

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 AUGUST, 1788.

[Embellished with, 1. A Portrait of Dr. JOHN SHEBBEARE. And 2. A VIEW of the BISHOP of LONDON'S PALACE at FULHAM.]

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L O N D O N :

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Junius's Second Letter is received. We thought our last notice to him was sufficiently explicit. He may be assured any thing proper for insertion shall not be rejected. We repeat it, we have no partiality to either party in the controversy.

The anecdotes of *Clavis* cannot be inserted. After the deaths of every person mentioned in them (none of whom can consequently now defend themselves), we should hold ourselves bound to reject such a narrative on anonymous authority, had we no other objection to it. But we have carefully read over Dr. K.—'s Letter to Mr. G. printed by him as an apology for his horrid conduct, and can inform our Correspondent that it is very different from, and even contradictory in some particulars to, his statement. What Dr. K. did not tell the world at that time we cannot give credit to now. It is probable he told two different stories, one to the world, and another to his friends; but that will only cause his general character for veracity to be brought into question.

B. C. H. Bry. Walter. Character of Lord Clarendon, in our next. Other Correspondents under consideration. ——— Erratum, page 68, line 3, for *glow*, read *flow*.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN, from Aug. 11, to Aug. 16, 1788.

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

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

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

WALES, Aug. 4, to Aug. 9, 1788.

North Wales	5	9	4	2	3	1	1	10	4	7
South Wales	5	9	3	10	3	0	1	8	3	0

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

J U L Y.		WIND.	
BAROMETER.	THERMOM.		
30—30—14	66	S. S. W.	
31—30—20	67	N.	

AUGUST.

1—30—22	68	N. W.	
2—30—44	65	W.	
3—30—43	66	N.	
4—30—40	64	S. E.	
5—30—29	63	N. E.	
6—30—18	60	N. N. E.	
7—30—11	58	N.	
8—30—16	61	N.	
9—30—15	59	E. N. E.	
10—30—09	60	E. N. E.	
11—30—03	62	E. N. E.	
12—29—92	63	N.	
13—29—51	65	W.	
14—29—22	60	W.	
15—29—58	61	W.	
16—29—72	66	W.	
17—29—70	63	S.	
18—29—81	63	W.	

19—29—65	67	S.	
20—29—78	63	S. S. W.	
21—29—97	69	W. S. W.	
22—29—72	64	—	
23—29—67	65	S.	
24—29—95	62	W.	
25—29—93	64	S. S. W.	
26—29—78	64	N.	
27—29—90	59	N. N. W.	

PRICES of STOCKS,

Aug. 27, 1788.

Bank Stock,	—	New S. S. Ann.	—
New 4 per Cent 1777,	—	India Stock,	—
95 7-8ths a 96	—	India Bonds,	—
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785,	—	New Navy & Vict Bills	—
112 1-half a 5-8ths	—	Long Ann. 22 7-16ths	—
3 per Cent. red. 74 $\frac{2}{3}$ a 75	—	a 1-half	—
3 per Cent. Cont. 74 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	Ditto Short 1778 and	—
a $\frac{1}{3}$ a $\frac{1}{4}$	—	1779, 13 13-16ths	—
3 per Cent. 1726,	—	a 7-8ths	—
3 per Cent. 1751,	—	Exchequer Bills,	—
3 per Ct. Ind. An.	—	Lot Tick. 16l. 2s. 6d.	—
South Sea Stock,	—	Irish ditto, 7l. 9s. 6d.	—
Old S. S. Ann. 74 $\frac{3}{8}$	—	Prizes	—

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

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An ACCOUNT of the LIFE and WRITINGS of Dr. JOHN SHEBBEARE.
[WITH A PORTRAIT OF HIM.]

AFTER a long life filled up with many vicissitudes, composed of the extremes of embarrassment and independence, of obloquy and respect, of detestation and reverence, of turbulence and repose, the curtain hath at last dropt on a man whose exertions, at one period of his life, drew the attention of more than his own countrymen upon him; whose exertions, with whatever view made, had considerable effect in the political world; and which, if they at one period drew on him legal punishment, yet at length were the means of acquiring for him the notice and patronage of those who contributed to render his fortune easy, and the latter part of his existence comfortable. The events of his life now become history, and may be enquired into and related like any other transaction past. But in a case where passion and prejudice may be so likely to interfere, we are of opinion, that the neutrality of a stranger is more

likely to afford satisfaction than an eulogium from a friend. The following particulars may be given with confidence, if they are less perfect than we could wish; we are certain the facts may be relied on. Probably some of our Correspondents may furnish us hereafter with more circumstances.

Dr. JOHN SHEBBEARE, if our information be exact, was a native of Devonshire; and, if our remembrance fails us not, was asserted by himself, in one of his controversies, to have received his education under a Mr. or Dr. Mudge at Exeter. By his age, if the newspaper account be accurate, he was born in the year 1709, and brought up an apothecary; in which profession, or that of chymist, he resided some time at Bristol, and probably was unsuccessful there. The first public notice of him we find is in the year 1739, when he printed an epitaph, which we shall give below*, to the memory of Thomas Coster,

* Coster! adieu, to native skies return'd,
By every patriot bosom lov'd and mourn'd.
E'en party frenzy, now no more his foe,
Weeps into sense, and swells the general woe.
Friend to all virtue, howsoever depress'd,
Foe to all vice, howe'er by courts care's'd.
From commerce rich, yet rich without a stain,
Tho' wealthy humble, and tho' wife not vain.
A breast no passion once could discompose,
Save that which bade him mourn his country's woes.
This consolation yet be mine, he cry'd,
Not to survive dear liberty, and dy'd.

Coster, Esq. member for Bristol. The next year he published a pamphlet on the Bristol waters, from which period there is a chasm in our author's life we are unable to fill up. In this interval may probably be placed his failure in business, and his effort to obtain a higher situation in his profession. It is certain that in the year 1752 he was at Paris *, and there he obtained the degree, if he obtained it at all, which gave him the addition to his name which accompanied him during the rest of his life, that of Doctor. Until this time he appears to have lived in obscurity; but at an age when vigorous exertion usually subsides, he seems to have resolved to place himself in a conspicuous situation, whatever hazard might attend it, and commenced a public writer with a degree of celerity, coarseness, and virulence, which it would be difficult to find a parallel for even in the most intemperate times. To read over his works now, when the passions they then raised have subsided, we feel surprize at the effect they produced, and it is within the memory of many now living, that their influence was very considerable. In the year 1754, he began his career with *The Marriage Act*, a political novel, in which he treated the legislature with such freedom, that it occasioned his being taken into custody, from whence, however, he was soon released. As we shall subjoin a list of his works at the end of this account, we shall here notice such only as occasioned any particular event, and barely observe that the dispatch with which they seem to have been written, could be equalled only by their variety. They were medical, political, critical, and humorous.

The performances, however, most celebrated, were a series of Letters to the People of England, which were written in a style vigorous and energetic, though slovenly and careless, well calculated to make an impression on common readers; and were accordingly read with avidity and circulated with diligence. They had a very considerable effect † on the minds of the people, and galled the ministry, who seem to have been at first too eager to punish the author. On the publication of the Third Letter we find warrants dated 4th and 8th of March, 1756, issued by Lord Holderness to take up both Scott the publisher and the author ‡. This prosecution however seems to have been dropt, and the culprit proceeded for some time unmolested, 'having declared, says one of his answerers, that he would write himself into a post or into the pillory, in the last of which he at length succeeded.' On the 12th of January 1758, a general warrant was signed by Lord Holderness, to search for the author, printer, and publishers of a wicked, audacious, and treasonable libel, entitled 'A Sixth Letter to the People of England, on the progress of national ruin; in which is shewn that the present grandeur of France and calamities of this nation are owing to the influence of Hanover on the councils of England;' and them having found, to seize and apprehend, together with their books and papers ||. At this juncture government seem to have been effectually roused; for having received information that a seventh letter was printing, by virtue of another warrant, dated January 23, all the copies were seized and entirely suppressed. In Easter Term an information was filed

A Correspondent of the periodical publication where this epitaph first appeared, observes, "However difficult it be to write encomiums on the dead without stale praise, Mr. Shebears has found a way from the dignity of the subject and choice of expression to raise emotions of pity, grief, and indignation to a singular degree in one of those few epitaphs which will live to late posterity."

* Answer to the Conduct of the Ministry impartially considered, p. 8.

† "I may aver with the strictest veracity, that the Letters which were written to the People of England, contributed not a little towards creating the popularity, and thereby to the elevation of Lord Chatham to the seat of prime minister."—Again—"It is Lord Chatham only of whom I have reason to complain; who having profited by my writings, and having publicly declared, that he avowed the truth of all that they contained; in return for my endeavours to serve him, after he was mounted above the throne, and possessed of absolute power, not only permitted me to be punished for writing words less offensive than he had repeatedly spoken in the House of Commons, but even ill treated Sir John Philips who applied to him in my favour." *Answer to Queries*, p. 36, 37.

‡ See Copies of Records of Warrants, &c. 4to. 1763, p. 57. an unpublished pamphlet by Philip Carteret Webb.

|| The motto to this pamphlet was from the Revelations, chap. vi. v. 8. "And I looked, and beheld a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him." It should be observed that a white horse is part of the Hanover arms.

against

against him by Mr. Pratt, now Lord Camden, then attorney-general, in which it is now worthy of remark, that the crown officer, in his application to the court, in express terms admitted a point, since much disputed, that of the jury's right to determine both the law and the fact in matters of libel. "What I urge," says the advocate, "to the court, is only to shew there is reasonable ground for considering this publication as a libel, and for putting it in a way of trial, and therefore it is I pray to have the rule made absolute; for I admit, and your lordship well knows, that the jury in matter of libel are judges of the law as well as the fact, and have an undoubted right to consider whether, upon the whole, the pamphlet in question be, or be not, a false, malicious, and scandalous libel*." On the 17th of June, the information was tried, when our author was found guilty; and on the 28th November, he received sentence, by which he was fined five pounds, ordered to stand in the pillory December 5, at Charing Cross, to be confined three years, and give security for his good behaviour for seven years, himself in 500l. and two others in 250l. each.

On the day appointed, that part of the sentence which doomed him to the pillory was put in execution, amidst a prodigious concourse of people assembled on the occasion. The under sheriff, at that time, happened to be Mr. Beardmore, who had sometimes been assisted by the Doctor in writing the Monitor, a paper in its principles of the same tendency with the writings of the culprit, who consequently might expect every indulgence from the officer to whom the execution of his sentence was committed. The manner in which it was conducted may be learned from the affidavits on which afterwards the under sheriff's conduct became the subject of animadversion in the Court of King's Bench, and which assert, "that the defendant only stood upon the platform of the pillory, unconfined and at his ease, attended by a servant in livery (which servant and livery were hired for the occasion only) holding an umbrella over his head all the time: but his head, hands,

neck, and arms were not at all confined, or put into the holes of the pillory; only that he sometimes put his hands upon the holes of the pillory in order to rest himself †." For this neglect of duty, Beardmore was fined 50l. and suffered two months imprisonment.

