

THE European Magazine, AND LONDON REVIEW;

CONTAINING THE
LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS, ARTS,
MANNERS, and AMUSEMENTS of the AGE;

By the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON;

For APRIL, 1788.

[Embellished with, 1. A Portrait of Dr. SHIPLEY, BISHOP of ST. ASAPH: 2. A VIEW of a MOSQUE at MOUNHEER: 3. VIEW of MRS. NESBITT'S HOUSE in NORWOOD.]

CONTAINING

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L O N D O N:

Printed for J. SEWELL, Cornhill;

And J. DEBRET, Piccadilly.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Correspondent who sent his performance to another publication at the same time he transmitted it to us, may be assured we shall not insert any thing further from him.

G. C. on recollection, will see no reason for his anger. The pressure of temporary matter prevented our fulfilling our promise to him. His poem, with many others, was necessarily postponed. The length of the Tale is our only objection to it. We hope for his further correspondence.

Bry. Waller in our next.

R.—*Audi partem alteram*—*Rusticus*—*Equus*—*Roderick Random*—*Lines to the Musical Knight*, are received.

The anecdote of *Bonnel Thornton* has been so often published, that it affords no novelty.

The vulgarity of *Westminsterian's* verses is a sufficient objection to them.

ERRATUM, p. 248, for *when I was in the commission of the peace*, read, *myself was then in the commission of the peace*.

The Reader will also please to alter the folios in Signature U from 148—152 to 156—160.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN, from April 14, to April 19, 1788.

	Wheat			Rye			Barl.			Oats			Beans		
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.
London	5	9	3	12	7	2	12	9							
COUNTIES INLAND.															
Middlesex	5	10	0	0	2	8	2	6	3	0					
Surry	6	10	0	0	2	8	2	4	3	11					
Hertford	5	11	0	0	2	9	2	2	3	5					
Bedford	5	7	3	2	5	1	11	2	10						
Cambridge	5	5	2	11	2	4	1	9	2	4					
Huntingdon	5	5	0	0	2	4	1	9	2	6					
Northampton	5	7	3	0	2	6	1	10	2	6					
Rutland	5	6	3	2	8	1	9	2	9						
Leicester	5	9	3	6	2	9	1	11	3	10					
Nottingham	5	11	3	8	2	10	2	3	3	0					
Derby	6	5	0	0	0	2	3	4	6						
Stafford	5	10	4	5	3	0	2	4	9						
Salop	5	11	3	11	3	0	2	1	4	7					
Hereford	5	4	0	0	3	2	1	11	3	7					
Worcester	5	11	0	0	3	1	2	1	2	11					
Warwick	5	5	0	0	2	10	1	11	3	4					
Gloucester	5	6	0	0	2	8	1	9	3	0					
Wilts	5	7	0	0	2	7	2	0	3	8					
Berks	5	10	0	0	2	7	2	2	2	11					
Oxford	5	6	0	0	2	9	2	3	3	0					
Bucks	5	9	0	0	2	7	2	0	2	11					
COUNTIES upon the COAST.															
Essex	5	8	0	0	2	5	2	1	2	11					
Suffolk	5	5	3	0	2	4	2	0	2	8					
Norfolk	5	5	3	0	2	2	2	0	0	0					
Lincoln	5	6	3	0	2	6	1	10	2	11					
York	5	10	3	6	2	9	2	0	3	8					
Darham	5	9	0	0	2	10	2	1	4	2					
Northumberl.	5	3	3	5	2	6	1	11	4	2					
Cumberland	6	2	3	10	2	11	2	2	4	8					
Westmorl.	6	5	0	0	3	2	2	3	0	0					
Lancashire	6	3	0	0	3	1	2	4	3	7					
Cheshire	6	3	3	10	3	4	2	5	0	0					
Monmouth	6	1	0	0	3	0	1	10	0	0					
Somerset	5	10	3	0	2	7	1	11	3	3					
Devon	5	10	0	0	2	9	1	7	0	0					
Cornwall	6	1	0	0	3	3	1	7	0	0					
Dorset	6	1	0	0	2	7	1	11	3	8					
Hants	5	7	0	0	2	6	2	0	3	2					
Suffex	5	9	0	0	2	4	2	1	4	1					
Kent	5	9	0	0	2	9	2	2	2	9					

WALES, April 7, to April 12, 1788.

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

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER. MARCH.

BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.
30—29—95	53	S.S.W.
31—29—65	51	S.S.W.

A P R I L.

1—29—67	54	N.W.
2—30—00	52	W.
3—29—61	52	W.
4—29—70	37	N.
5—29—98	39	N.
6—30—22	46	N.W.
7—30—26	49	W.
8—30—41	55	W.
9—30—56	54	N.W.
10—30—40	54	E.
11—30—15	55	E.
12—29—96	52	S.
13—30—28	50	W.
14—30—04	50	W.
15—30—03	45	N.N.W.
16—30—12	50	N.W.
17—30—10	50	W.
18—30—06	51	W.
19—30—25	54	S.W.

20—30—28	60	S.
21—30—06	56	S.W.
22—29—70	50	W.
23—29—95	52	N.W.
24—29—92	56	W.
25—29—95	52	N.W.
26—29—95	52	W.
27—29—95	55	N.W.
28—30—30	55	W.

PRICES of STOCKS,

April 28, 1788.

Bank Stock, shut, 173	Old S. S. Ann. —
$\frac{1}{2}$ 172 $\frac{3}{4}$	New S. S. Ann. —
New 4 per Cent 1777,	India Stock, —
shut 94 $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$	India Bonds, 84s. pr.
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785,	New Navy and Vict.
113 7-8ths a $\frac{1}{2}$	Bills
3 per Cent. red. 74 $\frac{3}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$	Long Ann. 22 $\frac{3}{4}$
3 per Cent. Conf. 75 30 yrs. Ann. 1778, 13	
1-half a $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$	7 16ths a 3-8ths.
3 per Cent. 1786,	Exchequer Bills, —
3 per Cent. 1751,	Lottery Tick. —
3 per Ct. Ind. An.	Irish ditto, 71. 4s.
South Sea Stock, —	Prizes 3-4ths dilt.

T H E
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
A N D
L O N D O N R E V I E W,
For A P R I L, 1788.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An ACCOUNT of Dr. JONATHAN SHIPLEY, Bishop of St. Asaph,

[With a PORTRAIT of HIM.]

OF the Prelate whose Portrait graces the present Magazine, it has been said, that he possesses learning without pedantry, patriotism without faction, and politeness without affectation. Should this eulogium to some appear overcharged, it ought to be recollected, that the virulence of party, even when it had attained its greatest height, paid a particular respect to the character of his Lordship. When, at the same time, it is remembered, that his talents were acknowledged on all sides; and whilst one party triumphed in his assistance, the other wished for his support; it can be no flattery in a Literary Journal to repeat the public opinion, which certainly ascribes to him the qualities we have above enumerated.

Dr. JONATHAN SHIPLEY was born, as we conjecture, about the year 1714. His education was liberal, and at a proper age we find him at Christ Church, Oxford, where, while he was Bachelor of Arts, he exhibited a talent for poetry, which with cultivation might have arisen to excellence. On the death of Queen Caroline, he wrote some verses in the Oxford Collection, and it is but small praise to say, they are the best produced on that occasion*. On the 24th of April 1738, he took the degree of Master of Arts, and in that year wrote the following lines on the death of a friend who died on his travels:—

LANGTON, dear partner of my soul,
Accept what pious passion meditates
To grace thy fate. Sad memory,
And grateful love, and impotent regret,

Shall wake to paint thy gentle mind,
Thy wise good-nature, friendship delicate
In secret converse, native mirth,
And sprightly fancy; sweet artificer
Of social pleasure; nor forgot
The noble thirst of knowledge and fair fame
That led thee far thro' foreign climes
Inquisitive: but chief the pleasant banks
Of Tiber, ever-honour'd stream,
Detain'd thee visiting the last remains
Of antient art—fair forms exact
In sculpture, columns, and the mould'ring
bulk
Of theatres. In deep thought rapt
Of old renown, thy mind survey'd the scenes
Delighted, where the first of men
Once dwelt—familiar Scipio, virtuous
chief,
Stern Cato, and the patriot mind
Of faithful Brutus, best philosopher.
Well did the generous search employ
Thy blooming years by virtue crown'd,
tho' death
Unseen oppress'd thee, far from home,
A helpless stranger. No familiar voice,
No pitying eye chear'd thy last pangs.
O worthy longest days! for thee shall flow
The pious, solitary tear,
And thoughtful friendship sadden o'er
thine urn.

He soon afterwards entered into holy orders, and obtained a living. On May 27, 1743, he was installed a Prebendary in the Cathedral Church of Winchester; and in March 1745 was appointed Chaplain to the Duke of Cumberland, to attend him abroad.

* These verses are printed also in The Union, and in Nichols's Collection of Poems.

On October 14, 1748, he took the degree of Doctor of Divinity; and on January 28, 1749, became Canon of Christ Church in Oxford. In the year 1760 he was advanced to the Deanery of Winchester, and at the same time was permitted by dispensation to retain the Livings of Silchester and Chilbolton. His last preferment took place in the year 1769, when he was promoted to the Bishopric of St. Asaph, in which See he has ever since remained.

When it is recorded, that Dr. Shipley gave an early and decided opinion against the coercive measures so fatally adopted towards America, his receiving no further advancement will create but little surprize.—In the year 1774 he published “A Speech intended to have been spoken on the Bill for altering the Charters of the Colony of Massachusetts-Bay,” 8vo.; a performance which Mr. Mainwaring, in the Introduction to his Sermons, page 28, 8vo. speaks of in the following terms:—“If it were allowable for a moment to adopt the poetical creed of the antients, one would almost imagine, that the thoughts of a truly elegant writer were formed by Apollo, and attired by the

“Graces. It would seem, indeed, that language was at a loss to furnish a garb adapted to their rank and worth; that Judgment, fancy, taste, had all combined to adorn them, yet without impairing that divine simplicity for the want of which nothing can compensate.” And in a note on this passage he says, “Amongst all the productions, antient or modern, it would be difficult to find an instance of more consummate elegance than in a printed Speech intended to be spoken in the House of Lords.” It is to be lamented, that the benevolent suggestions of the Bishop of St. Asaph in this Speech were at that time unattended to. A different system was adopted, and the event is too well known. During the whole American war his Lordship continued to be an opponent of Government.

Dr. Shipley is the author of two or three Sermons on public occasions; but we are not informed of any other pieces. He is the father of the Dean of St. Asaph (whose prosecution lately occasioned so much controversy both in the political and legal world), and of the Lady of Sir William Jones.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

ORIGINAL LETTER relative to the DISCOVERY of MEXICO, and OTHER MATTERS.

[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

May it please your Lordship,

MY last was by Henry Davis of the 9th of this present month, since when a corere is arrived here from Vienna, having bro^d a very good report of St Robert Anstruther together with the copies of his propositions concerning the Palatinat whereof the Conde hath sayd nothing to me as yet but from others I am told that the Emperor hath complained that his Majesty's sending of supplies of soldiers to the King of Sweden is the cause he cannot bring that King nor the Princes of Germany to any reason which otherwise he doubted not to do.

Some years past the Fryers of the Order of St. Francis discovered in America that land which lies Northward of New Spain and Westward of Florida, which is since planted with Colonies of Spaniards and is called New Mexico. The Fryers have ever since continued theyr resort to that Country from whence (with the last fleet that came from New Spain) the Provinciall and another Frier came to give an account to the King of the state of that Country and to demand a supply of Reli-

giouse Men and an increase of maintenance. Among other propositions that he hath made he hath propounded it (as I am told) to the Counsell of the Indies that for as much as that plantation runs Northwardly and must at length come to the Westward of Virginia it will be necessary for the safety of the plantation and to them to pass to it by the neereft way to root out the English from that Continent. This I am told is resolved on in the Counsell of the Indies but whether Order be given therein to Don Antonio de Oquenda who went with the last Armada or whether it shall be done by the next that goes or whether they intend to do it by a Fleet set out from the Indies I cannot informe your Lordship but am using diligence to know it.

The Infante Cardinal going into Flanders is freshly reported here, and at the Palace they wo^d have it believed for the Conde himself broke occasion to tell me that his passage is resolved on by the way of Italy.

The Queen Mother of France hath written to the King acquainting him that the cause of her escape was her ill usage

in the time of her restraint; and that observing by the designs of the Cardinal that she was invited there unto, she doubted if she sho^d not lay hold thereof she sho^d be used worse; she protests never to have had it in her thoughts to treat with any foraine Prince to the prejudice of her Son's the King's Estate and that she never meant more than to do the part of a mother in reconciling her two sons. This Letter is esteemed here very reasonable and so (as I am told) she is entreated to stay at Mont and there is assigned for her expence 10000 Ducats a month. The Duke of Terra nova is named for Embassad^r to go to her who intending therein to do a service to this Queen hath undertaken it at his own charge and is preparing to do it very nobly.

Concerning the business of Italy I see no cause to vary from what I acquainted your Lordship in my last for although the investiture be given by the Emperor to the Duke of Mantua yet by the last

letters that came out of Italy we understand that nothing is really done in performance of the Treaty on neither side and it is certain that the Duke of Lerma remains with his forces in Valtoline so as I believe the next news we shall have concerning that business will be a protestation of the Emperor's against the investiture as being conditionall for of that there is already a whispering.

There is a fleet of towards twenty ships setting out from the Groine for which there is yet no other service known but to transport 2000 soldiers to Dunkerque. I shall trouble your Lordship with no more but humbly kiss your Lordship's hand and wait your Lordship's most humble servant

ART. HOPTON.

Madrid Aug: 22 1631
St^r. n^o.

To the Lord Viscount
Dorchester.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

S I R,

The following LETTERS are copied from the ORIGINALS, and are at the service of your very pleasing and useful MISCELLANY.

I am, Sir, &c. C. D.

(COPY.)

WORTHY SIR,

Cambridge Febr. 25th.

I TOLD you I would turn my Papers to see if any thing could be met with concerning Mr. Spenser not extant in his printed Life which I have since done to no great purpose,

His age (of which there is some doubt) may be pretty nearly determin'd by his admission in the University. Edmund Spenser Aulæ Pembr. (Quadrantarius) admiffus in Matriculam Academicæ Maii 20 1569: at which time we may suppose a Man of his ripe parts to have been about sixteen years of age. You see by his admission he was only fizar and consequently in no very opulent condition from the beginning. Somewhat may be found concerning him in his friend Gabr. Harvey's English pieces not very easy to be met with, unless by a man of your uncommon knowledge in Books.

One thing I remember I told Mr. Strype when he published Arch B^p. Grindall's Life that our poet bemoans the fall of that Prelate in his *Shepherd's Calendar* month of July under the name of Algrind the Bishop's name (Grindal) in-

verted but as Mr. Strype did not seem to think it worth his notice, So it is much less worth my Lord's. The Moral, as it always pleased me, so I hope it will not displease my Lord.

—But I am taught by Algrind's Ill,

To love the low degree, &c.

This the first editor of Spenser's works did not understand, as appears by his notes. The late edⁿ I have not by me.

But tho' I have little to add to his Life yet somewhat there sayd, I can contradict upon pretty sure grounds viz: the Competition betwixt Mr. Spenser and Mr. Andrews. Mr. Isaacson of B^p Andrews's own College, and afterwards his Domestic, has wrote his life and gives an account of his being elected Fellow, the competition lay betwixt him and Mr. Dove (afterw^{ds} Bishop of Petr:) who acquitted himself so well, that tho' there was room for no more Fellows then one, to which the College elected Mr. Andrews, yet they chose Dove *Tanquam Socius* and nothing is sayd of any other Competitor,

Competitor, two only being put upon tryall by the College.

This is all that I can think of at present concerning Mr. Spenser, not worth mentioning, were it not to shew my readiness to serve my Lord if my power were answerable to my inclination. Whenever his Lordship has any Commands wherein I am more capable of serving his Lordship I shall be glad of every opportunity of approving myself

His Lordship's most obedient
humble servant

THO. BAKER.

That you may not think I go purely by conjecture Bishop Wren who was Fellow of Pembr. Hall where Grindall had been Master has these words

Spenser noster Algrini pastoris personâ (metathesis nominis ea est) inter pastorilia casum mæret hujus Præfulis. (viz. Grindall)

To the sweet memorie of my countryman England's chief Poet Mr. Edmund Spenser.

Homer's the captain of Apollo's race,
Renowned Virgil claims the second place :
Spenser our glory, 'tis thy golden pen
Admits the third before all other men.
Sage Homer, Virgil, Spenser laureat
Made a poetical Triumvirat.
Greece, Rome, and England chaleng to
your merits,

T' have nurs't the bravest Heliconian spirits.
Only King David's Muse, Jehovah's birth
Excells as much as Heaven excells the earth.

So conceives the Autor, J. H.

Apollinaris dux Homerus est Chori :
Teneas secundum Virgili merito locum :
Spensere, Calamus cujus est auro rigens,
Capeffe sortem tertiam, nostrum decus.
Spensere Lauriger, Maro, Mæonides Senex
Vos fama celebret tres viros Pheebi sacros.
Pelæga terra, Roma, dulcis Anglia
Tres nutricastis optimos vates gregis,
Solum Davidis Musa, de Cælo lata
Superato, Cælum ut superat has terræ plagas.
Sic censuit Autor, J. H.

Wrote by BISHOP HACKET upon a Blank Leaf, before Spenser's FAERIE QUEEN, given by that Bishop to the University of Cambridge.

(COPY.)

HON^d SIR,

I HAVE the favor of your letter by the post and since the favor of your book by the coach. I have only one other favor to beg, that you will let me know the price that I may take care not to be always in your debt, as I am already very shamefully.

The rites and monuments of the church of Durham and Legend of St. Cuthbert are both printed. The antient and present state of the county of Durham is now where printed that I know of. Large collections concerning that county have been made by one Mr. Middleton, but they are yet in Mss.

What authority Mr. Wood has for Jo. Puttenham's being the author of the Art of English Poesy, I do not know. Mr. Wanley in his catalogue of the Harley library, says, *he had been told that Spenser was the author of that book which came out anonymous*. But Sir John Harrington in his pre face to Orlando Furioso p. 2. gives so hard a censure of that book that Spenser could not possibly be the author. I have noted *The Art of English Poesy by Rich. Field 1589 4to* being the same year with the other.

I have not met with Puttenham amongst our Cambr. authors. By his post and station he seems to have been of no University. I will look further, but being in haste to return my thanks by the first post I have now no more to add but that I am

Hon^d Sir your most
obliged and h^{ble} serv^t

THO. BAKER.

Cambridge Apr. 1.

For the honourable James
West Esq. at his Chambers
in the Inner Temple
London.

ACCOUNT of a DREADFUL INUNDATION of the SEA at INGERAM, on the COAST of COROMANDEL, in the EAST-INDIES.

In a LETTER from Mr. WILLIAM PARSON to ALEXANDER DALRYMPLE, Esq.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU with to have a just and circumstantial account of the late calamity we have sustained. It is no wonder the

Ingeram, June 7, 1787.

accounts you have seen, should be incoherent and imperfect; for while the misfortune was recent, our minds were distracted

trafited with a thousand fears and apprehensions for the consequences : indeed people less alarmed and less gloomy than ourselves might have admitted the apprehension of pestilence and famine ; the former, from the air being tainted from some thousands of putrid carcases both of men and cattle ; and the latter, from the country around us being destroyed as well as our stock of provisions and the fruit of the earth.

From the 17th of May, it blew hard from the N. E. but as bad weather is unusual at such a season, we did not apprehend that it would become more serious ; but on the 19th at night it increased to a hard gale ; and on the 20th in the morning it blew a perfect hurricane, insomuch that our houses were presently untiled, our doors and windows beat in, and the railing and part of the wall of our inclosures blown down. A little before eleven it came with violence from the sea, and I presently perceived a multitude of the inhabitants crowding toward my house, crying out that the sea was coming in upon us. I cast my eyes in that direction, and saw it approaching with great rapidity, bearing much the same appearance as the bar in Bengal river. As my house was situated very low, I did not hesitate to abandon it, directing my steps toward the old Factory, in order to avail myself of the Terrace : for in that dreadful moment I could not so far reflect upon causes or effects, as to account for the phenomenon, or to set bounds to its increase. I had indeed heard of a tradition among the natives, that about a century ago the sea ran as high as the tallest Palmira trees, which I have ever disregarded as fabulous, till the present unusual appearance called it more forcibly to my mind. In my way to the old Factory, I stopped at the door of Mr. Boures' house, to apprise the rest of the gentlemen of their danger, and the measures I had concerted for my safety : they accordingly joined me ; but before we attained the place of our destination, we were nearly intercepted by the torrent of water. As the house is built on a high spot, and pretty well elevated from the ground, the water never ran above a foot on the first floor, so we had no occasion to have recourse to the Terrace. Between one and two o'clock the water began to subside a little, and continued gradually decreasing till the body of it had retired ; leaving all the low places, tanks, and wells full of salt water. I think the sea must have

risen fifteen feet above its natural level. About the time of the water subsiding, the wind favoured it by coming round to the Southward, from which point it blew the hardest. As the Factory-house was in a very ruinous state, and shook exceedingly at every gust, we were very anxious to get back to Mr. Boures' house. I attempted it twice, but found I had neither power nor strength to combat the force of the wind, getting back with the greatest difficulty to my former station. About five o'clock, during a short lull, we happily effected our remove. It blew very hard the greatest part of the night : at midnight it veered to the westward, and was so cold, that I thought we should have perished as we reclined in our chairs. The gale broke up towards the morning. I shall not attempt to describe to you the scene that presented itself to our view, when day-light appeared : it was dreary and horrid beyond description. The trees were all blighted by the salt water, and the face of the country covered with salt mud ; yet it had more the appearance of having suffered by a blast of hot wind, or by the eruption of volcanos, than by an inundation of water, such an effect had it in destroying the herbage and foliage of every description. Our houses were found full of the inhabitants, who had taken refuge therein, stripped of doors and windows, and quite open to the weather at top ; the godowns mostly carried away, and several substantial tiled houses so completely levelled, as scarcely to afford a mark of their ever existing : but our sufferings were light, when compared with those of *Coringa*, and the rest of the villages nearer the sea. At *Coringa*, out of four thousand inhabitants, it is said not more than twenty were saved, and those mostly on Mrs. Corfar's Terrace, and on the beams of Captain Webster's house. Mr. Gideon Firth, Mr. George Day, and the Portuguese Padri were, I believe, the only Europeans that were drowned. At first the sea rose gradually, and as it came in with the tide the people were not much alarmed ; but when they found it still increase so as to render their situation dangerous, they mounted on the top of their Cadjan-houses, till the sea impelled by a strong Easterly wind rushed in upon them most furiously, when all houses at the same awful moment gave way, and nearly four thousand souls were launched into eternity. This tremendous scene was visible from Mrs. Corfar's Terrace, over which

which the sea sometimes broke, and they were frequently in great danger from the drifting of vessels and other heavy bodies, which must inevitably have brought down the house, had they come in contact. At the Dutch village of *Jagger-naickporan*, I hear the distress was very great, and that about a thousand lives were lost; many of the villages in the low country between *Coringa* and *Jagger-naickporan* were totally destroyed, and the inundation carried its dreadful effects as far to the northward as *Apparah*; but I do not hear that many lives were lost at that place. The inundation penetrated inland about ten Cofs from the sea in a direct line; but did little more damage to the westward of us than destroying the vegetation. It would be very difficult to ascertain with any precision, the number of lives lost in this dreadful visitation; the most intelligent people I have conferred with on the subject, state the loss at from ten to twenty thousand souls. This is rather an indefinite computation; but I think, if the medium be taken, it will then rather exceed than fall short of the real loss. They compute that a lack of cattle were drowned, and from the vast numbers I saw dead at *Nellapilla*, I can easily credit their assertion. For two or three days after the calamity such was the languor of the inhabitants, that not a Cooley or workman was to be procured at any price; it required our utmost exertion to get the dead bodies and the dead cattle buried with all possible speed, to prevent the air being impregnated with putrid effluvia. This, to be sure, was a task we could not fully execute, except just in the villages. However, no bad effects have ensued, which I impute to the continual land winds that have blown strongly for some time past. These have the property of drying up the juices of dead bodies and preventing putrefaction, which must necessarily have been the consequence in a damp air. It is extraordinary, that the vast tract of low ground on the south-side *Guadavery*, from *Gotendy* to *Bundarmalanka*, suffered very little from the inundation, and scarcely a person perished. This country lies so exceedingly low, as to be flooded in many places by the common spring-tides, and a great deal of it is in consequence covered with salt jungle. It is probable they owe their safety to those small islands at the mouth of the *Guadavery*, as well as

Point Guadavery itself, which must have both contributed to break the force of the sea.

When we had recovered from our consternation on the 2nd, we began to consider how we should be able to exist in such a field of desolation, as our wells were filled with salt water, our provisions destroyed, and we found by digging in different places that no sweet water was to be procured; when it was discovered that Providence had so far interfered in our favour, as to bring down the freshes at a very early and unusual season. From what accounts we could hastily gather, we were apprehensive that the stores of rice were either much damaged or totally destroyed, as the rice godowns and godowns are generally secured against an accident less formidable than this. However, the event has happily falsified our surmises, and proved our information fallacious, for rice has hitherto been plentiful and not dear. The generous supplies that have been sent us from the Presidency, will I trust secure us from serious want. Our markets have not yet been attended by a person with an article for sale; but this is not to be wondered at, as our supplies were generally furnished by the villages at no great distance inland; and these countries have been drenched sufficiently in salt water to destroy their produce. The fishermen, a most useful body of people, inhabiting chiefly by the sea-side, have been almost totally extirpated; and we are thereby deprived of a very material part of our subsistence. Time alone can restore us to the comforts we have lost, and we have reason to be thankful that things have not turned out so bad as we apprehended. I have tired myself in attempting this narration, and I fear I have almost tired you in the perusal of it. A great deal more might be said upon the subject in a flowery garb: if it yields a moment's amusement to my friend, my end is fully answered. The greatest part of this intelligence you have already had in detail, but it is your desire I should bring it to one point of view. It is hastily written and very inaccurate; but you will remember I was in a good deal of pain at the time of writing it, from an inflammation in my legs, so had not sufficient ease or leisure to correct or transcribe it.

Your's affectionately,

(Signed) WILLIAM PARSON.

An ODE on the POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS of the HIGHLANDS of SCOTLAND, considered as the SUBJECT of POETRY.

By WILLIAM COLLINS.

[From the TRANSACTIONS of the ROYAL SOCIETY of EDINBURGH, just published.]

To ALEXANDER FRASER TYTLER, Esq.

S I R,

I SEND you inclosed the original manuscript of Mr. Collins's poem, that, by comparing with it the copy which I read to the Society, you may be able to answer most of the queries put to me by the Committee of the Royal Society.

The manuscript is in Mr. Collins's hand-writing, and fell into my hands among the papers of a friend of mine and Mr. John Home's, who died as long ago as the year 1754. Soon after I found the poem, I shewed it to Mr. Home, who told me that it had been addressed to him by Mr. Collins, on his leaving London in the year 1749: That it was hastily composed and incorrect; but that he would one day find leisure to look it over with care. Mr. Collins and Mr. Home had been made acquainted by Mr. John Barrow (the *cordial youth* mentioned in the first stanza), who had been, for some time, at the university of Edinburgh; had been a volunteer along with Mr. Home, in the year 1746; had been taken prisoner with him at the battle of Falkirk, and had escaped, together with him and five or six other gentlemen, from the castle of Down. Mr. Barrow resided in 1749 at Winchester, where Mr. Collins and Mr. Home were, for a week or two, together on a visit. Mr. Barrow was paymaster in America, in the war that commenced in 1756, and died in that country.

I thought no more of the poem, till a few years ago, when, on reading Dr. Johnson's Life of Collins, I conjectured that it might be the very copy of verses which he mentions, which he says was much prized by some of his friends, and for the loss of which he expresses regret. I fought for it among my papers; and perceiving that a stanza and a half were wanting*, I made the most diligent search I could for them, but in vain. Whether or not this great chafin was in the poem when it first came into my hands, is more than I can remember, at this distance of time.

As a curious and valuable fragment, I thought it could not appear with more advantage than in the collection of the Royal Society.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

ALEX. CARLYLE.

I,

H—, thou return'st from Thames, whose Naiads long
Have seen thee ling'ring, with a fond delay,
Mid those soft friends, whose hearts, some future day,
Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song.
Go, not unmindful of that cordial youth †,
Whom, long endear'd, thou leav'st by Lavant's side;
Together let us with him lasting truth,
And joy untainted with his destin'd bride.
Go! nor regardless, while these numbers boast
My short-liv'd bliss, forget my social name;
But think far off how, on the southern coast,
I met thy friendship with an equal flame!
Fresh to that soil thou turn'st, whose ev'ry vale
Shall prompt the poet, and his song demand;
To thee thy copious subjects ne'er shall fail;
Thou need'st but take the pencil to thy hand,
And paint what all believe who own thy genial hand,

* This Stanza and a half, viz. the fifth and half of the sixth were supplied by Mr. Henry Mackenzie, of the Exchequer in Scotland.

† See the preceding letter from Dr. Carlyle.

II.

There must thou wake perforce thy Doric quill,
 'Tis Fancy's land to which thou sett'st thy feet ;
 Where still, 'tis said, the fairy people meet
 Beneath each birken shade on mead or hill.
 There each trim lass that skims the milky store,
 To the swart tribes their creamy bowl allots ;
 By night they sip it round the cottage-door,
 While airy minstrels warble jocund notes.
 There every herd, by sad experience, knows
 How, wing'd with fate, their elf-shot arrows fly ;
 When the sick ewe her summer food foregoes,
 Or, stretch'd on earth, the heart-imit heifers lie.
 Such airy beings awe th' untutor'd swain :
 Nor thou, though learn'd, his homelier thoughts neglect ;
 Let thy sweet Muse the rural faith sustain :
 These are the themes of simple, sure effect,
 That add new conquests to her boundless reign,
 And fill, with double force, her heart-commanding strain.

III.

Ev'n yet preserv'd, how often may't thou hear,
 Where to the Pole the Boreal mountains run,
 Taught by the father to his listening son
 Strange lays, whose power had charm'd a Spenser's ear.
 At ev'ry pause, before thy mind posselt,
 Old Runic bards shall seem to rise around,
 With uncouth lyres, in many-colour'd vest,
 Their matted hair with boughs fantastic crown'd :
 Whether thou bid'st the well-taught hind repeat *
 The choral dirge that mourns some chieftain brave,
 When ev'ry shrieking maid her bosom beat,
 And strew'd with choicest herbs his scented grave ;
 Or whether, sitting in the shepherd's shiel †,
 Thou hear'st some founding tale of war's alarms ;
 When, at the bugle's call, with fire and steel,
 The sturdy clans pour'd forth their bony swarms,
 And hostile brothers met to prove each other's arms.

IV.

'Tis thine to sing, how framing hideous spells
 In Sky's lone isle the gifted wizzard "fits ‡,"
 "Waiting in" wintry cave "his wayward fits § ;
 Or in the depth || of Uist's dark forest dwells :
 How they, whose sight such dreary dreams engross,
 With their own visions oft astonish'd ¶ droop,
 When o'er the wat'ry strath or quaggy mofs
 They see the gliding ghosts unbodied troop.
 Or if in sports, or on the festive green,
 Their "piercing ***" glance some fated youth descry,
 Who, now perhaps in lusty vigour seen
 And rosy health, shall soon lamented die.

* First written, *relate*.

† A kind of hut, built for a summer habitation to the herdsmen, when the cattle are sent to graze in distant pastures.

‡ Collins had written, *seer*.

§ Collins had written, *Lodg'd in the wintry cave with*—and had left the line imperfect : Altered, and the chasm supplied by Dr. Carlyle.

|| First written, *gloom*.

¶ First written, *afflicted*.

*** A blank in the manuscript. The word *piercing* supplied by Dr. Carlyle.

For them the viewless forms of air obey,
 Their bidding heed ††, and at their beck repair.
 They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
 And heartless, oft like moody madness stare
 To see the phantom train their secret work prepare.

V.

†† “Or on some bellying rock that shades the deep,
 “They view the lurid signs that cross the sky,
 “Where, in the west, the brooding tempests lie,
 “And hear their first, faint, rustling pennons sweep.
 “Or in the arched cave, where deep and dark
 “The broad, unbroken billows heave and swell,
 “In horrid musings rapt, they sit to mark
 “The labouring moon; or lift the nightly yell
 “Of that dread spirit, whose gigantic form
 “The seer’s entranced eye can well survey,
 “Through the dim air who guides the driving storm,
 “And points the wretched bark its destin’d prey.
 “Or him who hovers, on his flagging wing,
 “O’er the dire whirlpool, that, in ocean’s waste,
 “Draws instant down whate’er devoted thing
 “The failing breeze within its reach hath plac’d—
 “The distant seaman hears, and flies with trembling haste.

VI.

“Or, if on land the fiend exerts his sway,
 “Silent he broods o’er quicksand, bog, or fen;
 “Far from the sheltering roof and haunts of men,
 “When witch’d darkness shuts the eye of day,
 “And shrouds each star that wont to cheer the night;
 “Or, if the drifted snow perplex the way,
 “With treach’rous gleam he lures the fated wight,
 “And leads him flound’ring on, and quite astray.”
 What though far off, from some dark dell espied,
 His glimm’ring mazes cheer th’ excursive sight,
 Yet turn, ye wand’ers, turn your steps aside,
 Nor trust the guidance of that faithless light;
 For watchful, lurking, ’mid th’ unruiting reed,
 At those mirk * hours the wily monster lies,
 And listens oft to hear the passing steed,
 And frequent round him rolls his sullen eyes,
 If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch surprise;

VII.

Ah, luckless swain, o’er all unblest indeed!
 Whom late bewilder’d in the dank, dark fen,
 Far from his flocks and smoking hamlet then!
 To that sad spot “his wayward fate shall lead †.”
 On him enrag’d, the fiend, in angry mood,
 Shall never look with pity’s kind concern,
 But instant, furious, raise the whelming flood
 O’er its drown’d bank, forbidding all return.
 Or, if he meditate his wish’d escape
 To some dim hill that seems uprising near,
 To his faint eye the grim and grisly shape,
 In all its terrors clad, shall wild appear.

†† First written, *mark*.

†† A leaf of the manuscript, containing the fifth stanza, and one half of the sixth, is here lost. The chasm is supplied by Mr. Mackenzie.

* First written, *sad*.

† A blank in the manuscript. The line filled up by Dr. Carlyle.

Meantime, the wat'ry surge shall round him rise,
 Pour'd sudden forth from ev'ry swelling source.
 What now remains but tears and hopeless sighs?
 His fear-shook limbs have lost their youthful force,
 And down the waves he floats, a pale and breathless corse.

VIII.

For him, in vain, his anxious wife shall wait,
 Or wander forth to meet him on his way,
 For him, in vain, at to-fall of the day,
 His babes shall linger at th' unclosing † gate.
 Ah, ne'er shall he return! Alone, if night
 Her travell'd limbs in broken slumbers steep,
 With dropping willows drest, his mournful sprite
 Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent sleep:
 Then he, perhaps, with moist and wat'ry hand,
 Shall fondly seem to press her shudd'ring cheek §,
 And with his blue swollen face before her stand,
 And, shiv'ring cold, these piteous actions speak:
 Pursue ||, dear wife, thy daily toils pursue
 At dawn or dusk, industrious as before;
 Nor e'er of me one hapless thought renew,
 While I lie wett'ring on the ozer'd shore,
 Drown'd by the Kaelpie's ¶ wrath, nor e'er shall aid thee more!

IX.

Unbounded is thy range; with varied stile
 Thy Muse may, like those feath'ry tribes which spring
 From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing
 Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle,
 To that hoar pile which still its ruin shows*:
 In whose small vaults a pigmy-foik is found,
 Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows,
 And culls them, wond'ring, from the hallow'd ground!
 Or thither where beneath the show'ry west
 The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid †:
 Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,
 No slaves reverse them, and no wars invade:
 Yet frequent now, at midnight's solemn hour,
 The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
 And forth the monarchs stalk with sov'reign pow'r
 In pageant robes, and wreath'd with sheeny gold,
 And on their twilight tombs aerial council hold.

