

THE  
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

London Review.

Containing the

Literature HISTORY Politics.

Arts, Manners & Amusement of the Age.

Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ

BY THE

Philological Society of London.

VOL. XIII. for 1788.



L O N D O N

Printed for J. Sewell Cornhill, 1788.



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# THE European Magazine,

AND

## LONDON REVIEW;

For JANUARY, 1788.

[Embellished with, 1. An Emblematical FRONTISPIECE. 2. Portrait of Mrs INCHBALD, 3. VIEW of GWALIOR, in the EAST-INDIES. And 4. An engraved TITLE-PAGE and VIGNETTE.]

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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. SEWELL, Cornhill;

And J. DEBRET, Piccadilly.

[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

# AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from Jan. 14, to Jan. 19, 1788.

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

## COUNTIES upon the COAST.

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

## WALES, Jan. 7, to Jan. 12, 1788.

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

## STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

### DECEMBER.

| BAROMETER. | THERMOM. | WIND.  |
|------------|----------|--------|
| 29—30—25   | 37       | E.N.E. |
| 30—29—90   | 37       | E.     |
| 31—30—07   | 40       | S.W.   |

### JANUARY, 1788.

|          |    |        |
|----------|----|--------|
| 1—30—09  | 40 | S.E.   |
| 2—29—62  | 39 | S.W.   |
| 3—28—94  | 44 | S.S.W. |
| 4—28—96  | 46 | S.S.W. |
| 5—29—34  | 37 | E.N.E. |
| 6—29—15  | 43 | W.     |
| 7—29—67  | 37 | N.W.   |
| 8—29—68  | 38 | N.W.   |
| 9—30—18  | 38 | N.E.   |
| 10—30—22 | 36 | N.N.E. |
| 11—30—33 | 37 | N.N.E. |
| 12—30—24 | 36 | N.E.   |
| 13—30—00 | 37 | N.E.   |
| 14—30—50 | 35 | N.     |
| 15—30—52 | 28 | N.     |
| 16—30—70 | 28 | W.     |
| 17—30—65 | 36 | W.     |
| 18—30—10 | 44 | W.     |
| 19—29—75 | 41 | W.N.W. |
| 20—30—33 | 35 | W.N.W. |

|          |    |        |
|----------|----|--------|
| 21—30—16 | 37 | W.N.W. |
| 22—30—00 | 40 | W.     |
| 23—29—90 | 44 | W.     |
| 24—29—83 | 47 | W.     |
| 25—29—95 | 44 | W.     |
| 26—30—05 | 41 | S.     |
| 27—30—20 | 40 | N.W.   |
| 28—30—26 | 39 | N.     |
| 29—30—34 | 33 | S.     |

## PRICES of STOCKS,

Jan. 29, 1788.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| Bank Stock, 159 $\frac{1}{2}$ a                    | Old S. S. Ann. 75 $\frac{1}{2}$         |
| 160  | New S. S. Ann. —                        |
| New 4 per Cent. 1777, 95 7-8ths a 96               | India Stock, —                          |
| 5 per Cent. Ann. 1785, 112 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 7-8ths  | India Bonds, 84s. pr.                   |
| 3 per Cent. red. 75 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 76             | New Navy and Vict. Bills                |
| 3 per Cent. Conf. 75 $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$ | Long Ann. 22 9-16ths a 5-8ths           |
| 3 per Cent. 1726, —                                | 30 yrs. Ann. 1778, 13 15-16ths          |
| 3 per Cent. 1751, —                                | Exchequer Bills, —                      |
| 3 per Cent. Ind. An. 71 7-8ths                     | Lottory Tick. 161. 17s. a 18s.          |
| South Sea Stock, —                                 | Consols for Feb. 77 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 77. |



# P R E F A C E.

THE utility of periodical publications, their general power of entertainment, the knowledge which has been diffused through every part of the known world by means of them, and the improvement in arts, sciences, literature, and civilization, which may be ascribed to them, are so universally known and felt, that it would be a waste of time to attempt to prove what no one will deny, and which requires only the slightest observation to perceive. In spite of the splenetic sneers of fastidious pride, in spite of the interested cavils of dulness and ignorance, what is known to be beneficial will continue to be approved; what is found to convey knowledge and amusement will still be sought after and applauded. It would be no vain boasting to assert, that in the various walks of science and literature more knowledge has been conveyed to the public by this species of publication, than through any other channel whatever. Much of the improvements of the present times may, without arrogance, be claimed by the influence of Literary Journals, and the facility with which they are disseminated. At one period or other of life, who can say they have not received improvement, amusement, or rational pleasure, by means of these monthly publications?

When the names of the most eminent of the present day pass in review before us, which of them can be pointed out whose owner has not contributed his assistance at some period to a periodical publication? Here the modest and unassuming first try their powers: here the diffident may acquire confidence; the inquisitive information; the doubtful satisfaction; and the benevolent the opportunity of communicating happiness. Of the Eminent who have already passed away (and many of them highly deserving), the memorials of not a few will be preserved in no other repository.

Amidst the multiplicity of publications of this species, it cannot be denied but that some are perverted to improper purposes, and some executed with so little judgment, that no advantage to the public is derived from them. These, however, are too short-lived to deserve particular notice. The contempt which they experience fortunately consigns them to oblivion.

After six years experience, the EDITORS of THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE would be wanting to themselves were they to doubt whether the manner in which they have conducted their work had been acceptable to the public. A continued increase in their sale, and the frequent orders from abroad, sufficiently convince them that their labours have not been fruitless or in vain. Perseverance in the same line of conduct, they will consider as the best return they can make for the uncommon favour they have experienced. The same attention will be employed for the time to come, and they doubt not with equal success.

The

The PLATES which have ornamented this Work are such, as the PROPRIETORS have repeatedly received the warmest approbation of from various quarters. The same artists continue to be employed, and many portraits and subjects are at this moment executing to adorn the ensuing volumes. To solicit a comparison with other works of this nature is unnecessary. It may be confidently asserted, that in this particular no Monthly publication can stand in any kind of competition with the present.

For the Biographical department, they have been favoured with such authentic materials as cannot fail to ensure the approbation of the world. Correctness is the principal merit to be looked for in articles of this kind; and in this particular their materials will hereafter considerably assist the Historian and Biographer. The use which is frequently made of them by very respectable publications is sufficient praise. In recording the lives of many eminent persons, the most considerable aid will be derived from the present work.

After so long an acquaintance with the public, the EDITORS presume they may take the liberty of abridging the ceremonial employed on such occasions as the present. They therefore will conclude by observing, that as they do not apprehend being neglected so long as their attention is alive to the performance of their engagements, so they will desire no encouragement when they shall in any degree relax their assiduity in furnishing such an entertainment as will be useful and amusing to all ranks and classes of readers.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The imposition attempted to be practised upon us by *E. C.* is received with the contempt it deserves. The Verses pretended to be written in the Chancel of Battisford Church are stolen from the Poetical Calendar, Vol. II. p. 49.

*R.*'s favour in our next.

We shall be glad to hear from *Capt. Fidget* when his Muse is not directed to politics.

We are sorry we omitted to mention sooner that the *Tale on Cropping* cannot be inserted.

Other Correspondents shall be noticed in our next.



THE  
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,  
AND  
LONDON REVIEW,  
For JANUARY, 1788.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An Account of the LIFE and WRITINGS of MRS. ELIZABETH INCHBALD.  
(With a PORTRAIT of HER.)

THE Dramatic Muse has been particularly favourable to the ladies. Of the several species of literature in which they have essayed to rival their male competitors, this seems to be a favourite, and more than ordinary successful pursuit. To the numerous female writers for the stage who have already acquired fame by the exercise of their talents, the present times have added some whose works promise to afford entertainment to generations yet unborn. With the vivacity, spirit, wit, and invention which have distinguished former female writers, the present times have seen what have sometimes heretofore been wanting, sentiment and delicacy. The Behns, the Manleys, and the Centlivres of the last, and early in the present century, will obtain no advantage by a comparison with some present ladies in the chief qualities of dramatic composition. In decency and propriety they must incur no small portion of disgrace.

MRS. ELIZABETH INCHBALD, the lady whose portrait adorns the present Magazine, is the daughter of Mr. Simpson, a farmer in the neighbourhood of Bury St. Edmunds in Suffolk. In her infancy her father died, and she early discovered a taste for dramatic performances, and a propensity to the stage. Her first application to be received on a theatre, we have been informed, was to Mr. Griffith, formerly Manager of the Norwich Company of Comedians: but this gentleman apprehending, from an impediment in her speech, that her success would be very hazardous, used his influence to dissuade her from her purpose. Her passion, however, for the stage was

too powerful to submit to the prudential admonitions of the Manager, and she shortly afterwards went to Edinburgh, where she performed with some degree of reputation.

After being some time on the stage, she united herself in marriage with Mr. Inchbald, who had performed one season, at least that of 1770, 1771, at Drury Lane, but with so little reputation, that at the expiration of his engagement he did not obtain a renewal of it. This occasioned his returning to the country, where he performed at various theatres, and in one of them met with Miss Simpson. The union between them was productive of that degree of harmony which did equal credit to both parties, and seemed to ensure a continuance of that happiness which is the result of a conduct directed by prudence and affection. They performed together at different theatres both in England and Scotland; and if credit is to be given to an account of Mrs. Inchbald lately published, at one time made a trip to France for the re-establishment of her health. After a few years Mr. Inchbald died in 1779, at York, where he was buried. The following inscription to his memory, written by Mr. Kemble of Drury Lane Theatre, is placed on his tomb, and is here inserted as no unfavourable character of him.

Siste, Viator!

Hic sepulta jacent ossa  
JOSEPHI INCHBALD, HISTRIONIS  
Qui æqualium suorum

In fœcis scenarum facile princeps evasit,  
Virtutisque in veris vitæ claruit exemplar.  
Procul iste, inquit, superstitio,

Et mala suadens religionis turbidus amor!  
Vestris enim ingratis, hic lapis omnibus  
prædicabit

Quod in his humi sacre carceribus.

Vir recti semper tenax,

Sociis charus, in pauperes benignus,

Pater optimus, maritus fidelis,

Societatis jurum in cunctis observantissi-  
mus,

Oti gaudium, nec non feriorum orna-  
mentum,

Expectans

De clementia numinis immortalis,

Æterna fini felicitate

Requiescit.

JOS. INCHBALD,

Annum agens quadragesimum quantum

Octavo Idum Junii

Mortem Obiit.

Anno MDCCLXXIX.

The next year Mrs. Inchbald was engaged at Covent Garden Theatre, and appeared for the first time on 3d October, 1780, in *Bellario in Philaster*, and was immediately appointed to a round of characters, which she filled much to the satisfaction of the public. An inclination to dramatic composition at this period shewed itself, and she wrote, as we are informed, a farce on the subject of Mr. Madan's *Thelyphthora*; which, when offered to the Manager of Covent Garden Theatre, was rejected. She continued to perform for two seasons, when, on a disagreement with the Manager, she went for the season of 1782 to Dublin. She, however, the next year returned to Covent Garden, where, and at the Hay-Market, in the summer, she has continued ever since.

Though unsuccessful in her effort to obtain a representation for her first performance, she appears not to have been discouraged. She continued to write, and in the year 1784 produced a

farce which had for its subject the then fashionable rage for ballooning. It was called "A Magic Tale," and was performed with success at the Hay-Market. The applause this piece met with induced Mr. Colman to read a comedy which had been put into his hands some time before; and the result of his perusal of it was so much in its favour, that he immediately accepted it. It was called, "I'll Tell you What," and was acted for the first time at the Hay-Market, 4th August, 1785. The reception of this piece by the Public fixed Mrs. Inchbald's reputation as a dramatic writer. It was acted that season twenty nights to very crowded and brilliant audiences.

The great and deserved success of this piece seems to have awakened the attention of the winter Manager to Mrs. Inchbald's merit as a writer. We accordingly find, that early in the season of 1785, a farce by her was acted at Covent Garden, called, "Appearance Is Against Them;" and this was followed by another at the Hay-Market in 1786, intitled, "The Widow's Vow." Both were applauded. In 1787, "Such Things Are" was produced at Covent Garden, and acted with a degree of applause equal to any piece (if we except *The School for Scandal*) of the present time. The "Midnight Hour" succeeded at the same theatre; and, though a translation, derives some of its merit from the judicious improvements of this Lady's pen. Her last performance is noticed in our Magazine for December, where both her motives for permitting its representation, and her apology for its defects, are inserted.

Mrs. Inchbald, we learn, is preparing another piece for Covent Garden Theatre, which in due time will be noticed in this Magazine.

#### AN ACCOUNT of GWALIOR, in the EAST-INDIES.

[Embellished with a VIEW of it.]

THE ancient and celebrated fortress of Gwalior (or Gowalier) is situated in the very heart of Hindostan Proper, being about eighty miles to the south of Agra, the ancient capital of the empire, and one hundred and thirty from the nearest part of the *Ranges*. From Calcutta it is, by the nearest route, upwards of eight hundred miles, and nine hundred and ten by the ordinary one; and about two hundred and eighty from the British frontiers. Its latitude is 26 deg. 14

sec. and long. 78 deg. 26 sec. from Greenwich.

In the ancient division of the empire, it is classed in the Soubah of Agra, and is often mentioned in History. In the year 1008, and during the two following centuries, it was thrice reduced by famine. It is probable, that it must in all ages have been deemed a military post of utmost consequence; both from its situation in respect to the capital, and from the peculiarity of its site, which



which was generally deemed impregnable. With respect to its relative position, it must be considered, that it stands on the principal road leading from Agra to Malwa, Guzerat, and the Decan; and that, too, near the place where it enters the hilly tract which advances from Bundelcund, Malwa, and Agimere, to a parallel with the river Jumnah, throughout the greatest part of its course. And from all these circumstances of general and particular situation, together with its natural and acquired advantages as a fortress, the possession of it was deemed as necessary to the ruling Emperors of Hindostan, as Dover-Castle might have been to the Saxon and Norman Kings of England. Its palace was used as a state-prison as early as 1317, and continued to be such until the downfall of the empire.

On the final dismemberment of the empire, Gwalior appears to have fallen to the lot of a Rajah of the Jat tribe, who assumed the government of the district in which it is immediately situated, under the title of Rana of Gohud, or Gohd. Since that period it has changed masters more than once; the Mahrattas, whose dominions extend to the neighbourhood of it, having sometimes possessed it, and at other times the Rana; but the means of transfer were always either famine or treachery, nothing like a siege having ever been attempted.

Gwalior was in the possession of Madajee Scindia, a Mahratta Chief, in 1779, at the close of which year the Council General of Bengal concluded an alliance with the Rana; in consequence of which four battalions of sepoy, of five hundred men each, and some pieces of artillery, were sent to his assistance, his district being overrun by the Mahrattas, and himself almost shut up in his fort of Gohud. The grand object of his alliance was to penetrate into Scindia's country, and finally to draw Scindia himself from the western side of India, where he was attending the motions of General Coddard, who was then employed in the reduction of Guzerat; it being Mr. Hastings's idea, that when Scindia found his own dominions in danger, he would detach himself from the Confederacy, of which he was the principal member, and thus leave matters open for an accommodation with the Court of Poona. It fell out exactly as Mr. Hastings predicted. Major William Popham was appointed to the command of the little army sent to the Rana's assistance, and was very successful, as well in clearing his country of the enemy, as in driving them out of one of their own most valuable districts, and keeping possession of it. And Mr. Hastings, who justly concluded that the capture of Gwalior, if practicable, would not only open the way into Scin-

dia's country, but would also add to the reputation of our arms in a degree much beyond the risk and expence of the undertaking, repeatedly expressed his opinion to Major Popham, together with a wish that it might be attempted; and founding his hopes of success on the confidence that the garrison would probably have in the natural strength of the place.

It was accordingly undertaken; and the following account of the place, and the manner of our getting possession of it, was written by Captain Jonathan Scott, at that time Persian Interpreter to Major Popham, to his brother Major John Scott.

The fortress of Gwalior stands on a vast rock of about four miles in length, but narrow, and of unequal breadth, and nearly flat at the top. The sides are so steep as to appear almost perpendicular in every part; for where it was not naturally so, it has been scraped away; and the height from the plain below is from two hundred to three hundred feet. The rampart conforms to the edge of the precipice all round; and the only entrance to it is by steps running up the side of the rock, defended on the side next the country by a wall and bastions, and farther guarded by seven stone gateways, at certain distances from each other. The area within is full of noble buildings, reservoirs of water, wells, and cultivated land; so that it is really a little district in itself. At the north-west foot of the mountain is the town, pretty large, and well built; the houses all of stone. To have besieged this place would be vain, for nothing but a surprize or blockade could have carried it.

A tribe of banditti from the district of the Rana had been accustomed to rob about this town, and once in the dead of night had climbed up the rock, and got into the fort. This intelligence they had communicated to the Rana, who often thought of availing himself of it, but was fearful of undertaking an enterprise of such moment with his own troops. At length he informed Major Popham of it, who sent a party of the robbers to conduct some of his own spies to the spot. They accordingly climbed up in the night, and found that the guards generally went to sleep after their rounds. Popham now ordered ladders to be made, but with so much secrecy, that until the night of surprize only myself and a few others knew it. On the 3d of August, in the evening, a party was ordered to be in readiness to march under the command of Captain William Bruce; and Popham put himself at the head of two battalions, which were immediately to follow the storming party. To prevent as much as possible any noise in approaching or ascend-

ing the Rock, a kind of shoes of woollen cloth were made for the sepoys, and stuffed with cotton. At eleven o'clock the whole detachment marched from the camp at Reypour, eight miles from Gwalior, thro' unfrequented paths, and reached it at a little before day-break. Just as Captain Bruce arrived at the foot of the rock, he saw the lights which accompanied the rounds moving along the rampart, and heard the sentinels cough, (the mode of signifying that all is well in an Indian camp or garrison) which might have damped the spirit of many men, but served only to inspire him with more confidence, as the moment for action, that is the interval between the passing the rounds, was now ascertained. Accordingly when the lights were gone, the wooden ladders were placed against the rock, and one of the robbers first mounted, and returned with an account that the guard was retired to sleep. Lieutenant Cameron, our engineer, next mounted, and tied a rope-ladder to the battlements of the wall; this kind of ladder being the only one adapted to the purpose of scaling the wall in a body, (the wooden ones only serving to ascend from crag to crag of the rock, and to assist in fixing the rope-ladders. When all was ready, Captain Bruce, with twenty sepoys, grenadiers, ascended without being discovered, and squatted down under the parapet; but, before a reinforcement arrived, three of the party had so little recollection as to fire on some of the garrison who happened to be lying asleep near them. This had nearly ruined the whole plan: the garrison were, of course, alarmed, and ran in great numbers towards the place; but, ignorant of the strength of the assailants, (as the men fired on had been killed outright (they suffered

themselves to be stopped by the warm fire kept up by the main party of the grenadiers; until Major Popham himself, with a considerable reinforcement, came to their aid; the garrison then retreated to the inner buildings, and discharged a few rockets, but soon afterwards retreated precipitately through the gate; whilst the principal officers thus deserted, assembled together in one house, and hung out a flag. Major Popham sent an officer to give them assurance of quarter and protection; and thus, in the space of two hours, this important and astonishing fortress was completely in our possession; we had only twenty men wounded, and one killed. On the side of the enemy, Bapogee the Governor was killed, and most of the principal officers wounded.

Thus fell the strongest fortress in Hindostan, garrisoned by a chosen body of twelve hundred men, on August 4, 1780; and which, before the capture of it by the English, was pronounced by the Princes of Hindostan, as far as their knowledge in the military art extended, to be impregnable. In the year 1783 Madajee Scindia besieged this fortress, then possessed by the Rana of Gohud, with an army of seventy thousand men, and effected the reduction by the treachery of one of the Rana's officers, who formed the plan of admission of a party of Scindia's troops; these were immediately supported by another party, who attacked an opposite quarter, and got admission also.

The First View is taken from the North-West in order to shew the buildings, but the attack was made at the opposite side or rather end, as is seen in the Second View; for the breadth only of the rock is exhibited in the First View.

#### EXTRACTS of ORIGINAL LETTERS from Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Mr. WATKINS.

*London, Sept. 30, 1721.*

PRIOR has had a narrow escape by dying; for, if he had lived, he had married a brimstone bitch, one Bessy Cox, that keeps an alehouse in Long Acre. Her husband died about a month ago; and Prior has left his estate between his servant Jonathan Drift and Bessy Cox. Lewis got drunk with punch with Bessy's night before last. Don't say where you had this news of Prior. I hope all my Mistress's Ministers will not behave themselves so.

*London, Oct. 10, 1721.*

THERE is great care taken, now it is

too late, to keep Prior's will secret, for it is thought not to be too reputable for Lord Harley to execute this will. Beso kind as to say nothing whence you had your intelligence. We are to have a bowl of punch at Bessy Cox's. She would fain have put it upon Lewis that she was his Emma; she owned, Flanders Jane was his Cloe. I know no security from these dotages in bachelors, but to repent of their mis-spent time, and marry with all speed. Pray tell your fellow-traveller so.

To



To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THE death of a nobleman which has lately happened, who did no less honour to his country than to the distinguished class to which he belonged, seems to have been unaccountably passed over with hardly any observation: even the notice of his departure was not announced in the newspapers until a month after the event took place. I know not to what cause to ascribe this inattention; for surely, the Earl of Kinnoul deserved more respect. Perhaps you will allow a new correspondent a place in your Magazine for the following performance, which he has every reason to believe the production of this nobleman.

THOMAS Earl of Kinnoul, and Lord Hay, was born in 1710. In his father's lifetime he served in parliament for the town of Cambridge, for which place he was chosen in 1741, 1747, and 1754; and in the two last was chairman of the committee of privileges and elections. In May 1741, he was appointed one of the commissioners of the revenue in Ireland, and in Nov. 1746, commissioner of trade and plantations. In 1754, he was constituted one of the lords of the treasury; and in 1755, joint paymaster-general of his Majesty's land-forces. On Jan. 24, 1758, he was named chancellor of the dutchy and county-palatine of Lancaster; and on the 27th, was sworn a member of the privy-council. In the same month he was also chosen recorder of Cambridge; and on Nov. 27, 1759, was nominated ambassador-extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the court of Portugal, from whence he returned to England in November the year following. When the present King ascended the throne, his Lordship continued his office of chancellor of the dutchy; but resigned it in Dec. 1762. Since that period he lived retired, and died on 27th Nov. 1787.

I am, &c.

CALEDONICUS.

Edinburgh, Jan. 10, 1788.

# HINTS FOR REGULATING MR. H. HOPE'S STUDIES.

BY THE LATE EARL OF KINNOUL.

MR. GILLIER's sensible plan for Mr. Hope's education, shews a reach of thought and extent of knowledge.

I agree with Mr. Gillier, that before Mr. Hope studies the civil law, he should be acquainted with the Roman history.

For this purpose he may read Livy, Sallust, Hook's Roman History; then Middleton's Life of Cicero, with Cicero's Letters, in the order of time as there quoted.

If he should choose to read at the same time any French authors for his improvement in that language, Mably upon the Rise and Fall of the Romans, or Montequieu sur la Decadence des Romaines, or Vertot's Roman Revolutions, will be entertaining and instructive.

For Roman antiquities, Mr. Hope may read either Kennet's Roman Antiquities in English, or Newport's in Latin.

Heinecius's Antiquities are necessary to one who is to study civil law, but they should be read with the Institutes, as will hereafter be mentioned.

If Mr. Hope, for his amusement or improvement in the Latin language, should

read some of the Latin classics, he may by consulting good commentaries learn something of the manners of the Romans from the poets, particularly Horace, Juvenal, and Ovid de Fastis.

As to the comic writers, Terence is pure and elegant; but Plautus's language is difficult, his meaning often so obscured by a prevailing turn to wit and humour as not to be found out without labour, and his characters are entirely Grecian.

When Mr. Hope is reading the Roman history, a general and succinct view of the history of the world, previous to that time, may be useful. This may be acquired by reading,

Sleidan de Quatuor Monarchiis,  
Bossuet's Histoire Universelle,

The short History of Greece printed some years ago at Edinburgh.

Mr. Gillier's sentiments are just, that in order to form liberal notions of any system in law, the ground-work should be laid in the great foundations of justice and equity.

With this view, Mr. Hope, that he may be acquainted with moral philosophy,

phy, and with the principles of the laws of nature and nations, should read,

1st, The English translation of Xenophon's *Memorabilia*, which comprehends the Socratic philosophy.

2d, Cicero's philosophical work, viz. *De Officiis*, *Senectute*, *Amicitia*, *Legibus*, and *Tusculanæ Quæstiones*.

3d, Seneca's *Morals*.

These will give him a pretty distinct notion of the most valuable part of heathen morality.

To these may be added,

1st, Hutchinson's *Moral Philosophy*, or any good modern treatise on that subject. Then he should read Puffendorf's *Devoirs d'Homme et de Citoyen*, par Barbeyrac, or Burlamaqui's *Droit Naturel*.

2d, Montesquieu's *Esprit des Loix*.

The President and Mr. Solicitor Dundas are clearly of opinion, that Mr. Hope should be thoroughly grounded in the particular studies already suggested, before he enters upon the study of the law; and for that reason they apprehend, that in his present situation he cannot think of beginning the *Institutes* before the winter 1773-4.

When Mr. Hope begins the study of the civil law, let him be aware at first of pushing further into the science, than merely fixing the definitions and divisions in his memory.

For that purpose, Mr. Solicitor would recommend doing little more than reading the *Institutes* itself with some easy commentary. Although Huber and Hopius are not so elegant and deep as Vinnius, they are more proper for a young beginner.

Although the Solicitor disapproved of going deeply into the science at first, he does not mean to dissuade Mr. Hope from casting up and perusing the capital laws in the *Corpus Juris*, which may be quoted by Huber and Hopius. He does not mean to exclude Heineccius's *Institutes*, for Heineccius has collected the definitions and divisions in a very methodical manner.

Heineccius's *Antiquities* must also be read at the same time, as the titles in both exactly correspond.

If Mr. Hope reads with attention what is here recommended as the work of one year, he will have laid a good foundation, and will find the study of the *Pandects* not only easy, but agreeable.

Heineccius on the *Pandects*, and Voet, which is the most practical book, must be carefully perused from beginning to end. For any young man who desires to under-

stand the civil law in the view of practice, must be thoroughly master of Voet.

Cujacius is a book by much too long to be read from beginning to end; but in all questions of difficulty, and likewise on any interesting subject, recourse should be had to him as the very best of all civilians.

In the course of reading the *Pandects*, Mr. Hope should have much recourse to the text of the *Corpus Juris* itself, from which he will draw real instruction, and more entertainment than from any commentator.

After reading the *Institutes* and *Pandects* in the manner above-mentioned, Mr. Hope may conclude with Vinnius upon the *Institutes*, as containing a clear and elegant summary of the principles of the Roman law, and which, if carefully perused, will fix them on his memory.

Mr. Gillier in his letter seems to think too much time bestowed upon the study of the Roman law; but upon re-considering that opinion, he will alter it when he reflects that the grand principles of equity, justice, and the law of all modern nations are to be found there; and the deviations from the Roman law in any modern country does not arise from the disapprobation of it, but from the manners, circumstances, and revolutions in that country.

Mr. Hope, after this course of the Roman law, may read Beinekeistick's excellent *Treatise upon the Law of Nations*, with much pleasure and instruction.

After reading the civil law, before Mr. Hope sits down to the Scottish law, he should be acquainted with the feudal system, and should also be so far master of the history of Scotland, as to retain in his memory all those events which occasioned any alteration in the constitution; for the revolutions in that state give a tinge to the municipal law of any kingdom.

For the feudal system, and likewise in order to form the connection between ancient and modern history, Mr. Hope may read,

1st, Tacitus, that most noble historian, from whom he will receive much entertainment and instruction.

2d, Giannoni's *History of Naples*; and 3d, Robertson's *History of Charles V.* particularly the Introduction to each, which contain most excellent summaries of the darker times, and explain the rise and progress of the feudal system in a very masterly manner.

For the Scottish history no better occurs to me than Buchanan's *History*, Drummond of Hawthornden's *History of the five James's*,



James's, and Robertson's History of Scotland.

The history of other countries may, as Mr. Gillier observes, be very useful, particularly that of England; but then only summaries should be put into Mr. Hope's hands, where good may be found, that he may not be overloaded.

I wish I could recommend a compendious History of England: Rapin's Abridgement, with his Dissertation on the Laws of the Anglo-Saxons; and the Letters from a Father to a Son upon the English History may answer Mr. Hope's present purpose.

Dr. Goldsmith has lately published an Abridgement of the English History; but as I have not read it, I cannot venture to give my opinion about it. Puffendorf's Introduction à l'Histoire de l'Europe should be read.

Of the History of France President Henault has made an excellent abridgement; and there has been lately published on the same plan a good one of the History of Spain. Necker Sur le Corps Germanique is accounted accurate, and gives the best idea of that constitution.

The Modern History of all Nations previous to the Reformation is obscure, fabulous, and of little importance. A young man who has learned what is useful to be known of the dark times from Giannoni and Robertson should begin his study of modern history at that period.

But as Mr. Hope must be content for the present with a general superficial knowledge of history, both ancient and modern, it is not necessary now to chalk out an extensive plan of either.