Some time before he was tried for the obnoxious publication already mentioned, the Duchess of Queensbury, as heir of Lord Clarendon, obtained an injunction in the Court of Chancery to stop the publication of the continuation of that nobleman's history; a copy of which had got into the hands of Francis Gwyn, Esq. between whom and the Doctor there had been an agreement to publish it and equally divide the profits. The care and expences attending the ushering this work into the world were to be wholly Dr. Shebbeare's, who performed his part of the agreement, and caused it to be handsomely printed in quarto, with a Tory preface, containing frequent reflections on and allusions to recent events and to living characters, which gave it the appearance rather of a temporary pamphlet than of a work calculated for posterity. On the injunction being obtained, Dr. Shebbeare was under the necessity of applying to the aid of law to recover the money expended by him in printing, amounting to more than 500l. Of that sum more than half had been wasted on his side in the courts of law and equity. And some years afterwards, speaking of the situation of his affairs, he says, "It may be easily imagined, that my circumstances were not improved by three years imprisonment. I had no club of partizans to maintain me during that time, to discharge my debts, nor even the fine, which I was obliged to pay, after a three years confinement for a single offence. Notwithstanding the difficulties which inevitably arose from these particulars, and although an insolvent act was passed soon after his majesty's accession to the throne, and my circumstances might have apologized for my taking that opportunity which it offered; I nevertheless declined from availing myself of that occasion to evade the payment of my debts. I pre-

* Letter from Candour to the Public Advertiser, 8vo. 1764, p. 40.

† See 2. Burrows's Reports, p. 792. Dr. Shebbeare, a very short time before his death, mentioned that the servant in livery was an Irish chairman employed for the occasion. Teague received a guinea for his hire. The next day, however, he called upon the Doctor, and appearing dissatisfied with his reward, said 'he hoped his honour would give him something more; for only consider, Sir,' added he, 'in order to put his requisition in the strongest light possible, 'only consider the disgrace of the thing.' The Doctor sent the man away contented.

ferred the labour of endeavouring to pay them, and the risk of being again imprisoned if I did not succeed. But thank heaven I am in no danger of a second imprisonment on that account. § During his confinement he declares he never received as presents more than twenty guineas from all the world. †

While he was confined in the King's Bench, he solicited subscriptions for the first Volume of a History of England, from the Revolution to the then present time. But at the persuasion of his friends he was induced to alter his design, and receipts were issued for a first Volume of the History of England, and of the Constitution thereof from its origin. That volume he wrote, and had transcribed. "But as it was impracticable," to use his own words, "whilst I was in confinement, to procure that variety of books, or to apply to manuscript authorities, for all that was requisite to the completing this first volume, I found on being released from my imprisonment, and on application to the former only, that the volume which I had written, was incorrect, insufficient, and erroneous, in too many particulars, to admit of its being published, without injustice to my subscribers, and reprehensions on myself. Into this displeasing situation I had been misled by relying on the authorities of modern historians, who pretend to cite the authors from whence their materials are taken, many of whom appear never to have seen them, but implicitly to have copied one another, and all of them manifestly defective; not only in the authorities they should have sought, but in their omissions and misrepresentations of those whom they had consulted: more especially respecting those parts of the old German codes, on which our constitution is erected, and without which it cannot be properly explained or understood. Such being the real situation of things, I perceived that more time than I could expect to live would be necessarily required for so extensive a work as the whole history I had proposed; and that a single volume, or even a few volumes of an history incomplete, would by no means answer either the intention of my subscribers, or my own: I determined, therefore, to change my plan, and to include in one volume that which might require no others to complete this new design.

"In consequence of this alteration, I resolved to exert my best abilities, not only

to trace the constitution of England from its origin in the woods of Germany, as *Mons. de Montesquieu* expresses it; but from the first principles of human nature, from which the formation of all kinds of government is derived. With this view, I have attempted an analyzation of the mental and corporeal faculties, in order to shew in what manner they reciprocally influence each other in the various actions of man, not only as an individual, but as a gregarious being, impelled by nature to associate in communities. From hence I have attempted to delineate* in what manner legislature sprang and proceeded from its source, through that variety of meanders which it hath formed in its current, both before and since the introduction of one common sign, whereby to express the intrinsic value, not only of all the productions of nature and of art, but even of the human faculties, as they are now estimated; to compare the constitutions of those different states, which have been and are the most celebrated in ancient and modern history, with each other, and with that of England; and then to derive some reasonable grounds for the determination of that which seems to be the most consistent with the primordial institutes of nature, and the happiness of human kind. In consequence of this intent, the manners that successively arose and prevailed in such states, the benefits and mischiefs which ensued from them are delineated, in order to explain on what foundation the welfare of national communities may most probably be established." *

This plan thus delineated, he at times employed himself in filling up; but on being rudely attacked for not performing his promise with his subscribers, he in 1774 observed—"From the inevitable obligations, not only of supporting my own family, but those, also, whom as son and brother it was my duty to sustain for forty years; and which, respecting the claims of the latter, still continues; it will be easily discerned that many an avocation must have proceeded from these circumstances, as well as from a sense of gratitude to his majesty, in defence of whose government I have thought it my duty occasionally to exert my best abilities." He adds, however, that he did not intend to die until what he had proposed was finished; a promise which the event has shewn he was unable to perform.

§ Answer to *Queries*, p. 27.

† *Ib.*

* *Ibid.* p. 25.

In prison he was detained during the whole time of the sentence, and with some degree of rigour; for when his life was in danger, from an ill state of health, and he applied to the Court of King's Bench for permission to be carried into the rules a few hours in a day, though Lord Mansfield acceded to the petition, yet the prayer of it was denied and defeated by Judge Foster †. At the expiration of the time of his sentence, a new reign had commenced, and shortly afterwards during the administration of Mr. Grenville, a pension was granted him by the crown. This he obtained by the personal application of Sir John Philips to the King, who on that occasion was pleased to speak of him in very favourable terms, which he promised undeviatingly to endeavour to deserve by allegiance and gratitude. ‡

From the time of that event we find Dr. Shebbeare a uniform defender of the measures of Government, and the mark against whom every opposer of administration considered himself at liberty to throw out the grossest abuse. Even the friends of power were often adverse to him. Dr. Smollet introduced him in no very respectful light, under the name of Fernet, in the novel of Sir Launcelot Greaves, and Mr. Hogarth made him one of the group in the third election print. The author of the Heroic Epistle published a poem addressed to him under the title of an Epistle, from which the following lines may be taken, as a specimen of the moderation of the author.

Wretch! that from Slander's filth art ever
gleaning
Spite without spirit, malice without meaning;
The same abusive, base, abandon'd thing,
When pilloried, or pension'd by a king;
Old as thou art, methinks 'twere sage advice
That North should call thee off from hunting
Price.
Some younger blood-hound of his bawling
pack
Might sorer gall his presbyterian back.
Thy toothless jaws should free thee from the
fight;
Thou canst but mumble when thou mean'st
to bite.
Say, then, to give a requiem to thy toils,
What if my muse array'd her in thy spoils?

† Answer to Queries, p. 35.

‡ Ibid 29.

And took the field for thee, thro' pure good-
nature;
Courts prais'd by thee, are curs'd beyond her
satire.

Scarce a periodical publication was without some abuse of him, which he seems to have in general had the good sense to neglect. In the year 1774, however, he departed from his general practice, and defended himself from some attacks at that time made upon him. In the course of this pamphlet, he insulted the memory of King William in such rancorous terms as to leave the most moderate reader totally indifferent to any feverity which could be used towards such a writer.

Early in life he appears to have written a Comedy, which in 1766 he made an effort to get represented at Covent Garden. In 1768 he wrote the Review of Books in the Political Register for three months, and was often engaged to write for particular persons, with whom he frequently quarrelled when he came to be paid. This was the case with Sir Robert Fletcher, and we think of others. His pen seems to have been constantly employed, and he wrote with great rapidity, what certainly can now be read with little satisfaction, and must soon be forgotten. Though pensioned by Government, he can scarce be said to have renounced his opinions, for in the pamphlet already mentioned, his abuse of the Revolution is as gross as in that for which he suffered the pillory. His violence defeated his own purpose, and made those who agreed in party with him, revolt from the violence with which he treated his adversaries. Of late it is probable he had not written much. It is said, that those who should form a judgment of his character by his writings would be deceived, and that his disposition was better than these seem to promise; and indeed the manner in which he speaks of his connections exhibits traits of a liberal and benevolent mind. His death, which happened the first of August last, seems to have arrived unexpectedly, as no later than the present Spring, he exhibited few marks of debility or decay.

[To be concluded in our next.]

AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENTS.

[From the PARIS MEMOIRS of AGRICULTURE.]

On the MANNER of DESTROYING INSECTS which attack FRUIT-TREES.

M. DE THOSSE, having found that oil of turpentine, when applied to animals which were covered with vermin, destroyed these vermin without hurting the animal, the author of this memoir tried it on several kinds of tree-lice, and other insects; all of which it killed, without hurting the trees. He then mixed some oil of turpentine with fine earth, so as to make it incorporate well; and then added water, stirring it carefully, till the whole was brought to a considerable degree of fluidity. In this mixture he dipped branches of fruit-trees, covered with insects, which were entirely destroyed by it, eggs and all; without hurting the fruit, branch, or leaves. The composition may be got off by artificial watering; or left to be washed away by the first shower. From these experiments, he thinks that oil of turpentine may be as well employed for killing various kinds of lice that infest domestic animals, and sometimes produce diseases on fruit-trees. Experiments will ascertain how far this remedy will prove efficacious in different cases.

ESSAY on the CULTURE of the LARCH-TREE in the NORTHERN PROVINCES.

By M. LE PRESIDENT DE LA TOUR D' AIGUES.

MANY facts are here stated, to demonstrate that great advantages may be derived to the kingdom from the culture of

this valuable and ornamental tree, which grows better than most other timber trees in our climate. As it is impossible to spread too widely the knowledge of this incomparable tree, we shall enrich our Journal with a few observations.

'I have in my garden,' says the author, 'some rails, part of which are oak, and part of them larch-wood. The rails were made in the year 1743, and only once painted. The oak has yielded to time, but the larch is still found. They employ this wood, at present, in Provence for making casks. The chestnut of the Cevennes had supplied the place of the oak, and the larch now successfully supplies that of the chestnut. The fineness of the grain retains perfectly the spirit of the liquor, and does not alter its quality. It has been employed for that use, for time immemorial, in the higher Dauphiné, from Sisterou even to Briançon. I have, in my castle of Tour d' Aigues, beams of twenty inches square, which are found, though upwards of two hundred years old; but trees of this size are now only to be found in places whence they cannot be transported. There are in some parts of Dauphiné and in the forest of Baye, in Provence, larch trees which two men could not grasp, and more than twelve toises in height.'

From these, and other considerations, he concludes, that the culture of the larch-tree cannot be too much extended in France; nor, we may add, in England.

An ACCOUNT of the BISHOP of LONDON's PALACE at FULHAM.

[With a VIEW of it from the River.]