† First written, *cottage*.

§ First written, *Shall seem to press her cold and shudd'ring cheek*.

|| First written, *proceed*.

¶ A name given in Scotland to a supposed spirit of the waters.

* On the largest of the *Flannan Islands* (isles of the Hebrides) are the ruins of a chapel dedicated to St. Flannan. This is reckoned by the inhabitants of the Western Isles a place of uncommon sanctity. One of the Flannan Islands is termed the *Isle of Pigmies*; and Martin says, there have been many small bones dug up here, resembling in miniature those of the human body.

† The island of *Iona* or *Icolmkill*. See Martin's Description of the Western Islands of Scotland. That author informs us, that forty-eight kings of Scotland, four kings of Ireland, and five of Norway, were interred in the church of St. Ouran in that island. There were two churches and two monasteries founded there by St. Columbus about A. D. 565. *Bed. Hist. Eccl.* l. 3. Colinus has taken all his information respecting the Western Isles from Martin; from whom he may likewise have derived his knowledge of the popular superstitions of the Highlanders, with which this Ode shews so perfect an acquaintance.

X.

But O! o'er all, forget not KILDA's race †.
 On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting tides,
 Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet abides.
 Go, just as they, their blameless manners trace!
 Then to my ear transmit some gentle song
 Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain,
 Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
 And all their prospect but the wintry main.
 With sparing temp'rance, at the needful time,
 They drain the faintest spring; or, hunger-press'd,
 Along th' Atlantic rock undreading climb,
 And of its eggs despoil the Solan's nest.
 Thus blest in primal innocence they live,
 Suffic'd and happy with their frugal fare,
 Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give.
 Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and bare,
 Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there!

XI.

Nor need'st thou blush, that such false themes engage
 Thy gentle mind, of fairer stores possess;
 For not alone they touch the village breast,
 But fill'd in elder time th' historic page.
 There SHAKESPEARE's self, with ev'ry garland crown'd §,
 In musing hour, his wayward sisters found,
 And with their terrors dress'd the magic scene.
 From them he sung, when 'mid his bold design,
 Before the Scot afflicted and aghast,
 The shadowy kings of BANQUO's fated line
 Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant past.
 Proceed, nor quit the tales which, simply told,
 Could once so well my answering bosom pierce;
 Proceed, in forceful sounds and colours bold
 The native legends of thy land rehearse;
 To such adapt thy lyre and suit thy powerful verse.

XII.

In scenes like these, which, daring to depart
 From sober truth, are still to nature true,
 And call forth fresh delight to Fancy's view,
 Th' Heroic Muse employ'd her TASSO's art!
 How have I trembled, when at TANCRED's stroke,
 In gushing blood the gaping cypress pour'd;
 When each live plant with mortal accents spoke,
 And the wild blast upheav'd the vanish'd sword ||!
 How have I sat, when pip'd the pensive wind,
 To hear his harp by British FAIRFAX strung.
 Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind
 Believ'd the magic wonders which he sung!

† The character of the inhabitants of St. Kilda, as here described, agrees perfectly with the accounts given by Martin and by Macauley, of the people of that island. It is the most westerly of all the Hebrides, and is above 130 miles distant from the main land of Scotland.

§ This stanza is more incorrect in its structure than any of the foregoing. There is apparently a line wanting between this and the subsequent one, *In musing hour, &c.* The deficient line ought to have rhymed with *scene*.

|| These four lines were originally written thus:

How have I trembled, when at Tancred's side
 Like him I stalk'd, and all his passion felt;
 When charm'd by Ismen, through the forest wide,
 Bark'd in each plant a talking spirit dwelt!

Hence at each sound imagination glows ;
 Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows ;
 Melting it flows, pure, numerous, strong and clear,
 And fills th' impassion'd heart, and wins th' harmonious ear *.

XIII.

All hail, ye scenes that o'er my soul prevail,
 Ye spacious † friths and lakes which far away
 Are by smooth ANNAN fill'd, or pastoral TAY,
 Or DON's romantic springs, at distance hail !
 The time shall come when I, perhaps, may tread
 Your lowly glens, o'erhung with spreading broom,
 Or o'er your stretching heaths by fancy led :
 Then will I dress once more the faded bow'r,
 Where JONSON ‖ sat in DRUMMOND's social ‡ shade,
 Or crop from Tiviot's dale each "classic flower,"
 And mourn on Yarrow's banks "the widow'd maid §."
 Meantime, ye pow'rs, that on the plains which bore
 The cordial youth, on LOTHIAN's plains attend,
 Where'er he dwell, on hill, or lowly muir,
 To him I lose, your kind protection lend,
 And, touch'd with love like mine, preserve my absent friend.

HISTORICAL and BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES.

[From the Second Volume of Sir J. DALRYMPLE's "Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland," lately published.]

EARL OF STAIR.

WHEN all his offices and honours were taken from him by Sir Robert Walpole, for voting in parliament against the excise-scheme, he retired to Scotland, and put his estate into the hands of trustees, to pay bills drawn by him in his magnificent embassy at Paris, which Administration had refused to accept, reserving only a hundred pounds a-month for himself. During this period, he was often seen holding the plough three or four hours at a time. Yet on receiving visits of ceremony, he could put on the great man and the great style of living ;

for he was fond of adorning a fine person with graceful dress ; and two French horns and a French cook had refused to quit his service when he retired. When the messenger brought the late King's letter for him to take the command of the army, he had only ten pounds in the house. He sent expresses for the gentlemen of his own family, shewed the King's letter, and desired them to find money to carry him to London. They asked how much he wanted, and when they should bring it ; his answer was, "the more the better, " and the sooner the better." They brought him three thousand guineas. The circumstance came to the late King's ears,

* These lines were originally written thus :

Hence, rare to charm, his early numbers flow,
 Though strong, yet sweet,-----
 Though faithful, sweet ; though strong, of simple kind.
 Hence, with each theme he bids the bosom glow,
 While his warm lays an easy passage find,
 Pour'd through each inmost nerve, and full th' harmonious ear.

† A blank in the manuscript. The word *spacious* supplied by Dr. Carlyle.

‖ Ben Jonson undertook a journey to Scotland a-foot in 1619, to visit the poet Drummond, at his seat at Hawthornden, near Edinburgh. Drummond has preserved, in his works, some very curious heads of their conversation.

‡ A blank in the manuscript—*social* supplied by Dr. Carlyle.

§ Both these lines left imperfect ; supplied by Dr. Carlyle. This last stanza bears more marks of hastiness of composition than any of the rest. Besides the blanks which are supplied by Dr. Carlyle, there is apparently an entire line wanting after the seventh line of the stanza. The deficient line ought to have rhymed with *broom*.

who

who expressed to his Ministers the uneasiness he felt at Lord Stair's difficulties in money-matters. One proposed that the King should make him a present of a sum of money when he arrived. Another said, Lord Stair was so high-spirited, that if he was offered money, he would run back to his own country, and they should lose their General. A third suggested, that to save his delicacy, the King should give him six commissions of Cornets to dispose of, which, at that time, sold for a thousand pounds a-piece. The King liked this idea best, and gave the commissions blank to Lord Stair, saying, they were intended to pay for his journey and equipage. But in going from Court to his own house, he gave all the six away.

As the following anecdote marks the manners of the age during the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and the character of another singular man, I shall hazard it. Lord Mark Ker and Lord Stair were at play in a coffee-house, when a stranger overlooked their game, and disturbed them with questions. Lord Mark said, "Let us throw the dice which of us shall 'pink' (a cant word of the time for 'fighting') this impudent fellow." They threw, Lord Stair won. Lord Mark Ker cried out, "Ah, Stair, Stair, you have 'been always more fortunate in life than 'me.'"

When Lord Stair was Ambassador at Paris, during the Regency, he gave orders to his coachman to give way to nobody except the King, meaning that an English Ambassador should take the pass, even of the Regent, but without naming him. The Hof was seen coming down a street through which the coach passed. The late Colonel Young, from whom I had the story, who was Master of Horses, rode to the window of the coach, and asked Lord Stair if he would please to give way to God Almighty. He answered, "By all means, but to none else;" and then stepping out of the coach, paid respect to the religion of the country in which he was, and kneeled in a very dirty street.

Lewis XIV. was told, that Lord Stair was one of the best bred men in Europe. "I shall soon put that to the test," said the King; and asking Lord Stair to take an airing with him, as soon as the door was opened, he bade him pass and go in: The other bowed and obeyed. The King said, "The world is in the right in the 'character it gives: another person would 'have troubled me with ceremony."

During the rebellion in the year 1745, the clan of Glenco were quartered near the house of Lord Stair. The Pretender being afraid they would remember that the warrant for the massacre of their clan had been signed by the Earl's father, sent a guard to protect the house. The clan quitted the rebel army, and were returning home: the Pretender sent to know their reason. Their answer was, that they had been affronted; and when asked what the affront was, they said, the "greatest of any; for they had been 'suspected of being capable of visiting 'the injuries of the father upon the innocent and brave son." He was brave indeed; a sure proof of which was, that he used all the influence and power he possessed, to obtain mercy for those rebels against whom he had commanded one of the armies which guarded England.

WILLIAM III.

IN cold countries, in which the mind freezes when the body freezes, men of parts are generally lovers of wine. King William at his private parties drunk sometimes to excess. Perhaps the two following Anecdotes, which the late Mr. Stone told me he had from the Duke of Newcastle, may refer to a period, when his mind, wasted with vexation, might recruit itself with wine.

In one of his parties with Lord Wharton, whom he always called Thom Wharton, he said, "Thom, I know what you wish for; 'you wish for a republic.'" Lord Wharton answered, "And not a bad thing, Sir, 'neither.'" "No, no," said the King, "I shall disappoint you there, I will 'bring over King James's son upon 'you.'" Lord Wharton making a very affected low bow, said, with a sneer, "That is as your Majesty pleases." Yet the King took neither the manner nor the answer amiss.

At another time, having invited the Earl of Pembroke to one of his parties, he was told that the Earl was quarrelsome in his cups. He laughed, and said, he would defy any man to quarrel with him, as long as he could make the bottle go round. What was foretold however happened; and Lord Pembroke was carried from the room and put to bed. When told the next morning what he had done, he hastened to the palace, and threw himself upon his knee. "No apologies," said the King; "I was told 'you had no fault in the world but one, 'and I am glad to find it is true, for I
"do

"do not like your faultless people." Then taking him by the hand, added, "Make not yourself uneasy: these accidents over a bottle are nothing among friends."

A provision ship of the first colony of Scots that attempted to settle at Darien, in which were thirty gentlemen passengers, some of them of noble birth, having been shipwrecked at Carthagea, the Spaniards believing, or pretending to believe, that they were smugglers, cast them into a dungeon, and threatened them with death. The company deputed Lord Basil Hamilton from Scotland, to implore King William's protection for the prisoners. The King, at first, refused to see him, because he had not appeared at Court when he was last in London. But when that difficulty was removed by explanation, an expression fell from the King, which shewed his sense of the generous conduct

of another, although, influenced by the English and Dutch East-India Companies, he could not resolve to imitate it in his own. For Lord Basil's audience having been put off from time to time, but, at last, fixed to be in the Council-chamber after a Council was over, the King, who had forgot the appointment, was passing into another room, when Lord Basil placed himself in the passage, and said, "That he came commissioned by a great body of his Majesty's subjects to lay their misfortunes at his feet, that he had a right to be heard, and would be heard." The King returned, listened with patience, gave instant orders to apply to Spain for redress, and then turning to those near him, said, "This young man is too bold, if any man can be too bold in his country's cause." I had this Anecdote from the present Earl of Selkirk, grandson to Lord Basil.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

Amongst the JEUX D'ESPRITS occasioned by Mrs. Piozzi's late Publication, the following deserves to be preserved from Oblivion.

DESCRIPTION OF MR. SAYER'S NEW PRINT, ENTITLED, "A FRONTISPIECE FOR THE SECOND EDITION OF DR. JOHNSON'S LETTERS."

SCENE, a room furnished with books, and hung with portraits.—First, that of Mr. Boswell.—Second, the voracious Egotist Sir John Hawkins.—N. B. The oval in which his graceful, benignant, and knightly countenance might have been expressed, is occupied by the characteristic disyllable—MYSELF. Our egregious Biographer, opening also his own ponderous volume, displays the words—"When I was in the Commission of the Peace."—The third personage is Mr. Courteney, who, from certain attendant symbols, should seem to have broken both the head of Pegasus, and the neck of Pegasus. Under these representations is a landscape, with Mr. Boswell conducting his fellow-traveller about the Hebrides.

At a table sits Mrs. Piozzi, who had been transcribing Dr. Johnson's letters, but is now looking round with terror towards his ghost, which appears in the act of offering her a deprecatory purse of gold. Overhead is a picture of Mr. Thrale, her first husband. His face is obscured by a fiddle and fiddlestick, with this label near them, "*Thralia, va miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!*"

At the bottom of the plate are the following verses:

"Madam (my debt to nature paid),
"I thought the grave with hallow'd shade
"Would now protect my name:
"Yet there in vain I seek repose,
"My friends each little fault disclose,
"And murder Johnson's fame.

"First, Boswell, with officious care,
"Shew'd me as men would shew a bear,
"And call'd himself my friend;
"Sir John with nonseuse shew'd my
"hearse,
"And Courteney pester'd me with verse;
"You torture without end.

"When Streatham spread its plenteous
"board,
"I open'd Learning's valued hoard,
"And as I feasted prosed.
"Good things I said, good things I eat,
"I gave you knowledge for your meat,
"And thought th' account was clos'd.

"If obligations still I owed,
"You sold each item to the crowd,
"I suffer'd by the tale:
"For God's sake, Madam, let me rest,
"Nor longer vex your quondam guest—
"Ill pay you for your ale."

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

S I R,

IF the inclosed Epitaph to the memory of a young Gentleman of remarkable talents, who, from a fatal addiction to Gaming, was drove to the crime of Suicide, is not improper for your publication, by inserting it you will oblige

Your's, &c. R.

March 17, 1788.

POSSESSED

Of talents superior to most,
As useful as elegant, had they been properly applied,

Mr. B———,

in an evil hour, fell a victim to the
DÆMON of SUICIDE.

Drove

to despair by his extravagant mode of life,
and wanting fortitude to encounter the
taunts of a world

which had seen his more prosperous days,
in the 29th year of his age,
and on the 30th day of June,

178—,

he dared,
uncalled, to rush into the presence of his
CREATOR.

With prospects as fair, and with hopes as
sanguine, as e'er glowed in the breast
of youth, he began his career of life;
but blinded by the delusive phantom,

PLEASURE,

ere that life had reached its meridian,
he fell a sacrifice to complicated evils,
the offspring of his own

Misconduct.

READER,

whoe'er thou art,

whether possessed by a vain curiosity to
contemplate this record;

or, led by the sympathy of a feeling
bosom, to drop a tear on this (alas!)
unhallowed * turf:

Let the untimely FATE of this young man
warn thee to shun that pernicious,
that fatal VICE,
GAMING.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

S I R,

CONSCIOUS of your taste for so famous an author as Mr. Voltaire, I take the liberty of sending you a letter which I have translated from the French, and which, I trust, never before appeared in print.

I shall esteem myself particularly happy if it meets your approbation, as well as that of a generous public.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
J. D.

France, March 12, 1788.

TRANSLATION of a LETTER from MR.
DE VOLTAIRE to MADAME LA COM-
TESSE DU BARRY.

Ferney, Jan. 3, 1774.

Madam,

MRS. De la Borde told me you ordered
her to embrace me twice for you.

§ Quoi! deux baisers a la fin de ma vie,
Quel passeport daignez m'envoyer,

* He was buried in a cross-way.

§ These verses cannot by any means be translated, or even imitated, to retain their original beauty.

† The nymph Égerie inspired Numa in his wise distribution of Roman justice.

‡ Mrs. De la Borde composed the music to the words of the opera of Pandora, written by Mr. De Voltaire, who was eager of having it performed under the protection of Madams la Comtesse du Barry. Mrs. De la Borde was chambermaid to the Countess du Barry.

VOL. XIII.

K K

T

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

BEING an admirer of dramatic writings, and observing, in the course of my reading, an analogy existing in many passages of our Poets, wherever I found a thought or metaphor similar to any I had before perused, I instantly compared them, and without deliberation condemned the latter of *plagiarism*.

The disingenuousness of this accusation I soon became sensible of. Conscious to myself that though literary theft is too prevalent with the ignorant, who, infected with the desire of being thought men of literary merit, have used these clandestine means to impose on their friends and the public; yet the authors from whom the following passages are selected (for the amusement of your readers) are men of such approved abilities, and real natural geniuses, that their reputation is increased by the similarity of many thoughts that occur in their writings. False critics endeavour only to find out faults; but leave fine imagery and pure effusions of natural imaginations to remain unobserved. Many productions of real merit, in which the beauties have predominated over the imperfections, when judged by these rules, have been condemned as unworthy public inspection. To those, therefore, who are of that opinion, (which I myself *once* entertained) I take the liberty of recommending the following remark of Dr. Johnson on those critics who imagined that Shakespeare was deeply read in ancient authors, and, therefore, not only borrowed thoughts but even plots from *their* models.

"Some have imagined that they have discovered deep learning in many imitations of old writers; but the examples which I have known urged were drawn from books translated in his time; or were such easy coincidences of thought as will happen to all, who consider the same subjects; or such remarks on life, or axioms of morality, as float in conversation, and are transmitted through the world in proverbial sentences. I have found it remarked, that in this important sentence, *Go before, I'll follow*, we read a translation of *I prece, sequar*. I have been told, that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, *I cried to sleep again*, the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like every other man, the same wish on the

"same occasion."—This application is equally apposite to the following authors.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

PHILODRAMATICUS.

Dean's Yard, Westminster,
March 8, 1788.

SIMILAR PASSAGES.

But curses stick not: could I kill with cursing?
Venice Preserv'd, Act II.

But what are curses? curses will not kill—
Alexander the Great, Act V.

Pax queritur Bello.

Motto to the Commonwealth's Great Seal.

Yet fought not fame but *peace* in fields of blood.

Prologue to Tamerlane.

From this auspicious day the Parthian name
Shall date its birth of empire, and extend
Ev'n from the dawning East to *utmost*
Thule,

The limits of its sway.

Tamerlane, Act II. Scene 2.

That the Antients thought *Thule* was the extreme boundary of the world, or the north-west, appears from Virgil, Georg. I. line 30.

Tibi serviat ultima Thule.

There spoke at once the Hero and the Son,
Brothers, Act III.

How spoke a Hero, and how mov'd a God.
Slavery of Greece, *verses in the Microcosm*.

An analogy exists between the latter part of the preceding verse and one of Mr. Broome's, in an epistle to Mr. Pope.

—and like a God he moves. Line 66.

By Heaven, you shall not stir.
Brothers, Act IV.

By Heaven, you stir not, I must be heard.
Venice Preserv'd.

Speak *of* mercy,
Mercy, the darling attribute of Heaven.
Brothers, Act IV.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd:
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath, &c. &c.
The attribute to awe and majesty, &c. &c.
It is an attribute to God himself.

Merchant of Venice.
An.

I am Perseus' Wife, &c.

Brothers, Act V.

An instance somewhat of this nature occurs in the Orphan, when Monimia acquaints Castalio that Polydore has enjoyed her under the character of Castalio.

Eriscene.—Earth, open and receive me!

Demetrius.—Heaven strike us dead!

Brothers, Act V.

Either Heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead,

Or Earth gape open wide and eat him quick.

Richard III.

*Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat ;
Vel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad
umbras.* Virgil, *Æn.* IV. 24.

— *Τὸς ποταμούς εὐρεῖα χθον.*

Hom. II. IV. 182. & multis aliis locis.

Hear how with shouts they rend the skies.

Brothers, Act II.

—ferit æthera clamor.

Vir. *Æn.* V. 140, & ubique passim.

Cowards in ill, like Cowards in the field,
Are sure to be defeated : to strike home
In both is prudence. Guilt begun must fly
To guilt consummate to be safe.

Brothers, Act III.

And guilt but serves to goad his tortur'd mind
To blacker crimes.

Grecian Daughter, Act IV.

----- But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.

Richard III. Act IV. Scene 2.

Mr. Steevens in his Note on this passage says the same reflections occur in Macbeth.

----- I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious, &c.

Again :

Things bad begun make strong themselves
by ill.

Demetrius.—Ev'n as an aged oak
Path'd to and fro, the labour of the storm,
Whose largest branches are struck off by
thunder,

Yet still he lives, and on the mountain groans,
Strong in affliction, awful from his wounds,
And more rever'd in ruin than in glory.

Brothers, Act III.

*Ac veluti annofo validam cum robore quer-
cum*

*Alpini Boreæ, nunc hinc, nunc statibus illinc
Eruere inter se certant ; it stridor, & altè
Consternant terram concussio stipite frondes :
Ipsa hæret scopulis : & quantum vertice ad
auras*

Ætherias, tantum radice in tartara tendit.

Æn. IV. 441.

Guards there, seize the Prince—

The man you menace you shall learn to fear.

Brothers, Act IV.

—nor he who threatens Edward.

You may repent it, Sir. My Guards there,

Seize this Traitor ; convey him to the Tower ;

There let him learn obedience.

Earl of Warwick.

My eyes are dry—Alas!

Quite parch'd—my lips—quite parch'd—they
cling together.

Grecian Daughter, Act III.

The situation of a dying Man is beautifully described by Ovid in the sixth Book of the *Metamorphosis*, line 304.

*In vultu color est sine sanguine : lumina mœstis
Stant immota genis : nihil est in imagine vivi.
Ipsa quoque interius cum duro lingua palato
Congelat, et venæ desistunt posse moveri.
Nec flecti cervix, nec brachia reddere gestus,
Nec pes ire potest.*

We fought thy life. I am by birth a Greek,
An open foe, in arms. I meant to slay
The foe of human kind.—With rival order
We took the field : one voice, one mind,
one heart ;

All leagu'd, all covenanted. In yon camp
Spirits there are who aim like us at glory.
Whene'er you sally forth, whene'er the
Greeks

Shall scale the walls, prepare thee to en-
counter

A like assault. By me the youth of Greece
Thus notify the war they mean to wage.

Grecian Daughter, Act III.

The reader, by comparing the preceding speech with the following one of Mucius Scævola to King Porcenna, from Livy—but which (for the sake of your unlatinized readers) I have rendered into English—will find a great similarity existing between them.

I am a Roman citizen—my name is Mucius—My intent was to have slain an enemy : nor am I less prepared to suffer that punishment you think proper, than I was to perpetrate the deed. A Roman's part is to act and suffer magnanimously. I am not the only person thus affected towards your person.—There are many candidates for this glorious act. If you chuse to incur the hazard of endangering your person every hour, prepare : adversaries are now at the very porch of your palace. All the young men of Rome are now your enemies : you have nothing to dread in the field : you alone are the object of their enmity.

Livy.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

REFLECTIONS on the ENGLISH DRAMA.

T R A G E D Y.

IT has long been disputed between the French and English Theatres, which of them has been most successful in its advances towards perfection; and the inhabitants of either of these countries have seldom been willing to yield the palm to the other. The character most agitated in this controversy has been that of Shakespeare. While the English have seen nothing in him but absolute perfection; have almost imagined that his language and his figures have every where been easy and natural; and that the smallest thought of regularity would but have deformed his noblest productions; the French have too often seen in this illustrious poet nothing but a mass of confusion and extravagance. The truth is, that though there is scarcely any one of his pieces that does not frequently disgust us with forced conceits and unmeaning tumidity, or tire us with disjointed scenes and useless digression; yet was never poet so intimately acquainted with all the recesses of human nature, did never man understand the genius of his fellows in so great variety, or so entirely lose the idea of description and narrative in the assumption of the person and adoption of the circumstances of his characters. Accordingly, of all the poets that ever existed, his peculiarities are best described by the epithet *Dramatical*. And does not this seem to give him the palm in this species of composition?

What then is the value of regularity? It has long since been agreed, that that object which can be taken in by the eye at once, and of which the size and the nature are immediately perceived, impresses us most strongly with the idea of magnificence. Beauty, by its very definition, consists in symmetry and proportion; and when the unity of design is perfectly maintained, the full effect of the composition is preserved, and nothing intervenes to turn the current of our passions. For these reasons, perhaps, some of the noblest dramas of Racine would not be inferior in their effect as a Whole to those of Shakespeare.

Racine is very much the poet of the heart. There was a gentleness in his personal character, as well as a richness in his imagination, that rendered the pathetic very congenial to him. His language is not merely transparent, it is

sweet and harmonious. It has a thousand nameless graces; and it has a uniform dignity and sweeping majesty that has never been equalled. His characters are drawn with as much vigour as accuracy; and though in the pathetic he be most at home, there is a simplicity and elegance in his sublime that renders it particularly splendid. He never fails beneath himself. He is the Virgil of the theatre. And should we adventure to prefer dramatical to heroic poetry, this is to say, that he is greater than Virgil.

But I place Virgil, Shakespeare, Racine, and all the poets that ever existed, below Otway in this one attribute, the mastery of the passions. It is impertinent to say, this is but one excellence. The writer who has reached the supreme pitch of an excellence so important as this, is certainly to be ranked in the very first class of poets.

The Orphan is not inferior to any production of human genius. When poor Monimia fills the theatre with her moan; when she wears the countenance of distraction and despair, what eye is not swollen with tears? what breast does not burst with sighs? what soul is not frozen with horror? what heart does not crack with overwhelming grief?

But why did I apologize for Otway, as if the pathetic were his only excellence? His language, though unpruned by art, is rich and sonorous. He can represent equally well the fire of ambition, the roughness of the soldier, and the honest inflexibility of one unhackneyed in the ways of men. Chamont, Castalio, and Polydore, though not all of them drawn very much at large, are yet drawn with justness and fire.

It is common to prefer Venice Preserv'd even to the Orphan, and to consider it as the chef d'œuvre of this writer. The mournful complaints of Belvidera are but a small part of this work. Never was a character drawn with more richness of imagination, or that gave greater scope to the actor, than that of Jaffier. And if the part of Pierre be inferior to that of his friend, it would yet be sufficient whereon to build the reputation of a meaner name.

One only remaining poet has risen to great distinction in the English drama. It is Rowe. He has not indeed sufficient boldness and originality of thinking for

that purpose, otherwise his ornamented and rhetorical stile would have better qualified him for the Epic walk. He is the very poet of eloquence. His versification is particularly noble and harmonious. He possesses, however, no nice discrimination of passions, or accurate knowledge of the human heart. He always entrenches himself in generals. He continually sacrifices passion and character to a beautiful simile or extraneous embellishment. While description sweeps along in all the pomp of words, nature and life sleep. But these faults are chiefly conspicuous in his meaner performances. In *Tamerlane*, a tragedy that has had its day, they are particularly disgusting. In his two most admired productions, if he does not always shake them off, he rises above them, and we lose sight of them in a constellation of the most vigorous beauties.

They are particularly excellent as being founded upon the story of private and domestic woes, and so being equally directed to the heart of every spectator. The mind of mere sensibility is tired with the continual repetition of the distresses of kings and emperors, and loves to come home to those scenes that are common to every class of humanity. For this reason the *Fair Penitent* is a tragedy equally if not more universally relished than any of those of the English Theatre. It has been complained of as a misnomer; and certain it is that Calista excites but little comparatively of our pity. Her character, however, is drawn with considerable warmth of conception. And indeed the leading personages in general of this piece are painted with a much bolder pencil than Rowe in any other instance would seem to have been capable of. *Lothario* and *Horatio* are so much the characters of real life, that they seem even to entrench upon the higher species of comedy. The tenderness of *Altamont* has justly been censured by the common voice as partaking of the spiritless and the wick. The pathos of the play rests entirely with *Scelio*. Perhaps this personage may not be of the first rate. But I remember to have been so much struck with it, in the performance of that master of every tender emotion of the soul, the incomparable Mr. Barry, that I am satisfied I shall never be able coolly to decide respecting it; or perfectly to separate the merit of the poet and the actor. *Jane Shore* is usually considered as the chief d'œuvre of Rowe. It

may well admit of a question; but upon the whole I give the palm to the *Fair Penitent*.

Shore certainly is, what Calista perhaps is not, a real penitent. Real penitence, especially when the crime was surrounded with all temptation's magic, has the strongest claim upon our compassion. And the meek repentance of Shore, put into the harmonious versification of this writer, infallibly draws tears from every eye.

Dr. Johnson, the monarch of the critic realm, has told us, that Alicia is a character of empty noise, without either natural passion, or real madness. This is surely to push the matter too far. It is to concentrate the characteristic defect of this poet into a charge against a single picture. A thousand times in the course of the tragedy, dramatic excellence is made to give place to epic description, and more than epic amplification. In the mean time, were I to point out that personage of the drama in whose mouth are the greatest number of admirable passages, I know not but it would be the very personage that has fallen so severely under the critic lash. No personage ever gave greater scope to the performer; and it is said, that the noblest reputation of the immortal Cibber was founded upon this basis, her Alicia. The great defect of this poem is its want of story. It never racks the spectator with suspense. It never agitates with any sudden change of fortune. And the end is almost certainly foreseen from the beginning. The misfortunes of maternal tenderness or of virtuous love, in the hands of a skilful painter, will agitate the soul even to phrenzy. In every distress, to be truly poetical, there should be a mixture of the sublime and the disinterested. In pitying such a woe, we are soothed and elevated in the very moment in which we are melted. But the distress of Shore is entirely personal, which tends exceedingly to weaken its pathos. And then the distress of famine is pure sinking and misery, without one spring by which for the soul to recover its elasticity; and borders too much upon the simple regions of pain, to be a proper subject for poetry. The writer probably felt something of this, and has therefore endeavoured to complicate and expand the interest by introducing the character of the husband. But he takes too little room in the canvas to be able to contribute much to remove the objection.

THE first writer that deserves our notice, or indeed whose attempts in the comic line are almost all remembered by us, is the immortal Shakespeare. The attention of this eagle genius was principally directed to the serious drama, and it is not by his comedies that his reputation is to be estimated. His happiest production in this kind, the *As You Like It*, is almost entirely pastoral, and therefore, though it certainly does not yield in beauty to any poem in the world, it does not properly fall under our present consideration. His comic fame in its strictest sense must indeed be wholly rested upon these two performances, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *The Much Ado About Nothing*. The former of these contains several excellent characters, and many strokes of the truest humour; but its plot is cold and uninteresting. The idea of founding a drama upon the pranks by which a lecherous old man is punished for so preposterous a taste, is in itself sufficiently barren; and it is rendered still less interesting by the regular declension of the pranks in point of spirit and invention. The affair of the buck-barker, though it cannot boast much of what the French require under the term *bienfaisance*, is infinitely ridiculous, and is very highly painted. But the Fairy scheme, with which the piece is concluded, is surely one of the most miserable conceits that ever entered into the mind of man. The character of Falstaff is certainly one of the happiest pictures that ever graced the comic scene. But it is generally allowed to have been written with much more wit and spirit than here, in the piece in which it was originally introduced, the First Part of *King Henry IV*.

The Much Ado, &c. is a most excellent and extraordinary performance. Comedy, and especially genteel comedy, is justly considered as, of all the different species of poetry, that whose production is latest to be expected. It is very long ere the manners of any people are carried to their highest pitch of refinement. And till that time arrives, there are a thousand delicacies incident to this species of composition, of which it is scarcely possible for the poet to have any idea. In the mean time we may challenge the world to produce a more spirited picture of high life than is contained in this comedy.

The reputation of Ben Jonson has been very great, and has, in my opinion, much exceeded his merits. The charac-

ters chiefly presented by this writer and his contemporaries, Beaumont and Fletcher, are so truly singular, and so much out of the road of our present manners, that, though in general very faintly sketched, it is yet frequently possible for an actor of a vigorous conception, and great art of representation, to make them highly entertaining. Hence it is that many pieces which appear inimitably tedious and dull in the closet, are great favourites upon the theatre. They resemble a heap of dead bodies, the sight of which in themselves yields little more than simple pain and disgust. But a man who, like Fadalla's dervise in the *Arabian Nights*, possesses the secret of injecting his soul into them, can make them rise upon their feet, and go hither and thither, to the amusement and surprise of every spectator. *The Silent Woman*, however, must be excepted from this charge, and does indeed contain a very considerable portion of the *vis comica*.

But the first writer in this country who has entitled himself to a considerable degree of reputation, merely by the production of comedies, is Wicherley. He is indeed far from shaking off entirely the *vestigia ruris*; and partly from the time in which he lived, and partly from his personal disposition, his characters are universally marked with a particular harshness and aggravation of feature. His Plain Dealer has certainly, however, great merit, and is superior to almost all the comedies that had been produced in the English language before his time. As a proof of its extensive reputation, it may be observed, that Voltaire has paid it the compliment of translating it for the French theatre.

But the writer who has carried this species of composition to the highest perfection it has yet reached among us, is Congreve. His genius is rich and inexhaustible. In the mean time, his comedies are disfigured by a uniform obscurity and complication of plot. His wit is scattered upon us with unlimited profusion, and it is too often put indiscriminately into the mouth of any of his personages, without a sufficient regard to the truth of character. What Lord Dorset is reported to have said of Love for Love, may be adopted as well for blame as praise, That his pieces generally contain wit enough for seven comedies. The character, however, of Sir Sampson Legend will not probably yield to any comic picture that

was ever produced. His last production, the *Way of the World*, is more chaste in this respect than any of the rest. And in spite of a few errors that cold penetration might discover in it, the more it is read, and the oftener it is seen, the more will it be admired.

The sketches of Farquhar have much vigour and spirit; but he seems to have been of too indolent a turn ever to have produced a finished work.

The same remark may with some accommodation be applied to Mr. Foote, who was one of the happiest geniuses in this line, that the present age has produced.

Thus far an impartial critic must acknowledge that we have produced no writer so accomplished as Moliere among the French. But there is an author, now living, who seems not to yield in point of abilities to any comic writer that ever

existed. I need not say that I mean Mr. Sheridan. The *Suspicious Husband* of Hoadley is equal in merit to any comedy in the language; but unfortunately for his country, its author never produced another. Must we learn to tremble lest this example should be repeated among us? I have nothing to do with Mr. Sheridan's political pursuits. May their success be equal to the greatness of his abilities and the integrity of his views! but I could wish him to remember one thing. The obstacles are innumerable, if indeed they can at all be surmounted, in the way of his making a principal figure in the political world. In the line that he first chalked out to himself he may reign without a rival. And I remember Cæsar observed, as he passed among a few scattered cottages in Gaul, "I had rather be the first man in this village, than the second man in Rome." T.

TO the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

S I R,

If the following Remarks, which occurred on a perusal of Mrs. PROZZI's "*Anecdotes of the late Dr. Samuel Johnson*," are worth your acceptance, you are heartily welcome to them.

P. 27. "I DID not respect my own mother, though I loved her: and one day, when in anger she called me a puppy, I asked her if she knew what they called a puppy's mother."

This thought appears to have been adopted from Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens*, Act I. Sc. 1.

Poet. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: What's she, if I be a dog?

P. 63. "I have read that the Siamese sent ambassadors to Louis Quatorze, but I never heard that the King of France thought it worth his while to send ambassadors from his court to that of Siam."

Dr. Robertson might have humbled his antagonist, by informing him, that in the year 1685, Louis XIV. actually did send the Chevalier de Chaumont and the Abbé de Choisy as his ambassadors to the King of Siam; and that the latter, and the Chevalier de Forbin, published relations of the voyage, &c.

P. 163. "Seu viri curas pia nupta
mulet,

"Seu fovet mater sobolem benigna,

"Sive cum libris novitate pascit

"Sedula mentem."

These ideas occur in Ovid de Tristibus, III. 7.

Aut illam invenies dulci cum matre
sedentem,

Aut inter libros, Pieridasque suas.

Dr. Johnson, however, seems indebted to Milton's amplification of the same images, in his fourth elegy:

Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte
sedentem,

Mulcentem gremio pignora parva
suo;

Forſitan aut veterum prælargâ volumina
patrum

Verſantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei.

P. 205. "When Mrs. Montague shewed him some China plates, which had once belonged to Queen Elizabeth, he told her, "that they had no reason to be ashamed of their present possessor, who was so little inferior to their first."

