbation of the late measures. For his own part, he was satisfied with having performed what he thought his duty, in the best manner he was able, and with the best intentions; nay, he trusted with a considerable degree of success; nor would he by contending for any particular or exclusive share, in originating or conducting the proceedings, by any means contribute to abate that love which Mr. Fox avowedly professed to a system, which, fortunately for administration, he was so desirous to represent as his own. Well knowing that this was the best mode of securing his support and assistance, he was willing to adopt it, and also to commend the delicacy with which it was said some of the particular passages in the Address should not at this time be discussed. Forbearing then to

detail any of those parts of which the House must have documents and estimates before them, in order to judge with accuracy, he could only advert to some few circumstances that could, even now, admit of being at least touched upon.

The House were not to conceive themselves pledged in the Address, even to the extent mentioned by Mr. Fox, on the subject of putting his Majesty's foreign possessions in a more complete state of defence, as the Address promised no more than that they would lose no time in *considering* of its expediency; for he concurred most perfectly with those who thought that nothing could be more nugatory, or indeed more improper, than to induce the House previously to pledge themselves on any subjects of which they had not the fullest information. He admitted the policy of confining the military establishments of this country within the narrowest limits that prudence and a regard to the national safety should suggest; and allowed, that if there was any fault or deficiency in the regulations as they now stood, he should be hable, whatever blame may be the consequence, with that administration under which the reduction took place. He was not prepared to state, that there was any notorious deficiency at present existing in any of the dependencies, but having lately occasion of looking more minutely into those circumstances, than was convenient or necessary for him to do before, the result of his enquiry was a conviction, that additional strength and improvements would be of the utmost advantage to this country in time of war, by enabling it to employ, in more actual service, that force which should now be unavoidably left to the security of those dependencies. Such was the opinion he now entertained, and if any blame was to arise from his not attending to it before, he knew his duty too well to sacrifice the national security by any backwardness to encounter such a censure.

With regard to the observations, that Government might have gone farther, and endeavoured to secure the revival of our ancient alliance with the Republic, he would, notwithstanding the delicacy to be used in speaking of pending circumstances, consider himself as disclosing no secret, when he admitted that every thing heretofore done, would be ineffectual and incomplete, if measures were not taken to form an alliance with the Republic, which would prevent a repetition of that connexion with France, to which were to be attributed all the troubles the United States had lately been relieved from. This was the main object and the aim of Government, and from the present weakness of the power of France, there

could be no very great doubt of its happy and effectual accomplishment.

After touching very briefly on a few other circumstances, which he promised to go into more minutely on future occasions, he congratulated the House and the country, on the pleasing reflection of the unanimity which prevails in his Majesty's Councils, being followed and seconded by a similar and general concurrence of all ranks of his Majesty's subjects; a concurrence which he trusted would equally manifest itself on any future occasion, and which would teach all Europe a lesson as formidable as just, that whatever may be the state of politics in this country, and however various the sentiments, or different the temper on particular points, when the interests and welfare of the nation were threatened or in danger, there was then but one voice and opinion could prevail amongst the Representatives of the People of Great Britain.

After this, the House being desirous of testifying that unanimity commended by the Minister, no other observations were offered; an address of course passed, *nem. con.*

Nov. 28.

The Report of the Address was received, read a second time, and resolved that it should be presented to-morrow by the Speaker attended by the House.

Nov. 29.

The order of the day being read for taking into consideration his Majesty's Speech, the same was accordingly read by the Speaker.

A Motion was afterwards made for a Committee of Supply, and a Committee was upon motion ordered to take the same into consideration.

The House rose at three o'clock, and proceeded to St James's with their Address on his Majesty's Speech, to which his Majesty returned the following Answer:

"Gentlemen,

"I return you my hearty thanks for this loyal and dutiful Address. The satisfaction you express in the measures which I have pursued, and in the important events which have taken place, afford me peculiar pleasure.

"You may depend upon my invariable attention to the happiness and prosperity of my kingdoms."

Nov. 30.

Mr. Pitt officially presented to the House various papers, and among others the estimates of the expences of the late armaments, in the different departments of the army, navy, and ordnance. The titles of these papers were read, and it was agreed on the motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that

they

they should be taken into consideration * on this day se'nnight.

Mr. Fox observed, that Mr. Pitt had omitted to lay before the House two papers of a very important nature, and without which gentlemen could not so well judge of the propriety of the resolution taken by his Majesty's Ministers to arm. The papers he alluded to, were the Notification from the French Court of the 16th of September last, and the dispatch which declared the intentions of the Court of Berlin towards France. The former of these two papers, he said, would be the more necessary, as though the British Ministry had made it the ground for their arming, yet the King of France states, in his Counter-Declaration, that he never intended to interfere by force in the disputes in Holland. Every body, he observed, must see the absolute necessity for producing the Notification, as without it, it would be impossible to say whether Ministers had armed from necessity or not.

Mr. Pitt said, he was as desirous as any man of giving upon every subject the most ample information, when he could do it consistently with his duty to the public. But in his opinion, he would but ill discharge that duty, if he did not resist the production of the papers alluded to by the Right Hon. Gentleman. All that appeared to him to be necessary for the information of Parliament respecting the form of these papers, had been mentioned in his Majesty's most gracious Speech: and the latter might involve particular points that it would not be decent or politic to divulge. He said, however, that though he could not consent to the production of the papers, he would peruse them very carefully, and, from memory, would give gentlemen any information from them, if he should be called upon so to do, which should not be inconsistent with that principle, upon which he refused to produce the whole.—Here the business rested, and the House adjourned.

DEC. 1.

Mr. Steele reported the resolution of Friday last, viz. "That a Supply be granted to his Majesty," which was read and agreed to.

The usual accounts of army, ordnance, garrisons, &c. were moved, and followed

with an Address to his Majesty, to direct the proper officers to lay such accounts before the House.

DEC. 3.

The estimates of the army and ordnance for the ensuing year were presented, the former by the Secretary at War, the latter by Mr. Aldridge, who gave notice of their intention of submitting them to the consideration of the House on Monday the 10th.

Col Fitzpatrick moved, that the army estimates be printed for the perusal of the Members.

The Secretary at War resisted the motion. The practice of the House, he observed, was founded in wisdom and policy; and he trusted the House would not think of departing, on the present occasion, from ancient usage.

The Motion was rejected without further debate.

The House resolved into a Committee of Supply; and without any debate, 6,336,000*l.* were voted; the particulars of which sum are as follow:

Mr. Brett said he would propose to the Committee to vote exactly the same number of seamen for the ensuing, that had been voted for the current year; therefore, without going into detail, or making any longer preface, he moved that there be granted to his Majesty 18,000 seamen, including 3620 marines, for the naval service of the year 1788; and that 4*l.* per man per month be granted for defraying the expences of the same, (ordnance for the navy excepted) reckoning 13 months to the year. This supply, to the amount of 936,000*l.* was granted without opposition.

Mr. Rose then moved, that the necessary sums should be granted for taking up and cancelling exchequer bills issued for the service of the current year and charged upon the aids of the year 1788, for the following sums, viz. 2,500,000*l.* 1,500,000*l.* 1,500,000*l.* in all 5,500,000*l.*

These sums also were granted without any debate, and the House was resumed.

Sir Gilbert Elliot gave notice that he intended to move a charge against Sir Elijah Impey; and in order that he might have proper documents to proceed upon, he

* The following is a correct account of the totals of the four estimates presented to the House of Commons, by Mr. Pitt, of the expence of the late armament.

Account of the Expences incurred by the late Armament.

Total amount of Navy,	175,407	5	11
Total amount of Ordnance,	18,300	0	8
Total amount of Army,	59,878	4	0
Money issued out of the Civil List for services performed abroad,	83,166	0	0

Total Amount, £. 336,751 10 7

moved, that there be laid before the House a copy of a letter from Mr. Hastings and Mr. Barwell to the Court of Directors, dated April 30, 1786. The motion passed without opposition.

Mr. Fox said, that Monday next was by much too early a day for taking into consideration a question so important to this country in every respect as the augmentation of the army; and more particularly an augmentation that was to last beyond the ensuing year, and become part of the permanent military establishment of the kingdom. Such a subject ought to be discussed in the fullest House; and therefore he wished that the discussion of it might not be brought on before the holidays, unless some very particular reason should be urged for dispatch.

Mr. Pitt declared it to be his wish, that so important a question should be discussed in the fullest House; and for that reason, among others, he was anxious that it should be brought on before Christmas. Gentlemen had been apprised by the King's Speech that such a measure was to be brought forward; and if Gentlemen would take time to reflect, they must be satisfied, that if it was necessary at all to put our distant possessions in a proper posture of defence, the measure could not be too speedily carried into execution. The regiments destined for that purpose could not proceed upon their voyage, until the sense of Parliament should have been taken upon the measure; and therefore he thought, and he presumed the House would agree with him, that there was very good ground for resisting any proposition on this head that could delay the passing of the measure.

Mr. Fox acknowledged the reasons urged for dispatch to be satisfactory.

Adjourned.

DEC. 4.

Mr. Gilbert presented the report from the Committee of Supply, who sat yesterday, on the subject of the peace establishment of the navy, which was agreed to.

Mr. Rose presented the report of the Committee on the exchequer bills, which was also agreed to.

Mr. Rose then moved, that an Address be presented, humbly praying, that his Majesty would be graciously pleased to order an account of the monies voted, but unprovided for by Parliament, to be laid before the House.

Agreed to.

Mr. Grenville moved, that leave be given to bring in a bill for the continuance two years longer of so much of an act as related to the navigation between the United States of America and the Island of Newfoundland.

Agreed to.

DEC. 5.

The order of the day was read for the House resolving itself into a Committee of the whole House, to consider of ways and means for raising the supply granted to his Majesty. The House being accordingly resolved into a Committee,

Mr. Rose moved, that the duties payable on malt, cyder, mum, and perry, and 4s. in the pound land-tax, be continued for one year. Resolved.

The House being resumed, a message was received from the Lords, that they had sent to that Honourable House a true copy of the answer delivered at the bar of the House of Lords by Warren Hastings, Esq. to the charges exhibited against him of high crimes and misdemeanors.

The messenger being withdrawn, and the title of the answer read, Mr. Burke moved, that the answer might be read *pro forma*. The same being done, Mr. Burke moved, that the answer be referred to a Committee to consider thereof, and to report what measures were most proper to be taken for further proceeding in the prosecution. Ordered.

Mr. Burke then proceeded to name the gentlemen whom he wished to have upon the Committee. Upon each name there was a motion; and all whom Mr. Burke proposed were by the House admitted to be of the Committee except Mr. Francis, who was excluded upon a division of, Ayes, 97; Noes, 126; Majority, 29.

The names of the Committee then stood as follow:

Edmund Burke, Esq.	Lord Vis. Maitland
Rt. Hon. C. J. Fox	Dadley Long, Esq.
R. B. Sheridan, Esq.	Gen. J. Burgoyne
Rt. Hon. T. Pelham	Hon. Geo. North
R. Hon. W. Windham	Hon. And. St. John
Sir Gilbert Elliott, Bart.	Hon. A. Fitzherbert
Charles Grey, Esq.	Col. Fitzpatrick
William Adam, Esq.	John Courtenay, Esq.
Sir John Anstruther	A. Rogers, Esq.
M. A. Taylor, Esq.	Sir James Erskine.

When Mr. Burke moved he was not to have the assistance of Mr. Francis, he declared, in the presence of God, and of the world, that he looked upon the business of the impeachment as *damned*, seeing he was deprived of the assistance of the man, who, of all persons, was, from local knowledge, the best qualified to assist in the undertaking. He said he would proceed however, let the event be what it would. He concluded by making motions for vesting this last Committee with the power of sending for papers, records, &c. which was granted.

Mr. Pitt moved the order of the day for going into a Committee of Supply to take
into

into consideration the Treaty with the Landgrave of Hesse.

The order having been read, the House resolved itself into a Committee.

Mr. Pitt moved, "That it is the opinion of this Committee, that the sum of 36,093l. 15s. be granted to his Majesty to pay one year's subsidy to the Landgrave of Hesse for the year 1788, pursuant to Treaty."

Mr. Fox wishing to hear from the Right Hon. Gentleman an explanation of some particulars respecting this treaty, Mr. Pitt in the most clear and explicit manner answered every query of Mr. Fox, and the question being put, the motion was agreed to *nem. con.*

DEC. 6.

A Committee was upon the motion of Mr. Gilbert appointed "To inspect the return of the Charitable Donations, and to report their observations to the House."

Mr. Gilbert reported the resolutions come to, in the Committee of Ways and Means of Wednesday last, which were read and agreed to.

Sir John Miller moved, "That leave be given to bring in a bill to prevent persons intitled to their freedom by birth, marriage, or servitude in cities, towns, ports, or boroughs, from voting at elections of Members to serve in Parliament for such cities, towns, ports, and boroughs, until they have been admitted to their freedom a limited time previous to the election."

Mr. Jelliffe opposed the motion, on the ground of its unnecessarily narrowing the rights of electors, which he thought were sufficiently circumscribed already.

Sir John Miller rose to justify his motion, and in a summary way recapitulated his arguments of the last Session, to prove the necessity of the legislature passing some bill to limit and ascertain occasional voters.

Sir James Johnstone said, the bill then moved for went to the deprivation of a great number of persons of their Franchises, whereas no reason had been assigned for the depriving one man of his natural rights.

On a Division—*Ayes the two Tellers, Noes* 52.

The House broke up at half after four.

DEC. 7.