THIS structure is very ancient, and from the following passage in Norden (see *Specul. Brit.*) seems formerly to have belonged to the Crown. "There is an ancient house belonging to the see of London situated about Henry III. often lay (i. e. resided) at this place. Leland (*Cyanea Cantio* in notis) the king of the Bishop's house says,—"Volucrum domus Saxonice Fulenham vulgo Fulham Asterius Menevensis scribit Danorum turmas hæc ripa in hybernis fuisse. Fuit hæc villa multis abhinc annis atque adeo nunc est hospitio Londinensis Episcopi notissima;" so that even in the reign of Henry VIII. it was called the old seat of the Bishop of London. It stands near the Church very pleasantly seated, having

a view of the River Thames, and a private pair of stairs to take water at. Being of considerable standing, and having been often repaired, altered, and had additions made to it since its first building, it does not appear regular and beautiful as more modern edifices; however, the many conveniencies in it make amends for its want of outward ornament. The gardens round it are extremely pleasant, and there is a small park adjoining, all which, with the gardens, is moated round by a large canal, well stored with fish. In and about the banks are five or six choice physical plants found, not discovered to grow naturally in any other part of England. (See Camden's *Britannia*.)

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

ON SIGNORA PIOZZI'S PUBLICATION OF DR. JOHNSON'S LETTERS.
STRICTURE THE THIRD.

By JOSEPH BARETTI.

MY connection with Dr. Johnson, though quite close and quite familiar during a great number of years, was nevertheless, like every other intimacy, subject at intervals to the vicissitudes of coincidence and discrepance in opinion; not that I ever dreamt of any equality between our powers of pronouncing judgment in ambiguous and questionable cases, but in mere consequence of that untoward cast of mind which often makes this, and that, and t'other object appear to Mr. Joseph of such a form, of such a size, of such and such a quality, when Mr. Samuel conceives them all to be greatly different, if not the absolute reverse.

Not unfrequent therefore were our debates on divers topics, now of more, now of less importance. To them and to a multitude of disquisitions I heard from him on innumerable matters, I am indebted for the best part of that little knowledge I have; and if there is any kind of rectitude and solidity in my ideas, I will ever remember with gratitude as well as pride, that I owe more of it to him and to his books, than to any other man I ever knew, or any other book I ever studied.

However, in spite of my obsequiousness to his great superiority of understanding, and my ready submission to most of his dictates, never could I implicitly adopt some few of his principal notions and leading opinions, though ever so ardently desirous of conforming all mine to those of a man, whose innate and acquired faculties, as far as my judgment reaches, were never equalled by any of his most famed cotemporaries, and whose works will indubitably carry to posterity both wonder and instruction by many degrees superior to those of any writer ever so admired during the interval in which he lived.

One of the points on which my friend and I most widely differed, and most frequently disputed, especially during the seven or eight last years of his life, was certainly that of his Mistress's excellence, or no excellence; and every body knows that his Mistress, as he emphatically called her, was my pretty Hester Lynch, alias Mrs. Thrale, alias La Piozzi. Whether it was, that, before he knew her, he never had any domesticity with any woman surrounded with that splendour with

which fortune artificially invests human beings, and that the radiance of opulence, which rendered her effulgent at that time, dazzled him at once so forcibly, as to keep him ever after blind to the merits of all those more deserving females who successively fell in his way; or rather, that the bent of his lofty mind kept him constantly from the close inspection of those minute parts which constitute individuals, after having rioted in the higher pleasure of expanding his contemplations over the totality of human nature; the fact is, that, while I calmly and frigidly looked upon Hester Lynch, and conceived her to be nothing more than a common mortal in point of brains as well as body, and nearly as unimproveable in one as in the other; there were no fine words, no elegant phrases, no splendid and sublime expressions in the Doctor's fine, elegant, splendid, and sublime way of speaking, but what he would too often employ to give her the most brilliant hue, and the rotundest prominence; heaping upon her commendation after commendation, even sometimes a very few minutes after having driven her into an adjoining room with an austere rebuke, on his detecting some paltry untruth or other that she had uttered in his hearing. Fibbing only out of the question, Hester Lynch was peerless among the well-bred and the graceful, peerless among the elegant and the nice, peerless among the benevolent and the munificent, peerless among the judicious and the prudent, peerless in sincere friendship, peerless in conjugal attachment, peerless in maternal affection, peerless in wit, peerless in learning, peerless—oh, there never was an end of her peerless peerlessness! So far did the fascinated Doctor push his immoderate encomiums, as to tell her even in writing of a *consanguinity in their intellects*; an expression which I am sure would highly have offended him, if uttered by any body else. Poor Johnson! how elevated, how transcendent, whenever elephants wielded their enormous trunks before his fancy roving and running impetuously about the ample wilds of Africa and of Asia! How inconsiderable, how diminutive, whenever monkeys played their gambols under his nose within the limited spaces of Streatham and the Borough! Yet had the good man lived but a short time longer, how unanimous

we should at last have been upon this despicable chapter! How few our contentions on his becoming convinced, as was at last the case, that, instead of having burned frankincense on the pure altar of Diana, he had only been filling with condensed clouds of noisome smoke the contaminated temple of Cotytha!

But ye, future Englishmen and Englishwomen, shall you ever believe it as the present do, that this same sweet darling of Doctor Samuel Johnson, this heart-chosen favourite, this peerless mistress of his, far from endeavouring to merit his exuberant praises by an impeccable behaviour, and his kindness most exuberant by an everlasting gratitude and an everlasting acknowledgement; shall you ever believe it, was the very she, who, as soon as he had her precious self in her own unlimited power sat about embittering his last hours, and proved so inerubescant, as to render, by a single stroke of her distorted wit, undeniably absurd and most perfectly laughable, all those exaggerations in her favour, which his simple heart intended as most serious and most solemn? Surely, you will say, that was playing her noble admirer what is vulgarly termed a sad and senny trick; as it is really shocking to see a magnificent edifice, which a poor architect has been twenty years in erecting, shook at once from the foundations by an earthquake, overthrown in an instant, and laid prostrate in the dust! Shocking, shocking, as well as ridiculous, that this silly Hester Lynch should cause herself the disruption of a noble monument intended to transmit her name and reputation to distant ages, and prove herself her own earthquake! Yet so it was, that, not furnished with the sudden and total demolition of the immense commendations which the Doctor had accumulated upon her both in English and in Latin, both in prose and in verse, with the comfortable hope of exalting her to the pinnacle of glory, my beloved Hester Lynch took it into her wise consideration utterly to shame her panegyrist, as soon as she heard that he had departed for a better world, and strove with might and main to render herself a proper subject, not of British heroics and Lesbian lyrics, but of humorous street-ballads and laugh-provoking barn-farces.

To bring about a purpose so worthy of herself, quite easily did she yield to the triple impulse of avarice, vanity, and another passion not to be named, which ought early to have been resisted by a matron of her years, the prolific productress at that time of twelve or fourteen fruits, partly

abortive and partly well-ripe. On this her third passion I may possibly expatiate anon. Let us now only stick to the other two, her vanity and her avarice. To comply with these two, she turned author with all celerity as soon as she heard that Johnson was no more; and after having sent, as her harbinger, a small book of Anecdotes of her own penning from Italy to England, there to be printed and sold for her emolument, though already wallowing in riches, she quitted in a hurry the banks of the Arno, among whose flags and sedges she ought to have hidden her degraded self for the remainder of her days, and boldly presented again her charming shoe-raised figure to her native country, that she might more easily and more advantageously manage the sale of another performance, which many motives of propriety and decency ought to have induced her, if not totally to suppress, to lop and trim in such a manner, as to render the perusal of it not offensive to many, not ignominious to herself, and, above all, not opprobrious in many parts to its chief composer. Of that performance I intend to speak abundantly more in the subsequent Strictures, than I have already done in the two precedent: but, letting it aside for the present moment, that I may, in humble imitation of her present husband, vary the movements of my music for the greater diversion of the by-standers, I will now harp a short while on that her book of Anecdotes, and give, as one may say, an *allegro* and a *staccato*, after the *adagio* and the *piacento*, which I have already played on the collection of the Doctor's Letters.

So numerous are the cunning misrepresentations and the downright falsehoods disgraceful to Dr. Johnson in that book of Anecdotes, that no small quantity of paper and patience will be required to rectify and confute them all. To tell lies is soon done; but to shew that they are such, requires often a pretty long and painful discussion. However, if I do not fatigue my readers, who, as I am flatteringly informed, augment every day pretty considerably, little will I mind the labour I undergo in the mentorious task of defending the Doctor's memory against the bad effects that his worthless Mistress's attacks and most merciless abuse might produce to his prejudice in some weak and not well-informed people: and indeed, how can I better employ the leisure of my old age, than in clearing away that abominable quantity of litter which Hester Lynch has with unmatched effrontery accumulated

on the venerable tomb of the best friend I ever had, and of the man who has so well deserved of his country, and of all civilized countries? The task will prove long, will prove irksome, prove wearisome, on account of the quantity and fecundity of the materials I have to remove; but, as long as any strength is left in this arm (though not cast in the Salisbury mould), and as long as I can grasp the iron shovel of criticism, I propose to be very strenuous in this honourable occupation, quite confident, that whoever has been benefited by reading, or even by binding and selling Johnson's works, will not prove thankless on seeing me bravely toiling in my frightful undertaking: and I swear by the quiet-light of this tallow-candle, which kindly shifts me in this midnight hour to extend this very lucubration, that I shall not count desert from my unmercenary labour, nor ever expect for it a greater reward from Johnson's fellow countrymen, than some little share of their good-will, and some moderate portion of their approbation. Let me now buckle to business, and leave off talking.

In the 292d page of her Anecdotes the frontis Hester Lynch says, that "*having been crossed in her intentions of going abroad, she found it convenient, for every reason of health, peace, and pecuniary circumstances, to retire to Bath, where she knew that Dr. Johnson would not follow her, and where she could for that reason command some little portion of time for her own use, a thing impossible while she remained at Streatham or at London, as her hours, carriage, and servants had long been at his command; who would not rise in the morning till twelve o'clock perhaps, and oblige her to make breakfast for him till the bell rung for dinner, though much displeas'd if the toilet was neglected, and though much of the time they pass'd together was spent in blaming or deriding very justly her neglect of economy, and waste of that money which might make many families happy.*"

These few lines of Hester Lynch are a mere and most detestable lump of falsehoods, only compacted together for a filthy purpose of her own, which shall by and by be completely detested and exposed. She crossed in her intention of going abroad? But pray, when did that intention come into her head? Certainly not long before 1778 or 1779, when she began to lose all hope of having any more children, as, while that hope remained, she declared to

me and to others, that she would stay at home, and endeavour at one or two more. That intention of hers must therefore have taken rise in her head about the time that her child-bearing in all human probability was quite over: but when that time came, by whom was she crossed in that intention, except it were by the private exhortations of Pizzi, as he was not to be of the party? By Mr. Thrale surely she was not: nay, so far was he from crossing her, that it was she herself who crossed him in that very intention. Mr. Thrale eagerly wished to go to Italy with the same company with which he had some time before taken a short excursion to Paris and Fontainebleau; but that eagerness of his, in conjunction with Dr. Johnson, she repress'd as much as she could, as they both justly thought, that the state of his health rendered him unfit for such a journey. So fond of his idea was Mr. Thrale, that, no longer than two days before he died, he solicited me for the hundredth time to make myself ready to go with him, which I was absolutely resolv'd against, not only because I join'd in opinion with his wife and the Doctor on this point, but likewise because I had not forgotten the trouble I had when with him in France, the chief mover of too large a caravan, most members of which had a good proportion of wants and whims; and also because I recollected the poor amends made me for that trouble. That the wife crossed the husband, and not the contrary, may easily be seen by turning to one of her own letters, vol. II. p. 181, wherein she says to Johnson, and alluding to Mr. Thrale's bad state of health, that "*whoever is sick is surely sifst at home: and have we not more afflictions enough already (adds she with great energy), without going where one might be amus'd in order to be miserab!e? Oh no; let us be miserab!e in the old places!*" And the Doctor tells her in answer, "*Mr. Thrale's expedition in foreign parts you will not encourage, and you need not make any great efforts to oppose it.*" Do not these words of the Doctor imply with glaring evidence, that the herself was averie to go abroad, and making great efforts to oppose her husband's intended expedition? And the desire Mr. Thrale had to see Italy before he died, as he phrased it, was far from being a sudden whim. He had gone to Paris merely to shorten his journey to the other side the Alps, that the visiting that town and its environs might not take much from the

second journey, to which he intended to consecrate a full year; and Madam as well as Johnson were very warm in that scheme; but Mr. Thrale, soon after the sudden death of his only son, became subject to fits, and Madam was gradually changing her mind, she can best tell why; and these two causes joining together, occasioned her to make *great efforts* to protract the *expedition*, which at last was not effected. However, her assertion that she had been *crossed in her intention of going abroad* was a false assertion, and thrown upon paper at Florence, merely to make her English readers take it as a collateral reason that she married the singing-master, as most likely to satisfy her insatiable desire of going abroad.