This compliment is only a paraphrase on Virgil, *Æn.* VI. v. 170. Misenus had attended on Hector, and afterwards belonged to Æneas:—*Non inferiora secutus.*

P. 208. "Mr. Thomas Tyers said,
he

he was like the ghosts, who never speak till they are spoken to."

This comparison was borrowed from Fielding's *Tom Jones*, Book XI. Chapter 2.—"The other who, like a ghost, only wanted to be spoke to, readily answered, &c.—"

The character of *Tom Restless* in the *Idler*, No. 48, was meant by Dr. Johnson for *Tom Tyers*.

P. 210. "We must not ridicule a passion [Love] which he who never felt was never happy, and he who laughs at deserves to feel;—a passion which has caused the change of empires, and the loss of worlds;—a passion which has inspired heroism, and subdued avarice."

Surely there is some contradiction between this sentiment and another of the same author, in his Preface to *Shakespeare*, p. 6. Mr. Reed's edition.

"Love is only one of the many passions; and as it has no great influence on the sum of life, it has little operation in

the dramas of a Poet who caught his ideas from a living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him."

And yet, perhaps, a third of the Plays of *Shakespeare* impose a flat negative on this last assertion of their editor.

P. 265. "Walking in a wood when it rained, was, I think, the only rural image he pleased his fancy with."

His partiality for this circumstance perhaps was occasioned by a passage in *Milton*, which is thus paraphrased in his observations on the *Penforoso* of that great poet.—"When the morning comes, a morning gloomy with wind and rain, he [the pensive man] walks into the dark trackless woods."—Who, that was intimate with Dr. Johnson, can express surprize on finding him adopt an amusement appropriated by *Milton* to *Il Penforoso*?

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant, &c.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THE infatuation so prevalent of late, respecting the Slave Trade, and the many arguments which have been used to make it appear in the most odious light, have induced me to hint a few remarks, that seem to have escaped the generality of its numerous enemies, who, led away by a mistaken humanity, would sacrifice every thing to a blind impulse, without once considering the fatal consequences that might too probably ensue on its suppression. They have certainly carried on their endeavours with every degree of resolution and perseverance; and had they chose a proper object, would have been entitled to much praise: but their humanity has no cause to be hauled. If they will look around them, they will find calamities and distresses sufficient to exercise their bounty upon; and those sums they have gathered for the purpose of carrying on their favourite project, will be much more beneficially employed in relieving the wants of the honest, the laborious poor of our own country. But to proceed to the business. The Slaves purchased by the Captains of vessels on the Coast of Guinea, are persons who have forfeited their lives to the jaws of their country, or else captives that are taken in their wars. In either case the life of the victim is preserved. But it is argued, that the Slave Trade is the cause

of those wars among the natives; (if the cause is removed, I should presume the effect must likewise cease) but will any one affirm this seriously? Let me ask, Why do the European powers make war with each other? We are endowed with a greater portion of reason—we profess the Christian religion—we have no market for our prisoners—and yet we may mangle and butcher each other in bloody and continued wars. And would it not be unjust that the native of Africa, who adds under the immediate impulse of his passions, (uncurbed by either Reason or Religion) should be debarred from the same privilege? Consider the extent of country,—the many tribes that inhabit it; and if in the small island of Otaheite two powers are continually at variance, is it reasonable to suppose, that where they are so numerous, they are likely to live on amicable terms? Their wars would be more bloody, as all prisoners would be undoubtedly sacrificed; but I will be bold enough to affirm that they would not be less frequent. The Captains of ships have been said (as another argument) to treat the Slaves, while in their possession, with the greatest barbarity. Tales of this sort, we may know from experience, never lose any thing by the way. But let it be remembered (as an answer to this) that it is by no means the

the Captain's interest to use them with *unnecessary severity*. I say unnecessary, because a strict discipline is not to be dispensed with, and as we may be sure they are not backward in using every means for the recovery of their liberty. This probably is the cause of most of the dismal tales which are related of this trade; when necessity has compelled them to enforce obedience by acts that, to an indifferent reciter or hearer, might appear unjust and cruel. By the same reasoning we are taught to believe, that the Planter who gives a great price for a Slave, uses every means in his power, by his severity and oppression, to make an end of him as soon as he possibly can; or at least he gives him up to those who he is conscious will do it for him. Is this credible? No, no more than that a man should give a great sum for a horse, and then entrust him with those who he knows will soon disable him. It is impossible, but that were they ever so inattentive to their concerns, the knowledge of any unmerited severity committed by their servants, cannot be long hid from them; and whether it is their interest to tolerate them, I have endeavoured to shew. But the Planters are not, all, such inattentive beings; there are among them men of as much humanity as there are in any other department, who treat their Slaves with almost as much tenderness as their children. After all, an Act might be made to regulate this business, which might have beneficial consequences both to the Planter and Slave; and also to limit the Captains of ships from bringing more than a certain number at a time, proportionate to the size or burthen of their vessels, and with which our humane countrymen must rest contented. If we turn our eyes to a politi-

cal view of the consequences of its abolition, we shall find ample matter to shew the absurdity of such an attempt. When we consider the present balance of power in Europe, and the increasing strength of our natural enemies, we may perceive that we are in no condition to give up the smallest advantage that might be any way beneficial to them: the consequences might prove fatal to this nation; and the persons who could advise such a measure, may rank with the worst of its enemies. I am rather of opinion, indeed, that French policy will be discovered at the bottom of all these humane proceedings.

It is well known what immense quantities of our manufactures are annually exported, what large returns are made from the West-Indies, and, above all, what numbers of seamen are employed in it; at a moderate computation, 130 ships from different parts of England, and 5000 men! Should the abolition take place, what is to become of these? The consequence is obvious: Rather than return home and starve, or become an incumbrance on the nation, they would enter into the French service, to obtain that bread they were denied at home—who we may be sure would receive them with open arms;—it would be a most glorious acquisition to them; and if a war should soon break out between the two nations, they would prove of infinite service; while their mother country, with this principal source and nursery of hardy seamen entirely taken away, would doubly feel the loss of every man.

I am, Sir, yours,

B.

The VIEW mentioned by this Writer will be acceptable.

VIEW of a MOSQUE at MOUNHEER.

THE Town of Mounheer is situated on the banks of the river Soane, at about two miles from its conflux with the great Ganges. This View of a Mosque at Mounheer is in the centre of the town, at some small distance from the river, and is famous for its beauty. It was built in the year 1617, in the reign of Shah Jehanguer, the son of the Emperor Akbab, by a then Soubah of the District, both as a

mausoleum for himself and family, as well as a mosque or religious house. In the various revolutions of property in this part of India from one hand to another, since the erecting of this building, that which was left for the repair and support of this mosque is now lost; and this building, like most in India, ruined by superstition, is falling rapidly into the dust.

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

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

Lewesdon Hill, a Poem. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1788.

THIS manly Poem is thus elegantly dedicated to a most respectable character :

To the
Right Reverend Father in God
J O N A T H A N
Lord Bishop of St. Asaph
Who in a learned free and liberal Age
Is himself most highly distinguished
By extensive useful and elegant learning
By a disinterested Support of Freedom
And by a truly Christian Liberality of mind
T H I S P O E M
With all Respect is dedicated
By his Lordship's most obliged
And most obedient Servant
T H E A U T H O R .

It is prefaced by the Poet by the following advertisement :

‘ The Hill which gives title to the following Poem is situated in the western part of Dorsetshire. This choice of a subject, to which the Author was led by his residence near the spot, may seem perhaps to confine him to topics of mere rural and local description. But he begs leave here to inform the reader, that he has advanced beyond those narrow limits to something more general and important. On the other hand he trusts, that in his farthest excursions the connexion between him and his subject will easily be traced. The few notes which are subjoined he thought necessary to elucidate the passages where they are inserted. He will only add in this place, from Hutchins's History of Dorsetshire, (Vol. I. p. 366.) what is there said of Lewesdon (or, as it is now corruptly called, Lewson): “ This and Pilleston Hill “ surmount all the hills, though very high, “ between them and the sea. Mariners “ call them the *Cow and Calf*, in which “ forms they are fancied to appear, being “ eminent sea-marks to those who sail upon “ the coast.”

‘ To the top of this Hill the Author describes himself as walking on a May morning.’

Denham's COOPER'S HILL, that prolific parent of Poems where a Hill is the subject, has been praised for containing no thought or imagery but what may naturally be supposed to arise from the objects which surround the place where its author describes himself as in contemplation. This praise, however, our present author does not claim, but “ begs leave to inform the reader, that he has advanced beyond those narrow limits to something more general and important.” In this we think him both commendable, and worthy to be followed. For the fact is, that when one climbs a Hill to indulge “ the musing mood,” the Fancy, if it has any vigour at all, will naturally make moral excursions, beyond “ mere rural and local description.”

Some local descriptions, however, our author has given us; but he has not in these, as some others would and have done, been too lavish, and laboured in the picturesque. For his manner of description, take the following :

From this proud eminence on all sides
round
Th' unbroken prospect opens to my view ;
On all sides large ; save only where the head
Of Pilleston rises, Pilleston's lofty Pen :
So call (still rendering to his ancient name
Observance due) that rival Height south-
west,
Which like a rampire bounds the vale be-
neath.
There woods, there blooming orchards, there
are seen
Herds, ranging, or at rest beneath the shade
Of some wide-branching oak ; there goodly
fields

Of corn, and verdant pasture, whence the
kine

Returning with their milky treasure home
Store the rich dairy : such fair plenty fills
The pleasant vale of Marshwood ; pleasant
now,

Since that the Spring has deck'd anew the
meads

With flowery vesture, and the warmer sun
Their foggy moistness drain'd ; in wintry
days

Cold, vapourish, miry, wet, and to the flocks
Unfriendly, when autumnal rains begin
To drench the spongy turf : but ere that
time

The careful shepherd moves to healthier soil,
Rechasing, lest his tender ewes should coath*
In the dank pasturage. Yet not the fields
Of *Eggesham*, nor that ample valley nam'd
Of the *White Horse*, its antique monument
Carv'd in the chalky bourn, for beauty and
wealth

Might equal, though surpassing in extent,
This fertile vale ; in length from Lewesdon's
base

Extended to the sea, and water'd well
By many a rill ; but chief with thy clear
stream,

Thou nameless rivulet, who from the side
Of Lewesdon softly welling forth, dost trip
Adown the valley, wandering sportively.
Alas, how soon thy little course will end !
How soon thy infant stream shall lose itself
In the salt mafs of waters, ere it grow
To name or greatness ! Yet it flows along
Untainted with the commerce of the world,
Nor passing by the noisy haunts of men ;
But through sequester'd meads, a little
space,

Winds secretly, and in its wanton path
May cheer some drooping flower, or minister
Of its cool water to the thirsty lamb :
Then falls into the ravenous sea, as pure
As when it issued from its native hill.

But though pious and moral reflections,
and warm sentiments in favour of
Liberty, form the most prominent and
interesting features of this elegant and
spirited Poem, our author has the art to
make them as mostly resulting from the
local objects before him.

The " nameless rivulet," so beautifully apostrophised in the above lines,
leads our author to the death of a child,
most probably a near relation.

* ' To *coath*, Skinner says, is a word common in Lincolnshire ; and signifies, to faint. He derives it from the Anglo-Saxon, *coðe*, a *disease*. In Dorsetshire it is in common use, but is used of sheep only : a *coathed* sheep is a *rotten* sheep ; to *coath* is to take the rot. *Rechasing* is also a term in that country appropriated to flocks : to *chase* and *rechase* is to drive sheep at certain times from one sort of ground to another, or from one parish to another.'

So to thine early grave didst thou run on,
Spotless Francefca, so, after short course,
Thine innocent and playful infancy
Was swallow'd up in death, and thy pure
spirit

In that illimitable gulph which bounds
Our mortal continent. But not there lost,
Not there extinguish'd, as some falsely teach,
Who can talk much and learnedly of life,
Who know our frame and fashion, who can
tell

The substance and the properties of man,
As they had seen him made ; aye and stood
by

Spies on Heav'n's work. They also can dis-
course

Wisely, to prove that what must be must be,
And shew how thoughts are jogg'd out of the
brain

By a mechanical impulse ; pushing on
The minds of us, poor unaccountables,
To fatal resolution. Know they not,
That in this mortal life, whatever it be,
We take the path that leads to good or evil,
And therein find our bliss or misery ?
And this includes all reasonable ends
Of knowledge or of being ; farther to go
Is toil unprofitable, and th' effect
Most perilous wandering. Yet of this be-
sure ;

Where Freedom is not, there no Virtue is :
If there be none, this world is all a cheat,
And the divine stability of Heaven
(That assured seat for good men after death)
Is but a transient cloud ; display'd so fair
To cherish virtuous hope, but at our need
Eludes the sense, and fools our honest faith,
Vanishing in a lie. If this be so,
Were it not better to be born a beast,
Only to feel what is, and thus to scape
The agonish fear that shakes the afflicted
breast

With sore anxiety of what shall be ;
And all for nought ? since our most wicked
act

Is not our sin, and our religious awe
Delusion ; if that strong Necessity
Chains up our will. But that the mind is
free,

The Mind herself, best judge of her own
state,

Is feelingly convinced ; nor to be moved
By subtle words, that may perplex the head,
But ne'er persuade the heart. Vain argu-
ment,

That with false weapons of Philosophy
Fights against Hope, and Sense, and Nature's
strength!

The allusion of the death of a promising child to that of a pure *infant stream* almost immediately lost in the "salt mass of waters," is, we believe, new, and as strikingly poetical as it is affecting and tender. The philosophical reflections which naturally follow are manly, and are, with the following lines, greatly superior, in point of energetic reasoning, to the diffuse manner of the *Night Thoughts* of Dr. Young.

Above the noise and stir of yonder fields
Uplifted, on this height I feel the mind
Expand itself in wider liberty.

The distant sounds break gently on my sense,
Soothing to meditation : so methinks,
Even so, sequester'd from the noisy world,
Could I wear out this transitory being
In peaceful contemplation and calm ease.

But conscience, which still censures on our
acts,

That awful voice within us, and the sense
Of an hereafter, wake and rouse us up
From such unshap'd retirement ; which were
else

A blest condition on this earthy stage.
For who would make his life a life of toil
For wealth, o'erbalanc'd with a thousand cares ;
Or power, which base compliance must uphold ;

Or honour, lavish'd most on courtly slaves ;
Or fame, vain breath of a misjudging world ;
Who for such perishable gaudes would put
A yoke upon his free unbroken spirit,
And gail himself with trammels and the rubs
Of this world's business ; so he might stand
clear

Of judgment and the tax of idleness
In that dread audit, when his mortal hours
(Which now with soft and silent stealth pace
by)

Must all be counted for ? But, for this fear,
And to remove, according to our power,
The wants and evils of our brother's state,
'Tis meet we juggle with the world ; content,
If by our sovereign Master we be found
At last not profitless : for worldly need,
Given or with-held, I deem of it alike.

In both the above passages, it is evident that *Hamlet's* celebrated soliloquy has been close under our author's eye, though he has not fallen into servile imitation. The *cry* of insect critics are ever on the watch to find a most distant resemblance between a former and a later writer, and pass their confident sentence, as if the later one neither would nor could have written so, if the former had not led the way ; which is just as good as to assert,

that a man cannot have a *serious* thought rising in his own breast, because *Confucius* or some other philosopher thought *seriously* before him. There are sentiments and reasonings common to all men. A rose is a rose, a tree is a tree, and a stream a stream, in all ages ; and he is the true poet who can place both sentiment and the beauties of nature in the most forcible and pleasing views, which, with all their sameness with former poets, may bear no mark of *servile* imitation. He were a foolish painter who would draw roses as blue and black, because others had described those flowers as red and white. But our spirited author has another sort of imitation of which we cannot approve : we mean his frequent use of elision, after the manner of Milton ; and also his freedom of adopting phrases, and in a manner paraphrasing whole passages from that great poet. Even in Milton, a poet of the last century, the elision is a blemish ; it cannot, therefore, be a beauty in a poem of the present day. When we read in our author such passages as these,

————— homeward bound
From Havre or the Norman isles—
and,
————— in fields of blood
Hail'd victors, thence renown'd, and call'd
on earth
Kings, heroes, demigods ; but in high
heaven

Thieves, ruffians, murderers——
Milton comes rather too full on our eye ; nor are these the only passages in our poet liable to this objection.

The following animated lines must please every reader of manly and true classical taste :

————— Half way up,
Or nearer to the top, behold a cot,
O'er which the branchy trees, those sycamores,
Wave gently : at their roots a rustic bench
Invites to short refreshment, and to taste
What grateful beverage the house may yield
After fatigue, or dusty heat ; thence call'd
The Traveller's Rest. Welcome, embower'd
seat,
Friendly repose to the slow passenger
Ascending, ere he takes his sultry way
Along th' interminable road, stretch'd out
Over th' unshelter'd down ; or when at last
He has that hard and solitary path
Measured by painful steps. And blest are
they,
Who in life's toilsome journey may make
pause
After a march of glory : yet not such

As rise in causeless war, troubling the world
By their mad quarrel, and in fields of blood
Hail'd victors, thence renown'd, and call'd
on earth

Kings, heroes, demi-gods, but in high Heaven

Thieves, ruffians, murderers; these find no repose.

Thee rather, patriot Conqueror, to thee
Belongs such rest: who in the western world,

Thine own deliver'd country, for thyself
Hast planted an immortal grove, and there,
Upon the glorious mount of Liberty
Reposing, sit'st beneath the palmy shade.

And thou, not less renown'd in like attempt

Of high achievement, though thy virtue fail'd

To save thy little country, Patriot Prince,
Hero, Philosopher, (what more could they
Who wisely chose thee, PAOLI, to bless
Thy native isle, long struggling to be free?
But Heaven allow'd not) yet may'st thou repose

After thy glorious toil, secure of fame
Well-earn'd by virtue: while ambitious France,

Who stretch'd her lawless hand to seize
thine isle,

Enjoys not rest or glory; with her prey
Gorged but not satisfied, and craving still
Against th' intent of Nature.

Ancient and modern bards have long
vied with each other in their descriptions
of Morning and Evening; and next to
these perhaps *Time* has been most often
personified in poetry. Our manly and
genuine bard, however, has added both
vigour and novelty to this subject.
With the following beautiful lines we

shall conclude our remarks on this truly
classical Poem; a Poem, on the whole,
most nobly different from the light and
trivial favourites of the present day.

How is it vanish'd in a hasty spleen,
The Tor of Glastonbury! Even but now
I saw the hoary pile cresting the top
Of that north-western hill; and in this Now
A cloud hath past on it, and its dim bulk
Becomes annihilate, or if not, a spot
Which the strain'd vision tires itself to find.

And even to fares it with the things of
earth

Which seem most constant: there will come
the cloud

That shall unfold them up, and leave their
place

A seat for emptiness. Our narrow ken
Reaches too far, when all that we behold
Is but the havoc of wide-wasting Time,
Or what he soon shall spoil. His out-spread
wings

(Which bear him like an eagle o'er the earth)
Are plumed in front so downy soft they seem
To foster what they touch, and mortal fools
Rejoice beneath their hovering: woe the
while!

For in that indefatigable flight
The multitudinous strokes incessantly
Bruise all beneath their cope, and mark on
all

His secret injury; on the front of man
Gray hairs and wrinkles: still as Time speeds
on

Hard and more hard his iron pennons beat
With ceaseless violence; nor overpasts,
Till all the creatures of this nether world
Are one wide quarry: following dark be-
hind,

The cormorant Oblivion swallows up
The carcases that Time has made his prey.

Memoirs of the late War in Asia, with a Narrative of the Imprisonment and Sufferings of our Officers and Soldiers. By an Officer of Colonel Baillie's Detachment.
2 Vols. 8vo. Murray, 1788.

THE object of these volumes is explained by the writer of them in an address to the reader. "The relations already published of the late military transactions in India, compiled chiefly from Gazettes, are too partial to give an adequate idea of the skill and exertions of our opponents, and too general to record the merit and the fate of individuals in our own fleets and armies. It is the object of these Memoirs, at the same time that they illustrate the connection of military affairs with politics, the nature and the relations of different actions

"to one another, and the general result
"of the war, to describe not only our
"own, but the valour and address of
"our enemies, and to particularise the
"merits and the hardships of our
"countrymen, and others in our service;
"for the promotion of their interest, if
"they have survived their sufferings;
"for perpetuating their names, if they
"have not; and in both cases for the
"satisfaction or consolation of their
"anxious relations and friends."

Nor is it to these only, as the author observes, that the fate of men distinguished by merit, or suffering, or both,
will

will be interesting. "All mankind naturally enter by sympathy into the situation of one another, but particularly into that of the generous, the brave, and the unfortunate. The particulars relating to our officers and soldiers, who fell at different times into the hands of Hyder-Ally-Khan, and Tippu Sultan Bahander, communicated by certain of those sufferers, and for the most part by one gentleman who persevered in the midst of the utmost danger in keeping a journal of what passed from day to day in the principal prison of Seringapatam, impress the mind with all the force of a deep tragedy:—a tragedy continued by too perfect an unity of time and place, and of *suffering* if not of *action*, for the space of near four years; while Death, according to the image of our great classical poet, shook his dart over their heads, but delayed to strike."

The writer of the *Memoirs* also hints at sundry important instances, in which the very particular and circumstantial narrative of the captivity and sufferings of our men that the memorandums and conversation of different officers have enabled him to present to the public, open interesting views of the moral œconomy of human nature. As natural convulsions, says he, discover the sudden strata of the earth and ocean, so violent moral situations tear up and display the passions and powers of the human soul. The sensibility of our captive countrymen was powerfully excited, and the energy of their minds called forth in most ingenious contrivances to beguile the languor of inactivity, to supply conveniences and comforts, and, on some occasions, to elude sudden assassination. In the prisons on the coast of Malabar, particularly that of Seringapatam, we see the condition of human nature, as it were, inverted. Man, with unbounded liberty, and the world for materials, becomes acquainted with the qualities and relations of things, and advances in the arts by slow degrees. Our countrymen, and others who followed their fortune, immured in a narrow prison, with a very limited command of instrumentality and matter, supplied the deficiency of these by knowledge and invention. The strength of their sympathy with one another; the natural connection between strong passion and poetry; the longing of the circumcised slave-boys to join their countrymen, tho' in bonds and in danger

of death; that sudden impatience under confinement, and vehement desire of liberty, which seized on the minds of all the prisoners, on the certain and near prospect of a release; the excitement of their joy, incapable of composure, and carried to painful excess; the impression that was made on their minds, after so long a confinement in the gloomy jail, by external objects, and the fair face of nature; these, with other interesting circumstances and considerations, justify the publication of a narrative, which, tho' it be very particular and minute, is nevertheless interesting throughout. The most trivial facts and circumstances derive an interest from their relation to persons in whom we are concerned, and in whom they were not indifferent.

With regard to the matter, then, of the *Memoirs of the Late War in Asia*, it may be affirmed without danger of contradiction, that it is in the highest degree important and interesting. An hundred thousand men employed in daring enterprises or courageous defence, in different parts of Hindostan, on the side of the English, unsupported by a single ally; these opposed to almost all the powers of India, encouraged by succours from France, and contending often with success, but always with glory against Asiatic subtlety, and numbers confirmed in no small degree by European discipline and instruments of war; form a scene the most splendid that can well exist. The prize is the preponderating dominion in India, the richest and the most venerable country in the world, Courage, genius, and the pomp of war are displayed on either side in the difficult contest. The ocean which divides the Indian nations from Britain and France, unites their arms; and while squadron after squadron from Europe brings fresh supplies of men and warlike stores to the numerous bands of Asia, fleets co-operate with armies in all the various attempts and stratagems of war, and bring forward into important action the valour, the abilities, and the resources of the two greatest nations in the world.

The most prominent feature in this range of matter, the difficulties with which Great Britain was forced to contend in the East, and the means by which she surmounted them, is the great bond by which the writer of the *Memoirs* has given an unity of design to his composition, and by which he passes by easy transitions from one scene of action to another;

another: and while he pursues this course, he is at pains to shew all the resources of Britain on the one hand, and the means by which Europeans were, and may be opposed by Asiatic enemies on the other.

Manners, characters, customs, opinions, and political interests and intrigues, fill up the interstices between the great outlines of treaties and of actions, and give variety and relief to details which would otherwise be somewhat dry and barren. The author has been enabled, by communications and intercourse, not only with English officers, but certain gentlemen in the French régiments in the service of Hyder Ally, to bring to light a great number of facts highly interesting and important. And he has been faithful to his design, of specifying the merit and the suffering of individuals, and of relating the valour and address of our enemies, as well as those of our friends and countrymen. While the difficulties with which the English had to struggle, and the means by which they surmounted them, form the general chain of association among the facts that enter into the Memoirs, the end or upper link of that chain is Mr. Hastings. His great mind is the centre, around which other agents appear in action. He, amidst the changes, the confusion, and the alarms of war, rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

Having stated the troubles of Great Britain in 1780, and traced them, without the least regard to the favour or frown of any, to errors and misconduct in all parties, our author proceeds to give an account of the country, the manners, the history and the resources of the Marhattas, the most powerful of the associates that had entered into a confederate war against the English. He goes over the first and the second Marhatta war with a clearness that shews a full comprehension of the subject. He gives an account of the successful expedition, and of the political as well as military talents of General Goddard. The exertions of Major Abington at Tellicherry are also particularly described: "Had a detachment, the author observes, "been formed in Gohud, previously to "the reduction of Gualior by Major "Popham, as General Goddard had repeatedly advised, and Mr. Hastings "had proposed in the Supreme Council, "a diversion of the troops under Scindiah from Guzzarat, might have been "effected by an invasion of the province "of Malva, and the chiefs with whom

"we contended, reduced to the necessity "of accepting terms of accommodation. "But this opportunity of humbling the "Marhattas being lost, their hostility to "our countrymen was confirmed by the "successes of Hyder Ally's arms in the "Carnatic; and the exertions of Mr. "Hastings were called from successes "which he had not been permitted to "improve, to the reparation of misfortunes which he had not occasioned."

This leads the writer to the history of the war with Hyder-Allly-Cawn. As this extraordinary personage and his son Tippoo Saib have rendered themselves interesting objects to the English nation, the reader will perhaps be entertained by the following extract.

Hyder-Allly-Cawn was regent of the kingdom of Mysore, a dignity to which he had raised himself by abilities and by crimes; by valour and policy in arms, by intrigue, by treachery, and by blood. He was the son of a Mahomedan soldier of fortune, who commanded a fort on the confines of Mysore, and followed, of course, the profession of arms. When he first entered into the Rajah of Mysore's service, he was distinguished by the name of *Hyder Naig*, or *Corporal Hyder*. He rose by degrees to the command of the Rajah's army; and, on the death of that Prince, he seized the reins of government, under the title of Guardian to the young prince, whom he confined in Seringapatam, together with the whole royal family; exhibiting them only at certain stated seasons, in order to soothe and please the people. He possessed great vigour of body and mind: but his manners were savage and cruel; and he frequently inflamed the natural ferocity of his temper by intoxication. Like many other chiefs in India, with whom it is not accounted any disgrace to be ignorant of letters, he could not either read or write; so that he was obliged to make use of interpreters and secretaries. The method he contrived for ascertaining whether his interpreters made faithful reports of the letters they read, and if his secretaries expressed in writing the full and the precise meaning of what he communicated, displays, at once, that suspicion which was natural to his situation, and that subtlety which belonged to his nature. He confined three different interpreters in separate apartments, who made their respective reports in their turns. If all the three should make different reports, then he would punish them by a cruel death. If two should coincide in their report, and one differ from these two, then that one would suffer death. But the interpreters, knowing their fate if they should

should depart in one single instance from the truth, explained, as might be expected, the letters committed to their inspection with the utmost fidelity. As to the method by which he discovered whether his amanuenses were faithful or no, he placed three of them, in like manner, in three separate places of confinement, and to each of them apart he dictated his orders. Their manuscripts he put into the hands of any of those that were about him who could read, from whom he learned whether his clerks had faithfully expressed his meaning. When he passed sentence of death, he was on some occasions, like the Dey of Algiers and other barbarian despots, himself the executioner: for though he affected to consider his army as his guards, he well knew that he reigned in their hearts not from love, but fear, mixed indeed with an admiration of his singular address and intrepidity. The force of this man's mind, such is the advantage of nature over art! burst through the prejudices of education and the restraints of habit, and opened his mind to whatever European improvements he deemed the most fitted to secure his government, to extend his empire, and to render his name immortal. He invited and encouraged every useful and ingenious manufacturer and artisan to settle in his dominions; he introduced the European discipline in his army; and laboured, not altogether without success, for the formation of dock-yards, and the establishment of a navy.

At the same time that he was sublime in his views, he was capable of all that minute attention which was necessary for their accomplishment. His ends were great; his means prudent. A regular economy supplied a source of liberality, which he never failed to exercise, whenever an object, which he could render in any shape subservient to his ambition, solicited his bounty. He rewarded merit of every kind, but he was particularly munificent to all who could bring important intelligence. He had his eyes open on the movements of his neighbours, as well as on every part and almost on every person within his dominions.—Hence he knew where to anticipate hostile designs, and where to take advantages; where to impose contributions without drying up the springs of industry; and where to find the most proper instruments for his purposes, whether of policy or war. He inspected, in person, every horseman or Sepoy that offered himself to his service; but with every officer of any note, he was intimately acquainted. He made a regular distribution of his time: and, although he sacrificed to the pleasures of life, as well as to the pomp of state, in business he was equally decisive and persevering.

With regard to the person of Hyder-ally, for every circumstance relating to so distinguished a character becomes interesting, he was of a middling stature, inclined to corpulency, his visage quite black, the traits of his countenance manly, bold, and expressive; and, as he looked himself with a keen and piercing eye into every human face that approached him, so he judged of men very much from their physiognomy, connecting in his imagination a bashful, timid, and wandering eye, with internal consciousness of guilty actions, or pravity of intention; but a bold and undaunted look, on the other hand, with conscious innocence and integrity.

With such qualities, and by such arts as these, Hyder-ally-Cawn raised a small state into a powerful empire; and converted into a race of warriors, an obscure, peaceable, and timid people. By alluring to his standard military adventurers, of all nations and tribes, but chiefly Europeans, whenever it was in his power, and by training through their means his Mysorean subjects to the use of arms, he extended his dominions, which were bounded on the east and the south by the Carnatic, and the plains of Conbitore, and on the west and north by the Malabar regions, and the country of Ghutta and Bednore, across the peninsula to the territories of Palnaud and Ganjam, on the coast of Coromandel, and on the Malabar sea as far north as Goa.

The population of Hyder's dominions has not been calculated on any principles, by which it could be ascertained with any tolerable precision. It is computed, that he could raise an army of three hundred thousand men, and that his annual revenue was not less than five millions of British pounds. Emboldened by internal prosperity, as well as continued successes in the field, Hyder ventured to encounter not only the Marrattas, but the English; his wars with whom, though not so productive of advantage and triumph as his contests with other Indian powers of inferior consequence, yet improved him in the art of war, and nourished in his breast a passion for conquest.

Of the military spirit and abilities of Tippoo Saib, the reader will be enabled to form some estimate from the subsequent quotation.

In the year 1780, Hyder, influenced by the representations, and encouraged by the hopes of military succours from the French, was not unwilling to avail himself of the scattered state of the Company's troops, the reduction of the Nabob of Arcot's army, and the impoverished state of his finances and country, in order to gratify his inveterate resentment against the Nabob, revenge former hosti-

hostilities and infractions of treaties, and recent injuries as well as acts of contempt on the part of the Presidency of Madras. But still there was room for hesitation.

The English government in India, instead of shrinking from the dangers of war, had attacked the French among their other enemies in that quarter, even before hostilities, though announced, had actually commenced in Europe. Chardernagore had yielded to the English arms in Bengal; Mahé on the coast of Malabar; and Pondicherry, notwithstanding the exertions of Mr. Bellecombe, in the Carnatic. The ships of the French were seized, and their fleet, under Mons. de Tronjoly, put to flight by the British squadron commanded by Sir Edward Vernon. The disgrace at Worgaum had been effaced by subsequent successes, and the English name was yet an object of dread to most nations in India.

In such circumstances as these, Hyder-ally, whose characteristical caution, it may reasonably be presumed, was not diminished by his advancement in years, was divided between doubt and inclination. But in this state of mind he listened with fond partiality and pride to the constant suggestions of his eldest son Tippoo, into whose breast Hyder had inspired an early love of glory, and hatred of the English. The ardour of this youth, who had assumed the title of Warrior, re-acted with energy and with success on the soil from whence it originally sprung, and restored the vigour of fading nature.—Prudence was quickened by courage, and courage was tempered with prudence.—Whether the quadruple alliance, mentioned above, was first proposed by Nizam-Ally-Cawn, Subah of the Deccan, as has been here stated, on that prince's own authority, or that it originated, as has been affirmed by others, in the court of Hyder-ally; certain it is, that a negotiation for that purpose began to be carried on so early as the siege of Pondicherry. At this time it was generally believed throughout India, that Hyder meditated an attack on the Carnatic. But that political warrior suspended the execution of his design until a treaty was framed and ratified, by which, at the same time that he should invade the Carnatic, the Nizam should attack the northern Circars; Moodajee Booslah, Bengal; and the Marrattas, commanded by Madajee Scindah and Tukajee Holkar, continue the war against the English.

In the month of May 1779, an invasion of the Carnatic was determined, and, at Hyder's Durbar, became the subject of common conversation. An army was assembled in June 1780, horse and foot, to the

number, as has been computed, of an hundred thousand. Hyder now made no secret of their destination, but endeavoured to inspire into the breasts of his officers and soldiers the same vengeance which fired his own breast: he talked of the pride and the perfidy of the English, expatiated on the dissensions by which they were torn, and the dangers with which they were threatened, and vowed that against the next monsoon there should not be a white face in the Carnatic. Breathing such sentiments, and using such expressions as these, he moved onward, with his troops, to the Ghauts, or Passes, that open a communication, on either hand, between the high lands that divide the peninsula of Hindostan and the Low Countries, here and there indenting the hills on the courses of great rivers, and expanded and united in vast plains towards the ocean.—The boundary by which nature had marked the land, recalled to the mind of Hyder all the dangers attending an expedition into the country of such an enemy as the English. He halted for several days, and held frequent councils with his chiefs, or cawns, in which he deliberated whether he should enter the Carnatic now, or wait till another season, when he should be strengthened by additional forces from France. The chiefs attempted to dissuade him from war at that time, mixing with the conclusions of reason many sentiments of superstition. But Tippoo Saib constantly urged, in this military senate, the spirit of the troops, the courage that animates offensive operations, the advantages of surprize, the defenceless state of the Carnatic, the difficulties which the English would find in assembling their army, the power of the Marrattas and their allies, and the obligation of a sacred treaty. With regard to the succours promised and expected from France, that advantage would, in all probability, be balanced by succours sent from Great Britain to the English. That there was difficulty and danger in the paths they were about to tread, he readily allowed; “But when,” he asked, “were they to wage war with their enemies if they avoided danger?” At this sentiment, expressed by Tippoo with a noble and fascinating air, which touched every heart, and transfused his ardent zeal into the minds of all who saw and heard him, Hyder embraced his son with tears of joy, in the presence of the whole assembly. He now ordered the last letters which he had received from his Vakeel at Madras to be read aloud in the hearing of his chiefs and principal officers, in which he confirmed, with many additional circumstances, what he had before reported; the discordant sentiments that prevailed among the English, the rapacity of

their dispositions, the selfishness of their views, their unconcern about the public welfare, their disregard to military preparation, and their boasts that Hyder-Ali durst not so

much as meditate an invasion of the Carnatic. All were unanimous that the troops should proceed.'

(To be continued.)

The Conquest of Canaan. A Poem. By Timothy Dwight. 1785. 12mo.

(Concluded from p. 178.)

THE Second Book opens with an assembly of the Gibeonites met to worship the Sun, in which Mina, a virgin, refuses to join. (*See the Argument in our last.*) This Book concludes with the following lines:

'The monarch spoke; and o'er the circling throng
Bright smiles broke forth, and pleas'd applauds rung;
A beauteous semblance of the fields around,
Starr'd with young flowers, and with gay verdure crown'd,
Where airy songs, soft proof of raptur'd love,
Wav'd on the gale, and echo'd thro' the grove;
While the clear sun, rejoicing still to rise,
In pomp roll'd round immeasurable skies.'