The House resolved itself into a Committee of Supply, Mr. Gilbert in the Chair, when the following resolutions were moved by Mr. Pitt, and carried without any opposition: That the sum of 175,407l. 5s. 11d. be issued for the extraordinaries of his Majesty's services.—That 59,678l. 5s. be issued for the extraordinaries of the army.—That for the Ordinance, there be granted the sum of 18,300l. 9d.—That for the Civil List, there be granted

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the sum of 58,166l.—That for the repairs of Carleton House, there be issued 20,000l. to make good the like sum issued from his Majesty's Exchequer, in pursuance of a message from his Majesty.—That 50,000l. be issued to make good the payments for the discharge of the debts of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.—That the sum of 100,000l. be granted for the same purpose.—That 17,426l. 19s. 6d. be issued to replace the like sum issued from his Majesty's Exchequer in consequence of Addresses.

When the House was resumed, Mr. Burke, as Chairman of the Committee appointed to take into consideration the answer of Mr. Hastings to the charges exhibited against him by the House of Commons, reported to the House that the Committee had attentively read and considered the said answer, and had resolved, that for avoiding any imputation of delay in the Commons, the following Replication should be sent to the Lords.

"The Commons have considered the answer of Warren Hastings, Esq. to the articles of impeachment exhibited against him, and observe that the said Warren Hastings hath endeavoured to cover the crimes laid to his charge, by evasive insinuations and misrepresentations of facts; that the said answer does give a gloss and colouring, utterly false and untrue, to the various criminal matters in the said articles; that the said Warren Hastings did, in fact, commit the numerous acts of extortion, bribery, peculation, cruelty, breach of faith, violation of the orders of the lawful authority to which he was subject, and of the various other offences and crimes of which he stands accused;—and the Commons, in full confidence of the truth and justice of their accusation, and of the necessity of bringing him to a speedy and exemplary punishment, and not doubting that their Lordships will use all becoming diligence to do justice to the proceedings of the Commons, and to vindicate the honour of the nation; do aver their charge against the said Warren Hastings to be true, and that he is guilty, in such manner as he stands impeached, and that the Commons will be ready to prove their charges against him, at such convenient time and place as shall be appointed for that purpose."

Replication read a second time, and agreed to. Adjourned to

DEC. 10.

Mr. Burke moved, that the engrossed Replication of the House to the answer of Warren Hastings, should be read; which having been done, he moved that the said Replication should be sent up to the House of Lords. This motion was agreed to, and Mr. Burke appointed the messenger. In carrying it up,

he was attended by most of the Members in opposition. The Lords returned an answer, as stated in their Journal of Dec. 10.

Mr. Gilbert, after a short introductory speech, moved, that a Committee should be appointed to take into consideration the state of the poor, and of the laws which provided for their maintenance. The motion met with no opposition.

The House then went into a Committee of Supply on the army and ordnance estimates.

The Secretary at War proposed that the military establishment for North America and the West Indies should be augmented from 9000 to 12,125 men.

Upon this motion a very long debate took place, which did not close till midnight.

Mr. Fox, among others, contended that the augmentation was impolitic, unnecessary, and dangerous to the constitution, as introductory to a new system, which would make us abandon our old and natural defence, the navy, in favour of the army, which was by no means so friendly to the constitution.

Mr. Pitt contended that in adopting the augmentation, he was not abandoning the system of a naval defence; he was only putting the distant possessions of the Crown in such a posture of defence, as would enable them to resist a sudden attack, and to hold out till a squadron could have time to succour them. No one, he said, could fairly say that he was not a friend to the navy, who had expended upon it above 500,000*l.* a year more in the extraordinaries of it than had been expended upon it in any former peace—the happy fruits of which expence were thirty ships of the line launched since the conclusion of the war. He also had expended 400,000*l.* a year more for the ordinary service than any former period of peace; for though after the peace of Aix-la Chapelle, the naval peace establishment fluctuated between 8000 and 12,000, it was now so high as 18,000 men.

A division took place upon the augmentation proposed by the Secretary at War, which was carried by a majority of—162.

Ayes	—	—	242
Noes	—	—	80

The ordnance estimates were then moved by Mr. Aldridge. A debate took place upon the new corps of 600 military artificers, now raising by the Duke of Richmond's orders, and for whom the estimates make a provision.

This motion produced another division, which was also carried by the Minister.

Ayes	—	—	140
Noes	—	—	28

Majority	—	—	112
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After which, the House being resumed, adjourned.

DEC. 11.

The land-tax bill being put into a Committee,

Mr. Rose brought up two clauses to be added to it: one of which was, that a warrant might be issued to distrain for non-payment, without referring to the commissioners; and the other, that the collectors should be bound by a penalty of 40*l.* to settle their accounts, and give in their money, within two years.

These clauses, after a few words from Mr. Sawbridge, the Speaker, and Mr. Rose, were agreed to.

Mr. Gilbert reported the following resolutions from the Committee of Supply: That a number of forces, consisting of 16,982 effective men, including 1,620 invalids, be employed for 1788;—that the sum of 598,637*l.* 2*s.* 10*d.* be granted for maintaining them;—that 315,865*l.* 1*s.* 10*d.* be granted for maintaining the forces in the plantations;—that 87,581*l.* 1*s.* 9*d.* be granted for difference between the charge of British and Irish establishments;—that 11,292*l.* 1*s.* be granted for pay necessary to be advanced to troops in India;—that 64,271*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* be granted for General and General Staff Officers;—that 42,731*l.* 2*s.* 2*d.* be granted for full pay to Supernumerary Officers;—that 60,863*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* be granted for allowances to Paymaster-General, Secretary at War, &c.,—that 419,407*l.* 0*s.* 10*d.* be granted for the charge of the Office of Ordnance, for land service, for 1788:—Which were read and agreed to.

Sir Richard Hill commended the increase; and observed, with respect to the confidence which had been talked of in yesterday's debate, that if some gentlemen had more confidence in the Minister and less in themselves, it would perhaps be better.

The several resolutions were all agreed to.

Mr. Burke, after desiring the Clerk to read the message from the Lords, appointing the day of Mr. Hastings' trial, moved, that the Committee to whom the answer of Mr. Hastings had been referred, should be appointed managers of the prosecution against him.

This motion was agreed to; as were also the following ones, viz. That A. Wallis and R. Troward, Esqrs. be appointed Solicitors for the prosecution; and that this House attend the trial, as a Committee of the whole House.

Mr. Fox rose, to move for the appointment of Philip Francis, Esq. to be one of the managers of the impeachment. He introduced this motion with a speech of some length, in

which

which he urged the nomination of this gentleman with great earnestness.

After some debate a division ensued, when there appeared,

For the motion	—	62
Against it	—	120
Majority	—	58

DEC. 12.

Sir Gilbert Elliot rose, and in a most elegant speech addressed the House upon a topic which he declared he felt to be of the first consequence to the rights of human nature: he was conscious of his inability to undertake so arduous a task; but having pledged himself to his country and to the House, he now stood forward the public accuser of Sir Elijah Impey. He was actuated by no base motives of private pique or resentment; for he scarcely knew Sir Elijah's person: he was not influenced by the spirit of party, for the cause of eternal justice, he hoped, had but *one* party, which consisted of every Member of that House, and every man of honour in the nation (a great call of hear, hear). He could not gratify his ambition, and aggrandize himself, by humbling a proud and powerful adversary; nor could he even hope to acquire popularity, criminal prosecutions being by no means calculated to obtain that end. As it was, therefore, impossible that he could have any of those objects in view, the House, he hoped, would give him credit when he solemnly protested, he felt no other impulse than a desire to vindicate the cause of truth and justice, by bringing a great offender to the tribunal of this country, to answer for the gross and wanton violation of that justice which was in so peculiar a manner committed to his charge. Sir Elijah arrived in India in the year 1774. The sword of justice was delivered to him, to convince the nations of that distant part of the British dominions, that the supreme legislative power of this country was always attentive to the welfare of all its subjects. Very shortly after his arrival, the innocent blood of Nuncomar, (innocent because he was condemned by an unknown law, and by illegal evidence) was sprinkled upon the seat of justice. This transaction he could not consider in any other light than a premeditated murder. His lust of power, misversion of justice, and enormities, continued, until application was made to the Crown of England in the year 1776. Shortly afterwards it became an object of Parliamentary enquiry; and the Commons of England, upon that enquiry, had censured him for his manifest perversion of justice. A system of corrupt laws, he said, was worse than no system at all, for the laws of self-preservation would step in, and prevent violence

to individuals. In the conduct of such a corrupt system he had disgraced the sacred character of a judge. "It was similar to a church, man committing blasphemy." After a great variety of other remarks of the same nature, Sir Gilbert adverted immediately to the charges, the particulars of which, he said, he should not attempt to elucidate, but content himself with delivering them at the table; and declaring, "that he, as a Member of the House of Commons, standing in his place, did charge Sir Elijah Impey, Knight, with High Crimes and Misdemeanors, the contents of which were set forth in the papers which he had delivered."

The Speaker desired to know, whether he meant to have the charges read at length, or read short; and Sir Gilbert preferred the latter, as he intended to move to have them printed, and delivered to the Members; after which he should move that a Committee might be appointed.

The Clerk then read the heads of six charges.

1. The condemnation of Nuncomar.
2. The illegal extension of jurisdiction in the Dewanee.
3. His conduct at Patna.
4. Ditto at Benares.
5. His general mal-administration of justice, &c.
6. The affidavits.

Mr Pitt and Mr. Fox agreed, that it would be proper to print the charges, and on Monday next to consider of appointing a Committee. Adjourned.

DEC. 17.

Mr. Sheridan apologized for bringing forward a subject which had been already discussed this Session—the Ordnance Estimates. He held in his hand a very valuable paper. It had been printed and made part of the Journals of the House—it was a report from the Ordnance, made in 1783, and signed *Richmond*. He observed in it a proposal to draft a number of men from the artillery, in order to form a corps of military artificers, whereby it was proposed to save twelve or fifteen thousand pounds annually, and after all, his Grace now comes and tells us, that if we will raise six hundred more men, we shall be able to save 3000l. To be sure, he must allow that the scheme appeared very feasible at first. A number of workmen had always been employed at Woolwich at 2s. 6d. a day; but men were to be detached from the artillery, who would work for 1s. 6d. a day. He much feared, we should find these but bad workmen, worse soldiers, and still worse citizens; for they would be citizens without interest, soldiers without discipline, and workmen without skill. How.

ever, he made no doubt that his Grace had very cogent reasons for supposing, that men who could earn 2s. 6d. a day, would insist to work for 1s. 6d.—perhaps, on account of the douceur of military discipline.

After stating what motions he should make on this subject, he said, he should also move for an account of the expences of the Royal Powder Mills. He insisted, that gunpowder came to Government from these, at four times the price that it did by contract.

Mr. Sheridan then referred to the proposed fortifications in the West Indies. He did not mean, by animadverting on them, to convey the slightest reflection on the noble Duke at the head of the Ordnance; he really thought, that his Grace esteemed fortifications to be essential to the salvation of the country; and was determined to force them through Parliament, *by hook or by crook*; and upon his conscience, he believed, that his Grace would succeed. Precisely the same arguments which had been used for fortifying at home, had been used for fortifying abroad, and though one had been rejected, the other had been adopted.

Mr. Sheridan then moved his first motion, for an estimate of the expences of fortifying

the West-India islands; which, however, he afterwards withdrew.

Mr. Sheridan then moved several other motions, which were all agreed to.

Sir G. Elliot, in a few words, informed the House, that he was happy at the delay his intended motion had met with, as he now thought it much more eligible to refer the charges to a Committee of the whole House, than to a Select Committee, and should therefore move to that purpose.

Mr Pitt was happy that the Hon. Baronet had altered his motion. He hoped, that no Member of the House was to be considered, by giving his vote for the commitment of the charges, as pledging himself to a decided opinion on the guilt contained in them; not only, not as to the *fact*, but, admitting the facts, not as to the *matter*. He himself, from the cursory view he had of them, could not pretend to give an opinion; and he confessed, that, even in the most serious charge of all, he had very strong doubts, whether the facts alledged were contrary to the law of England.

Ordered, to be committed on Monday the 4th of February.

Adjourned to Thursday, Jan. 31, 1788.

A N E C D O T E.

IN the town of GALWAY in IRELAND there is a very ancient stone-house, over the door of which is coarsely carved a Death's Head and Cross Bones.—The circumstance which caused this emblem is curious.

About the time of Henry VII. or perhaps earlier, the town was in itself a palatinate, and all the law proceedings ran in the name of the mayor, who had also the power of pardoning or condemning criminals.—John de Burgh, then mayor, was a very opulent merchant, and traded largely, especially with Cadiz in Spain.—On some occasion he sent over his only son with a cargo to Don Alonzo Herrera, his correspondent there, who received young De Burgh with the greatest hospitality; and on his departure he sent with him on a visit his own son, together with a very large sum in specie to purchase merchandize.—The young De Burgh, tempted by this wealth, with the assistance of two or three of the crew, the vessel being his father's, threw the young Spaniard overboard, and on his return appeared greatly distressed by the loss of his friend, who he pretended had died at sea of a fever.—For some time this succeeded, but at length on a quarrel between two of the sailors concerned in the murder, the whole business transpired, the men were seized, and instantly accused young De Burgh.—The wretched father was obliged to mount the tribunal, to sit in judgment on his only son, and with his own lips to pronounce that

sentence which left him childless, and at once blasted for ever the honour of an ancient and noble family.—His fellow-citizens, who revered his virtues and pitied his misfortunes, saw with astonishment the fortitude with which he yielded to this cruel necessity, and heard him doom his son to a public and ignominious death on the following morning.—Their compassion for the father, their affection for the man, every nobler feeling was aroused, and they privately determined to rescue the young man from the prison that night, under the conviction that De Burgh, having already paid the tribute due to justice and his honour, would secretly rejoice at the preservation of the life of his son.—But they little knew the heart of this noble magistrate.—By some accident their determination reached his ear; he instantly removed his son from the prison to his own house, and after partaking with him the office of the holy communion, after giving and receiving a mutual forgiveness, he caused him to be hung at his own door; a dreadful monument of the vengeance of Heaven, and an immortal proof of a justice that leaves every thing of the kind in story at an immeasurable distance.