She says next, that *reasons of health, peace, and pecuniary circumstances, made her resolve to go to Bath*; but these three reasons are nothing but three falsehoods more. Her *health* was at that time, as it has been to this day, quite sound and stout: her *peace* she could have enjoyed at Streatham or in London, as well as at Bath, as nobody had either interest, will, or power to disturb it: and with regard to *pecuniary circumstances*, was she stinted when she went to Bath? No, not at all; as she had then exactly *eight hundred and forty pounds* more than she had any honest occasion for, as we shall presently see.

I knew, she proceeds, that Dr. Johnson would not follow me to Bath; but I say, that she knew the contrary. The Doctor followed her repeatedly to Brightonstone, followed her into Wales, followed her to France, and wherever she chose to have him for a follower. Why should he have refused following her to Bath, if she had not wanted him away, now especially that, ignorant, quite ignorant, of her pretty motives for retiring there, he fondly fancied that she wanted comfort on account of Mr. Thrale's death? No doubt but, though ever so reluctant to partake in her supposed affliction, he would have made it a point of honour, if not of conscience, to go with her any where, in England, or out of England, to alleviate it; but she stood in no need of his compassion: and her assertion that *she knew he would not follow her to Bath* was a fifth wilful falsehood, and a foul misrepresentation of the Doctor's friendly character, always ready, sick or well, to oblige her and to please her.

But pray, what could have kept her from commanding any portion, or the whole, of her time for her own use, either at Streatham, in London, or any where

else, if she had chosen to have every bit of it to herself? Where was the *impossibility* of it, as she terms it? Would Johnson, or any body else, have intruded upon her any where, on her giving the least intimation that she wished for none of their company or visits? Certainly not in this age of obsequiousness to the ladies, as soon as their will is intimated: therefore let us take the liberty to register this down as a sixth falsehood.

Yet, while she remained at Streatham or at London, her carriage and servants were not entirely at her command, but at Johnson's. What a light-headed cock-comb was that same Doctor, who wanted to parade on the Streatham road, or in the London streets, in a fair lady's coach! What insufferable indiscretion in him to deprive a poor mourning dame of her own carriage, and thus force her in spite of her teeth to stay at home moping and muttering prayers, and, what increases his crime, without a servant about her to solace her solitude by reaching her some book of sermons, or Watts' Improvement of the Mind! But, in the name of goodness, did she not tell us, p. 245 of the Anecdotes, that the Doctor wanted *as little as the gods, and required less attendance, sick or well, than she ever saw any human creature*? It is a fact not to be denied, that when at Streatham or in the Borough, Johnson wanted nothing else from her servants, than to be shewed once in three days, as he was almost beardless; and as for her carriage, never once during the whole time of their acquaintance did he borrow, much less command, it, for any purpose of his own. Either she in her's, or Mr. Thrale in his, took him from Town to Streatham without the least inconvenience to either; and he was brought back generally on Saturdays by Mr. Thrale, who repaired every day to the Borough about his affairs presently after breakfast. When Johnson went to them or from them in Town, he constantly made use of a hackney, and would have been greatly offended had Madam ever offered to order her horses out of the stable on his sole account. True it is, that Johnson was not lavish of his money when he began to have any to save; but he scorned to be considered as over-saving it; and of this we have a pretty lively proof, p. 28, vol. II. of his Letters, where he rebukes Mr. Thrale for wishing to have him brought to Brightonstone by Dr. Burney, that he might not be at the expence of a post-chaise, or of the stage-coach, which he would have preferred for the sake of economy.

Burney

“*Burney is to bring me* (says Johnson). “*Pray, why so? Is it not as fit that I should bring Burney? My master is in his old lutes, and so am I.*” This asperity of language proves how ticklish Johnson was on the most distant supposition that he grudged expence when necessary; and it clearly follows from all this, that my bonny Hester Lynch adds another falsehood to those that precede, when she affirms, that her carriage and servants were always at the Doctor’s command, who never had, or never would have any occasion for either.

It is then another falsehood, and I begin to sicken at the enumeration, that Dr. Johnson *would often not rise till twelve in the morning* (if not later, which is what she means with the word *perhaps*), and *oblige her to make breakfast for him till the bell rang for dinner.* As she had resolved to break her connection with him as soon as Mr. Thrale was no more, for a reason that shall appear anon, she has collected in a few paragraphs all the accusations she could think of, to account in a plausible manner to the world for her flying from him when that event had taken place: but it is another constant fact, that, during Johnson’s acquaintance with the Thrale family, he got the habit of rising as early as other folks, nor ever made Mr. Thrale stay a single moment for his breakfast, knowing that his business called him away from the breakfast-table about ten o’clock every morning, except Sundays; nor had Mr. Thrale quitted the table a minute, but the Doctor swallowed his last cup, and Madam was at liberty to go about her hens and turkeys, leaving him to chat with me or any body else that happened to be there, or go up in his room, which was more usual, from whence he did not stir till dinner-time: but it is the falshood of falshoods to affirm, that Johnson *spent much of the time they passed together in blaming or deriding her for wasting so much money, as might have made many families happy.*

One would be apt to conclude by these rodomontading words, that she had all her husband’s money at her disposal, and that he gave her full leave to throw it out at every window. But the case was far otherwise; for, besides her being so frugal by nature, as not to give even a Christmas-box to any of her servants, though ever so old in the family, she could not have squandered any money had she ever been so prodigally inclined, because Mr. Thrale, not at all of a liberal disposition himself,

as his last will undeniably proves, from the day of his marriage to that of his death, allowed her only a dry hundred pounds a-year for her pins, and at the year’s end she was obliged to beg very hard of him to pay off the few petty debts she had contracted during the twelve-month, which scarce ever amounted to another hundred. How then, when limited to so scanty a pittance, could she waste what would have made happy *many families*; and of course, how could the Doctor *blame and deride her* for profusion? True it is, that, besides her pin-money, she had to herself the income of the Welsh estate inherited by Sir Thomas Salusbury’s death, which yielded several hundreds yearly. But not a penny would she ever touch of it during Mr. Thrale’s life; and the moment the money was remitted from Wales, it flew into the stocks, that on some future day she might buy back, as she said, the lands round that estate which her father had sold during his lifetime. That considerable augmentation of her riches, left by Mr. Thrale entirely to her disposal, so far from enlarging her narrow heart, made her more stingy than ever, as it was from the very year she had it, that she refused her domestics, male and female, their customary Christmas-box.

Why then, and to what purpose did our Signora string up so many lies in so small a compass, and what occult motive could induce her to asperse so dishonestly the memory of her admirer? Account for this odd phenomenon in the wide hemisphere of abundance and malignity, good Sir, and let us into the secret at once, if she had any remote motive for acting in this iniquitous manner.—*Coming, coming,* says the waiter, and to say I: but I must now take a pinch of snuff, and will then tell you the whole history *ab ovo*, if you do promise, that you will not budge nor breathe until I have told it all.—*Nota bene:* Here Mr. Baretti takes a large pinch of rappee, and then goes on in these words.

When I left Streatham in a pet, quite resolved to have no further connection with the gracious Mrs. Thrale, she sent for a Mr. Povoleri to continue her eldest daughter in the study of the Italian language: but that scheme could not take place for a reason, that her very scanty and very slovenly knowledge of that tongue did not permit her to discover before she sent for that man. To find, therefore, some employment for that same daughter, Dr. Burney was invited to teach

teach her music, and Povoleri was turned over to the two younger ladies. It happened towards the end of that summer, that the whole family went to Bath, or Brightelmston, I don't recollect which; and, as Dr. Burney had no call that way, he recommended Piozzi to her, that her daughter might not be backward in her new study during so long a vacation. Thus was Piozzi introduced to the acquaintance of our heroine, who, *sic placuit Veneri*, was so irresistibly struck with his multiform endowments, multifarious qualifications, multiplicitous accomplishments, multitudinous perfections, multilateral, multinomial, multipliable, multiplicate, and multipotent powers of mind and body, as to give him the most precipitous admission to her most delectable affection, friendship, and familiarity; so that Johnson and all her other former friends, admirers, and adherents, were all knocked down in an instant, and thrown *les quatre fers en l'air*, not able to make any resistance to such a torrent, that came down with as great a force, ponderosity, and violence, as the cataract at Niagara.

When the season was over, Mr. Thrale and family returned to town, and Piozzi engaging in concerts by subscription, Madam declared herself his patroness, teased every lady and every gentleman that touched her threshold, or only looked at it, out of five guineas for the dear man's emolument; and in one particular season proved so very successful at this kind of work, that with great elation of heart she boasted to me of her having put no less than two hundred and fifty good guineas in his pocket, and triumphantly made me read in what she called *her list* the names of the subscribers. Her ardour in procuring pecuniary advantages to Piozzi would have had an end about a year after he had the honour of teaching her eldest daughter, who in that interval made such progress in the art, as to want his teaching no longer, and that might possibly have produced, if not a total separation, at least an interrupted intercourse between the mother and the singer. To parry so dreadful a misfortune as that of dismissing him, what was the expedient the ingenious Madam had recourse to? "Look here, (quoth she to her husband) do you know that this same Piozzi is my own brother?" "How so?" says Mr. Thrale, "Are you gone mad?" "Not mad at all, Sir; but you must know, that, when we were last in Wales, I chanced to find in an old

"scrutore of my father's some writings, and among them some letters written to him by one Martha Piozzi, by which she solicited him to send her money for the maintenance and education of a little Gabriel she had brought him when on his travels in Italy. Those letters I then destroyed, as I thought them of no use, but their contents were easy to remember; and I remembered them so well, that never was I so struck in my life, as when I first heard the name of Piozzi from Dr. Burney. Not longer ago than yesterday, I had the curiosity of asking Piozzi what town of Italy he came from, and he told me from Brescia. Brescia was exactly the town from which those letters were dated. Is your mother alive? No: she died when I was still a boy. What was her name? Martha. And in what year were you born? In such a year. Wonderful to tell, but every word of his squared to a tittle with Martha Piozzi's letters. I am therefore perfectly satisfied, that Piozzi is my brother, and cannot refuse my belief to so much accumulated evidence. What say you to this odd discovery?" "And did you, (quoth Mr. Thrale) inform him of all this?" "No, I did not, as I would first communicate it to you." "Well then (says Mr. Thrale), keep your discovery to yourself, treat him as kindly as you chuse; let him have free access to our house if you like it; but call him not brother, and by imparting him your secret, plague me not with an acknowledgment that would prove disagreeable, as I will have no brother Gabriel nor Raphael.