Here again is strange confusion of idea and language. In prose it is exactly thus: *Bright smiles and pleas'd applauds broke forth from the circling throng; a beauteous semblance of the fields, starred with young flowers, and crowned with gay verdure, where (alias, among which) airy songs, the soft proofs of raptured love, waved on the gale, and echoed through the grove, while the clear sun, &c.—*

Indeed, indeed, Mr. Dwight, such jumble will never pass for poetry on this side of the Atlantic.

The Third Book opens with describing various characters. The conversation of the two lovers, *Irads* and *Selima*, on the justice of the war, deserves particular notice. *Selima* expresses herself according to the tenderness of her sex.

'As now through well-known paths retir'd I stray,
And seek accusom'd beauties round my way,
At every turn, the seeming trump alarms,
Pale comes rise, and groans, and clashing arms;
From my pain'd bosom heaves th' unbidden sigh;
The still tear trembles in my labouring eye;
Loth, but to grief, my feet bewilder'd rove,
And my heart deadens to thyself, and love.
O fatal, hapless combat! cause unjust!
That blends the noblest heroes with the dust;

From sad Canaan's sons their wealth demands,
The flocks they tended, and their cultur'd lands;

Bids o'er their peaceful domes destruction flame,

And blots with deep dishonour Israel's name.

'The Prince rejoind: By all-creating Heaven

To Abraham's sons these fruitful fields were given.

Whate'er he made, the Maker claims his own;

Gives and resumes, advis'd and rul'd by none.

By him bestow'd, a righteous sword demands
These flocks, these cities, and these promis'd lands;

Yet not 'till crimes, beyond long-suffering great,

Had fill'd their cup, and fix'd their changeless state,

Would Heaven permit our race its gift to claim,

Or seal the glory of th' Almighty name.

In vain mild Mercy hop'd their hearts to gain,

And Patience look'd for penitence in vain.

As rolling streams one course eternal keep,

All rush impetuous down the guilty steep.

'The maid return'd: The nation's foul disgrace,

Stain'd with black guilt, I grant Canaan's race.

But not alike are all from virtue driven;

Some, more than others, claim the sword of Heaven;

Yet undistinguish'd falls the general doom,

The best, the worst, we destine to the tomb.

'Where Hazer's hundred towers majestic rise,

Frown o'er her plains, and dare avenging skies;

In all that elegance of artless charms,

Which prompts mild love, and rival hate alarms;

In that sweet union of serene desires,

Which blows with fragrant breath unmingled fires;

Young, beauteous fair-ones, through her regions known,

Outvie the maid thou lov'st to call thy own.

To these bright virgins chosen Irads bow,

Less wise, less virtuous, and less fair than thou;

But

But crown'd with many a grace ; of thoughts
 refin'd,
 Of pleasing person, and of dauntless mind.
 Shall this blest'd train, so young, so fair, so
 brave,
 Fall with black wretches in a fiery grave ?
 Or round wild regions must they hapless
 roam,
 Exil'd from joy, and forc'd from cheerful
 home ?

To hunger, thirst, and sorrow, sink, and
 pray,
 And breathe, with ling'ring death, their lives
 away.

' Should'st thou, when war to Salem drives
 her course,
 Seize the keen steel, and join the conquering
 force,

While thy bold breast with glory's warmth
 beats high,
 And wreaths well twin'd approach thy ra-
 vish'd eye,

To some lone hamlet loosely wandering
 come,

Where simple swains had built their peaceful
 home,

Where care in silence smoothly pass'd away,
 And home-bred happiness deceiv'd the day ;

Should there sweet, helpless children meet
 thy view,

Fair as young rosebuds look thro' early dew,
 With infant wonder on thine armour gaze,
 And point, with artless hands, the steely
 blaze ;

Say, could thy heart one angry purpose know,
 Or doom such cherubs to a single woe ?

Charm'd by soft smiles, I see thy heart re-
 tire,

And mild compassion breathe a gentler fire ;
 Thy love paternal o'er them kindly yearn,

Prompt pleasing hope, and all their wishes
 learn ;

Thy bounteous hand each needed bliss be-
 stow,

And in the angel lose th' intended foe.

' Yet should dread war o'er these fair re-
 gions fly,

Unnumber'd virgins bright as these must die ;
 To flames unnumber'd babes resign their
 breath,

And ere life blossoms meet untimely death.

' To thee, O Prince ! without a blush I
 own,

Such woes tremendous freeze my heart to
 stone.

Ere Irad's arm such precious lives destroy,
 Let me, far guiltier, cease from every joy ;
 Quick to the dreary grave my form descend,
 Our love all vanish, and our union end.

' The Prince replied : Bless'd gentleness of
 mind !

The grace, the glory of a heart refin'd !

When new-born, helpless beings meet our
 eyes,

In noble minds such thoughts resistless rise :
 Ev'n brutes, when young, our tender wishes
 try,

And love forbids the infant whelp to die.
 Yet oft this kindest impulse of the soul

Bids wild desire in murmur'ing tumults roll,
 And blames the Power, whose love alone
 to earth,

And all earth's drear and dark events gave
 birth.

' In thy pure bosom, angels must ap-
 prove

For sad Canaan's youth this generous love.
 But once as fair, as young, as soft as they,

As white with innocence, with smiles as
 gay,

Were those black throngs, whose crimes as
 mountains rise,

And wipe out pity from th' all-bounteous
 skies.

As eggs innocuous, oft in meadows strew'd,
 Break into asps, and pour the viper's brood,

Nurs'd in rank soils, to strength the reptiles
 grow,

Resound the hiss, the sting of vengeance
 throw,

Uprear the crest, inroll the snaky spire,
 Light the keen eye-ball with terrific fire,

From fields, and forests, death and poison
 gain,

And scatter wide destruction round the
 plain ;

So, harmless once, by vile affections lur'd,
 In guilt and years those babes alike ma-
 tur'd ;

Athirst for sin, all patterns left behind,
 The form all putrid, poison'd all the mind ;

To every crime, to every madness driven,
 Curs'd the sad world, and hiss'd the name of
 Heaven.

There the sot reels, the murderer prowls for
 blood,

There the starv'd orphan sues in vain for
 food ;

For man man burns with Sodom's tainted
 flame,

And the world sickens with incestuous flame.
 Ev'n nature's ties their bosoms bind no more,

Wives wade in nuptial, fires in filial gore ;
 To howling Moloch blooming babes expire,

And mothers round them dance, and light
 the funeral fire.

' Should then these infants to dread man-
 hood rise,

What unheard crimes would smoke thro'
 earth and skies !

What hosts of demons sin's dark realm would
 gain !

How Hell gape hideous round Canaan's
 plain !

M m 2

' This

' This scene of guilt unmeasur'd to prevent,
 Our chosen race Eternal Justice sent,
 At once the bright possession to reclaim,
 And 'gainst its victims point the vengeful flame.
 Thus crimes their due and dire reward shall know;
 Thus God be witness'd sin's unchanging foe;
 From land to land Jehovah's glory shine,
 And fear and homage wait the Name Divine.
 ' But, O unrivall'd maid! the kindest doom
 These babes may destine to an early tomb.
 To manhood risen, their guilt, beyond controul,
 Would blot their names from life's celestial roll;
 Now, in fair climes, their souls, for ever bless'd,
 May bloom in youth, and share immortal rest;
 And hail the boundless grace that snatch'd its foes
 From sins unnumber'd, and from lasting woes.'

The character of Selima is here well supported, and Irad's appeal to Divine gift and commandment is in the spirit of Homer and Virgil's epic poetry. But to murder innocent babes by way of sending them to Heaven, by saving them from the guilt of their future lives, has something in it unspeakably shocking, and is truly nonsensical; for in some degree it may apply to the whole race of men, and is at every point horrible.

Selima's part in the above is our author's principal attempt at the pathetic. We shall now enable our readers to judge of his powers of description. He thus paints the beauties of an evening after a storm. Zimri, one of the Israelitish heroes, is contemplating it:

' To him, deep-pondering, blew the storm
 in vain;
 Scarce heard the peals, or mark'd the battering rain.'

This is rather anti-climax. Our author proceeds:

' Then gentler scenes his rapt attention gain'd,
 Where God's great hand in clear effulgence reign'd;
 The growing beauties of the solemn even,
 And all the bright sublimities of Heaven.
 A love tall western hills, the light of day
 Start for the splendors of his golden ray;
 Bright from the storm, with tenfold grace he smil'd,
 The tumult soft'nd, and the world grew mild.

With pomp transcendent, wash'd in heavenly dyes,
 Arch'd the clear rainbow round the orient skies;
 Its changeless form, its hues of beam divine,
 Fair type of truth and beauty, endless shine;
 Around th' expanse, with thousand splendors rare,
 Gay clouds sail'd wanton through the kindling air;
 From shade to shade unnumber'd tinctures blend,
 Unnumber'd forms of wondrous light extend;
 In pride stupendous, glittering walls aspire,
 Grac'd with bright domes, and crown'd with towers of fire;
 On cliffs, cliffs burn; o'er mountains, mountains roll;
 A burst of glory spreads from pole to pole;
 Rapt with the splendor, every songster sings,
 Tops the high bough, and claps his glittering wings;
 With new-born green reviving nature blooms,
 And sweeter fragrance freshening air perfumes.

' Far south the storm withdrew its troubled reign;
 Descending twilight dimm'd the dusky plain;
 Black night arose; her curtains hid the ground;
 Less roar'd, and less, the thunder's solemn found;
 The bended lightning shot a brighter stream,
 Or wrapp'd all Heaven in one wide mantling flame;
 By turns, o'er plains and woods, and mountains spread
 Faint yellow glimmerings, and a deeper shade.

' From parting clouds the moon out-breaking shone,
 And sat sole empress on her silver throne;
 In clear, full beauty, round all nature smil'd,
 And claim'd o'er heaven and earth dominion mild:

With humbler glory stars her court attend,
 And bless'd, and union'd, silent lustre blend.

' All these bright scenes revolv'd his raptur'd mind,
 With sweet transition Heaven in all divin'd;
 Where round the prospect grandeur, beauty glow'd,
 They shone the grandeur, beauty of a God;
 God look'd through all, as, with resplendence gay,
 They rais'd, and bore him from himself away.'

The above is infinitely inferior to many descriptions of the Evening in our English poets. It is more commonplace, and is wanting in that arrangement

ment which produces the picturesque ; and the two last lines afford a striking instance of that want of perspicuity so often to be met with in our author. By the construction, at first reading, it is God that is *borne away from himself*, but Mr. Dwight certainly meant Zimri.

For the Fourth Book we refer our readers to the Argument cited at p. 83, only giving a few specimens of some of our author's worst manner :

' Brothers on brothers cast a *side-long* eye—'

' Mid the wide concourse great Eleazar shone—'

' And the world *smokes* beneath th' approaching God—'

' Where two *huge* *beatbens* struggling He-
lon led—'

' Where two *fell* *beatbens* bore their hap-
pels prey—'

' On the *flod* heathens stretch'd his ra-
ging course,
O'ertook, and singly drove the gather'd
force :

Three fierce he slew ; the rest, in devious
ways,
Fled o'er the field, and 'scap'd the hero's
chace.

In the Fifth Book the action of the Poem makes very little progress. It opens with a long discourse between Irad and Selima on the creation and state of Man, which has nothing to do with the action ; but it contains one of our author's very best parts, which we are glad to lay before our readers.

' Oft on the flow'r, embosom'd in per-
fume,

Thou seest gay butterflies in beauty blown ;
With curious eye the wond'rous insect scan,
By Heaven ordain'd a three fold type of man.
First from the dapp'ld sprang the shining
form.

And crawl'd to view a hideous, loathsome
worm ;

To creep with toil, his inch-long journey's
curst ;

The ground his mansion, and his food the dust :
To the next plant, his moment o'er, he drew,
And built his tomb, and turn'd to earth anew.
Oft, from the leaf depending, bask thou seen
Their tombs, with gold bedropp'd, and
cloth'd in green ;

There slept th' expectant, 'till the placid
beam

Purg'd his vile dross, and bade his splendors
flame.

Then burst the bonds : at once in glory rise
His form ethereal, and his changing dies ;
Fall on the lucid morn his wings unfold,
Starr'd with strong light, and gay in living
gold ;

Through fields of air at large the wonder flies,
Wafts on the beams, and mounts th' ex-
panded skies ;

O'er flowery beauties plumes of triumph
waves,

Imbibes their fragrance, and their charms
out-braves ;

The birds his kindred, Heaven his mansion,
claims,

And shines and wantons in the noon-day
flames.

' So man, poor worm ! the nursing of a
day !

Springs from the dust, and dwells in humble
clay ;

Around his little mole hill doom'd to creep,
To drag life's load, and end his toil with
sleep.

In silence to the grave his form descends,
And waits the trump that time and nature
ends :

There strength imbibes, the beam of Hea-
ven to bear ;

There learns, refin'd, to breathe its fragrant
air ;

Of life the bloom, of youth the splendor,
gains,

And, cloth'd in beauty, hopes empyreal
plains.

Then wing'd with light, the deathless man
shall rise,

Sail thro' yon stars, and soar from skies to
skies ;

See Heavens o'er Heavens beneath him les-
sening roll,

And feel the Godhead warm his changing
soul ;

From beauty's fount inhale th' immortal ray,
And grow from light to light in cloudless
day ;

'Mid Morn's fair legions, crown'd with
grace, be known,

The peer of angels, and of God the son.'

But this idea is old. The ancients
gave the butterfly as the symbol of the
soul.

The Sixth Book contains a great deal
of bustle and killing, and little or no
progress of epic action. See the *Argu-
ment of it in our list*.

The Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth Books
are in the strain of the Sixth : a great deal
of bustle and killing, and little gradation
towards a general catastrophe. The
death of Irad, a favourite hero, and the
grief and lamentation of Selima, are af-
fecting.

The Tenth Book, which contains 1112 lines, is wholly employed in a vision shewed to Joshua by an angel. This consists of scriptural history, down to the preaching of the apostles; to which our author adds that of their successors, prospect of *America*, slavery of the eastern continent, and glory of the western millennium, &c. (*See the Argument in our last.*) Our author's high and enthusiastic ideas of what *America* is to be, cannot fail of being a curiosity to our readers.

'Far o'er yon azure main thy view extend,
Where seas and skies in blue confusion
blend,
Lo, there a mighty realm, by Heaven design'd
The last retreat for poor oppress'd mankind!
Form'd with that pomp which marks the
Hand Divine,
And clothes yon vault where worlds unnumber'd shine,
Here spacious plains in solemn grandeur
spread;
Here cloudly forests cast eternal shade
Rich vallies wind, the sky tall mountains
brave,
And inland seas for commerce spreads the
wave;
With nobler floods the sea-like rivers roll,
And fairer lustrous purples round the pole.
Here, warm'd by happy suns, gay mines
unfold
The useful iron, and the lasting gold
Pure, changing gems in silence learn to
glow,
And mock the splendors of the covenant
bow;
On countless hills, by savage footsteps trod,
That smile to see the future harvest nod,
In glad succession plants unnumber'd bloom,
And flowers unnumber'd breathe a rich perfume.

Hence life once more a length of days shall
claim,
And Health, reviving, light her purple
flame.

'Far from all realms this world imperial
lies;

Seas roll between, and threatening storms
arise;

Alike unmov'd beyond ambition's pale,
And the bold pinions of the venturous sail;
Till circling years the destin'd period bring,
And a new Moses lifts the daring wing,
Through trackless seas an unknown flight ex-
plores,

And hails a new Canaan's promis'd shores.

'On yon far strand, behold that little train
Ascending, venturous, o'er th' unmeasur'd
main.

No dangers fright; no ills the course delay;
'Tis virtue prompts, and God directs the
way.

* Speed, speed, ye Sons of Truth! let Heaven
befriend,

Let angels waft you, and let peace attend!
O smile, thou sky serene! ye storms retire!
And airs of Eden every sail inspire!
Swift o'er the main behold the canvas fly,
And fade, and fade, beneath the farthest
sky.

See verdant fields the changing waste unfold;
See sudden harvests dress the plains in gold;
In lofty walls the moving rocks ascend,
And dancing woods to spires and temples
bend!

'Mean time, expanding o'er earth's distant
ends,

Lo, Slavery's gloom in sable pomp descends!
Far round each Eastern clime her volumes
roll,

And pour, deep shading, to the sadden'd pole.
How the world droops beneath the fearful
blast,

The plains all wither'd, and the skies o'er-
cast!

From

* *Speed, speed, ye Sons of Truth.*—Mr. Dwight in a note informs us, that this alludes to "the settlement of North America by the English, for the enjoyment of religion." But other motives peopled many parts of it. That which chiefly may claim Mr. Dwight's compliment, is New England, and its capital, Boston. That they left England that they might enjoy their own mode of worship is true, and no people were ever more clamorous against restrictions on the conscience than they were. But that was when they themselves were the objects of it. For no sooner had they formed their religious and civil establishments at Boston, than they most cruelly persecuted the poor inoffensive Quakers, hanging many of them for the sole crime of their own claim, the liberty to worship God according to their conscience. The absurdity, glaring injustice, and horrid cruelty of this persecution, are a deep disgrace to human nature. It was at last stopped by Charles II. But the apprehensive Quakers betook themselves to Rhode Island, and first peopled it. Nor were the internal religious dissensions of the Boston saints much less dishonourable, in imprisoning, fining, and banishing their once most popular preachers, just as religious fury impelled the gross and obstinate multitude. Such were Mr. Dwight's *Sons of Truth*. But it is the duty of every good man, when proper occasion offers, to execrate the memory of such obnoxious zealots.

From realm to realm extends the general
groan,
The fainting body stupifies to stone!
Benumb'd, and fix'd, the palsied soul ex-
pires,
Blank'd all its views, and quench'd its living
fires;
In clouds of boundless shade the scenes de-
cay;
Land after land departs, and nature fades a-
way.

‘ In that dread hour, beneath auspicious
skies,

To nobler bliss yon western world shall rise.
Unlike all former realms, by war that stood,
And saw the guilty throne ascend in blood,

* Here union'd choice shall form a rule di-
vine;

Here countless lands in one great system join,
The sway of law unbroke, unrivall'd grow,
And bid her blessings every land o'erflow.

‘ In fertile plains behold the tree ascend,
Fair leaves unfold, and spreading branches
bend!

The fierce, invading storm secure they brave,
And the strong influence of the creeping
wave;

In heavenly gales with endless verdure rise,
Wave her broad fields, and fade in friendly
skies.

There safe from driving rains, and battering
hail,

And the keen fury of the wintry gale,
Fresh spring the plants; the flowery millions
bloom,

All ether gladdening with a choice perfume;
Their hastening pinions birds unnumber'd
spread,

And dance, and wanton in th' aerial shade.

‘ Here empire's last, and brightest throne
shall rise,

And peace, and right, and freedom, greet
the skies;

To morn's far realms her ships commercing
sail,

Or lift their canvas to the evening gale;

In wisdom's walks her sons ambitious soar,
Tread stary fields, and untried scenes ex-
plore.

And hark what strange, what solemn breath-
ing strain

Swells wildly murmuring, o'er the far, far
main!

Down time's long, lessening vale the notes
decay,

And, lost in distant ages, roll away.'

The description of the *western* Mil-
lennium is, like Pope's Messiah, a para-
phrase on several passages of Isaiah, and
contains some of our author's smoothest
and best versification. We cannot say
so much for his description of the resur-
rection, general judgment, and prospect
of heaven, with which he winds up
this Book.

The Eleventh and last Book is greatly
superior, in the description of the battles,
to our author's other attempts in that
way. In his last Book Virgil has col-
lected all his force, and his fire increases
in just gradation to the catastrophe. Mr.
Dwight, in like manner, has summoned up
all his powers in his Eleventh and last
Book, which, in point of gradation and
interest, rises most properly over the fore-
going Ten.

As this epic poem is hitherto hardly
known in England, as it is in itself a no-
velty, and has merit which claims no-
tice, we have been the more particular in
our account of it, and ample in our ex-
tracts. We shall now sum up our cen-
sures and commendations of it.

Long before it was written, the sub-
ject was severely condemned by Lord
Shaftsbury.

“ It would be in vain, says his Lord-
ship, for any poet or ingenious author to
form his characters after the models of
our sacred penmen. And whatever cer-
tain criticks may have advanced concern-
ing the structure of a heroic poem of
this

* *Here union'd choice*—Mr. Dwight is always very sanguine when he talks of America.
But much better political philosophers than he seems to be, are afraid that the time when
America's

—— union'd choice shall form a rule divine——

and her

—— countless bands in one great system join——

is at an immense distance.

Nor can we pass over uncensured the illiberal spirit which breathes through the paragraph
immediately preceding. It is not enough, it seems, that America must be complimented as
a second Paradise, the land of *Millennium*, but, to strengthen the contrast, the great
Eastern Continent, and its islands, must be doomed by our bard to the most deplorable fla-
very and misery. But all this will come to pass, we suppose, when the prophecy
of America's *union'd choice joining in one great system, and forming a rule divine*, shall be
fulfilled.

this kind, I will be bold to prophesy, that the success will never be answerable to expectation.

"It must be owned, that in our sacred history we have both leaders, conquerors, founders of nations, deliverers and patriots, who, even in a human sense, are no way behind the chief of those so much celebrated by the ancients. There is nothing in the story of *Æneas* which is not exceeded by a *JOSHUA* or a *Moses*. But as illustrious as are the acts of these sacred chiefs, 'twould be hard to copy them in just heroic, 'twould be hard to give to many of 'em that grateful air, which is necessary to render 'em naturally pleasing to mankind, according to the idea men are universally found to have of heroism and generosity.

"Notwithstanding the pious endeavours which, as devout christians, we may have used in order to separate ourselves from the interests of mere heathens and infidels; notwithstanding the true pains we may have taken to arm our hearts in behalf of a chosen people against their neighbouring nations, of a false religion and worship; there will be still found such a partiality remaining in us towards creatures of the same make and figure with ourselves, as will hinder us from viewing with satisfaction the punishments inflicted by human hands on such aliens and idolaters.

"In mere poetry, and the pieces of wit and literature, there is a liberty of thought and easiness of humour indulged to us, in which perhaps we are not so well able to contemplate the divine judgments, and see clearly into the justice of those ways, which are declared to be so far from our ways, and above our highest thoughts and understandings. In such a situation of mind, we can hardly endure to see heathen treated as heathen, and the faithful made the executioners of the Divine wrath. There is a certain perverse humanity in us which inwardly resists the Divine commission, though ever so plainly revealed. The wit of the best poet is not sufficient to reconcile us to the campaign of a *JOSHUA*, or the retreat of a *Moses* by the assistance of an Egyptian loan. Nor will it be possible by the Muses art, to make that royal hero appear amiable in human eyes, who found such favour in the eyes of Heaven. Such are mere human hearts, that they can hardly find the least sympathy with that only one which had the character of being after the pattern of the Almighty's."

This, however, is but shallow criticism,

and equally militates against Virgil's subject. The treachery of *Eneas* to *Dido*, and his invasion of, and naturally unjust war in Latium, all commanded by Divine authority and the Fates, place Virgil exactly under his Lordship's censure; which in reality is only one of his *flings* at Revelation. But indeed, little regard is due to the judgment of an author, who long after Shakespeare and Milton had written, and while Dryden was quite regent, could have the weakness to say, that "the English Muses were as yet only *lying* in their cradles."—If they were then only *lying*, when may we expect them to get out of their *cradles*, and speak plain?

But, however we condemn the partial bias of his Lordship's censure, we cannot altogether cordially approve of Mr. Dwight's choice of subject; though, no doubt, his shadowing the late American war under it, will give it interest on that continent.

In his versification, Mr. Dwight, on the whole, is far from being unhappy, though in energy he is often deficient, and almost always wanting in that variety of construction which constitutes imitative harmony, and is so pleasing in some of our best poets. Though we do not mean to say that Mr. Dwight is entirely destitute of variety, or a few not unhappy attempts at imitative harmony, there are so thinly scattered, that his versification may justly be accused, for the far greatest part, of monotony.

A strongly marked variety with peculiarity of characters, as in Homer and Tasso, is not to be found in our author. That of Haniel, who opposes Joshua, and advises at every opportunity the return to Egypt, is by much the best drawn of any in our author.

In the conduct of his fable, he often falls into egregious faults. His theological excrescences are often unpleasant, (witness Israel's defence of the slaughter of infants, already cited) and always tedious. The death of every hero of note in Homer and Virgil, has an evident tendency to the production of the catastrophe. But Mr. Dwight kills his heroes most unmercifully, without any such necessary tendency; and we have already observed, that in conducting his fable a proper gradation is often much wanted.

Mr. Dwight has certainly a happy talent at description; but it is still in its puerility, and wants much cultivation and correction. His pictures are ill grouped, and repetitions of the same imagery often

often occur in the same description, by which he often falls into the anti-climax, and want of perspicuity, that *sine qua non* in classical poetry. We are often obliged to read many passages in our author twice over, ere we can catch his exact meaning; and the pleasure inspired by poetry is always lost in such drudgery.

Invention we can hardly discover. We cannot conceive that original genius or the powers of invention are necessary to form such a fable as Mr. Dwight's; tho' in his execution some parts display true poetical imagination. In this, the dream of Irad in the night before he is slain, in the beginning of the Seventh Book, and the burning of the forest which separates the combatants, at the end of the same, are particularly happy; though

even in these we are tired with repetitions of the same imagery.

Mr. Dwight informs us in his motto, (see page 81.) and his poem evinces that he is a young man. As he is undoubtedly possessed of poetical powers much above mediocrity, it may justly be hoped, that experience and cultivation will one day render him truly classical. At present his work is a promising blossom of polite literature sprung up on the American continent, and as citizens of the world we rejoice to see it, and sincerely hope that Mr. Dwight will improve by our strictures. He may be assured, that had we not thought his Muse capable of improvement, we would by no means have been so particular, or paid her the attentions we have done.

A Sermon preached on the 22d of August 1787, at the Ordination of the Rev. John Love, Minister of the Gospel at Crispin-Street, Spitalfields. By the Rev. Thomas Rutledge. To which is added, The Charge. By the Rev. William Smith, A. M. 8vo. 1s. Elliot. 1787.

A Very sensible, moderate, and pious discourse, which has afforded us great pleasure, and we hope profit in the perusal. The author's modesty and candour appear so strongly in his Dedication to the congregation, at whose desire it was published, that they would disarm us at once, if we were even disposed to attack him. His words are, "I am sensible of having advanced little new, perhaps nothing but what has been previously said on the subject: and as to the language with which it is clothed, I can only say, I hope it is perspicuous and scriptural. Upon reviewing this discourse, I find many defects which might have been supplied,

and many inaccuracies which might have been rectified: but as the doing so would have made it, in some measure, different from that which was delivered to the auditors, and which you desired to be printed, I have omitted such otherwise necessary additions and amendments; humbly hoping that you, and others into whose hands it may fall, will view this my first publication with candour and indulgence; and examine it more with the spirit of Christian benevolence, than that of strict criticism."

We take leave to recommend this discourse very strongly.

Bibliotheca Legum Angliæ; in two small Volumes. Price 6s. bound. Brooke.

THE FIRST PART of this article consists of a republication of a useful compendium, which has been long in the hands of the gentlemen of the profession of the law, having been found of approved assistance in their studies, by furnishing information of all the publications that have been written on the laws of England, and a valuable guide in their purchases, by noticing the several editions and usual prices of the books in this science. The present publication is improved with the addition of the new publications that have appeared within the last six years, and of others which had before escaped notice, and the advantage of a new and more methodical arrangement, into which the numerous

articles of which this catalogue now consists is distributed; forming a more convenient reference to information on the several branches of law, as also a progressive view of the treatises upon many of the most important subjects of our law and constitution. The SECOND PART contains a general account of the laws and law-writers of England, from the earliest times to the reign of Edward III. as also of the public records and authentic law manuscripts, and of the statutes; the several collections and editions of them, with remarks thereupon; of the reports, or collections of the adjudged cases in the courts of law and equity; concluding with an account of the principal publications on the law and

constitution, which have been published during the present reign. The latter part of this publication is compiled principally from the works of Lord Coke, Mr. Selden, Lord Hale, Bishop Nicholson, and the other later writers who have assisted the student in forming an acquaintance with the more early part of our written laws. The mention here made of those sources of information and authority which more immediately claim the attention of the modern lawyer, is chiefly

collected from the report and information of the more intelligent part of the profession, with whose communications the compiler has been favoured in the course of his occupation, and in particular of this undertaking; which being intended to promote and facilitate the study of the law, he expresses his hopes that it will meet an indulgent reception from the experienced liberality of that honourable profession.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

MARCH 29.

A New Tragedy, entitled *The REGENT*, by Bertie Greatheed, Esq. was performed at Drury-Lane.

The principal characters are as follow:

Manuel, the Regent,	Mr. Kemble.
Ansaldo, — — —	Barrymore.
Gomez, — — —	Wroughton.
Salerno, — — —	Aickin.
Gerbin, — — —	Packer.
Pedro, — — —	Bates.
Carlos, — — —	A Little Boy.
Dianora, — — —	Mrs. Siddons.
Paula, — — —	Ward.

The scene is laid in Spain, and the incidents, of which the greater part are feigned, are supposed to have passed in the thirteenth century.

A Prince of ancient Catalonia leaves his dominions to the care of a friend, who orders him to be murdered on his journey, and aims at the possession of his widow and throne. But the Prince escapes, returns in disguise, and punishes the traitor.

The general moral of the play deserves commendation. Many of the sentiments are generous and glowing; they are however frequently borrowed from other writers, and those familiar to all dramatick readers.

The play was received with great applause; but since the second night the run of it has been interrupted by the illness of Mrs. Siddons.

The following Prologue and Epilogue, the former of which was spoken by Mr. Wroughton, and the latter by Mrs. Siddons, were written by Mr. Williams and Mrs. Piozzi.

P R O L O G U E.

YOUR Ears, accusom'd to the *Grecian*
Lyre,

To Spartan Virtue, and to Patriot Fire;
Some change of *Instrument* may now approve;
(New modulations may new passions move.)
And here's a *Stranger* now behind the Scene,
Who plays upon the Spanish MANDOLINE.
A SPANISH TALE he sings of GOTHIC AGES,
Such as you'd hunt for in *black-letter* pages.

He's quite prepar'd—"Well—shall I call him in?"

"Shall he strike up?"—But hold—ere I begin,

'Tis fit, (to wills *our* Custom and *his* Fears,) That I bespeak kind hearts, and patient ears.

You, LADIES, first, whose eyes so oft o'erflow

With *Pity's* tribute to fictitious Woe,

Once more in tears, like those which Angels weep,

Our author hopes those lovely cheeks to steep!

Most grave and potent CRITICS by profession!

Who claim Parnassus for your own possession;
Who, Lord o' th' Manor, holding here your court,

Grant or refuse your *Licences to sport*;

Most sapient Doctors of th' Athenian school!

Who laugh by *Precedent*, and weep by *Rule*;

Elastic *Youtbs*! well-girth'd above the hips,

Who hear the sad words issuing from our lips,

With eyes devoutly lifted—to the *Slips*!

Oh! you that cloud above—around—beneath,

To pick a quarrel, or to—pick your teeth;

Oh! you who hither come (if any come),

To pick up—something worth your taking home—

Give ear, whilst I with solemn truth impart,
What much concerns your Judgment and our Art.

I've found (and where I found it *there* may you)

A Law to judge by, simple, plain, and true:
In NATURE'S ANCIENT CODE—Chapter—

THE HEART;

Of Section—SYMPATHY—the *former part*,

'Tis written thus—"All you who seek the Stage,

"Your minds to model, and your cares afflige,

"Stare not around with imitative gaze,

"To catch the Censure, or to mock the Praise;

"If you're displeas'd, first ask yourselves this question—
"Am I quite free from spleen and indigestion?"
 "If chance you're pleas'd, then lift not up your head,
 "To think if SOPHOCLES *would thus have said:*
 "Shall SOPHOCLES, or any other SOPH—
 "Shall sage LONGINUS bid you cry, "*Off, Off?*"
 "Trust your own hearts; to their free pulse appeal;
 "Claim LIBERTY IN SENSE; and DARE TO FEEL!
 "Let who will censure, or let who will write,
 "NATURE and NOVELTY must still delight;
 "Throughout the Drama, then, be *this* your cue—
 "If mov'd—'tis NATURE; if surpris'd—'tis NEW!"

EPILOGUE.

THE DUKE restor'd, and the false RE-
 GENT kill'd;
 Let me with care explore this well-fought field:
 If yet the doubtful vict'ry we may boast;
 "Speak ye, who best can tell"—is 't won or lost?
 On YONDER HILL have no fresh troops been laid?
 Or in THIS VALLEY--no dark ambuscade?
 BRITONS FIGHT FAIR, we know—
 then "who's afraid?"
 Unskill'd in Modern Tactics, rule, and line—
 The floating engine, and the insidious mine,
 Our Bard disdains; with antiquated art,
 He drives his battering ram *full at your heart*.
 In no false colours trickt, we count your praise,
 His rustic Musé can't breathe *in tight-lac'd Stays*;
 Caverns and castles she delights to tread,
 Grief swells her bosom, Fear distracts her head;
 Till visionary Champions round her rise,
 Who force weak barriers, and slight bonds despise!
 Oh! then no more, when Freedom's Sons have plan'd
 Blissful release for each far distant land;
 While LIBERTY, on gelid breezes borne,
 Now fans the fainting Savage, once her scorn:
 Let not four Critics still heap chains on *Wit*,
 And POETRY to prejudice submit.
 Rather, extending wide the new Convention,
 I'd have STAGE COMMERCE catch our State's attention;
 Then not unmindful of Old England's Charter,
 Some sterling stuff we'll find, to bring as barter!

In change for CONGREVE's Wit, let France prepare
 To yield polite DES TOUCHES, and gay MOLIERE:
 And think themselves too happy to have caught her,
 If for their *Cid*—we truck our *Grecian Daughter*.
 While SHAKESPEARE's Tombo'erlooks the plain below,
 Where AVON's consecrated waters flow;
 So long, so clear, BRITANNIA's Fame shall last,
 For strength of Nature and for truth of Taste!
 Warm'd, yet unscorch'd by *Phœbus'* friendly ray,
 Verdant our Meads, unfading is our Bay!
 Nor shall this PRIMROSE I present to-night,
 Pluck'd from fair Avon's brink—though PALE WITH FRIGHT,
 Be deem'd inferior to a GALLICK LAUREL,
 If, Ladies, you'll assert your Country's Quarrel.

APRIL 7. Madame Mara appeared the first time on the stage of the English Theatre at Drury Lane, for the benefit of Mr. Kelly, in Mandane, in Artaxerxes; and manifested that superiority of her vocal talents over every other performer, which has been so generally admitted.

8. *The Ton; or, Follies of Fashion*, a Comedy, by Lady Wallace, was acted the first time at Covent-Garden. The characters are as follow:

Capt. Daffodil,	-	Mr. Lewis.
Lord Bon Ton,	-	Wewitzer.
Lord Raimond,	-	Farren.
Lord Ormond,	-	Pope.
Villiers,	-	Aickin.
Capt. M'Pharaoh,	-	Johnstone.
Pink,	-	Bernard.
Steward,	-	Fearon.
Lady Bon Ton,	-	Mrs. Mattock.
Lady Clairville,	-	Miss Brunton.
Clara,	-	Mrs. Wells.
Mrs. Tender,	-	Mrs. Bernard.
Mademoiselle,	-	Mrs. Morton, and
Lady Raimond,	-	Mrs. Pope.

This Comedy, the production of a Muse of Quality, is deficient in plot, situation, character, and business; and though supported by a party who evidently came to applaud in all events, yet met with so much opposition, as to oblige the Manager to abandon it after the third night. Lady Wallace appears, however, to possess considerable talents, though not calculated for the Theatre. In the course of the piece, there were many happy turns of wit, and some points of satire properly directed. The general intention of the play was good, and the actors, though many

many of them shamefully imperfect, would very evidently have done justice to the performance, had it met with the approbation of the audience.

The following Prologue, written by Mr. Jekyll, was spoken by Mr. Farren; and the Epilogue, written by Capt. Morris and Capt. Topham, was delivered by Mrs. Wells.