The father immediately resigned his office, and after his death, which speedily followed that of his son, the citizens fixed over the door of the house a skull and bones, which remain here to this day.

SKETCH

SKETCH of the LIFE and CHARACTER of the late Colonel HENRY WATSON.

[By a CORRESPONDENT.]

[With a PORTRAIT of him.]

THOUGH the works of eminent men are the most durable monuments of their fame, yet the inquisitive mind is not always content with reading or understanding a work of genius, or contemplating the beauties of a fabric. Thus, in perusing a work of distinguished merit, or viewing an ingenious piece of mechanism, when the first transports of our admiration subside, we want to be informed of the author, or artist. So the Marquis de l'Hospital, when he first heard of the discoveries of the immortal Newton, exclaimed, "Does Mr. Newton eat, drink, and sleep like other men?" Anecdotes alone can satisfy this laudable curiosity; but it has been a complaint, too often well founded, that most of those concerning men of science are generally buried in oblivion. It is owing to this neglect that one of the greatest mathematicians this age has given birth to, now lies undistinguished in a little country church-yard; I mean, the great Mr. *Emerson*, who has enriched science with so many valuable publications.

What has already transpired respecting the subject of the following Sketch, is, for the most part, of a political nature: indeed, his life was an active one; but he joined theory and practice; and though *Holland* may boast a *Coeborn*, and *France* a *Vauban*, yet *England* can boast their superiors in a *Robins* and a *Watson*.

HENRY WATSON was the son of a grazier, who lived at Holbeach in Lincolnshire, where he was born in or about the year 1737. When twelve or thirteen years old, he was sent to Gosberton school, then kept by Mess. Birks. Here his genius for the mathematics soon discovered itself; and his application was so great, that, it is said, in a little time he surpassed his masters; indeed, his progress must have been rapid, for as early as 1753 he cut a conspicuous figure as a mathematician in the *Ladies Diary*.

About this time the late Mr. *Whitchot* of Harpswell, then and many years after one of the Members of Parliament for Lincolnshire, hearing of young *Watson's* extraordinary abilities, sent for him, and had him examined by the master of *Brigg* school; whose report was so much in his favour, that Mr. *Whitchot*, ever ready to encourage rising merit, used his interest and got him into the Royal Academy at *Woolwich*; and he soon after obtained a commission in the corps of Engineers.

Under that great mathematician Mr. *Thomas Simpson*, then the Professor, he profes-

sed his studies, and continued to write for the *Ladies Diary*, which at that time was conducted by Mr. *Simpson*, till 1761, the year after *Simpson* died. After being the scholar, he became the friend and intimate of *Simpson*, who always held him in the greatest esteem; and such was his opinion of *Watson's* abilities, that at his decease he left him his unfinished mathematical papers, with a request, that he would revise them, and make what alterations and additions he might think necessary; and it is said, that the Colonel employed much of his leisure-time in correcting and finishing them. One of these manuscripts of *Simpson*, I am told, is a Treatise on the Construction of Bridges: this the Colonel has finished, and it is hoped, that the mathematical world will not be deprived of it.

During the war which broke out in 1756, he gave signal proofs of his superior abilities as an engineer; particularly at the siege of *Belleisle* in 1761, and at the *Havannah* in 1762. At the latter place his skill was particularly put to the proof; for having declared at a consultation, contrary to the opinion of the other engineers, that a breach might be made in the *Moro Castle*, then deemed impregnable, he was asked by the Commander in Chief, in what time he would engage to make the breach? He gave for answer, that with a certain number of men and cannon (naming them) he would undertake to do it in forty-eight hours after the proposed batteries were erected. Accordingly he undertook it, and though he was struck down by the wind of a ball which passed near his head, and carried for dead to his tent, yet he soon recovered and returned to his duty, and the breach was made in a little more than half the time. For this piece of service he not only received the particular thanks of the Commander in Chief, but of his Majesty.

His abilities soon became too conspicuous to be overlooked by that eminent soldier and politician Lord *Clive*, who singled him out as an engineer qualified for great and noble enterprises. Accordingly, he accompanied his Lordship to *Bengal*, for the purpose of carrying such plans into execution which might be thought necessary for the preservation of the British acquisitions in that quarter; or to assist his Lordship in any further operations he might think requisite for the interest of his country.

It was not difficult for a person of the Colonel's penetration to see the advantageous situation

situation of the Bay of Bengal. He knew that if proper forts were built, and the English marine put on a tolerable footing in that part, they might soon become masters of the Eastern seas; he, therefore, got a grant of lands from the East-India Company for constructing wet and dry docks, and a marine yard at Calcutta, for cleansing, repairing, and furnishing with stores the men of war and merchantmen. A plan of the undertaking was drawn, engraved, and presented to his Majesty, and the East-India Company, and fully approved of; and the works were carried on for some years with a spirit and vigour that manifested the judgment and abilities of the undertaker; and though the utility of such a great and national concern is too obvious to be insisted on, yet the Colonel, after sinking upwards of 100,000*l.* of his own property in the noble design, was obliged to desist, to the eternal disgrace of this nation.

It is very natural for the reader to ask, why the Colonel was stopped in his proceedings? Time, perhaps, may answer this question; at present we must be content with conjectures. It is well known that about this time the French had sufficient reason to be jealous of the growing power of Great Britain, especially in the East Indies; and it is also as well known how Lord Clive and his friends were treated both at home and in the East-Indies after the Earl of Chatham's administration.

Col. Watson had determined to come immediately for England to seek redress; but, on consulting his friend Mr. Creafsy, (the superintendant of his works) he changed his resolution. Mr. Creafsy represented to the Colonel, the loss he would sustain in quitting so lucrative an employment as chief engineer to the East-India Company; the gratification his enemies would receive on his leaving that country; the expences attending a voyage to and from Europe; the loss the Company might experience during his absence; and finally, the delay and uncertainty of the Law. These considerations induced him to send Mr. Creafsy in his stead. This happened just at the eve of the last Spanish war; and, as the Colonel had great quantities of iron and timber in store, he resolved to build three ships, two of 36, and one of 32 guns; and in consequence he sent instructions to his agents in England to procure *Letters of Marque*; and Mr. Creafsy was to return with them over land. These vessels were to cruise off the Philippines for the purpose of intercepting the Spanish trade between Manilla and China. This design, however, was frustrated, perhaps by the same means that stopped his proceeding with the docks; for

his agents on applying for the letters received a positive denial.

But these disappointments did not damp the Colonel's enterprising spirit; for, as soon as he heard of the ill success of his agents in England, he very prudently employed the two vessels he had finished in commercial service. The third remains to this day unfinished.

Perhaps the Colonel has not left his superior as an engineer. For near ten years he was the chief engineer of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa. The East-India Company, in a great measure, owe their valuable possessions in that quarter to his unexampled exertions; for, in spite of party disputes, of bribery on the part of the nations then at war with the Company, and of the numerous cabals which perplexed and embarrassed their councils, he executed the works of *Fort William*, which will long remain a monument of his superior skill, and, for its strength, may justly be styled the *Gibraltar of India*. Nor are the works at *Buge Bage* and *Melancholy Point* constructed with less judgment.

But he did not confine his studies to the military sciences. In 1776 he published a Translation of the celebrated Euler's Treatise, entitled, "*Theorie complete de la Construction et de la Manœuvre des Vaisseaux*." His motives for this undertaking will be seen best in the following extract from the dedication to Lord Sandwich.

"The great variety of important knowledge contained in Euler's *Theory of the Construction and Management of Ships*, and a wish to extend the benefit of his labours to such of my countrymen as are not conversant in the technical language of the original, have been my sole motives for attempting an English translation of that celebrated work. I shall be happy if the success of the learned professor, in treating the natural difficulties of the subject, may excite the navigators and artists of this kingdom to render his theory more perfect, and to become as eminently skilled in the scientific as they now confessedly are in all the practical branches of their profession."

This work is divided into three Books, besides a Supplement. *Book 1.* is upon the efforts of the water to bend the vessel.—Upon the means of giving to vessels a sufficient degree of stability.—Upon the rolling and pitching of vessels.—*Book 2.* of the resistance which vessels experience in their courses, and upon the action of the rudder.—*Book 3.* Upon the masts, and of the management of vessels. The Supplement is upon the action of oars. This the Colonel received in manuscript from Euler just before he had finished the translation of what was published. But the Colonel has not given a more

mere translation; for he has enriched it with many additions and improvements of his own; and he intended to have enlarged the work in a future edition, by making experiments for discovering the resistance of bodies when moving in a fluid; but I have not been able to learn if he has left any papers on the subject.

This book, which is almost the only one of the kind in the English language, ought to be in the hands of every Master-ship-builder; for though the subjects are handled scientifically, yet such practical rules for constructing vessels to advantage might be drawn therefrom as would amply repay the trouble of a close perusal. The Colonel has given the best proof of this in the *Nonfuch* and *Surprize* frigates; the first, of 36, and the other of 32 guns. These were built under his particular direction by Mr. G. Louch, and a few black carpenters at Bengal, at his own expence, and have proved the swiftest sailers of any ships hitherto known.

The Colonel's genius was formed for great undertakings. He was judicious in planning, cool and intrepid in action, and undismayed in danger. He studied mankind, and was a good politician. Few, perhaps, better understood the interests of the several nations of Europe and the East. He was humane, benevolent, and the friend of indigent genius. His friendship and generosity towards Simpson's widow is well known. And when Mr. Rollinson, a man of great abilities as a mathematician, conducted the Ladies Diary, after the death of Mr. Simpson, and was barely existing on the pittance allowed him by the Stationers Company, the Colonel sought and found him in an obscure lodging, and generously relieved his necessities, though a stranger to his person. This the old man related while the tears of gratitude stole down his cheeks. He survived the Colonel's bounty but a short time.

By long and hard service in an unfavourable climate, he found his health much impaired, two or three years before he left India; and therefore, in 1785, he put his affairs in a train of settlement, in order to return to England, not only to try the effects of his native air, but to prosecute the *East India Company* for not supporting the faith of

the grant they had solemnly made to him for the dock-yard. In the spring of 1786, he embarked on board the *Deptford Indiaman*; but the flux, and a bilious complaint with which he had sometimes been afflicted, so much reduced him by the time he reached St. Helena, that he was not able to prosecute his voyage in that ship. This island is remarkable for the salubrity of its air, of which the Colonel soon found the benefit; but the importunity of his friends, or his own impatience to see England, got the better of his prudence, for as soon as he began to gather strength he took his passage in the *Asia*; the consequence was a relapse, which weakened him to such a degree by the time he arrived at Dover, that he lingered but a short time, and at that place departed this life on September 17, 1786.

He was buried in a vault made in the body of the church at Dover, on the 22d of the same month, in a private manner; only three of his confidential friends attended the funeral, namely, John Barchard, Esq. his agent, Mr. James Cressy, and Mr. George Louch, his ship-builder.

It is to be hoped that the Colonel's plan will still be carried into execution; but it is much to be regretted that he was not permitted to finish it himself: his knowledge of the country, joined to his great skill, in a little time must have laid the foundation for a superiority of the British arms in the East; and therefore his death may be accounted a national loss. No English engineer, since Mr. Benjamin Robins, F. R. S. possessed equal abilities. The same climate proved fatal to both; Mr. Robins died at Madras in the Company's service; and it may be said of the Colonel, that after he had quitted it, he lived but just long enough to bring his bones to England. The life of the former has been written by men of literary reputation, and it is the wish of the writer of this hasty sketch, that a more able pen would do justice to the distinguished merit of the latter.

* * * We hope to give a farther account of the *Dock business* in some future Number.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

Written by ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.
And Spoken by Mr. PALMER, at the

ROYALTY-THEATRE,

On the Benefit Night for the MARINE
SOCIETY.

FOR noble ends when here this audience
meets,

And every breast with British ardour beats;

When thus the naval Guardians here conspire
In the brave sea-boy's mind to fan the fire;
May I—a persecuted Actor!—dare
In zeal like yours to claim an humble share?
In this great cause how willing could I soar
To heights, my feeble wing ne'er reach'd before.

O for a Muse of fire! great Shakspeare's Muse!
Wide thro' the realm one spirit to diffuse.

But

But not for me th' immortal bard to quote :
Three modern Managers claim all he wrote,
Else Henry's war and Agincourt we'd show,
And bid with kindred warmth your bosoms glow.

What scenes for worthy here to strike your view,

As that which Britain's sons now act anew ?
Rouz'd by the Gaul, when late with fierce alarms

The nation rung, and Heroes grasp'd their arms,

The Genius of the Isle then stood confess'd ;
Sull our Fifth HARRY lives in GEORGE'S breast.

A people's rights 'tis Britain's to restore,
And spread fair Liberty from shore to shore.
A Brunswick here supports the public cause ;
For Nassau there his sword a Brunswick draws.

United thus, we chase all danger far,
Content with Peace, but still prepar'd for War ;

One voice, one hand, when Liberty inspires ;
Man but our navy, and the foe retires.

Firmas Gibraltar Albion's cliffs shall stand,
And other ELIOTS guard their native land ;
To France and Spain once more our power display,

And bid them summon on one glorious day,
An amphitheatre of Princes round,
To view the scene and tremble at the sound.