These hints are calculated to abridge Mr. Hope's studies upon every subject, and to bring them within a narrow compass, consistent with the present disposition of his time, and the avocations which his health requires. Mr. Hope and Mr. Gillier will easily distinguish those books which must necessarily be read, from those which are recommended to be read, in case the time permit, for amusement, or for improvement in the Latin and French languages.

If Mr. Hope's time should allow for enlarging his studies upon any subject, Mr. Gillier may collect from the Archbishop of York's instruction to Lord Delsford any books he shall think most proper.

I agree with Lord President and Lord Hailes, that in law, history, and indeed all sciences, it is most prejudicial to a young man to overcharge his memory, and to perplex his thoughts with a multiplicity of voluminous books.

All food does not turn to nourishment: real knowledge is not acquired by the number of words a man devours, or the pages he turns over, but only by such reading as he thoroughly digests and makes his own.

The rules for reading all books with effect and to the best advantage are admirably laid down by Mr. Locke, in a short and most valuable tract, entitled, *The Conduct of the Human Understanding*, printed in his posthumous works, and reprinted in a small volume by itself some years ago at Edinburgh. I would recommend to every young man, before he enters upon any course of study, to peruse with attention and fix in his mind the directions contained in this incomparable treatise. It will open his understanding, and teach him with the greatest perspicuity the nature of assent and evidence.

Distinct pronunciation, the improvement of the ear, the modulation of the voice, and every thing that tends to render elocution agreeable, harmonious, and grateful, merits peculiar attention.

I agree with Lord President, that with this view some passages of Cicero's Oration should be read almost every day aloud, and also some passages of one of the best English authors. For this purpose I would recommend the Select Oration of Demosthenes by different hands, with Tourne's preface, which is justly admired for an elegant, beautiful, and correct style.

I would beg leave to suggest to Mr. Hope another exercise, that appears to me to be of great importance. Whatever be the subject of his study, whether classics, history, ethics, or law, let him either write a summary or abstract of it in English, or let him choose some subject arising out of it, and connected with his reading, and compose a dissertation upon it in English.

For instance, when he reads the classical authors, let him abstract a summary of the customs and manners of the Romans, as they occur in them or their commentators. In reading history, ancient or modern, various subjects will present themselves: where a fact is dubious, he may state the evidence pro and con, together with his own judgment upon it. If an event be complicated, he may enumerate particularly and illustrate the several circumstances; he may state the several judgments on both sides; how far an action was in the whole or in part blameable, or laudable; then give a decision, with his reasons for it. He may investigate the causes of any great event or revolution,

and assign the grounds of his opinion, why such causes produced such effects. Such and many other subjects will occur in reading history, or in ethics, in the law of nature and of nations, or the civil law. A question may be settled on any capital point and discussed. The utility of this exercise is obvious; it will digest, arrange, and fix in his memory what he reads; it will teach and habituate him to methodize his thoughts, and will improve his style.

Every man by use will form a style for himself, and therefore great attention and care is necessary in the beginning. It has been thought that the best models for the English language may be found in Addison's prose works, in Swift's first pieces, particularly that upon the dissention of Rome and Athens, in that translation of Demosthenes above-mentioned, and in Middleton's Life of Cicero.

Other excellent ones might be pointed out among the English sermons and the late historians; but those which I have mentioned may suffice.

Mr. Hope should peruse with care, Doctor Lowth, now Bishop of Oxford, his Essay on English Grammar, and consult it frequently when he is writing.

These Hints, which were drawn up by Lord Kinnoul, were read by him to Lord President and Mr. Solicitor Dundas, and approved by them; and they join with Lord Kinnoul in recommending earnestly to Mr. Hope a particular attention to his elocution, and to the exercise of writing English upon the subject of his studies.

The plan for Mr. Hope's study of civil law was dictated by Mr. Solicitor Dundas.

#### For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

#### B O X I N G.

The Conductors of a Periodical Publication seem bound to notice the prevailing fashions as well as follies of the day. In this point of view, the following account of the most celebrated Heroes of the noble Science of Defence, as it was styled, of former times, may not be unacceptable to the Readers of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE. Even those who may be indifferent about, or disapprove the revival of a savage practice, may yet find some amusement in the curious phraseology and ridiculous importance of the following extracts. They are taken from a scarce pamphlet, entitled, "A Treatise upon the useful Science of Defence, connecting the Small and Back Sword, and shewing the Affinity between them. Likewise endeavouring to weed the Art of those superfluous unmeaning Practices which overrun it, and choke the true Principles, by reducing it to a narrow Compass, and supporting it by mathematical Proofs. Also an Examination into the Performances of the most noted Masters of the Back Sword, who have fought upon the Stage, pointing out their Faults, and allowing their Abilities. With some Observations upon Boxing, and the Characters of the most able Boxers within the Author's Time. By Capt. John Godfrey. 4to. 1747."

#### CHARACTERS of the BOXERS.

**A**DVANCE, brave Broughton! Thee I pronounce Captain of the Boxers. As far as I can look back, I think, I ought to open the Characters with him: I know none so fit, so able to lead up the van. This is giving him the living preference to the rest; but I hope I have not given any cause to say, that there has appeared, in any of my characters, a partial tincture. I have throughout consulted nothing but my unbiassed mind, and my heart has known no call but merit. Wherever I have praised, I have no desire of pleasing; wherever decry'd, no fear of offending. Broughton, by his manly

merit, has bid the highest, therefore has my heart. I really think all will poll with me who poll with the same principle. Sure there is some standing reason for this preference. What can be stronger than to say, that for seventeen or eighteen years he has fought every able Boxer that appeared against him, and has never yet been beat\*? This being the case, we may venture to conclude from it. But not to build alone on this, let us examine farther into his merits. What is it that he wants? Has he not all that others want, and all the best can have? Strength equal to what is human, skill and judgment

\* He was however afterwards beaten by Slack, on April 11, 1750. On this occasion there was the greatest number of persons of distinction present perhaps ever known, and the greatest sums of money betted in favour of Broughton. He was beaten in fourteen minutes.



equal to what can be acquired, undebauched wind, and a bottom† spirit, never to pronounce the word ENOUGH. He fights the stick as well as most men, and understands a good deal of the small-sword. This practice has given him the distinction of TIME and MEASURE beyond the rest. He steps as regularly as the swords-man, and carries his blows truly in the line; he steps not back, distrusting of himself to stop a blow, and piddle in the return, with an arm unaided by his body, producing but a kind of flyflap blows, such as the pastry-cooks use to beat those insects from their tarts and cheesecakes. No—Broughton steps bold and firmly in; bids a welcome to the coming blow; receives it with his guardian arm; then with a general summons of his swelling muscles, and his firm body, seconding his arm, and supplying it with all its weight, pours the pile-driving force upon his man.

That I may not be thought particular in dwelling too long upon Broughton, I leave him with this assertion, that as he, I believe, will scarce trust a battle to a warning age, I never shall think he is to be beaten, till I see him beat.

About the time I first observed this promising hero upon the stage, his chief competitors were Pipes and Greeting. He beat them both (and I thought with ease) as often as he fought them.

Pipes was the neatest boxer I remember. He put in his blows about the face (which he fought at most) with surprising time and judgment. He maintained his battles for many years by his extraordinary skill, against men of far superior strength. Pipes was but weakly made; his appearance bespoke activity, but his hand, arm, and body were but small; though by that acquired spring of his arm he hit prodigious blows; and I really think that at last, when he was beat out of his championship, it was more owing to his debauchery than the merit of those who beat him.

Greeting was a strong antagonist to Pipes. They contended hard together for some time, and were almost alternatè victors. Greeting had the nearest way of going to the stomach (which is what they call the mark) of any man I knew. He was a most artful boxer, stronger made than Pipes, and dealt the straightest blows. But what made Pipes a match for him, was his rare bottom spirit, which would bear a deal of beating; but this,

in my mind, Greeting was not sufficiently furnished with; for after he was beat twice together by Pipes, Hammerfinith Jack, a meer sloven of a Boxer, and every body that fought him afterwards, beat him. I must, notwithstanding, do that justice to Greeting's memory, as to own that his debauchery very much contributed to spoil a great Boxer; but yet I think he had not the bottom of the other.

Much about this time, there was one Whitaker, who fought the Venetian Gondolier. He was a very strong fellow, but a clumsy Boxer. He had two qualifications very much contributing to help him out. He was very extraordinary for his throwing, and contriving to pitch his weighty body on the fallen man. The other was, that he was a hardy fellow, and would bear a deal of beating. This was the man pitched upon to fight the Venetian. I was at Slaughter's Coffee-house when the match was made, by a gentleman of an advanced station: he sent for Fig to procure a proper man for him; he told him to take care of his man, because it was for a large sum; and the Venetian was a man of extraordinary strength, and famous for breaking the jaw-bone in boxing. Fig replied, in his rough manner, I do not know, master, but he may break one of his own countrymen's jaw-bones with his fist; but I will bring him a man, and he shall not break his jaw-bone with a sledge hammer in his hand.

The battle was fought at Fig's amphitheatre, before a splendid company, the politest house of that kind I ever saw. While the Gondolier was stripping, my heart yearned for my countryman. His arm took up all observation; it was surprisingly large, long, and muscular. He pitched himself forward with his right leg, and his arm full extended, and, as Whitaker approached, gave him a blow on the side of the head, that knocked him quite off the stage, which was remarkable for its height. Whitaker's misfortune in his fall was then the grandeur of the company, on which account they suffered no common people in, that usually sit on the ground and line the stage round. It was then all clear, and Whitaker had nothing to stop him but the bottom. There was a general foreign huzzza on the side of the Venetian, pronouncing our countryman's downfall; but Whitaker took no more time than was required to get up again, when finding his fault in standing out to the length of the

† Our author explains this term in the following manner: "There are two things required to make this BOTTOM, that is, wind and spirit, or heart, or wherever you can fix the residence of courage. Wind may be greatly brought about by exercise and diet; but the spirit is the first equipment of a Boxer. Without this substantial thing, both art and strength will avail a man but little.

other's arm, he, with a little stoop, ran boldly in beyond the heavy mallet, and with one English peg in the stomach (quite a new thing to foreigners) brought him on his breech. The blow carried too much of the English rudeness for him to bear, and finding himself so unmannerly used, he scorned to have any more doings with his slovenly fist.

So fine a house was too engaging to Fig not to court another. He therefore stepped up, and told the gentlemen that they might think he had picked out the best Man in London on this occasion; but to convince them to the contrary, he said, that if they would come that day fortnight, he would bring a man who should beat this Whitaker in ten minutes, by fair hitting. This brought very near as great and fine a company as the week before. The man was Nathaniel Peartree, who knowing the other's bottom, and his deadly way of flogging, took a most judicious method to beat him.—Let his character come in here.—He was a most admirable Boxer, and I do not know one he was not a match for, before he lost his finger. He was famous, like Pipes, for fighting at the face, but stronger in his blows. He knew Whitaker's hardness, and doubting of his being able to give him beating enough, cunningly determined to fight at his eyes. His judgment carried in his arm so well, that in about six minutes both Whitaker's eyes were shut up; when groping about a while for his man, and finding him not, he wisely gave out, with these odd words, *Damme*, I am not beat, but what signifies my fighting when I cannot see my man?

We will now come to times a little fresher, and of later date.

George Taylor \*, known by the name of George the Barber, sprang up surprisingly. He has beat all the chief Boxers but Broughton. He, I think, injudiciously fought him one of the first, and was obliged very soon to give out. Doubtless it was a wrong step in him to commence a Boxer, by fighting the

standing Champion: for George was not then twenty, and Broughton was in the zenith of his age and art. Since that he has greatly distinguished himself with others, but has never engaged Broughton more. He is a strong able Boxer, who with a skill extraordinary, aided by his knowledge of the small and back-sword, and a remarkable judgment in the cross-buttock fall, may contest with any. But, please or displease, I am resolved to be ingenuous in my characters. Therefore I am of the opinion, that he is not over-stocked with that necessary ingredient of a Boxer, called a Bottom; and am apt to suspect, that blows of equal strength with his, too much affect him and disconcert his conduct.

Before I leave him, let me do him this justice to say, that if he were unquestionable in his bottom, he would be a match for any man.

It will not be improper, after George the Barber, to introduce one Boswell, a man who wants nothing but courage to qualify him for a complete Boxer. He has a particular blow with his left hand at the jaw, which comes almost as hard as a little horse kicks. Praise be to his power of fighting, his excellent choice of TIME and MEASURE, his superior judgement, dispatching forth his executing arm! But eye upon his dastard heart, that marring it all! As I knew that fellow's abilities, and his worm-dread soul, I never saw him beat, but I wished him to be beaten. Though I am charmed with the idea of his power and manner of fighting, I am sick at the thoughts of his nurse-wanting courage. Farewell to him, with this fair acknowledgement, that if he had a true ENGLISH bottom (the best fitting epithet for a man of spirit) he would carry all before him, and be a match for even Broughton himself.

I will name two men together, whom I take to be the best bottom men of the modern Boxers; and they are Smallwood, and George Stevenson, the coachman. I saw the

\* This man died Feb. 21, 1750, and the following Epitaph is on his tomb-stone in Deptford church-yard:

Farewel, ye honours of my brow!  
Victorious wreaths, farewell!  
One trip from Death has laid me low,  
By whom such numbers fell!  
Yet bravely I'll dispute the prize,  
Nor yield, tho' out of breath!  
'Tis but a fall! I yet shall rise,  
And conquer—even DEATH!

The newspapers of the time take notice of a battle fought between Taylor and Slack, the 26th of January 1749-50, at Broughton's Amphitheatre, which held 25 minutes, when Taylor with some difficulty beat his antagonist.



latter fight Broughton for forty minutes. Broughton I knew to be ill at that time; besides, it was a hasty-made match, and he had not that regard for his preparation as he afterwards found he should have had. But here his true bottom was proved, and his conduct shone. They fought in one of the fair-booths at Tottenham Court, railed at the end towards the pit. After about thirty-five minutes, being both against the rails, and scrambling for a fall, Broughton got such a lock upon him, as no mathematician could have devised a better. There he held him by this artificial lock, depriving him of all power of rising or falling, till resting his head for about three or four minutes on his back, he found himself recovering; then loosed the hold, and on setting-to again, he hit the coachman as hard a blow as any he had given him in the whole battle, that he could no longer stand; and his brave contending heart, though with reluctance, was forced to yield. The coachman is a most beautiful bitter; he put in his blows faster than Broughton, but then one of the latter's told for three of the former's. Pity—so much spirit should not inhabit a stronger body!

Smallwood is thorough game, with judgement equal to any, and superior to most. I know nothing Smallwood wants but weight, to stand against any man; and I never knew him beaten since his fighting Dimmock (which was in his infancy of Boxing, and when he was a perfect stripling in years) but by a force so superior, that to have resisted longer would not have been courage but

madness. If I were to choose a Boxer for my money, and could but purchase him strength equal to his resolution, Smallwood should be the man.

James I proclaim a most charming Boxer. He is delicate in his blows, and has a wrist as delightful to those who see him fight, as it is sickly to those who fight against him. I acknowledge him to have the best spring of the arm of all the modern Boxers; he is a compleat master of the art; and, as I do not know he wants a bottom, I think it a great pity he should be beat for want of strength to stand his man.

I have now gone through the characters of the most noted Boxers, and finished my whole work. As I could not praise all in every article, I must offend some; but if I do not go to-bed till every body is pleased, my head will ach as bad as Sir Roger's. I declare that I have not had the least thought of offending throughout the whole treatise, and therefore this declaration shall be my quiet draught.

Let me conclude with a general call to the true British Spirit, which, like purest gold, has no alloy. How readily would I encourage it, through the most threatening dangers, or severest pains, or pledge of life itself! Let us imitate the glorious example we enjoy, in the saving Offspring of our King, and blessed Guardian of our Country. Him let us follow with our keen swords, and warm glowing hearts, in defence of our just cause, and preservation of Britain's honour.

## TO the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

### DESCRIPTION of WINTER, as it appears in HINDOSTAN.

SIR,

NUMERABLE translations from the Persian have been given to the world, some of them assuming the title of paraphrases, from their being destitute of the remotest analogy in sense or similarity of expression with the original. But I have seen none which could convey to an English reader any idea of the common figurative style of their authors, which prevails in far the greatest part of their compositions, and from which our translators shrink, terrified at the appearance of mutilated periods, redundant circumlocutions, and crowds of metaphors heaped together without art or connection. You will perceive by this time, Mr. Editor, that the above is meant to serve as an apology for all those faults in what I now submit to your inspection, and which you will lay before the public, if you think it deserves it.

The following, which has only the merit of being a literal translation, is presented to the public, as a specimen of the kind of composition, termed by the Persians COLOUR-ED EXPRESSION, which name it has acquired from the multitude of epithets, of metaphors, and other oriental embellishments with which it is interspersed. These are so foreign to the genius of the English language, that every translation in which they are preserved, must inevitably have an appearance of extreme gaucheté. But that I may, in some measure, compensate the style, I have chosen a description of winter, which cannot fail to have something particular, from the pen of a writer who never saw its severities displayed on any other scene than Hindostan. The reader, then, will not expect to see her advance 'sullen, and sad, with all her rising train,

train, vapours, and clouds, and storms,' but under an aspect more gentle and conciliating.

I am, Sir, &c.

P E R S I U S.

ALREADY a change was apparent in the season, and symptoms of mutability became evident in the constitution of the times. The mighty king of the stars, forsaking the scale \* of justice, laid violent hands on the sheaf, which injustice curtailed the career of day, and lengthened the broad veil of darkness. The troops of harvest, who had long waited for this event in the ambuscade of expectation, now leaped from their concealment, with a design of pillaging the four inhabited quarters of the globe; and advancing on the plain of the universe, began to extend the hand of rapacity: the coldness of their charity froze justice; whilst they began their attack, by laying siege to orchards and gardens, divesting them compleatly of their leaves and musical notes. The earth and its inhabitants, from a dread of their swift and warlike couriers, began to shiver like the trembling aspen; whilst others, like foxes, becoming enamoured of furs, shut themselves up in their secluded apartments, and observed the external desolation from the roots of their security. The clusters of grapes which have escaped the persecution of the jackalls, now offer thanksgiving in the cell of humility; whilst that vagrant fluid, which formerly aspired to circumnavigate the globe, now ba-

nishing the fantastic idea of travelling, remains contentedly in its place: and that wind, which used to sport in the smooth expanse of the ocean, being seized with a violent panic, in its flight overset huge rocks. The trees, as naked as if just come to resurrection, and stripped of their leaves and buds, extend their imploring arms to heaven. The nightingales fly from the garden to complain of the sun's elopement, leaving the ravens in possession of the orchards; and the sheet of the earth, in expectation of being imprinted with vernal productions, becomes whiter than the cheek of the jessamine. The lowly inhabitants of the field, chid by the raging blast, have fled on the road of annihilation; the rose and the tulip, leaving their deserted habitations to the owl, fall victims to the gloomy Di†, and the furious Behmen their beautiful ornaments torn in ten thousand pieces: the stately cypress, which had long reigned in the metropolis of vegetation, is pulled from the throne of dominion; the lily, rising on its unbending stalk, was divested of its foliage, by these worse than Tartarian invaders, and thrown prostrate in the cell of destruction. Neither did the fragrant locks of the hyacinth, nor the plaited tresses of the honey-suckle, preserve them from the ruthless foe; whilst the rose-buds, just opening to the day, expired with terror at the dismal shrieks of Di's oppressive squadrons, and their crimson remnants were scattered on every side.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THE account of the differences subsisting in Trinity College, as given in your two last Magazines, being principally extracted from the affidavits on each side, must of course be admitted by both parties as true. To the general statement no objection can fairly be made, and yet some circumstances may not be sufficiently explained. One omission there is which, though it has arisen from a partial knowledge of the subject, and not from any wish to suppress the truth, ought not to pass unnoticed. It is trifling as to the merits of the cause; but it may possibly injure the reputation of an individual. After stating that Mr. Popple had waited upon the Master, and applied to him for a copy of the censure, it is observed in a Note, that the Master in *his* affidavit says, "that with respect to this application he understood Mr. Popple's visit to have been in consequence of an offer which had been made to him to take

charge of his son's education. That 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. The mention of a single fact omitted in both the affidavits will reconcile this seeming contradiction. Mr. Popple waited *twice* on the Master; once, in the interval between presenting the Memorial and passing the Censure, to decline the tuition of his Lordship's son, as incompatible with his situation. The other time was, as related in your Magazine, and purposely, as Mr. Popple was heard to say, both before and after this visit, to make the application alluded to; and which application he certainly must have made, because it was his *only* reason for his waiting on the Master. At the first interview nothing was said of the Memorial; at the second, nothing on the subject of education.

\* Alluding to the sun's quitting Libra, and entering the sign Virgo; by the Arabs denominated the sheaf.

† Di and Behmen give their names to two of the winter months.



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 J A N U A R Y, 1788.

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

Observations relative to Picturesque Beauty ; made in the Year 1772, on several Parts of England ; particularly the Mountains and Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. By William Gilpin, M. A. Prebendary of Salisbury, and Vicar of Boldre in New Forest, near Lymington. 2 Vols. 8vo. Blainre. 1786. With Plates. 1l. 11s. 6d. in Boards.

A WORK which has lain for sometime in manuscript seldom fails, if published, of being well received. If worthless, it is suppressed : if valuable, the writer's *partialities* being weakened by time, and his judgment strengthened in proportion, his work undergoes due revision and correction.

Thoughts thrown together for a man's own amusement, or for the amusement of a few friends, has an advantage over a work which is written intentionally for publication. The former enjoys a *freedom* which the latter in general is a stranger to. The *licences* of a PRIVATE MANUSCRIPT require alone, to be done away in publication.

The work before us was written for *private* amusement in the year 1772, and was *published* in 1786 ; lying in manuscript an interval of fourteen years ; during which time it was read and improved by the author and his friends ; and at length prepared (with it should seem no small care) for publication. It has therefore had the requisite advantages of a literary work ; and its merit is such as few literary works can claim : not merely, however, through the circumstances attending its composition and publication, but chiefly owing to a peculiar style of thinking, and a happy mode of expression, which this author may claim as his own. In point of originality, as writers in the

English language, STERNE and GILPIN fall within the same class.

In a *preface* we are told, that "the Observations before us were at first thrown together, WARM FROM THE SUBJECT, each evening after the scene of the day had been presented ; and in a moment of more leisure, were corrected, and put into form—but merely for the amusement of the writer himself ; who had not, in truth, at that time, the least idea of their being able to furnish amusement to any body else. A few only of his friends saw them. One of them, however, saw them with so partial an eye, that he thought proper to mention them to the public\*. This raised the curiosity of many ; and laid the author under the necessity of producing his papers to a wider circle ; but still without any design of publishing them. A sense of their imperfections, and of the many difficulties in which such a work would engage him, prevented any intention of that kind.

"Among others, who desired to see them, was the late duchess dowager of Portland ; a lady, of whose superior character the world is well informed. Having seen them soon after they were written, and a second time after an interval of seven or eight years, her Grace pressed the author to print them ; most obligingly offering to facilitate an expensive publication by contributing largely to a subscription. Though the author chose to de-

\* Mason's Memoirs of Gray, p. 377.



cline that mode of publication, yet the duchess's persuasion was among his principal inducements to prepare his papers for the public. The press-work was about half completed at the time of her Grace's death.

"But though this work has been thus flattered; and hath received considerable improvements, both from the author himself, during the many years it has lain by him, and from several of his ingenious friends; yet still he offers it to the public with apprehension."

His *first* apprehension is, that the time which he had to employ in making observations on the several landscapes he has described was inadequate. His *second* proceeds from the changes which take place in scenery, even the wildest, from the growth and destruction of timber and other causes. The *third* ground of the author's apprehension is, that he may be thought too severe in his strictures on *scenes of art*. This has led him to consider some general principles of ARTIFICIAL ORNAMENT. "A house," he says, "is an *artificial* object; and the scenery around it *must*, in some degree, partake of *art*. Propriety requires it: convenience demands it. But if it partake of *art*, as allied to the *mansion*; it should also partake of *nature*, as allied to the *country*."—"If the scene be large, it throws off art, by degrees, the more it recedes from the mansion, and approaches the country."

These principles are just, but they are not *new*. We do not mean to accuse Mr. Gilpin of plagiarism; but we have met with a passage, in a work on Ornamental Gardening and Planting, published by Doddley in 1785\*, so very similar to these which we have here quoted, that we must at least infer, when two men study the same subject from nature, and think and write with freedom, their ideas and mode of expression will be similar †.

A *fourth* apprehension of the author is, that he has wrought up some of the descriptions higher than the simplicity of prosaic language will allow. But he says,

"It is the aim of *pittoresque description* to bring the images of nature as forcibly, and as closely to the eye, as it can; and this must often be done by high colouring, which this species of composition demands. By *high-colouring* is not meant a *string of rapturous epithets* (which is the feeblest mode of description) but an attempt to analyze the views of nature—to open their several parts, in order to shew the effect of a whole—to mark their tints and varied lights—and to express all this detail in terms as appropriate, and yet as vivid as possible." Our author's execution is fully equal to his design. He has, as it were, invented a new language for the occasion: and one which is singularly well adapted to it; glowing, yet chaste. Now and then, however, we meet with an expression which is not quite clear to our comprehension. Thus, speaking of the English oak (vol. I. p. 9.) he says, "The oak is the noblest ornament of the foreground, spreading from side to side its tortuous branches, and foliage, *rich*" perhaps "*with some autumnal tint*." Again (in vol. II. p. 60.) describing a remarkable echo. "It first rolls over the head in one vast peal. Then subsiding a few seconds, it rises again in a grand, interrupted burst, perhaps on the right.—Another solemn pause ensues. Then the sound arises again on the left. Thus thrown from rock to rock, in a sort of *aerial perspective*, it is caught again perhaps by some nearer promontory; and returning full on the ear, surprises you, after you thought all had been over, with as great a peal as at first." Throwing echo into perspective is, we think, rather *fanciful* than *philosophical*. In some of the descriptions, notwithstanding the author's guardedness, *epithets* have crept in abundantly ‡. But these blemishes, if they be really such, are few and small in comparison with the beauties with which these two volumes are strongly characterized.

\* For a Review of this publication see European Magazine, vol. IX. p. 23.

† The passage alluded to is this: "The mansion ought to be considered as the centre of the system; and the rays of art, like those of the sun, should grow fainter as they recede from the centre. The house itself being entirely a work of art, its immediate environs should be highly finished; but as the distance increases the appearance of design should gradually diminish, until nature and fortuitousness have full possession of the scene." *Planting and Orn. Gard.* p. 666.

‡ Were we inclined to cavil at *words*, it would be with *scarcely* for *scarcely*—it's for its—*And indeed*—a species of tautology; with which almost every page is more or less sullied.



*Fifthly*, the author fears he may be called on to apologize for the many *digressions* he has made. These digressions are partly *didactic*, and in part *historical*:—They are numerous, and sometimes long; but seldom tedious, mostly interesting.

*Lastly*, the author is apprehensive lest any one should be so severe as to think his work inconsistent with the profession of a *clergyman*. This we conceive to be a false fear; as we allow, with Mr. Gilpin, that the amusements of the three sister-arts are all consistent with the clerical profession. “The only danger,” as Mr. G. well observes, “is, lest the *amusement*—the fascinating amusement—should press on improperly, and interfere too much with the *employment*.”

Our author now passes on to the *plates* which accompany these volumes; and which raise its price to an extravagant height. They are of two kinds: one to illustrate and explain picturesque ideas; the other to characterize the countries through which the reader is carried.

To the *profession* these plates may be highly acceptable; but by the generality of readers, we fear, they are considered as dross, for which they are paying the price of pure metal. An edition of these volumes, together with Mr. G.’s Observations on the Wye, &c.—*without the plates*—would, we will venture to say, be singularly acceptable to the public.

Having laid down some general principles of landscape, our author says, he “means not, however, to offer the *portraits* and *illustrations* he hath here given, as perfect examples of the principles he hath laid down. It is a difficult matter for any artist (at least, who does not claim as a professional man) to reach his own ideas. What he represents will ever fall short of what he imagines. With regard to *figures* particularly, the author wishes to premise, that the rules laid down in the beginning of the second volume (p. 43, &c.) are here little observed. Those remarks were chiefly intended for works in a larger style. Figures on so small a scale as these, are not capable of receiving character. They are at best only what he calls *picturesque appendages*.”

“Besides, the representations here given have again sustained a loss *by going through a translation in so rough and unmanageable a language as that of brass and aquafortis*.” Who but Mr. Gilpin would have expressed the same idea in nearly the same language?

Thus far the Preface. We now enter upon the body of the work; but not yet upon the *tour*. The first section is appropriated to a general view of England as a picturesque country; which view having been already inserted in vol. XI. we shall proceed to the *TOUR*; through which we have accompanied our intelligent and entertaining guide with singular satisfaction; and wish we could, within the limits of our plan, convey to our readers an adequate idea of the charming sights we have seen. This, however, is impossible. All we can do is to select a few passages, and thereby give some idea of Mr. Gilpin’s language and power of description. In doing this we will run over the volumes progressively; marking the more noticeable passages as they occur.