P R O L O G U E.

WHILE REFORMATION lifts her tardy hand,
To scourge at length transgression from the land;

And dormant Statutes, rous'd by Proclamation,
Affright the petty Sinners of the Nation,
Who shall presume the Rule of Right to draw,
For those who *make, enforce, and break the Law?*

The Country Justice, with terrific frown,
May fear a district or appal a town;
May hurl dire vengeance on a guilty elf
Who dares to do—*just what he does himself*;
But who shall rule the JUSTICE?—Who shall dare

To tell his Worship, that He must not swear?
Drive him to Church, prohibit his diversions,
Or fine him well, for Sabbath-Days excursions?

In London, happily our zeal's more warm:
Here live the great Examples of Reform;
With pure dissent rest each devoutly labors
To mend—if not himself, at least his neighbours.

No secret canker now corrupts the State;
The name of Vice is lost among the Great.
The Virtues—in St. James's-street that dwell,

Spread thro' the Square, and all along Pall-Mall,

Are such!—'tis quite impossible to tell.

However, with great search and studious care,

A Female Bard has glean'd some Follies there.
Bred among those, who would not fear to own 'em,

Had there been Vices there, she must have known 'em:

Some trifling faults, perhaps, as *Drinking, Gaming,*

Pride, and the like, may want a little shaming;
'Gainst these she aims; in aid of Law to use
The supplemental functions of the Muse:

Assist, ye Fair, she fights for You and Virtue:
Ye GREAT, support her, for she cannot hurt you;

Ye Rich—ye Poor,—above—below the Laws,

Applaud her, and promote the common cause:
And if there live who still disgrace the age,
Bid them revere the Vengeance of the STAGE.

E P I L O G U E.

IS the Storm over? is the Thunder past?
And shall the EPILOGUE be heard at last?

'Tis our last word; a word, you know, of old,
That's always ready, when you rave or scold.

But where beseech—where best bestow my breath?

[To the Pitt.]

I can't press you, already pressed to death—
No, there's no room your anger to bewitch;
You can't be mov'd, you're screw'd to such a pitch.

Methinks I hear some prompting Spirit cry,
"Look up in your distress; *Hope* lives on high!"

Shall I there find her? Sure you won't suppress

Your noblest power, *ye Gods!* your power to bless.

[To the Boxes.]

For you, fair Nymphs, who melt in approbation,

This Play, I trust, you'll call, a RELAXATION;
And sure our author's gallant thirst of Fame
Deserves, from polish'd hearts, a shelter'd name.

"For brave it was, thus fairly, on the Stage,
"To meet the Coxcombs' and the Gamblers' rage;

"Fearless in Virtue's cause to draw her pen;

"And prove what *Women* dare, against you men."

Now for myself, some pity I should wake—
Unskill'd, unpractis'd in the task I take:

Here, where the powers of finish'd Speakers shine,

How silly was it to make choice of mine;
Of me! a Weed; unknown to Rhetrick's flowers;

A simple COWSLIP, in these fragrant bowers!

What can I do, but rest my hopeless aims
On Imitative Arts, and borrow'd Names;

Call to your eyes delights you oft have felt,
And try with copy'd charms to please and melt?

[Here was introduced the Imitation of the ISABELLA.]

"Thus some young Artist, fearful of each Stricture,

"With diffidence first ventures on a Picture;
"More than content, if he escape from blame:—

"Your PRAISE may give the Portraiture a name,

"And fix, if just, its Character and Fame!

[The Lines in the Inverted Commas were added by CAPTAIN TOPHAM.]

14. 'Tis an Ill Wind Blows Nobody Good;
or, The Road to Odium, a Farce, was acted at Drury-Lane, for the benefit of Mr. Baddeley. The actor for whom this piece was performed, very prudently availed himself of the present attention to boxing; and produced the present Farce, which probably answered his purpose. It had but little merit, and received as much applause as it deserved.

ACCOUNT of the TRIAL of WARREN HASTINGS, Esq. (late GOVERNOR-GENERAL of BENGAL), before the HIGH COURT of PARLIAMENT, for HIGH CRIMES and MISDEMEANORS.

(Continued from page 207.)

TWELFTH DAY.

THURSDAY, APRIL 10.

ABOUT half after twelve o'clock the Court met, and being opened with the usual solemnities, and the prisoner brought to the bar,

The Lord Chancellor informed the Hon. the Managers for the House of Commons, that he was directed by their Lordships to inform them, that "when a witness, produced and examined, disclaimed all knowledge of any matter so interrogated, it is not competent for the Managers to pursue such examination by proposing a question, containing the particulars of an answer supposed to have been made by such witness in any other place, and demanding of him whether the particulars so suggested were not the answer he had made." Therefore he informed the Managers, that the last question put to Mr. Benn was incompetent.

Mr. Fox requested that they might be permitted to withdraw, and accordingly the Managers withdrew for some time.

On their return Mr. Fox addressed the Court in a short speech, of which the following is the purport:

The Hon. Gentleman said, it was with great concern that he had to inform their Lordships, that the Managers could not acquiesce in the resolution which the noble and learned Lord had communicated to them, without expressing their direct and positive dissent from the principle upon which it was made. Bound as they were to prosecute the charges exhibited against Warren Hastings with vigour, they should in consequence of this resolution have felt it their duty to return to the House of Commons, and refer the decision to them; but that solicitous as they were of prosecuting the charges with dispatch as well as vigour, they had resolved for the time to acquiesce, but to acquiesce under a solemn protest, which he now made. In acquiescing, however, they begged leave to say, that they should maintain their claim to submit the same sort of question, if in the further prosecution of the charges it should be found necessary to the consideration of their Lordships, and they should also submit it to their deliberation in another way. They felt it to be of the most serious importance, not so much on account of the particular question on which the resolution had been made, as it might apply equally to

other questions of more interest, and they did not know but that such restraint might seriously affect the course of public justice. It was to be observed, that trial by impeachment must necessarily in its nature be directed only against men of considerable rank and influence; and it was therefore to be expected that the witnesses to be examined would be involuntary witnesses—men who had either been accomplices in the crimes, or who owed gratitude to the prisoner, and that it would require all the powers of the Court to extract the truth, which it was the common wish and duty both of the prosecutors and the Court to obtain. Men of great consideration, when under trial, would naturally possess proportionate influence—the influence both of intimidation and of hope—and, what was still more likely to be the case, the influence of gratitude. This was particularly applicable to the present trial. The prisoner, by the nature of his situation, had necessarily attached to his interests many whom he had protected by his power, and raised to opulence by his favour. Many persons were involved in the crimes with which he stood charged by the House of Commons, and who, by their situations, were the best able to give information; and therefore, in the examination of all such persons, it became essential to the ends of public justice, that questions of the nature of that upon which the resolution had been made should be countenanced.—They acquiesced the more readily for the time in the decision, from the confidence which they had in their Lordships love of and zeal for justice, that when they came to reflect that such questions were indispensable, they would be countenanced by that High Court. They were more ready also to acquiesce, because, though by their resolution it might be denied to the Managers for the Commons to put such questions, a right, however, which they would never give up, they were sensible that it could not possibly be denied to the prisoner, or to the Council for the prisoner, to put such questions if they should think them necessary; and because they knew also, that it must be in the power of the Court, whose duty and whose anxious wish they knew it must be to search for the truth of every part of the body of matter brought before them in the charges, to ask such questions as occurred to them to be necessary of this kind.

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For these reasons, and also from an earnest desire of proceeding with all possible dispatch and vigour, they had resolved to submit for the moment, that the question of right should be waved; at the same time they could not help expressing their surprize, that their Lordships, who in the outset had declared that in this High Court they were to be directed and governed by the forms and practice of the Courts below, should in this particular instance think it necessary or expedient to depart from the known, constant, and uniform practice of every inferior Court of Law in the kingdom.

On this Mr. Benn was called again to the Bar, on his further examination.

MR. BENN.

Examined by Mr. Fox.

Mr. Benn stated, that he had not seen his deposition since he gave it in the House of Commons; that he wished to be indulged with a sight of it, to refresh his memory.—This was permitted to him.—He then went into comments and explanations of it. He said, his communications with the Rajah were not official: that, of course, the Rajah never complained to him of ill-treatment. That he was only assistant to the Resident of Benares, appointed in January 1781. That the confinement of Durbejah Sing was in two ways:—first, the guard was placed at the outside of the garden; secondly, on the inside, and some in the house; but that he sustained no other hardship, than in being for two days *deprived of his books*, viz. *smoking*. Did not know whether his confinement came from Government at large, or the Governor-General. That his papers were seized—his jaghire sequestered. That it was generally understood there was a deficiency in his accounts; and that Culbully Ben, a farmer, had paid him monies, for which he had not accounted.

Mr. BURKE here took up the examination.

That the country of Benares paid as much as it could well afford to Government; that it would not “take care of itself,” as Mr. Burke demanded, but required some attention. That the article of Saltpetre, in that country, was of the nature of a Royalty in this, and was generally in the hands of some great Zemindar. That the Opium produced about 470 cheffis in a year.

Mr. Burke attempted to deduce from his examination, that the resources of the country were not equal to the sum demanded annually.

Cross-examined by Mr. LAW.

That the great resource of the country was

—ITS RELIGION: that a number of Pilgrims came there, and expended large sums in travelling and gifts. To these the Saltpetre and Opium were to be added. And concluded by saying, that the money, 2080 lacks of rupees, awarded to Government by Aly Ebraim Cawn, was never paid. That another improvement had been proposed by Mr. Hastings—the cultivation of sugar—which it was proved grew there with success.

Mr. Adam then rose, to produce some written evidence:—“Country Correspondence, and Minutes of the Secret Committee:”—and secret indeed they were, as they consisted of one continued string of Indian names, whose sounds occasionally excited the wonder of many of the ladies. They were read with great perseverance and astonishing gravity by the Clerk.

These being finished, the last evidence in support of the charge was called in.

Colonel GARDNER.

Examined by Mr. GREY.

He deposed, that he knew the country of Benares perfectly. That property was well protected there. One only instance of cruelty he knew—that of a Cadet being wounded by the people of the country. That he had played at Chefs with Cheyt Sing, and walked with him in his garden, but never saw any violence in his temper. That he thought Mr. Hastings might have been cut off, had the Rajah wished it. That when Cheyt Sing was arrested, the insurrection seemed of the instant, and not premeditated. Thought that money might have been obtained from him without bloodshed. That an indirect application had been made to Mr. Markham, who wondered “how intercession could be made for a murderer.” Observed no personal animosity on the part of Mr. Hastings against him; but thought he was thus suddenly arrested, for carrying on a Secret Correspondence with the enemy. That arresting was certainly an insult, as it was in all countries; and imagined it might have been done without.

Cross-examined by Mr. PLUMMER.

Thought much of the violence proceeded from Cheyt Sing's brother, Sujah Sing, who commanded almost entirely;—a man of much violence of disposition.—This evidence was finished by being asked—that as he had declared his opinion of many persons in the course of his evidence—What his opinion was of Mr. Hastings? To which he replied, That a more *amiable private character* he had never known, than that

that borne by Mr. Hastings; and it was so universally acknowledged*.

THIRTEENTH DAY.

FRIDAY, APRIL 11.

This day the Court being assembled, Mr. Anstruther began to sum up the whole of the evidence on the first charge. He entered very fully, in a speech of three hours and a half in length, into the history of the transactions between Mr. Hastings and the Rajah of Benares; but unless we were at liberty to follow him through the whole of the detail, it would be impossible for us to convey any idea of the happiness with which he elucidated the whole of this complicated business. From the first supposed PERSONAL affront offered to Mr. Hastings by the Rajah, to the exile of that unfortunate Prince, and the confinement and death of Doorgbidjee Sing, he was highly luminous and impressive. In adverting to the rights of Bulwant Sing, and his son Cheyt Sing, as discriminated by the Governor-General, Mr. Anstruther was peculiarly happy. The former was a Zemindar, according to Mr. Hastings, because he paid tribute:—this had been made by that gentleman the specific distinction between a Zemindar, or landholder, and an Aumeel, or collector; yet when his indignation was roused against Cheyt Sing, his payment of tribute was the very reason assigned why he should not be regarded as a Zemindar!

Mr. Anstruther then took notice of the different arguments which had fallen from the advocates of Mr. Hastings, in reply to the particulars of this charge. It had been urged, that the whole of his conduct in India, though repugnant, perhaps, to particular statutes, was strictly consonant to the uniform practice in Asia. "Would it have been borne," asked Mr. Anstruther, "in the ROMAN government, even at its most degenerate period, in a Provincial Governor, on his trial for oppression, to have protested against that system of jurisprudence which he had violated—to have exclaimed, 'Try me not by your mild institutes—try me not by the code of Justinian—for these accord not with the system I have pursued;—try me, on the contrary, by the practices of a Nero and a Caligula, and by those shall my journal of desolation

"be fully justified."—Yet this was precisely held forth by Mr. Hastings—"Try me not," said he, "by the British laws; subject me not to the code of Asiatic justice; but try me by the practices of Cossim Ali Cawn and Aliverdi Cawn, for their perfidy of oppression will find an ample store of precedent!"

He concluded by assuring their Lordships, that no pains had been spared by the Committee to bring forward those parts only of the evidence on this charge, which went directly to prove those facts on which the charge had been originally founded.

Mr. Benn and Colonel Gardner were then called in, and asked a few questions by the Earl of Suffolk, respecting chiefly the first insults offered to the Rajah of Benares, at the time of his arrest, and the treatment of Doorgbidjee Sing during the time of his imprisonment. To a question, "Whether, according to the customs of the nation, it was not a severe insult to deprive Doorgbidjee whilst confined of his *boucca*, or tobacco-pipe?" Mr. Benn replied, "That it was not more than taking from an English gentleman his *snuff-box*."

Mr. Burke then said, that before the business was finally submitted to the justice of their Lordships, he found it necessary to trouble their Lordships with a few words on the nature of the evidence which had been produced. It was to be recollected, that some of those men who had been called to their bar had been the instruments of that tyranny which was now arraigned. Those who were deputed to oppress, were therefore to be treated with caution, when they spoke of the measure of the oppression. It was easily to be seen, that those who had insisted the injustice, would not use the harshest terms when speaking of its measure and its rate. Of this nature appeared to be the evidence of that person who had spoken of the privation of the *boucca*, during the imprisonment of Doorgbidjee Sing. To some of their Lordships, happy in large fortunes, and nursed in the lap of indolence, such circumstances might appear trifling; but to the wretched prisoner, deprived of every comfort, the smallest alleviation of his misery was of importance, and left a *vacuum* in the forlorn residue of his enjoyments. It was equal in that case what the object might be

* In the course of the day various Lords put different questions—Lords Fitzwilliam, Derby, Kinnaird, Stanhope, Portchester, Coventry, and others.

The Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland, were all present.

The Commons were few in number indeed—less than on any former occasion; and the audience lessened so continually from time to time, that at last scarcely any hearers but those who were obliged to hear were left in the Court.

—even a snuff-box or a tobacco-box became matters of moment. Their Lordships might have heard of a prisoner in the Bastille, whose solitude and misery found a respite in the play of a *spider*, which he had trained in some degree of familiarity. In that single enjoyment he bore his sorrows without repining; but the circumstance being discovered by his keeper, that inhumanity which crushed the *spider*, plunged the other victim into a despair which terminated his existence.

With respect to the treatment of Cheyt Sing, on his arrest, it was only necessary, Mr. Burke observed, to cast a brief retrospect to the circumstances. The Rajah had been oppressed, until he could find no refuge, and degraded in the eyes of his people, beyond the reach of human consolation.—He had returned to his closet, to address himself to the Divinity—the Common Father of All. He was there suffered to be insulted by a *Chuddar*, a wretch of the meanest class. Those who had permitted this deed, had forgotten the maxim, *Quod res est sacra miser*.—If they had not remembered the reverence due to a Prince and Priest, they should have known that there was a sacredness in misery, and have respected his wretchedness, even when they overlooked his rank. In revenging this insult, his subjects had merely done their duty. They had done what every British subject, it was to be hoped, would do, if they saw their Sovereign so degraded. To say the Rajah, who was a Commander, a Prince, should not be disgraced, from being arrested by one who had formerly been his servant, and at the hour of his devotions, was ridiculous. And for what reason? Why, because he was not a *Bramin*—or a Priest. A very admirable reason indeed!—"Suppose, (said the orator, and with an audacity that was felicitous)—suppose a Lord Chancellor himself—*should be found at his devotions*, the keeper of his Majesty's conscience—and great as he must be—suppose he should be thus taken away, would it remove the indignity that he was not a *Bishop*? No:—the Lord Chancellor would know, and feel the disgrace: He would think of the devotion he had lost, and he would not care whether he was a Bishop or no."

The whole Court was in a rear of laughter at this novel flight. The Lord Chancellor, however, kept his gravity.

This last speech more than compensated for the *tedium* of the day, which certainly had been—"carbonyl notandus," amongst the dullest.

The Hall had but a thin attendance.

The Court broke up at half past four o'clock.

FOURTEENTH DAY.

TUESDAY, APRIL 15.

SECOND CHARGE;

RELATIVE TO

The BEGUMS, or PRINCESSES of OUDE

The Court being seated,

Mr. Adam informed their Lordships, that he was commanded by the Commons to lay before them the particulars of the second article of impeachment presented against Warren Hastings, Esq. Conscious as he was of his want of abilities to discharge so arduous a task, he had not presumed to solicit it; it was assigned to him by those whose commands it was his duty to obey; and though so splendid a display of talents had been made elsewhere upon the same subject, as might frighten any man from pursuing it, yet relying upon the indulgence of the Court, he would venture, in obedience to his orders, to enter upon the subject, in treating of which he had the goodness of his cause and his zeal only to support him.

The various articles of the second charge might be reduced under nine or ten heads, containing as many general positions, and the grounds of allegations of guilt against the prisoner—First, that Oude was a great, rich, and flourishing country—that the Begums, the mother and grandmother of the reigning Nabob of Oude, were ladies of high birth and quality—that they were legally in possession of great estates, both real and personal—that the property of them was legally vested in these Princesses—that the East-India Company had guaranteed the possession of them—that it was the bounden duty of Mr. Hastings to maintain the Princesses in the undisturbed possession of their property so guaranteed—that, on the contrary, he had invaded it, and even compelled their own nearest relation to spoil them of it—that, with his knowledge, the Princesses and their families were treated with the greatest indignity, and reduced to the greatest distress—that, for the purpose of giving a colour to his own unwarrantable proceedings, he had, by means of affidavits taken by the Chief Judge of India, Sir Elijah Impey, to the great discredit of justice, and of his situation, slandered the Begums, as the abettors of the rebellion of Cheyt Sing, &c.—and finally, his motives in the whole of the proceedings relative to the country of Oude, were founded in avarice and corruption.

Upon these different heads, he begged leave to state to their Lordships the different observations that occurred to him, and which, he trusted, would place the guilt of the prisoner in such a point of view, that judges

judges of infinitely less discernment than their Lordships possessed could not but be struck with it.

That Oude was a country of considerable extent, would appear from this fact, with which their Lordships were well acquainted; that it was in length 360 miles, and in breadth 180; so that it was nearly as long as England, and as broad as this kingdom, from the isle of Anglesea to the mouth of the Humber: it exceeded Ireland in length by 70 miles, and was rather broader than any part of that island. It was wealthy, because it produced in some parts various articles for trade and manufactures, which were carried on to a very considerable extent; and in other parts it was rich in tillage. Before its connexion with the East-India Company, it was able to defray the expences of all its establishments, without letting any run into arrear; and the size of those establishments might be collected from this, that when a reduction in the army took place in Oude, the number of men still kept in pay amounted to 36,000 rank and file.

Thus was the country rich and flourishing, while the Provinces were fewer in number than they afterwards became by the accession of Douah, and the conquest of Rohilcund, or the country of the Rohillas; but this increase of dominion did not bring increase of wealth to the Nabob of Oude; on the contrary, his finances fell into disorder, he became astonishingly embarrassed, and his country was ruined.

The origin of his connexion with the English was the Rohilla war. That war the House of Commons in its wisdom had not thought proper to make the ground of a charge against the prisoner, and therefore he would not urge it against him as such: but he must make mention of it, for the purpose of shewing the origin of our connexion with the Nabob Vizier. When Sujah ul Dowlah formed the design of adding Rohilcund to his dominion, he entered into a treaty with Mr. Hastings for the avowed purpose of *exterminating* the Rohillas; and the price of our assistance was stipulated at 40 lacks of rupees, or 400,000l. The sun that saw the beginning and completion of this infamous bargain had risen in *avarice*; its meridian was in *cruelty*, and its setting in *blood*. From such a connexion nothing good could be expected; and, accordingly, from that day forward the Vizier began to run into debts, which daily increased, but were never suffered to diminish. His embarrassments disabled him from fulfilling his pecuniary engagements with the English, and gave them a pretence for meddling with the internal government of his country, and reducing him, as it were, to a cypher. Such was the

actual state of that Prince and his territory.

The Princesses of Oude, as he had stated before, were ladies of high birth and quality. The Elder Begum, or grandmother of the reigning Prince, was the daughter of a person of ancient and illustrious lineage, who was of sufficient power and consequence to be able to dispute the high office of Vizier of the Mogul empire with the Nizam of the Carnatic, and was at last honoured by the Great Mogul with the title and office of *Captain General of the Empire*. Her father gave her in marriage to Sufter Jung, a man of very noble birth, who left to his son Sujah ul Dowlah the dignity of Vizier, and from him it descended to Asof ul Dowlah, Sujah's son, who now reigns over the territories of Oude. The younger Begum, or Princess's mother, was not of birth so illustrious as the former, but still she was nobly born, and became the wife of Sujah ul Dowlah, and bore to him the reigning Nabob Vizier.—From this short history it appeared, that these ladies were of high rank, and intitled to great respect, and to great establishments. They accordingly enjoyed both.—That the estates which they possessed belonged to them in *propriety*, and were not held by them in trust, should, Mr. Adam said, be proved to the entire satisfaction of their Lordships. The bare *possession* of the personal estates or treasures which they had in their palaces, was a proof of the propriety; for as those treasures were deposited in the Zenana, or palace sacred to the residence of the ladies of the Court, it was impossible that, according to the law of the country, any human creature of the *male* kind, except a husband, son, or brother, could set his foot within the gates of it: No compulsory process, therefore, could be served or executed in the Zenana, and no one could enter it to take away the treasure. Would not, then, their Lordships admit, that the treasure which no one could take from them was really the property of the Princesses? But the proof of the property did not rest upon these points only, strong as it was. By the laws of the Koran, the Nabob was not restrained from giving estates, both real and personal, in full property, to his mother and grandmother; and what one Nabob had given, another was pleased to confirm.—The younger Princess had lent her son 26 lacks of rupees, for which he gave her his bonds: here was *EVIDENTIA REI* that the money so lent was not the property of the borrower, but of the lender; for no man borrows his own money, and binds himself to repay it. The Nabob's affairs growing still more and more embarrassed, that Prince was still pressing his mother for money, and laying

laying claim to part of her treasures, as the property of the crown, which his deceased father could not will away. His mother, to relieve his distresses, and to secure to herself the peaceable enjoyment of a part, at least, of her fortune, entered into a treaty with her son, to which the English were parties and guarantees; for without their guarantee she would conclude nothing. By this treaty she agreed to cancel her son's bond for the 26 lacs she had already lent, and further, to pay 30 lacs more, or 300,000*l.* making in the whole 560,000*l.* sterling. In consideration of this immense sum given to the Nabob, that Prince released all claim to the landed and remaining part of the personal estates, left by his father, Sujah ul Dowlah, to the Princess his widow. The full enjoyment and possession of the estates so confirmed to the Begum, by the Nabob her son, were guaranteed to her by Mr. Hastings. Whatever therefore might have been her title to this property before, her right under this treaty and this guarantee became as legal, as strong, and as binding, as the laws of India and the laws of nations could possibly make it. — The property of the elder Begum, or Princess, grandmother to the Nabob, stood exactly in a similar predicament, and on a similar foundation. She enjoyed her estates under a solemn treaty, and a solemn guarantee on the part of the English Government. But nothing legal, nothing sacred, could resist the lawless rapacity of Mr. Hastings, as these Princesses soon experienced.

As the representative of the government that had guaranteed the treaties which secured to these ladies their property, it was his duty to interpose his authority and influence in their behalf, if any attempt was made to spoil them of their fortune, in violation of the treaties: as a man, he was bound by every obligation of friendship and generosity to be the declared protector of the younger Princess: that lady, in a letter which he wrote to him, and which would not discredit the genius of an Elizabeth, or the abilities of a Cecil, stated, that when Sujah ul Dowlah was in his last moments, she approached his bed, and lamenting the misfortunes which were likely to befall her and his young children, who were going to be deprived of their only support, he bid her not to afflict herself so much for his loss; he would leave her a generous and firm friend and supporter in the person of Mr. Hastings, who would be a father to his children. This letter was written at a time when her son Asoph ul Dowlah was endeavouring to spoil her and his grandmother of their property. Mr. Hastings was moved

at the perusal of it, and wrote to the Nabob in behalf of his parents. In this letter he was clear and explicit upon the obligation that children were under to honour and respect their parents, and the duty which nature itself dictated to all relations, to love and assist one another: that duty, he said, was enjoined, not merely by the laws of this or of that country, but by those of all nations; it was proclaimed by the voice of nature itself. Here Mr. Adam observed, that when Mr. Hastings was speaking the language of nature, no man could speak it more forcibly, or deliver it more intelligibly; but when he was endeavouring to palliate actions of his own, which the laws neither of God nor man could warrant, his style was ambiguous and his language obscure, setting all fair construction at defiance, under the shew of splendid high-sounding but unmeaning diction. When the prisoner wrote that letter, had he changed his nature? or could the man who afterwards compelled the son to become his instrument to rob his parents, have dictated so humane a letter? Pards bred pards, tygers begat tygers, and the dove never was hatched under the vulture's wing: nature might sleep for a while, but must be nature still: and therefore, tho' the prisoner had for a time put on the semblance, and adopted the language, of humanity, it was only for a time; he soon threw off the mask, and displayed the same horrid disposition that dictated the treaty for the extermination of the Rohillas, and the same barbarity that marked the progress of that abominable war.

Mr. Hastings expected that the country of Oude, exhausted as it was by the immense fortunes that had found their way from it into Great-Britain, by the extravagant military establishments that were kept up in it, and by the subsidies paid to the Company, should be as full of wealth and resources as it was before its connection with the English, when its revenue, exclusive of that of the Douab and Rohilcund, exceeded three crores, or THREE MILLIONS STERLING, a-year. That revenue, when the Nabob's dominions were less extensive, defrayed all the expences of government, and the state was not a rupee in debt: but such had been the drain of wealth from Oude after its connection with the Company, that though the produce of the Douab and of Rohilcund was by the conquest of those countries added to the revenue of Oude, the whole was insufficient to the charge of its establishments, and the Nabob was plunged in debt, from which he saw no resource of extricating himself: but Mr. Hastings, more quick-sighted, or less scrupulous than the Prince, saw a
great

great resource in the real and personal estates of the Begums, and insinuated to him, that if he would seize them, he would be able to relieve himself from his embarrassments, and pay off a considerable part of his debt to the Company. The Nabob was shocked at the insinuation; as a son, he felt a degree of horror at the idea of becoming the plunderer of his parents; and as a MAN OF HONOUR, he could not bring himself to violate a treaty which he himself had made, and confirmed with an oath, and for which the Princesses had given a valuable consideration. The sentiments of that Prince on the occasion were very strongly expressed by Mr. Middleton, the English Resident at his Court, in these words, in a letter from Lucknow, dated the 6th of December, 1781; in another, dated the following day; and in a third, dated the 9th of the same month:—

“ Finding the Nabob wavering in his determination about the resumption of the jaghires (the landed estates of his parents), I this day in presence of, and with the Minister’s concurrence, ordered the necessary perwannahs to be written to the several Aumeels for that purpose; and it was my firm resolution to have dispatched them this evening, with proper people to see them punctually and *IMPLICITLY* carried into execution: but before they were all transcribed, I received a message from the Nabob, who had been informed by the Minister of the resolution I had taken, entreating that I would withhold the perwannahs until to-morrow morning, when he would attend me, and afford me satisfaction on this point. As the loss of a few hours in the dispatch of the perwannahs appeared of little moment, and as it is possible the Nabob, seeing that the business will at *ALL EVENTS BE DONE*, may make it an act of his own, I have consented to indulge him in his requests; but be the result of our interview whatever it may, nothing shall prevent the orders being issued to-morrow, either by him or myself, with the concurrence of the Ministers. Your pleasure with respect to the Begums I have learned from Sir Elijah Impey; and the measure heretofore proposed will soon follow the resumption of the jaghires. From both, or indeed from the former alone, I have no doubt of the complete liquidation of the Company’s balance.”

DEC. 7, 1781.—“ I had the honour to address you yesterday, informing you of the steps I had taken in regard to the resumption of the jaghires. This morning the Vizier came to me, according to his agreement, but seemingly without any

“ intention or desire to yield me satisfaction on the subject under decision; for after a great deal of conversation, consisting on his part of trifling evasion, and puerile excuses for withholding his assent to the measure, though at the same time professing the most implicit submission to your wishes, I found myself without any other resource than the one of employing that exclusive authority with which I consider your instructions to vest me: I therefore declared to the Nabob, in presence of the Minister and Mr. Johnson, who I desired might bear witness of the conversation, that I construed his rejection of the measure proposed as a breach of his solemn promise to you, and an unwillingness to yield that assistance which was evidently in his power, towards liquidating his heavy accumulating debt to the Company; and that I must, in consequence, determine, in my own justification, to issue immediately the perwannahs, which had only been withheld in the sanguine hope that he would be prevailed upon to make that his own act, which nothing but the most urgent necessity could force me to make mine. He left me without any reply; but afterwards sent for his Minister, and authorized him to give me hopes that my requisition would be complied with; on which I expressed my satisfaction, but declared that I could admit of no further delays; and unless I received his Excellency’s formal acquiescence before the evening, I should then most assuredly issue my perwannahs; which I have accordingly done, not having had any assurances from his Excellency that could justify a further suspension. I shall, as soon as possible, inform you of the effect of the perwannahs, which, in many parts, I am apprehensive it will be found necessary to enforce with military aid. I am not, however, entirely without hopes, that the Nabob, when he sees the inefficacy of further opposition, may alter his conduct, and prevent the confusion and disagreeable consequences which would be too likely to result from the prosecution of a measure of such importance without his concurrence. His Excellency talks of going to Fyzabad (the residence of his mother and grandmother) for the purpose heretofore mentioned, in three or four days. I wish he may be serious in his intention, and you may rest assured I shall spare no pains to keep him to it.”

DEC. 9, 1781.—“ I had the honour to address you on the 7th inst. informing you of the conversation which had passed between the Nabob and me, on the subject

"of refusing the jaghires, and the steps I had taken in consequence. His Excellency appeared to be very much hurt and incensed at the measure, and loudly complains of the treachery of his Ministers; first, in giving you any hopes that such a measure would be adopted; and, secondly, in their promising me their whole support in carrying it through: but, as I apprehended, rather than suffer it to appear that the point had been carried in opposition to his will, he at length yielded a *nominal* acquiescence, and has this day issued his own perwannahs to that effect; declaring, at the same time, both to me and his Ministers, that it is AN ACT OF COMPULSION."

Thus their Lordships would see, that though this Prince had a regard for his character as a son, a man, and a Prince, and felt a horror at the idea of violating an oath, Mr. Hastings was above all such trifles of consideration, and was not satisfied till he forced this unfortunate Prince to break through all the ties of nature and religion, and rob those of the means of supporting life from whom he derived his existence.

In the remaining part of Mr. Adam's speech he stated the hardships and distresses which the other children and wives of his father were made to endure by the Nabob. Such was their want of food, the Princesses who had hitherto supported them being plundered, that the brothers of the Nabob begged that they might be suffered to go forth into the world, to earn their bread by their daily labour; and the women, who in India think the sight of a man, not their husband or near relation, a downright pollution, expiable only by death, were become so outrageous for food, that they forced their way out of the Zenana, but were beat back with bludgeons by the sepoys.

He could not say that all these cruelties were committed by the express order of Mr. Hastings; but they were perpetrated by the order of the English Resident, who was the mere creature of Mr. Hastings, who acted under his authority, and who, with the knowledge of the Governor-General, had engrossed the administration of every department in the state of Oude, civil, military, judicial, and of finance, and left the Nabob but a shadow of power: he knew also, that when all these particulars were afterwards communicated to Mr. Hastings, he did not take one single step towards punishing those who had acted with so much barbarity.

In the narrative which Mr. Hastings drew of this whole transaction he had *FALSIFIED* dates, in order to impute guilt to the Be-

gums, which could not be imputed to them if the true dates were set down.

While the latter assertion was made by Mr. Adam, that temper which had marked, and so meritoriously marked, the deportment of Mr. Hastings, left him for a moment, and across his box, to a gentleman in it, he whispered, "that the assertion was false!"

At these words Mr. Adam grew more impetuous.

"What, said he, shall I hear, my Lords, and bear, that my assertion shall be contradicted? Shall I, who stand here as the delegated Manager of the Commons, be told that I am advancing what is untrue? In the situation in which I stand—and from that degraded man at your bar, loaded with crimes, and groaning under his enormities—I will not bear it.—To your Lordships I appeal for PROTECTION!"—[Here various persons in the Court rose up—and a brother Manager touching Mr. Adam, he recovered himself, and went on more calmly.]—"No, my Lords, my assertions will prove to be true: I will trace the guilt of Mr. Hastings—from the first attempts at expedience—from the trial of a measure, and the fear of its failure, to the joy at its execution, and the triumph at its success:—I will shew him to you, falsifying his trust—defrauding the East-India Company:—I will prove him guilty of FORGERY and MURDER!"—Mr. Hastings no longer shewed any emotion.

After various quotations from Latin Authors, by which Mr. Adam attempted to enforce his speech, and which he quoted and intermixed so rapidly with English, that it was almost impossible to distinguish the "dead from the living," he proceeded to that part of the Begum Charge which brought in the name of Sir Elijah Impey.

"If I respect the Law, said Mr. Adam, of which I am a Member; if I revere its doctrines, or am proud of the profession—how must I, and how must every lover of the Laws or Constitution, around me, feel, when we reflect upon such a man—such a lawyer, and such a being in the character of a Judge, as is Sir Elijah Impey! throwing aside the unfulfilled errand, and the sacred dignity of his profession, to go on the common errands of a Commissioner; to take the affidavit of every man who would make one; and thus, on *ex parte* evidence, sworn with such speed as left truth out of the question—and given in a corner—in the house of Mr. Middleton, where every thing that can create suspicion, might expected to be found—thus to destroy these wretched Begums!"

After speaking three hours and a quarter —Mr. Adam drew towards the conclusion, which he pointed as follows :

“ If what once drew attention at this Bar, in the person of Lord Lovat : if then—the same summary mode of proceeding which Mr. Hastings chose in India, had been adopted—what would your Lordships have thought—or, what would future times have said of our memories ?—If that Lord Lovat, instead of being brought to a fair and honourable trial, had been instantly destroyed by his conqueror—the great Duke of Cumberland—would not your Lordships, with one voice, have pronounced it unnecessary and inhuman destruction ? Not less so was the conduct of Mr. Hastings against the Princesses of Oude :—unfortunate in having no Law but the Will of their Conqueror :—and whose Will had no Feeling for its guide !”

“ At the close of his own written Defence,” said Mr. Adam, “ Mr. Hastings has taken up an address similar to that of the Earl of Strafford :—He tells you, that he was sent young to India, and almost unacquainted with its nature and its manners :—that in the most trying situations, he was forced to be his own guide ; his

own Politician ; his own General ; his own Divine ; and his own Judge ! “ That in duties so numerous and so complicated, the best abilities might err : his talents have not that boast ; and therefore should his errors, if such were found, meet the pardon of his country ?

“ If a plea similar to the Earl of Strafford be taken up by Mr. Hastings—then will I adopt the answer of one of the greatest men this nation has ever had to boast—I mean Mr. Pym.—He says—and with justice he urges it—We ask not for preternatural abilities, nor expect them : but here, there is transgression against every rule : The light of Nature : The light of Reason : The light of common Humanity : all might have led him into a better path ; but wilfully, he chose to stray from the safe road, and if danger should await him, it is his own seeking.”