If war must come, with ten-fold vengeance stor'd,

Our flag display'd and English hearts on board,
Our fleets in ev'ry clime the wave shall sweep,
And hear their thunder o'er the furrow'd deep ;

'Till farthest India, near the rising day,
With willing hearts shall own Britannia's sway ;

'Till the new world the seas in vain divide,
And wealth come floating on each swelling tide ;

'Till hostile nations all state craft shall cease,
And bind with sacred Truth a lasting Peace.

This glorious end the Navy's friends pursue ;

Of their wise system this the gen'rous view.
Ye Patriot Band, proceed : to Albion's eyes
From your own School of War, new HAWKES may rise ;

Perhaps some youth, whom now with care you train,

In time may wield the TRIDENT of the main.

And hark ! they come ; — these sounds proclaim them near ;

The Plants you rear'd ! Britannia's Sons appear.

The back scene draws and discovers a view of the sea, a man of war with

colours flying.—Then a procession of the Marine boys, with officers and sailors. The curtain drops to "Rule Britannia."

P R O L O G U E

T O

The NEW PEERAGE,

Written by RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

And spoken by Mr. WROUGHTON.

POETS were privileg'd in ev'ry age
To nominate the Peerage of the Stage :
New Lords and Ladies—and when you join hands,

As their SUPPORTERS, the Creation stands.
But our Stage-Lords are not like Lords of State,

For 'tis not merit only makes us great ;
Forts well defended—hostile fleets subdu'd—
Long life devoted to our country's good ;
Deserts like these make not promotion certain

To our great House of Peers behind the curtain :

No, Sirs ; the Comic Muse revokes these rules,

And deals her titles out to knaves and fools ;
Her Lady Babs and Bettys — (ye upon her !)—

Are not all Ladies of the purest honour.

This night our Comic CIRCUS with a word
Transforms a sober Cit into a Lord ;
To make the metamorphosis complete,
Her real Lord she sends to Lombard-street :
Mean while the moral of these transformations

Teaches Content in your respective stations.

You above Temple-bar, and you below,
Steer to the Westward you—you EASTWARD-HO !

Keep wide apart, good Sirs, for your own sakes ;

Here Courts of Aldermen—there Clubs of Rakes :

Here Bank of England—there let Pharaohs sit—

Wit without money, money without wit.

To you, ye Lords, if Nature lends a heart,
The world's great stage presents a leading part ;

Ad up to your high cast—exert your skill,
And study well the characters you fill :

The Muse shall prompt you in the glorious cause,

And Theatres resound with your applause !
Hold fast, ye traders, to your own domain,
The seat of credit, and the source of gain :
Whilst you support a British merchant's fame,

The Peerage cannot boast a nobler name.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miss FARREN.

WELL, here I come, my sex's right to claim,

Who by loquacity aspire to fame :
The last word ever was a woman's rage,
And prudent poets grant it on the stage ;
Our curtain lectures furly spouses bear,
And beaux unmarried take a sample here.
And yet, methinks, our author of to-night
Might well the boldest friend to Hymen
fright.

What ! rashly bid each parent claim his child !
How could the venture on a thought so wild !
A Comedy she calls the piece too ! fy !
I rather think she means a Tragedy :
For say what direful scenes must soon arise,
Should ev'ry parent learn to doubt his eyes ?
Or some strange magic ev'ry son inspire.
In wicked days like these to claim his fire ;
What civil wars !—But hold—suppose my
fan

For one half hour this dangerous talisman.
(*Waves it.*) Before its magic pow'r what
crowds retire !

Peer, rustic, merchant, alderman, and 'squire !
I see them struck at once with wild affright !
I see—I see them—tho' they're not in sight !
Here, hopeful fathers stand without a son ;
There, bachelors—by families undone !
A strange contraction seizes well-turned
locks,

And in a snug round curl beaux mount the
box !

While unplumed toasts—now toasts, alas !
no more,

Contented dress those caps which once they
wore.

Are there who angrily the portrait view ?
Ah, let them turn to life, and own it true !
Mark that rank soil where vice or folly
thrives,

The careless husbands and the faithless wives :
Then bid some favouring Genius once again
Descend and bring the Virtues in her train ;
Bring some fair gift by magic touch refined,
Which more than bond or settlement may
bind.

And soft—even now I've found the precious
spell,

'Twas from the brilliant eyes around it fell !
'Tis love—of every tie the certain test ;
Secure the charm and bind it to your breast !
Without it, marriage vows are dicers oaths ;
And folly sullies what affection loaths.

Then seize the hint, adopt the generous pas-
sion,

Bid Doctors Commons be no more in fashion :

Guard what the truest constancy imparts,
And since your eyes deceive you—trust your
hearts.

Dec. 11. The tragedy of *Julia*, acted one
night last season, after various impediments
was again produced at Drury Lane. The
performers were the same, except that Mr.
Wroughton represented the character before
acted by Mr. Palmer, and all acquitted them-
selves as well as on the former occasion.

P R O L O G U E

TO THE

Tragedy of J U L I A.

Written by EDMOND MALONE, Esq.

Spoken by Mr. KEMBLE.

FROM Thespis' days to this enlighten'd
hour,

The stage has shewn the dire abuse of power ;
What mighty mischief from ambition springs ;
The fate of heroes, and the fall of kings.
But these high themes, howe'er adorn'd by
art,

Have seldom gain'd the passes of the heart :
Calm we behold the pompous mimic woe,
Unmov'd by sorrows we can never know.
Far other feelings in the soul arise,
When private griefs arrest our ears and eyes ;
When the false friend, and blameless suffering
wife,

Reflect the image of domestic life :
And still more wide the sympathy, more keen,
When to each breast responsive is the scene ;
And the fine cords that every heart entwine,
Dilated, vibrate with the glowing line.—
Such is the theme that now demands your ear,
And claims the silent plaudit of a tear.
One tyrant passion all mankind must prove,
The balm or poison of our lives—is *love*.
Love's sovereign sway extends o'er every
clime,

Nor owns a limit or of space or time.
For love, the generous fair—one hath sustain'd
More poignant ills than ever poet feign'd.
For love, the maid partakes her lover's tomb,
Or pines long life out in sad toothless gloom.
Ne'er shall Oblivion shroud the Grecian
wife *,

Who gave her own to save a husband's life.
With her contending, see our Edward's bride
Imbibing poison from his mangled side.
Nor less, though proud of intellectual sway,
Does haughty man the tyrant power obey :
From youth to age by love's wild tempest
tost,

For love, even mighty kingdoms has he lost,

* —*Speſtant ſubeuntem fata mariti,*
Alceſtem. Juv.

Vain—wealth, and fame, and Fortune's
soft'ning care †,

If no fond breast the splendid blessing share;
And each day's bustling pageantry once past,
There, only there, his bliss is found at last.

For woes fictitious oft your tears have
flow'd;

Your cheek for wrongs imaginary glow'd.
To-night our poet means not to assail
Your throbbing bosoms with a fancy'd tale.
Scarce sixty suns their annual course have
roll'd,

Since all was real that our scenes unfold.
To touch your breasts with no unpleasing pain,
The Muse's magic bids it live again;
Bids mingled characters, as once in life,
Resume their functions, and renew their
strife;

While pride, revenge, and jealousy's wild
rage,

Rouse all the genius of the impassion'd stage.

EPILOGUE,

Written by JOHN COURTENAY, Esq.

Spoken by Mrs. SIDDONS.

THOUGH tender sighs breathe in the tra-
gic page,

What lover now complains—but on the
stage?

No suitor now attempts his rival's life,
But lets him take that cordial balm—a wife:
And yet, to prove his pure and constant
flame,

Still loves his mistress in the wedded dame;
Still courts his friend, and still devoutly bows
At the fair shrine where first he breath'd his
vow.

For love she knows some gratitude is due,
Searches her heart, and finds there's room for
two;

And often sees, her coy reluctance o'er,
Good cause to prize her *caro sposo* more.
Thus modish wives with sentimental spirit
May go astray, to prove their husbands' merit,
Or open the door in this commodious age,
Without death's aid, to 'scape from wedlock's
cage.

Abjuring rules, that soon will seem romance,
Love's gay system we import from France;
Rescind politely our old English *duty*,
And take off all restraints from wine and
beauty;

While lighter manners cheer our native
gloom,

As Spanish wool refines the British loom.

Had Fashion's law of old such influence
shed,

The raptur'd Claudio ne'er had timeless bled:
His bliss with joy Mentevole had seen,
And Julia's favourite Cicisbe' had been.
The assiduous lover, and the husband bland,
Like Brentford kings, had still walk'd hand
in hand;

Together still had shone at Park, and play,
Quaffing the fragrance of the same bouquet.

Our varlet poet, with licentious speech,
Thus far our injur'd sex has dar'd *impeach*.
The female character thus rudely flurr'd,
'Tis fit, at last, that *I* should have a word.
First then, without rejoinder or dispute,
This *virtuous* circle might each *charge* refute.
That 'tis a *nuptial age*, I sure may say,
With their own wives when husbands run
away.—

But truce with jest. Howe'er the wits may
rail,

The cause of truth and virtue must prevail.
Of former times whatever may be told,
We are just as good as e'er they were of old.
Connubial love here long has fix'd his throne,
And bliss is ours, to foreign climes un-
known.

If *now and then* a tripping fair is found,
On Scandal's wings the buzzing tale flies
round:

While blameless *thousands*, in sequester'd life,
Adorn each state, of parent, friend and wife;
From private cares ne'er wish abroad to
roam,

And bless, each day, the sunshine of their
home;

Unnotic'd keep their noiseless happy course,
Nor dream of second wedlock or divorce.

I see the verdict our's; you smile ap-
pause;

So, with your leave, again I'll plead our
cause;

New triumphs nightly o'er this railer gain,
And to the last our female rights maintain.

15. *All on a Summer's Day*, a comedy by Mrs. Inchbald, was acted at Covent Garden; but meeting with some disapprobation from the audience, was immediately withdrawn. This comedy, which possessed some of the merits of the Lady's former performances, seems to have been not finished with that care which the reputation she has acquired demanded from her; but as we find it was produced without her hearty concurrence, we shall recommend a revival of it, when we think it will meet with more approbation.

† "Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender art
"With favour never clasp'd."

Timon of Athens.

The

The following letter to the Conductor of one of the Morning Papers, which has not been contradicted, ought to be preserved.

SIR,

IT is with the utmost concern I write upon the subject you require—yet no consideration can prevent my repeating, thus called upon—what—before the representation of “All on a Summer’s Day”—I never kept a secret—but had I been so fortunately cautious, I should certainly now have kept a profound one.—This Play was given to the Theatre *contrary to my inclination, and even contrary to my most earnest intreaties.* It has been laying by me *above two years*, in which time I have written two plays, besides other pieces, *merely to postpone* the fate I had conceived would attend this.—Yet, compelled to say thus much in justification of what you demand, I must add, that the friendly, liberal, and very *generous* behaviour of the Manager of Covent Garden Theatre to me, as an Author, prevents me from the smallest suspicion, that my advantage was not seriously considered in the producing this piece—and if to his mistake I have to lament its being represented, I likewise owe to his judgment the representation of many pieces, which, but for his good opinion of them, would most probably never have been brought forward.—“The Midnight Hour” I repeatedly declined translating, and at last undertook it, solely in deference to his opinion rather than my own, for which I have ever acknowledged myself obliged to him, and have never refused to mention that circumstance in the same manner as I have frequently mentioned my *extreme reluctance*, that “All on a Summer’s Day” should be performed, which, I imagine, first gave occasion to the paragraph I am now called upon to vindicate.

ELIZABETH INCHBALD.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

ALL ON A SUMMER’S DAY.

Written by H. S. WOODFALL, jun.

And Spoken by Mr. FARREN.

WHEN haughty man usurp’d fair Learning’s throne,

And made the empire of the Stage his own,
He rul’d the realm where Genius seldom smil’d,

And Nonsense hail’d him as her darling child;
She bade polemic persecution rage,
And faction’s tumults thunder on the Stage;
And oft’ when meaner subjects would avail,
Rais’d the loud laugh by Gammer Gurton’s tale.

There were, who, zealous in the Drama’s cause,

Strove to enforce its violated laws;

Who, scorning Custom’s tie, indignant broke
Her slavish bonds, and spurn’d her galling yoke;

To whom her golden gates Fame open threw:
Great were their merits, but their numbers few.

Bard followed bard, yet few could justly claim

The laurel’d trophies of a lasting name,
Till gentle woman seiz’d the pen, and writ,
And shone not less in beauty than in wit.
Woman! by honest emulation fir’d,
By sense directed and by wit inspir’d;
Sportive, yet elegant; tho’ pointed, chaste,
To mend our manners, and refine our taste.
Man from her learnt the fascinating art,
To please the fancy, captivate the heart,
And paint the scenes of happiness and strife;
The various scenes that chequer human life!

This night a woman for your favour sues,
(When beauty asks, can gallantry refuse?)
At whose command, the buffo’s ductile face
Licentious humour moulds not to grimace.
No dragons wave their fiery pinions here;
She bids no giants on the stage appear;
No phantom rises to appal your souls,
No lightning flashes, and no thunder rolls,
’Tis her’s the tale of sorrow to impart,
And melt to sympathy the feeling heart.
Nor you behold her efforts with disdain,
Damp her warm hopes, and let her write in vain.

On your decision all her joys await,
Whose smiles are rapture, but whose frowns
are fate.

Wednesday the 26th inst. a new pantomime, called *The Dumb Cake, or, The Regions of Fancy*, was performed at Covent Garden for the first time.

Pantomime is one of the few things which defy Fortune.—It was always so bad, that we know not when or where it could have altered for the worse.

From the amending Taste of the Times, the late proper condemnation of Rich’s nonsense, it was hoped that this sort of mockery was gone by. They who think it should come again, may let it come, on this occasion, as well as any other.