Remarking on the *LIGHT AND SHADE OF MOUNTAINS*, Mr. G. says, “It is an agreeable amusement to attend these vast shadows in their flow, and solemn march over the mountains—to observe, how the morning sun sheds only a faint catching light upon the summits of the hills, through one general mass of hazy shade—in a few hours how all this confusion is dissipated—how the lights and shades begin to break, and separate, and take their form and breadth—how deep and determined the shadows are at noon—how fugitive and uncertain as the sun declines, till it’s fires, glowing in the west, light up a new radiance through the landscape; and spread over it, instead of sober light and shade, all the colours of nature, in one bright, momentary gleam.

“It is equally amazing to observe the various shapes which mountains assume through all this variety of illumination; rocks, knolls, and promontories, taking new forms; appearing and disappearing as the sun veers round; whose radiance, like varnish on a picture (if I may use a degrading comparison) *brings out a thousand objects unobserved before*.”

In describing the effect of *TEMPEST ON LAKE SCENERY*, our author exhibits a specimen of his *highest style of colouring*.

“In the midst of the tempest, if a bright sun-beam should suddenly break out; and in Shakspeare’s language, *light up the storm*, the scenery of an agitated lake, thus assisted by the powers of contrast, affects both the *imagination* and the *eye*, in a still greater degree.—Some broad mountain-side, catching a mass of light, produces an astonishing effect amidst

leaden gloom which surrounds it. Perhaps a sunbeam, half suffused in vapour, darting between two mountains, may stretch along the water in a lengthened gleam, just as the skiff passes to receive the light upon its swelling sail : while the sea-gull, wheeling along the storm, turns its silver side, strongly illumined, against the bosom of some lurid cloud ; and by that single touch of opposition gives double darkness to the rising tempest.

Speaking of the RIVER DERWENT, Mr. Gilpin observes, " I cannot help remarking the singular character of this mountain-stream. There is not perhaps a river in England which passes through such a variety of different scenes. What wild, romantic channel it shapes, before it enter the vale of Borrodale, is to us unknown. There first we commenced our acquaintance with it. Its passage through that mountain chasm, is marked with objects, not only great in themselves, but rarely to be found elsewhere in such interesting combinations.

" From a mountain-stream it soon assumes a new character, and changes into a lake ; where it displays the wonders we have just seen.

" From hence emerging, it again becomes a river : but soon forms the lake of Bassenthwaite ; of form and dimensions very different from that of Keswick.

" Contracting itself again into a river, it puts on a character intirely new. Hitherto it has adorned only the wild, rough scenes of nature. All these it now relinquishes—rocks—lakes—and mountains ; and enters a sweet delightful country, where all its accompaniments are soft, and lovely. Among other places it visits the noble and picturesque ruins of Cockermouth-castle ; under the walls of which it glides.

" From hence it passes to the sea, which many streams of greater consequence never meet under their own names ; but are absorbed by larger rivers : while the Derwent, after all its astonishing scenes it has adorned, adds to its other beauties, those of an estuary."

" Among the beautiful APPEARANCES OF FOGS, and mists, their *gradually going off* may be observed. A landscape takes a variety of pleasing hues, as it passes, in a retiring fog, through the different modes of obscurity into full splendor.

" There is great beauty also in a fog's *partially clearing up at once*, as it often does ; and presenting some distant piece of landscape under great radiance ; when all the surrounding parts are still in obscurity. The curtain is not intirely drawn up ; it is only just raised,

to let in some beautiful, transient view ; and perhaps fallen again, while we admire, leaves us that ardent relish which we have for pleasing objects suddenly removed.

Mr. Gilpin's remarks on VIEWING PICTURES, are excellent.

" Painting is the *art of deceiving* ; and its great perfection lies in the exercise of this art.

" Hence it is that genius and knowledge are as requisite in surveying a picture, as in painting one. The cold, untutored eye, tho' it may enjoy the *real scene*, (be it history, landscape, or what it will) is unmoved at the first *representation*. It does not see an *exact* resemblance of what it sees abroad ; and having no internal pencil, if I may so speak, to work within, it is utterly unable to *administer* a picture to itself. Whereas the learned eye, versed equally in nature, and art, easily compares the picture with its archetype ; and when it finds the characteristic touches of nature, the imagination immediately takes fire ; and glows with a thousand beautiful ideas, suggested only by the canvas. When the canvas therefore is so artificially wrought, as to suggest these ideas in the strongest manner, the picture is then most perfect. This is generally best done by little labour, and great knowledge. It is knowledge only, which inspires that free, that fearless, and determined pencil, expressive in a skilful hand. As to the *minutiae* of nature, the picturesque eye will generally suggest them better itself, and yet give the artist, as he deserves, the credit of the whole.

" The evening, which grew more tempestuous, began to close upon us, as we left the more beautiful parts of the vale of Lorton. We were still about six miles from Keswick ; and had before us a very wild country, which probably would have afforded no great amusement even in full day ; but amid the obscurity which now overspread the landscape, the imagination was left at large ; and painted many images, which perhaps did not really exist, upon the dead colouring of nature. Every great and pleasing form, whether clear, or obscure, which we had seen during the day, now played in strong imagery before the fancy ; as when the grand chorus ceases, ideal music vibrates in the ear.

" In one part, a view pleased us much ; though perhaps, in stronger light, it might have escaped notice. The road made a sudden dip into a little winding valley ; which being too abrupt for a carriage, was eased by a bridge : and the form of the arch appeared to be what we commonly find in Roman



Squeducts. The winding road; the woody valley, and broken ground below; the mountain beyond; the form of the bridge, which gave a classic air to the scene; and the *obscurity which melted the whole into one harmonious mass; made all together a very pleasing view.*

“But it soon grew too dark even for the imagination to roam. It was now ten o'clock; and tho' in this northern climate, the twilight of a clear summer-evening affords even at that late hour a bright effulgence, yet now all was dark.

————— A faint, erroneous ray  
Glanced from th' imperfect surface of things,  
Threw half an image on the straining eye.  
While wavering woods, and villages, and  
streams  
And rocks, and mountain tops, that long  
retained  
Th' ascending gleam, were all one swimming  
scene,  
Uncertain if beheld—————

“We could just discern, through the dimness of the night, the shadowy forms of the mountains, sometimes blotting out half the sky, on one side; and sometimes winding round, as a gloomy barrier on the other.

“Often too the road would appear to dive into some dark abyss, a cataract roaring at the bottom: while the mountain-torrents on every side rushed down the hills in notes of various cadence, as their quantities of water, the declivities of their fall, their distances, or the intermission of the blast, brought the sound fuller or fainter to the ear; which organ became now more alert, as the imagination depended rather on it, than on the eye for information.

“These various notes of water-music, answering each other from hill to hill, were a kind of translation of that passage in the Psalms, in which *one deep is represented calling another because of the noise of the water-pipes.*

“Among other images of the night, a lake (for the lake of Bassenthwait was now in view) appeared through the uncertainty of the gloom, like something of ambiguous texture, spreading a lengthened gleam of wan dead light under the dark shade of the incumbent mountains: but whether this light was owing to vapours arising from the valley; or whether it was water—and if water, whether it was an arm of the sea, a lake, or a river—to the uninformed traveller would appear matter of great uncertainty. Whatever it was, it would seem sufficient to alarm his apprehensions; and to raise in his fancy, (*now in quest of danger*) the idea of something that might stop his farther progress.

Speaking of the village of *Patterdale*, he says, “Among the cottages of this village, there is a house, belonging to a person of somewhat better condition; whose little estate, which he occupies himself, lies in the neighbourhood. As his property, inconsiderable as it is, is better than that of any of his neighbours, it has gained him the title of *King of Patterdale*, in which his family name is lost. His ancestors have long enjoyed the title before him. We had the honour of seeing this prince, as he took the diversion of fishing on the lake; and I could not help thinking, that if I were inclined to envy the situation of any potentate in Europe, it would be that of the king of *Patterdale*. The pride of Windsor and Versailles would shrink in a comparison with the magnificence of his dominions.”

Having described the component parts of a view of the LAKE OF ULLESWATER, Mr. G. continues: “Such were the outlines, and compositions of the view before us; but it's colouring was still more exquisite.

“The sun was now descending low, and cast the broad shades of evening athwart the landscape: while his beams, gleaming with yellow lustre through the vallies, spread over the enlightened summits of the mountains, a thousand lovely tints—in sober harmony, where some deep recess was faintly shadowed—in splendid hue, where jutting knolls or promontories received the fuller radiance of the diverging ray. The air was still: the lake, one vast expanse of crystal mirror. The mountain-shadows, which sometimes gave the water a deep, black hue (in many circumstances, extremely picturesque) were softened here into a mild, blue tint, which swept over half the surface. The other half received the fair impression of every radiant form, that glowed around. The inverted landscape was touched in fainter colours than the real one. Yet it was more than *laid in*. It was almost finished. The last touches alone were wanting.

“What an admirable study for the pallet is such a scene as this! infinitely beyond the camera's contracted bounds. Here you see nature in her full dimensions. You are let into the very mystery—into every artifice, of her pencil. In the *reflected picture*, you see the *ground she lays in*—the great effects preserved—and that veil of expressive obscurity thrown over all, in which what is done is so exquisitely, that if you wish the *finishing touches*, you wish them only by the same inimitable hand that gave the sketch.

Turn

Turn from the shadow to the reality, and you have them. There the obscurity is detailed. The picture and the sketch reflect mutual graces on each other."

Of a view from HACKFALL, (an appendage of Studley Park in YORKSHIRE) our Author gives the following animated description.

"It is a circumstance of great advantage, when you are carried to this grand exhibition (as you always should be) through the *close lanes* of the Rippon road. You have not the least intimation of a design upon you; nor any suggestion, that you are on high grounds; till the folding-doors of the building at Mowbray-point being thrown open, you are struck with one of the grandest and most beautiful bursts of country, that the imagination can form.

"Your eye is first carried many fathoms precipitately down a bold, woody steep, to the river Ewer, which forms a large semicircular curve below; winding to the very foot of the precipice on which you stand. The trees of the precipice over-hang the central part of the curve.

"In other parts too the river is intercepted by woods; but enough of it is discovered to leave the eye at no uncertainty in tracing its course. At the two opposite points of the curve, two promontories shoot into the river, in contrast with each other: that on the right is woody, faced with rock, and crowned with a castle: that on the

left, rises smooth from the water, and is scattered over with a few clumps. The peninsular part, and the grounds also at some distance beyond the isthmus, consist of one entire woody scene; which advancing boldly to the front of the precipice, unites itself with it.

"This woody scenery on the banks of the river may be called the first distance. Beyond this lies a rich, extensive country—broken into large parts—decorated with all the objects, and diversified with all the tints of distant landscape—retiring from the eye scene after scene—till at length every vivid hue fading gradually away, and all distinction of parts being lost, the country imperceptibly melts into the horizon; except in some parts, where the blue hills of Hamble don close the view.

"Through the whole extent of this grand scene—this delightful gradation of light and colours—*nature has wrought with her broadest and freest pencil*. The parts are ample: the composition perfectly correct. She hath admitted nothing disgusting, or even trivial. I scarce remember any where an extensive view so full of beauties, and so free from faults. The fore-ground is as pleasing as the back-ground; which it never can be, when plots of cultivation approach the eye: and it is rare to find so large an extent of near-ground covered by wood, or other surface, whose parts are alike grand, and beautiful."

Prospects on the Rubicon: or, an Investigation into the Causes and Consequences of the Politics to be agitated at the Meeting of Parliament. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Debrett.

**N**OTWITHSTANDING the classical allusion in the title, we have not often perused a work with less pretension to classicity in expression, candor in manner, or judgment in matter, than this gloomy pamphlet. The Author is, we understand, a Mr. Payne, heretofore celebrated for his work entitled *Common Sense*, which was published early in the unfortunate American contest. He appears to us a moody discontented spirit, ever boding evil and ruinous misfortune, and labours with all his ability to persuade the Nation that her final destruction is just at hand. But we have heard too much of this senseless croaking for many years, to be at this day the dupes of it; and, notwithstanding the good-natured prophecy of Mr. Payne, we do not despair but England may yet survive even to, what he seems to think she will never reach, the end of the year 1782.

It is much easier to pull down than to

build.—A labourer with a mattock may demolish a palace, but it requires an Inigo Jones to erect a Whitehall.—Mr. Payne wields his pickaxe in a desperate manner indeed. "The Minister is a young minister, fond of himself and deficient in experience." "The management of Lord Chatham must have been bad indeed, to have done less in the war of 1763 than he did, considering the force and money employed; besides, he took the French seamen in multitudes before the declaration of war, which was very unfair, *because it was like a man administering a disabling dose over-night to the person whom he intends to challenge in the morning*." This is one of the flowers of rhetoric of which there is an infinite number through the work; in short, no matter what is the subject, Mr. Payne is still one of those unfortunate Genii that *would not have it so*.

The



The Author appears to labour under a kind of *Taxophobia*: Taxes, Taxes, nothing but Taxes, is his cry. "A Tax is to be laid on shoes and boots, for the service of the Stadtholder of Holland: this will undoubtedly do honor to the nation by verifying the old English proverb, *Over shoes, over boots*." If a Tax were laid upon all blundering politicians and miserable pamphleteers, or Mr. Payne might with justice raise this outcry; but we apprehend, that while measures are carried on with the decision and energy, and the consequent success to which we have lately been witness, our countrymen will not murmur at purchasing an addition of honor and much-wanted respectability, even at the expence of accumulated taxation.

But what becomes of the prophetic wisdom of this discontented speculist, when we have seen the dignity of Great Britain asserted, the peace of Holland restored, the friendship of Russia and Prussia secured, the pride of France humbled to the dust, and all this without a sixpence of additional taxes? Mr. Payne may, it appears, still wear his shoes in peace, undisturbed by the terror of a three-penny stamp, notwithstanding that the Minister is a young Minister, and England a desperate and a ruined nation.

But it is not to our pockets only that this Genius in politics appeals; he mounts the slack-rope of sentiment, and exhibits at a most prodigious rate.

"Ye gentle Graces, if any such there be, who preside over human actions, how must ye weep at the viciousness of man.

When we consider, for the feelings of Nature cannot be dismissed, the calamities of war, and the miseries it inflicts upon the human species, the thousands and tens of thousands of every age and sex who are rendered wretched by the event, surely there is something in the heart of man that calls upon him to think! Surely there is some tender cord, tuned by the hand of its Creator, that still struggles to emit in the hearing of the soul a note of forrowing sympathy. Let it then be heard, and let them too feel, that the true greatness of a nation is founded on principles of humanity; and

that to avoid a war when her own existence is not endangered, and wherein the happiness of man must be wastefully sacrificed, is a higher principle of true honour than madly to engage in it."

After this pathetic effusion of philanthropic wisdom, we hope, that henceforward Contention shall be dumb, grim-visaged War shall smooth his wrinkled front, our swords be hammered into ploughshares, what gunpowder is now in the kingdom be only used to blow up the mills, and one universal scene of peace and harmony reign over this distracted globe; for lo, at the word of this prophetic peace-maker, "Jam redit ex Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna." But as this world must be peopled by men, and as where there are men there will be dissension, we fear that all this fine writing is thrown away. Let it be therefore our policy to be prepared for the worst; to face with cool but steady resolution, the threatening brow of our insidious adversaries, nor for a pitiful saving in the beginning of a contest involve ourselves in the loss of eventual millions; but above all, let us be cautious of the treacherous advice of ostensible friends, who feel for us so much more than we do for ourselves; who "hear a voice we cannot hear," and cry out on every emergency, "There is a Lion in the way, a Lion in the streets." Let us not listen to the gloomy suggestions of discontented malevolence, even though vented through the respectable medium of an eighteenth-penny pamphlet, but as an irrefragable demolition of their assertions, and more particularly those of our present subject, look to the fact. Three-fourths of Mr. Payne's pamphlet are spent croaking over the national debt of England, and contrasting it with the powerful finances of France; yet a loan of 100,000,000 livres has been open these three months in Paris, for which by no exertion can be procured more than 7,000,000. Could that be the case in London? and if not, why is the common sense of Englishmen to be thus attempted by impudent assertion, or delusive sophistification?

The New Peerage; or, Our Eyes may Deceive us. A Comedy. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Robinson.

THIS Comedy is the production of Miss Harriet Lee, sister to Miss Lee, author of the Chapter of Accidents, the Recess, and other works of reputation, and by her present work she has

shewn that they are "sisters every way:" the plot is extremely intricate indeed, too much so for Dramatic representation. A young Nobleman and the son of a Banker, on returning from their travels, exchange

change characters. The Banker of course obtains a "*New Peerage*," and the Nobleman, by imposing himself as his son on the father of his friend, proves that "*Our Eyes may deceive us*." Such a deception is however in our sober judgement utterly too improbable. That a father should in a few years so far forget the lineaments of his son, is very unlikely. That a Peer of Great Britain should be so little known, that a stranger returning and calling himself by his name should deceive all the world, even his very guardian, is still more so; yet on these impossibilities the whole plot turns. The observations on life are the observations of one who has read more than she has seen, and whose reading has not been the most judiciously directed: they favour, as some one has observed, more of the circulating library than of human nature. The principal characters constantly suggest something to us we have heard or read before; they are elegant but not natural sketches, and we are fre-

quently able to anticipate their sentiments and their actions. Novelty in character, Miss Lee has not, save in one instance; attempted; we mean old Vandercrab, the Banker, about whom hangs an air of originality which the other personages of the Drama are devoid of. The sentiments are in general well applied; the dialogue sprightly, polished, and elegant; the wit, what there is of it, *pure*. We mention this, because the pens of female authors are, by some strange perversion, more apt to run riot than those of male scribblers; it is therefore to the credit of Miss Lee's delicacy, that there is not the smallest shadow of impurity or *double entendre* all through her piece. But the charms of diction however polished, or sentiment however pure, will never in dramatic composition compensate for the absence of what in the *New Peerage* we heavily miss; an accurate discrimination of character, and a thorough knowledge of human nature.

The *Midnight Hour*. A Comedy. Translated by Mrs. Inchbald, from the French of Monsi. Damaniant. 8vo. 1s. Robinson.

THIS is like all the French *petites pieces*, a lively intricate buffing Farce. The situations are monstrous, but whimsical; the characters unnatural, but ludicrous. The story, in few words, is, A Marquis wishes to carry off the daughter of an old General, who promises his consent to their marriage, provided he can produce the Lady in his custody before twelve at night: the Marquis lays divers

plots; the General like a good officer countermines him, but is at last outwitted; and before the "*Midnight Hour*" strikes, the young Lady is happy with her lover.

The dialogue is sprightly, and rather superior to the ordinary language of Farce; and, on the whole, we think it a piece not destitute of merit.

Julia; or, the Italian Lover, a Tragedy, by Robert Jephson, Esq. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Dilly.

THIS Gentleman is likewise author of The Law of Lombardy, Braganza, Count of Narbonne, and other pieces, which having strutted their hour upon the Stage, now sleep in peace and are heard no more.

The present tragedy is, in our judgement, decidedly a contemptible work, whether we regard character, sentiment, diction, or contrivance.

For the diction, Mr. Jephson has, with a confidence more to be admired than imitated, presumed to emulate the language of Shakespeare—and so far with success, that every one may see who was his archetype. It may well be doubted, whether the language of Shakespeare be his forte.—Eminently adapted however

as it is to his ideas, the same phraseology in Mr. Jephson is ridiculous.—It is indeed "the armour of a giant in a dwarf's custody."

Here and there occur passages intolerably trifling.—In the second act Durazzo comes to visit his daughter with the following wise speech in his mouth.

Dur. "I come, Olympia, to this chamber door,  
To learn my destiny. As we inquire  
From those who wake us, if the sun looks  
bright,  
Or clouds obscure him, and then suit our  
garments  
To meet the changeful temper of the sky,  
So, by the colour of my daughter's health,  
My mind is dress'd for gladness or dejection."

To



To which the Lady Olympia poetically answers,

*Oly.* "I think, she mends. Her sorrow, that was silent,  
Finds some relief in utterance. She approaches."

In the fifth act, Julia lamenting that she should be the cause of such vexation to her friends exclaims,

*Julia.* "Mott brave, most generous,  
and by me undone!  
Judge of the secret heart, what unknown  
fin

Did I commit, that fate stands ready arm'd,  
To visit all whose peace is dear to me?

Take me, O take me, to thy wish'd-for  
rest,

*And leave mankind to their own destiny."*

The last line is really a curious ched'œuvre of modesty, piety and resignation.

In this tragedy, however, we find some passages which rise into the genuine spirit.—The soliloquy of Mentevole in the garden, is among the most shining.

*MENTEVOLE alone, on a garden seat, looking at a picture.*

"And must I be content with thee, poor shadow?

Yet she's less kind than this her counterfeit,  
For this looks pleas'd, and seems to smile  
upon me.

O, what a form is here! her polish'd front,  
Blue slender veins, winding their silken  
maze

Through flesh of living snow. Young Hebe's  
hue,

Blushing ambrosial health. Her plenteous  
tresses,

Luxuriant beauty! Those bewitching eyes,  
That shot their soft contagion to my soul;—  
But where's their varied sweetness? Where  
the fire

To drive men wild with passion to their  
ruin?

Where are her gentle words? the dewy  
breath

Balming the new-blown roses 'tis exhaled  
through?

Thou envious happy lawn, hide those white  
orbs

That swell beneath thy folds! O power of  
beauty,

If thou canst sanctify—By heaven, my  
sister:—

Up, fair perdition! [*attempting hastily to put  
up the picture, he drops it on the ground.*]

The scene of the quarrel between  
Mentevole and Marcellus is written  
with force and energy—the *offerata* &c

VOL. XIII,

*animi* of the Italian Lover is extremely  
well and happily marked.

*Ment.* "My Lord, well met. You then  
have seen this wonder?

Has fame exceeded, think you?

*Mar.* "How exceeded?

*Ment.* "Spoke Julia fairer than your eyes  
confess her?

*Mar.* "All eyes, all hearts, with rap-  
ture must confess her.

*Ment.* "Then I must think, you do not  
mean to pine

In silent adoration?

*Mar.* "What biefs'd strain

Can touch that gentle bosom?

*Ment.* "Take my counsel;

*Devote thy soul to any thing but love;*

*Steep thy drench'd senses in the mad'ning  
bowl;*

*Heap gold, and hug the mammon for itself;*

*Set provinces on dice; o'er the pale lamp*

*Of sickly science waste thy vigorous youth;*

*Rush to the war, or cheer the deep-tongu'd  
bound;*

*Be thou the proverb'd slave of each, or all;*

*They shall not be so noxious to thy soul,*

*As dainty woman's love.*

*Mar.* "If this be counsel,

It comes with such a harsh and boisterous  
breath,

I more discern the freedom, than the friend-  
ship.

*Ment.* "Falsly our poets deck the barba-  
rous god

With roseate hue, with infants' dimpling  
smiles,

With wanton curls, and wings of downy  
gold:—

He dips his darts in poisonous aconite;

The fiery venom rankles in our veins,

Infuses rage, and murderous cruelty.

*Mar.* "The richest juice pour'd in a  
tainted jar,

Turns to a nauseous and unwholesome draught,

But we condemn the vessel, not the wine;

So gentle love, lodg'd in a savage breast,

May change his nature to a tyger's fierceness.

*Ment.* "Away with vain disguise! Mark  
me, my Lord,

I long have lov'd this lady with a passion,

Too quick and jealous, not to find a rival,

Too fierce to brook him. She receives my  
vows;

Her father favours them. Wealth, titles,  
honour,

My rank in the state, and many fair addi-  
tions

(Surpass'd by none) keep buoyant my full  
hopes.

If yet your heart's untouch'd, I ask, entreat it,

E

(And

(And strangers grant such common courtesies,)

Forbear your visits to her.

Mar. Believe me,

Were there a fasting lion in my path,  
I'd rather this good steel here by my side  
Should grow one piece with the sheath, or  
in my grasp

Shrink to a bulrush, but to mock the wielder,  
Than feed you with the smallest hope or  
promise

I meant not to fulfil.

Ment. "Then we are foes.

Mar. "I'm sorry for't.

Ment. "Deadly, irreconcilable.

Two eager racers starting for one goal,  
Both cannot win, but shame must find the  
loser.

You step between me and the light of  
heaven,

You strive to rob me of my life's best hope,  
(For life without her were my curse, my  
burden,)

With cruel calmness you pluck out my heart;  
Therefore, were the world's bounds more  
wide and large,

They could not hold us both.

Mar. "I little thought

To draw my sword against my brother's  
friend;

And here attest heaven, and my peaceful  
soul,

You drag this quarrel on me.

Ment. "Yonder herd,  
Who prying now would interrupt our purpose,  
Will two hours hence be hous'd, to avoid the  
sun,

Then riding at his height; at home I'll wait  
you,

And lead you thence to a sequester'd spot,  
Fit for the mortal issue of our meeting.

Mar. "Since you will have it so,—

Ment. "—The die is cast.

Have I the bulk, and sinewy strength of man,  
But to sustain a heavier injury?

Let cowards shiver with a smother'd hate,  
And fear the evil valour might avert:

The brave man's sword secures his destiny."

Abating one or two expressions, which  
are *sermoni propiores*;—as, "I'm sorry  
for it,"—since you will have it so,"—and  
"I little thought to draw my sword  
against my brother's friend,"—this scene  
has in our judgment considerable merit.  
Mentevole's speech marked by italics,  
is a very noble flight, infinitely beyond  
any thing else in the piece; but still  
what can we say, but that

*Assuitur late qui splendeat unius et alter  
Purpureus pannus?*—

These few beauties will not redeem  
the rest of the performance, and indeed,  
by their pre-eminent splendor, only  
place the general poverty of sentiment  
and expression in a stronger light.

Transactions of the Society instituted at London for the Encouragement of Arts,  
Manufactures, and Commerce; with the Premiums offered in the Year 1787.  
8vo. 4s. boards. Dodslcy.

THIS is the fifth volume with which  
the Public has been favoured of the  
Transactions of this *respectable*, and, what  
is more, this *universally respected* body  
of—so to describe them—mechanico-  
philosophical patrons of useful industry,  
of laudable ingenuity.

In the publication now before us (as  
in the preceding ones) we find a variety  
of papers, fraught with information,  
novel as well as important, on subjects  
highly interesting to every nation that  
wishes to profit by a proficiency in the  
knowledge of mechanics; and not of  
mechanics merely, but of manufactu-  
res, of commerce, of agriculture,  
and of the arts in general. While thus  
interesting to others, not a little honour-  
able as well as interesting are they to  
ourselves, from the fresh proofs they ex-

hibit of our superior talents as well as  
superior success in the wide-extended cir-  
cles of scientific improvement.

In the first paper—which is on a sub-  
ject of AGRICULTURE—we find an  
account by Thomas White, Esq. of  
Retford in Nottinghamshire\*, of the me-  
thods he adopted in inclosing and form-  
ing a plantation of considerable magni-  
tude at Butsfield, in the Bishoprick of  
Durham. According to this account, ex-  
perience seems to evince, that, in unshel-  
tered situations, those trees thrive best  
which are not above one foot, or at most  
above eighteen inches high, when plant-  
ed; as they furnish a shorter lever than  
taller trees, which, by their own force  
operating with the power of the winds, are  
constantly distressing the root, by break-  
ing the young fibres. To the progress

\* For his former valuable communications, this gentleman, we learn, has repeatedly  
received from the Society medals of the most honourable distinction.



of vegetation this effect must manifestly be injurious; but not less so appears to be the general practice of inexperienced planters, who are apt to place their trees so low in the earth as to be hardly within the reach of the solar influence.

Sensible of the mischiefs resulting from this predominant error, Mr. White pays more regard to the strength of the stem, and fibrous state of the roots, than to the height or age of the trees; which it is his constant practice to plant very small. Upon principles equally rational and scientific, he chooses also to *intermix*, as much as possible, the different trees in his plantations; not merely from the prospect of establishing a *succession*, but from an opinion, supported by observation and experience, that ground so planted will produce a greater quantity of *useful* wood; and that, as the earth itself furnishes a heterogeneous mass of matter, containing for each different plant an appropriated food, so each derives therefrom a peculiar kind of nourishment necessary for its own support.

If these remarks be as just in practice as they are plausible in theory, (and in both respects we are inclined to put faith in them) the ingenious author of the paper before us is perfectly right when he observes, that a promiscuous arrangement of various kinds of trees must be the best mode of disposing of them; as each kind will, with the greater facility, search out and obtain its share of the proper nourishment, without robbing its neighbours; which being plants of a different genus, will necessarily partake of the aliment allotted for their particular support; whereas, if trees of the same kind, which derive from the earth the same specific nourishment, are planted in the vicinity of each other, upon the same common bed, they must soon (having exhausted the soil of nutriment peculiar to their nature) dwindle, and perish.

The second paper in the present collection, consists of experiments and observations on the culture of turneps, by George Winter, Esq. of Charlton, near Bristol.—In this paper, from a persuasion of the inconveniences and losses that flow from the common mode

of agriculture, respecting turneps, as well as other kinds of seed, and all sorts of grain, Mr. Winter powerfully recommends the practice of *drilling*. From the neglect of this valuable improvement, the seed being sown broadcast, the scorching sun, as he justly observes, often injures it before it can be covered; the treading of the horses, by harrowing, bushing, and rolling, so hardens a loamy or stiff soil as entirely to exclude the air, the dews, &c. and not only prevent the seed from vegetating, but destroy almost one half of it, from the pressure of the horses feet.