Here a rigid reader will, I am aware, ask me, how I came to know of this dialogue between the husband and the wife, as it was not held in my hearing, and most probably in no body's hearing: to which I answer, that, as it is an undoubted fact, that Mrs. Thrale palmed Piozzi as her brother upon her husband, upon Dr. Johnson, upon some of her relations, and upon divers friends of the family, that *palmsation* could not take place without a dialogue; and a dialogue in nearly such words and phrases, as I have conjecturally put together; so that my dialogue is only to be considered as *un à peu près*, and not as the identical one that passed between the husband and the wife. In penning my *à peu près* I have kept as close to verisimilitude as was possible for a man to keep who is thoroughly

roughly acquainted with the fertility of her distorted powers of invention, and with the impatient, peremptory, and nonchalant character, which most eminently distinguished Mr. Thrale, whenever trifling and unpleasing matters were presented to his view and consideration. However, as without my *à peu près* Dialogue the history would have a gap, which must be filled, if my reader is not satisfied with the stuff I employed in filling it, let him fill it himself with some better stuff of his own. He may possibly find out words and phrases more probable and more apposite; but as something of the dialogical kind is here evidently unavoidable, until his Worship has composed a pretty conference of his own between that wife and that husband, let him take my advice, and make use of my dialogue.

The hard step thus happily gotten over, Mrs. Thrale imparted this great family-secret to many others, and to Dr. Johnson to be sure. Did the Doctor admit it as a good secret, or did he not? Indeed I cannot tell. I only remember, that once, on my noticing her eagerness in collecting guineas for Piozzi's concert in Hanover-Square, he negligently, and rather fretfully than placidly, bid me not to wonder, as the woman had it strongly rivetted in her fancy that the fellow was a natural son of her father; and that was the very first hint I had of this affair, of which I heard afterwards enough from other people. But the most laughable part of this adventure was, that a female relation of Hester Lynch suffered her own imagination to grow so hot about that brotherhood, that she affirmed and asseverated as how Piozzi was quite the picture of Mrs. Thrale's father; and in confirmation of her remark appealed to a portrait of his, which she had in her own possession. Think how energetic must have been the terms used by the eloquent Hester, to make her own aunt fancy a resemblance between a father and a son, who was no more his son than the present Pope of Rome, or the pickled salmon I ate this day at dinner! What the cogitations of that lady must now be, I cannot guess, as I don't even know whether she is still alive or not: but the words of Hester, as I said, must doubtless have been very energetic. Energetic, or feeble, Piozzi was now, probably unknown to himself, the true brother of Mrs. Thrale, and went in and out of her house with as much ease and freedom as of his own. But, to what purpose was this fiction contrived, as it proved

at last a mere fiction? To no other purpose, say I, but that Madam might innocently enjoy the pleasing converse of a man to very pleasing, as he is universally acknowledged to be: and should any silly and wicked body take it into his head to comment diversely upon the ingenious fable of his present sweet Signora, let him be told in my name, that he must be, and is, a very silly and a very wicked commentator.

The brotherhood and the sisterhood thus ascertained and established, Mr. Thrale, if I remember well, died in the beginning of April 1781, in Grosvenor-Square, and his widow, taking her eldest daughter with her, ran to Brighthelmston that very day; but not long after she came back to Streatham, as I find in a letter dated the 14th of that month, that Johnson *wondered she came back so soon*. But she had probably considered of what he had told her on the 12th of that same month, that *there is no wisdom in useless and hopeless sorrow*; therefore she left Brighthelmstone a fortnight after Mr. Thrale was gone. At Streatham she lived in as much solitude as she pleased, and had as much of her time for her own use as she could wish, abating the correspondence with Johnson, who gave her almost every day a consolatory epistle, as we find in the Collection. Was she, while at Streatham, visited openly or privately by the dear brother? Some say yes, and some say no. Be that as it will, some busy body or other gave some hints in the public papers, that *she was*; and of this horrid insult she complained to Dr. Johnson, as appears by the following words in one of her letters, p. 233, Vol. II. *The newspapers would spoil my few comforts that are left, if they could: but you tell me, that's only because I have the reputation, whether true or false, of being a wit forsooth*. In spite however of the consolation afforded her by the commiserating Doctor, she resolved at last to retire to Bath with three of her daughters, and send the son of Martha out of the way, to put an end to the hints that *spoil her few remaining comforts*: and these hints in the public papers were, to be sure, one of the motives which brought her to take that resolution: yet she had another still more cogent; which was, that she had now firmly determined to put an end to the farce of the brother and sister, and to marry that same Piozzi in very good earnest, let Johnson and other such idle and dogmatical fellows say what they chose.

Had she divulged at once that noble determination,

determination of hers soon after Mr. Thrale's demise, there would have been some danger of the executors throwing up the executorship, all unwilling to undergo any labour for Piozzi's advantage, rather than for that of their late friend's widow and daughters; and Madam apprehended, with reason, that they all would have resigned their task to the Chancery, which in all probability might have retarded the sale of the brewery, and protracted of course her touching the three thousand pounds a year, which she was to have as soon as Mr. Thrale's leavings were all consolidated. Her determination irrevocably fixed of marrying again, she imparted the joyful tidings to sweet Piozzi; but apprised him at the same time, that, for fear of a remora in her affairs, it was absolutely necessary for him to disappear at once, and go to Italy for about a twelvemonth; then to return, and tie fast the delicious knot of matrimony. Does it not appear perfectly bright by all this, that Piozzi was not an accomplice in the frolicksome invention of his brotherhood? Without doubt, it does: but on the other hand it appears likewise, that the reasons given by her in the paragraphs above copied from her Anecdotes of her *retiring to Bath*, were not deducted, as she pretended, from her want of *health, peace, and pecuniary circumstances*; but from her laudable desire of restoring a bastard to his due legitimacy, and keeping him no longer in such an opprobrious situation, when in fact he had been as lawfully begotten as herself; and if she kept to herself that laudable desire, and the recompence she intended to bestow upon that long injured man, we must attribute it to her fear of being crossed in some part of her kind and generous intention, either by Dr. Johnson, or by some other still more formidable executor.

But to let Piozzi go to Milan quite alone, was a very bitter pill to swallow; for it seems, that along with the conjugal flame now suddenly kindled in her chaste bosom, a little pinchful of jealousy was unluckily intermixed. She therefore asked him, "if he had any friend, that she might engage to go with him, and cheer his journey to such a remote region as Italy;" and he, unwilling to cross her inclination in so critical and momentous a point, answered, "that he had one, called Mecci, as good a man as ever lived, who might possibly accept of such a job, if made worth his undertaking." For Mecci then she sent *ipso facto*,

and made him the proposal. "Madam," said Mecci, "I am sorry I cannot go, as I have an employment in the City, which brings me fifty pounds a year, by writing letters for a Merchant twice a week; and I get another fifty pounds by some scholars, to whom I teach Italian: besides that, I have a debt of eighty pounds, having unluckily been bail for a man that turned bankrupt; nor can I in honesty stir from England until I have intirely discharged that debt, which I hope to do by degrees out of my sparings." "All this is nothing at all, quoth the fiery innamorata. "Your employment' is precarious, and I will give you an annuity of fifty pounds, well secured by a bond. As to what you get by teaching, your living under my roof the remainder of your days as my friend, will be a full and agreeable equivalent; and as to your insignificant debt, you shall this minute have money enough to pay it off; for, to tell you a secret, not yet to be divulged, Piozzi is to come back from Italy with you in about a year's time, and we are then immediately to be married. But, hark ye, Mr. Mecci! As you are now in my service, you must take care, when abroad, that Piozzi gets no mistress; and you shall besides keep a correspondence with me unknown to him, that you may faithfully apprise me of all his doings; nor do you fail to give me some good advice, if ever you should see that I want any, about my intended marriage."

How I came to the knowledge of all these particularities, the sequel will declare. *Bref*, as they say in France. Piozzi went to Milan with Mecci, and the jolly widow to Bath, from whence she wrote to Dr. Johnson letters dolorous indeed. "My health, my children, and my fortune," says she, "in one of them, are coming fast to an end; not so my sorrows." She had taken emeticks; she was afraid of the whooping-cough, as Doctor Woodward could witness. She was worn to a skeleton. In short, she was weary of living; though all this while carrying on her double correspondence with Piozzi and with Mecci. Her pathetick complaints to Doctor Johnson were all along accompanied with such protestations of unabated kindness and veneration, as no wonder, if she kept him from all suspicion of the merry thoughts she now entertained. At Bath, be it spoken to her eternal honour, she lived with the strictest frugality. No expence

expence in her table—no gaudiness in her furniture—no encrease of servants—no horses to her coach—no vain parade whatsoever:—no, not even a teacher of any art or language to her three daughters, as she was now obliged, in conscience, to maintain the two Gentlemen at Milan at the rate of *eight hundred a year*, which she remitted very punctually in the due proportion of quarters. No sooner, however, had the two travellers gotten there, but Mecci wrote privately to her, that he was very unhappy in his situation, because Mr. Piozzi was so *close-fisted and economical* (*stretto ed economico* were the words) that, though she had promised Piozzi would supply all his wants during their absence, scarcely could he get out of the man a whole shilling at once, whenever he asked him for money. “To spare me the vexation, added Mecci, “of asking Piozzi too often, be so good, “generous Lady, to remit him ten “pounds a quarter more than you do, “with directions to pay them me, by “which means you will make us both perfectly happy.” With this reasonable request Madam complied without the least hesitation, and the ten pounds each quarter were regularly remitted. But, strange to tell! Piozzi kept safe to himself that paltry addition, and poor Mecci durst not dare to complain to him or to her of the extortion; but lived onwards and onwards in the greatest penury during the whole time they staid away. You now see, Reader, that when Hester Lynch talked of *pecuniary circumstances* in her Anecdotes, as if so narrow, that forced her on her *retirement to Bath*, she had, as I told you, *eight hundred and forty pounds* beyond what she absolutely wanted, besides the *eighty pounds* she gave Mecci to discharge his debt. Poor Thrale, that took such great pains to accumulate money! For whom did he accumulate it!

Mr. Thrale’s whole property was in the interim collected by the sole active executor, and the widow, now no more *in danger of the whooping-cough*, no more a *skeleton*, no more *weary of living*, began regularly to touch bank-notes in plenty, as her debt of several thousand pounds to Lady Salisbury was now paid off, and she was now to have three good thousands a year during her life, besides a pretty and unencumbered estate in Wales, to dispose of at her death, as her reason, or her caprice, should direct.—Could any Sultana wish for a better situation in this sublunary world?