Mr. Adam then addressed himself to the Lords, and adjured them, in the different capacities of Judges, Fathers, Sons, Peers, Englishmen and Men, to find Mr. Hastings guilty *.

Mr. Pelham would now have continued the Charge ; but the Court finding that it was four o'clock, adjourned.

[To be continued.]

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

H O U S E O F C O M M O N S.

MARCH 17.

THERE was nothing of consequence to take up the attention of the House, excepting hearing counsel upon the Exeter poor bill, after which the House adjourned.

MARCH 18.

Sir John Sinclair rose, to make his promised motion respecting the parliamentary representation of the counties of North Britain. So much difference of opinion prevailed on the construction of the several Acts of Parliament for the regulation of the Scotch elections, that it had been deemed advisable to apply to the House on the occasion. The decisions of the Courts of Law in Scotland, on contested points relative to elections, had been various and contradictory. He was, therefore, justified in the motion he would now make, that a special Committee be appointed to take into consideration the laws now in being for regulating the elections for

the Scotch counties ; and that they make a report of their proceedings to the House.

Sir William Cunynghame said, that he would defer his remarks on the subject till after the report of the proposed Committee should have been received.

Sir John's motion was then unanimously agreed to.

Mr. Baftard rose to move for the production of certain papers. He said, he should postpone till a future day, the bringing up of a petition from such Captains in the Royal Navy as had been superseded in the late promotions.

His first motion was, that there be laid before the House, a copy of the appointment of those Captains in his Majesty's Navy, seniors to Captain Richard Braithwaite, who were included in, or affected by, the late promotion of Flag-officers.

His second was, that copies be laid before

* Mr. Adam was up three hours and an half, and was heard with great attention. In many parts he deserved it. In parts there was a violence liberal men do not love.

The Commons were more numerous than usual. The female part of the audience were in greater numbers than have lately been seen.

the House of all sentences of Courts Martial, or other censures (if any such there be) reflecting on the conduct of the Captains Blane, Laforey, Balfour, &c. These motions after a short conversation were agreed to.

The third motion was, that a copy be laid before the House of the order of Council relating to naval promotions.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer thought, that before the question was put on this motion, it would be proper to move for the production of a copy of the Memorial of the Admiralty in March 1746, respecting the fupernumeration of the officers of the navy.

The motion for this Memorial was agreed to; as was also the motion concerning the order of Council.

MARCH 19.

Sir Charles Bampfylde presented a petition from the inhabitants of Exeter against the Slave Trade.

Mr. Rolle moved for leave to bring in a bill to explain, amend, and to reduce into one

act all the laws now in force relating to the exportation of wool. Granted.

MARCH 20.

Passed the Declaratory and other bills, from the Lords.

Black Rod then summoned the House to attend in the House of Peers, for the purpose of hearing his Majesty's Commission read, for giving the Royal Assent to the bills agreed to by both Houses.

The Speaker attended by a few Members, went up, and at his return read the titles of the bills agreed to, after which the House adjourned for the holidays.

APRIL 3.

This day the Speaker took the chair between three and four o'clock, for the first time after the Easter recess, and after transacting some private business, the House adjourned.

Accounts were laid before the House of the produce of the taxes in the years 1786 and 1787*.

* AN ACCOUNT of the NET PRODUCE of all the TAXES, from the 5th of January 1786, to the 5th of January 1787; and from the 5th of January 1787, to the 5th of January 1788.

	1787.			1788.		
	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
CUSTOMS	4,063,314	7	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	3,714,477	2	6
EXCISE	5,531,114	6	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	6,225,627	11	3
STAMPS	1,181,464	11	10 $\frac{1}{4}$	1,182,060	16	—
I N C I D E N T S.						
	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Salt, 5th April 1759	241,853	4	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	80,461	10	5
Additional Ditto, 10th May 1780	60,463	3	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	21,615	7	3
Ditto 22d June 1782	62,954	0	6	22,183	13	9
7ool. per week letter money, 1st June 1711	36,400	0	0	13,300	0	0
2,300l. per week ditto — 1784	119,600	0	0	43,700	0	0
Seizures, Anno 1760	4,442	14	7	5,429	13	9
Proffers, ditto	635	16	11	661	9	2
Fines of Leases, ditto	6,073	15	4	6,676	6	4
Alum Mines, ditto	960	0	0	960	0	0
Compositions, ditto	2	10	0	2	13	4
Alienation Duty, ditto	1,351	15	4	2,413	15	4
Fines and Forfeitures, ditto	105	0	0	1,400	0	0
Rent of a Light House, ditto	6	13	4	156	13	4
Rent of Savoy Lands, ditto	—	—	—	—	—	—
Letter money, ditto	95,000	0	0	93,000	0	0
6d. per Lib. on Pensioners, 24 June 1721	53,300	0	0	41,100	0	0
1s. Deduct. on Salaries, 5th April 1758	29,410	16	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	32,102	6	3
House and Windows, 10th October 1766	414,050	13	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	411,021	19	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Houses, 5th April 1778	125,470	0	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	140,081	5	11 $\frac{1}{2}$
Hawkers and Pedlars, 5th July 1710	1	925	0	1,554	7	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
Hackney Coaches, 1st August 1711	9,324	8	11	13,219	15	4
Ditto — 1784	11,979	0	0	14,269	0	0
Hawkers and Pedlars, 5th July 1785	2,070	13	11	7,488	13	11 $\frac{1}{2}$
First Fruits of the Clergy	6,413	9	3	5,164	2	10
Salt, 1st August 1785	12,000	0	0	3,000	0	0
Tenth of the Clergy	9,903	14	10	9,893	16	4
Male Servants, Anno 1785	64,586	18	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	97,912	0	6 $\frac{1}{2}$

Female

APRIL 4.

The House did not sit half an hour this day, and consequently did very little business.

APRIL 7.

The Marquis of Worcester was sworn, and took his seat for the town of Monmouth.

A petition was presented against the Slave Trade from the Presbytery of Aberdeen.

General Burgoyne moved, That the copies of the reports made by the officers who reviewed the regiments for India, as also of the embarkation returns, be laid before the House. Ordered.—He then moved, That copies of his Majesty's instructions relative to the brevet rank of officers in India be laid before the House.

Mr. Pitt said, on a subject of so delicate a nature he should oppose the motion, unless some sufficient reason was given for the production of the papers moved for.

The question being put, was negatived without a division.

The House went into a committee of supply, and without any debate voted the extraordinary of the army to a very considerable amount. One of the sums voted on this occasion exceeded 400,000*l.* The House, on being resumed, adjourned immediately.

APRIL 8.

Petitions from Kirkcubright and Aldborough, against the Slave Trade, were presented, read, and ordered to lie on the table.

On the motion for agreeing to the resolution of granting 173,823*l.* 1*s.* 9*d.* for the in and out-pensioners of Chelsea Hospital,

Sir James Johnston rose, not, he said, to oppose the motion, but to draw the attention of the House to the sum voted, and the number of persons to receive the same. He stated, that, according to the present mode of paying the pensioners, every in pensioner cost government near 60*l.* per ann. and

every out pensioner above 30*l.* He conceived some more economical mode might be devised, which at the same time would be by no means injurious to the pensioners.

On the motion to agree with the resolution of granting 480,058*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* for defraying the expences of the land forces,

Sir Grey Cooper said, that before he agreed to that resolution, he begged leave to say a few words to the Right Hon. the Secretary at War. He observed, that the future probable expence of victualling, and of the contingent and extraordinary expences of the army at home and abroad for one year, is estimated, in the total, at the sum of 261,365*l.* The account of the extraordinary of this army for 1787 amounts to 480,000*l.* He wished to be informed what events have happened that have traversed and disturbed these calculations, which (till they are fully explained, and their errors accounted for) bear the appearance of an intention to delude the public by the false lights of plans of economy, which those who held them out knew could not be carried into execution and effect.

The Secretary at War and Mr. Steele defended the estimate, the excess of which had been occasioned by temporary circumstances, and by the great quantities of provisions which the islands had been forced to be supplied with by commission, on account of the failure of the provision contract.

APRIL 9.

The House, in a committee of supply, came to several resolutions for granting various sums of money to his Majesty for defraying the establishments of his Majesty's plantations in America and the West-Indies; also to a resolution of granting a sum of money to his Majesty for defraying the extraordinary expence of the Mint for the year 1787; and to a resolution for granting to his

1787.

1788.

Female Servants, Anno 1785	—	£. 19,061 19 0 $\frac{1}{4}$	£. 33,994 6 8
4 Wheel Carriages, ditto	—	86,347 14 1	134,512 13 10 $\frac{1}{2}$
2 Wheel, ditto	—	18,595 16 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	30,046 19 10 $\frac{1}{2}$
Horses, ditto	—	72,448 0 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	110,885 1 9 $\frac{1}{2}$
Waggons, ditto	—	8,446 18 2 $\frac{1}{2}$	18,530 15 2
Carts, ditto	—	4,887 0 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	11,191 12 7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Shops, ditto	—	32,796 6 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	64 265 1 7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Houses and Windows, Anno 1727	—	773 10 3	82 0 9 $\frac{1}{2}$
Male Servants, Anno 1777, arrears	—	20 19 0	2 17 4
Consol. Letter Money, Anno 1787	—		99,000 0 0
Ditto—Salt Ditto	—		235,669 7 2 $\frac{1}{2}$

1,613,661 15 2

1,800,969 7 5 $\frac{1}{2}$

Total of Customs, Excise, Stamps, and Incidents

12,389,555 1 1 $\frac{1}{2}$

12,923,104 17 2 $\frac{1}{2}$

Exchequer, the 3d of April, 1788.

JOHN HUGHSON.

Majesty

Majesty a sum for defraying the expences incurred by the prosecution of offenders against the coinage laws.—Adjourned.

APRIL 10.

Mr. Steele reported the following resolutions from the committee of supply, viz. That it is the opinion of this committee, that a sum not exceeding 5845l. 6s. be granted to his Majesty for defraying the charge of the civil establishment of Nova-Scotia.—2300l. for defraying the same charge for New-Brunswick.—1900l. for defraying the charge of the civil establishment for St. John.—And 1182l. 10s. for defraying the charge of the salaries of the Governor of the Bahama Islands. The same were read and agreed to.

APRIL 11.

Deferred the committee of ways and means, and supply, till Monday, and adjourned till then.

APRIL 14.

A writ was ordered for the election of a Burgess for East Loos, in the room of Mr. Damer, who has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.

The bill for dissolving the marriage of Mr. Errington was committed, and the allegations of it were proved by evidence at the bar, which was of a nature not fit for the public eye.—The bill was afterwards read a third time and passed.

APRIL 15.

The House having returned from the Hall, upon the order of the day being read for going into the wool bill, the Speaker observed the propriety there would be of fixing on Mondays and Fridays for those bills that required any evidence being gone into, as these were the only days when the attendance of the members might be expected on account of the trial. Upon this idea, therefore, it was proposed to postpone the present bill to Friday to-morrow, the intervening days being already full. The question being put, produced a division: Ayes 30—Noes 15.—Majority 15.

Mr. Mainwaring moved for leave to bring in a petition from the proprietors of the Royalty Theatre, praying to be included with Sadler's Wells in the bill before the House.

This was supported by Mr. Taylor, and shortly but warmly opposed by Mr. Fox and Mr. Anstruther.

On a division leave was refused, there appearing, Ayes 18—Noes 31.

APRIL 16.

Sir Gilbert Elliott gave notice that he would on Friday to-morrow take the sense of the House on the first article of the charge against Sir Elijah Impey.

The House then went into a committee to hear evidence upon the said charge.

Mr. Francis then offered to the committee, in writing, the account he had drawn up,

founded on the insinuations thrown out against him by Sir Elijah Impey in his defence at the bar. That gentleman, he said, had been said to have acted prudently in not having given in a written defence, and Mr. Hastings had been taxed with imprudence, because he had committed his defence to writing: however, he would, he said, follow the unwise example, and deliver this his written defence to the committee.

Upon this a conversation took place, in which it appeared to be the sense of the committee, that it were better to take oral evidence from Mr. Francis, than this written one, because in the latter there might be much extraneous matter, quite foreign to the subject; but if a question tending to such matter should be put to a witness giving parole evidence, it might be stopped. It was agreed therefore on this ground, with many compliments, however, on account of his manly openness, that the paper tendered by Mr. Francis should not be received. That gentleman then underwent a long examination relative to Nundocomar; and when it was concluded, the House was resumed, and then adjourned.

APRIL 17.

The order of the day for the second reading of Mr. Gilbert's bill, for the better support and government of the parochial poor, being read,

Mr. Gilbert moved the reading of it immediately a second time.

Mr. Young, Mr. Drake, and Mr. Beaufoy opposed this motion; all however paying many handsome compliments to the framer of it, for his humanity and good intentions; but a bill which in every parish would substitute a set of trading Justices in the room of respectable County Magistrates, which would multiply officers, and by the erection of buildings, committee-rooms, &c. convert into a job what was meant as a public good, which would create a new national debt by the powers to be vested in Commissioners for mortgaging the Poor's rates for four years, and which would probably raise those rates in half a century to near 12,000,000l. ought, they said, not to be sent to a committee; as no modification could make that good, which was so objectionable in principle.

Mr. Gilbert still pressed that the bill might not be hastily rejected, but suffered to go to a committee, where alterations might be made, that would remove the objections.

Mr. Young, however, moved, that it be put off to that day three months.

On putting the question for Mr. Gilbert's motion, there appeared, Ayes 10—Noes 44—Majority 34.

The amendment proposed by Mr. Young was then carried without a division; thus the bill is lost for this session.

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

THE recent death of the Pretender* makes the following paper interesting. It was given to me by a respectable person, who told me he had reason to believe it genuine. Whatever doubts are entertained on this head, it is always in the power of the friends of the noble lord, whose name is mentioned towards the close of it, to ascertain the fact.—What is related at the commencement of the letter, is known to many.

The accounts collected by an eminent *historian*, respecting a pretender to the throne, will necessarily appear valuable, if authentic; and I must observe, that it is no sufficient derogation from their authenticity, should the narrative contained in this letter not be found warranted in every particular; as Mr. Hume is to be considered here merely as a reporter. I am, Sir, your's, &c. W.

COPY of a LETTER from the late DAVID HUME, Esq. to the late Sir JOHN PRINGLE, M. D.

MY DEAR SIR,

St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, Feb. 10, 1773.

THAT the present Pretender was in London in the year 1753, I know with the greatest certainty, because I had it from Lord Marechal, who said it consisted with his certain knowledge.—Two or three days after his lordship gave me this information, he told me that the evening before, he had learned several curious particulars from a lady, (who I imagined to be Lady Primrose), though my lord refused to name her. The Pretender came to her house in the evening, without giving her any preparatory information, and entered the room, when she had a pretty large company with her, and was herself playing at cards. He was announced by the servant under another name: she thought the cards would have dropped from her hands on seeing him; but she had presence enough of mind to call him by the name he assumed, to ask him when he came to England, and how long he intended to stay there. After he and all the company went away, the servants remarked how wonderfully like the strange gentleman was to the prince's picture which hung on the chimney-piece, in the very room in which

he entered.—My lord added, (I think from the authority of the same lady) that he used so little precaution, that he went abroad openly in day-light in his own dress, only laying aside his blue ribband and star; walked once through St. James's, and took a turn in the Mall.

About five years ago, I told this story to Lord Holderness, who was secretary of state in the year 1753; and I added, that I supposed this piece of intelligence had at that time escaped his lordship. By no means, said he; and who do you think first told it me? It was the king himself, who subjoined, "And what do you think, my lord, I should do with him?" Lord Holderness owned that he was puzzled how to reply, for if he declared his real sentiments, they might favour of indifference to the royal family. The king perceived his embarrassment, and extricated him from it, by adding, "My lord, I shall just do nothing at all; and when he is tired of England he will go abroad again."—I think this story, for the honour of the late king, ought to be more generally known.

But what will surprise you more, Lord

* He died at Rome on the 3d of March, 1788. Since the death of his father, in 1765, he had assumed the title of King of Great Britain, but on the continent was commonly known by the name of the Chevalier St. George, and in England by that of the Pretender. He was just sixty-seven years and two months old, being born on the 30th of November, 1720. His mother was the greatest fortune in Europe; she was the Princess Maria Clementina Sobieski, grand-daughter of the famous John Sobieski, King of Poland, who beat the Turks near Vienna. She died January 18, 1735. N. S. Accounts of the Pretender's narrow escape from Scotland, in the year 1745, are to be found in our Magazines for October and November 1785, Vol. VIII. p. 266 and 329. He married some years ago a Princess of Stolberg, in Germany; but by her, who is still living, he has left no issue. Every claim, therefore, which might be thought to belong to him, devolves to his brother the Cardinal York, who is now in the sixty-third year of his age. The Pretender has left a natural daughter, who, by his assumed royal power, he lately created Duchess of Albany, and to whom he has bequeathed all the property he had in the French funds, which was very considerable. She is about twenty-five years of age.

Marechal, a few days after the coronation of the present king, told me that he believed the young Pretender was at that time in London, or at least had been so very lately, and had come over to see the shew of the coronation, and had actually seen it. I asked my lord the reason for this strange fact. Why, says he, a gentleman told me so that saw him there, and that he even spoke to him, and whispered in his ears these words: "Your royal highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to see here." "It was curiosity that led me," said the other; "but I assure you," added he, "that the person who is the object of all this pomp and magnificence, is the man I envy the least." You see this story is so near traced from the fountain head, as to wear a great face of probability. Query, what if the Pretender had taken up Dymock's gauntlet?

I find that the Pretender's visit in England in the year 1753, was known to all the Jacobites; and some of them have assured me, that he took the opportunity of formally renouncing the Roman catholic religion, under his own name of Charles Stuart, in the New Church in the Strand; and that this is the reason of the bad treatment he met with at the court of Rome. I own that I am a sceptic with regard to the last particulars.

Lord Marechal had a very bad opinion of this unfortunate prince, and thought there was no vice so mean or atrocious of which he was not capable; of which he gave me several instances.—My lord, though a man of great honour, may be thought a discontented courtier; but what quite confirmed me in that idea of that prince, was a conversation I had with Helvetius at Paris, which I believe I have told you. In case I have not, I shall mention a few particulars. That gentleman told me that he had no acquaintance with the Pretender; but sometime after that prince was chased out of France, a letter, said he, was brought me from him, in which he told me that the necessity of his affairs obliged him to be at Paris, and as he knew me by character

to be a man of the greatest probity and honour in France, he would trust himself to me, if I would promise to conceal and protect him. I own, added Helvetius to me, although I knew the danger to be greater of harbouring him at Paris than at London; and although I thought the family of Hanover not only the lawful sovereigns in England, but the only lawful sovereigns in Europe, as having the full and free consent of the people; yet was I such a dupe to his flattery, that I invited him to my house, concealed him there going and coming near two years, had all his correspondence pass through my hands, met with his partizans upon Pont Neuf, and found at last that I had incurred all this danger and trouble for the most unworthy of all mortals; inasmuch that I have been assured, when he went down to Nantz to embark on his expedition to Scotland, he took fright, and refused to go on board; and his attendants, thinking the matter gone too far, and that they would be affronted for his cowardice, carried him in the night-time into the ship, *pieds et mains liés*. I asked him, if he meant literally. Yes, said he, literally: they tied him, and carried him by main force. What think you now of this hero and conqueror?

Both Lord Marechal and Helvetius agree, that with all this strange character, he was no bigot, but rather had learned from the philosophers at Paris to affect a contempt of all religion. You must know that both these persons thought they were ascribing to him an excellent quality. Indeed both of them used to laugh at me for my narrow way of thinking in these particulars. However, my dear Sir John, I hope you will do me the justice to acquit me.

I doubt not but these circumstances will appear curious to Lord Hardwick, to whom you will please to present my respects. I suppose his lordship will think this unaccountable mixture of temerity and timidity in the same character, not a little singular. I am your's, very sincerely,
DAVID HUME,

ADVICE TO A NEW-MARRIED MAN.

By Mrs. THRALE (now Mrs. PIOZZI.)

I RECEIVED the news of your marriage with infinite delight, and hope that the sincerity with which I wish your happiness, may excuse the liberty I take in giving you a few rules whereby more certainly to obtain it. I see you smile at my wrong-

headed kindness, and reflecting on the charms of your bride, cry out in a rapture, that you are happy enough without my rules. I know you are; but after one of the forty years, which I hope you will pass pleasantly together, are over, this letter may come in

tom,

turn, and rules for felicity may not be found unnecessary, however some of them may appear impracticable.

Could that kind of love be kept alive through the marriage state, which makes the charm of a single one, the sovereign good would no longer be sought for; in the union of two faithful lovers it would be found: but reason shews us that this is impossible, and experience informs us that it never was so; we must preserve it as long, and supply it as happily as we can.

When your present violence of passion subsides, however, and a more cool and tranquil affection takes its place, be not hasty to censure yourself as indifferent, or to lament yourself as unhappy; you have lost that only which it was impossible to retain, and it were graceless amid the pleasures of a prosperous summer to regret the blossoms of a transient spring. Neither unwarily condemn your bride's insipidity till you have recollected that no object however sublime, no sounds however charming, can continue to transport us with delight when they no longer strike us with novelty. The skill to renovate the powers of pleasing are said indeed to be possessed by some women in an eminent degree, but the artifices of maturity are seldom seen to adorn the innocence of youth; you have made your choice, and ought to approve it.

Satiety follows quickly upon the heels of possession; and to be happy, we must always have something in view. The person of your lady is already all your own, and will not grow more pleasing in your eyes I doubt, though the rest of your sex will think her handsomer for these dozen years. Turn therefore all your attention to her mind, which will daily grow brighter by polishing. Study some easy science together, and acquire a similarity of tastes while you enjoy a community of pleasures. You will by this means have many images in common, and be freed from the necessity of separating to find amusement. Nothing is so dangerous to wedded love as the possibility of either being happy out of the company of the other; endeavour therefore to cement the present intimacy on every side; let your wife never be kept ignorant of your income, your expences, your friendships, or aversions; let her know your very faults, but make them amiable by your virtues; consider all concealment as a breach of fidelity; let her never have any thing to find out in your character, and remember, that from the moment one of the partners turns spy upon the other, they have commenced a state of hostility.

Seek not for happiness in singularity; and read a refinement of wisdom as a deviation

into folly. Listen not to those sages who advise you always to scorn the counsel of a woman, and if you comply with her requests pronounce you to be wife-ridden. Think not any privation, except of positive evil, an excellence, and do not congratulate yourself that your wife is not a learned lady, that she never touches a card, or is wholly ignorant how to make a pudding. Cards, cookery, and learning, are all good in their places, and may all be used with advantage.

With regard to expence, I can only observe, that the money laid out in the purchase of distinction is seldom or ever profitably employed. We live in an age when splendid furniture and glittering equipage are grown too common to catch the notice of the meanest spectator, and for the greater ones, they only regard our wasteful folly with silent contempt, or open indignation. — This may perhaps be a displeasing reflection, but the following consideration ought to make amends. The age we live in, says, I think, peculiar attention to the higher distinctions of wit, knowledge, and virtue, to which we may more safely, more cheaply, and more honourably aspire. The giddy flirt of quality frets at the respect she sees paid to Lady Edgecumbe, and the gay dunce sits pining for a partner, while Jones the orientalist leads up the ball.

I said that the person of your lady would not grow more pleasing to you, but pray let her never suspect that it grows less so: that a woman will pardon an affront to her understanding much sooner than one to her person is well known; nor will any of us contradict the assertion. All our attainments, all our arts, are employed to gain and keep the heart of man; and what mortification can exceed the disappointment, if the end be not obtained? There is no reproof however pointed, no punishment however severe, that a woman of spirit will not prefer to neglect; and if she can endure it without complaint, it only proves that she means to make herself amends by the attention of others for the slights of her husband. For this, and for every reason, it behoves a married man not to let his politeness fail, though his ardour may abate, but to retain at least that general civility towards his own lady which he is so willing to pay to every other, and not shew a wife of eighteen or twenty years old, that every man in company can treat her with more complaisance than he, who so often vowed to her eternal fondness.

It is not my opinion that a young woman should be indulged in every wild wish of her gay heart or giddy head, but contradiction may be softened by domestic kindness, and quiet pleasures substituted in the place of noisy

ones. Public amusements are not indeed so expensive as sometimes imagined, but they tend to alienate the minds of married people from each other. A well chosen society of friends and acquaintance, more eminent for virtue and good sense than for gaiety and splendour, where the conversation of the day may afford comment for the evening, seems the most rational pleasure this great town can afford; and to this, a game at cards now and then gives an additional relish.

That your own superiority should always be seen, but never felt, seems an excellent general rule. A wife should outshine her husband in nothing, not even in her dress. — If she happens to have a taste for the trifling distinction that finery can confer, suffer her not for a moment to fancy, when she appears in public, that Sir Edward or the Colonel are finer gentlemen than her husband. The bane of married happiness among the city men in general has been, that finding themselves unfit for polite life, they transferred their vanity to their ladies, dressing them up gaily, and sent them out a gallanting, while the good man was to regale with port wine or rum punch, perhaps among mean companions, after the counting-house was shut: this practice produced the ridicule thrown on them in all our comedies and novels since commerce

began to prosper. But now that I am so near the subject, a word or two on jealousy may not be amiss; for though not a failing of the present age's growth, yet the seeds of it are too certainly sown in every warm bosom for us to neglect it as a fault of no consequence. If you are ever tempted to be jealous, watch your wife narrowly—but never teize her; tell her your jealousy, but conceal your suspicion; let her, in short, be satisfied that it is only your odd temper, and even troublesome attachment, that makes you follow her; but let her not dream that you ever doubted seriously of her virtue even for a moment. If she is disposed towards jealousy of you, let me beseech you to be always explicit with her and never mysterious: be above delighting in her pain of all things,—nor do your business nor pay your visits with an air of concealment, when all you are doing might as well be proclaimed perhaps in the parish vestry. But I will hope better than this of your tenderness and of your virtue, and will release you from a lecture you have so little need of, unless your extreme youth and my uncommon regard will excuse it. And now farewell; make my kindest compliments to your wife, and be happy in proportion as happiness is wished you by,

Dear Sir, &c.

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

YOU lately favoured the public with a well-written account of the celebrated Athenian STUART*, which has given great satisfaction to his numerous friends and acquaintance; but there are a few mistakes in it that ought to be corrected, to prevent future Biographers from being led astray, should they happen to consult, as they probably will, the account given by your Correspondent.

Your Correspondent sets out with informing us, that Mr. Stuart was the son of a mariner, but he does not tell us what country, nor what year, gave birth to this ingenious man. I, who became acquainted with him soon after his return from Greece, have often heard him mention that he was born in London, in the year 1713; that his parents lived in Creed-lane, Ludgate-street; that his father was of Scotland, and his mother from Wales. Though poor, they were honest and worthy people, and gave their son the best education in their power.

Your Correspondent mentions, that Mr. S. made himself known to Messrs. Dawkins and Bouverie at Rome; but I believe this is a mistake. Mr. Stuart told me that he first met with those gentlemen at Athens;

and I believe it was there that he received the first proofs of regard from the generous and enterprising Dawkins, who was glad to encourage a brother in scientific investigation, who possessed equal ardour with himself, but with very unequal means for prosecuting those inquiries, in which both were engaged with so much similarity of disposition, and eagerness of pursuit.

Your Correspondent, I think, makes no mention of Mr. Revett, who was Mr. Stuart's companion at Athens, and who was jointly concerned with him in compiling and publishing that great work, "The Antiquities, &c." of which the first volume only has yet made its appearance. I am happy, however, in this opportunity of confirming to you the report, that the second volume has been left by Mr. S. in a state nearly ready for publication, and that the Dilettante Society propose to give it to the public very soon: under better auspices it could not appear.

Mr. Revett was, by profession, an architect; and it was from him that Mr. Stuart first caught his ideas of that science, in which (quitting the painter's art) he afterwards made so conspicuous a figure. It was at

* See Page 68 of this Volume.

Rome that Messrs. Stuart and Revett first became acquainted, and from whence they travelled together to Athens, for the purpose of investigating the remains of ancient grandeur, still to be found in the ruins of that celebrated metropolis of the most polished of the Grecian States.

Your Correspondent makes Mr. Stuart considerably older than he was at the time of his death: he appears likewise to have been very ill informed with respect to the circumstances of his matrimonial engagements; for he was twice married, though H. A. mentions only one engagement of that kind. It was (as nearly as I can recollect) about the year 1760 Mr. S. was first married. His choice then fell upon his house-keeper, a very good woman, by whom he had a son, who died at the age of four or five years.—His second wife, now his widow, was a Miss Blackstone, whose father was a farmer in Kent; and to this very young lady, he was united when he was about the age of sixty-seven. By her he had four children; one of whom, a boy, was the very “image and superscription” of himself, both in body and mind: he manifested a most astonishing turn for *drawing*, even before he was three years old; and would imitate with pen or pencil every thing he saw lying on his father’s table. This child (his father’s darling) died of the small-pox, towards the latter end of the year 1787; and poor Mr. Stuart’s health was observed to decline very rapidly from that time.

Mr. Stuart’s eldest son is still living; a fine boy, about seven years old, and is at Mrs. Burney’s boarding-school, at Hammer-smith. In the same village also are placed at Miss Scott’s, Mr. Stuart’s two daughters; the eldest of whom is about eight years of age. It is happy for these, that they are so properly situated; and it is still more happy for them, that they are also under the careful eye of a prudent and affectionate mother; to whom this farther testimony of respect is due, that notwithstanding the disparity of years between her and Mr. Stuart, she made his latter days as comfortable and happy, as the assiduity and ten-

derness of an affectionate wife can possibly render those of a fond and truly domesticated husband.

Thus you see, Mr. Editor, that the hero of our tale was not so far advanced in years as he is made to have been by the account of your Correspondent. According to H. A. he must have been 81 or 82; but as a collateral proof of the account which I have now given, I can refer any enquirer to the plate on his coffin, which I saw deposited in the vault of the church of St. Martin’s in the Fields, on which he is said to have died Feb 2, 1788, in the 76th year of his age.

And now, Sir, with your good leave, a word or two, in conclusion, concerning an illiberal paragraph which lately appeared in one of the Papers, reflecting, very unjustly, on the ingenious and learned Athenian, for spending much of his time in alehouses with low company, &c. The person who wrote that paragraph was not in the secret of Mr. S’s true character. He was a great humourist, in the most agreeable sense of the word; an attentive observer of men and manners; and having learned that there were clubs of artists, &c. held at certain porter-houses in his neighbourhood, belonging to which were some odd geniuses, men of an original turn of thinking and conversation, he would, occasionally, when his evenings were not otherwise engaged, resort for variety to such places, in order to smoke his darling pipe, and listen to their curious debates, &c. At these places he was received with much respect by the company, who thought themselves highly honoured by his presence; and often, on the next day, would he entertain his friends of the *higher orders* with his pleasant details of what usually passed at such droll assemblies. And where, Mr. Editor, was the harm of all this? Dean Swift, and Hogarth, often did the same; and to the ideas which they acquired on such occasions, the world is indebted for many of those admirable strokes of humour, for which the world remains indebted to the pen of the one, and the pencil of the other.

I remain, Sir,

Your constant Reader,

A. H.

AN ACCOUNT of the Late MR. JAMES COLLINGS.

IT is not uncommon to hear persons who have no particular occupation, as well as men of business, lament a neglected education; for the time of life usually allotted to improvement being passed, the former figures to himself insurmountable difficulties

in the way to learning; and it is deemed a sufficient argument by the latter, that his time is too much engrossed to allow him leisure to retrieve his deficiency. It is not only for the advantage of persons under the above descriptions, but also, in hopes of exciting a

still more general emulation, we insert the following account of Mr. JAMES COLLINGS, who died at Bath in February last; and for its authenticity the Editors have permission to refer to many respectable characters, who were the friends of that gentleman.

Mr. Collings early in life engaged with Mr. Cox in his stock-office under the Royal Exchange; which business of course led his attention to calculation; wherein he was not content with obtaining a superficial knowledge, but sought the foundation of the rules of that science, by studying the most approved algebraical as well as arithmetical authors, and by these means he progressively became acquainted with the various other branches of mathematical philosophy. He had studied the French language prior to this time; and had also found leisure to attain a considerable proficiency in Ethics. With these advantages, Mr. Collings was no unworthy member of a little club, which consisted of Dr. Franklin the American, Mr. John Barton, Dr. Price, and a few other literary characters. It was their custom to meet once a fortnight; and whenever the discussions related either to natural or moral philosophy, Mr. Collings bore a considerable share in the conversation; but his want of classical knowledge frequently deprived him of a great part of the pleasure he would otherwise have enjoyed in a society, where, it is to be supposed, the Greek and Roman authors would oftentimes be a subject of discourse.

Mr. Collings was at this period forty years of age, had succeeded Mr. Cox in the office above-mentioned, and paid constant attention to the business of it, riding daily nine or ten miles to town from his house at Colney-hatch; therefore his only leisure-time was of an evening after his return home. These obstacles, however, did not deter him from forming the resolution of vigorously applying himself to the study of the Latin and Greek languages. He had a short time before learnt Italian by the help of English translations; and he pursued the same method to learn Latin, beginning with an easy prose author; and in about one year and a half he did not require any aid from translations to construe not only Cicero but Sallust and Livy with great ease. He also learned the principles of Prosody, but it was not till after he was able to construe Ovid, Virgil, and Horace. His next application was to Greek, the Latin translations serving him on this occasion as the English had done on a former.

By steadily, and attentively, pursuing these steps, Mr. Collings became so well acquainted with all the celebrated Greek and Latin

authors, both in prose and verse, that a learned member of the club was heard to say, "Mr. Collings has read more Classics, and understands them better than any of us, who were regularly bred at school to construe them."—It may be proper, however, to observe, that he was always shy of repeating quotations, feeling himself rather defective in pronunciation; for although he understood the poetical metre, yet not having been trained to make verses, nor practised in scanning and capping, he would sometimes pronounce a word with a wrong quantity. This circumstance might perhaps be one cause which led him to observe, that were he to renew the task, he would commence with the study of the Rudiments, and drudgery of Declensions and Conjugations.

Mr. Collings was under fifty when he retired from business, with an handsome fortune and unblemished reputation. It was now in his power to enjoy without restraint those pains which he used frequently to declare, even whilst he was labouring at the Classics, gave him more pleasure than any other pursuit he had ever engaged in; and he accordingly divided his time between his books and the society of his learned friends, who did not esteem him more for his improving and entertaining conversation, than they loved him for the serene cheerfulness of his social temper. He had naturally a very delicate constitution; however, by great temperance and care, he protracted his life beyond the sixty-seventh year: latterly his sight failed him; but he experienced the greatest alleviation such a misfortune is capable of receiving, in the unremitted attention of a faithful and amiable wife, who not only accustomed herself to read Latin to him, but had learnt the Greek characters, so as to be able to entertain him with the books in that language.—Contrast such a character with the insipidity and pævishness of an old age incapable of intellectual employment; and no stronger inducement, it is to be hoped, is necessary to prevail upon persons, for whom it was at first observed the above particulars were principally selected, to do all in their power to avoid sinking into the pitiable situation of the latter.

It may not be improper farther to remark, that supposing a sufficient resolution should be wanting to undertake the dead or even the modern foreign languages, yet every kind of useful knowledge is to be acquired by the study of English books; care being taken to procure, from some judicious and well-informed friend, a definitive plan for application.

ACCOUNT of the LIFE of BARON TRENK.

[EXTRACTED from the GERMAN MEMOIRS, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.]

BARON FREDERICK TRENK was born of honourable parents in the year 1726. Till the 13th year of his age he was privately educated at his father's house. His ready capacity, and lively turn of mind, drew upon him the admiration and affection of his parents, who, in consequence, allowed him great indulgences, whereby he acquired very early, a high degree of forwardness and self-sufficiency, which afterwards grew up into a spirit of presumption and resistance; two qualities which he allows to have been the sources of many of those difficulties and misfortunes that are related in the history of his life.