The ensuing paper consists of a letter from Thomas Boothby Parkyns, Esq. on the culture and uses of the plant called *Racine de Disette*—a plant, by which, whatever may be its virtues, the seeds of no small animosity seem to have lately been *implanted* among the botanical tribe, from the *meek* Dr. Lettsom down to the *irascible* Mr. Smith of Lambeth, his formidable, but hitherto-neglected opponent, respecting not merely the properties, but the very *genus*, of this pretended phenomenon among the *modern* productions of Nature, the *Mangel-Wurzel*;—the Root of Plenty, “as it ought to be styled, though we, in imitation of the French, are pleased to call it the “Root of Scarcity\*.” Be this as it may, we cannot help expressing our surprise, that a gentleman of Dr. Lettsom’s known integrity and candour should, in all his publications on the subject, have omitted to notice this communication of Mr. Parkyns, which is dated the 13th of May 1786, above a year before the Doctor publicly undertook to elucidate and recommend the *Mangel-Wurzel*. As a gentleman and a man of science, his honour is dear to us, as it can be dear to himself; and therefore it is that we cannot help pronouncing it incumbent upon him to assign his reasons for a conduct *apparently* so disingenuous.

To the judicious and well-penned paper of Mr. Parkyns succeeds the description of a machine for cutting chaff, invented and constructed by Mr. James Pike, a watch maker of Newton-Abbot, Devonshire; and next follow letters from Mr. Malcolm, of Kennington-nursery, Sur-

\* In Vol. XII. our readers will see an account of the virtues ascribed to this wonderful plant by the Abbe de Commerell, the avowed patron of it in France, as Dr. Lettsom is in England.

rey, and Mr. Boote, of Athurston upon Stower, near Stratford upon Avon, on the subject of *drill-husbandry*.

In the chemical department of the interesting volume before us we find an ingenious paper from Mr. Willis, Hermitage, Wapping, suggesting upon very plausible principles a method by which stone-retorts may be prevented from breaking, and by which, if from any accident cracked in the course of a chemical operation, the crevice or crevices may be so effectually stopped as to permit the retort to lose nothing of the contained subject.

For these purposes, Mr. White has always found it necessary to use a previous coating for filling up the interstices of the earth or stone. This is made by dissolving two ounces of borax in a pint of boiling water, and adding to the solution as much slaked lime as will make it into a thin paste. It may be spread, he says, with a common painter's brush over several retorts, which, when dry, are ready for the preserving coat. The intention of the first coating is, that the substances thus spread over, readily vitrifying in the fire, shall prevent any of the distilling substances from pervading the retort, while it serves to preclude the danger of its being cracked. When Mr. White thinks it necessary to use any such coated retorts, his method is, to charge them with the substance to be distilled, and then to prepare a thin paste, made with common linseed oil and slaked lime, well mixed, and perfectly plastic, that it may easily spread. With this paste he directs the retort to be covered all over, with the exception of that part of the neck which is to be inserted into the receiver. This, he adds, may be readily done with a painter's brush; and in a day or two the coating, thus formed, will be sufficiently dry, and consequently fit for use.

In the province of the arts more immediately called *polite*, we are pleased to find a letter, highly *polished*, as well as *polite*, from a LADY, who, under the signature of "Emma Jane Greenland," has adorned the records of the Society with several pertinent remarks relative to the method of *painting in wax*;—a method supposed to have been anciently practised in Greece, and now recommended by her as free from all the disadvantages incident to the practice of painting in oil.—In this department, we have also a paper from Mr. Cheese, descriptive of a machine he has invented

for teaching the principles of music to people deprived of sight, and—what is certainly of far more consequence—for enabling them also to *preserve* their compositions, in the very *act of composing*, without the help of a copyist.—The device of Mr. Cheese is ingenious; and plausible is the account given of the machine; but he must excuse us if we tell him, that we have doubts, very *strong* doubts, about the practical utility of his invention. In the next volume of the Society's Transactions, however, we trust that the author will gratify us with some *substantial* proofs of its efficacy.

In the article of manufactures, we are presented with two letters (not a little interesting to the naturalist, as well as to the manufacturer) on the breeding and managing of silk-worms in England. One of these letters is from a Miss Rhodes, some papers from whom upon the same subject were published in the preceding volume of the Society's Transactions; the other comes from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Swaine, of Pucklechurch, near Bristol; and to both we could wish to see the attention of our silk-manufacturers directed.

In the department of mechanics, we have an account of an hydraulic machine, the invention of the late Mr. Wm. Westgarth, of Colecleugh, in the county of Northumberland;—a machine, founded on one of the most obvious principles in the system of statics;—namely, that of a heavier column of water raising a lighter. In the idea that gave rise to the formation of the engine under consideration, there is evidently little novelty; but from the use that has been made of it, there results what certainly deserves higher praise—much practical utility; and, if we mistake not, Mr. Westgarth was the first mechanic in the kingdom who pointed out the means by which the difficulties that had attended the operation of every other machine intended to work on this principle, might be effectually obviated.

The last article in the Transactions of the Society now before us has "colonies and trade" for its subject; and it consists merely of letters relative to a red earth found in Jamaica, which, however useful it may prove there, and even in the other West-India islands, for many purposes, particularly in the formation of cisterns, reservoirs, canals, &c. can never, we apprehend, be rendered in any great degree serviceable to Great-Britain, or indeed to any other European country,

from



from the unavoidable expence that would attend the conveyance of it thither.

The Transactions—or at least the *account* of the Transactions—of the year being thus closed, the remainder of the volume is occupied with a detail of the rewards adjudged in 1786, as also of the presents received, and of the premiums offered in 1787; together with lists of the Officers and Members: nor can we

dismiss the present article without expressing our satisfaction at the increased, and evidently still increasing, prosperity of an institution so laudable in its varied pursuits, and so indefatigable in rendering those pursuits permanently useful, not merely to this or that individual, or even to this or that nation, but diffusively to mankind at large.

An Elegy on the ancient Greek Model, addressed to the Right Reverend Robert Lowth, Lord Bishop of London; printed at Cambridge, 1779; and sold in London by T. Payne. 4to. 1s. 6d.

THIS beautiful poem is generally ascribed to the elegant pen of the Author of the "Triumphs of Temper," and is said to have owed its origin to the following circumstance: During the American war, Bishop Lowth preached at St. James's, and published a Sermon in the style of too many of his brethren at that period, containing a personal reflection \* on Dr. Price, which grieved many of the Bishop's friends; and among others, the Author of this Elegy. Mr. Hayley not having preserved it in his Works, the following extracts, we doubt not, will prove highly acceptable to many of our readers:

"Mourn, Son of Amos, mourn! in accent sharp

Of angry sorrow strike thy heav'nly harp.  
Mourn! thou sublimest of the faintest choir!  
Those lips, that, touch'd with thy celestial fire,  
Clear'd from the gather'd cloud of many an age,  
The bright'ning flame of thy prophetic rage;  
Those lips, thro' Learning's sacred sphere renowned,

Have stain'd their glory by a servile sound  
Envy with ranc'rous joy these accents heard;  
And dwells with triumph on the fatal word;  
Waging against Renown eternal wars,  
Thus she insults the merit she abhors:

† "How has the radiance of the mitre ceas'd!  
Oblivion's poppy shades the prostrate priest;

In dark Servility's expanding cave  
Forgotten Prelates hail thee from the grave;  
O Lucifer! of Prophecy the star,  
Rolling thro' Hebrew clouds thy radiant car!  
Art thou too fall'n as we? Can Flattery's tide  
Drown thy free spirit and thy Attic pride?  
Is this the man who spoke, in language strong,  
The praise of Liberty's Athenian song?  
Blest are her notes, but curst the fard things  
That priestcraft offers to the pride of kings;  
For never, never shall fair Freedom's hand  
Enroll one Prelate in her sacred band!"

He then digresses in praise of those *virtued sages* who have approved themselves the friends of freedom and the people; though not without an oblique glance at such as

"Fond of dull repose,

Without a dream of Learning's friends or foes,  
Enjoy their table, or from thence withdrawn,  
*Sink in soft slumber on their fleeces of lawn."*

The names that are mentioned with peculiar approbation are Langton and Hoadly among the dead, and amongst the *then* living, Shipley and Law.

Resuming his subject, he proceeds:

"O Lowth! we saw thy radiant name on high,  
Amid the purest lights of Learning's sky;  
And long, if true to Freedom's guiding voice,  
Long in thy splendor shall that sphere rejoice.

\* "Our excellent constitution, the glory of modern policy, and the envy of the rest of the world, is it not greatly weakened, and rendered ineffectual by a general national depravity, by a decay of public spirit, and every virtuous principle? And this weakness of the constitution do not the enemies of all order make a pretence, and use as an occasion, to endeavour, instead of restoring, totally to subvert it?—Are there not many, whose study it has long been to introduce disorder and confusion, to encourage tumults and seditions, to destroy all rule and all authority, by traducing Government, despising dominion, and speaking evil of dignities? By assuming visionary and impracticable principles, as the only true foundations of a true government, which tend to raise discontent in the people \*\*; to harden some in actual rebellion, and to dispose others to follow their example?"—*Bishop Lowth's Sermon, on Ash-wednesday 1779.*

\*\* "As far as, in any instance, the operation of any cause comes in to restrain the power of self-government, so far slavery is introduced." Dr. Price, *Observations on Civil Liberty*, Sect. I.—"The representation must be complete. No state, a part of which only is represented in the legislature that governs it, is *SELF-governed*." *Additional Observations*, Sect. I. From which it follows, that a vast majority of the people of England, all that have no vote for representatives in Parliament, are *slaves*.

† See Isaiah, chap. xiv.

One passing vapour shall dissolve away,  
And leave thy glory's unobstructed ray.  
But while on Fame's high precipice you stand,  
Be nobly firm! nor bend the virtuous hand,  
Fill'd with rich sweets from Freedom's flow'ry  
mead,

To pluck Servility's oblivious weed!  
High in the Court's rank foil that creeper  
winds,

And oft with dark embrace the Crozier binds;  
While squeeze'd from thence, the subtle Pre-  
late flings

Its luscious poison in the ear of Kings."

After justifying the motive of his address, and doing ample justice to the good Bishop's character, he adds:

"Shall Lowth adapt no more his Attic styl'  
To the meridian of my favourite isle?  
But feebly speak, in France's languid tone,  
Faint as beneath Oppression's burning zone?  
Or, blazing only with a bigot's fire,  
Awake the flaming flames of regal ire:  
Stretch the state-theorist on priest-hood's rack,  
And from the pulpit aim the personal attack?  
Far other precepts suit the hallow'd sage!  
\* \* \* \* \*

He then calls upon the Bishop to correct the rank abuses of the time, in the following animated lines:

"Rise then, O rise! with Hoadly's spirit fir'd,  
But in thy richer eloquence attir'd:

Teach us to guard from ev'ry mean control  
That manly vigour of the judging soul,  
Which faith approves, which loyalty allows!  
Teach us, while honour to thy doctrine bows,  
That duty's praise in no blind worship lies,  
But reason's homage to the just and wife!  
So to thy country, to thy God endeavor,  
By Heaven protected, as on earth rever'd,  
May thy mild age in purest fame rejoice;  
In fame, where Envy hears no jarring voice!  
So may Religion, with divine relief,  
Drop her rich balm on thy parental grief!  
May that sweet comforter, the heav'nly muse,  
Who fondly treasures sorrow's sacred dews,  
In glory's vase preserve the precious tear  
Shed by paternal love on beauty's bier!  
And O! when thou, to learning's deep regret,  
Must pay at nature's call our common debt;  
While life's last murmurs shake the parching  
throat,

And pity catches that portentous note;  
While in its hollow orb the rolling eye  
Of Hope is turn'd convulsive to the sky;  
May holiest visitants, each sainted seer,  
Whose well-known accents warble in thine ear,  
Descend, with Mercy's delegated power,  
To sooth the anguish of that awful hour:  
With lenient aid release thy struggling breath,  
Guide thy freed spirit thro' the gates of death,  
Shew thee emerging from this earthly storm,  
Thy lov'd Maria in a seraph's form,  
And give thee, gazing on the Throne of Grace,  
To view thy mighty Maker face to face."

*Favourite Tales, translated from the French. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Robinson.*

THE following Story of the "Mad Girl of St. Joseph's," by the Chevalier de Grave, will afford no bad specimen of these original and entertaining Tales, which are far superior to the general run of French frippery.

"It was two o'clock in the morning, the almost-exhausted lamp in the court-yard gave but a glimmering light, and I was retiring to my apartment, when I thought I heard a noise at the foot of the stair-case. I called out twice, 'Who's there? What are you about there?' and was answered by a soft and touching voice, 'It is I; don't you see that I am waiting for him?' As I was not the person expected, I was walking away, when the same voice called to me, 'Pray come here; but don't make a noise.' I approached, and near the last step, behind the pillar, perceived a young woman dressed in white, with a black sash, and with her hair falling in disorder on her shoulders. 'I never did you harm,' said she; 'pray do not hurt me. I have touched nothing; I am here in a corner, where I cannot be

"seen—this injures nobody—but don't say any thing about it; don't mention it to him.—He'll come down presently.—I shall see him; and then I'll go away."

"My surprise increased at every word; and I tried, in vain, to recollect this unfortunate creature. Her voice was perfectly unknown to me, as well as whatever I could discover of her person. She continued to speak; but her ideas became so confused, that I could discover nothing but the disorder of her head and the distress of her heart.

"I interrupted her, and endeavoured to bring back her attention to our situation.—'If somebody else,' said I, 'had seen you before I did at the foot of the stair-case?—' 'Ah!' said she, 'I see very well that you do not know all.—He alone is somebody—' and when he goes away, he does not, like you, listen to all he hears: he only hears her who is above. Formerly it was I; now it is she.—But it will not last. Oh! no, no, it will not last!"

"At these words she took a medallion from



from her bosom, and seemed to examine it with much attention.

"A moment after we heard a door open; and a servant holding a light at the top of the balustrade enabled me to distinguish a young man, who tripped lightly down stairs.

"As he passed, his hapless victim was seized with an universal trembling; and scarcely had he disappeared when the rest of her strength forsook her, and she fell on the lower step, behind the pillar that concealed us. I was going to call for assistance, but the fear of exposing her prevented me; and I took the poor creature senseless in my arms. The shutting of the door above was then heard. She started at the noise, and seemed to revive a little. I held her hands in one of mine, and with the other supported her head. She tried to speak; but the sounds she endeavoured to utter were stifled by her grief. We remained some time in a silence which I did not dare to interrupt; when, at last, having entirely recovered the use of her senses, she said to me, in a soft and faltering voice, "Ah! I see very well I ought to have warned you. The accident that has just happened to me must have made you uneasy, for you are good and kind; you must have been afraid, and I am not surprised at it. I was like you; I was afraid too when I found myself in this situation; I thought I was going to die. And I feared it, for that would have deprived me of the only means of seeing him, which is all that I have left. But I have found out, yes, I have found out that I cannot die. Just now, when he passed by, I left myself to go to him! If he died, I should die too—but without that, it is impossible. We only die where we live; and it is not in myself, but in him, that I exist.

"Some time ago—I was mad!—Oh! yes, very mad indeed! and that will not surprise you, as it was in the beginning of his going up this stair-case. My reason is now returned. Every thing goes and comes; and so does that. This medallion, which you see, restored it to me: it is a portrait; but it is not that of my friend. What good would that do? He is very well already; he has no occasion to improve—he has nothing to alter. If you did but know whose portrait it is! It is the wicked woman's above stairs—The cruel creature! What trouble has she given me since she approached my heart!—It was so content! so happy!—but she has deranged and destroyed all!—One day—I recollect it very well—I happened to go alone into my

"friend's room.—Alas! he was no longer there!—I found this portrait on his table; I took it; ran away with it; and since that I am better." After saying this, she began to laugh; talked of the public walks, of phetons, and of horses; and I once more perceived a total confusion in her ideas.

"Some moments after, when the left off speaking, I drew nearer to her; and asked, 'Why she preserved, with so much care, the portrait of the wicked woman above stairs?'

"How!" answered she, "what! you do not know?—Why, it is my only hope;—I take it every day, put it by the side of my looking-glass, and arrange my features like hers. I begin already to be a little like her; and, by taking pains, I shall resemble her exactly. I will then go and see my friend; he will be satisfied with me, and will no longer be obliged to go to her above stairs. For, except *that*, I am sure he likes me best. Only think on what trifles our happiness depends! on some features which he found no longer disposed to his liking. Why did he not say so?—I would have done then what I do now; and he would not have been obliged to apply to a stranger. Nothing was more easy, and it would have saved us both a great deal of trouble: but without doubt he did not think of it.

"Every evening I wait at the foot of the stair-case: he never comes down before the convent bell has struck two:—and then, as I can't see, I count the beatings of my poor heart.—Since I have been in possession of the portrait, I count every day some pulsations less!—But it is late, and I must go from hence.—Adieu!" I accompanied her to the street-door. As soon as without, she turned to the left, and I walked on some paces with her. She then suddenly fixed her eyes on the stream of light which the lamps formed before us. "You see all these lamps," said she; "they are agitated \* by every breath of air—it is the same with my heart—it burns like them:—but they consume, and I burn for ever!"

"I continued to follow her. "Stop," said she, again, "return home; I carry away with me a part of your sleep, and I am to blame; for sleep is very sweet; it is even so to me—I see in it what is past."

"I feared to afflict her by insisting any longer, and left her. However, my fear that some accident might happen to her made me follow her with my eyes, as I walked on gently behind. She soon stopped at a little

\* In France the Lamp are suspended on lines across the streets."

door, went in, and shut it after her. I then returned home, my mind and heart equally agitated, and this unfortunate creature continually before my eyes. I reflected on the cause of her misfortune; and some regret—

and the remembrance of some past circumstances, were mingled with my tears. I was too much affected to hope for rest; and while waiting for day-light, wrote down this scene to which I had been witness."

The Fall of Scepticism and Infidelity predicted. An Epistle to Doctor Beattie. 8vo. 2s. Cadell.

THIS gentleman, who has very slender pretensions to the title of a *Poet*, seems to possess claims more disputable still to the character of a *prophet*; and for our part, so *sceptical* are we, in one point at least, that (without affecting to

be inspired with the gift of *prophecy*) we scruple not to pronounce *infidelity* to be in no danger of a *fall* from such a religionist as the barding before us, or even as the ingenious but weak and unphilosophic Dr. Beattie.

In Olenrem Bellendeni Editorem, Carmen Antamcebaum. 4to. 1s.

THE following extract from the epistle dedicatory prefixed to this Poem, will fully explain the Writer's intention by its publication.

"To the free Translator of the celebrated Preface to BELLENDENUS.

"Worthy Sir,

"I Have the honour to congratulate you on your emerging from that dark abyss, in which, like Milton's Satan, you trod the rude confidence, that boggy Syrtis, neither sea, nor good dry land. Great are the obligations of the unlettered multitude to your learned labours in translating "the book which many cannot read;" its mysteries are now unveiled to idiotick eyes, and the book itself may well be consigned to a dignified and oblivious repose in the unmolested libraries of the great. Hail, great elucidator of the realms of Chaos! The work is worthy of your talents and your virtue.

"Yet in one thing methinks you fail. You might have recollected that the humour of Parlequin consists in his agility, and his wit in his patch-work jacket; you have trammelled him to a solemn pace, and clothed him in a vest unformly black; his gambols and his wit are now no more. Perhaps in the nature of things it could not be otherwise; that only shows the absurdity of your attempt: A trifle this, as it must be allowed that you have retained his dagger of lath, that redoubted weapon with which he performs such wonders. At the touch of this, virtue is degraded, and becomes a jest; dissoluteness, profligacy, and fiction usurp her honours; the man who saved the East, is insulted by those reptiles, whose accursed politics rent thirteen provinces from the British Empire; the wise and good are held up as objects of derision;

and the Minister is execrated, as having the guilt to be young, the effrontery to be virtuous, and the audaciousness to save his country from the ruin in which these preface-praised worthies were hastening to sink it. There are who shake their heads at these things; who look with contempt at this celebrated preface, as a wretched bundle of indigested phrases, the impertinent pedantry of an insolent Pedagogue, making his index-reading pander to his factious and dark malignity; who hold in abhorrence those virulent and invidious accusers, *quibus neque propter inconvulsum fidem, neque propter infidelitatem honorem habere debemus*; who feel an honest indignation at seeing a pious and learned divine depreciate and ridicule the noble severity of virtue, palliate the grossest debauchery, and set forth the most profligate characters in all the exorbitance of pestilent praise. No matter: These are only the wise and good: Regard them not: Let the glory of appearing in print continue to weigh more with you, than a regard to honour, justice, truth, and virtue.

"An honest indignation has extorted this address from me; *etiam quis tam dissoluta animo est, qui, hæc cum videat, tacere ac negligere possit?* I therefore beg leave to present you with a few Latin verses: I can easily conjecture how acceptable they will be to you."

Perhaps it is needless to add, that the Verses alluded to form a severe satire on the *Coalition Triumviri* celebrated in the Preface to Bellendenus. After this quotation, however, we trust that our readers will not in future suspect us of partiality in politics.



A View of the English Interests in India. By William Fullarton, Esq. M. P. and late Commander of the Southern Army on the Coast of Coromandel. 8vo. 4s. 6d. Cadell. 1787.

THE regulation of our Indian policy is an object of such immense magnitude and importance, more especially in the present contracted state of the British dominions, that any information regarding that topic, must be of utility and advantage. It is, perhaps, no more than the duty of every man, who from his rank and appointments in the East may be possessed of materials for the purpose, to point out the defects in our administration there, and to suggest such improvements or remedies as may appear to him necessary for the establishment and firm conservation of this last great resource of England. Mr. Fullarton has performed this duty in a very laudable manner. High in command, and connected with the ruling powers in India, his situation opened to him sources of information from which ordinary men are debarred. Of these he has availed himself with success; he has observed on the general posture of our interests there, with discrimination and judgment; he has censured what he thought amiss with dignity and moderation, and proposed his own sentiments with modesty and candour. A considerable part of his book is employed in the detail of his own campaigns, which, though honourable testimonies of his merit as a soldier, are not so interesting to the general feelings, as those parts wherein he speaks of the great system of English politics in India. In treating the former subject, we discover neither pride nor vain-glory; in the latter, neither prejudice nor asperity.

The public has heard much, and read more, of misrule in India; there have been declamations without end on the peculations of the Company's servants; and acts without number to retrieve if possible the Company's affairs; but these declamations have only tended to establish the oratorical character of the persons who delivered them; and those acts have too frequently confirmed the evils they were meant to remedy.

But it is not merely to the peculation of the Company's servants that the mischiefs in the East are owing—other causes concur materially—Want of system is worse there than even a bad system.

VOL. XIII.

The great leading principle of all Eastern institutions is *permanency*; but the principle, or at least the practice, of all English politics in India, has been productive of the most pernicious instability. By the first, laws, manners, rites, and regulations are handed down from age to age undiminished and unaltered;—by the second, the general order and arrangements of the country are torn asunder with capricious innovation: and to enforce a system so destructive of the dearest tenets of the natives, the continued operation of violence is required.

The distribution of the Gentoos into Talyngas, Malabars, Marattas, Canaras, and Malleallums, as well as into the different sects of Bramins, Rajahpoots, Nyars, and into many inferior subdivisions of merchants, labourers, and artificers, has remained inviolate since the promulgation of the laws of Brimha, whose Shaster contains the ordinances of their faith, and the pandects of their jurisprudence. These institutes have withstood the ravages of time, the irruptions of invaders, and the revolutions to which, in all recorded periods, those countries have been exposed.

The wisdom of the Moorish conquerors of Indoſtan failed not to preserve this ancient fabric of Indian adoration. In fact, the Mahometan governments apparently reverence the rites of the Gentoos, who still constitute the mass of subjects on the peninsula. Under the Moors, they are liable to oppressions incident to all arbitrary governments; yet their tyrants have mingled policy with force: and, as the Goths adopted the manners of those nations whom they conquered, so the Mussulmen have assimilated with the customs of their Indian subjects. They encourage them in husbandry and manufacture—employ them in their armies—entrust them with their finance—and, above all, preserve to them the purity of their Casts, the sanctity of their Bramins, and the pomp of their religion.

Happily for the English interests, intolerance in matters of religion has not mingled with our Indian policy. But in our civil and military conduct, intolerance has united with instability, to violate the most revered institutions, and to force pacific powers into measures for our extermination. So fully are these assertions verified by every circumstance attending the origin and growth of our power in India, that on a conviction of our restless and unstable views, was founded

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the policy of the Mogul, the Nizam, the Marattas, and other states of India, who lately associated to accomplish our destruction.

This ruinous fluctuation of councils and systems, owes its origin in a great measure to the nature of our establishment in India. There is unhappily a discordant principle in the political part, whence arise evils too inveterate to yield to any palliative expedient. Individuals are out of the question in a great measure; for the disunion there, is not the alliance of one man or set of men against another; it is not of one period, nor one presidency; but it is a general contention—a shock of situations, and a war of departments.

In order to account for the rise and progress of these dissensions, and of that discordant principle from which they originated, it must be remembered that the spirit of our primary establishment in India knew no power superior to the Company's government.

This authority, perplexed and wavering as it might be rendered by the politics of the different Presidencies counteracting each other, had yet somewhat of unity in the idea of its formation; so far at least, that the native powers, considering the Company as the fountain of all English authority in the peninsula, regulated their conduct by such communications as were conveyed through the medium of the Company's representatives. While this prevailed, the Nabob M. Ahmed Ally, and other native Princes in our alliance, conducted themselves with the utmost deference towards the established Government; and though at times they were severely pressed by some rapacious members, they felt a degree of security, and enjoyed an intercourse of good offices, that bordered on prosperity.

The errors of the Company's management having attracted the attention of Administration at home, an act of the legislature was passed in 1773, by which the powers of sovereignty were continued in the Company; but the authority of parliament assumed an executive interference in those very powers of sovereignty, by the appointment, recommendation, or confirmation of certain officers of justice, and others to be established in India. The power and dignity of the Crown had, at an earlier period, been brought into direct competition, though not on equal terms, with the power and sovereign authority of the Company. An embassy had been sent immediately from the Crown to the Nabob of Arcot, unavoidably in opposition to the power of the Company. Vehement disputes arose between the Ambassador and

the Presidency of Fort St. George. The Governor and Council constituted the regular authority of the settlement, and possessed the powers of Administration; while the other claimed superiority as representative of the Sovereign. The Nabob and all the other native Princes were perplexed. They had been taught, that in the Company was vested the supreme authority of England, as far as respected India—that no other power had any right of interference there. Now they are told, the Company is nothing more than a private body of merchants, without consequence or consideration in their own country, and who are soon to lose all power and consequence in India.

In this situation of affairs, what shall the unfortunate Nabob believe?—how shall he act?—A host of needy adventurers possess themselves of his confidence, impose upon his credulity, and taint his mind with opinions that have since proved his destruction. “Your Highness (say these adventurers) must shake off your connections with those traders;—you must now adhere to the sovereign power and majesty of England:—You, Sir, are an independent Prince:—you are guaranteed in your territory of the Carnatic by the treaty of Paris;—the Kings of France and Spain have ratified that treaty, and the King of England is your protector.—Throw off, therefore, all dependence on the mercantile association.”

It is not surprizing that an Asiatic Prince, who cannot reconcile the contradiction of a body of merchants possessing sovereignty, should have been deceived by language so congenial to his natural propensities; especially when confirmed by the solemnity of public letters, and an embassy from the Sovereign.

From that moment, his attachment to the Company was shaken:—he spoke lightly of their power, disregarded their servants, and counteracted their intentions.

The Government of Madras resented this defection, and forced him to confess that his new allies were either negligent of their promises, or unequal to resist the Company, in whose hands the executive control still remained.

Since that time, the Presidency of Madras has been a continued scene of counteraction. The Senior Officer of the Squadron has usually represented his Majesty at the Durbar, and that situation tends to render him, *ex officio*, an object of jealousy to the Company's Government. The Commander in Chief on shore has likewise held an authority from the Crown, so indefinitely expressed, that he could neither submit to the govern-  
ment



ment without incurring professional unpopularity, nor resist without exciting ruinous commotions.

Thus the pretensions of Governor and Commander still remain in collision with each other,—the King and Company still continue in that country to be contending powers—while the Company and Nabob are bound over to perpetual variance. Between the civil and military no line is traced; no redress for the latter, no mode of coercion for the former, and the warfare of the Presidencies is extended and confirmed.

The provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Oriss, as possessed by the British, and including Benares, contain an area of 162,000 square miles; their annual revenues are supposed to have amounted, in happier times, to 5,000,000*l.* sterling, and their population to 11,000,000: the province of Oude and its dependencies comprehend an area of 53,286 square miles, yielded a revenue of 3,500,000*l.* and maintained 20,000,000 of people.

By this standard it appears that, the Coast of Coromandel being added, its extent being 65,944 square miles, its ancient population 9,000,000, and revenue in former times 3,000,000*l.*, the aggregate of these territories will form a dominion nearly equal in revenue, and far superior in population as well as in extent to Great Britain, the richest and most productive kingdom in proportion to its area, that ever existed in the temperate zones. Great Britain is supposed to contain an area of 96,400 square miles, her population is computed at 8,000,000, and her revenues at 14,000,000*l.* Our dominions in India contain by computation 281,230 square miles, the revenues are 11,500,000*l.* and the population 30,000,000!