The tedious twelvemonth at last elapsed, and Piozzi, who had given out among

his singing and fiddling friends, that he should never more return to Old England, as he found himself already rich enough to live comfortably in his own country;—Piozzi, I say, the happy Piozzi, the glorious Piozzi, suddenly appeared again in this Metropolis, with his faithful Mecci by his side, whom no body could guess what was become of. Not the least glimpse of all these transactions did Johnson ever have, no more than any other of Mr. Thrale’s executors; and I, who guessed at them all, as I was at that time possessed with some power of divination, would not tell the Doctor a jot of what I did more than suspect, lest his incredulity should make him seriously quarrel with me; and satisfied myself by only playing the prophet in some small circles, foretelling, that the widow Thrale would soon quit her weeds, and marry a very pretty fellow. Nor will any body, I hope, blame my styness with regard to Doctor Johnson, who corresponding all along with his peerless Mistress, and hearing from her, that *her desire was always to determine against her own gratification*, would infallibly have scouted me and my suspicions, though ever so well grounded, looked upon me as little less than a New-Holland Canibal, and possibly felled me down with a sudden stroke of his poker, as the irreclaimable foe of beauty, learning, wit, and virtue, whenever brightly constellated in the individuality of the *dearest of all dear ladies*. Besides this cogent reason of holding my tongue with the Doctor, I had another no less cogent; which was, that my powers of divination chiefly arose from a familiar spirit I had in my ring, lineally descended, as he boasted, from that of Socrates, and a close relation of the Sylph named in the Rape of the Lock. This spirit proved, upon the whole, a pretty exact informer; yet of such sort of airy gentry I was always by nature somewhat inconfident, especially as I had found upon a particular occasion, that his Sylphship had made light of his allegiance, and play’d me booty. Had I not reason therefore to mistrust him sometimes, and not to stake Johnson’s friendship upon the faith of such an uncertain being?

As soon as Mrs. Thrale was apprised of the safe landing on the Albion shore of her Caro Carissimo, she hurried her three daughters into her coach, telling them, that they were now going to their house at Brightelmstone, there to bathe in the sea; according to the direction of Doctor Woodward; but, on their reaching Salisbury, she suddenly declared, that a let-

ter she found there of great importance, demanded her immediate presence in London; therefore, "go you on, my girls, to "Brightelmstone, in the Coach with the "maid, as I must go another way." Said and done in an instant.—Without shedding a friendly tear, without giving way to a maternal groan, but brisk and alert as a damsel in her Teens, tho' that was the last time they were ever to be all four together, she flung herself with a bounce in a post-chaise, and hurried away to London to welcome her *idolo mio*. But Dr. Johnson again did not know the least title of this new transaction, and he continued to direct his letters to Bath as usual, expressing, no doubt, an immense wonder at her pertinacious silence, and possibly imagining, that she was gone to meet Mr. Thrale in the world above, destroyed at last by her unconquerable grief. In London she kept herself concealed for some days in my very parish, and not far distant from my habitation; and here my spirit again muttered in my ring while I was reading a chapter in Rabelais; but I would not interrupt my penurious and approach him to my ear. I only informed the active executor of Mr. Thrale's will of what I had heard from another quarter, that Piozzi was positively returned from Italy; but as to Madam, she might as well have been hidden in the small-beer cellar of the Musti's episcopal palace at Constantinople, instead of the house in Marybone parish. Neither that executor, nor Johnson would I tell of her being concealed in town, as I had not had the happiness of seeing her charming phiz with my own eyes, and love to walk on sure ground, not trusting to reports, that may prove idle. From that house in Suffolk-street, Middlesex Hospital, Madam directed her operations by means of faithful messengers and agents with such vividness, that in a few weeks she was in a condition personally to resort to Mr. Greenland, the lawyer, hand-in-hand with her future spouse; and there she gave intrepidly her whole fortune to him, saving only a poor two hundred a year for herself as pin-money, which Mr. Greenland had no small trouble to make her save, so hot was she in insulting, that Mr. Piozzi should have it all to the last farthing. The deed thus happily settled and duly signed, Piozzi put it safe in his pocket, and away she posted back to Bath with the fellow and Mecci; and, on their arrival there, she happily celebrated her marriage with that pretended bastard-brother; now fully restored to his

rights of legitimacy; rights undisputable, as he was really and truly, not the natural and chance offspring of a Welch Baronet, but the true and lawful son of an honest mechanic, who died in very poor circumstances, several years ago, in his native town of Brescia in the Venetian territory. Let therefore some squeamish and over-delicate folks have no scruple about keeping company with him, on account of his having been conscious of the tale told by his wife to her former husband, as any body who reads this paper with due attention, will plainly perceive that he knew not a syllable of it; besides that, his dear wife gives him now such a high character for innocence and integrity, that it is impossible to suspect him as a confederate in that witty and frolicksome kind of imposture.

But, my lads, shall the jolly widow Thrale marry a Gabriel Piozzi, Esquire, and we not assist at the wedding? Come, come to take a peep at the happy pair, while at their nuptial supper. There they are! and but a small company. He on her left hand, is a Mr. James, formerly a painter by profession; a bon vivant, that's a friend to the rich, and no enemy to the poor. He can sing as good a *falsetto* as the best eunuch of them all, and imitate besides the wawling of a cat so exactly, that any body would think he had been at school under the walnut-tree at Benevento, where all the Neapolitan and Sicilian witches keep their sabbath under the figure of she-cats once a fortnight. Opposite to him sits his wife, a very notable house-wife, as I am told, that has brought him several fine children. Mecci is by her side, and, according to custom, the bride and the bridegroom at the usual ends of the table. None of them has much to say, not even the bride, tho' naturally so talkative, because aged matrons, as well as young maidens, must, on such contingencies, look modest, stiff, and demure. Old Mecci alone looks brisk and cheerful, as he sees his most cordial friend in full possession of an ample fortune, out of which he is to have fifty pounds a year as long as his soul keeps tight to his body, with a good table and a good apartment to boot. "Halloo, cries Mecci! what are we doing, that none will speak? Let us be merry, *Corpo di Bacco!* Let us drink, let us drink— and "here is a bumper to the first Cicisbeo, that "my lady shall have when in Italy!"—

"A Cicisbeo," quoth Piozzi in a tremendous tone? "*Per Dieu*, my wife "cares not for Cicisbeos, and never shall "have one as long as I live. What do

"you

“ you mean with your damned toast ?” and without any further ado walked furiously out of the parlour, stamping and swearing that his wife should never have any Cicisbeo. The frightened bride, who never saw him angry before, ran after him. Mr. James took his moiety under his arm, and whipt away ; and the thunder-struck giver of unlucky toasts, staring at the unexpected accident, remained alone master of the table, and of all the bottles and glasses on it.

Early the next morning Madam sends her maid to Mecci, now irrevocably doomed to everlasting destruction. “ Ah, Mecci ! What have you said last night ? Mr. Piozzi is in such a rage, that he has sworn a great oath he will see you no more, and you must quit this house this very moment. Here is a couple of guineas to pay your journey back to London ; and so, fare you well.” Mecci, who, as a native of Tuscany, knows better Italian than the man of Brescia, and is conscious that there is no bad meaning in the word Cicisbeo, attempts an explanation : but Madam will have no explanation. “ Well,” says Mecci, “ if I must go, I’ll go : but, before I go, you will be so good as to settle the affair of the fifty pounds a-year.” “ What, Man !” answers Madam, “ after having been guilty of so grievous an offence, surely you do not dream of any fifty pounds, do you ? But I must tell you more, Mr. Mecci. Now that I am married, I must, like a good wife, acquaint my husband with all my secrets : therefore I must shew him the letter in which you called him *stretto* and *economico* ; and also the other, in which you earnestly advised me to keep one-half of my fortune to myself, and not give him every thing to my last shift (*sino all’ ultima camicia*) as I had written him at Milan that I would do.” Oh, Johnson ! the woman that uttered these magnanimous words, was actually thy noble Mistress ! “ But, Madam,” replied Mecci, “ have you forgotten what kind of distress made me write the first letter ? And have you forgotten, too, that, before my setting out, you strictly charged me to give you some good advice, if ever I should see occasion ? And did you not moreover write to me, that, according to my desire, Mr. Piozzi should never see those two letters, and that you had burned them both ?” “ All this is very true,” said the good woman : “ but, for all that, I kept them

both, and Mr. Piozzi shall see them both as soon as I return up-stairs, as my first duty is now to be faithful to him ; and so, fare you well again :” and up-stairs she ran to shew the letters.

Let us make an end of this Stricture, lest it proves too prolix. The guileless, but penniless, Mecci came back to London by the help of the two guineas. On his return from Italy, he had carefully concealed himself from me, lest I should worm him out of his doings during his absence ; though Count Francis Carcano of Milan had long before apprised me of his being there along with Piozzi, who, in the days of yore, had been singing-master to his three sisters : but poor Mecci was now in distress ; and, well acquainted with my easy and forgiving temper, repaired to me as soon as landed from Bath, and related to me his whole story from end to end. Somebody had already advised him to have recourse in this extremity to the same lawyer who had drawn up the deed of Mrs. Piozzi’s settlement, and I approved of that measure. Mecci carried to Mr. Greenland the letters which Madam had written to him at Milan, wherein, luckily for the poor man, she repeatedly inculcated the necessity of his being faithful to her, and watch that Piozzi got no sweetheart, as she had granted him the annuity of fifty pounds. Mr. Greenland was shocked at the cruel and frivolous pretence taken to bilk Mecci of his well-earned annuity, put the Lady’s letters in his pocket, went to the two creatures, that were just setting out for Italy (no tender adieus to poor Johnson !) and spoke to them such efficacious words, as forced them to secure the annuity to the simpleton who had given good advice. Both their *Avarices* [Is this plural a good plural ?] were obliged, in spite of their teeth, to submit to Mr. Greenland’s kind and efficacious mediation, lest worse should ensue ; and the annuity is now regularly paid at Mr. Drummond’s, Charing-Cross. And here I make my bow to my courteous Reader, and leave him to moralize upon great Doctors cullibility, when attaching themselves to a certain species of virtuous women, not quite platonically inclined ; upon the honest dealing and peerless openheartedness of my famed heroine ; upon the liberal and magnanimous husband she has substituted in the room of her first partner ; upon the wonderful escape of Mecci from horrid poverty ; and upon whatever else he shall be pleased to meditate, when bent upon meditation. *Dixi.*

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

JULY 15.

GIL Blas of Santillane; or, *The Fool of Fortune*, a Pantomimic Entertainment, was performed at the Royalty Theatre. It abounds with splendid and excellent scenery, and the story, so far as it goes, is not ill told. These kind of entertainments languish without the assistance of Harlequin, and must be allowed to be, as this is in some parts, tedious and heavy.

24. *The Stratagem* was performed at the Haymarket; Mrs Sullen by Mrs. Henry, who represented Beatrice at Covent Garden, last season; and Scrub by Mr. Adams, from Dublin. Of the Lady we can say, that she appeared to understand the character, and the beauty of her person cannot but impress every spectator with favourable impressions. She was also evidently improved. Of the Gentleman it may be truly said, he had mistaken his character. In other parts of coarse rusticity he may give some satisfaction, but in Scrub he entirely failed.

30. Miss Webb, daughter of Mrs. Webb, appeared the first time on any stage, at the Haymarket, in Leonora, in *The Padlock*, for her mother's benefit. Another performance is necessary, before any judgment can be passed on her.