By the time that he was thirteen, he had made so much progress in his studies, that he was deemed qualified for going to the University, where he was accordingly sent. After he had remained here about three years, during which time he had applied himself to his pursuits with his former success, he was taken away by a relation (for his father had died while he was at college), an officer in the Prussian service, to Potsdam, and was there presented to the late King. "Some pertinent answers," says he, "to Frederick's enlightened questions, my remarkable growth, and my totally free and undilconcerted manner, pleased his Majesty, and I immediately received the uniform of the body-guard, as cadet, with assurances of my future fortune according to the manner in which I should conduct myself."

Scarcely had he been cadet three weeks, before the monarch was so well pleased with his conduct that he promoted him to the rank of a cornet, and, as a further mark of his approbation and favour, presented him with a costly equipage. Frederick at the same time introduced him to his literary society; in consequence of which he became acquainted and formed a friendship with Maupertuis, and several other philosophical and scientific characters.

In the autumn of 1744, when a rupture took place between Austria and Prussia, he accompanied Frederick to Prague; after raising the siege of which, Trenk, in consequence of a duel, and absence from the parade at the appointed time, was put under arrest, and remained so till the opening of the next campaign in the spring of 1745, when the Prussian army marched into Silesia, and beat the Imperial forces at Strigau; an action in which Trenk was wounded. In a second engagement at Sorow, the Prussians

were again victorious. It was a few days after this last mentioned battle, that Trenk received a letter signed with the name of his Hungarian relation Francis Trenk, an officer in the Austrian service. In this letter he was invited to come over to the side of his relation, under promise of being made heir to his Hungarian estates. This letter Frederick Trenk, who declares it to have been forged, had no sooner read, than he shewed it to his Commander, who, it seems, was a favourite of the King, and jealous of Trenk's rising. Be that as it may, Trenk was suspected of treason, arrested and conveyed to the fort of Glatz, from whence, after an imprisonment of many months, he contrived to make his escape along with one of the garrison officers, named Schell. In this attempt they were obliged to jump over the ramparts, in doing which his companion dislocated his ankle-joint. Schell being thus disabled, he was obliged to put him on his back, and carry him and himself off as well as he could. In this manner did he pass a river, which was only partly frozen (for it was in the month of December) and walk through snow the greatest part of the night. The next morning, however, they found means to get a couple of horses, rode away, and reached the Bohemian boundaries, where they had no longer any thing to fear from their pursuers.

After they had remained here about three weeks, in order to have the dislocated ankle cured, they set off on foot, on the 18th of January, 1747, from Brunn to Billitz, in Poland, provided with passports as common Prussian deserters, and with only a few shillings in their pockets. It may be easily imagined what hardships and dangers they must have encountered in such a journey, undertaken at such a season, and under such circumstances.

On the 27th of February they arrived at the house of his sister, who was married to a Prussian officer. Here they promised themselves those comforts which are at all times, but more especially in such a situation as theirs, naturally expected by one relation from another. But how great was their astonishment, their distress, and indignation, when they were told that the husband with-held his sister from joining him, and threatened, if they did not immediately quit the house, to have them arrested. Thus, instead of having a hospitable reception in his brother's house, they were obliged to pass the night in a forest, proceeding

proceeding the next day, as the only remaining source of hopes, on their way to his mother, who, having heard of his situation, with true parental tenderness met him on the road, about the middle of the following month, March; and after having furnished him with money and other necessaries, took leave of him, recommending him to go to Vienna, as the best place to seek his fortune.

Following his mother's advice, he went to Vienna. Here having involved himself in some difficulties on account of his relation of Hungary, he thought it prudent to retire, and accordingly quitted this capital towards the end of the summer 1748, with the intention of going to Holland, and from thence to the Indies; but having fallen in with some Russian troops in the way, that were commanded by one of his mother's relations, he, on being offered a Captaincy, entered into the Russian service. Some time after this his Commander sent him with a party of Invalids to Dantzick, from whence he was to transport them to Riga, where he landed, after having been exposed to a violent storm, and from thence proceeded to Moscow. The Russian Court was held there at that time, and he had the good fortune to meet with every kind of friendship and assistance from the British and Imperial Envoys, Lord Hyndford and Count Beraes. The Court afterwards removed to Petersburg, and Trenk went along with the same; for he had now, by the interest of his two just named patrons, gotten a post under Count Bestucheff, first Minister of the then reigning Empress Elizabeth.

While he now seemed to be in the direct road to make his fortune, an accident happened which shewed him that the King of Prussia was resolved to oppose his success at Petersburg. This circumstance, together with the news of his relation Francis Trenk's death, whereby he became heir to some Hungarian estates, made him leave Russia, and return to Vienna. In his way he passed by Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Amsterdam, and from thence by the Hague to Vienna, where he arrived in 1750, after an absence of about two years.

No sooner was he here, than he became engaged in a law-suit for the recovery of the estates bequeathed to him; of which, however, after a long and expensive process, he lost almost all. To divert his mind under this disappointment, he made a tour into Italy, visiting Venice, Florence, and Rome. On his return, he received a commission in

one of the regiments which was garrisoned in Hungary, where he went to join it.

His mother's death requiring him to go to Dantzick, he made another journey thither in 1754, having obtained for that purpose six months leave of absence. Here, after he had arranged his family affairs, he fell once again into the King of Prussia's power. Having been seized upon in his bed, he was conveyed under a strong escort to Berlin, and from thence to Magdeburgh. With the history of his imprisonment at this fort, begins the second volume.

At Magdeburgh he remained, dungeoned and fettered with heavy chains, nearly ten years; during which period he experienced all the miseries attendant on confinement, such as bodily and mental distraction, hunger, and disease, in the bitterest degree. On occasions, however, by force of money, he could procure himself some means of comfort, such as better nourishment (for his prescribed diet consisted only of bread and water) light, fire, paper, and books. With these last he diverted his mind from too much reflection on the horrors of his situation. He even composed a collection of poems, such as fables, tales, and satires, of which many had a reference to his own sufferings, or to those concerned in them. It is remarkable, that he wrote them, not with ink, but with his own blood. Another occupation, not very different from this, served to pass away his time, and amuse his fancy: this was etching or engraving, which, though executed with a miserable instrument, and upon tin, was yet, by his great application, brought to considerable perfection. The prints from these were generally allegorical, and served, as he thinks, as a help to his deliverance.

Amidst all these endeavours to console himself during the continuance of his imprisonment, he did not leave untried others to put a stop to its continuance, by procuring his escape. And here it is truly wonderful what artifices he devised, what labours he endured, for the attainment of this end. It is hardly conceivable, how a person loaded as he was with so many irons, could find means to loosen them from him. Not only, however, did he effectuate this (having been furnished with a file) but he afterwards undertook, and nearly completed, the undermining of his gaol; and was twice on the point of getting out by this method, had he not been overheard the first time by the sentinel without, under whose feet he was working; and had he not the last time confessed his project himself, in the hopes of working there-

by on the King's generosity, and so obtaining an honourable enlargement. In this, however, he was disappointed; and it was not till a considerable time after the conclusion of the seven years war between Austria and Prussia that the Queen of the Great Frederick, whom she perceived to be one day in

a remarkable good humour, hinted to the Imperial Envoy, that it was the proper moment for speaking in Trenk's behalf. This was immediately done, and the monarch pronounced his "Yes."

[*To be Concluded.*]

The following ALLEGORY lately made its Appearance in a PHILADELPHIA NEWS-PAPER; and is said to come from the Pen of the celebrated DOCTOR FRANKLIN.

IN a dream I thought myself in a solitary temple. I saw a kind of phantom coming towards me, but as he drew near, his form expanded and became more than human; his robe hung majestically down to his feet; six wings whiter than snow, whose extremities were edged with gold, covered a part of his body: then I saw him quit his material substance, which he had put on not to terrify me; his body was of all the colours in the rainbow. He took me by the hair, and I was sensible I was travelling in the ætherial plains without any dread, with the rapidity of an arrow sent from a bow drawn by a supple and nervous arm.

A thousand glowing orbs rolled beneath me: but I could only cast a rapid glance on all those globes distinguished by the striking colours with which they were diversified.

I now suddenly perceived to beautiful, so flourishing, so fertile a country, that I conceived a strong desire to alight upon it. My wishes were instantly gratified; I felt myself gently landed on its surface, where I was surrounded by a balmy atmosphere. I found myself reposed at the dawn, on the soft verdant grass. I stretched out my arms, in token of gratitude, to my celestial guide, who pointed to a resplendent sun, towards which swiftly rising, he disappeared in the luminous body.

I rose, and imagined myself to be transported into the garden of Eden. Every thing inspired my soul with soft tranquility. The most profound peace covered this new globe; nature was ravishing and incorruptible here, and a delicious freshness expanded my sense to ecstasy; a sweet odour accompanied the air I breathed; my heart, which beat with an unusual power, was immersed in a sea of rapture; while pleasure, like a pure and immortal light, penetrated the inmost recesses of my soul.

The inhabitants of this happy country came to meet me; and after saluting me they took me by the hand. Their noble countenances inspired confidence and respect; innocence and happiness were depicted in their looks; they often lifted their eyes towards Heaven, and as often uttered a name which I afterwards knew to be that of the Eternal, while

their cheeks were moistened with the tears of gratitude.

I experienced great emotion while I conversed with these sublime beings. They poured out their hearts with the most sincere tenderness; and the voice of reason, most majestic, and no less melting, was, at the same time, conveyed to my enraptured ear.

I soon perceived this abode was totally different from that which I had left. A divine impulse made me fly into their arms;—I bowed my knees to them; but being raised up in the most endearing manner, I was pressed to the bosoms that enclosed such excellent hearts, and I conceived a presentiment of celestial amity, of that amity which united their souls, and formed the greatest portion of their felicity.

The Angel of darkness, with all his artifice, was never able to discover the entrance into this world!—Notwithstanding his overwatchful malice, he never found out the means to spread his poison over this happy globe. Anger, envy, and pride, were there unknown; the happiness of one appeared the happiness of all! an extatic transport incessantly elevating their souls at the sight of the magnificent and bountiful Hand that collected over their heads the most astonishing prodigies of the creation.

The lovely morning, with her humid soft wings, distilled the pearly dew from the shrubs and flowers, and the rays of the rising sun multiplied the most enchanting colours, when I perceived a wood embellished by the opening dawn.

The youth of both sexes there sent forth hymns of adoration towards Heaven, and were filled at the same time with the grandeur and majesty of God, which rolled almost visibly over their heads; for in this world of innocence, he vouchsafed to manifest himself by means unknown to our weak understandings.

All things announced his august presence, the serenity of the air, the dyes of the flowers, the brilliancy of the insects, a kind of universal sensibility spread over all beings, and which vivified bodies that seemed the least susceptible of it, every thing bore the appearance of sentiment; and the birds stop-

ped in the midst of their flight, as if attentive to the affecting modulations of their voices.

But no pencil can express the ravishing countenance of the young beauties whose bosoms breathed love. Who can describe that love of which we have not any idea, that love for which we have no name, that love, the lot of pure intelligent beings, Divine love, which they only can conceive and feel? The tongue of man, incapable, must be silent!—The remembrance of this enchanting place suspends at this moment all the faculties of my soul.

The sun was rising—the pencil falls from my hand.—Oh, Thomson, never did your Muse view such a sun!—What a world, and what magnificent order! I trod, with regret, on the flowery plants, endowed, like that which we call sensitive, with a quick and lively feeling; they bent under my foot, only to rise with more brilliancy: the fruit gently dropped, on the first touch, from the complying branch, and had scarcely gratified the palate when the delicious sensation of its juices were felt glowing in every vein: the eye, more piercing, sparkled with uncommon lustre; the ear was more lively; the heart, which expanded itself all over nature, seemed to possess and enjoy its fertile extent: the universal enjoyment did not disturb any individual; for union multiplied their delights, and they esteemed themselves less happy in their own fruition than in the happiness of others.

This sun did not resemble the comparative paleness and weakness which illuminates our gloomy, terrestrial prison; yet the eye could bear to gaze on it, and, in a manner, plunge itself in a kind of ecstasy in its mild and pure light: it enlivened at once the sight and the understanding, and even penetrated the soul. The bodies of those fortunate persons became, as it were, transparent; while each read in his brother's heart the sentiments of affability and tenderness with which himself was affected.

There darted from the leaves of all the shrubs that the planet enlightened, a luminous matter which resembled, at a distance, all the colours of the rainbow; its orb, which was never eclipsed, was crowned with sparkling rays that the daring prism of Newton could not divide.—When this planet set, six brilliant moons floated in the atmosphere; their progression, in different orbits, each night formed a new exhibition. The multitude of stars, which seem to us as if scattered by chance, were here seen in their true

point of view, and the order of the universe appeared in all its pomp and splendor.

In this happy country, when a man gave way to sleep, his body, which had none of the properties of terrestrial elements, gave no opposition to the soul, but contemplated in a vision, bordering on reality, the lucid region, the throne of the Eternal, to which it was soon to be elevated. Men awaked from a light slumber without perturbation or uneasiness; enjoying futurity by a forcible sentiment of immortality, being intoxicated with the image of an approaching felicity, exceeding that which they already enjoyed.

Grief, the fatal result of the imperfect sensibility of our rude frames, was unknown to these innocent men; a light sensation warned them of the objects that could hurt them; and nature removed them from the danger, as a tender mother would gently draw her child by the hand from a pitfall.

I breathed more freely in this habitation of joy and concord; my existence became most valuable to me: but in proportion as the charms which surrounded me were lively, the greater was my sorrow when my ideas returned to the globe I had quitted. All the calamities of the human race united as in one point to overwhelm my heart, and I exclaimed piteously—"Alas! the world I inhabited formerly resembled yours; but peace, innocence, chaste pleasures soon vanished.—Why was I not born among you? What a contrast! The earth that was my sorrowful abode is incessantly filled with tears and sighs: there the smaller number oppresses the greater; the daemon of property infects what he touches, and what he covets. Gold is there a god, and they sacrifice on his altar, love, humanity, and the most valuable virtues.

"Shudder, you that hear me! The greatest enemy man has is *man*; his chiefs are his tyrants; they make all things bend under the yoke of their pride or their caprice; the chains of oppression are in a manner extended from pole to pole: a monster who assumes the masque of glory, makes lawful whatever is most horrible, violence and murder. Since the fatal invention of an inflammable powder, no mortal can say, To-morrow I shall repose in peace;—to-morrow the arm of despotism will not crush my head;—to-morrow dreadful sorrow will not grind my bones;—to-morrow the wailings of an useless despair, proceeding from a distressed heart, will not escape my lips, and tyranny bury me alive as in a stone coffin!

"Oh, my brethren! weep, weep over us!

us ! We are not only surrounded with chains and executioners, but are moreover dependant on the seasons, the elements, and the meanest insects. All nature rebels against us ; and even if we subdue her, she makes us pay dearly for the benefits our labour forces from her. The bread we eat is earned by our tears and the sweat of our brow ; then greedy men come and plunder us, to squander it on their idle favourites.

" Weep, weep with me, my brethren ! Hatred pursues us ; revenge sharpens its point in the dark ; calumny brands us, and even deprives us of the power of making our defence ; the object of friendship betrays our confidence, and forces us to curse this otherwise consolatory sentiment. We must live in the midst of all the strokes of wickedness, error, pride, and folly."

Whilst my heart gave a free course to my complaints, I saw a band of shining seraphs descending from Heaven ; on which shouts of joy were immediately sent forth from the whole race of these fortunate beings. As I gazed with astonishment, I was accosted by an old man, who said, " Farewel, my friend ! the moment of our death draws near ; or rather, that of a new life. The ministers of the God of clemency are come to take us from this earth ; we are going to dwell in a world of still greater perfection."—" Why, father," said I, " are you, then, strangers to the agonies of death, the anguish, the pain, the dread, which accompany us in our last moments ?"—

" Yes, my child," hereplied, " these angels of the Highest come at stated periods, and carry us all away, opening to us the road to a new world, of which we have an idea by the undoubted conviction of the unlimited bounty and magnificence of the Creator."

A cheerful glow was immediately spread over their countenances ; their brows already seemed crowned with immortal splendor ; they sprang lightly from the earth in my sight ; I pressed the sacred hand of each for the last time, while with a smile they held out the other to the seraph, who had spread his wings to carry them to heaven.

They ascended all at once, like a flock of beautiful swans, that taking flight raise themselves with majestic rapidity over the tops of our highest palaces. I gazed with sadness ; my eye followed them in the air, until their venerable heads were lost in the silver clouds, and I remained alone on this magnificent deserted land.

I perceived I was not yet fitted to dwell in it, and wished to return to this unfortunate world of expiation : thus the animal escaped from his keeper returns, following the track of his chain, with a mild aspect, and enters his prison. Awaking, the illusion was dispelled, which it is beyond the power of my weak tongue or pen to describe in its full splendor : but this illusion I shall for ever cherish ; and, supported by the foundation of hope, I will preserve it until death in the inmost recesses of my soul.

THE STREATHAM ALBUM: OR, MINISTERIAL AMUSEMENTS.

(Continued from Page 44.)

No. VII.

THE performance of the *Palinode* by Lord *Wescote* and Mr. *Minchin*, was received with as awful a silence as the reception of the noble and honourable poets was marked with distant and ceremonious respect. Lord *Wescote* having approached Lord *Mulgrave* for the purpose of holding some confidential chat, the *urfine* countenance of the latter,—though some may doubt the fact,—actually took a more repulsive form ! and the trembling convert bowed and retreated with precipitation. Mr. *Minchin* drew near Lord *Sydney* with a similar intent, but his Lordship's countenance—like *speetres* extending themselves before they disappear—grew in an instant so enormously long, that though a Colonel of Militia, Mr. *Minchin* was struck with terror !—In vain they addressed themselves to all around. Mr. *Ar-*

den turned up his nose in contempt ; and Mr. *Mc Donald* closed his penetrating eyes, as if overtaken by an untimely slumber. They could not obtain a glance from the *all-surveying* Jack *Wilkes*, nor a syllable even from the garrulity of Sir George *Howard*. They were therefore compelled with much reluctance to retire, and were attended to their carriage only by the hospitable owner of the mansion.

As soon as the Premier was informed of their departure, he re-entered the drawing-room, and the conversation took its wonted turn.—The *Attorney-general* was called on for his poetic contribution, which he at first declined, as being without a *Precedent* ; yet being afterwards prevailed on, he penned with much facility some dozen *Hudibrastic* lines ; but as the introductory part consisted merely of compliments to his associates, who

are beyond all praise, we have selected the following lines from the conclusion :

In flowing verse for me t' exhibit,
Would ask an high poetic gibbet ;
To legal *fictions* still devoted,
Nought else of mine shall e'er be quoted.
Convinc'd I should, till I were weary,
The muses call by—*Certiorari* ;
Nor would *Nine* writs of *Eieri facias*
Make the coy nymphs a whit more gracious.
— As soon shall *Kenyon* give good cheer,
Or Sir *John Miller* charm each ear :
As soon shall *Wilkes* not look askance,
Or father * *Bootle* hornpipes dance :
As soon shall *Pitt* grow fond of Woman,
Or *Beaufoy* speak in accents human ;
Sooner shall *Stanhope* cease his din,
Or raven *Watson* learn to sing,
Than I, forgetting briefs and fees,
In poetry shall aim to please ;
Or quitting more substantial fare,
Lift with the muse, and live—on air.

Though the modesty of this learned gentleman thus declined the toils and honours of Parnassus, we are certain that from the above specimen, many of our readers will be found to regret his determination, and to exclaim nearly in the language applied to a noble Lord of the same profession,

How smart a Poet was in *Pepper* lost !

The next application was made with more success to Major *Scott*, whose excellence at puff, pamphlet, or paragraph,—epigram or essay,—sonnet or satire, were too well known to admit of any excuse ;—the Major pleaded however his lowness of spirits, the situation of his friend Mr. *Hastings*, and the anxiety which he had so long felt on that occasion ; adding in the language of the poet,

“ What mourner ever felt poetic fires ? ”

But being reminded that elegy or epigram were equally acceptable, and that each person was at liberty to indulge either the mirthful mood, or the emotions of his sensibility, the Major sat down, and with his usual fluency produced the following

S T A N Z A S.

Great *Hastings* ! for whom *Britain* now
prepares
To praise thy conduct or condemn thy wars ;

Thou ! who on *Coromandel's* swarthy coast,
Of Rajahs humbled at thy feet could boast ;
Of kneeling Nabobs—then neglected things !
Of prostrate Viziers—tributary Kings !
Is there an hapless hour reserved for me,
To sing thy lot in strains unworthy thee ?
—In phrases like thine own could I relate
The various turns of unexpected fate !
The world th' unsullied Governor in thee,
The perfect poet should behold in me.
Yet round thy with'ring honors let me twine ;
To thee my rise was due,—my griefs be
also thine.

II.

Thou Orient Eagle ! aided by whose flight,
Scott—wren obscure—first saw the realms
of light ; [rays
Star of the Morning, whose wide-spreading
Bad *Asia's* fallow tribes with terror gaze ;
Whose lustrous beams o'er secret treasures
poured,
Affrighted Nizams, or on Begums lour'd ;
Shorn of those beams—in gloomy eclipse cast,
“ Are all thine honors come to this at last ? ”
Where now the crouded suitors at thy gate,
The Salams † paid to oriental state ?
Thy ‡ *Vakeels*, § *Hircarrabs*, || *Huccabadors*,
And all the luxuries of distant shores ?
All, all are fled !—thee now no pomps await,
No eager suitors through thy opening gate.
Yet round thy with'ring honors shall I twine ;
To thee my rise was due,—my griefs be
also thine.

III.

I view'd thee late—how fatal was the view !
Kneel at the bar, and scarce could think
’twas you !
I saw the crouded rows in solemn state,
And awful judgment, sit on *Hastings'* fate.
Tho' Beauty, in each form she could assume,
Smil'd o'er the scene, and half dispell'd its
gloom ;
Yet no relief to me could Beauty give,
No kind consolation could my heart receive.
At each harangue, I saw thine alter'd eye,
And my breast struggled with the full reply ; }
But, ah ! my friend—no Manager was I ! }
For *Impey* tho' the tear mine eye still pour'd,
Our useful *Impey* !—prior claims are yours.
Then round thy with'ring honors still I'll
twine ; [thine.
To thee my rise was due—my griefs be also

* *Wilbraham Boote*, Esq. M. P. who has the honour of calling the learned writer son-in-law, weighs about 25 stone.

† The eastern salutation.

‡ Steward or Agents.

§ Palanquin-bearers.

|| Persons who supply and manage the enormous tobacco-pipes used in India.

IV.

But, ah ! my sympathy can nought avail,
Whilst rigorous statutes "purge the general
weal."

Adjur'd by eloquence thy victims rise,
And bleeding stand confess'd to British eyes :
Their dark foul wrongs the sorrowing Begums
speak,

And blanch the rubies of each beauteous cheek.
—Then say, one ray of hope dost thou retain,
And think'st thou these appeals can all prove
vain ? [revile,

Yes ! Though whole nations shall thy deeds
Still shalt thou find relief in *****'s smile !

Perchance with him in gloomy triumph share,
And see their prayers for justice—lost in air !
So shalt thou still on iv'ry beds repose,
And hidden bulbes long-lost rays disclose.
Then round thy leafy honors shall I twine ;
To thee my life was due—my joys shall then
be thine.

The beauties of these Stanzas are sufficiently obvious ;—the *orientalism* of some passages, the *pathos* of the whole, and above all, the *gratitude* of the honorable writer, must be of themselves too impressive to require any comment or elucidation.

P O E T R Y.

" ———— Does calm Indifference dwell
" On the low mead, or mountain swell ?
" Oh tell me where,
" For thou shalt find me there."

To DELLA CRUSCA.

YES, on the mountain's haughty swell,
And in the prostrate dell,
And where the Dryades sing their shades—
There may'st thou meet the maid serene,
Or trace her on the zephyr'd green,
Whilst day's carnation gently fades.
Doth Nature make the prospect vast,
With rocks o'erhung, and rivers cast,
Tumbling headlong to their base ?
Do seas stretch out their foamy plains,
Compelling with their crystal chains
Wide continents t' embrace ?
All these attract the smooth-brow'd fair.—
Or where can Art evince her powers,
Where, Science shew immortal flowers,
And gay Indifference—haste not there ?
Whilst PASSION narrows up the heart,
TASTE can no ray of bliss impart ;
One strong idea grasps the mind—
Extends itself through all the soul,
Thro' every vein its furies roll,
And tears with fangs unkind.

When NEWTON trod the starry roads,
And view'd the dwellings of the Gods,
And measur'd every orb—
Did silly Love his steps attend,
His mighty purposes suspend,
Or his grand mind absorb ?
When intellectual LOCKE explor'd
The soul's sad vacuum, where no hoard
Of budding young ideas lay—
Oh tell, thus rob'd in Wisdom's stole,
Did Love's coarse torch his view controul,
Or light him in the darksome way ?
Ha ! DELLA CRUSCA, cease to feign,
Thy cheek with red repentance stain,

For having feign'd so long ;
Quick seize thy lyre, sweep each bold string,
O'er every chord thy music fling—
To calm INDIFFERENCE raise the song !

Propitiate first, then with her haste
O'er the globe's peopled, motley waste ;
Watch CHARACTER where'er it runs ;
Drink newer air, see fiercer furs ;
Seek the bland realms where first the morn
Pours dawn-light from her beamy horn ;—
Pours scent and colours o'er the vale,
And wakes its song, and wakes its tale.
Mark how CONFUCIUS' feeble race
(Whole records *vast* fail not to trace)
To imitation still confine
Their powers, nor deviate from its line.
Their fourteen thousand glowing springs
Passing thro' their yearly rings,
Not one suggestion left behind,
No Art, nor Virtue more refin'd ;
Philosophy no inroads made,
But mute, within its awful shade,
Its thoughts occult arrang'd—
Whilst Learning, blindfold in its pen,
This costly precept gave to men,—
" BE WISE, but be unchang'd."

Haste !—leave th' insipid herd—away !
Where EGYPT'S sons imbrown the day,
For there primeval Wisdom form'd her
wreath,

And Science first was taught to breathe.
Oh linger here ! the classic clime
Demands, and will reward thy time.
Here shalt thou seek th' immortal dome
Where PLEASURE triumph'd over ROME ;
And tread where CLEOPATRA trod,
And moisten with thy tear the sod
Where Taste and Love their banners wav'd,
Snatching from the grave Old Time—
Whose life fast-fading rapture sav'd,
And phoenix-like renew'd its prime.

Then

Then find the myrtled tomb,
 The now unenvied lover's home.
 But lest thy pensive steps should stray,
 To guide thee in the unknown way,
 The moon her bright looks quick unthrouds,
 Her veil of gossamour-thin clouds
 Dissolves to air, and her soft eye
 Thro' the palm-grove's haughty shade,
 And the lofty aloed glade,
 Shall guide thee where thy long-ow'd sigh,
 Breath'd o'er the mingling lovers' dust,
 Shall gratify their hov'ring souls
 Beyond an EMPIRE'S votive bust.
 Is a soft willow bending near,
 Whose drooping leaves speak grief sincere?
 Its drooping leaves, ah! gently seize,
 The happy violence will please—
 Bend its tender flaccid boughs
 (Mutt'ring soft mysterious vows)
 Into garlands—leave them there,
 OFFERINGS to the love-lost pair.

These duties paid, with ling'ring look,
 With heart by silent Sorrow shook,
 The marbled desert next explore,
 Where Beauty's glance, and Learning's lore,
 Ages long past the soul beguill'd.—
 Oh think! in that unletter'd wild
 LONGINUS wrote, ZENOBIÀ smil'd!
 Where now a humbled column lies,
 Stream'd radiance from impassion'd eyes;
 The roof where odious night birds rest,
 Once shelter'd Wit, once echo'd Jest;
 Where peasants' cumbrous oxen stall,
 TERPSICHOE swam thro' the ball;
 Serpents convolve where music thrill'd,
 And lost *Palmyra's* fate's fulfill'd.

Doth splendid scenes thy light heart prize?
 Fly to Italia's downy skies!
 Where Fancy's richest strokes abound,
 Where Nature's happiest points are found.
 The Pleasures here—a rosy band!
 Link'd to her car with flow'ry chains,
 Bear their rapt goddess o'er the plains,
 And strew their glories o'er her land.
 The dulcet groves burst with rich notes,
 Caught by a thousand trembling throats;
 The wavy rivers as they fly,
 Their soft embroider'd bounds between,
 Whose glowing tints begem the green,
 Bear on their curls th' extatic sigh;—
 The breeze detain'd rests its pure wing,
 To hear blest Love its triumphs sing.
 And ah! be Italy no'er nam'd,
 Without a pause to those so fam'd—
 The glorious MEDICIS!

Oh SCULPTURE, list thy pillar high,
 And grave the name amidst the sky!
 Its base, let marble Sorrow send,
 And chisel'd Woes in high relief
 Lock their unutterable grief,
 And mute Despair its tresses rend.

Blest Poetry, compel thy lyre
 To found the loud immortal praise
 Of those who cherish'd thy proud bays,
 And fed thy near-extinguish'd fire!
 Thy pencil, PAINTING, dip in shades,
 To last till Europe's glory fades—
 Thy trophy'd canvas shall be fame
 To those who nurs'd thy infant art,
 And bear to mightier shores the name!

Swiftly, my DELLA CRUSCA, turn
 To where the Medicean urn
 The once proud city hallows still.
 There thy fine taste may drink its fill.
 O rather fly—
 For ever shun her tempting skies,
 For there, if right I ween, the maid INDIF-
 FERENCE dies!

ANNA MATILDA.

FRAGMENTS,

IMITATED FROM THE GREEK,

By R. CUMBERLAND, Esq.

From EUBULUS.

THREE cups of wine a prudent man may
 take;
 The first of these for Constitution's sake;
 The second to the girl he loves the best;
 The third and last to lull him to his rest,
 Then home to bed! But if a fourth he pours,
 That is the cup of folly, and not ours;
 Loud noisy talking on the fifth attends;
 The sixth breeds feuds and falling-out of
 friends;
 Seven beget blows and faces stain'd with gore;
 Eight, and the watch-patrol breaks ope the
 door;
 Mad with the ninth, another cup goes round,
 And the swill'd sot drops senseless to the
 ground.

From THEOPHILUS.

IF love be folly, as the Schools would prove,
 The man must lose his wits who falls in
 love;
 Deny him love, you doom the wretch to
 death,
 And then it follows he must lose his breath.
 Good sooth! there is a young and dainty maid
 I dearly love, a minstrel she by trade;
 What then? Must I defer to pedant rule,
 And own that love transforms me to a fool?
 Not I! so help me! By the Gods I swear,
 The nymph I love is fairest of the fair;
 Wise, witty, dearer to her poet's sight,
 Than piles of money on an author's night.
 Must I not love her then? Let the dull sot,
 Who made the law, obey it! I will not.

[To be Continued.]

The MORALS of CHESS.

A MIND, Maria, such as thine,
Where wit and judgment always shine,
From every object can extract
Its moral faithful and exact.
Endu'd with Fancy to pursue
And bring each shining thought to view;
And seconded by all, we know,
That graceful language can bestow;
E'en trifles from thy wit and sense
Are instantly of consequence.—

Not long ago,—the hour was late,
That we in sober tete-a-tete,
With various good and ill success,
Pursu'd our wonted Game of Chess!
As I, long meditating, strove
To make one great decisive move;
Whose powerful influence should subdue
Whate'er my gentle Foe could do;—
My head, inclin'd my hand upon,
Maturely weighing pro and con,—
And all my soul (tho' close by you)
With *Chess*, and only *Chess*, in view;—
By lucky chance disturb'd, I found
You too, in serious thought profound.
Full on the motley *Board*, intent,
Your animated eye was bent,
And (as its language oft I seek,)
Methought it spoke, or seem'd to speak,
A mind that rang'd a wider field,
Than the mere Game itself could yield.
Long time, unmark'd by you, I view'd,
And strictly all their course pursu'd,
As o'er your faithful features stole
The secret workings of your soul.
If Love's soft union can impart
A mutual pow'r to read the heart;
Or if its best and purest fire
Can kindred sentiments inspire;
Maria will not be surpriz'd,
To hear 'twas thus she moraliz'd:—

“How well yon *chequered board* (where
light

“And *shade* alternate meet the fight)
“By just comparison declares
“This mortal state of *joys* and *cares*;
“More striking yet the *lesson* grows,
“When long and well observ'd, it shows,
“That 'tis by the *surrounding shade*
“The spot of *light* is wholly made;
“And that remov'd, in vain the eye
“Would seek the *other* to descry.
“Thus *pain* not felt, but just in sight,
“Gives birth to pleasure and delight;
“And wanting it, this life would be
“A scene of dull vacuity—
“Yet many a wise and wholesome law
“Th' attentive mind from *Chess* might draw.
“The *men* in order due dispos'd,
“Of many a various rank compos'd—
“The powerful *Queen*, the humble *Pawn*,—
“The *Bishop*, tho' not sleev'd in lawn;—

“The *puzzling Knight*, the *Castle strong*,—
“To each their several moves belong;
“Which rightly kept to will ensure
“Success, or Fame at least procure.
“Alike to life this rule applies,
“And well observ'd is to be wise;
“For *shame* and *just contempt* succeeds
“Whenever headstrong *Folly* treads,
“Bewilder'd, in a different rout
“To that which *Nature* pointed out.
“Here rashness oft severely check'd,
“Makes enterprize be circumspect:
“For if we fail each point to weigh
“With due precision ere we play;—
“If in our minds be not pursu'd
“Whate'er the future may include;
“Disgrace succeeds, and certain loss
“Will the most flattering prospect cross;
“Whilst cool resolve and prudent care,
“Above or rashness or despair,
“Will oft the hopeless game retrieve,
“And *Victory's* well-earn'd palm receive.
“Here *Pride* misjudging well may learn
“The worth beneath it to discern;
“Whene'er a *Piece* is forc'd to own
“Its safety to a *Pawn* alone;
“Or further to enhance the shame,
“A *Pawn* perhaps secures the *Game*.
“Here no rude boist'rous sounds are heard,
“Of oath indulg'd, or vows prefer'd:—
“Here decent silence reigns alone.”—
But here, alas! the clock struck One—
The magic of that single stroke
Your train of deep reflection broke;
And ruffled many a thought refin'd,
That still was rushing to your mind.
The game deserr'd—retir'd to rest,
The muse my conscious slumbers blest'd;
And then inspir'd this humble lay,
Chess and *Maria* to display.

G. C.

To ———.

By Miss K E M B L E.

CAN it be fancy all—ah no!
The beating heart, the cheek's high glow,
Declare, alas! too plain,
That no ideal pain
Throbs in each pulse, and from my breast
Steals its content, its wonted rest.
Say, does Imagination guide,
And over all my thoughts preside?
Does Fancy prompt the sigh,
Does she instruct the eye,
Ardent to gaze when thou art near,
Absent to drop the tender tear?
Tho' frequent borne upon her wing,
Of groves and sylvan shades I sing,
I own not new her sway;
Alas! to Love a prey,
My soul acknowledges his chain,
Of real torments I complain.

She o'er my dreams indeed is Queen,
 And as she pleases paints the scene,
 She not affects the heart ;
 She points no love-barb'd dart ;
 The Morning drives her from her throne,
 And Reason must her spells disown.
 But let me not disclaim her power,
 Her potent smile may soothe the hour,
 When far from me and love,
 In other climes you rove,
 Her airy wand may care impart,
 And soothe my agonizing heart.

On the FIRST of APRIL.

NOW dawns the day to Folly ever dear,
 And deem'd by her the sanest of the
 year ;
 April's first morn, distinguish'd for her birth,
 To Slath she gives the day, the night to
 Mirth ;
 Comes when the hooting Owls begin their
 flight,
 For Folly keeps *her* holy-day at night.

WRITTEN at one of the HERMITAGES
 at MONSERRATE in SPAIN.

By T. CLIO RICKMAN, in 1785.

HERE rais'd 'bove earth, and all that earth
 can give,
 " The world forgetting, by the world for-
 got ;"
 Sequester'd from the haunts of men you live,
 And Angels guard, and bless your sacred
 lot.

With pitying eye you view the scenes below,
 The while remembrance wakes the gush-
 ing tear ;

Ah ! 'tis indeed a world of pain and woe,
 And Heav'n was kind to guide your foot-
 steps here.