In former times the Bengal countries were the granary of nations, and the repository of commerce, wealth and manufacture in the East. Vessels from all quarters poured out their treasures on the banks of the Ganges, and the numberless nations that people the northern regions of Indostan, as far as Cashmere, Lahore, and Thibet, including a range of several thousand miles, used to deposit their riches there, as the great mart and centre of their traffick. But such has been the restless energy of our misgovernment, that within the short space of twenty years, many parts of those countries have been reduced to the appearance of a desert. The fields are no longer cultivated,—extensive tracts are already overgrown with thickets,—the husbandman is plundered,—the manufacturer oppressed,—famine has been repeatedly endured,—and depopulation has ensued. The districts are farmed

out to Renters, or Zemindars,—and the collections, as well as all other business relating to finance, are committed to a Provincial Chief, who reports to the Committee of Revenue. The Renter holds by a precarious tenure, while it costs him so much to procure and maintain his situation, that if his exactions bear proportion to his risk and advance of money, they must be extremely severe indeed. Neither would it suit the views of a Chief to be less industrious in the business of extortion. They must therefore be unusually inept if they do not between them contrive to distress the inhabitants, to ruin agriculture, and to defraud the Government of at least thirty or forty *per cent.* of the stipulated payments. This they manage by statements of approaching want, which they themselves have occasioned; by accounts of provincial works, which are never performed; by unjustifiable deductions, and by connivance at the defalcations of the managers.

The husbandmen and Ryots dependent on these depredators (compared with whom the feudal Serfs were in a state of freedom) are in their turn happy mortals, when contrasted with the weavers and manufacturers. If the former be plundered of their grain, the chaff at least is left for their subsistence; but such is the system of commercial regulation that the wretched manufacturers have hardly a resource. The Commercial Chief, to whom they are subject, and who, under the Committee of Trade and Manufacture, is charged with the business of investment, assigns to all the portion of their labour,—by a small advance pretends to an appropriation of their industry,—denies their right to use their ingenuity for their own advantage,—establishes a ruinous monopoly, by the abuse of power, and treats them as bondsmen toiling for his benefit. The consequence is, desertion among the weavers, a decreasing investment for the Company, enormous acquisition for himself, and a fatal stagnation of all trade and manufacture throughout his district.

In Oude, Rohilcund, and all the upper countries within our influence, the natives are, if possible, still more distressed. Various hordes have been driven to despair by hardship and exaction. They have assembled in formidable force, and menaced the whole country:—the husbandman goes to the plough with a firelock over his shoulder, while the Government is too feeble to restrain these outrages, and too much depressed to afford relief.

If we trust to our military on the Bengal establishment for protection against these alarming enormities, we shall find, that entire

corps have existed on paper, who, exclusive of the Commandant and Staff, never had any existence but on paper; and it will farther appear, that those Sepoys who have a real existence, are neither well disciplined, nor regularly paid. The decreasing produce of the country is consumed by the utmost contrivance of profusion; and so wasteful is the mode of contribution, that the country of Oude, period after period, has fallen into arrears, leaving the exhausted Prince without means of supporting his government, or of maintaining his family.

A concurring cause of our mischiefs in India, is, that the Supreme Board in Calcutta is stationary at the same time that it is paramount to all the other Presidencies—their industry is by no means confined to Bengal and its adjacent provinces; they have an extended latitude of power: every other Board and Presidency is subject to their sway, and their controlling influence pervades the whole politics of India. Without discussing the merits of this unbounded interference, experience has evinced, that in its present modification, it has disconcerted every measure of the other Governments, and sunk them in the estimation of all neighbouring States; while the Supreme Board stationary in Calcutta has laboured under such impediments of distance, local ignorance, and endless avocation, that in every instance where they have descended to such interference, they have exposed themselves to public ridicule; and after marring the business beyond all chance of remedy, have been forced at last to throw it from themselves upon the Presidency, to which from habit, vicinity, and connection, it did of right belong.

If it be judged expedient to have a Supreme Board of India, in whom all the controlling powers of Government shall ultimately concentrate, in the name of common sense let it be a Board of Circuit;—let it be a Board of Inspection, as well as of Control, composed of Members from each Presidency, detached from the embarrassments and corruption of provincial regulation:—let it be a Board that can observe with impartiality, judge with accuracy, and act with vigour;—that can move to any spot in India, where public emergencies are most urgent, and call more immediately for its presence. Thus, and thus only, can it become a Board of extended efficiency either to enforce obedience, restrain subordinate misconduct, or unite in

one connected series the vast and complicated mass of Indian affairs\*.

Almost all the powers in India are our open or concealed enemies; the Mogul, the Nizam, the Mahrattas, the Affghans, Pitans, Doranies, Abdallahs, Condahars, Kashmirians, and other hordes of Mussulmen who people the northern territories of Indostan:—All these latter are brave, warlike, impatient of peace, and eager of adventure; so unsettled is the present state of all those northern countries adjoining to Bengal, that any resolute leader, black or white, of military reputation, might on the shortest notice raise an army of 100,000 men ready to follow him as long as he could feed and pay them. But these are inferior dangers when compared with the strength and menacing condition of Mysore; the recent growth and warlike advancement of that State, exhibit a phenomenon unparalleled in History—a mighty empire created from nothing by the superior genius of one man.

Hyder Naick, or Hyder Ally, the son of a Killidar who commanded a fort of some strength on the confines of Mysore, soon rendered himself superior to all the other commanders in the Mysore service. At the attack of the bloody Choultry on Seringham Island, mentioned in Mr. Orme's invaluable History, he particularly distinguished himself, as well as on every other occasion in which he either acted or advised. Without dwelling on the gradations of his conduct, in attaining confidence and elevation, it is enough to say that he rose to be the Prime General and Chief Minister of his master. Clothed with the authority of these employments, and supported by his aspiring talents, he soon left his Sovereign nothing but the name, and at last doomed him and his whole family to confinement, exhibiting them from time to time in great state, to soothe and please the people, while he in fact transferred the sceptre to his own hands.—He trained his peaceful subjects to the use of arms, by new modelling the military system; by inviting all ranks of Moormen, Rajahpoots, and other warlike casts, to join his standard; by encouraging or rather alluring French and other Europeans to enter into his service; and above all, by a course of severe and unremitting duty in the field. He attacked, and successively subdued the numerous Polygars, Chiefs, and petty Rajahs, whose possessions lay within his reach. He extended his views against the countries

\* "The preceding remarks on the condition of Bengal and its adjacent territories are not the result of personal observation, and therefore may be considered as less deserving attention than those which I have ventured to offer on the affairs of Coromandel. There is little doubt, however, considering the natural fertility of those countries, that a mild and permanent administration might soon restore them to prosperity."



south of the Ghauts, as far as the confines of Trichinopoly and Madura, on the Malabar coast. He reduced the Zamorin or Sovereign of Calicut, the Rajah of Paligat, the other Malabar Rajahs, and rendered the Rajah of Cochin tributary to his Circar. He conquered Beddanore, Goutty, and Chitelldroog; the countries of Cudaph, Kanoul, and Savanore; thus extending his dominions as far north as Goa on the Malabar sea, and across the peninsula to the country of Palnaud and Ganjam, on the coast of Coromandel.

With these, and other interior acquisitions, the Rajahship of Mysore grew into a powerful state, 400 miles in length from north to south, and near 300 miles in breadth from east to west, with a population of many millions; an army of 300,000 men, and 5,000,000*l.* of annual revenue. These achievements were the result of intrepid perseverance. He next ventured to try his strength with the Marattas and with the English;—though he could not vanquish them, yet he increased in self-confidence and public estimation. His very failures he turned to account, and, like Czar Peter, submitted to be worsted, that he might learn to be superior.

During the long interval of peace with the English, from 1769 to 1780, the improvement of his country, and the strictest executive administration, formed the constant objects of his care. Under his masterly control, they attained a perfection never heard of under any other Indian Sovereign; the husbandman, the manufacturer, and the merchant, prospered in every part of his dominions; cultivation increased, new manufactures were established, and wealth flowed into the kingdom. But against negligence or malversation he was inexorable. The Renters, the Tax-gatherers, and other officers of revenue, fulfilled their duty with fear and trembling; for the slightest defalcation was punished with the chaubuck\*, or with death. He employed spies and intelligencers in every corner of his own dominions, and in every court of India; and he had other persons in pay, who served as checks upon them, and watched all their operations.

The minutest circumstance of detail, the produce of a crop, the cultivation of a district, the portion paid to the Circar, and that reserved to the inhabitants, were accurately known to him:—Not a movement in the remotest corner could escape him,—not a murmur or

intention of his neighbours, but flew to him. It will hardly appear exaggeration to say, that he was acquainted with every spot, and almost with every person in his empire, when we consider that he was in a continued round of inspection.—In his Durbar, during the hours of business, reports from all corners were received:—his secretaries successively read to him the whole correspondence of the day:—to each he dictated in few words the substance of the answer to be given; which was immediately written, read to him, and dispatched.

On his right and left hand, during these hours, were placed bags of gold and silver; out of which, those who brought him intelligence were rewarded by one or more handfuls of coin, proportioned to their deserts; he was accessible to all: every horseman or sepoy, that wanted to enter his service, was inspected by himself; every Jemidar, or officer of any note, was intimately known to him. His troops were amply paid, but not a fraction was lost. Those who supplied his camps, garrisons and cantonments, were all under such contribution, that almost the whole military disbursements reverted to his treasury. There was no contractor bold enough to hazard a public imposition. There was no commander ingenious enough to screen inability or disobedience, nor a defaulter that could elude detection. He possessed the happy secret of uniting minuteness of detail with the utmost latitude of thought and enterprise. As his perseverance and dispatch in business were only equalled by his pointedness of information, so his conciseness and decision in the executive departments of a great government, are probably unprecedented in the annals of men. Conscious from experience of his own ability, and of the weakness and distraction of the English, he planned their extirpation from India. He summoned all the native powers to join his cause:—they hesitated. He determined to act alone—and conquered the Carnatic.

His death, in December 1782, left the accomplishment of his farther designs to his son and successor Tippoo Sultaun, to whom he bequeathed an overflowing treasury, which he had filled,—a powerful empire, which he had created,—and an army of 300,000 men, whom he had formed, disciplined, and enured to conquest.

[To be continued.]

\* The chaubuck is an instrument for scourging criminals.

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

(Concluded from Vol. XII. page 388.)

2. ACCOUNT of a Case, in which a considerable Portion of the lowest Jaw-bone was removed; to which are added some Remarks on the Effects produced by Matter formed in the Socket of a Tooth, and confined there. By Mr. Joseph Brandish, Member of the Corporation of Surgeons of London, and Surgeon at Alcester in Warwickshire. Communicated in a Letter to Dr. Johnstone, Physician at Worcester; and by him to Dr. Simmons.

This is a very curious history of a boy five years old who had a fore mouth, commonly called a canker. In the course of five months almost the whole of one side of the lower jaw became loose, and was extracted by the surgeon. An engraving of it is given in the work. The boy did well, and is said to be not the least disfigured. Mr. Brandish adds some remarks on diseases of the gums and sockets of the teeth, which tend to corroborate some of the opinions maintained by Mr. Hunter in his late publication on the venereal disease.

3. Additional Remarks on the supposed Influence of the Moon in Fevers. Communicated in a Letter to Dr. Simmons, by Robert Jackson, M. D. Physician at Stockton.

This is a paper of considerable importance, and, in reply to some objections offered in a former Journal to the author's doctrine by Dr. Lind, affords additional arguments in favour of a lunar influence in fevers.

4. Case of a Rupture of the Tendo Achillis. Communicated in a Letter to Dr. Simmons, by Mr. John Rodbard, Surgeon at Ipswich.

In this paper the author describes a method of treating accidents of this kind, which seems to be a considerable improvement in surgery. It consists in keeping the foot in its natural position, instead of confining it to an extended posture, as hath been hitherto the practice.

5. An Account of a Peculiarity of Vision in a Girl at East Dereham in Norfolk. Communicated in a Letter to Dr. Simmons, by Mr. J. S. Webber, Surgeon at East Dereham.

This account is so curious, that we are induced to give it to our readers in the author's own words.

HELEN BUNNETT, or, as she is commonly called, the *owl-eyed girl*, is thirteen years old, of a fair complexion, with brown hair, and has all her life enjoyed a good state of health. She was born in a workhouse belonging to East Dereham, in the county of Norfolk; but is now supported in a House of Industry belonging to the hundreds of Milford and Launditch, in the same county.

This girl has from her infancy laboured under a peculiarity of vision. What particularly strikes one's attention, on her entering a room in the day-time, is, her looking towards the ground, and her eyes appearing, as it were, sunk in her head; so much so, that the whole ball of the eye seems lost within its orbit, and of course the eyelid so covers it, that you would at first imagine the humours of the eye had escaped from their coats.

No appearance of disease is perceptible in the coats of the eye. The choroid is of a whitish or light grey colour. The iris is peculiarly perfect. The pupils are entirely black; and the appearance of each eye is the same.

I first put her faculty of vision to the test by exhibiting large objects before her eyes, such as a watch, a broad button, the key of a door, &c. These she certainly was able to distinguish, though with difficulty; and I observed that she is very near sighted.

I next offered to her bottles filled with medicines of different colours, such as blue vitriolic water, vegeto-mineral water, and others; in attempting to distinguish these she in general failed. I then presented to her view small objects, such as a sixpence, a shilling, pins, &c. but these she could not discover at all.

Upon closing the windows, and darkening the room suddenly, I had my attention fixed upon her eyes, which instantly dilated, and the pupils became as perfect, and as large in proportion, as in any human body whatever; on the contrary, upon opening the windows as suddenly as I before had closed them, the pupils became instantly contracted, and the balls of the eyes appeared, as it were, sunk. I then closed her eye-lids, and rubbed them frequently, but without observing any appearance of dilatation in the eyes. Having now again darkened the room so much that I could not myself distinguish objects, I had in readiness the same bottles of medicines as before, and likewise some pieces of cloth of different colours that I had offered to her when the win-



flows were not closed, and which she had then not been able to distinguish: but upon my again offering the same to her in the darkened room, I was agreeably surpris'd to find that she could tell me the colours of the different fluids in the bottles, as well as the quantities therein contained, and also the various colours of the cloths, excepting of those which we may term mixed cloths; and perhaps in these she failed not from a want of perception, but from not being sufficiently practis'd in the distinctions of complicated colours. I likewise took a pin, and having dropped it upon the ground, at a considerable distance from that part of the room where she stood, changed places with her, and desired her to look for the pin, which she very soon found. All the time the room remained darkened her eyes were fully dilated, and continued equally so, neither contracting nor increasing in their dilatation.

The expression of owl-eyed girl, which I have made use of, is not a term given to her

by me, but is a distinction she goes by among the paupers in general in the house where she now is.

I lately asked her the following questions, which I shall give you, with her answers, as I minut'd them upon the spot:

Q. "How is your eyesight when in the sun?"

A. "I cannot then see in the least."

Q. "Are your eyes ever painful to you?"

A. "They are very painful in summer and hot weather."

Q. "In what direction do you look when you wish to distinguish any thing?"

A. "From the corners of my eyes, as one cross-eyed."

She has inform'd me likewise, that she can distinguish objects as well by moonlight, or in the twilight, as in the dark.

This Part of the Journal concludes, as usual, with a Catalogue of New Medical Books.

Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry, with Remarks by Henry Headley, A.B.  
2 vols. 12mo. 8s. Cadell. 1787.

[From a CORRESPONDENT.]

IT has been for some time too common a practice to mangle the works of our later poets, and publish them by piecemeal under the appellation of Beauties. The work before us is of a different description, as it contains selections from the more ancient English writers, many of whom have been long consign'd to neglect and obscurity. It is evident from Mr. Headley's Extracts, that their unpopularity does not proceed from their want of merit. So far indeed is Mr. H. from being of that opinion, that in the course of estimating their value under the different heads of *language, versification, style, sentiment, and imagery*, he expresses his preference of them to the more modern votaries of the Muses. "He grounds this predilection on their originality and immediate imitation of nature, from whose eventful and important pages they transcribed more or less according to their necessities. Succeeding bards have adopted much, and added little; have distorted, frintered away, and sometimes totally new vampt the ideas of their predecessors. To a process not very dissimilar to this (says Mr. H.) I am inclin'd to attribute the frequent lifelessness of modern poetry, which too often resembles an artificial nosegay, the colours of which though splendid are yet tawdry, and heightened far beyond the modesty of nature, without any pretensions to fragrance; while that of a century and a half back, appears

as a garland fresh from the gardens of nature, and still moist and glittering with the dews of the morning."

The Biographical Sketches prefixed to the Select Pieces relate to Beaumont, Browne, Cartwright, Corbet, Carew, Crawshaw, Daniel, Drummond, Davenant, Drayton, the Fletchers, the Earl of Surry, King, Lovelace, May, Niccols, Quarles, Raleigh, Lord Buckhurst, Warner, Sir H. Wootton, and Sir T. Wyatt.—Among the chorus of "*bards of other times*," whom Mr. H. has thus introduced, we are glad to find that Drummond has gained admittance. It would certainly have been unfair to have excluded so elegant and tender a writer, because he was born on the other side of the Tweed. To our readers we think no apology necessary for introducing one of his sonnets, and an extract from Fletcher's Purple Island, by way of specimens of the Select Beauties.

#### S O N N E T.

WHAT doth it serve to see Sanges burn-  
ing face?

And skies enamell'd with both Indies gold?

Or moon at night in jerry chariot roll'd?

And all the glory of that starry place?

What doth it serve Earth's beauty to behold?  
The mountains pride, the meadows flourish  
grace;

The statelie comelineesse of forrests old,

The sport of flowers which would themselves  
embrace?





just resentment for "*wanton attacks*;" but this resentment does not betray him into any strains of scurrility.—He expresses himself sometimes with a warmth which, on his subject, is not unnatural; but, at the same time, he conducts himself with an officer-like delicacy, on the whole. Indeed, no vehemence of stile could be half so severe, as the plain facts which are on very many occasions opposed to the reasoning and assertions of Colonel Tarleton.

Mr. Mackenzie, though his style is not always strictly correct and grammatical, yet on the whole writes with propriety, perspicuity, and ease; and conveys his ideas to the minds of his readers with equal vigour and precision, which is his object, but which is, indeed, the first quality of style and manner in composition. We meet with frequent sallies of humour in this writer. For example: Having enumerated names and actions which a gentleman who undertook to write an History of the Southern Campaigns of 1780 and 1781 should have known and recorded, he says, [p. 29.] "But let us follow our author to his own achievements, where no charge of omission can possibly be brought against him."—Having specified eight different places in Colonel Tarleton's publication in which, although he often passes by the death and wounds of brave officers, he mentions the numbers of killed and wounded horses, Mr. Mackenzie very justly observes, that "from such anxiety in our author, not to omit recording the smallest loss sustained by his own corps, this reflection naturally occurs, that the fall of horses in actions wherein he was concerned is entitled to a preferable attention in his work, to officers of equal, perhaps superior merit to himself, who suffered upon other occasions."

ANECDOTES OF MR. MACKENZIE,  
Author of "*Strictures on Colonel  
TARLETON's History.*"

THE Author of these *Strictures* owes his birth, and the first rudiments of his education, to the most northern extremity of this island. He, with many other of the descendants of those who

had attached themselves to the cause of an unfortunate family, became a soldier of fortune on the commencement of the late war.

In the year 1776, a rifle-gun of peculiar ingenuity was constructed by Captain Ferguson of the 70th regiment; its utility was proved by repeated trials before his Majesty; and the command of one hundred picked men conferred on the inventor, with which he embarked for America. To this select corps the author attached himself, and early was distinguished by his patron.—The manner in which he laments the death of Ferguson, in the work before us, shews that gratitude is one of his virtues.

The activity and services of Ferguson and his corps met with proper attention from the Commander in Chief, and our author was provided for in the Line.

During the war in the Southern Colonies we find him always in the field, and, unfortunately for Lieutenant Colonel Tarleton's fame as an historian, frequently under his command. From several wounds received at Cowpens he returned to Camden—and his dedication expresses his sense of the humanity he experienced there from Lord Rawdon, as well as his ideas of his Lordship's military talents. When he recovered from these wounds, he was appointed to a public department in Charlestown by Colonel Balfour the Commandant, was employed in confidential services, and though under the sanction of a flag of truce, made prisoner by the Count de Grasse; but being released by General Washington, he was again publicly employed in Charlestown. On that place being abandoned, he returned with a remnant of the regiment to which he belonged to this country, where peace was just proclaimed.—War still raged in India:—thither, having obtained his Majesty's permission, he bent his course; where peace being also soon restored, he travelled from Bombay to Bengal, and returned to Europe. He is now from an active soldier become a peaceful citizen, and, as far as we can learn, engaged in a tolerably extensive business in the wine trade.

## THE STREATHAM ALBUM: OR, MINISTERIAL AMUSEMENTS.

(Continued from Vol. XII. Page 478.)

### No. V.

NO sooner had the rolling wheels of the Marquis of Lansdown's carriage announced his departure, than the toll of cr.

Vol. XIII.

ticism was begun. His ODE to SINCERITY, inserted in the last Number of these *Extracts*, was received with much and various animadversion. The concluding compliment to the

eloquence

*eloquence* of Lord Sydney, and the *purity* of Mr. Eden, was particularly noticed. Some contended that it was literally meant; while others, knowing the peculiar *forte* of the noble Marquis, received it as a specimen of his incomparable *irony*. The dispute was referred to Mr. Wilkes, who, taking in the whole room with a *single glance*, saw which way the majority were inclined, and declared it to be as literal truth—as ever the noble Marquis spoke on a *public* occasion.

*Par nobile fratrum!* exclaimed Mr. Drake, jun. at this instant; when the company turning round, saw Lord *Hawksbury* and Mr. *Grenville* enter hand in hand, bearing their joint contribution to the *Album*.—A momentary smile took place on observing a strange contrast in the appearance of this *poetic pair*;—the one, “a muse-rid mope, adust and thin;” the other, chubby, robust, and corpulent, particularly towards the *lower extremities*. The latter appeared like a well-fed Banker’s Clerk; the former like an apprehensive Poet presenting a dedication.—But passing over any farther description, we shall hasten to present their communication, in the following Dialogue:

*Hawksb.* YE swains of Windfor’s heights begin the song,

*Grenv.* Ye nymphs around Whitehall attune the lay;

*H.* To courtly themes still courtly strains belong,

*G.* With such we celebrate this festive day.

*G.* Say, shall we sing of Royal *G*——’s praise?  
Or shall we make *ourselves* the dearer theme?

*H.* Thro’ him we rose—more grateful shall it seem,

To him the panegyric song to raise.

HAWKSBURY.

From *G*—— my strain begins, whose actions bold

Shall fill each ear—wherever they are told;

From *G*—— Compassion’s meek and general heir,

Whose Sheep and Subjects are his equal care.

GRENVILLE.

Me, too, he favors—he my Muse inspires,  
And from her lips the thankful verse requires;  
Yet would she rise on *twice* as bold a wing,  
If *MULGRAVE* had not *equal* cause to sing.

HAWKSBURY.

Me, *RICHMOND* still with glance indignant eyes,

When in the House from crimson’d seat I rise;  
But vain th’ indignant glance on me shall prove,  
While cheer’d by Royal Confidence and Love.

GRENVILLE.

See, *BURGESS* court for *HASTINGS*’ fallen state,

Whilst *SCOTT* and *NICHOLLS* their dull tale repeat;

And humbled *IMPEY* bows with distant prayer,  
That Impudence like mine should be my care.

HAWKSBURY.

If thanksless for these favours e’er I feel,  
Let ingrate friends each secret art reveal;  
Let me be mock’d by mutes I now despise,  
Nay, more—in my defence let *ARDEN* rise!

GRENVILLE.

If e’er Ingratitude this bosom sways,  
May *BURKE* impeach me,—or may *DUNDAS* praise;

Stript too, at once, of perquisite and place,  
And curs’d with *MARTIN*’s wit and *MULGRAVE*’s face.

Of the striking beauties of this production we shall only remark how happily the compliment is paid in the third stanza to the *pastoral* character of the great personage alluded to. His expanded mind, it is well known, can readily pass from adjusting a *subsidy*, to regulate the price of *skimmed milk*; and from settling regimental *linings*, and *pocket-holes*, with a first Lord of the Admiralty, can pass, by an easy transition, to enquire the price of a poppy-coloured *ribbon*:—We suppose, however, that it was merely the necessity of the metre, which in the passage above-mentioned caused the noble Poet to place the *sheep* before the *subjects*.

It may also be necessary to remark on the delicacy with which Mr. Grenville, in the fourth stanza, insinuates a complaint, that he is only joint Paymaster of the forces; and his spleen against the noble Lord who shares that office, seems again to break out in the last line by the mention of a face so much resembling the once celebrated *Heidegger*, of deformed memory.

We shall now pass over some other compositions, which are not distinguished by any prominent feature, to take notice of the production of an Honourable Baronet, who has lately given so much exercise to the risibility of the House of Commons; and we make no doubt, but much curiosity will be excited when we mention the name of Sir *GREGORY BAGE TURNER*.

O D E.

OH! thou who rul’st the parts of speech,  
Noun, Adjective, and Verb—come teach

My falt’ring tongue to join ’em.

Or if that boon I can’t obtain,

Let not the pray’r prove quite in vain,

Say—whence shall I purloin ’em?

Goddess of Eloquence attend,

Ah! prove for once Sir *Gregory*’s friend,

And aid his straying wit;—

So shall th’ unmanner’d laughter cease,

And have leisure to in peace

To watch and vote for *PITT*,



So, like BEAUFOY, shall he declaim,  
And pour along the tinkling stream  
Of elocution bland;  
His graceful person rais'd to view,  
The ruffle seen—of whitest hue—  
From Lady TURNER's hand.

Then Goddeſs—if intent to charm,  
Thou e'er aſſume a mortal form,  
And call at Portland-place,  
There a rich offering ſhall be thine,  
Rich—from my Lady's taſte and mine,  
A ſuit of Flanders' lace.

There ſhall thy vot'ry own thy praiſe,  
To thee the grateful altar raiſe,  
And there the incenſe burn;  
When he can ridicule deſy,  
And 'ſcape th' inſulting keen reply,  
He'll laugh then—in his turn.

The Honourable Baronet was not contented with delivering this elegant production, but he inſiſted alſo on reading it to the company. The ſecond ſtanza was ſcarce finiſhed, when Mr. Dundas, who ſat behind him, laughed, and then threw the blame on an unfortunate *parrot*, which was placed in the corner of the room. The Baronet proceeded—another ſiſter enſued—and the blame again fell on the ſame culprit.—A third interruption having taken place, Sir Gregory flew into a rage,—would certainly have wrung its neck off the unfortunate *parrot*, if Mr. Dundas had not good-naturedly interſered, archly obſerving at the ſame time,—“that it was a pity there ſhould be any diſpute where the nature of both parties was ſo perfectly congenial,”

#### NO. VI.

WE ſhould extend theſe extracts too far if we were to give in detail the various contributions which were ſucceſſively inſerted in the ALBUM; nor would the public derive much entertainment from peruſing a deſcription of the Scotch Boroughs by Mr. Dundas, though written in the ſtyle of *McPherson*, and elucidated into obſcurity by the judicious notes of his friend Mr. *Ilay Campbell*—we beg his pardon—by the preſent Lord Advocate of Scotland.

Yet, that curioſity may not be entirely ungratiſied, we ſhall ſubjoin a ſhort extract copied *literatim* from the text of the Right Hon. Writer.

“Dark was the morne, and looſing laked the ſun on the ungedled hills. Bleak was the blaſt which came whoſtling frae the north, and howled in the face of Henry, as he traversed the plains of Fiſe. The angry ſpirit of the waters poured cataracts frae the ſkies, and ſtreamed in dark torrents along the hills. Yet the wanderer ſtill ſped him forward. Striking againſt the pointed rock, he

fell, and as he fell—the bawbees reſounded in his pocket.

“Yet ſweeter was this deſolation to the ſoul of Henry, than the gauds of ſouthern climates. Rude though the proſpect lay—he aroſe—and went along rejoicing in the ſcene.”

The learned Annotator on theſe ſublime deſcriptions gravely remarks, for the information of poſterity, that the above paſſage alludes to an incident which occurred to Mr. Dundas himſelf in his late viſit to Scotland, and quotes his countryman Mr. Boſwell, Sir John Hawkins, &c. in proof that *great men* may be allowed to narrate *little things*, particularly of themſelves. The mention of the “*bawbees*,” his Lordſhip ſpeaks of as a moſt beautiful inſtance of what may be called the *minute deſcriptive*; and from the epithet “*whiſtling*” applied to the winds, he remarks, rather inappoſitely we muſt confeſs, that his Right Hon. friend is paſſionately fond of muſic; and that he is not only partial to his national muſic, played on that bewitching inſtrument the *bag-pipe*, but ſpeaks alſo with rapture of the notes of *Rumboldi*, a foreign compoſer!

From the ſame principle of brevity, though we greatly felicitate ourſelves on the copiouſneſs of our fund—we ſhall paſs over—an ADDRESS to MERCURY, as the patron of *thieving* and *horſe-racing*, by his Grace the Duke of Queensbury; the *Orators*, a *Rhapsody*, by the Right Hon. the Earl of Abington; and the TRIUMPH of the GRACES, a *Cantata*, though written with ſome luxuriance, and much approbation, by Lord Mulgrave.