The Dumb Cake, we are told, is found as a pastime in some of the distant parts of England. Most people, probably, will be contented to leave it where they find it. It is no more than some half dozen female figures with Columbine, in dumb shew, about a large cake—till a shade on the waistcoat exhibits a whole length of Harlequin by himself—and then with Colombine and a priest. This vision is succeeded by the reality of Harlequin ascending through the cake—This is followed by the elopement, and that by the pursuit—

which, with more than the usual quantity of fathers, mothers, lover, and his suite; with the surprises, escapes, and recoveries, fill up about an hour and a half, till Cupid stops them, and reproduces the united pair, in a Transparent Palace.

This Pantomime, like all other modern productions of the same kind, has its share of incongruity, and violation of probability, but it possesses more food for laughter, and infinitely stronger claims to public favour, than any of the various Pantomimes lately produced. The business is such as serves to keep attention awake, and to gratify those who admire all that tends to "elevate and surprise." The machinery is various and well contrived, the music (by Mr. Clagett) sprightly and agreeable, and the scenes are in general well painted; some of them in a superior style.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

Spoken by Mr. PALMER, at the ROYALTY THEATRE,

On Mr. SEDGWICK's First Appearance.

Written by Mr. BIRCH.

BROAD as the light, and gen'ral as the air,

Is public candour to dramatic fear;
Profusely beaming on the dawn of worth,
To call the latent gems of genius forth.

But in this age, whate'er the genius be,
"Who shall decide when critics disagree?"
When crush'd and cheer'd in the same
day's news,

His doubts less fame the timid actor views,
Nor know's the censure or the praise to trust,
Lest this too flatt'ring prove, or that too
just;

But fears as much (since equal mischiefs
flow)

Too warm a friend as too severe a foe!

Whether the voice of sober sense to drown,
Fame prostitutes her clarion thro' the town,
And in high sounding paragraphs she draws,
The coarser colouring of unearn'd applause;
Or Merit meekly from her humble shed
Distrusts her strength, and droops abash'd
her head;

'Tis your's to try, to censure, or to raise,
And our's to cherish, what enjoys your praise.

To-night, a plant of British growth we rear,
To grace our garden green throughout the
year.

One soil ungracious to the infant shoot,
Or ere it blossom'd, sapp'd its wholesome
root.

Transplanted here, we trust, a gen'rous soil,
And not unfriendly to the planter's toil,

Tho' chang'd the climate, still may we behold
The same warm sun its beauties to unfold;
So shall its strength increase, its pow'rs
expand,

And ev'ry rude assailing blast withstand;
Firm by your sanction fix its vig'rous root,
And highly favour'd yield its grateful fruit.

The FAREWELL ADDRESS of Mr. C. LEE LEWES,

Spoken on Thursday Night the 20th inst. at
the ROYALTY THEATRE.

Written by EDWARD NOLAN.

HARD is the task—unwelcome 'is the
view,

To bid our friends and native land adieu!
Where many a scene I bore, and many a
part,

When Mirth unlock'd her stores to cheer
the heart;

Each season only clos'd upon my care,

To meet your favour the returning year.

In such a nurtur'd soil, ah! need you know

What genial shoots of gratitude must grow?

The thought how irksome then, the pain
how keen,

To view, perhaps no more, this once-lov'd
scene!

When half the tenor of our life is past,

To part with home, and all that's dear, at
last!

By all the feelings of your bounty prest,
Conceive the conflict in this struggling
breast!—

When bound his plighted honour to restore,

The pang of *Regulus* was scarcely more.

But let me boast, (what nations can't
divide)

With manly candor, and with honest pride,—

Whatever scale of empire I may tread,

There must I see, the Flag of England spread;

And hear, where'er the God of Day can run,

Of Britain's glory, and of Chatham's Son!

Let Fortune shift the scene, or chance
display

The various colours of my future day;

The light of sunshine, or the gloom of shade,

Beam on my bosom, or enwrap my head,

While memory wakes me to your goodness
past,

Or the warm pulses of this frame can last,

Tho', like the Hebrew, to retard my stay

Angels shower'd manna in my destin'd way;

If Heav'n shou'd deign my wishes to fulfil,

My *Land of Promise* shall be *England* still;

And while the distant journey I pursue,

I'll think of *Gratitude* and think of *You*.

[P.R.O.]

PROLOGUE TO MATILDA,

Written by Mr. PRATT,

Spoken by Mr. FECTOR, on the 18th inst.
at his private Theatre at DOVER.

[Enters, as speaking Hamlet's Soliloquy.]

TO fight or not to fight? that is the
question—

The grand debate, and general suggestion;
The martial note of warlike preparation,
Rings an alarm bell throughout the nation;
There's ammunition in each face you meet,
And smells of gunpowder in every street;
The regimental'd and the trowser'd trains
Already count their conquests and their gains;
The hardy veteran now restor'd to pay,
Again anticipates the glorious fray;
Grasps his good sword, which peace con-
demn'd to rust,

And fees in vision squadrons bite the dust;
While the brave youth feels all his bosom
glow,
Dreams every night he rushes on the foe;
Ev'n beardless boys assume the proud cockade,
Brandish their bamboos, and cry, "*Who's*
afraid!"

In short, so broad has spread the martial
passion,

That blue and scarlet will be all the fashion.
O! had there been a war, Sirs, ere we
play'd,

We would ourselves have joined the glorious
trade;

In case of proclamation, I bespoke—
An *Epic Prologue*, full of *fire* and *smoke*;
I had contracted with the Muse to sound
The clarion till it echoed ten miles round:
You should have seen, although no blood
they spill,

A more than blunderbuss in every quill;
Here would we pitch our tents, and prove
an host,
And FECTOR's buskin'd heroes guard the
coast.

To arms!—to arms!—Blank verse and
rhyme should rattle,

And every scene should animate the bat-
tle—

The Foe should hear us more than half seas
over,

And dread our cannonading here at Dover:
As erst in Rome, the dazzling eagle stood
On the Chief's beaver in the Granic flood;
Upon our helmets should it proudly light,
And our sport emulate the real fight.

Our little Stage, a War Office should be,
Fraught with *Dramatical Artillery!*
And *Master of our Ordnance*—NAT. LEE. }

While even you, ye Fair, in Glory's cause,
Would aid our thunder with your kind ap-
plause;

For oh! in Peace or War, in Beauty's frown
More terror lies than facking of a town;
And from your smiles dart forth such con-
quering powers,
I feel now, now—the Victory is our's.

EPILOGUE TO MATILDA.

Written by a FRIEND.

Spoken by Mr. FECTOR.

WHILE like the clock, the Satirist so
four

Still points his finger to the passing hour;
In follies present loses follies past,
And swears this age much worse is than the
last;

Why will not some good-natur'd soul among
ye,

Proclaim aloud how much such blockheads
wrong ye?

Improvement now old hobbling Time derides,
And hurries after with gigantic strides;
Learn what you will, an advertising tutor,
Who teaches by the hour, becomes your
suitor.

Why send a boy for years to school and col-
lege,

When he may travel post the roads of know-
ledge?

Where the blind tutor gallops, tho' a stranger,
Faster than him whose eyes descry his danger.
Should your son wish in minuet steps t' ad-
vance,

Twenty-four lessons teach the boy to dance;
Or soaring to *comment-vous portez-vous*,

French he may jabber in a day or two.
Then as for music, half an hour each night,

And he'll soon play an easy tune at sight:
Improvement thus improved by *distillation*,

A week at most compleats an education.
Would our young Hero farther yet proceed,

And think it necessary he should read;
Kind Criticism with candour long unknown,

(On pocket volumes raised her new-made
Throne)

Essence of *Authors* daily advertises,
And sells their Beauties at the lowest prices.

Nay, should the task of reading be too great,
There are Societies for short debate,

Where for a *single sixpence* once a week,
You're taught to read—at least you're taught

to speak,
Where the wide range of subjects must ad-
mit

A something which shall every speaker hit.
The *financier*, who warm with Rhetoric

grown,
Pays Britain's debts, but thinks not of his own,

Mourns o'er her treasury—tells how to stock
it,

Speaks but of what he feels—an empty
pocket.

Or should debate round to taxation wheel,
 There all must speak of what they all must
 feel—
 The *City Blood*, who rails at the Police,
 Best knows its weakness, for he breaks the
 peace;
 Knocks watchmen down to prove our laws
 not right,
 And in the watch-house roars reform all
 night.
 But hold, our Prompter beckons——could
 I stay,
 I meant to give the moral of our Play;

To talk of *Edwin's* virtues——*Morcar's*
 rage,
 And sermonise the follies of the age;
 Then quick as thought, digress to silks and
 gauze,
 To rival Theatres and Monstrous Crows,
 Mix politics with satire on a gown,
 And put in rhyme the news of all the
 Town;
 All this, and much more too, I meant to say,
 But for this Prompter whom I must obey;
 Who swears that he'll not prompt another
 time,
 So, go I must. Adieu! the fault's not mine,

P O E T R Y.

ODE to the CAPE of GOOD HOPE.

Written the 2d of January 1786 at Sea,

By EYLES IRWIN, Esq.

SEE! where, embosom'd in the main,
 The tow'ring Cape appears,
 Whose distant aspect not in vain
 Recalls the lapse of years.
 Full nineteen suns have run their course,
 Since guided by impulsive force,
 This stormy land was safely past;
 Alas! what numbers shall relate
 The changes of his chequer'd fate,
 Who here returns at last!

By love of independence sn'd,
 Indostan's shores he sought—
 From * civil anarchy retir'd,
 With knowledge dearly bought,
 Ere half his pilgrimage was o'er,
 To Britain's shores he took his route,
 'Long where the faithless Arab roves,
 On Hejaz' sands, or Thebais' coast,
 Or Nilus' banks, Egyptia's boast!
 He various misery proves.

The scene is chang'd!—On British lands
 Kind Fortune smiles again;
 For him her brightest page expands,
 And blots an age of pain.
 Beauty applies her silken snares,
 And Virtue's charm the conquest shares.
 What bulwarks in his bliss combin'd!

When tenderness with kindness strove,
 And constancy with nuptial love,
 Th' ambrosia of the mind!

But evil still to good is nigh,
 On pleasure borders woe;
 The brightest day that gilds the sky,
 A transient cloud must know.
 The airy dome of his desires,
 Than love a grosser base requires.
 O! baneful want of sordid gold!
 Rich in affection and content,
 Why to their loves did fate present
 No Arcady of old?

But duty calls—the husband parts,
 His orient store t' encrease;
 Again when absence rends such hearts,
 Thy triumphs, Death! shall cease:
 Strange lot! enamor'd of retreat,
 Forc'd into high ambition's seat,
 To public trust, and public care;
 Torn from the Muse, whose soothing song
 Was wont his raptures to prolong,
 His anxious thoughts to share!

'Tis past—the hard probation o'er,
 Secure he spreads his sails,
 While beaming from Ierne's shore,
 His Cynosure he hails!
 Nor yet a votary to gold,
 To avarice has repose been sold:
 Pleas'd, in the texture of his fate,
 That she, whose dear award is fame!
 To wealth prefers an honest name,
 And happiness to state!

* This alludes to the revolution in the government of Fort St. George in 1776. What misfortunes have been the consequence of the national ingratitude to Lord Pigot! It would be a painful though easy task to trace the desolation of the finest country in the world from that measure. May we mend while we say, "Hinc ille lacrymæ!"

By

By all the terrors of thy reign !
 To navies fatal found ;
 When whirlwinds sweep the southern main,
 And furies burst around ;
 By his, the † Lusitanian's fame !
 Who chang'd to *Hope* thy stormy name,
 When, pressing his adventurous sails,
 By science and ambition led,
 He rounded first thy sable head
 With favourable gales !

By all the tribes of wandering ghosts,
 Who hapless met their doom,
 When dash'd on thy inhuman coasts,
 And 'scap'd a watery tomb,
 They stray'd forlorn o'er desert sands,
 By want to die, or savage hands !
 By him, renown'd as ‡ Diu's chief !
 Who, here enduring many a death,
 While fled his wife or infants' breath,
 From tygers sought relief !

By their severe, but dubious lot,
 Who late thy vengeance brav'd,
 If living, to the world forgot,
 Or but for mis'ry sav'd !
 Amid the § Grosvenor's destin'd crew,
 By those to whom the tear is due ;
 But chief, her friend in earlier days,
 By Hosea and his partner lov'd,
 Who for a change so fearful prov'd,
 The Muse her tribute pays !
 And if a more prevailing spell
 Thy marble breast require,
 By him ||, who made thy echoes swell
 The thunders of his lyre,
 When round thy base by fortune driv'n,
 He shrin'd thy lofty brow in heaven.
 Tybur and Peneus heard the sound,
 And Phœbus with the epic wreath,
 Whose bays Moonian incense breathe,
 The bard of Tagus crown'd !

Proud Cape ! if then one Poet more,
 Tho' of the mortal kind,
 In notes infrequent, hail thy shore,
 May they acceptance find !
 Still let thy ¶ winds his canvass kiss,
 And waft him to the lap of bliss ;
 So in thy bays each fail be fur'd ;
 War still respect thy friendly coast,
 And Belgia in thy fortune boast
 Th' emporium of the world !

THE ROSE.

THE Rose had been wash'd, lately wash'd
 in a show'r

That Mary to Anna convey'd ;
 The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flow'r,
 And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were
 all wet,

And it seem'd to a fanciful view,
 To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
 On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was,
 For a nosegay ; so dripping and drown'd ;
 And shaking it rudely, too rudely, alas !
 I snapp'd it ! it fell to the ground !

“ And such,” I exclaim'd, “ is the pitiless
 “ part

“ Some act by the delicate mind,
 “ Regardless of wringing and breaking the
 “ heart

“ Already to sorrow resign'd !