Aug. 2 *A Quarter of an Hour before Dinner*; or, *Quality Binding*, a piece of one Act, was performed the first time at the Haymarket. The characters are as follow:

- Level, - - Mr. Williamson.
- Lord Simper, - - Mr. R. Palmer.
- Sir Wm. Wealthy, - - Mr. Kemble.
- Col. Modish, - - Mr. Davies.
- John, - - Mr. Phillimore.
- Servant, - - Mr. Abbott.
- Mrs. Level, - - Mrs. Brooks.

This little piece consists of a single action, which, like all the *Proverbes Dramatiques* in France, serves to convey a dramattick satire without either complexity of fable, or variety of incident. The object of the ridicule here chosen, is the imprudence of persons in a middling station of life courting the company of those of high rank and fashion; which is exemplified with some humour, and afforded a sufficient share for the short time it took in the representation. The idea seems to have been taken from *Timon of Athens*, and was represented by the Actors very respectably.

5. *The Gnome*; or, *Harlequin Underground*, A Pantomime, by Mess. Wewitzer and Inwill, was performed the first time at the Haymarket. Of these kind of performances the tricks and shifts have been now almost ex-

hausted; and it requires no small invention to hit upon novelty, or to afford entertainment. The scenery of the present did great credit to Mr. Rooker, and some of the transformations were well managed. It wanted, however, something of that spirit which is expected in these kind of entertainments.

9. *The Sword of Peace*; or, *A Voyage of Love*, a Comedy, was acted the first time at the Haymarket. The characters are as follow:

- Lieut. Dormer, - - Mr. Palmer.
- Edwards, - - Mr. Williamson.
- Resident, - - Mr. Baddeley.
- Supple, - - Mr. R. Palmer.
- Norcott, - - Mr. Kemble.
- Messinjah Dowlah, - - Mr. Wewitzer.
- Casjar, - - Mr. Burton.
- Jeffries, - - Mr. Bannister, jun.
- Mrs. Tartar, - - Mrs. Lefevre.
- Louisa Morton, - - Mrs. Kemble.
- Eliza Morton, - - Miss Farren.

Scene.—A Settlement in the Province of Bengal.

The following sketch of the fable will suffice.—Eliza and Louisa Morton, two young ladies of fortune, make a *Voyage of Love* to India; the former in pursuit of her lover Edwards, who had been sent out by his father in the hope of breaking their mutual attachment; the latter in quest of Lieutenant Dormer, with whom she is acquainted only by character, or, as *Sancheo* says, whom she has seen only by *hearsay*! Louisa learns that her Lieutenant had been bequeathed a sword by his dying friend Clairville, and makes this circumstance a ground of introduction, by pretending a commission to purchase it for his friends in Europe. As a soldier of honor he refuses to sell, but he agrees to present the sword to his new mistress. The felicity of the lovers is disturbed by the Resident, who having conceived a passion for Eliza, causes Edwards to be thrown into prison for debt, at the suit of Messinjah Dowlah, a black money-lender. In this attempt he is assisted by Supple, his secretary and confidant; but defeated by the interposition of Norcott, a free merchant. An alarm of poison, awkwardly introduced, is then made use of to prolong the drama to its requisite duration; after which the lovers are united under the friendly roof of Norcott, without further interruption.

From the above sketch of the fable, our readers will perceive, that the texture of the plot was not very firm; nor was there a sufficiency of humour to entitle the play to the character of a very diverting comedy.

The only scenes that served to provoke risibility, were those of Jefferies and the African, in which the pleasantries consisted rather in what was said, than what was done, and consequently the piece wanted more of humorous incident and laughable situation. Considered, however, as a first performance by a female, the *Sword of Peace* certainly had claims to the favourable reception it experienced. The incident of the delivery of the sword was peculiarly affecting, and Dormer's address to the weapon forcibly and happily turned. Eliza's dialogue also had the merit of much ease and natural vivacity, with some sprightly sallies of wit. The sentiments throughout the comedy were generous and moral, and the whole of the fable tended to punish vice, ridicule folly, and reward virtue.

The Prologue was spoken by Mr. Palmer. The Epilogue by Miss Fäiren.

On Friday evening the 15th inst. their Majesties honoured the Theatre at Cheltenham with their presence, when the following

FAREWELL ADDRESS,

Written by Mr. C. STUART, Author of
GREYNA GREEN, &c.

Was Spoken by Mr. CHARLTON, on their leaving CHELTENHAM.

WHEN the MAJESTIC Spirit of the LAW
Feels a relief—from Cheltenham's humble Spa;

When GEORGE—our CONSTITUTION'S
Sacred Shield,

Here aids his OWN, the Sceptre long to wield;
All hearts must worship this dear ballow'd ground,

Health at whose fount the KING OF FREEMEN
found!

Long may this Spring preserve Great Britain
free,

By observing HIM who guards our Liberty!

Here may his virtuous Consort often dwell,
Th' ador'd Hygeia of our Royal Well!

And oh! may these, high Windsor's charming
Graces,

In this low vale shew oft their blooming faces,
Where the meek eye untolds the modest mind,
Tho' young—examples to all womankind!

But—we intrude!—our homage now is due
To sacred Majesty!—to you!—and you!

[Bowing to their Majesties, then to the Princesses, and lastly, to the audience.]

—Deigning to visit our small rustic scene,
Proves that you think no subjects calling
mean!—

Our humble Manager still hopes each
year,

Of dutious loyalty to shed the tear!
And thank again, his ROYAL PATRONS
here.

Long may your future joys excel the past,
And Cheltenham (honour'd thus) for ages last.

On Saturday the 16th inst. a new piece appeared at the Haymarket, under the title of *A Key to the Lock*.

SCENE.—Spain.

Don Juan going on a hunting-party, leaves his wife Elvira alone, who in a capricious moment invites, under a feigned name, a Cavalier accidentally passing the country seat to dine with her. Don Pedro, however, knows her, and, after dinner, makes love in a way not unusual—by telling her that her husband had spoken slightly of her understanding.—Don Juan returning in the instant, she determines to try his boasted superiority; and as he talks of himself as a walking *Encyclopaedia*, she offers him a wager that he cannot enumerate all the parts of the door of the closet where she has concealed Don Pedro. He repeats them all, lock, hinges, &c. but forgets the *Key of the Lock*, and losing the wager, acknowledges his wife's superiority!—There was also a young lady concealed in a closet, for what purpose we could not learn, except that as there is in general a marriage at the end of a farce, she was introduced to be united to Don Pedro.

In these scenes there was not one of those points which are generally styled *good things*; unless we may reckon as such, that one of the Spanish servants being questioned concerning a pretended awkwardness—asks the interrogator, in the language of St. Giles's, “whether she is not up to that?”

The audience waited with an exemplary patience until near the conclusion; the disapprobation was then loud and general until the curtain fell.

IRISH THEATRICALS.

Mr. WILDER'S FAREWELL
EPILOGUE,

Delivered at the THEATRE in DUBLIN,
Written by Mr. WHITE, of Grafton-street,
DUBLIN.

TWICE sixteen winters,—yes, just twice
sixteen,

I have on your boards a faithful servant been;
Heroes and heroines many in my time,
Some in their wane, but more before their
prime,

I have seen to misery, nay to death consign'd,
And of their worth no trace remains behind.
To-night, my turn to be forgotten near,
Concludes my fond theatrical career;
Yet, ere I quit this tragi-comick walk,
Indulge your hoary veteran with a talk—
A moral may start forth, no doubt you'll
catch it,

At least I promise not to sling the hatchet.
So Nestor, small things to compare with great,
Unfit for combat, was reduc'd to prate;
Advent'rous youth with cautious he supplies,
And taught by his experience they grow wise.

Derby'd

Despoil'd of rule in un auspicious hour,
 When the first Thomas (a) was restor'd to
 pow'r,
 Who stem'd the torrent of licentious rage,
 Promoted order and reform'd the stage;
 With him, oblig'd to call in foreign aid,
 My first campaign on this lov'd soil I made;
 Pitch'd battles twenty I successive fought,
 And ample treasures to his coffers brought.
 For years, encourag'd by your kind support,
 I kept my post; the Captain was my *forte*.
 Did e'er, what will not time? Macheath
 shew dull,
 He caught fresh vigour from the *Cock and
 Bull*. (b)
 Thus, the old Bard (c), if fame record not
 wrong,
 Reviv'd the Spartan glory with a song;
 And with, like him, The Oracle (d) to arm
 her,
 My *other self* (e) drew crowds—to see her
 Charmer.

What time impetuous Harry (f) fill'd the
 throne,
 The man I serv'd; his cause I made my own.
 In the brief course of his successless reign
 I broke a limb; was often prisoner ta'en, (g)
 And thro' to honours and distinction us'd,
 Like Belisarius I the crown refus'd—
 Secure, in adverse gales—tho' weak my
 part—
 To find a safe asylum in your hearts.
 Fir'd with that hope, these boards I daunt-
 less trod,
 Where glorious Spranger (h) shone the lead-
 ing God!
 Nor when the second Thomas (i) lost the
 field
 Did I retreat: your favour was my shield.
 Those days, Heav'n knows, of toil and
 peril past,
 Like a worn troop-horse now you see me
 cast—
 “My own contriving” (l)—Old-boy to
 the last.

As great folks use, to rest I now retire,
 My little garden and my chearful fire;
 No more a player—the only part I can,
 I'll act till death, and be—the honest man;
 Content to tread the calmer scenes of life,
 Bleis'd with good children and a tender wife;

(a) Sheridan. (b) A favourite song then introduced by Mr. Wilder with great effect.
 (c) Tyrtæus. (d) A musical afterpiece, called *The Oracle*, was at that time got up, and
 admired particularly for Mrs. Wilder's uncommon excellence in the part of Cynthia, and
 Wilder in Oberon, to whom she gives the name of Charmer. (e) The late Mrs. Wilder.
 (f) Mossop. (g) In consequence of being security for Mossop's debts, who as a kind of
 compensation offered to transfer the management to him. (h) Barry. See *Lee's Alexander
 the Great*, one of Barry's most capital parts.—He was likewise the founder and till his death
 proprietor of the Theatre Royal, Crow-street, to which this also alludes. (i) Ryder,
 (j) Vide *Lionel and Clarissa*, Act 3d. Scene 5th. (m) This alludes to Mr. Wilder's inten-
 tion of returning to the business of painting, to which he was bred.

To warm their hearts, I'll daily call to view
 The gratitude I feel—I owe to you:
 Still as I may disposed to your commands—(n)
The Curtain drops—dismiss me with your
 hands.

Friday, May 16, 1783.

EAST-INDIA THEATRICALS.

MADRAS.

PROLOGUE,

Written for the Madras Theatre, spoken to
 the SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, on Saturday,
 Jan. 28, 1786.

PROMPTER.—(Behind the scenes.)

TAKE my advice, you'd better not.

[Speaking to the Prompter on entering.]

Pardon me, Sir, you're wrong—we've nought
 to fear—

The voice of candid friends alone we hear.

[Enters.]

Was ever such surmise? Upon my word,
 Our Prompter's caution is the most absurd.
 Hear my advice, he cry'd—he rul'd by me,
 Nor launch your bark into a troubled sea;
 A sea of Critick's spleen, rude and severe,
 Such as the gen'rous feelings cannot bear.

Poor man! he speaks, as in dull books he
 finds:

A stranger to your kind and liberal minds;
 But I who know them, feel th' impression
 here,

And while I feel, I hold it truly dear;
 Yet it is good to look before we leap:
 Ere I go further then, I'll take a peep.