The next production which we ſhall notice, was occaſioned by an event rather unexpected at Streatham, we mean a viſit from Lord Weſcote and Mr. Minchin. Theſe twin-models of firmneſs and integrity were received with his uſual politeneſs by the owner of the manſion; but Mr. Pitt was obſerved, immediately on their entrance, to *ſhuffle* out of the room with infinite *dexterity*. They received ſeveral compliments on their *conversion*, which a wicked wit—we believe it was Mr. Wilkes—compared to that of St. Paul. To perpetuate the memory of this glorious event, it was agreed to celebrate it by the following Ode. Mr. Roſe furniſhed the *muſic*. The poetry was contributed by the parties undermentioned.

#### O D E.

Strophe the firſt.—Lord Weſcote.

*Janus!* attend thy vot'ry's pray'r!

Bring with thee all the changeful powers,  
That rule the variegated hours,  
And verſatile themſelves,—make ſuch their  
care;

Come from thy darksome cells,  
Where the *Cameleon* dwells,  
Reflecting at thy feet his varied rays;  
Do thou inspire the Muse,  
Whatever strain the chuse,  
To thank this chosen few;  
Teach us to pour the ardent lay  
Which haply may repay  
For their protecting smile the tribute due.  
Then stern CONTEMPT shall hiss in vain,  
Or GRATITUDE complain,  
And HONOUR'S voice be lost in SYDNEY'S  
praise.

Chorus—*accompanied alternately by Kettle-*  
*drums and the Flute obligato,*  
Hushed be the seas  
Whilst WESTCOTE strikes the lyre,  
And in changeful lays,  
Yat to the subject true,  
We—as it is due—  
With general voice proclaim his praise.

Antistrophe.—Mr. *Nincom*.  
'Tis done—the Inspiration comes;  
I feel,—I feel the genial flame.  
Let trumpets found and kettle-drums,  
Whilst I proclaim  
That PITY and PRUDENCE are the same.  
Long enrolled in weakened numbers,  
Wrapt in deep politic slumbers,  
I vainly thought INCORRUPT was FAME.  
The generous impulse long I thought to share,  
When PRUDENCE\* plucked me by the ear,  
And pointed to the Treasury-Gate,  
Where jests and smiles prevail within,  
The gratulation bland—the chuckling grin.  
—Without—pale Envy sighs,  
And Hunger flames with eager eyes,

And Discontent and poor Dependence wait,  
Then by the offices you bear,  
By all the sweets of Patronage and Place,  
Indulge us with a share,  
And take repentant sinners into grace,  
Take—  
Take us but in—we care not how or where,

Strophe the second.—Lord *Mulgrave*.  
Revolving in mine alter'd soul  
The various turns of fate below,  
From this firm breast a sigh now stole,  
And tears began to flow.  
Thinking—Ah lamentable case,  
I might perchance, like you, be out of place;  
Then come, regenerate sons of Grace,  
Behind the Treasury-Bench ye both shall sit,  
And own the *saving* powers of *Pitt*;  
There to forget the wars you erst did wage,  
When the snug sinecure quells your patriot  
rage,  
And glad Expectancy shall end in place.

Antistrophe the second.—Mr. *Wilberforce*.  
Now strike the changing lyre again,  
A louder—yet a louder strain!  
Thus should we celebrate the festive day,  
And the event which brings our joy;  
So Fox and *Friendship* shall in vain essay  
The impulse strong of Interest to destroy.  
Now bold Corruption high shall lift her head,  
Whilst Honour sickens, Gratitude lies dead.  
Let Eloquence pour forth her lore,  
And lead Conviction in her train,—  
Let Virtue try her energetic power,  
On Souls relaxed like *these*, their efforts  
must be vain.

## LETTERS of the late MRS. STERNE.

(Continued from Vol. XII. p. 484.)

### LETTER XXIX.

To ———

*Bond Street.*

HERE is a certain pliability of the affections, my dear friend, which, with all its conveniences, and I will acknowledge a thousand, forms a wonderful charm in the human character.—To become a dupe to others, who are almost always worse, and, very often, more ignorant than yourself, is not only mortifying to one's pride, but frequently destructive to one's fortune. Nevertheless there is something in the very face, and, which is worse, in the mind of suspicion, of such a detestable complexion and character, that I could never bear it; and whenever I have observed mistrust in the heart, I would never rep at the door of it, even to pay, if I could help it, a morning visit, much less to take my lodging there.

*Niger est, hunc in Romane caveris.*

This sort of cullibility most certainly lays

you open to the designs of knaves and rascals; and they are, alas! to be found in the hedges and highway sides, and will come in without the trouble of sending for them. The happy mean between good-nature and mean self-love is of difficult attainment;—though Mr. Pope says, that Lord Bathurst possessed it in an eminent degree, and I believe it. Indeed, it is for my honour that I should believe it, as I have received much kindness, and more generous attentions from that venerable and excellent nobleman:—as I never possessed this happy quality myself, I can only recommend it to you, without offering any instructions on a duty, of which I cannot offer myself as an example.—This is not altogether clerical—I mean as clergymen do—but no matter.

B—— is exactly one of those harmless, inoffensive people, who never frets or fumes, but bears all his losses with a most Christian patience, and settles the account in



this manner, that he had rather lose any thing than that benevolence of disposition which forms the happiness of his life. But how will all this end?—for you know as I know, that when once you have won this good opinion, you may impose upon him ten times a day, if nine did not suit your purpose. The real friends of virtue, of honour, and what is best in the human character, should form a phalanx round such a man, and preserve him from the happy plottings of snarlers and villains.

But there is another species of callibity that I never can be brought to pity, which arises from the continual aim to make culis of others. It is not that gentle, confidential, unsuspecting spirit, which I have already hinted to you, but an overweening, wicked, insidious disposition, which by being continually engaged in the miserable business of deceiving others, either outwits itself, or is outwitted by the very objects of its own fallacious intentions.

There is not, believe me, a more strait way to the being a dupe yourself, than the resting your hopes or pleasure in making dupes of others.

Cunning is not an honourable qualification; it is a kind of left-handed wisdom, which even fools can sometimes practise, and villains always make the foundation of their designs:—but, alas! how often does it betray its votaries to their dishonour, if not to their destruction.

Though an occasional stratagem may be sometimes innocent, I am ever disposed to suspect the cause where it must be employed; for, after all, you will, I am sure, agree with me, that where artifice is not to be condemned as a crime, the necessity which demands it, must be considered as a misfortune.

I have been led to write thus *Socratically* from the tenour of your letter; though, if my paper would allow me, I would take a *frisk*, and vary the scene; but I have only room to add, that I dined in Brook-street last Sunday, where many gracious things were said of you, not only by the old folks, but, which is better, by the *young virgins*. I went afterwards, not much to my credit, to Argyle Buildings, but there were no virgins there. So may God forgive me, and bless you, now, and at all times.—Amen.

I remain,

Most truly and cordially,

Your's,

L. STERNE.

#### LETTER XXX.

To ———.

*Coxwold, August 19, 1766.*

AMONG your whimsicalities, my dear friend, for you have them as well as *Tristram*,

there is not one of them which possesses a more amiable tendency than that gentle spirit of modern romance, which, hadst thou lived in days of yore, would have made thee the veriest Knight Errant that ever brandished a spear or wore a vizard.

The very same spirit that has led thee from hence to the Bristol mountain, for no other earthly purpose but to let a Physical Maiden lean upon thine arm; and receive the healing waters from thine hand, would, in a former age, have urged thee to traverse forests and fight with monsters, for the sake of some *Dulcinea* whom thou hadst never seen; or, perhaps have made a *red cross* knight of thee, and carried thee over lands and seas to Palestine.

For, to tell thee the truth, enthusiasm is in the very soul of thee; and, if thou wert born to live in some other planet, I might encourage all its glowing high-coloured vagaries; but, in this miserable, backbiting, cheating, pimping world of ours, it will not do, indeed, indeed, it will not.—And full well do I know, nor does this vaticination escape me without a sigh, that it will lead thee into a thousand scrapes, and some of them may be such as thou wilt not easily get out of; and, should the fortunes of thine house be shaken by any of them, with all thy pleasant enjoyments—What then? you may say; and I think I hear you say so—Why, thy friends will then love thee.

For if soul Fortune should take thy stately palfrey, with all its gay and gilded trappings, from beneath thee; or if, while thou art sleeping by moon-light beneath a tree, it should escape from thee and find another master; or if the miserable banditti of the world should plunder thee, I know full well that we should see thee no more; for thou wouldst then find out some distant cell, and become an hermit; and endeavour to persuade thyself not to regret thy separation from those friends who will ever regret their separation from thee.

This enthusiastic spirit is in itself a good spirit; but there is no spirit whatever—no, not a *termagant* spirit, that requires a more active restraint or a more discreet regulation.

And so we will go next spring, if you please, to the Fountain of *Vaucluse*, and think of *Petrarch*; and, which is better, apostrophise his *Laura*.—By that time, I have reason to think my wife will be there, who, by the bye, is not *Laura*;—but my poor dear *Lydia* will be with her, and she is more than a *Laura* to her fond father.

Answer me on these things, and may God bless you!

I remain, with the most cordial truth,

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

## ORIGINAL LETTER TO A FRIEND, FROM THE CELEBRATED Mr. POPE.

NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

"DEAR SIR, Nov. 19, 1738.

"I OFTEN think of you, and am quite vexed at the distance we live at. It frets me to think I must be writing, to tell you how much I esteem and love you, from time to time, when all the common proofs, the little offices and attentions of friendship, are intercepted between us, which so much better express, and so much better reward and continue real affection. Half the life of my heart [if I may so call it] feels numb'd. I'm like one who has received a paralytick stroke, and is dead on one side, when half the friends that warm'd me are absent. I would fain have you see how happy I am in the acquiring my Lord Bolingbroke, tho' but for a few months. 'Tis almost like recovering one from the grave whom we gave for gone; however one can't expect to keep him long, one rejoices in the present moments.

"It seems hard that when two friends are in the same sentiments, and with the same things, they should not be happy together: but *Habit* is the Mistress of the World; and whatever is generally said, has more sway than *opinion*. Your's confines you to the Wolds of Yorkshire, mine to the Banks

of the Thames. And yet I think I have less dependance on others, and others less on me, than most men I have ever known; so that I should be free. So should a female friend of ours; but *Habit* is her goddess; I wish I could not say worse, her tyrant. She not only obeys but suffers under her, and reason and friendship plead in vain. Out of Hell and out of habit there is no redemption.

"I hope the season is now coming that drives friends together, as it does birds, into warm coverts and close corners, that we may meet over a fire, and tell the stories of the year. Indeed the town hours of the day suit as ill with my stomach, as the wintry and dark nights do with my carcase, which I must either expose abroad, or sit and blind my eyes with reading at home. I wish your eyes may grow no worse; mine do, and make me more concerned for you.

"Take care of your health; follow not the feasts (as I have done) of lords; nor the frolicks of ladies; but be compos'd, yet chearful; complaisant, yet not a slave. I am with all truth and all affection,

Dear Sir, Your's ever,

"A POPE."

## ESSAY on SNUFF-TAKING. By EARL STANHOPE.

EVERY professed, inveterate, and incurable snuff-taker, at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes.

Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a half.

One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of every ten.

One day out of every ten amounts to 36 days and a half in a year.

Hence if we suppose the practice to be perfited in forty years, two entire years of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it.

The expence of snuff, snuff-boxes, and handkerchiefs, will be the subject of a second essay, in which it will appear, that this luxury encroaches as much on the income of the snuff-taker as it does on his time; and that by a proper application of the time and money thus lost to the publick, a fund might be constituted for the discharge of the national debt.

## P O E T R Y.

ODE for the NEW YEAR.

Written by the Rev. T. WARTON,  
Poet-Laureat.

I.

RUDE was the pile, and massy-proof,  
That first uprear'd its haughty roof  
On Windsor's brow sublime, in warlike  
state;  
The Norman tyrant's jealous hand  
The giant fabric proudly plann'd.  
With recent victory elate,

"On this majestic steep, he cried,  
A regal fortress, threatening wide,  
Shall spread my terrors to the distant hills;  
Its formidable shade shall throw  
Far o'er the broad expanse below,  
Where winds you in ghay flood, and  
amply fills  
With flowery verdure, or with golden  
grain,  
The fairest fields that deck my new  
domain!"



And London's Towers, that reach the  
watchman's eye,  
Shall see with conscious awe my bulwarks  
climb the sky."

## II.

Unchang'd, through many a hardy race,  
Stood the rough dome, in fullen grace;  
Still on its angry front defiance frown'd:  
Though Monarchs kept their state within,  
Still murmur'd with the martial din  
The gloomy gate-way's arch profound;  
And armed forms, in airy rows,  
Bent o'er the battlements their bows,  
And blood-stain'd banners crown'd its  
hostile head:  
And oft its hoary ramparts wore  
The rugged scars of conflict sore;  
What time, pavilion'd on the neighb'ring  
mead,  
Th' indignant Barons rang'd in bright array  
Their feudal bands, to curb despotic sway;  
And leagu'd a Briton's birthright to restore,  
From John's reluctant grasp the roll of free-  
dom bore.

## III.

When lo, the King that wreath'd his  
shield  
With lilies pluck'd on Cressy's field,  
Heav'd from its base the mould'ring Norman  
frame:—  
New glory cloth'd th' exulting steep,  
The portal-tower'd with ampler sweep;  
And Valour's soften'd Genius came,  
Here held his pomp, and trail'd the pall  
Of triumph through the trophied hall;  
And War was clad awhile in gorgeous  
weeds;  
Amid the martial pageantries,  
While Beauty's glance adjudg'd the prize,  
And beam'd sweet influence on heroic  
deeds.  
Nor long, e'er Henry's holy zeal, to breathe  
A milder charm upon the scenes beneath,  
Rear'd in the wat'ry glade his classic shrine,  
And call'd his stripling quire to woo the wil-  
ling Nine.

## IV.

To this imperial seat to lend  
Its pride supreme, and nobly blend  
British Magnificence with Attic Art;  
Proud Castle, to thy banner'd bowers,  
Lo! Picture bids her glowing powers  
Their bold historic groupings impart;  
She bids th' illuminated pane,  
Along thy lofty-vaulted Fane,  
Shed the dim blaze of radiance richly clear.—  
Still may such arts of Peace engage  
Their Patron's care! But should the rage  
Of war to battle rouse the new-born year,  
Britain arise, and wake the slumbering fire,  
Vindictive dart thy quick-rekindling ire!

Or, arm'd to strike, in mercy spare, the  
foe;  
And lift thy thund'ring hand, and then with-  
hold the blow.

## INVOCATION to HORROR.

FAR be remov'd each painted scene!  
What is to me the sapphire sky?  
What is to me the earth's soft dye?  
Or fragrant vales which sink between  
Those velvet hills? Yes, there I see—  
(Why do those beauties burst on me?)  
Pearl-dropping groves bow to the sun;  
Seizing his beams bright rivers run  
That dart redoubled day:  
Hope ye, vain scenes, to catch the mind  
To torpidorrow all resign'd,  
Or bid my heart be gay?  
False are those hopes!—I turn—I fly,  
Where no enchantment meets the eye,  
Or soft ideas stray.

HORROR! I call thee from the mould'ring  
tower,  
The murky church-yard, and forsaken bower,  
Where 'midst unwholesome damps  
The vap'ry gleamy lamps  
Of *ignes fatui* shew the thick-wove night;  
Where morbid MELANCHOLY sits,  
And weeps, and sings, and raves by fits,  
And to her bosom strains the fancied sprite.  
Or, if amidst the arctic gloom  
Thou toilest at thy sable loom,  
Forming the hideous phantoms of Despair—  
Instant thy grisly labours leave,  
With raven wing the concave cleave,  
Where floats, self-borne, the dense nocturnal  
air.

Oh! bear me to th' impending cliffs,  
Under whose brow the dashing skiffs  
Behold Thee seated on thy rocky throne;  
There, 'midst the shrieking wild wind's  
roar,  
Thy influence, HORROR, I'll adore,  
And at thy magic touch, congeal to stone.

Oh! hide the moon's obtrusive orb,  
The gleams of ev'ry star absorb,  
And let CREATION be a moment thine!  
Bid billows dash; let whirlwinds roar,  
And the stern, rocky-pointed shore  
The stranded bark back to the waves resign  
Then, whilst from yonder turbid cloud  
Thou roll'st thy thunders long and loud,  
And lightnings flash upon the deep below,  
Let the expiring Seaman's cry,  
The pilot's agonizing sigh  
Mingle, and in the dreadful chorus flow!

HORROR! far back thou dat'st thy reign;  
Ere KINGS th' historic page could stain

With

With records black, or deeds of lawless  
power;

Ere empires *Alexanders* curst,  
Or faction mad ning *Cæjars* nurs't,  
The frighted World receiv'd thy awful dower!

Whose pen *Jehovah's* self inspir'd:  
He, who in eloquence attir'd,  
Led *Israel's* squadrons o'er the earth,  
Grandly terrific, paints thy birth.  
Th' *Almighty* 'midst his fulgent seat on  
high,

Where glowing *Seraphs* round his footstool fly,  
Behold the wanton cities of the Plain,

With acts of deadly name his laws disdain;  
He gave th' irrevocable sign,  
Which mark'd to man the hate divine;  
And sudden from the starting sky  
The Angels of his wrath bid fly!

Then *Horror*! thou presidest o'er the  
whole,

And fill'd, and rapt, each self-accusing soul!  
Thou didst intend to guide the burning  
show'r—

On *Thee* th' Omnipotent bestow'd the hour!

'Twas thine to scourge the sinful land;  
'Twas thine to toss the fiery brand;  
Beneath thy glance the temples fell,  
And mountains crumbled at thy yell.

ONCE MORE thou'lt triumph in a fiery storm;  
ONCE MORE the Earth behold thy direful  
form;

Then shalt thou seek, as holy prophets tell,  
Thy native throne amidst th' eternal shades of  
HERE!

ANNA MATILDA.

### O D E

To Mrs. SIDDONS.

**T**HEE *Queen of Pothos* shall my proud  
Verse hail,

*Illustrious* *Siddons*! should I go,  
Whether to *Zembla's* waste of snow,  
Or *Aina's* cavern'd height, or *Tempe's* vaulted  
vales;

Or where on *Caucasus* the fierce storm blows,  
Or near the violated flood  
Of *Ganges*, blushing oit with blood;  
Or where his rainbow arch loud *Niagara*  
throws.

For, not th' exulting Monarch on his throne,  
Tho' grateful nations round him bow,  
Is more a Potentate than Thou.  
Feeling, and Sense, and Worth, and Virtue,  
are thy own;

And e'en thy pow'ful spell the soul can sway:  
While *Sympathy* with melting eye,  
Hangs on thy bosom's fervid sigh,  
And finds th' unbidden tear down her hot  
cheek to fly.

Lo! at thy voice, from solitary cave,  
With hair erect, peeps forth *pale* *FEAR*;  
Nor will he longer wait to hear,  
But flies with culprit haste a visionary grave.

Amongst the hollow mountain's shadowy  
cells,  
*Dark-brow'd* *REVENGE*, that strangely  
walks,  
And to himself low-muttering talks,  
While with convulsive throb his breast untaled  
swells.

And *gelid* *HORROR* in the haunted hall,  
That with dread pause, and eye stretch'd  
wide,  
Marks the mysterious spectre glide,  
Nor dare his flinging knees obey the Phan-  
tom's call.

And *left* *DESPAIR* with desolating cry,  
That head-long darts from some tall  
tow'r,  
On fire at thick night's saddest hour,  
When not a watchman wakes, and not an  
aid is nigh.

*These all are thine—* and here fool *MADNESS* too,  
Dancing upon the flimsy phin,  
*As tho' 'twere gay to suffer pain*,  
That sees his tyrant gloom, and raving runs  
to woe.

Alike the mild, benevolent desires,  
That wander in the pensive grove,  
Pity, and generous-minded Love,  
To thrill thy kindred pulse, shoot their electric  
fires.

Ah! let not then my fond admiring Muse  
Refrain the ardor of her song,  
In silent wonder fix'd so long,  
Nor thou! from humble hands the homage  
meet refuse.

And I will hasten oft from short repose,  
To wake the slily, on moist bed  
Reclining meek her folded head;  
And chafe with am'rous touch the slumber of  
the rose.

Then will I bathe them in the tears of  
morn,  
That they a fresher gale may breathe,  
Then will I form a votive wreath,  
To bind thy sacred brows,—to deprecate thy  
scorn.

But shouldst thou still disdain these proffer'd  
lays,  
Which chok'd alas! with weedy woe,  
Like yon dull stream can scarcely flow—  
*Take from BRITANNIA'S HARP the Triumph  
of thy Praise.*

DELLA CRUSCA.



## TO INDIFFERENCE.

OH Nymph, long fought, of placid mien,  
With careless steps, and brow serene!

I woo thee from the tufted bowers,  
Where listless pass thy easy hours—

Or, if a *Naiad* of the silver wave  
Thou rather lov'st thy purly limbs to lave  
In some clear lake, whose fascinating face  
Lures the soft willow to its pure embrace;

Or, if beneath the gelid rock  
Thy smiles all human sorrows mock,  
Where'er thou art, in earth or air,  
Oh! come, and chase the fiend *DESPAIR*!

Have I not mark'd thee on the green  
Roving, by vulgar eyes unseen?  
Have I not watch'd thy lightsome dance  
When evening's soften'd glows advance?

Dear Goddess, yes! and whilst the rustic's  
mirth  
Proclaims the hour which gives wild gambols  
birth;

Supine, I've found thee in the elm-row's  
shade,

Lull'd by the hum returning bees have made,  
Who chary of their golden spoils  
Finish their fragrant, rosy toils  
With rest-inviting, slumb'rous song,  
As to their waken couch they throng.

Chaste Nymph! the Temple let me seek  
Where thou resid'st in lustre meek;  
My future life to thee I give—  
Irradiate ev'ry hour I live!

'Tis true no glowing bliss thy vot'ries know,  
From thee no poignant ecstasy can flow;  
But oh! thou shield'st the heart from rankling  
pain,

And Misery strikes, when blest'd with thee,  
in vain;

Wan Jealousy's empoisoning tooth,  
And Love, which feeds upon our youth,  
And holy Friendship's broken tie,  
Ne'er dim the lustre of thy eye.

For thee, it is all Nature blooms,  
For thee, the Spring new charms assumes,  
Nor vainly flings her blossoms round,  
Nor vainly bids her groves resound;

Her music, colours, odours, all are thine,  
To thee her months their richest gifts consign;  
To thee the morn is bright, and sweet the ray  
That marks the progress of the sinking day;

Each change is grateful to thy soul,  
For its fine taste no woes controul,  
The powers of Nature, and of Art,  
Alike entrance the easy heart.

And oh! beneath thy gentle dome  
Which the calm comforts maketh their home,  
That cruel imp is never found  
Whose fame such idle songs resound—  
Dread SENSIBILITY!—Oh! let me fly  
Where Greenland darkness drinks the beamy  
sky,

Or where the Sun, with downward torrid ray  
Kills, with the barb'rous glories of the day!  
I'd dare th' excess of ev'ry clime,  
Grasp ev'ry evil known by time,  
Ere live beneath that witch's spells,  
With whom no lasting pleasure dwells.

Her lovely form deceives the heart,  
The tear for ever prompt to start,  
The tender look, the ready sigh,  
And soft emotion always nigh;

And yet Content th' insidious fiend forbids—  
Oh! she has torn the slumbers from my lids;  
Oft rous'd my torpid sense to living woe,  
And bid still anguish to my bosom grow.  
She seals her prey!—in vain the Spring  
Wakes rapture, thro' her groves to sing;  
The roseate Morn's hygeian bloom  
Fades down, unmark'd, to evening's gloom,

Oh SENSIBILITY! thy sceptre sad  
Points where the frantic glance proclaims  
THE MAD!

Strain'd to excess, Reason is chain'd thy slave,  
Or the poor Victim fluns thee in the grave;  
To thee each crime, each evil owes its birth,  
That in gigantic horror treads the earth!

SAVAGE UNTAM'D! she smiles to drink our  
tears,

And where's no solid ill, she wounds with  
fears;

Riots in sighs, is sooth'd when most we  
smart—

Now, whilst she guides my pen, her pang's  
within my heart.

ANNA MATILDA.

## O D E

## TO DEATH.

THOU, whose remorseless rage  
Nor vows nor tears assuage,  
TRIUMPHANT DEATH!—to thee I raise  
The bursting notes of dauntless praise!  
Methinks on yonder murky cloud  
Thou sit'st, in majesty severe!  
Thy regal robe a ghastly shroud!

Thy right arm lifts the insatiate spear!  
Such was thy glance, when, erst as o'er  
the plain

Where Indus rolls his burning sand,  
Young Ammon led the victor train,  
In glowing lust of fierce command:  
As, van he cried with thundering voice,  
"The World is mine! Rejoice, rejoice!"

"The World I've won!—Thou gav'st the  
withering nod,

Thy FIAT smote his heart,—he sunk,—a  
senseless clod!

"And art thou great?—Mankind  
replies,

With sad assent of mingling sighs!  
Sighs, that swell the biting gales  
Which sweep o'er Lapland's frozen  
vales!

H

Which

And the red Tropics' whirlwind heat  
Is with the sad afflict replete!

How fierce yon tyrant's plummy crest!  
A blaze of gold illumines his breast;  
In pomp of threatening pow'r elate,  
He madly dares to spurn at Fate!

But—when Night with shadowy robe  
Hangs upon the darken'd globe,  
In his chamber,—sad,—alone,

By starts, he pours the fearful groan!

From flatt'ring crowds retir'd—he bows the  
knee,

And mutters forth a pray'r—*because* HE  
THINKS OF THEE

Gayly smiles the *Nuptial Bow'r*,  
Bedeck'd with many an od'rous flow'r;  
While the spousal pair advance,  
Mixing oft the melting gaze,  
In fondest extacy of praise.  
Ah! short delusive trance!

What tho' the festival be there;—  
The rapt Bard's warblings fill the air;  
And joy and harmony combine!

*Touch but the talisman, and all is thine!*

Th' insensate lovers fix in icy fold,  
And on his throbbing lyre the Minstrel's hand  
is cold!

'Tis THOU canst quench the Eagle's  
fight,

That stems the cataract of light!

Forbid the vernal buds to blow—

Bend th' obedient forest low—

And tame the monsters of the main.

Such is thy potent reign!

O'er earth, and air, and sea!

Yet, art thou still *disdain'd by me*.

And I have reason for my scorn;—

Do I not hate the rising morn;

The garish noon; the eve serene;

The fresh'ning breeze; the sportive  
green;

The painted pleasures' throng'd resort;

And all the splendors of the court?

And has not *Sorrow* chose to dwell

Within my hot heart's central cell?

And are not Hope's weak visions o'er,

Can Love or rapture reach me more?

Then tho' I scorn thy stroke—I call thee  
*Friend*,

For in thy calm embrace my weary woes  
shall end.

DELLA CRUSCA.

## VERSES

TO A NEW MARRIED LADY,

On the ANNIVERSARY of her BIRTH-  
DAY;

By a BENEDICK.

In Imitation of Dean SWIFT.

THIS day oft may the Muses tell

That I'm alive, and you are well!

And may it never once be told  
That you are sick, or I am old!

Although I'm twice as old, 'tis true,  
And twice as ugly, too, as you;

Yet you and I may still agree,

In spite of this disparity,

Provided we but understand,

You to *obey*, I to *command*.

Nor is this easy, notwithstanding  
Our good and gracious understanding,

Unless we study, Lady Jane,

The good old rule, the *golden mean*;

I to your humours always kind,

And you to all my failings blind,

Your youth and beauty set aside,

Your sex's envy, and their pride,

In other points we're on a par,

Which will prevent each private jar.

I'll neither call you *love* nor *wife*,

Because these words are oft at strife;

Your wit, your humour, and your sense

(Although sometimes at my expence)

I must admire; if I may too

But have my joke as well as you:

To prove, at least, 'twixt you and me,

That rival wits may still agree;

And this, they say, no common case is,

A wicked pair will break the traces;

But you shall never see the day

That makes me grave, if you are gay;

And yet, I hope, this many a year

Good health to you, and me good *cheer*.

I'll give you up your own, good creature.

Good-sense and spirit, with good-nature;

Good-humour, too, I'd gladly grant

If e'er I thought you were in want;

But, truly, I have none to spare,

For you have got the greatest share;

Nor am I now ashamed to boast

That you deserve to *rule the roost*;

Yet may I think (although you know it)

That you have too much sense to shew it.

Contented thus I'll be your slave,

Provided you'll my credit save;

Call you for supper, or for dinner,

Say you're a faint, and I'm a sinner;

Do as you please—but rule me so

That none who dine or sup may know,

In short, be you my *Major Dono*,

And I your most obedient *Homo*;

If sacrificing sense and spirit

Be in your eyes a mark of merit—

But you despise this humble part,

And hate a *Jerry* in your heart.

Let's then, in spite of Hymen's bands,

Each play into the other's hands:

And, unlike married man and wife,

Be happy ev'ry hour of life;

Be you for ever young and gay,

And I live long to sing the day;

A selfish wish! but shall be sung

Though I am old, and you are young

With this wide difference between,

I *thirty-seven*, you *nineteen*.