“ This elegant Rose, had I shaken it less,
 “ Might have bloom'd with the owner
 “ awhile :

“ And the tear that is wip'd, with a little
 “ address

“ May be follow'd perhaps with a smile.”

† Vasco de Gama, the Portuguese navigator, who first rounded the Cape, or rather effectually rounded it, by his discovery of the East-Indies anno 1494.

‡ Don Emanuel de Souza, several years Governor of Diu, a Portuguese settlement in India, where he amassed immense wealth. On his return to his native country, the ship in which were his lady, children, and all his riches, and 500 men, sailors and domestics, was dashed to pieces on the rocks at the Cape ! For the particulars of their sufferings vide the notes to Mickle's *Lusiad*.

§ The reader will find this melancholy story detailed by the accurate pen of Mr. Dalrymple. It may be only necessary to add, that the humane researches of the late Governor of the Cape have been attended with no success ; and that the destiny of the greater part of the passengers and crew is not ascertained.

|| It is scarcely necessary to mention the name of Camoens, whose epic poem, on the discovery of India, has been introduced to us by the channel of the elegant and spirited Muse of Mickle. The *Lusiad* may be esteemed a classic, by the European nations in India ; and cannot fail to delight those who have sailed on the seas, and explored the regions it describes.

¶ It should be understood here that the year is divided between the N. W. and S. E. winds at the Cape. On this account vessels lie in Table, or False Bay—open to the opposite points—as the season serves. The S. E. wind blows from October to April.

APOLOGUS de RUSTICO et HERO.

RUSTICUS ex malo fapidissima mala quot-
annis

Legit, et urbano lecta dedit domino :
Hic, incredibili fructus dulcedine captus
Malum ipsam in propriis transiit areolas.
Hactenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,
Mota solo assueto, protinus aret iners.
Quod laudem ut patuit domino, spe lusus inani,
Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.
Atque ait, heu quanto satius fuit illa colori
(Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo !
Posses ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque vo-
racem :
Nunc perire mihi et factus et ipsa parens.

The SQUIRE and the COUNTRYMAN :

A PARODY of the above.

IN Suffex, if report say true,
Behind a peasant's cottage grew
An apple-tree—one only tree
(But that a *nonpareil*) had he.—
Aloft it rear'd its aged head,
Around its fruitful branches spread,
That bent beneath the pleteous store
Of mellow fruit it yearly bore ;
Which soon as ripe the peasant pull'd,
And for his town-bred landlord cull'd,
With honest heart, and duteous care,
As many as he well could spare :
Then with his basket on his head,
To town his annual journey sped.

That honest Hodge was well receiv'd
In town, will not be disbeliev'd—
Nor in our page will be recorded
The pleasure which his fruit afforded—
His landlord ate them to the core,
And would have done as many more—
But, John, says he, methinks this load
Must tire you vastly on the road !
A plan I have this moment found,
Which to your ease will much redound,
And save you trudging up and down.—
God bless your honour, quoth the clown,
As hoping that the Squire of course
Would compliment him with a horse,—
'Tis this—you'll take a horse or two—
And please you, master, one will do—
Replies the peasant full of glee,
Old Ball will fit me to a T.
But, says the Squire, what I intend,
You do not rightly comprehend ;
I mean to send those horses down,
And have the tree remov'd to town—
What would I give were it transplanted !
The only thing on earth I wanted
Yon little garden to compleat.—
John resist'd not the Squire's conceit,
But was too prudent to complain ;
Indeed remonstrance had been vain,

So took a horse or two, and went
To execute the Squire's intent.

Uprooted from its native soil,
With ill-judged, ill-requtted toil,
This tree, so fruitful heretofore,
Nor blossom now nor apple bore ;
But in the Squire's enclosure coop'd,
There wither'd, there untimely droop'd.—
When vegetation languid grew,
Nor from the earth its nurture drew
The sapless trunk—Ah ! cry'd the Squire,
As he beheld the tree expire,
Had I my tenant's gift, tho' small,
With thanks receiv'd, nor long'd for all—
Yon fruit-tree in its native ground
Its branches still had spread around—
Had bent beneath its wonted load,
And part on me as erst bestow'd,
But since the sickly tree's decline,
The fruits of avarice are mine,

Bromley, Dec. 8, 1787.

T. S.

To JOHN FONBLANQUE, Esq.

On the Death of a much-loved Parent.

By Mr. P R A T T.

O Friend ! if *Agony* could ne'er displace
Peace from her soul, or beauty from her
face,

If years of suffering like some faint she bore,
And breath'd to virtue till the breath'd no
more,

If keenest anguish ne'er subdu'd the mind
Where hero courage christian meekness join'd,
If when its aid the failing tongue deny'd,
Her speaking eyes extinguish'd voice supply'd,
If every look, each motion that remain'd,
The parent fondness of her heart explain'd,
If in a husband's and a child's embrace
Dying the prov'd how dear the lov'd her race,
If life's last parting sigh was kindly given,
That each might share that bliss allied to
Heav'n,

Which no vain jarrings of the world annoy,
Th' according music of domestic joy,
If without blame from youth to age she
trod,

Till nature led her to the throne of God ;
Well may the muse attend thy mother's bier,
And pay the tribute of a heart-felt tear.

O may the drops of sympathy impart
The healing balm of comfort to thy heart,
And cheer the drooping * little ones like
flow'rs,

When soft as dew-drops they descend on
flow'rs !

But lo ! from stores, dear mourners, more di-
vine,

Than all the wond'rous magic of the Nine ;
From more than bards or prophets holy fire,
Ev'n could Isaiah strike the heav'nly lyre,

* The Lady here regretted has left a numerous and amiable Family.

On her white pinions, bearing sweet relief,
Virtue herself descends to calm your grief.
O hear her hallow'd voice as thus she sings,
Dulcet as music from a thousand strings.

"Forbear to weep, and hush'd be ev'ry sigh,
"Forbear to weep a parent in the sky;
"Ev'n now her spirit in the realms of rest
"Basks in the cloudless sunshine of the blest!
"When filial Piety consigns to Earth
"The sacred corpse of her who gave it
"birth;

"When on the coffin the cold dust descends'
"And o'er the closing vault Affection bends'
"VIRTUE permits the kindred tears to flow,
"But mingles comfort in the tide of woe.
"Severe your loss, but, oh, a parent's gain,
"Triumphant pleasure blends with gen'rous
"pain;
"Forbear to weep a parent in the sky,
"Or weep with joy as you exulting cry,
"Death hath no sting, her grave is victory."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Verfailles, Nov. 19.

IT having been determined in Council, on Sunday night, that the King should meet his Parliament the next day; his Majesty set out from Versailles at 8 o'clock this day, and arrived at the *Palais* in Paris about nine, when the Peers, Presidents of Parliament, and Counsellors of State attended to receive him. His Majesty carried with him two edicts to be registered; one for a new loan of 450 millions of livres, (18,750,000*l.*) the other for the re-establishment of *Protestants* in all their civil rights. His Majesty opened the Meeting with the following Speech.

Gentlemen,

"I Am come to this Assembly to recall to my Parliament those principles from which it ought never to deviate; to hear what you have to say upon two great acts of administration and legislation, which to me have appeared necessary; finally, to reply to you upon the representations made to me by the Chamber of Vacations in favour of my Parliament at Bourdeaux. The principles which I mean to recall to your recollection, are a part of the essence of the monarchy, and I will not suffer them to be evaded or changed. I had no need of solicitation to assemble the Notables of my kingdom. I shall never be afraid of being among my subjects. A King of France is never more happy than when he enjoys their love and fidelity; but it is I only who am to judge of the use and necessity of these assemblies, and I will not suffer myself to be indirectly importuned for that which ought to be expected from my wisdom, and the love I have for my people, whose interests are inseparable from my own. The act of administration which I propose to myself, is an edict, containing a creation of successive loans for five years. I wished to have no farther recourse to the resource of loans; but order and economy must have time to make them effectual. Limited and well calculated loans will retard the operation of the former, but they will not prevent them. No new imposts will be established, and my engagements will be fulfilled. I will ever maintain, by the most constant and uniform protection, the holy religion in which I have the happi-

ness to be born, and I will not permit it to suffer the least diminution in my kingdom. But I am of opinion, that this same religion commands me not to leave a part of my subjects deprived of their natural rights, and what the state of society promises them. You will see in my answer upon the subject of the Parliament of Bourdeaux, to what a degree its conduct is reprehensible. My Parliaments ought to reckon upon my confidence and affection; but they ought to merit them, in confining themselves within the functions confided to their execution by the Kings my predecessors, being careful not to depart from, nor refuse them, and more particularly never to fail in giving to my subjects an example of fidelity and submission. My Keeper of the Seals will more fully communicate to you my intentions."

Permission having been announced to the Assembly, that every Member should deliver his sentiments without restraint, a debate ensued on the loan, warmly supported in its favour and against it; which lasted till near six o'clock in the evening, when his Majesty observing that the general opinion was for registering the edict, tired with the debate, and pressed by hunger, rose and ordered it to be registered. The Duke of Orleans arose immediately and protested against the proceedings of that day. His Majesty astonished, repeated his orders, left the Assembly, and arrived about seven o'clock at *Verfailles* to breakfast.

The King having retired, the Duke of Orleans, who had conducted his Majesty to his coach, returned, and the court deliberating on what had passed in the royal session, considering that the votes were not counted, as the standing orders of the court require, (so that no deliberation has been taken on this affair) resolved, that the court do not consider themselves as having any share in the business of this sitting.

Baron Breteuil the next day (Tuesday evening) presented his Majesty's letter to the Duke of Orleans. It contained these conclusive orders.

"I have reason to be dissatisfied with your conduct. I order you to retire to Versailles Cottage, [one of the Duke of Orleans's
3 3 seats

seats, about fifteen leagues from Paris] where you shall receive no company except that of your own family. I order you to depart immediately. You shall lie at Reincy, [about four leagues from Paris] where, for this night, you shall see none of your family, nor any person belonging to your house."

The same day L'Abbe Sabatier, and Mr. Freteau, another Member of the Parliament, were sent to prison; the first to Mount St. Michael, in Normandy, the second to Hampe, in Picardy.

After the exile of the Duke of Orleans, and the imprisonment of the two Magistrates, the Parliament went to Versailles, on the 21st, when the First President thus addressed the King.

SIR,

YOUR Parliament is come, in obedience to your orders. It has this morning been informed at the opening of the sitting, that a Prince of your august blood has incurred your displeasure, and that two Counsellors of your Court are deprived of their liberty. Your Parliament, in consternation, humbly supplicates your Majesty to restore to the Prince of your blood, and to the two Magistrates, the liberty which they have lost; having, in your presence, freely declared what their duty and consciences dictated in a sitting, wherein your Majesty had announced, that you came to take the sense of the Assembly by a plurality of suffrages.

THE KING'S Answer.

When I put away from my person a Prince of my blood, my Parliament ought to believe, that I have very strong reasons for so doing. I have punished two Magistrates, with whom I ought to be dissatisfied.

ADDRESS of the PARLIAMENT to the KING, on the Exile of the DUKE of ORLEANS, November 23.

SIR,

THE public affliction has preceded your Parliament at the feet of the Throne. The first Prince of your blood is exiled; two Magistrates of your Parliament are imprisoned by your orders: the error of this august Prince, the crime of these two Magistrates, is unknown to us. Can it have been a crime to speak the truth in the presence of your Majesty? to speak it with a respectful frankness which might merit your approbation? Your Majesty has come among us to demand our free suffrages; to give them on every occasion, is the right and duty of your Parliament, and the interest of your Majesty. He is come surrounded with our intelligence and our love. — It is true, the Keeper of the Seals has expressed the sentiments of your Majesty; — but the counsel we have given to you would no longer come from the sanctuary of justice, the asylum of the

law, and the truth, but from the abode of terror and of silence. If the Duke d'Orleans is guilty, we are all so. It was worthy the first Prince of your blood to represent to your Majesty, that you was transforming a meeting of the Parliament into a bed of justice: his declaration has but announced our sentiments: his conscience has judged of ours; and if by the effect of that concord, which nothing can destroy, between the wishes and the duty of your Parliament, the Duke of Orleans has shewn a courage worthy his birth and rank, he has no less manifested a zeal necessary to your glory. In fact, Sir, strangers cannot conceive, posterity will not believe, that we could be exposed to any danger in telling your Majesty that truth, which you have demanded in person. Your presence is always accompanied with favour; must it henceforth produce fear and affliction? A bed of justice would be less terrible than a sitting of Parliament; the loyalty of your Majesty would suppress our voices, if our confidence, encouraged by yourself, was no other but the signal of our exile or imprisonment. And what imprisonment, Sir? Honor and humanity, as well as justice, tremble at it: — the basest men have laid hands on the person of one of your Magistrates; — his house has been besieged; instruments of the Police have driven away his family. It was by prayers and entreaties to them that he was permitted to see his wife, his children, and his sisters, on his departure. They have forced him away without a servant; and that Magistrate, who, on Monday, thought himself under the personal protection of your Majesty, is gone to a distant prison, unattended but by three men, devoted to arbitrary power. — The second of these Magistrates, seized by your orders, tho' treated in his own house less cruelly than the other, has nevertheless been constrained to depart with a fever, and threatened with an inflammatory disorder, to a place where life is a continual punishment. His dwelling is a rock; his prison beat by the waves of the sea; the air he breathes unwholesome; all assistance is remote, and your Majesty, without wishing it, without knowing it, in signing the order of imprisonment, has, perhaps, signed that of his death. — Thus are two Magistrates treated, without any other known crime than that of having told the truth, which they owe to you, and which you demanded; two Magistrates acting under the dictates of their conscience, their honor, their oaths, — encouraged by your orders, your goodness, your looks — and depending with reason on the personal generosity of your Majesty. If exile is the recompence of the fidelity of the Princes of your blood; if outrages and captivity threaten the ingenuousness of the first Magistrates of the kingdom, — we may ask ourselves with

terror

terror and grief, what will become of the laws, the public liberty, so nearly allied to our own, the national honour, and the manners of the French; those manners so mild, so necessary to be preserved for the common interest of the Throne and of the people. Such designs, *Sire*, are not in your heart: Such examples are not the principles of your Majesty.—They arise from another source. Your Parliament, *Sire*, most humbly beseeches your Majesty, by the interest of your glory, to remove those afflicting councils, to consult and listen only to your own heart; and then, justice with humanity, encouraged by the return of the first Prince of your blood, and by the release of your two Magistrates, will begin to efface an example which would end by the destruction of the laws, the degradation of the Magistracy, an universal discouragement, and the triumph of the enemies to the honour of the French.