The pageantry of grandeur, state, and wealth,
 And all the idle bustle of the throng ;
 Commerce impure, and prostituted health,
 Ah ! none of these to your retreat belong.

Here, with yourselves conversing day by day,
 A bleeding Saviour ever in your sight ;
 Your souls from this blest mansion soar away,
 And towards their native regions take their
 flight.

To this Heaven-sculptur'd rock, and ye good
 men,
 Reluctantly the bard's adieu is given ;
 With heavy heart he joins the world again,
 For *Monserrate* is but one step from *Heaven*.

From the SPANISH of CHRISTOPHER DE
 CASTILLEJO.

By JOHN GIERORD, Esq.

OH ! hapless mortals ! born to woe !
 Destin'd from Infancy to prove
 The complicated ills that flow
 From fortune and from love.

Submitted to their tyrant sway,
 On earth we roam by Jove's decree,
 —A woman and a child obey,
 Who nor can reason nor can see.
 Urg'd by caprice, alike they change,
 —As Fancy wills—their face and mind,
 Under such masters doom'd to range,
 What bliss can mortals hope to find ?

To C H L O E.

By the SAM

REASON in vain condemns my choice,
 And strives to quench my amorous flame ;
 Th' harmonious sounds of thy sweet voice
 Prove Love and Reason are the same.

In vain may Reason's piercing eye
 Seek for some fault to disapprove,
 Thine—far more dazzling—her's outvie,
 And prove that Reason's blind as Love.

VERSES from a CURATE to Lord NUGENT.

I ENVY not thy spacious seat,
 Beyond my hopes and wishes great ;
 Nor do thy woods, thy lawns, and lake,
 My unambitious quiet shake.
 But cheerfulness which never fails,
 And wit humane which never rails ;
 Bounty which bids the wretched live,
 Nor waits their pray'r to feel and give ;
 All these my envious bosom sing ;
 These fit the Curate and the King.

A NOSEGAY.

THE Violet is modesty,
 For it conceals itself ;
 The Rose is like-wise modesty,
 Though it reveals itself ;
 For it a blush betrays.

The Jasmin shews us innocence,
 So chaste and pure its hue ;
 The Hyacinth sweet diffidence,
 Which bends to shun our view ;
 'Tis fancy thus pourtrays.

The Honeysuckle, sympathy,
 Distilling dewy tears,
 The Passion flower, brevity,
 Scarce blown, it disappears.

The Tulip is variety,
 That changes with the hour ;
 The Primrose is simplicity,
 And Flora's favourite flower.

Thus in each plant some lesson we may find,
 Which serves to improve while it corrects the
 mind ;

And flowers and weeds are an exhaustless store
 Of pleasure, profit, and intrinsic—lore :
 In thort, each object to a grateful heart,
 However humble, must delight impart.

V I O L A.

Mrs. NESBITT'S VILLA, NORWOOD.

[With a PLATE.]

THIS villa is pleasantly situated near the Horns at Norwood, and is possessed by Mrs. Nesbitt, a lady not unknown in the political world. At this place it is reported frequent ministerial congresses have been

held; and here many measures of great importance have been discussed and adopted. The owner of it is the widow of Mr. Nesbitt, formerly a merchant.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Although Memorials, Petitions, and Remonstrances, have been lately so common in France, we cannot help presenting our readers with the following REMONSTRANCE of the PARLIAMENT of PARIS on the old subject, the *Lettres de Cachet*, and the exile of the Duke of Orleans and Messrs. Freteau and Sabatier.

"MAY it please your Majesty to consider that it is the duty of your Parliament to watch over the people's wants, and the rights of the Sovereign: the people may be misled by factious men, and Kings are too much exposed to dangerous surpises. Parliament, Sire, will speak to Monarchs respecting liberty, and recommend to subjects submission.—They render that submission honourable by their example, and that authority solid by their principles. In short, the most essential function of your Majesty's Parliament is to summon the Royal power to the standard of justice, and public liberty to the oath of allegiance. Such, Sire, have been in the most hard and turbulent times their patriot views, and the object of their unremitted zeal.

"Still animated by the same sentiments, and ever jealous to deserve the good will of our gracious Monarch, and insure the liberty of our fellow citizens, we come to point out at the feet of the Throne the most fatal error that could seduce the heart of a Sovereign; we come to invoke your Majesty's justice, wisdom, and humanity, against the pernicious practice of using *Lettres de Cachet*. At this terrible word all hearts shudder, all ideas are clouded with horror. The individuals, seized with these dreadful symptoms, look with amazement at one another, and afraid of explaining themselves, remain in a state of inaction: the people in silence scarce dare to lift their thoughts to that inconceivable power which disposes of men without hearing or judging them; that plunges and keeps them, at pleasure, in total darkness, whither the cheerful light of day never enters, no more than the reviving aspect of the law, the cry of nature, or the voice of friendship; to that power that for existence depends on

mystery, and derives its title from force alone; to a power exercised with impunity by the Ministers of State, their deputies, and the agents of the Police; to a power, in short, which, from the head Minister to the very inferior officers of the Police, lays over our heads an endless chain of formidable oppressors, before whom remain silent and inactive the sacred laws of nature, and those of the constitution. No, Sire, the laws of nature, and the laws of the constitution, shall never reproach your Parliament (the living law at the feet of the Throne) with having stood shamefully inactive, and with having preserved a guilty silence.

"Man was born free, and his happiness depends on justice. Liberty is an inalienable right. It consists in the power of living suitably to the tenor of the laws; justice is an universal duty, and this duty is anterior to the laws themselves, that acknowledge it and ought to guide it, but never dispense with it in the Monarch or the subject. JUSTICE and LIBERTY.—This, Sire, is the principle and end of all society, the stable and unmoveable foundation of all power: and such is, for the happiness of mankind, the wonderful connection of these two inestimable blessings, that no reasonable authority, or solid obedience, can ever subsist without them. The practice of *Lettres de Cachet* overturns all this system. Justice, thereby, becomes meer illusion, and liberty retains but the name.

"All lawful submission is voluntary in its principle. The people's consent to the power of using *Lettres de Cachet* is incompatible with the use of reason; reason is the natural state of man, as well as of society; the practice, therefore, of such letters is repugnant to the nature of man, both as a rational and a sociable being. Will they say, that this practice is founded on the nature of Monarchical power? The answer could easily be found. Kings reign either in virtue of conquest, or by law. If the conqueror abuses his conquest; if he strikes at the rights of man; if the conquest is not changed into a capitulation; force, that disposes of the fruits

of victory, does not retain subjects at the conqueror's feet, but slaves. Whatever reason forbids the people to consent to, Kings have it not in their power to ordain.—It is evident that justice must equally hold the scales between the poor and the rich; and it is evident that shame and punishment are due to the guilty, and to them alone.

“ It is a maxim in our monarchy, that no citizen can become a prisoner without an order from the judge. All the Kings of the two first races have acknowledged it. Hugues Capet found it at his accession to the throne. All orders and decrees issued under the third race have confirmed it. It is this maxim that became the foundation of the only distinction we find in our laws between the prisoners for crimes and those for debts; and the clause in the edict of 1670, agreeable, in this point, to all the preceding ones, has stamped it with the seal of validity, by requiring, that prisoners for crimes should be examined within four and twenty hours after imprisonment: but how ineffectual such a wise disposition; how ridiculous such a precaution, as long as the practice of *Lettres de Cachet* shall subsist!

“ Thus the rights of mankind, the fundamental principles of society, the most brilliant lights of reason, the dearest interests of lawful power, the elementary maxims of morality, the laws of the constitution—all, in short, unanimously rise against the practice of *Lettres de Cachet*. By what fatality, Sire, has it been introduced and continued in your dominions? We are not astonished to see that men, jealous of a transitory, but personal power, and greedy ambitious courtiers, regardless of time to come, should colour this practice with the specious motives of public safety, or of the tranquillity and honour of many families. The servile mind follows the train of ambition with avidity: but that there should be citizens, blind enough not to see, in every letter they solicit or acquiesce in, the dreadful danger that awaits them, fills us really with the greatest astonishment, and causes in our breasts the deepest affliction. It is time to combat an error set off with the appearance of disinterestedness; it might make an impression on the mind and heart of your Majesty.

“ Where no personal security exists, public safety is but an imaginary bliss; and where the practice of *Lettres de Cachet* subsists, personal security cannot subsist. Public safety is then but an imaginary bliss, where the practice of *Lettres de Cachet* subsists. If there are circumstances, Sire, that require the sudden exercise of your authority, there are none that can authorize the secret detention of a prisoner who solicits his trial—there are

none that can prevent his claims to justice; neither his silence itself, nor even his formal consent to the loss of his liberty, could be sufficient to do it.

“ Your Majesty's answer in 1777 has given an indelible sanction to these national maxims. You declare, Sire, that you will never suffer any attacks on the liberty of your subjects; but that there are circumstances in which public safety requires that your authority should appear in support of justice, to prevent a culprit's evasion. How remarkable and how conforming were these words for the cause of justice! They conciliated liberty with power: and it is thus that your Majesty has fixed upon this point, and with your own words, the principle, the object, and the limits of your power.

“ The honour and tranquility of a family* is the last objection to the abolishing the practice of *Lettres de Cachet*; but they do not recollect that this objection, the grand battery of partisans for arbitrary power, owes all its pretended consequence to the letters themselves, the practice of which once admitted deceives honour itself, and arms it against liberty.

“ Many facts, pretty well known, can prove to your Majesty, that the nation, more sensible of their true interest, even in the most elevated spheres, are disposed to receive from your hands the greatest blessing a Monarch can bestow on his subjects, the gift of liberty: It is a blessing that renders authority more firm, and the laws more endearing. It is this blessing which nobly rewards virtue, encourages the aspiring genius, and puts a bridle on turbulent licentiousness; this your Parliament come to reclaim, Sire, in the name of a generous and faithful nation. They most respectfully intreat you to abolish for ever the use of *Lettres de Cachet*. They conjure you effectually to reject all ambitious counsels, and frivolous motives, and that perfidious intelligence, which is as much disowned by reason, as it is refuted by facts. How cruel, that your Majesty cannot enter into the minute details of such intelligence, generally made up by subaltern officers, on some pretensions always kept secret, or on informations always clandestine! Oh, Sire, could you but interrogate those victims of arbitrary power, confined, abandoned, and forgotten, in those impenetrable dungeons, where silence and injustice ever dwell, how many of them would you find who never threatened to disturb the tranquility of the state, or ever meant to dishonour the respectable name of their family! Unhappy victims! soon would your Majesty be convinced, that intrigue, avidity, aim at power, thirst of revenge the dread or hate of justice, hu-

* A *Lettre de Cachet*, for instance, can screen a subject from a corporal or capital punishment.

mour, caprice, and the meer whim of a man of credit, preside by turns at the distribution of *Lettres de Cachet*. You would then know to what torments is condemned the wretch for whom the sun rises without any hopes, and the night returns without any repose for him. Terrible uncertainty! dependency worse than death! And all these horrors in the name of Majesty! Yes, Sire, were you but to behold the dreadful mansions of sorrow, you would stand aghast at the cruel fate of your subjects; you would shudder at the condition of Princes themselves, and you would hasten to destroy those invisible arrows that strike at justice, both when aiming at the innocent and guilty.

"Animated by this hope, and founded on these principles, your Parliament, Sire, after having fued for the liberty of the nation, cannot help soliciting once more for that of the three citizens. We have authority to believe, that the Duke of Orleans and Messrs. Freteau and Sabatier are not guilty. Were they so, the right of judging them is reserved to your Parliament; and the charming prerogative of pardoning, to your Majesty.

"Liberty is by no means a privilege, but a right. It is the duty of all Governments to respect that right. The same force that deprives a deliberating assembly of their members, affects the whole body. Some are arrested, the others are threatened, none are free. A deliberating assembly deprived of their freedom, threatened by force, if they still continue to deliberate, and rise above fear, can be supported only by their fidelity.

"This virtue, Sire, has not forsaken your Parliament.—They will not cease to solicit, in a very respectful manner, the blessing of public liberty, by the abolition of *Lettres de Cachet*, and the personal liberty of that august Prince, the first of the Blood Royal, and of the two exiled magistrates. But it is no longer a Prince of your Blood, nor two ma-

gistrates, that your Parliament claims now in the name of the laws, and of reason; it is three French individuals—three men.

His Majesty's Answer to the Remonstrance of his Parliament, March 16, 1783.

"I had forbidden you, Gentlemen, to continue your representations after the 9th of January; and it is not by disobeying my orders, that you will ever obtain the return of the magistrates I have thought proper to punish. I have nothing to add to my former answer: I have told you, that my subjects liberty is as dear to me as to themselves; but I shall never suffer my Parliament to oppose the exercise of a power, which families have been indebted to for the preservation of their honour, and the state for its tranquility. My Parliament, with due respect and silence, must confide in my own wisdom. I forbid you to have, or publish, any farther deliberations on the subject."

Constantinople, Feb. 22. The Grand Divan which was assembled here on the 11th instant came to the resolution of releasing Mons. de Bulgakow, the Russian Minister, and the Russian subjects, detained in the Seven Towers. Mons. de Bulgakow is preparing to depart by sea, and has given orders to freight ships for himself, his Dragoman, and their families, for Leghorn.

Baron d'Herbert, the Imperial Internuncio, and his interpreter, with all their families, departed from Constantinople the 15th instant, on board two French merchantmen, bound for Leghorn.

Madrid, April 4. The inundations have made dreadful ravages in all our provinces, especially that of Valladolid, where they were in fear for some hours of that beautiful city's being entirely carried away by the floods: Besides which many strong shocks of earthquakes have thrown down a number of public buildings and houses in Tolosa and Biscay.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

THE following is a concise statement of the arrangement which his Majesty has been graciously pleased to make for adjusting the claims of rank between the King's and the Company's officers, and settling them on a firm and lasting footing; and, we are happy to add, it has given general satisfaction. Much praise is justly due to the Court of Directors and the Committee, for their steady and vigorous conduct in this arduous business.

"First, That from the day when hostilities ceased at Cuddalore, the officers in his

Majesty's and the Company's service should rank indiscriminately from the dates of their commissions.

"Secondly, That if it should happen that two commissions, now or hereafter, should be dated on the same day, the King's officer is to have the precedence.

"Thirdly, That such king's officers as hold commissions dated prior to the cessation of hostilities at Cuddalore, should command all the Company's officers of the same rank.

"Fourthly, That brevets should be granted by his Majesty's authority to the Compa-

ny's officers, dated from the cessation of hostilities.

"Fifthly, That in all future promotions the Company's officers shall receive brevet commissions from his Majesty.

"Sixthly, That no officer possessing brevet local rank in India shall remain there, unless he chuses to serve with his actual rank in the King's army.

"Seventhly, That a period of eighteen months should be allowed for the exchange of those officers who now hold local rank in India."

March 19. This day, at a half-yearly court of the Proprietors of the Bank Stock, the Governor acquainted the Proprietors, that as this was the time when the dividends are usually declared, it was the unanimous opinion of the Directors, that the next half-yearly dividend, ending the 25th instant, should be three pounds ten shillings, which makes the increase of the dividend of that stock at the rate of one per cent.

24. This night's Gazette contains a proclamation by the King, for recalling and prohibiting seamen from serving foreign Princes and States.

28. There is to be a reduction of the household troops, and thus settled: The Officers of the Horse-Grenadiers are to have their pay for life: The privates to form two troops of Life-Guards, under the present officers of the Horse-Guards, who are to remain as at present: The privates of the Horse-Guards are to have their money returned, and to be reduced entirely: A number sufficient to make the two troops of Life-Guards, consisting of 240 men each, are to be added; the addition to their pay 6d. a day: The name of Horse-Guards to sink entirely, and that of Life-Guards to continue.

30. Between the hours of nine and eleven at night, a most shocking murder was committed on the body of Mr. Macintosh, who kept a shoe-warehouse at Hermitage Bridge, Wapping. The watchman, on crying the hour of eleven, observing the street-door open, alarmed the neighbours, when, upon going into the shop, they found him on the floor, with his throat cut, and many mortal stabs about his body: his watch, buckles, and every thing the murderers could carry off, were taken. It is impossible to ascertain what the deceased has been robbed of, from the circumstance of his never having any person to live with him in the house, and always dress his own victuals.—No discovery is yet made of the murderer or murderers.

April 3. A most dreadful fire broke out at Foxton, about eight miles from Cambridge, on the 21st instant, which burnt with such fury, as not to be got under till the whole of the village was nearly destroyed, supposed

about 200 houses. How this melancholy affair happened is not known. A poor unfortunate lunatic, who was confined in a barn, fell a victim to the fury of the flames; this unhappy man was unluckily forgot in the confusion. This is the only life lost that we hear of at present.

5. The following melancholy accident happened:—As Mr. Brown, of the Comptroller's Office, Horse Guards, in company with two other gentlemen, were riding in a chaise on a party of pleasure, they had the curiosity to stop at a village called Martin in Surrey, to see a large mill for flattening copper, when in going round to view the different works, one of the wheels suddenly caught hold of Mr. Brown, carried him under water, and he was taken up a shocking spectacle, almost every bone in his skin being broken.

Another melancholy accident happened near Croydon, on the same day. Mr. Smith, in the meal trade, near Croydon, having been to Croydon market, just as he had mounted his horse, about three o'clock, to come away, the animal immediately rearing up, fell down, and falling on Mr. Smith, killed him on the spot.

8. Came on the election of Governor and Deputy Governor of the Bank of England for the year ensuing, when Edward Darrell, esq. was chosen Governor, and Mark Weyland, esq. Deputy Governor. And the next day came on the election of 24 Directors, when the following gentlemen were chosen: Samuel Beachcroft, Daniel Booth, Thomas Boddington, Roger Boehm, Samuel Bosanquet, Thomas Dea, William Ewer, Peter Gaussen, John Harrison, Beeston Long, Job Mathew, Richard Neave, Joseph Nutt, Isaac Osborne, Edward Payne, George Peters, Christopher Puller, Thomas Raikes, William Snell, Peter Isaac Theluffson, Samuel Thornton, esqrs. Brook Watson, esq. and Alderman, Benjamin Winthrop, and Moses Yeldham, esqrs.

This evening's Gazette contains an account of the investiture of the Dukes of Dorset and Northumberland with the order and insignia of the Garter.

9. Came on the ballot for six Directors of the East India Company, in the room of those who go out annually by rotation. About a quarter after eleven o'clock in the evening the scrutineers declared the numbers to be, for Abraham Roberts, esq. 1045; John Mitchie, esq. 1021; George Tatem, esq. 978; Thomas Parry, esq. 856; John Woodhouse, esq. 830; Charles Mills, esq. 793; David Scott, esq. 729. The first six Gentlemen, who are duly elected, were upon the Proprietors' list. David Scott, esq. was the only new candidate.

11. His Majesty, attended by one equerry and two servants on horseback, passed through the Strand to Somerset Place, at eleven o'clock, and inspected the Military Hospital, which was erected for the purpose on the Terrace, on the front towards the Thames;—and was graciously pleased to express his admiration of the general construction.

The Hospital is 84 feet by 22, the height at the side is 8 feet, at the top 11; there are about 300 pieces, from 670 to 690 screws—there are on each side nine openings of about three feet and a half in length, and two feet wide, which occasionally push up, and have the effect of a Venetian window, in order to admit the air. On each side are twenty windows, of one small pane of thick glass—the top beams go on hinges—the top is coppered.

The inventor is Mr. Wyatt. The Hospital may be removed in two waggons, and the present one is intended for the West Indies.

The King viewed the apparatus from the Navy Office Hall, and inspected none of the Public Offices, except the Stamp Office Board Room. The building was taken entirely to pieces in 14 minutes, and put up again in 40, so that it was taken down and put up within 6 minutes of an hour.

19. Yesterday afternoon Francis James Jackson, Esq. arrived at the office of the Marquis of Carmarthen, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, with the treaty of Defensive Alliance between his Majesty and the States General of the United Provinces, which was signed at the Hague on the 15th instant, by his Excellency Sir James Harris, Knight of the Bath, his Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to their High Mightinesses, and by the Deputies of the States General duly authorized for that purpose.

Extract of a letter from Dublin, April 19.

"Yesterday his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, escorted in the manner usual on State occasions, proceeded to the House of Peers, whither the Commons being summoned, his Excellency delivered the following speech from the throne:

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"The very constant and zealous attention which you have given to the dispatch of public business, enables me at this early period of the year to close the Session of Parliament. And I feel the highest gratification in expressing to you his Majesty's entire satisfaction in the temper and wisdom which have uniformly distinguished your deliberations.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"I am commanded by his Majesty particularly to thank you for the warm attention which you have shewn to the honour and interest of his crown, and for the liberality

with which you have provided for the several branches of the public service.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"No object is nearer to his Majesty's heart than the prosperity of his faithful subjects of Ireland. And I reflect with pleasure that your example and influence in your several counties cannot fail to advance that prosperity, by encouraging habits of industry in the people, and impressing upon their minds a due respect for the laws. I am happy that the national tranquillity and security enable you to attend to those important objects with peculiar advantage.

"I trust that it is unnecessary to repeat my acknowledgments for the confidence which you have so kindly reposed in me, and to assure you that the liveliest emotions of gratitude and affection will excite my utmost exertions for the welfare and happiness of this kingdom."

After which the Lord Chancellor, by his Excellency's command, said,

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"It is his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant's pleasure that this Parliament be prorogued to Tuesday the 15th day of June next, to be then here holden; and this Parliament is accordingly prorogued to Tuesday the 17th day of June next."

22. They write from the Cape of Good Hope, that Commodore Philips, with the Botany Bay fleet, arrived there the 13th of October, the passage from Rio de Janeiro having been very favourable, in five weeks and four days. Two persons died, one of a fever, the other fell over-board and was drowned.

25. Mr. Palmer returned to his employment at Drury-lane Theatre this evening, and was received with the warm welcome which an English audience always gives to a favourite. The Royalty Theatre is said to have been hired or purchased by the East-India Company to be converted into a warehouse.

The Court of King's Bench have this week determined that a woman was competent to serve the offices of Commissioner of Sewers and Overseer of the Poor. Mr. Justice Ashurst observed, that the statute of Elizabeth mentioned substantial housekeepers as the persons who were eligible, which comprehended women as well as men; and he insisted a parish in which a woman was elected and served the office of constable.

23. A letter from Paris, dated April 21, says, "The recalling the Duke of Orleans, who has been here since last Wednesday, diffused an indescribable joy among every class of individuals. His first visit after his return was to his Majesty at Versailles. Not the least disturbance in the streets adjacent to the Palais Royal has happened."

P R E F E R M E N T S.

SIR Hyde Parker, late captain of the *Orion*, to the command of the Royal Charlotte yacht at Deptford.

War-Office. 15th reg. Light Dragoons, Lieut. Samuel Wright is appointed captain of a troop, by purchase, vice Lord Gray.

31st reg. foot, Major William Cotton, Lieutenant Colonel, by purchase.

Brevet-Major Charles Green, Major by purchase.

Lieut. Robert Arbuthnot, Captain of a company, by purchase.

Gabriel Stewart, esq. to be Governor of Portland Castle.

Hale Young Wortham, esq. to be Gentleman Usher Daily Waiter, in Ordinary, to his Majesty, in the room of Sir William Fitzherbert, bart. resigned.

Richard Byron, esq. to be Groom of his Majesty's Privy Chamber, in Ordinary.

The Right Reverend Doctor Edward Smallwell, now Bishop of St. David's, to be Bishop of Oxford, vice Dr. Butler, translated.

Edward Codd, gent. to be Common Clerk of Kingston upon Hull.

1st reg. of dragoons, General John Howard, to be Colonel, vice Benj. Carpenter, dec.

Captain Charles Lyons, fort-major of Halifax, to be fort-major and barrack-master of St. John's island, vice John Macdonald, resigned.

Capt. Lieut. John Hodgson, of the 4th foot, to be fort-major at Halifax.

The Lord Bishop of Carlisle, to be Dean of Windsor, in the room of Dr. Harley.

The Rev. Dr. Farmer, Master of Ema-

nuel College, Cambridge, to be one of the Canons Residentiary of St. Paul's cathedral.

Henry Charles Selwyn, esq. to be Lieutenant-Governor of Montserrat, in the room of General Carpenter.

Edward Lord Bishop of Oxford, to hold in *commendam* with his bishopric, a canonry of Christ Church, Oxford, with the rectory of Batsford, in Gloucestershire.

The Rev. James Burton, M. A. to be reader and preacher to his Majesty's household at Hampton-court.

Capt. Hill, of the guards, to be Fort-Major of the Tower of London.

The Rev. Samuel Weston, M. A. to a prebend in Canterbury Cathedral, void by resignation of the Rev. Dr. Farmer.

The Rev. Charles Fynes, B. L. to a prebend of Westminster, void by the death of the Rev. John Taylor.

The Rev. Samuel Horsley, D. L. to the See of St. David's, void by the Translation of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Edward Smallwell to the Bishopric of Oxford.

The Rev. Tho. Hughes, M. A. to be Canon of Worcester, void by the death of the Rev. William Jennings.

Thomas Kirkman, esq. to be Deputy Fort-Major of Duncannon Fort.

Jeremy Pemberton, esq. to be his Majesty's Chief Justice of the province of Nova Scotia, vice Bryan Finucan, esq. deceased.

Thomas Walpole, esq. his Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary to the Elector Palatine, to be his Envoy Extraordinary to his Serene Highness.

M A R R I A G E S.

AT Llanowrin, in Montgomeryshire, Howel Gedorhir, esq. of Llyn Balog, to Miss Anllad, of Pant y-Cachdu.

Mr. Morgan, of Chigwell in Essex, to Miss Jane Jenour, of the same place.

George Taylor, esq. brother to Clement Taylor, esq. member for Maidstone, to Miss Allen, daughter of the late Captain Allen.

The Rev. William Blunt, of Springfield-Place, in Suffex, to Miss Glanville, of Catchfrench, Cornwall.

At Axbidge, the Rev. Mr. John Boak, to Miss Mary Rawlins.

John Dickson, of Stockwell-Place, esq. to Miss Tomlin, of Walbrook.

The Rev. Mr. Scrags, Master of a Grammar School at Bridgewater, to Miss Bowering.

Mr. Knight, of the Theatre-Royal in

Bath, to Miss P. Farren, sister to Miss Farren, of Drury-lane Theatre.

George Harrison, esq. Norroy King of Arms, to Mrs. Bishop, widow of George Bishop, esq. late of Sydenham.

David Denne, esq. of Lydd, in Kent, to Miss Cobb, only daughter of Robert Cobb, esq.

Mr. James Morgan, of Uffk, aged 69, to Mrs. Mary Phillips, of Mamilad, aged 72.

Thomas Chaplin, esq. to Miss Webster, only daughter of the late Sir Godfrey Webster, bart. of Battle-Abbey, Suffex.

John Pugh, esq. of Dolgelly, in Merionethshire, to Miss Caroline Tomlinson, daughter and coheir of the late Alexander Tomlinson, esq. of Langdon-hall, in Cumberland.

At Haverfordwest, John Inge, esq. of Lower Brook-street, to Miss Lucy Jennings,

youngest daughter of the late Robert Jennings, esq. of Westminster.

The Rev. D. Williams, of Wroughton, Wilts, to Miss Matthews, sister of J. D. Matthews, esq. of Broadgate, near Barnstable.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Wilson, to Miss Adair, only daughter of Mr. Serjeant Adair.

Mr. Herbert Rogers, to Miss Mathers, only daughter of William Mathers, esq. Alderman of Worcester.

John Shuckburgh, esq. to Miss Venour, daughter of the late John Venour, esq.

Lambert Theodore Walpole, esq. nephew to Lord Walpole, to the Hon. Miss Margaretta Clive, youngest sister of Lord Clive.

The Rev. Mr. Sutton, Vicar of Hales-Owen, to Miss S. Clarke, of Bridgenorth.

The Rev. Richard Pritchett, Rector of Leyham, to Mrs. Newcome.

The Earl of Dundonald, to Mrs. Mayne.

Charles Start, esq. member for Bridport, to the Right Hon. Lady Mary Anne Ashley, only daughter of the late Earl of Shaftsbury.

The Rev. Mr. Shillito, to Miss Mayhew, sister of the late William Mayhew, esq. recorder of Colchester.

At Clapham, Samuel Shore, esq. of Meerbrook, near Sheffield, to Miss Flower, daughter of Freeman Flower, esq. of Clapham.

In London, Henry Calverley Cotton, esq. brother to Sir Robert Salisbury Cotton, bart. to Miss Lockwood, only daughter of the late John Lockwood, esq.

At Mary-le-bone church, Captain Gambier, of the Royal Navy, to Miss Louisa Matthews, daughter of the late Daniel Matthews, esq. of Felix-hall, Essex.

Francis Love Beckford, esq. of Basing-Park, Hampshire, to Mrs. Lloyd, widow of Richard Bennet Lloyd, esq.

MONTHLY OBITUARY for APRIL 1788.

JULY 15, 1787.

AT Calcutta, Lieut. Col. Wedderburne, of the East-India Company's service.

August 1, 1787. At Bombay, John Blakeman, esq. Physician General.

March 12, 1788. Mr. W. Palmer, at Bradford, aged 84; formerly a Surgeon and Apothecary there.

19. Captain Hughes, New King-street, Bath.

20. The lady of the Hon. Mr. Wenman, being the second time he has become a widower in the space of thirteen weeks.

The Rev. Richard Owen, Rector of Rhoscolin in Anglesea.

21. Dundas Charles Grant, son of Sir James Grant.

22. George Cornelius Swann, esq. at York.

At Blandford Park, the seat of the Duke of Beaufort, aged 21, William Evelyn, esq. only son of William Evelyn, esq. Member for Hythe. His death was occasioned by the hurt he received in consequence of a fall from his horse as he was hunting a few weeks ago. He afterwards appeared tolerably recovered, but by overheating himself with riding, a pain in his head was brought on; he was trepanned, and died in two days.

John Kilvington, esq. Red-Lion Square.

The Rev. Charles Bishop, Rector of Elkstone and Rudford.

23. Captain Edward Collier, commanding an invalid company at Chester.

Francis Throckmorton, esq. at Lisbon.

24. Mr. Samuel House, only son of the celebrated Samuel House, of Wardour-street, Solo.

The Rev. Mr. James Dalton, at Stanmore, aged 74.

Lately at Caius College, Mr. Thomas

Cobbold, Student of Trinity College.

25. At Bromley, Mrs. De Briffac, aged 82. William Cuming, M.D. F.S.A. at Dorchester, one of the Senior Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians at Edinburgh.

Lately at Calais, James Tekell, of the Inner Temple, esq.

26. Mr. Stephen Cazalet, of Austin-Friars.

At his seat at Bramling, aged 81. Admiral Sir Charles Knowles. He was appointed a Captain in 1745, and superannuated on Rear Admiral's half pay in 1770.

At Callercote in Northumberland, James Mills. He was a fisherman in 1715 at Bamborough, when Lance Earington took Holy-Island Castle, and was in company with the country people raised in search of him; at the age of 82 he married a widow, and by her had three children.

Mr. Halliday, sugar-refiner at St. Paul's Wharf.

Lately at Paris, Judith de Ligonier, in the hundredth year of her age. She was first cousin to the late Lord Ligonier.

27. James Melliar, M.D. of North Cadbury in Somersetshire.

At Portsmouth, Mr. William Tattam, aged 95.

Lately at Oxford, Dr. Thomas Chapman, Rector of Navestock in Essex, and formerly of Trinity College in that University.

28. In Granby-Row, Dublin, the Hon. Baroness Dillon.

The Rev. Mr. Wright, Rector of Birkin in Yorkshire, aged 72.

At Eltham, Mr. Joseph Middleton, formerly a grocer in Budge-row.

The Rev. Charles Wesley, brother to the celebrated John Wesley.

Mr. William Lyon, one of the Yeomen of the Guards.

The Rev. Jonathan Shutt, Rector of North Witham in Lincolnshire.

29. Fran. Mowat, Lieutenant in the Navy. At Cheshunt, the Rev. Thomas Griffin, A. M. Senior Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, and one of the Preachers at Whitehall.

Lately, Mrs. Baskerville, widow of the celebrated Mr. Baskerville of Birmingham.

30. Miss Saxby, only daughter of Mr. Saxby, Water-Bailiff.

Lately, at Much Haddam, Hertfordshire, Sir Richard Chase, Knight.

31. The Right Hon. Lady Viscountess Vane. Those who may be curious after anecdotes of this lady, may receive ample satisfaction from the novel of Peregrine Pickle, where her history, written either by herself or by her direction, is to be found.

At Weston, in Hertfordshire, the Rev. Joseph Reed, near 57 years Vicar of that place. His immediate predecessor held it 64 years.

April 1. Mr. Thomas Kent, late Drug-gift in Aldersgate-street.

2. Mrs. Prudence Rowe, formerly of Leigh, in the county of Somerset.

4. Ralph Aldus, esq. Member of the Corporation of Curfitors.

Mr. John Clark, son of Mr. Thomas Clark, coal-merchant, New Brentford.

At Framlingham in Suffolk, Mrs. Ann Butler, a maiden lady, aged 107 years. She was formerly Maid of Honour to Queen Anne, and a relation of the Duke of Ormond's, on whose disgrace she retired to the above town.

5. Miss Worlidge, daughter of the late Edward Worlidge of Millbank.

Mrs. Bell, aged 87, relict of William Bell, Esq. of Greenwich.

Mr. John Bland, son of Mr. Bland of Mincing-lane, aged 16.

6. Mrs. Catharine Roland, aged 74, formerly one of the most eminent dancers on the English stage.

The Rev. Mr. Davison, a Dissenting Minister, at Becking in Essex, aged 85.

Lately, Mr. Cain Adams, Attorney, Dean-street, Soho.

Lately, Thomas Walford, esq. at Sibford Ferris in Oxfordshire.

8. At Bath, Richard Rigby, esq. Member for Tavistock, and Master of the Rolls in Ireland.

Lately, Mr. Thomas Noxen, Schoolmaster, at Coventry, formerly Sheriff there.

Lately, in the Temple, William Hammott,

esq. late Captain of the Ponsonby East India-man.

9. Mr. William Tweedie, son of Robert Tweedie, esq. of Antigua-street, Edinburgh.

Mrs. Catharine Beck, last surviving sister and co-heiress of Sir Justinian Beck, bart. in the 77th year of her age.

10. At Rushall, Wiltshire, aged 73, Edward Poore, esq.

The Countess Dowager of Hopetoun.

Mr. Blunt, linen-draper, Charing-crofs.

Lately, Mr. Thomas Coe, of Newgate-street.

11. Alexander Ramsay, esq. of Burnrig, Scotland.

13. Mr. Thomas Preston, late wire-worker, New Surrey-street.

Mr. Palmer, of Bath, father of Mr. Palmer of the Post-office.

14. At Hinton St. George, Devonshire, Earl Powlet, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Devon.

Miss Nicklefs, niece to Mr. Clements, St. Paul's Church-yard.

At Elvetham, in the county of Southampton, Sir Henry Calthorpe, senior Knight of the Bath, aged 71.

15. Mrs. Dykes, wife of Mr. Dykes, Attorney, Shadwell.

Sir Philip Jennings Clerke.

16. Mrs. Delany, aged 88, widow of Dr. Delany, Dean of Down, and niece to George Granville, Lord Lansdowne.

Thomas Chowne, esq. of Suffex.

Mr. Thomas Rogers, jun. Baker, at Newington-green.

17. The Rev. John Boys, Vicar of Redbourn in Hertfordshire, aged 74.

18. Mr. John Blake, Fenchurch-street.

19. Lord Viscount Kilcourse, son of the Earl of Cavan.

20. Mrs. Hendsfield, at Bakewell in Derbyshire, aged 73.

Mr. George Colebatch, bricklayer, Minories.

Richard Colville, esq. Wisbech-hall, Cambridgeshire.

22. Mr. John Hill, Deputy Marshal of the King's Bench, and Tiptaff to Earl of Mansfield.

23. Capt. Edward Speke, after a short illness, occasioned by a fall he had down stairs.

24. John Medows Theobald, of Henley, Esq. He served the office of High Sheriff for Suffolk in 1787.

25. Capt. James Brown, late Commander of the Alired East-Indiaman.