Then



Then don't be angry with my fiction,  
Because 'tis truth instead of fiction.  
Farewell!—may all my wishes follow,  
And I shall be your great Apollo.

C A N D I D U S.

## T H O U G H T S

On Walking in ETON-COLLEGE.

'T WAS at the silent evening hour—  
When Sensibility's soft pow'r  
Had still each wilder passion laid—  
To ETON's walls I pensive stray'd.

There, as I trod her court around,  
Nor human voice nor step I found.  
"And ah!" cried I, "*is this the place  
Which Poets have been fond to praise?  
Where Science oft has proudly rovd?  
The seat which every Muse has lov'd?  
Where WARRIORS, STATESMEN, COUR-*

T I E R S, K I N G S,

*Leavt their first thought of Men and Things?  
Where PATRIOTS caught the generous shame,  
Which gave their deeds to deathless fame?  
Where lipping Bards were leant to sing,  
And taught their early vows to bring?"*

"Ah, yes!—this rustic College shews  
Where Sages, Bards, and Patriots rose!  
And ah!" in sullen tone I said,  
As round her walls I pensive stray'd,  
"Had Fortune heard my early claim,  
I too might then have rose to fame!  
I might have join'd the Patriot band,  
And, virtue-bound, walk'd hand in hand,  
To stem Ambition's spreading way—  
Or dark Corruption's haunts betray—  
I might have rose the sword to wield,  
And vict'ry led along the field:  
Or (happier still) through Science stray'd,  
And every grace of mind display'd."

Thus, as I discontented cried,  
Methought a murmuring voice replied,  
And seem'd, along the gloomy way,  
In whispering friendly tone to say—  
"Go, pensive youth, and learn to prize  
What thoughtless minds too oft despise.  
'Tis true—this rustic mansion shews  
Where Warriors, Statesmen, Courtiers rose:  
But cast thy pensive eyes around,  
See now how still the hallow'd ground!

No noises wake thy attentive ear!  
No gay-clad feet now wander here!

"Thus the sweet Bard, whose gentle lay  
Could charm distress and woe away—  
The hero—whose ambitious soul  
For conquest rovd from pole to pole—  
And others of a various name,  
Who here first trod the path to fame,  
Must all in solemn silence lay  
Sad! as these dreary walls betray.  
Learn, pensive mortal, then to know,  
That rank or wealth are "passing shew."

But virtue—to no state confin'd—  
Can bless the poorest, humblest mind!  
As well the CHILD of Fortune's frown,  
As him who sparkles on a throne.  
No clime can bound her gentle reign—  
No tyrant laws her beams detain—  
Nor time nor accident impair  
The bliss her favour'd vot'ries share.  
Go then—this moral maxim know,  
*Virtue is happiness below!*"

To MIRA, on her WEDDING-DAY

By Mr. WEEB.

A SSUME, my Verse, thy wonted art,  
While all in expectation stand,  
Canst thou not paint the willing heart  
That coyly gives the trembling hand?  
Canst thou not summon from the sky  
Soft Venus and her milk-white Doves?  
Mark—in an easy yoke they fly,  
An emblem of unsever'd loves.

Now, Mira, art thou pale with fear;  
Look not, thou Sweetness, thus forlorn;  
She smiles—and now such tints appear  
As steal upon the silver morn.

Quick, Hymen, to the temple lead;  
Cupid, thy victory pursue:  
In blushes rose the conscious Maid;  
Trust me, she'll set in blushes too.

Well may the lover fondly gaze  
On thy bright cheek, and bloom of youth,  
Impatient of the calmer praise  
Of sweetness, innocence, and truth.

Yet these shall to thy latest hour,  
These only shall secure thy bliss:  
When the pale lip hath lost its power,  
These shall give nectar to the kiss.

To a L A D Y,

With a Present of POPE's Works.

By the Hon. CHARLES YORKE.

T HE Lover oft to please some faithless  
dame,

With vulgar presents feeds the dying flame,  
Then adds a verse—of slighted vows com-  
plains,

"While she—the giver and the gift disdains.  
These strains to thee no idle suit commend,  
On whom gay loves with chaste desires  
attend;

Nor fancied excellence, nor amorous care,  
Prompts to rash praise, or feels with fond  
despair.

Enough, if the fair Volume find access;  
Thy great Poet's lays shall best express:  
Thy beauteous image there thou may'st regard,  
Which strikes with modest awe the meanest  
bard.

Sur

Sure had he living view'd thy tender youth,  
The blush of honour, and the grace of truth,  
Ne'er with Belinda's charms his song had  
glow'd,  
But from thy form the lov'd idea flow'd;  
His wanton faire ne'er the sex had scorn'd,  
For thee—by virtue and the muse adorn'd!

S T A N Z A S to the Memory of the  
late Mr. E. RACK.

By the Rev. R. POLWHELE.

GO then, benignant spirit, go,  
And with congenial spirits rest,  
Escap'd from every earthly woe,  
By friendship's holiest wishes blest.  
Merit, though snatch'd from mortal eye,  
Lives to affection's memory dear;  
And worth like thine shall claim a sigh—  
From all who knew thee claim a tear.  
Oft with supreme delight I trace  
Thy varied life, an active scene!  
Or mark the friend of human race,  
In sickness and in death serene.  
Though in thy humble birth was found  
No flatt'ring hope of future fame;  
And, circumscrib'd in narrow bound,  
The hamlet only knew thy name;  
Yet what can \* circumscribe the soul?  
Soon, with a spirited disdain,  
Thy genius spurn'd the base controul  
Of fickle fortune's galling chain.  
Untutor'd in the classic school,  
Thy native sense could yet convey  
To wandering youth each moral rule,  
And guide them in the doubtful way.  
Once too, thy breast the fav'ring Muse  
Saw with ambition's ardour warm;  
But soon she bade her fairy views  
Cheat thy fond eye with fleeting charm:  
Yet was the bright poetic bay  
No longer to thy brows decreed;  
Behold, thy labours to repay,  
The wreath of truth thy nobler meed!  
To spread each salutary art  
By liberal plans, with skill design'd,  
And in historic strain impart  
Some fresh instruction to the mind—  
These were thy aims! On these shall *Fame*  
Thy beautiful memorial raise;  
And *Gratitude* diffuse her flame  
Through many a heart in future days  
And, frequent, as her steps retire,  
Far from a world of pomp and strife,  
*Religion* shall, herself, admire  
That evening mild, which clos'd thy life.

The *Virtues*, where thy relics sleep,  
Shall oft, a pensive train, appear;  
And meek *Simplicity* shall weep  
Thy gentle manners, lingering there.  
And there, while veil'd in lucid white,  
Her bosom shall incessant heave,  
Shall young *Sincerity* delight  
To deck her MENTOR's honour'd grave!

#### L'AMOUR TIMIDE.

I F in that breast, so good, so pure,  
Compassion ever lov'd to dwell,  
Pity the sorrows I endure;—  
The cause—I must not—dare not tell!

The grief that on my quiet preys,  
That rends my heart;—that checks my  
tongue:  
I fear will last me all my days;  
But feel it will not last me long.

J. W. A.

#### Part of a very elegant POEM

By Mr. GREATHEAD:

Being PORTRAITS of Mrs. PIOZZI, Mr.  
MERRY, and Mr. PARSONS, at that time  
writing together, in Italy.

AS such delights my fancy cheer'd,  
A *Lord of Albion's Isle* appear'd,  
Who here had loiter'd down the day,  
While sixty moons had waned away;  
And at his lyre's majestic sound  
The shepherd train would flock around,  
Beneath a wood's extensive shade,  
Where many a fragrant zephyr play'd.

A *roving Nymph* so light y trod,  
She scarcely mark'd the velvet sod,  
And with her numbers charm'd the ear  
Of list'ning Eve, who stay'd to hear!  
Hush'd was the lonely lover's flute!  
The doleful nightingale was mute,  
Whene'er she struck her British lyre  
With Grecian force, and *Sappho's* fire!

Nor distant far a *Youth* reclin'd,  
Whose wild harp warbled to the wind,  
So softly sweet, so clearly strong,  
That *Arno's* self admir'd the song.

And now with eager haste I strove  
To join the Band that charm'd the grove,  
But ah, my labour all was vain,  
For adverse powers my course restrain,  
Confused at length my vision grew,  
Fantastic phantoms rose to view;  
Envy I saw, in yellow vest,  
Malignant, tear her shrivell'd breast;

\* What fancied zone can circumscribe the Soul?

GRAY.

And  
\*\*\*



And there the fallen race appear,  
Who scorn the glowing verse to hear;  
Amaz'd, I found the tumult rise,  
And sleep on hasty pinion flies.

To a LADY who said she pitied those who  
lived under the EXTREMES of HEAT and  
COLD.

IF you that wretch's fate bemoan,  
Who, doom'd by Heav'n, for ever  
glows  
Beneath Arabia's burning zone,  
Or freezes midst Norwegian snows;

How should you pity his distress,  
Whose hapless lot, more hard than theirs,  
(Oh hear it, Charlotte, and redress)  
Each sad extreme united shares.

Whilst you, insensible to love,  
Unmov'd receive my fond desires;  
Their different fates at once I prove,  
Their coldness all, and all their fires.

Some years since a Gentleman of the name of  
BOND, of Bondvil, in the county of Ar-  
magh, died, and left in his Will, for a  
Dial to be erected on his Grave, with the  
following Inscription:

NO marble pomp, no monumental praise;  
My tomb this Dial, epitaph these lays;  
Pride and low mould'ring clay but ill agree;  
Death levels me to beggars, kings to me.  
Alive, instruction was my work each day;  
Dead, I persist instruction to convey—  
Here, reader, mark (perhaps now in thy prime)  
The stealing steps of never-standing time:  
Thou'lt be what I am; catch the present hour;  
Employ that well, for that's within thy pow'r.

## THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

## EPILOGUE

To the AGREEABLE SURPRISE,

Written by MAJOR ARABIN,

And Spoken in the Character of Mrs.  
CHESHIRE, on 27th December, 1787.

ONCE more *Surpris'd*—Agreeably I  
hope!

To find *fair CHESHIRE* give her humour  
scope—

Tho' *CHESHIRE*'s not the *first* at ev'ry feast,  
You men must surely prize a Dame so chaste!  
For on your *offers* had *she* plac'd reliance,  
Should I surprize or not?—by *her* com-  
pliance!—

“What would your Ladies say?”—when  
home you go,

If I but told them half—of what I know?  
Would jealous fears their anxious bosoms  
swell?

Or wonder seize, to find a woman!—tell?—  
Let us suppose them on their downy bed,  
And busy Fancy there had *CHESHIRE* led,  
Entwin'd in slumbers (where time swiftly  
flies)!

Suppose me caught:—would that be a *Sur-  
prise*?

Or snug between you both I took my place;  
*That*—sure would be a most *Surprising* case!

'Tis known, the *Comic Muse* we here ex-  
plore,

Nor dares *Melpomene* approach this door;  
No entrance here by either night, or day,  
But to the pleasant!—sprightly!—witty!—  
gay!

This—their *Asylum*;—here, a festive board  
Gives hearty welcome from it's worthy  
Lord;

“Great as his pleasures then—is our de-  
light,

“To see—two other Masters here—to-night,  
“Our grateful feelings burst thro' all dis-  
guise,

“For who don't *feel*—*The Agreeable Sur-  
prise*.”

There sits our Prompter—ever sure to  
please,

Because he acts like *Garrick*—quite at  
ease.

† If *here* he courts the Nine, the Graces—  
there †,

Yet he is ever *Our*—peculiar care,  
None but the brave (you know) deserve  
the Fair!

Unmov'd by change of *Uniforms*, or *Lace*—  
The same his object *in*, or *out* of Place;—

Still may he spurn at Fortune's varying fate!  
“As Host!—as Manager!—as Statesman—  
Great.”

\* Omitted, and these Lines substituted.

“Great as his pleasure—late was our delight,

“Hoping to see our fav'rite *Prince*—to-night:—

“The disappointment, smiles cannot disguise;

“We all unite in feeling—this *Surprise*.”

† The Stage.

‡ The Audience.

On Times and Manners still we cry out  
 Shame,  
 When we ourselves are justly more to  
 blame,  
 As Soldiers!—Actors!—slaving for a  
 Name!

Thus *useful* Pensioners may keep the seat,  
 And *gentle* Beef-eaters may live—to eat!  
 While Guards of Horse no more their way  
 must carve,

But lounge without their arms!—and beg!—  
 or starve;

Yet *they* forget not Dettingen—where late  
 They beat your foes;—and chang'd a Mo-  
 narch's fate:

But times are alter'd—*they* must now—  
 retreat.

Your thoughts expressive speak in all your  
 eyes—

But none can judge my feelings!—or *Sur-  
 prise!*

§ Yes, I've *Surpris'd* you—just like Am-  
 sterдам,

Forc'd in the Guards—and thus I took you—  
 Nam!

From force alone each prudent Damsel flies;  
 But as a *Briton*—only dreads *Surprise*.

So cautious, therefore, am I lately grown,  
 (Tho' quite the Thing—am perfectly the  
 Ton)

I ne'er stir out—except I've a *Chaperon*.  
 'Tis true my garb I change—but not my  
 heart,—

And strive to please alike in ev'ry part;—  
 As *Wilding*,—*Villamour*,—Irish,—or French,  
 As Man of Fashion,—and as—tempting  
 Wench;

Like *Proteus*, bent on pleasing I'd surmiz'd,  
 And trust you've been — *Agreeably Sur-  
 pris'd*.

Jan. 2. A new Tragedy, entitled *Such  
 Things Were*, was performed at the Theatre  
 at Bath. The characters were as follow:

|                   |                 |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| Duke of Monmouth, | Mr. Knight.     |
| Kirk,             | Mr. Rowbotham.  |
| Clifford,         | Mr. Dimond.     |
| Dudley,           | Mr. Murray.     |
| Montague,         | Mr. Bloomfield. |
| Allen,            | Mr. Blisset.    |
| Julia,            | Mrs. Simpson.   |

This tragedy is founded upon the common  
 story, supposed to have been aggravated by  
 party zeal, of a young man who was con-  
 demned to die for having joined in the Duke  
 of Monmouth's rebellion, whom General  
 Kirk promised his sister to pardon, upon con-  
 dition of her submitting to his amorous in-  
 clinations, but the next morning shewed him  
 to her hanging from the window of the inn,  
 on which she ran distracted.

This vulgar tale the author has contrived to  
 raise to the dignity of the tragic muse, by  
 supposing the culprit to be of some rank, of  
 the name of Clifford, and upon the verge of  
 matrimony to Julia, who had absolutely re-  
 jected his rival and friend, Dudley, who hav-  
 ing joined the royal army, had it in his power  
 to serve his rival, in consequence of Kirk's  
 offer to pardon one friend to any of his of-  
 ficers. This act of generosity was too refined  
 for Dudley's ideas; but when he finds his  
 friend had been actually executed, notwith-  
 standing Julia had sacrificed her innocence to  
 save his life, he challenges and kills the trea-  
 cherous Kirk, and in the conflict receives a  
 mortal wound himself, while Julia dies dis-  
 tracted.

The author, we are told, is a native of  
 Bath, Mr. P. Howe, (son of Mr. Howe the  
 Painter), now at Lisbon for the recovery of  
 his health.

## PROLOGUE

*To the Tragedy of Kirk's Cruelty; or, Such  
 Things Were.*

*Written by Mr. GRAVES.*

STUDIOUS the guilty passions to controul,  
 Or wake the tenderest feelings of the soul,  
 T'excite our terror, or, by tales of woe,  
 To bid the tears of soft *compassion* flow:—  
 If such the object, must the Tragic Muse  
 The barbarous acts of Eastern kings peruse?  
 Still paint the hackney'd scenes of Greece or  
 Rome!

Were then no barbarous deeds e'er done at  
 home?  
 Can British annals no dire facts supply,  
 To move the feeling heart or moistening eye?  
 Alas! they can—and e'en in modern times,  
 One horrid act can match their blackest  
 crimes.

Our native province can a tale unfold,  
 Scarce equal'd by the fabulous days of old,  
 "Nor Atreus' feast, nor Tereus' bloody deed,  
 "Can Kirk's enormous cruelty exceed."  
 The fact yet recent in fair Taunton's Vale,  
 To shuddering nymphs supplies the Christmas  
 tale;

"Who weep the fate of one poor helpless  
 maid,  
 "By brutal lust to venial guilt betray'd,  
 "Nor say'd the life for which the price  
 was paid."

This simple tale to tell, th' advent'rous Bard  
 Within these fostering walls to-night  
 has dar'd,

Where modest labour meets its best reward.

§ Turns suddenly on the Audience.

As



As no fictitious incident adorns,  
 The genuine truth all pompous diction  
 scorns;  
 Your pity only he attempts to move  
 By artless scenes of a disastrous love.  
 Yet, as he paints unparallel'd distress,  
 To your own feelings trusts for his success.  
 And though the Muse her powerful aid  
 withdraws,  
 Nature herself shall plead the Poet's cause.  
 Let then the trembling Bard, ye generous  
 fair,  
 With weeping JULIA your compassion share:  
 And as to-night he trusts to *you* his fame,  
 Ah! doom him not to infamy and shame.  
 This first attempt with candour deign to hear;  
 And, should you drop the sympathetic tear,  
 (That brightest gem that decks the brightest  
 eyes)  
 Th' unfeeling Critic's censure—he'll despise.  
 For Envy's self must patronize our cause,  
 If such a brilliant audience—*smiles* applause,  
 [N. B. Those lines with inverted com-  
 mas were omitted on the stage.]

## E P I L O G U E.

Written by Mr. GRAVES.

METHINKS I hear some Youthful Critic  
 say,  
 (Who comes to see the Ladies, not the  
 Play)  
 "I hate these horrid scenes, where peo-  
 ple die,  
 "And cut each other's throats, the Lord  
 knows why:  
 "Tis not my taste—I'd rather laugh  
 than cry.  
 "Indeed the play's too tragical by half;  
 "Give us some comic strokes—to make us  
 laugh."  
 Turn then your thoughts from these  
 enormous crimes,  
 And view a while our merry modern times:  
 Our manners quite a different aspect wear;  
 And things more smooth and civiliz'd appear.  
 Though prone to vice, we're cowards e'en  
 in guilt;  
 We cheat, forge notes—but rarely blood is  
 spilt.  
 Th' young highwayman will hardly swear or  
 curse;  
 But—"in the *prettiest* manner—takes your  
 purse."  
 Sometimes indeed we *th* eaten seats more  
 cruel,  
 When *Courtiers* box \*, or Taylors fight a  
 duel;

But pistols will miss fire, friends interpose,  
 And bruffers only wipe a bloody nose.  
 At all events, *our* heroes take great care  
 To save the face, nor discompose the hair.  
 As for our Ladies—though they've *killing*  
 eyes,  
 In *metaphor* alone the Lover dies;  
 We're not hard hearted, *sometimes* constant  
 prove,  
 But who, like JULIA, ever *dies* for love?  
 Yet this poor maid, her feelings all alive,  
 Could not, *'tis said*, her lover's fate survive;  
 But frantic died—*Such Things*, we hear, *have*  
 been,  
 Such things we've *heard of*—but have never  
 seen.  
 Our Beaux, indeed, both Commoners and  
 Lords,  
 Wear scarlet coats, and *sometimes* draw their  
 swords;  
 Not for a JULIA, but some trifling bet,  
 Some billiard squabble, or some gambling  
 debt.  
 Money's their idol, Beauty pleads in vain,  
 Without Ten Thousand Pounds to bribe the  
 swain;  
 Give him the Cash, he values not the Lass,  
 He sees a *prettier person* in his glass.  
 Young Nymphs may ogle—Dreß is all his  
 pride,  
 And Hymen's torch is almost laid aside.  
 Thus Beauty fades—sops scorn the marriage  
 yoke,  
 And an Old Maid's become a standing joke.  
 Nor 's it thus in *private* life alone,  
 Far less severe our solemn *courts* are grown.  
 "If villains force, or treacherously entice,  
 "Some maid or wife to tread the paths of  
 vice;  
 "The *laughing* Town esteems th' offence  
 but slight,  
 "And views th' offender in a humorous  
 light:  
 "The Counsel † pleads, and entertains the  
 court,  
 "And the poor culprit yields his judge fine  
 sport;  
 "He joins the laugh, scarce finds himself to  
 blame,  
 "And, having laugh'd away all fear and  
 shame.  
 "He only waits the first convenient time  
 " (And can you blame him?) to repeat his  
 crime."  
 Go to the Senate, hear some grand debate;  
 Some weighty question of the Church or  
 State:

\* A fashionable amusement.

† Alluding to a late trial at the Old Bailey.

Things are not *there* so dull as heretofore,  
But Patriots let the Members on a roar.  
They laugh, just like you gentry in the pit,  
And argument gives place to sprightly wit.  
Poor captive Princesses, or plunder'd Kings,  
But serve our orators to say *good things*!  
Could some old Greek, or Senator of Rome,  
Or modern Dutchman, to th' assembly  
come;

When Ælius, or when Claudius, just had  
spoke,  
He'd think our politics were all a joke;  
And scarce believe, as laughing there they  
sit,

That *Europe* trembled at the name of *Petr*;  
That our decrees bade Belgic discord cease,  
And Aw'd our haughty rivals into peace.—  
But all things have their season, Wisdom  
cries,  
Then let not foreign states our *mirth* de-  
spise,  
But own, ' That though we're merry,  
we are *wise*.' }

13. An alteration of Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and no King*, was performed at Covent Garden Theatre, the alterer supposed to be the Manager himself. The characters were as follow :

|                   |   |                      |
|-------------------|---|----------------------|
| Arbaces,          | — | Mr. Pope.            |
| Mardonius,        | — | Mr. Aickin.          |
| Bacurius,         | — | Mr. Fearon.          |
| Gobrias,          | — | Mr. Hull.            |
| Ligones,          | — | Mr. Thompson.        |
| Swordmen,         | — | Mr. Wewitzer and Mr. |
| Tigranes,         | — | Mr. Farren. [Cubitt. |
| Bessus,           | — | Mr. Ryder.           |
| Panthea,          | — | Miss Brunton.        |
| Spaconia,         | — | Mrs. Bernard.        |
| And Queen Mother, |   | Miss Platt.          |

This play was esteemed one of the best productions of our authors, but the extreme licence of the dialogue had long banished it from the stage. The alterations appear to have been confined chiefly to the omission of exceptionable passages, the curtailment of some scenes and the transposition of others, so as to render it a connected and intelligible fable. A grand chorus was introduced in the second Act, and a Prologue was spoken by Mr. Farren.

Great care appeared to have been taken in preparing this play for representation, but without effect. It seemed to afford but little pleasure to the audience, and after the first night was laid aside.

### The MUSES in MOTION,

Spoken at the Royalty Theatre, by Mrs.  
HUDSON, and Mrs. GIBBS,

In the Characters of the Tragic and Comic  
Muse.

Written by MILES PETER ANDREWS;  
Esq.

[Scene draws, and discovers the Tragic Muse standing on a Pedestal, as in the Pantomime of Hobson's Choice.—After some time, she advances to the front with her Bowl and Dagger.]

NEW to this Stage, beset with Virgin fears,  
For the first time Melpomene appears;  
Tho' on these Boards she oft hath silent stood  
With eye uplifted thus—in mournful mood,  
Fixt as a post she neither said or sung :—  
'Tis the first time the Muse has found her  
tongue.

What shall she urge, to prove her vast de-  
light,

Thus left at liberty to talk all night?

What joy on earth, so great, to overflowing,  
As when a Female tongue's just set a-going?  
Answer, ye Husbands, is there aught in life  
So truly precious as a chattering wife?  
Save the still dearer joy, if left alone,

To praise their talents, when they're dead  
and gone.

But hold :—my Province is to fume and  
swagger,

Rave, rant, and start, and wield my Bowl  
and Dugger;

Oh! would some wooden Hero now appear! \*  
Whom I might scold and stab without a fear;  
How I would pull his painted locks about,  
Seize his glass eye, and tear his blinker out.

[A voice is heard from below.  
What noise is that, seems threatening from  
below,

Breaks on our grief, and interrupts our woe?

[Mrs. Gibbs, as the Comic Muse, speaking  
under the Stage.

Open the trap, Sirs, quick, and wind me  
up—

[Comic Muse ascends—the other starts, and  
affects a serious attitude.

Your servant, Sister, with your Knife and  
Cup.

[Sneeringly.

[To the Audience.

Well, Friends! We both are come your  
hand to kiss,

The Tragic Lady, and the Comic Miss;

\* Alluding to the Figures in the Mock Tragedy of *Almirina*.



But should we both attempt to keep possession,  
Warrants may issue from the Quarter Session :  
For tho' alone, our tongues may be untied  
well,

A Dialogue will send us both to Bridewell ;  
Think of our danger should we rouse again  
The informing Carpenter of Drury-Lane ;  
Danger so dire it staggers all belief,  
*Water and Bread*, for calling out *Roast Beef*.\*

[Imitating Delpini.]

Since then you cannot take us both in keeping,  
Which Miss shall stay, the laughing, or the weeping ?

If me ye choose, kind Sirs, for *cara Spofa*,  
I'll instant tip my Sister a *Mendoza*.

[Holds up her fists.]

The Comic Muse with fists can make dispatch,  
A very *Jordan* at a Boxing-match

[To the Audience.]

Methinks you smile-- Sister, I've got the day--

Resign you must, so sink, and die away.

[Touches her with the Mask.]

Strike Music (*Music plays*) to assist her parting groan,

There, going, going, going, going, gone.

[Tragic Muse sinks to soft Music.]

[The Comic Muse, when the other has disappeared.]

I've clear'd the Stage ; but now how hard the task

To clear myself, and sport the Comic Mask ;  
With inoffensive mirth the hour to waste,  
And suit the humour of each varying taste.  
'Tis easier far to rise with dumb grimaces,  
Stand on a Pedestal, and make wry faces.  
Look at that lean consumptive Critic yonder,

[Pointing to the House.]

Wrapp'd in his night-gown, how he gapes with wonder.

Methinks he says, " I hate your foolish giggle,

[Talking like a bellic old Man.]

" As well sing Butter'd Peas, or Wilkes's Wriggle."

" Give me *Don Juan*, when he's hoisted off,

" *Gray*, and a *Church-Yard*—haugh (*coughing*) oh, curse this cough."

" Tegg ! cries that short thick Lady in the corner—

" I think as how, 'tis *very* cross to scorn her :

" I loves a joke—for Spouse he jokes, and Cuz :

" Laugh and grow fat, they cries, and so we does.—

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" Look ! says *Miss Frizzle* to her friend *Miss Simper*,

" How can you like, my Dear, to sit and whimper ?

" I'm all for fun and frolic, mirth and glee,  
" *Signor Delpini* is the man for me."

[In an affected formal manner.]

" But not for me, Miss, tho' the creatures sing ;

" They tell me, your *Signors* are not the thing."  
What do I see ! *Miss Biddy*—pray step down,

[Beckoning to the House.]

The Comic Muse may claim you as her own.—

[Retires to the side a little, and returns as Miss Biddy.]

Well, here I am, quite anxious to be seen,  
And, on my *Sayso*, Miss, I'm turn'd thirteen ;  
Lord how the Beaux do stare ! Gales, what a heap !

Lend me your Mask, that I may take a peep ;

[Looking through the Mask.]

Tho' hang it, that's a foolish way to see ;  
For then the Beaux can't take a peep at me.

[Throws the Mask away.]

Would you believe it, Miss ? Last night,  
Papa

Sitting at supper with my poor Mama ;  
Betwixt ourselves, they don't agree a bit ;

" Wife, says old Gruff, that Girl's a forward chit.—

" It can't be, Dear—Psha ! hold thy silly clack ;

" I saw her riding on the Coachman's back ;  
" Well, let her ride—she's nothing but a child ;

" Young folks, my Love, will be a little wild :  
" She knows no harm—No harm, Wife ?—

No, Dack, no ;"—

They little think, but I know what I know.

[Putting her finger to her nose archly.]

Well, I do like to see two folks make love :  
First she smiles thus—then he draws off her glove ;

Then she says, Don't you—then he says, I will,

And then she frowns, and tells him to sit still :

Then he looks glum, and then she pats his cheek ;

Then they get up, and play at hide and seek ;  
And then they Buss, and then she's made a Wife—

Oh ! I could act it to the very life.

These humble efforts of the Comic Muse  
She trusts this generous circle won't refuse ;  
More than content, if you accept her toil,  
And crown it with a kind approving smile.

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\* The charge against Delpini was for articulating those words without music.

## An Account of FREDERICK PILON.

TO give to departed genius its record and its praise, is a task which, though necessary, cannot be executed without regret.—That sensation is very strongly felt by the writer of this article, when he mentions the decease of FREDERICK PILON, a man the goodness of whose heart would make him long remembered, even if his talents had never asserted a right to distinction.

It has been often remarked, that the lives of literary men in general afford but scanty materials for the biographer. Were Pilon to grace his cause by speaking for himself, this assertion would in some degree be refuted. His life had all the contrast of affluence and depression,—of studious labour and of wandering dissipation. In the first of these situations, he was benevolent and filial. His misfortunes he bore with uncommon firmness, and some of his best productions have been written under the pressure of calamity, or in the gloom of a spunging-house.