A deputation from the Parliament went again to Versailles on the 26th Nov. and received the following answer from the King to its supplications:—

“The day I sat amongst you, my Keeper of the Seals informed you by my orders, that the more goodness I shewed when I could follow the dictates of my heart, the more firm I could prove myself when I saw my goodness abused. I might here finish my answer to your supplications. But I am willing to add, that if I blame not the concern you seem to give yourselves about the detention of two Magistrates of my Parliament, I disapprove of your exaggeration of its circumstances and consequences, and of your seeming to attribute it to motives which the freedom of opinion I allowed, does not permit you to suggest. I owe no explanation to any body of the motives of my resolutions. Seek no longer to join the particular cause of those whom I have punished, with the interest of my other subjects, and that of the laws. All my subjects know that my goodness is continually awake to their happiness, and they feel its effects even in the acts of my justice. Every one is interested in the preservation of public order, and this essentially belongs to the support of my authority. If those who have been charged with the execution of my orders have behaved in a manner contrary to my intentions, I will punish them. If the place wherein the two magistrates are detained be prejudicial to their health, I will order them to be transferred to another.

“The sentiment of humanity is inseparable in my heart from the exercise of my justice. With respect to the absence of the Duke of Orleans, I have nothing to add to what I have already said to my Parliament.”

Since this answer was given, the sentences of Mr. Frereau and the Abbe Sabbatier have been changed from imprisonment to exile; the former to one of his estates, the other to a Convent of Benedictines.—*But the King's Edit for the Loan had been previously registered by the Parliament.*

SECOND PETITION of the PARLIAMENT of PARIS to the FRENCH KING,

On the Assembly of the Great Chamber of Parliaments, 10th Dec. 1787.

SIRE,

YOUR Parliaments, the Princes and Peer of your realms, being seated, have charged us with the commission of laying to the feet of your Throne their most respectful representations on your Majesty's answer to their supplication.

The Magistracy of your kingdom, as well as every true citizen, are equally astonished at the reproaches it contains, and the principles which are manifested in it.

We are however far from attributing these reproaches to the personal sentiments which inspire your Majesty.

Public decency received a severe wound in the choice of the executors of your orders. If their crime was not carried to the personal arrest of one of your Magistrates; the exposition of other facts, far from being exaggerated, is yet incomplete, and your Parliament may add, that this Magistrate, whose house was invested by armed men, himself delivered up to the agents of the Police, like a malefactor, saw himself reduced to the humiliation of being liable to the summons of an Officer, from a submission to your Majesty's order.

May we be allowed, *Sire*, to represent to you, that in devoting ourselves to the public service; in promising to release your Majesty of the first duty you owe to your nation, namely, that of justice; in bringing up our children to be subject to the same sacrifices; we never could have supposed we were designing ourselves and our children to the misfortunes, still less to outrages of so heinous a nature.

But we do not come so much to claim your benignity, as the protection of the laws. It is not to your humanity alone we address ourselves; it is not a favour which your Parliament solicits; it comes, *Sire*, to demand justice.

This justice is subject to regulations independent of the will of man—even kings themselves are subservient to them; that glorious Prince Henry the IVth. acknowledged he had two sovereigns, God and the Laws.

One of these regulations is to condemn no one without a hearing; it is a duty in all times, and in all places; it is the duty of all men, and your Majesty will allow us to represent to you, that it is as obligatory on you as on your subjects.

But your Majesty has not to execute this function, and your Parliament with pleasure brings to your recollection its glorious privilege, that of shewing mercy to condemned criminals. To condemn them yourself, is no a function belonging to Majesty. This painful and dangerous task the King cannot ex-

ercise but thro' his Judges. Those who find a pleasure in hearing your Majesty pronounce the dreadful word of punishment, who advise you to punish without a trial, to punish of your own accord, to order exiles, arrests, and imprisonments; who suppose that acts of rigour are compatible with a benign disposition, equally force a wound to eternal justice, the laws of the realm, and the most consolatory prerogative belonging to your Majesty.

It does not allow, that opinions delivered in Parliaments should be considered as motives for your rigour, and in some measure, a consolation for us. But if strong reasons should assuade you to the exile of the Duke of Orleans—if it can be called a kindness that you no longer leave two magistrates exposed to perish in distant prisons, or unwholesome places—if it is considered as an act of humanity which temperates justice, in releasing them from such a situation, they must indeed be guilty! But it is the duty of your Parliament to judge them, and we demand only, that their crimes should be published.

The means of your subjects is not less interested in the success of our reclamations than the first Prince of your blood—Yes,

Sire, not only a Prince of your blood, but every Frenchman punished by your Majesty, and especially who is punished without a hearing, becomes necessarily the subject of public alarm. The union of these ideas is not the work of your Parliament, it is that of nature, it is the voice of reason, it is the principle of the most wholesome laws, of those laws which are engraved in every man's heart, which is the principle of yours, and which assures us of your personal approbation. The cause of his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans, and of the two Magistrates, is then without our consent; and by forcing those principles, the act of the Throne, whose only foundation is justice, and without which no nation can be happy.

It is therefore, in the name of those laws which preserve empires, in the name of that liberty for which we are the respectful interpreters and the lawful mediators, in the name of your authority, of which we are the first and most confidential Ministers, that we dare demand the trial or the liberty of the Duke of Orleans and the two exiled Magistrates, who are imprisoned by a sudden order, as contrary to the sentiments as the interests of your Majesty.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

Nov. 30.

BEING St. Andrew's day, the Royal Society met at Somerset-house, and received their former officers for the ensuing year.

The gold medal (called Sir Godfrey Copley's) was presented to John Hunter, esq. for the 3 papers he communicated last year, viz.

1. An experiment to determine the effect of extirpating one ovarium upon the number of young produced.—2. Observations tending to shew that the wolf, jackall, and dog, are all of the same species.—3. Observations on the structure and economy of whales.

The whole amount of the bounties paid by the Chamber of the city of London to Volunteers to enter into his Majesty's service during the late commotions does not exceed 500l.

The following ANECDOTES of Mr. HOWARD form part of a Letter written by Dr. LETTSON to a Gentleman in America, and inserted in the *Pennsylvania Packet*, from which we have copied them, as worthy of being preserved in our Repository.

“Just as Mr. Howard got out of the stage (on his return from his travels through the East) in Bishopsgate-street, London, to take a hackney-coach, into which he was removing his trunks, one was stolen, and has never since been recovered: besides a duplicate of his travels, it contained twenty-five guineas and a gold watch. A friend of mine, who visited Newgate the next day, was told by a convict, (such intelligence have

they) that the papers were all burnt. Of the Lazaretto at Marseilles he had no duplicates, and luckily the drawings were in the preserved trunk. Howard told me, he valued them so highly, that, had they been stolen, he would have returned to Marseilles to acquire new ones. To enter this place is forbidden by strangers; and it was by a singular stratagem that he got in nine days successfully, without being discovered. Having heard at Marseilles, that an English Protestant was confined in a prison at Lyons, into which the intrusion of a stranger was always punished with confinement to the galleys for life; the difficulty of access only stimulated the enthusiasm of Howard. He learned, as well as he could, the different turnings and windings that led to the prison he more particularly wished to visit. Howard is a little man, of extenuated features, who might pass for a Frenchman: he dressed himself like one, with his hat under his arm, and passed hastily by twenty-four officers, and entered the very apartment he wished to see without suspicion. He disclosed the secret to an English Minister at Lyons, who advised his immediate departure, as he would inevitably be discovered if he remained at Lyons all night. He therefore departed hastily, and got to Nice.

“When he arrived at Paris, it was almost eleven o'clock at night. He had concluded to depart at three in the morning by the Prussians stage, and to the inn he sent his baggage.

and, hoping to get an hour or two's sleep, he went to bed. He had scarcely fallen asleep, before his room door was forced open, and in stalked a formal dressed man, preceded by a servant, bearing two lighted candles, and solemnly interrogated him in French to this purpose:—"Are you John Howard?"—"I am," replied the Englishman. "Did you travel with such a person?"—"I do not know any thing of him," said Howard. The question was again repeated, and the same reply, but with some warmth, was given to it. The personage left the candles on a table in the room, and departed; immediately Howard dressed himself, and stole to the Lyons hotel; he heard of two messengers in pursuit of him, but he arrived at Brussels undiscovered.

"At Vienna he proposed to remain two days; but the Emperor Joseph, hearing of his arrival, desired to see him: but as he had found his prisons upon a bad plan, and badly conducted by persons in high trust,

Howard evaded an interview at first; but Joseph sending him a message that he should chuse his own hour for an interview, the Englishman consented to the Emperor's request. The moment Howard's name was announced, he quitted his Secretaries, and retired with him into a little room, in which there was neither picture nor looking-glass. Here Joseph received a man who never bent his knee to, or kissed the hand of any Monarch: here he heard truths that astonished him, and often did he seize hold of Howard's hand, with inexpressible satisfaction and approbation. "You have prisoners," said Howard, "who have been confined in dungeons without seeing day-light for 20 months, who have not yet had a trial, and should they be found innocent, your Majesty has it not in your power to make a compensation for the violated rights of humanity." To the honour of this great Prince, let it be remembered, that alterations were made in the prisons before Howard's departure."

P R E F E R M E N T S.

War-Office, Oct. 27.

5th Lieut.-Col. Oliver Nicolls, from 1st reg. batt. of royals; 66th reg. Major Henry Roper; Col. Abercrombie reg. Col. James Hartley, of the East-India company's establishment at Bombay;—to be Lieutenant-Colonels.

66th reg. Brevet Lieut.-Col. Henry Bowyer, to be Major.

10th reg. drag. Lieut. John Slade, to be Captain of a troop.

17th reg. Capt.-Lieut. Gideon Shairpe; 66th reg. Lieut. Rich. Gabbit, sen.—to be Captains of companies.

Oct. 29. The most Rev. Richard Baron Rokeby, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland, the Right Hon. James Visc. Lifford, Chancellor of the said kingdom, and the Right Hon. John Foster, Speaker of the House of Commons, to be his Majesty's Justices and General-Governors of the said kingdom of Ireland.

Nov. 2. George Marquis of Buckingham, to be Lieutenant-General and General-Governor of his Majesty's kingdom of Ireland.

Scroop Bernard, Esq. to be Usher of the Black-Rod in Ireland.

The Rev. Lilly Butler, Dean of Ardfer, to be first Chaplain to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

The Hon. and Rev. Dr. John Harley, Dean of his Majesty's Chapel-Royal in the castle of Windsor, to be Bishop of Hereford, vice Dr. J. Beauchamp, deceased.

The Right Rev. Father in God, Beilby,

Lord Bishop of Chester, to be Bishop of London, vice Dr. Lowth, deceased.

Lieut.-Col. Grey, and Lieut.-Col. Gwynn, to be Aids-de-Camp to the King.

Henry Edw. Bunbury, Esq. to be one of her Majesty's Pages of honour, in the room of George Hotham, Esq.

The Rev. Rich. Farmer, D. D. Master of Emanuel, to be Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge.

The Rev. Dr. Lockman, Clerk of the Closet to the Prince of Wales, to be Master of the Hospital of St. Cross, near Winchester.

The Rev. Dr. Smith, Head-Master of Westminster-School, to be a Prebendary of Peterborough-Cathedral, vice the late Rev. Mr. Geary.

The Rev. John Pretymann, Prebendary of Norwich, to the Prebend of Aylesbury in the Cathedral church of Lincoln.

Thomas Cowper, Esq. of Overleigh, to be Recorder of Chester, vice Robert Townsend, Esq. resigned.

Lieut.-Col. Robert Mason Lewis, from the late 19th reg. light drag. to be Captain of Carlbrook-Castle, in the Isle of Wight, vice Lieut.-Col. Powlett, deceased.

Mr. Charles Weltje, to be Comptroller and Clerk of the Kitchen and Cellars to his Royal Highness the Duke of York.

His Grace Henry Duke of Beaufort to be Lord Lieutenant of the county of Leicester.

The Right Rev. Father in God, Beilby Lord Bishop of London, sworn of his Majesty's Most Hon. Privy Council, and to be Dean of his Majesty's Chapels Royal.

MARRIAGES.

THE Rev. James Yonge, rector of Newton-Ferrers, Devon, to Miss Ann Granger, of Exeter.

Capt. Thomas Hodgson, of the Earl Cornwallis East-Indian, to Miss Sarah Warren, of Warminster.

Nicholas Meilo, Esq. to Miss Saunders, of Highgate.

Francis Seymour Bailey, Esq. nephew to the Earl of Sandwich, and second-cousin to the Duke of Somerset, to Miss Haines, of Netherhaven.

At Liverpool, Capt. William Rose, of the 9th regiment, to Miss Chetwode, heiress of the late Charles Chetwode, Esq.

His Serene Highness Prince Anthony, brother to the Elector of Saxony, to her Royal Highness the Archduchess Maria Theresa, daughter to the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

The Rev. Mr. Foulkes, to Miss Symons, of Saltsall.

Edward Catsford, Esq. member for Midhurst, to Miss Lydia Manning, youngest daughter of the Rev. Henry Manning.

George Shiffner, Esq. of Pontrilas, Herefordshire, to Miss Bridger, daughter of Sir John Bridger, of Combe Place, Suffolk.

At Hereford, William Symons, M. D. to Miss Woodhouse, daughter of the late James Woodhouse, Esq.

Peter Cowling, Esq. of Fenstanton, to Miss Dickens, daughter of the Rev. Dr. C. Dickens.

The Rev. George Chamberlaine, of Wimbledon, to Miss Long, youngest daughter of the late Beeston Long, Esq.

Sir Joseph Senhouse, of Carlisle, to Miss Ashley, daughter of Joseph Ashley, Esq. of St. Legers Athley, Northamptonshire.

Richard Cowling, M. D. of Wigan, to Miss Hampson, of Bedford, Lancashire.

James Garner, Esq. to Miss Champneys, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Champneys, of St. Paul's.

The Rev. Dr. Kilvert, prebendary of Worcester, to Miss Green, of the College Precinct.

At Colchester, Lieut. Craven, of the 63d regiment, to Miss Kersteman.

John Popham, Esq. captain in the Isle of Wight militia, to Miss Mary Perry, of Wootton, in the said isle.

Col. Yorke, of the 33d regiment of foot, to Miss Dods, daughter of the late John Dodd, Esq. many years member for Reading.

John Bartholomew Bicknell, Esq. of Doctor's-Commons, to Miss Charlotte Foxcroft, daughter of Edward Foxcroft, Esq. late of Halstead, Yorkshire.

Mr. Vint, of Cheapside, to Mrs. Say, of Avemaria-lane, printer.

James Thomas, Esq. captain of the Pemborne East-Indian, to Miss Woodhouse, daughter of Mr. Woodhouse, of Leominster.

James Daberley, Esq. of Soho square, to Miss Howard, youngest daughter of the late Gerrard Howard, Esq. of Hampstead.

Mr. Andrews, attorney, of Sible-Hedingham, to Miss Ann Bullock, niece to William Bullock, Esq. clerk of the peace for Essex.

The Rev. Mr. Holme, rector of Bungay, Suffolk, to Miss Charlotte Lyon.

George Sumner, Esq. member for Ilchester, to Miss Pemble, daughter of the late Charles Pemble, Esq. commander-in-chief at Bombay.

James Bradshaw, Esq. of George-street, to Miss Dymoke, eldest daughter of the late Hon. Champion Dymoke, of Screvelsby, Lincolnshire.

The Rev. Samuel Chambers, rector of Higham in Leicestershire, to Miss Fisher, of Caldicot, Warwickshire.

William Digges Latouche, Esq. of Dublin, to Miss Puget, eldest daughter of Mrs. Puget, of Redlion-square.

John Gibton, Esq. of Ramsgate, to Miss Pairs.

MONTHLY OBITUARY.

LATELY, at Bombay, Joseph Hughes, Esq. late of the civil establishment there.

Nov. 17. The Rev. Mr. Broke, rector of Hentleham and Nacton, in Suffolk.

20. John Grantham, Esq. of London Stile House, near Kew, Middlesex.

23. Mr. Benjamin Williams, cornfactor, Tooley-street.

At York, John Sinclair, Esq. late Major of the 7th regiment of foot.

John Wells, Esq. Peckham, Surrey.

At Marybury, Cheshire, the Honourable Richard Barry, son of James, formerly Earl of Barrymore.

24. Till Hillier, Esq. many years collector: and, lately, Mr. Bere, Surgeon, at Rochester.

25. Edward Johnson, Esq. Secretary to the Commissioners of the Lottery.

Lately, Paul Fisher, Esq. of Clifton, near Bristol.

26. The Hon. and Rev. Mr. Hamilton, brother to Lord Abercorn, Canon of Windsor,

for, Prebendary of Salisbury, Rector of Taplow, and Vicar of Bray.

The Rev. Mr. Hopkins, successor to Dr. Gifford as Pastor of the Baptist meeting, Eagle-street.

Lately, in Ireland, Capt. Edward O'Brien, brother to Sir Lucius O'Brien.

27. John Pritchard, Esq. of Lamb's Conduit-street.

28. Mr. Dickens, master of Garraway's coffee-house, Exchange-alley.

Lately, in Yorkshire, — Pilkington, Esq. brother of Sir M. Pilkington, Bart.

29. Mr. Henry Sterry, a quaker in Hatton-garden.

Mr. Rayson, master of the Ship tavern, Greenwich.

Joseph Manning, Esq. Stevenage, aged 106 years.

30. Mr. Thomas Collins, confessor, in St. Paul's Church Yard.

Lately, Lord Riverdale, of the Kingdom of Ireland.

Dec. 1. William Clark, Esq. Bow Church Yard.

Mr. Francis Moore, of Cheapside.

At Summerhill, near Tanbridge, Henry Woodgate, Esq.

2. Mr. Edward Wix, many years Deputy of Bishopgate ward within.

Lady Sutton, wife of Sir Richard Sutton, Bart. and first-cousin to Lady North.

At Bishop Middleham, near Durham, General John Beckwith, who had retired many years from the Army.

The Rev. Dr. Bernard Mills, at Kitchen, Cambridgeshire, aged 72.

4. At Dartmouth, Lieut. John Summers Browne, of the Navy.

Sir John Vanbatten, Knight, of Dinton-hall, Bucks.

At Ravenhead, Lincolnshire, Mr. La Bruyere, manager of the British cast plate-glass manufactory there.

Lately, Anthony Oldfield, Esq. Steward of the Courts of the Duke of Rutland.

5. At Ilford, Mr. John Mason, aged 88, formerly a wine merchant, in London.

6. Mr. Burland, Commoner of Oriel College, Oxford.

7. Edward Wormley, esq. of Riccal in the East Riding of Yorkshire.

Miss Mary Pitt, at Hertford.

Mr. John Heming, linen-draper, of the Borough.

John Ruffel, esq. aged 81.

Mr. Robert Palmer, father of Messrs. Palmers of the Royalty Theatre and Drury-lane.

Lately, the Rev. John Fisher, M. A. Rector of Calborne, in the Isle of Wight.

8. Mr. Bennet, late partner with Mr. Sayer, printfeller, in Fleet-street.

Mr. Henry Caflon, Gower-street, Bedford-square.

Mr. Goodluck, of New-street, Shoe-lane, partner with Mr. Richardson, of Bank-buildings, stock-broker.

John Coulthard, esq. at Carlisle, twice mayor of that corporation.

Mrs. Allan, wife of George Allan, esq. Darlington.

9. In Norwich Castle, William Southgate, commonly called Capt. Southgate, of Thorham, imprisoned on an Exchequer writ for 3164l.

John Blagrove, esq. aged 75, formerly Member of Parliament for Reading.

At Earl Barton, Northamptonshire, aged 68, the Rev. Thomas Gery Bennet, 43 years Vicar of that parish.

The Rev. Wm. Gelly, Rector of Hawke-don, in Suffolk.

10. The Rev. John Heap, A. M. Rector of Cottingham, Nottinghamshire, and late Fellow of Brazen Nose College, Oxford.

Lately at Galway, the Rev. Dr. Blake, titular Primate of Ireland.

11. Mr. Richard Winstone, at Bristol, aged 88, formerly of Drury-lane Theatre.

12. Mr. Robert Court, wardrobe-keeper and assistant clerk at Christ's Hospital.

Mr. Henry Peter Kitchen, of Drury-lane.

Mr. Robert Sterling, surgeon, of Colchester, F. R. S.

Charles Finch, esq. at Cambridge, aged 81.

At Beverley, in the 83d year of his age, Samuel Spendlove, esq. many years an alderman of that corporation, and one of the eldest lieutenants in the navy.

Lately, Capt. Court, late commander of the King George East-Indiaman

13. Robert Bruce, esq. of Bloomfury-square.

At Canterbury, the Rev. John Airton, 38 years Minor Canon of the Cathedral, Rector of St. Martin's and Vicar of St. Paul's in that city.

14. Christopher Johnson, esq. county clerk and treasurer of the county of Durham.

John Hollingworth, esq. baker.

Lately, Robert Dandas, of Arncliffe, esq. Lord President of the court of session in Scotland.

15. Mr. Jonathan Delvere, sen. whale-bone merchant, near Cripplegate.

Lately, at Broasley, in Shropshire, Thomas Stephens, esq. many years senior Curator of the court of Chancery.

15. Mr. Chamier, at Southampton.

At Kirby, near Stokefly, the Rev. Wm. Ellis, brother of Mr. Elias Ellis, of Clifton, near York.

George Errington, esq. Newcastle.

Lately,

Lately, at Whithy, Mr. Marmaduke Watson, aged 98.

17. At Dover Place, Capt. Waghorn, of the royal navy.

Robert Bunney, esq. Kingston, in Surrey. At Bradfield, Suffolk, James Weller, esq. aged 109 years.

18. At his house in Tynney Street, between eleven and twelve o'clock, Soame Jenyns, Esq. in the 83d year of his age. (Some particulars of him in our next.)

At Hackney, John Barclay, Esq. son of the late David Barclay, Esq. of Cheapside, who had the singular honour of entertaining three successive Kings.

Henry Milles, Esq. timber merchant, in Rotherhithe.

At Windfor, Miss Clayton, aged 18, only daughter of Lady Louisa Clayton.

Richard Chelily, Esq. of Langley Hall, Leicestershire, aged 72.

The Rev. J. Swift, Vicar of Stoke Prior, Worcestershire, and one of the Minor Canons of that Cathedral.

19. Mr. Daniel Webster, in Leadenhall Street.

Mr. James Giffard, grocer, in Bridges Street, Covent Garden.

Colonel Hazeler, of the First Regiment of Foot-Guards.

George Mellor, Esq. Captain of the Derbyshire Militia.

Lately, Joseph Pickering, Esq. of Bedford Row.

20. Mr. Hugh Hughes, silk mercer, Charing Cross.

21. Thomas Gibson, Esq. Benwell Lodge, near Newcastle.

Mr. John Payne, merchant at Malden.

At Cheshunt, Mr. William Blackmore, jun. late of Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

22. At Colchester, the Lady of Sir Edmund Affleck, Bart.

Mr. John Maidment, of Dowgate-hill, coal-merchant.

Capt. Richard Ayrton, one of the oldest captains of the navy.

John Sage, esq. at Stanmore, aged 78.

At Hammer-smith, Mr. George Medicot, formerly a merchant in the Levant trade.

24. Mr. Turner, partner with Mr. Abbot, in Fleet-street.

25. William Yeats, esq. Edmonton.

P. P. Walsh, M. D. Member of the College of Physicians, and physician to the Lying-in Hospital, Brownlow-street.

BANKRUPTS.

JOHN Smith and Jacob Smith, of Fendition, William Smith, of Blackman-street, James Smith, of Cambridge, and John Smith, of Kingston-upon-Thames, merchants. John Standerwick, of Whitechapel, dealer. Robert Jackson, of Charing cross, merchant. Richard Todd, of Hunstet, in the parish of Leeds, clothier. James Anger, of Romsey, butcher. James Angus, of Burr-street, master mariner. John Steward, of Chelmsford, perfumer. Joseph Freeman, of Corbet-court, Grace-church-street, corn-factor. Jane Manby, of Pall-mall, milliner. John Cropper, of Welbeck-street, coach and coach-harness maker. Thomas Hopkins, of Epston, brewer. James West, of Castle street, St Giles's, broker. William Thompson, of Friday street, inn-holder. Thomas Collins, of Princes-row, dealer. John Stewart, of St. Saviour, Southwark, butcher. Wm. Williamson, of Cornhill, hardware-man. Tho. Malm, St. Martin's-le-Grand, grocer. Tho. Wilson, of Deptford, brewer. Wm. Miller, of Hanway-street, stable-keeper. Richard Lolley, of Liverpool, merchant. Joseph Mares other wife Mares's, and Morris Morris, of Nicholas-lane, merchants. Wm. Anderson, of Tid St. Giles, Isle of Ely, shopkeeper. George Payne, of Newgate-street, hofier. Benjamin Se-

vens, of St. Mary Lambeth, victualler.—John Gould, of Coventry-street, linen-dra-pper. William Manning, of the Strand, hofier. Charles Atkinson, of Newcastle upon Tyne, iron and tar merchant. Anthony Morgan, of Bristol, grocer. James Yerrall, of Tower-street, London, turner.—William Waite, of Calne, Wilts, cheese-factor. Matthew Wilkinfon, of Huddersfield, thread-maker. John Williams, of Dover-street, saddler. Wm. Atkinson, of Bear-street, Soho, currier. John Smith, of George-street, Portman-square, brick-layer. Philip Baker, of Tothil-street, linen-dra-pper. John Alderman, of Battersea, apothecary. Benjamin Howes, of Shadwell, mariner. Wm. Magness, of St. Mary-le-bone, grocer. Christopher Hall, of St. Martin's-lane, button-seller. Peter Beldam, of Royston, Cambridgeshire, draper. John Bevan, of Marazion, merchant. John Doman, of Taunton, maltster. Robert Sinclair, of Burr-street, merchant. David Swinscow, late of Queen-street, brandy-merchant. Lilly Pretty, of St. John Wapping, linen-dra-pper. Joseph Symes, of Northampton-street, St. James, Clerkenwell, butcher. John Franklin Tennard, of Epfom, in the county of Surry, dealer.