He was born in the year 1750, in the city of Cork in Ireland: at a very early age he was distinguished by his classical attainments; and before he had reached his twentieth year, was sent to Edinburgh to apply himself to the study of medicine. Finding little gratification in the attendance on lectures, and less in the inspection of anatomical subjects, he turned to pursuits more accordant with his feelings, and Celsus and Cullen were neglected for Shakspeare and Congreve. What was at first *dissaste*, was by this means soon confirmed into *aversion*. The restraints of prudence were all forgotten, and he determined to indulge his strong propensities by going on the stage.

To his dramatic success, however, there were obstacles which genius could not subdue, nor industry remove. His voice was deficient in harmony, and his figure wanted grace and importance. He made his first appearance at the Edinburgh Theatre, in the character of Oroonoko. His conception was good, and his discrimination far beyond the mechanism of general acting; but his defects were too obvious; and a very short experience convinced him that he could not succeed.

He now felt all the consequences of imprudence, as by the displeasure of his friends he was left without any other resource. He therefore continued to play for three or four years at most of the provincial Theatres in the northern parts of this kingdom. He at length returned to Cork, where he appeared but once in the Earl of Essex, and yielded

to the advice of some judicious friends, and abandoned a profession for which he found himself unfit. He did not long deliberate on his choice of another; for, in 1775, he repaired to London, as the general mart of talents, and commenced a literary adventurer.

Among the first of his performances, was “An Essay on the Character of Hamlet, as performed by Mr. Henderson, 8vo. 1777.” That this was written with much judgment and *acumen*, we need scarcely say, when we add, that it procured him the friendship and patronage of Mr. Colman, which he long retained. In his Drama, a Poem written in the manner of Churchill’s *Rosciad*, 1775, and *Regatta*, a Poem on the *Fete* given on the River Thames in the year 1776, he was less successful. In 1773 he produced the *Invasion*; or, a Trip to Brighthelmston. In this piece a well-timed ridicule was pointed at the apprehensions of those who feared a descent from the French upon our coast. This first production was extremely well received;—a mock procession of servants armed with clubs and rakes, which was suggested by Mr. Garrick, contributed not a little to its success.

From this time Pilon continued to woo the Dramatic Muse with various success.—He generally caught whatever temporary subject was floating uppermost in the public mind, and immediately adapted it to the stage.—There appears of course, in those productions, more ingenuity than correctness, and more of temporary allusion than of permanent humour.—Of the pieces of this description, the following list is, we believe, tolerably accurate.

1. The *Invasion*, or Trip to Brighthelmston, acted at Covent Garden 1778.
2. The *Liverpool Prize*, acted at Covent Garden 1779.
3. The *Illumination*, or *Glazier’s Conspiracy*, a Prelude, occasioned by the Rejoicings on the Acquittal of Admiral Keppel, acted at Covent Garden 1779.
4. The *Deaf Lover*, acted at Covent Garden 1780. This was an alteration of “The Device,” a Farce acted and damned the preceding year.
5. The *Siege of Gibraltar*, a musical Farce, acted at Covent Garden 1780.
6. The *Humours of an Election*, acted at Covent Garden 1780.
7. *Thelyphthora*, a Farce, written in ridicule of the Doctrines of Mr. Madan, acted at Covent Garden 1781.



8. The Fair American, a Comic Opera, acted at Drury Lane 1782.

9. Aeroflation, a Farce, acted at Covent Garden 1784.

10. All's Well that Ends Well, altered from Shakespeare, acted at the Hay-Market 1785.

11. Barataria, an alteration from D'Urfey's Don Quixote, acted at Covent Garden 1785.

12. The Touchstone, a Pantomime, acted at Covent Garden 1779.

In 1786, he presented his last Comedy, *He Wou'd be a Soldier*, to Mr. Harris; we need not here mention with what success it was performed. It has undoubtedly so much novelty of structure and originality of character as to rank with the best Comedies that have lately been produced. An unfinished play intitled *The Ward in Chancery*, of which not more than three acts are completed, is left in the hands of his widow, a young lady of much merit, to whom he was united not more than five months.

With respect to his private character, it must be acknowledged that many of his years were spent in the pursuits of dissipation.

Those who live on the precarious revenues of Chance, are often tempted to anticipate what fortune may not afterwards realize:—thus Pilon frequently experienced the want of that *half guinea* which had been given to the luxury of the preceding day; and his attachment to *venison and turbot* has often compelled the *omission* of a more necessary meal. His dissipation, however, was not of that kind which Johnson has ascribed to Savage—lonely, self-gratifying and obscure. Pilon loved the *festivity* and the *luxuries* of the table—but what is yet better, he could subdue his ruling passion at the call either of friendship or necessity; and to relieve the wants of others, could cheerfully deny himself the gratification he had intended.

His conversation was not distinguished by many corruscations of wit, or brilliant effusions of the fancy; but his reasoning was clear, and his diction copious and argumentative. His knowledge of the world rendered him an agreeable companion,—while the gentleness of his heart rendered him no less acceptable as a FRIEND.

## MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

Dec. 20.

A Letter from Plymouth says, “Last Thursday the *Pegasus* Frigate, from Cork, commanded by his Royal Highness Prince William Henry, arrived here. His Royal Highness went on shore to visit the Admiral and Commissioners at dock.—The *Pegasus* victuals for foreign station.”

*Dublin Castle, Jan. 17.* This day the Parliament having met, his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant went in State to the House of Peers, and being seated on the Throne, with the usual solemnity, Scroope Bernard, Esq. Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, was sent with a message from his Excellency to the House of Commons, signifying his pleasure that they should immediately attend his Excellency in the House of Peers; and the Commons being come thither accordingly, his Excellency was pleased to open the Sessions with the following Speech from the Throne:

*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

HIS Majesty having been pleased again to call me to the Government of Ireland, I have received his Royal commands to meet you in Parliament.

At the same time that I feel myself highly flattered by this repeated mark of his Majesty's confidence, I must lament with you the heavy loss which his service has sustained by the death of the Duke of Rutland, whose

public and private virtues had so deservedly conciliated the esteem and affections of this kingdom.

His Majesty is persuaded that you will share the satisfaction which he feels in the present situation of foreign affairs, and particularly in the restoration of the constitution and tranquility of the United Provinces, favoured by the seasonable and vigorous exertions which were made by his Majesty, and by the brilliant success of the Prussian troops, under the conduct of his Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick. The measures which his Majesty has adopted on this occasion have been productive of advantages, which, while they have added to the lustre of his Crown, have materially promoted the essential interest of his dominions.

*Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

I have ordered the national accounts and the necessary estimates to be prepared and laid before you; and, with the fullest confidence in your zeal and loyalty, I obey his Majesty's commands in recommending to you to provide for the public service.

*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

My former experience of the affectionate attachment which his Majesty's subjects of Ireland have borne to his person and government, and the very particular interest which I must feel in your welfare, will never fail

to animate my endeavours in pursuit of every object which may promote his Majesty's paternal wishes for the happiness of this kingdom. With this view, I must more especially direct your attention to the support of that great staple of your commerce, the linen manufacture, to the protection and regulation of the Protestant Charter schools, to the security of the Church of Ireland, and to those principles, which your wisdom and humanity have already pointed out for the advancement of education and of useful knowledge.

I have seen, with particular satisfaction, your rising prosperity, and the rapid increase of your commerce and manufactures; and I shall be anxious to co-operate with you in improving the advantages which the credit of the country most derive from the blessings of peace: but, while you are sensible of the value of these blessings, I am persuaded that you feel the warmest concern for the honour of his Majesty's crown, and for the general interests of the empire; and that there is no part of his dominions from which his Majesty would have received a warmer or more zealous support, if he had judged it necessary to call forth into action the spirit and resources of his people.

[An affectionate and loyal Address to his Majesty in answer to this speech, was unanimously voted by both Houses; as was also an Address of Congratulation, &c. to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant.]

18. Being the day appropriated for the celebration of the Queen's birth, who will be 44 years of age on the 19th of May next, the usual ceremonies were observed in respect to the ringing of bells, firing of guns, &c.

The Drawing-room was uncommonly brilliant and crowded, and contained more of the Royal Family than have been collected at one time in that circle for many years; for besides the Prince of Wales, Duke of York, and the Princesses, their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland were present. The foreign Ministers also made a splendid appearance in their dresses and carriages.

His Majesty was dressed in a suit of regimentals, of the new uniform of the staff;—and appeared in the evening in a suit of brown velvet, richly embroidered, and was extremely cheerful.

The Prince of Wales was arrayed in a superb dress; the coat was of a pale ruby ground, covered with a rich work of white and silver, and beautifully embroidered down the seams with silver: The star of St. George was formed of brilliants; the loop also which confined the garter, was of diamonds. The waistcoat was of white and silver, highly rich and beautiful. The hat in which his Highness appeared in the evening at the ball, had

a beautiful brilliant button and loop.

The Duke of York appeared in a suit of regimentals, with the paraphernalia of the order of the garter, in rich jewellery.

His Highness changed his dress for the ball, and appeared in the evening in a rich gala suit, of a bright purple ground, splendidly embroidered.

The Duke of Gloucester wore a rose coloured fancy velvet; and his brother of Cumberland, a mouse-coloured satin, embroidered.

The Queen, as is usual on her own birthday, was plain, and elegantly dressed, without ornaments; her Majesty's train was a black and orange small figured velvet; the petticoat, of orange satin, was covered with a white crape, in velvet stripes, with a broad border of rich black lace at the bottom.

Her Majesty and the three Princesses wore caps elegantly decorated with white plumes of feathers, and small sprigs of artificial flowers, placed with much taste; their ribbons white, orange and blue.

The Princess Royal was in a royal purple and silver tissue; the petticoat, of the same silk, was covered with a rich embroidered crape, of a small beautiful pattern, in purple and silver, ornamented with rich embroidered bows, tassels, silver fringe, &c. in a superior style of neatness and fancy.

The Princess Augusta was in an orange colour and silver tissue, trimmed with a beautiful embroidered crape, in purple, green, and silver, not quite so plain as the Princess Royal, but equally elegant, and in the highest style of fashion.

The Princess Elizabeth wore a coquilicot and silver tissue, the same pattern as the Princesses Augusta's; her Highness's dress and appearance altogether was much admired. The ornaments were entirely white and silver, of the finest embroidery, silver fringes, tassels, &c. which, added to her Highness's natural gaiety and good-humour, gave her all the air and splendor of a bride.

The Ladies in general were dressed in rich satin trains, most of which were striped, and some in trains *a la goutte*.

The head-dresses of the ladies were in general high, with caps *a-la-Tark*, ornamented with flat white ostrich feathers.

The caps were principally formed of gauze free crape and satin, with *bandeau* edges with rich blond, the lappets quite flat, and wholly white. Very few flowers worn on the head; the substitute for which was wreaths of wheat-ears.

The fashion of the hair differed from that of last year, by being dressed lower on the forehead, and the temples more exposed. The toupee in very small curls, short curls on the neck, and flowing in ringlets behind.

The



The ear-rings that were worn were long, and formed of diamonds, or pearl and gold intermixed. Diamond necklaces, tied tight round the neck, and strings of pearl hung loosely on the bosom. The neck more exposed than usual, as the ladies wore tuckers and small tippets. No breast-bows or sleeve-knots, unless made of diamonds. Bouquets not so large as usual, and fixed on the left side. No stomachers, or any decoration whatever in their place—the bodies being entirely plain; not even a Zone, which was so universal last year. — Sleeves of the gown very short, not to cover the elbow; ruffs treble, and rather longer than last birth-day, with very deep heads. — Very few flounces to the petticoats, but the gauze on them very full, set up to represent plaits at the bottom, and mostly edged with gold and silver fringes of various breadths. Those who wore fancy trimmings on the petticoat, chose them of embroidered gauze, or satin laid in loose folds, in imitation of festoons, with deep gold and silver fringes.

Few ladies wore buckles—mostly white flippers, with gold and silver knots. — Two watches were universal—unless a picture was substituted for one of them, or a fancy setting.

The trains and bodies of the Ladies dresses were principally of white satin—very few in colours. Ribbons chiefly white.

The Gentlemen were dressed chiefly in dark coloured silk trimmed with fur, or in velvet richly embroidered with gold, silver, and steel. They did not wear their hair dressed so low at the sides, nor their toupees so high—mostly two curls on a side. Their coats not so high at the neck;—some few wore full stocks, the Prince in particular. The shoes higher quartered than usual, and the buckles smaller—very few with two watches. This fashion is given up to the Ladies.

Almost all the new dresses were lined with satin of the same colour as the coat. A few gentlemen wore fur linings.

## B A L L.

Their Majesties and the Princesses entered a little after nine, preceded by the officers of state.—The overture of Samson began playing on the entrance of the King, and continued till their Majesties were seated.

The ball was opened by the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal:—the minuets were in the following order:—

## M I N U E T S.

|                     |  |
|---------------------|--|
| The Prince of Wales | The Princess Royal.<br>The Princess Augusta.     |
| The Duke of York    | The Princess Elizabeth.<br>Lady Cath. Beaucherk. |
| The Earl of Morton  | Lady Carl. Beaucherk.<br>Lady Charlotte Bertie.  |
| Lord Burford        | Countess of Aldborough.<br>L. G. Leveson Gower.  |
| Earl of Cavan       | L. C. Leveson Gower.<br>Lady Parker.             |
| Lord Galway         | Lady Harriot Finch.<br>Lady Carol. Waldgrave.    |
| Lord Stopford       | Lady Ann Belasyfe.<br>Lady Anne Wesley.          |
| H. Mr. Edgecumbe    | Lady Arden.<br>Hon. Miss Townshend.              |
| Hon. T. Townshend   | Miss C. Keppel.<br>Miss Simpson.                 |
| Hon. Mr. Thynne     | Miss Cunliffe.<br>Miss Gideon.                   |
| Lord Burford        | Miss Charlotte Gideon.<br>Mrs. Colville.         |
| Earl of Morton      | Hon. Miss Howe.                                  |

## Order of the COUNTRY DANCE PARTY.

|                    |                       |
|--------------------|-----------------------|
| Prince of Wales    | Princess Royal        |
| Duke of York       | Princess Augusta      |
| Duke of Cumberland | Princess Elizabeth    |
| Hon. T. Townshend  | Lady Charlotte Gordon |
| Lord Cavan         | Lady Charlotte Bertie |
| Earl of Morton     | Lady Lucy Fitzgerald  |
| Lord Stopford      | L. G. Leveson Gower   |
| H. Mr. Edgecumbe   | L. C. Leveson Gower   |
| Hon. Mr. Thynne    | Lady Ann Leslie       |
| Lord Burford       | Hon. Miss Thynne      |
| Mr. St. Leger      | Miss Simpson          |

## P R E F E R M E N T S.

THE Rev. William Cleaver, D. D. one of the prebendaries of Westminster, to be bishop of Chester, vice Dr. Porteous, translated.

Charles Eustace, esq. to be deputy quarter-master-general in Ireland, and to rank as colonel in his Majesty's army.

Stephen Freemantle, esq. to be deputy adjutant-general in Ireland, and to rank as major in his Majesty's army.

Sir F. L. Rogers, bart. of Blachford, to be deputy-rider and master-forester of the forest and chase of Dartmoor, Devon.

The Rev. George Hill, to be second master and professor of divinity in the New College of the university of St. Andrew's, vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Henry Spens.

Dr. Douglas, bishop of Carlisle, to be dean of Windsor and Wolverhampton, vice Dr. Harley, dec.

## MARRIAGES.

**T**HE Rev. Hammond Robertson, M. A. fellow of Magdalen College, to Miss Ashford, of Gilderham, in Yorkshire.

The Rev. Joseph Brookbank, of the City-road, to Miss Shrimpton, of High-Wycombe.

Thomas Brooke, esq. member of parliament for Newton, in Lancashire, to Miss Cunliffe, sister to Sir Foster Cunliffe, Bart.

The Rev. John Evans, rector of Sibston, Leicestershire, to Miss Charlotte Cooksey, daughter of Holland Cooksey, esq. of Braces-Leigh, Worcestershire.

Richard Lowndes, esq. of Liverpool, to Miss Dobson, only daughter and heiress of the late Dr. Dobson.

Capt. Trounbridge, of the royal navy, to Miss Richardson, of Mary-le-bonne.

Capt. Pilcher, son of Edward Pilcher, esq. of Rochester, to Miss Kirby, of Chatham.

H. Hawkins, esq. of Hitchin, Herts, to Miss Charlotte Wortham.

At Whittlesey, in the isle of Ely, Mr. Thomas Smith, aged 75, to Miss Ann Robinson, spinster, aged 15.

At Bristol, the Rev. Mr. Watson, to Miss Butler.

At Battersea, the Rev. Edward Evans, vicar of Nun-Ormsby, Lincolnshire, to Miss Walkington, of Kensington.

At Bradford, Walter Scott, Esq. of the island of Grenada, to Miss Selater, daughter of the late Richard Selater, esq. of Bradford.

John Hunter, esq. his Majesty's consul for Seville and St. Lucar, to Miss Margaret Congalton, eldest daughter of Charles Congalton, esq. Physician, in Edinburgh.

The Rev. James Relton, of Queen's College, and vicar of Shurburn, Oxford, to Miss Rudge, eldest daughter of the Rev. Mr. Rudge, rector of Wheatfield.

Francis Burton, esq. of Lincoln's Inn, a king's counsel, and member for Woodstock, to Miss Halhead, eldest daughter of Nicholas Halhead, esq. late of Durham.

Archibald Grant, esq. jun. of Money-musk, to Miss Mary Forbes, daughter of major Forbes.

John Manby, esq. of Bead's Hall, in Essex, to Miss Hannah Maria Cliffe, of Glanford-bridge, Lincolnshire.

The Rev. Mr. Reynolds, vicar of Beshthorp, in Norfolk, rector of Toxwood, and chaplain to the earl of Winterton, to Miss Barraud, of Rathbone-place.

Thomas Pitt, esq. of Charles-street, St. James's-square, to Miss Leigh, daughter of Henry Cornwall Leigh, of High Legh, Cheshire.

Lord Petre, to Miss Juliana Howard, youngest daughter of Henry Howard, esq. of Glossop.

Mr. John Calvert Clarke, of Barbican, to Miss Martin, of Charter-house-square.

John Drake, esq. of Middlemore-hall, to Miss Wallace, daughter of John Wallace, Esq. of Hubberholme, Yorkshire.

The Rev. John Blanchard, master of the academy at Nottingham, to Miss Ann Hoskins, second daughter of Abraham Hoskins, esq. of Burton-upon-Trent.

William Parflow, esq. A. B. of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, to Miss Jane Jones, of Garthmill, in Montgomeryshire.

The Rev. John Nicholl, rector of Remenham, Berks, to the Hon. Miss Mary Flower, second daughter of the late Henry lord viscount Ashbrook.

Abraham Mello, esq. to Miss Anne Saunders, of Highgate.

Edward Miller Mundy, esq. knight of the shire for Derby, to the Right Hon. lady dowager Middleton.

Sir Francis Samuel Drake, bart. to Miss Onslow, only daughter of George Onslow, esq.

George Moore, esq. of the excise-office, to Mrs. Meager, of Howard-street.

John Parsons, esq. of Kemerton, to Miss Holme, of Brownhill near Gloucester.

Mr. Scammel, of Compton Chamberlain, aged 46, to Miss Foyle, of Wyly, aged 21.

Sir John Hutton, bart. of Long-stanton, Cambridgeshire, to Miss Bridgham, daughter of ——— Bridgham, esq. an American refugee.

## MONTHLY OBITUARY.

Dec. 21.

**M**R. John Henry Moze, organist of St. Ann's, Soho; the Coll-giate Church of St. Catherine's, near the Tower; and the German Church, near the Savoy.

22. In St. John's-street, Edinburgh, the Right Hon. the Earl of Hyndford.

23. Thomas Douglas, esq. of Grantham.

Mr. Ottiwell Wood, suttan manufacturer in Manchester.

24. The Rev. Randolph Ekins, 40 years rector of the parish of Pebmarsh.

Mrs. Morley, wife of James Morley, esq. of Kempshott, in Hampshire.

Mr. Mendham, eldest son of Robert Mendham, merchant, in Walbrook.

The



The Rev. William Totten, of Edgware.

Lately, Dr. John Prouty, parish priest of Killashanda, in Ireland, aged 102 years.

Lately, in Cork, in the 104th year of his age, Thomas Gilburne, who served in Queen Anne's wars, under the Duke of Marlborough, and at the battle of Dettingen, in 1743.

Also Daniel Herling, labourer, aged 107.

Wm. Tytten, esq. of Chesshunt, Herts.

26. Mr. John Davidson, Yeoman of the wine-cellar.

27. The most noble Jane Marchioness of Lothian, at Lothian-house.

James Buggin, esq. of Bexley, in Kent, one of the Directors of Hudson's Bay Company.

28. Capt. James Barton, many years in the West-India trade, aged 87.

William Hughes, esq. of Nenodd, in the Isle of Anglesea.

The Rev. John Arnam, rector of Postwick and Great Dunham, Norfolk.

Lately, Lady Trevelyan, aged 73, sister of the late Sir Walter Blacket.

29. Dennis O'Kelly, esq. the owner of Eclipse.

30. Mr. Alex. Parkes, of Stockport, Cheshire.

At Frostenden, in Suffolk, Roger Mainwaring, esq. younger brother of the late Eaton Mainwaring Ellerker, esq. and uncle of the Countess of Leicester.

31. John Berens, esq. of Broad-street. 1788.

Jan. 1. At Bath, Mrs. Southcote, relict of John Parker Southcote, esq. of that place.

At Kilmarnock, Scotland, Janet Allan, aged 105.

At Renton-house, Scotland, Sir John Home, bart.

David Crawford, esq. of Catronbank, Captain-Lieutenant of the late 83d reg.

2. John Phillips, esq. of Duke-street, Westminster, formerly a brewer in Peter-street.

3. Mr. Bullock, grocer, at Hackney. Simon Scroop, esq. at Danby-upon-York, Yorkshire.

4. The Rev. Edward Chester, of Kelvedon and Eastford, aged 67.

Mrs. Bent, wife of Mr. Bent, bookseller, in Pater-noster row.

Duncan Grant, esq. of Forres, Scotland, 5. James Holford, esq. Charles-street, Berkeley-square.

Mr. Fifield, grocer and tea-dealer, Gloucester-street, Queen-square.

Miss Sanxay, of Cheam.

The Rev. Mr. Stoup, of Kimpton, in the vale of Belvoir.

The Rev. Edmund Tyrwhitt, rector of Wickham, Bishop's vicar of Bromfield, in Essex; and prebend of Chiswick, in the Cathedral of St. Paul's.

6. The Rev. Mr. Price, vicar of High Wycombe, Bucks, and one of the Aldermen of that Borough.

7. Capt. Smeaton, in the Irish trade.

Alex. Kershaw, of Heskin-hall, Lancashire, aged 96.

8. Dr. John Harley, Bishop of Hereford. He was born Sept. 29, 1728, married Roach, daughter of Gwynn Vaughan, esq. by whom he has left two sons and two daughters.

Mr. Tho. Fearnley, Old Artillery-ground, Spital-fields.

9. Edward Nelthorpe, esq. of Schawby, in Lincolnshire, brother to Sir John Nelthorpe.

Lately, at Corney, in Cumberland, the Rev. Mr. Fisher, aged 84 years, 52 of which he had been rector of that parish. His predecessor Mr. Benson held it 60 years.

Lately, at Belton, Rutlandshire, William Kelburn, aged 79, father and grandfather to 89 children; and within three days, Thomas Kelburn, his brother, aged 87.

Lately, Mr. Edward Luxford, pen-maker, of Houndfilditch.

11. Tho. Starling, esq. of the City of Norwich, aged 80.

Mrs. Lacy, wife of Mr. Lacy, late Patentee of Drury-lane Theatre.

At Paddington, Col. John Peters, who was born at Hebron, in Connecticut, June 1740. He took an active part against the Americans, for which he was obliged to take refuge in this country.

Capt. James Sinclair, in the service of the East-India Company.

At Stanton Wick, Bath, John Adams, esq.

12. At Shrubland-hall, in Suffolk, the Rev. John Bacon, M. A.

Mr. William Dare, of Sion College.

At Brussels, Lady Catherine Bellasis.

At Chowbent, Lancashire, Mr. John Mort, aged 86.

Lately, at Waterford, in Ireland, the Rev. Alex. Alcock, Arch-Deacon of Lismore.

13. Mr. John Davis, haberdasher, Bishopgate-street.

— Douglas, esq. one of the Proprietors of the great cotton-manufactory at Holywell, in Flintshire.

John Cope Freeman, esq. of Abbots Langley, Herts.

Lately, at Hales Owen, aged 91, Mrs. Sarah Green, widow.

14. At Bath, Mr. Smyth, father of Mrs. Fitzherbert.

Sir Philip Jennings Clerke, bart. member for Totness.

Mrs. Spencer, wife of Mr. Spencer, in Bow-street, Covent-garden.

Mr. Tho. Smith, printer and bookseller, Canterbury.

Miss Roberts, eldest sister of the Rev. Dr. Roberts, master of St Paul's school.

Lately, at Snettisham, in Norfolk, Nicholas Styleman, esq.

Lately, in Jamaica, the Hon. Wm. Peete, one of the Judges Assistant of that Island, and only son of Richard Peete, esq. of Norwich.

15. At Hexham, Robert Shaftoe, Esq. of Bavington, in Northumberland.

Parkins Mac Mahon, Esq.

Mr. Thomas Mason, Attorney at Law, Blackman-street, Southwark.

Lately, Mr. Arthur, a brewer, and Alderman at Plymouth.

16. Sir William Cusleton, Bart. at Hingham, Norfolk, aged 84.

At Glasgow, Capt. Addison, of the 56th regiment.

At Rothiesmay, the Countess of Fife, mother of the Earl of Fife.

Lock Rollinson, Esq. of Chadlington, in Oxfordshire.

At Canterbury, Mr. William Hills, of Chancery Lane.

Lately, Mr. John Small, merchant, of Basinghall-street.

17. Arthur Gray, Esq. Agent of the Ayr Bank.

Mrs. Bayley, wife of Nathaniel Bayley, Esq. of Jamaica.

At Paris, the Count de Grasse, who was taken prisoner by Admiral Rodney. (See a

Portrait and an Account of him in our Magazine for August 1782.)

Frederick Pilon, Author of several dramatic pieces. (See page 58.)

18. Mrs. Manship, mother of Mr. Manship, a Director of the East-India Company.

Lately, Mr. Henry Wichells, grocer, in Lothbury.

Lately Mr. Sculthorpe, of Princes-street, Cavendish-square.

19. Walter Calmady, esq. one of the oldest officers of the navy.

Mr. Thomas Hopley, aged 86, Master of the Horse at the Dock-yard, Chatham.

Lately, Richard Doidge, esq. of Elford-leigh, near Plympton, high-sheriff of Devonshire in 1771.

20. Arthur Cuthbert, esq. Berners-street:

Mr. Arthur Clewin, farmer, at Finchley  
Mr. Benjamin Panley, formerly a baker in Jewin-street.

Lately, at Blenheim-park, Mr. Richard Smallbones, more than 50 years park keeper to the Dukes of Marlborough.

21. Thomas Moore, esq. in Moore-place, in the 88th year of his age.

Daniel Bayne, esq. of the Inner Temple.

Mr. William Lewis, at Fareham.

Mrs. Grace Cotterel, daughter of the late Sir Clement Cotterel Dormer.

The Rev. John Francis Delaporte, at Carshalton in Surrey, in the 90th year of his age.

Lately, Mr. Craddock, at Enfield.

22. Thomas Smith, esq. formerly a wholesale linen-draper in Milk-street.

Mrs. Catharine Clark, late proprietor of Racktrow's Museum, Fleet-street.

24. John Elliott, esq. Binfield, Berks.

25. Theophilus Osborne Herriett, esq.

Lately, Mr. Henry George Vigue, miniature-painter.

## BANKRUPTS.

DAVID Williams, of Great Mary-le-bonne-street, Middlesex, dealer and chapman. John Thomas, jun. of Falmouth, Cornwall, grocer. Michael Evans, of Stafford, grocer. Thomas Richardson and John Murray, of the Minories, London, mercers and copartners. Thomas Pugh, of Oswestry, Salep, scrivener. John Learner, of Norwich, saddler. Deborah Wingate, of Cromhill, Gloucestershire, blanket and rug manufacturer. Robert Higham, of Peddinghoe, Suffolk, mariner. Thomas Twine, of Warrington, Lancashire, liquor-merchant. William Lucas and William Beaumont, of the Middle-yard, Great Queen-street, Middlesex, cabinet-makers. Richard Whitlam, of Yedding, Middlesex, potatoe-merchant. Duncan Fer-

gusson, of St. James's-street, Westminster, milliner. Samuel Turner, of Gainsburgh, Lincolnshire, mercer, draper, dealer and chapman. Richard Delve, of Chadleigh, Devonshire, butcher. John Stickland, of Newgate-market, cheesemonger. John Hopkins, of Horley, in Gloucestershire, carrier. Stephen Parmentier, of Conduit-street, taylor. William Simpson, of Fleet-market, mealman. Isaac Delvalle, of Fenchurch-street, broker. Thomas Wall and William Ball, of Bristol, maltsters. John Munden, of Swansea, block and sail-cloth-maker. John Percival, of Northwich, woollen-draper. John Hays, of Hindley, in Lancashire, victualler. John Dent, of Wapping-street, grocer.