[Surveys the Auditory.]

Have you no fly Critick there?—None I
 vow—

Then I'll advance and boldly make my bow.

[Advances.]

Charm'd I survey this cheerful circle round,
 Where splendid Beauty's heav'nly rays
 abound;

Where polish'd manners join a taste refin'd;
 Where purest sentiments enrich the mind.
 But lest my feelings should prolong my theme,
 Lest you should think it lengthen'd to ex-
 treme,

Their impulse I'll suppress, and quick declare
 The cause that led me thus abruptly here.

T' unbend the mind, the load of care to ease,
 T' afford amusement, and attempt to please,

Are the grand motives with the social Man—
Motives that best adorn great Nature's plan.
Imprest with these, we here presume this
night,

And in the *Treasury* throw our humble mite:
Our hearts are willing, but our means are
small;

Your smiles or frowns will guide our rise or
fall!

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by MOSES in the Jewish Cant.

WHETHER from 'Change I come, or
Chancery-lane!

It matters not to you of *Choultry Plain*.
I'm hither sent by soldiers, writers, factors,
All trades, all tribes, who now wou'd all
turn actors.

From this strange groupe, behold your friend
the Jew

To close the scene, and bid you all adieu.
I have the feelings, if *mine* heart could teach
Mine tongue to tell 'em in *de handsome speech*,
But *dat's mine* loss, and I regret it much,
That my best *English* you may think is
Dutch.

I dread your frowns, sneers, and turn'd-up
noses,
Lest you should murder me for murdering
Moses.

"Alas, poor Sheridan," methinks I hear
you say,
"Let's damn these bunglers who've fo
botch'd his play."

Patience, good folks, 'tis true, though common
talk,
That all must creep before they learn to
walk;

The proverb's just; then to its sense attend,
And as there's room, so is there hope we'll
mend;

Proving to you, not like a marriage curse,
For we'll grow always better (*can't* be
worse).

I wish those parricides had sent some other,
Although in me you see a friend and brother.
To be a *Jew*, depends not on the face;
We all are *Jews*, though not of *Israel's* race.
For praise of beauty, e'en the fair are *Jews*,
One covets all, what she'll to all refuse.

The soldier too, who hates a Levite's name,
Becomes a very *Jew*, in search of fame;
The Lover is a *Jew*, who thinks 't a sin,
If chance his mistress smile on aught but him.

In short, look round the world, you'll
find but few

Who have not sometimes somewhat play'd
the *Jew*;

I've done no more; my fate must rest
with you.

The Padlock was got up with infinite suc-
cess in February last, (1788), at the Theatre
in the Governor's Gardens, in this settlement,
for the benefit of the Asylum for Female Or-
phans, patronized by Lady Campbell. The
House was crowded, and the cause seemed to
inspire the performers with more than usual
animation.

The Orchestra had an able leader in Cap-
tain Kyd—and the scenery was admirably
executed. The Characters were thus repre-
sented:

<i>Don Diego,</i>	-	-	Lt. Col. Sydenham.
<i>Leander,</i>	-	-	Mr. Lewin.
<i>1st. Collegian,</i>	-	-	Lieut. Boisdaune.
<i>2d. ditto,</i>	-	-	Mr. Charles Baker.
<i>Mungo,</i>	-	-	Capt. Anstruther.
<i>Dame Ursula,</i>	-	-	Lieut. Shippey.
<i>Leonora,</i>	-	-	Mrs Moorhouse.

PROLOGUE

To the OPERA of the PADLOCK.

Spoken by MAJOR MAULE.

IN early days, when humbler honours
grac'd

The moving drama of itinerant taste,
A simple notice, artless as the scene,
Barely announced—*just going to begin*—
And all was plain without, where all was
plain within.

But when fair Learning's dawn relumed the
age
With the bright Glories of the Athenian
Stage,

The various Plot, in intricacy new,
Required, and re-produced the Classic Clue;
Prologue then mounted into hunkined Chorus,
And brought again the * "Muse of Fire"
before us.

Too short the reign of Genius. Quick retreat
The Muses from their violated seat;
Indignant leave unhallowed *Charles's* Court,
Where wit was riot, and where vice was
sport:

Flattery of vice to virtue's praise succeeds,
And all the Drama's dignity recedes:
Even *Dryden* sullies his immortal name,
And prostitutes in Prologues Virtue's fame.

But soon the modest Maids in tanelful train
Hail the chaste influence of a female reign;
Returning taste adorns fair *Anna's* Throne,
And *Pope* and *Addison* are all her own.

From the strong light of her Augustan day,
Still purer beams the Muse's modern ray;
More polished still, shews manners more
refined;

—The scene, the mirror of the public
mind.

In this best glass of fashion, now no more
Are view'd the vulgar vices seen before;
No *Sir John Brute* now beats or scolds his
Wife;

—Our *Lady Teazles* lead a better life,
But hold.—More highly of the *genial home*,
With more mysterious reverence we deem,
Than in light strains of scandal to profane
The holy happiness of *Hymen's* reign.
To modern Prologues better subjects rise,
And virtuous Beauty happier themes supplies;
The *British Muses*, innocently gay,
Congenial charms in their own Sex display:
Or if, as sings our sing-song Poet here,
Jealous restraints and discords must appear,
Britain disclaims them—Bards abroad must
roam:

No Spanish Padlocks can be found at home.

To-night, superior ev'n to *Britain's* boast,
Virtue's own Drama charms this favoured
coat;

Here in true triumph, Goodness acts her
scenes,

—The noblest purpose, by the fairest
means.

And if indeed it be the Muse's part
"To raise the genius and to mend the heart,"
Here is her Temple,—this her chosen
shrine;

And her best Worship, CHARITY DIVINE!

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. MOORHOUSE.

A Learned sage, who knew the human
heart,

On Nature's scale adjusted all his art;
And the deep truths of moral lore revealing,
Shaped his philosophy to natural feeling:

—His chosen themes such as he said "should
come

To all our business, and our bosoms home."

The tender BARD, whose melting numbers
move

A constant sympathy with *Emma's* love—

Politely just, and generously wise,
On the fair feelings of the heart relies;
Forgives the little frailties he may find,
And trusts Affection's pow'r o'er the mind.

But needless all these testimonies high

The cause of Sensibility to try:

Bacon's didactic prose, soft *Prior's* song,
In vain will argue,—glide in vain along—
Unless the conscious spark, within confess,
Brighten and burn in every throbbing breast;
They but describe what all our passions
prove;

They write, we act—the virtue, and the
love.

Yet, if we can believe our Bard to-night,
Strange Customs still exist in Nature's spite.

Instead of Nymphs and Swains in flowery
lawns—

Prisons and padlocks,—*Duennas* and old
Dons!

Say, is it possible? In gallant Spain

Can such unmanly grievances remain?

In Chivalry's own region can it be?

Damsels illustrious—under lock and key!

Bright Queens of Beauty—in a dark go-
down!

Like smuggled bales, and perquisites un-
known!

—O that I were a man!—Who'd not
unsex it

In this fair cause?—Behold a female *Quixote*!

The cause does wonders!—*makes me a*
virago;

And now—I'll break a lance, at least, with
Don Diego.

—But leaving these barbarian cavaliers,

Let's turn to our own dear domestic heroes.

Yes, we can turn with triumph—all the
charms

That beauty brings to the lov'd hero's arms,
Their best reward of valour, fix your sway;
The vanquish'd victors conquer—and obey.

Such the blest meed which Fate ordain'd and
gave

To *Britain's* favored offspring,—chaste and
brave;

Long may her various excellence be found!
Virtuous her daughters—and her sons re-
nowned!

May mutual merit mutual bliss inspire,
And favoring candour fan the tempered fire;
Let happiness the guarded treasure be
Of the *Mind's Padlock*, and true Love the
Key.

And now, may *Leonora* humbly sue,
And hope the candour she prescribes,—from
you,

If on this night, *alone* she venture here,

If in this cause she venture without fear?

—Yes;—'tis the favorite moment of the
mind;

By noble acts to candid thoughts inclin'd:
By bright benevolence illumined high,
Th' exalted soul shines through each speaking
eye:

One sentiment inspires the general breast,

—HUMANITY!—And oh! Humanity the
best:

For the POOR ORPHAN, *we all act our part*;
Sure of the best applause—Our Theatre's—the
HEART.

The *Padlock*, which had given such uni-
versal satisfaction, was shortly after succeeded
by the Farce of *The Author*, and *High Life*
Below Stairs;—and were performed for the
same benevolent purpose.

T H E
L O N D O N R E V I E W ;
A N D
L I T E R A R Y J O U R N A L ,
F O R A U G U S T , 1 7 8 8 .

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

A Tour in England and Scotland, in 1785. By an English Gentleman. Octavo.
7s. 6d. Robinsons.

THE prejudice that begins to arise against that species of compositions which bear the name of *tours* and *travels*, from their multiplicity, will be found, on examination, to be unjust. Though the ground traversed be the same, the travellers are different: though the objects surveyed be of the same kind and degree, yet they are placed in a new light by the eye of the spectator, who views them from new stations. The face of nature remains always the same: yet, how different the comments of those who make it an object of contemplation?

The author of the Tour before us is endowed by nature with a sensibility to her most interesting scenes, and has derived, from acquaintance with the most various and busy scenes, a faculty of making ingenious comparison and useful observation. He fetches ideas for the improvement of the British fisheries from China; and compares the *basaltic* columns of STAFFA to those which he has seen on a grander scale in the Straits of SUNDA.

That this Tour is the production of an ingenuous mind, the reader is at once disposed to believe by a brief introduction, which runs thus.

There is one not hour in the life of any man that is exactly the same with another, during the whole course of his existence, from the cradle to the grave. New objects, circumstances, and situations; new ideas, emotions, and passions, blended together, according to their different shades and order of succession, and producing fancies, hopes, and fears, in endless variety, render human life the most variegated as well as the most fleeting scene with which we are at all acquainted in the whole circle of nature. As

the power of language is unable to arrest and describe the mixed emotions of the mind at the moment they pass, so it is far less fitted to recall them at pleasure. But if we cannot clothe in language, and mark down the various sentiments and feelings that occupy our minds in different times and situations, it is in our power, in some measure, to make up for this deficiency, by recording the objects that occasioned them: and the diaries in which these are comprehended, afford, at least to him who takes the trouble of making them, a very curious and interesting subject of both entertainment and improvement. If the unvaried and uninteresting voids of life should seem but little adapted to the composition of such journals, travels and voyages not only furnish materials for collections of this kind, but naturally induce men to make them. It was merely with a view to that species of amusement which arises from the recollection of interesting scenes, and the emotions which they excited at the time when they passed under observation, that the writer of the following memorandums ever thought of committing them to paper. And it is in the importunity of friends, an apology that ought not by any means to be accounted the less weighty, that it is trite and common, (since nothing is more common than what is agreeable to truth and nature) that he takes shelter from any charge that may be made of vanity and self-importance.

Accompanied by friends, whose sympathy enlivened the impressions produced by the varying scenes through which they passed, our traveller left Oxford on the 17th of May 1785. He defends the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge against the attacks of innovators, and considers them "not only as venerable mo-
numents

“numents of ancient times, but as a kind of garrisons established by public authority, for the preservation of loyalty, literature, and religion.”—The venerable Genius of Oxford, inspiring various reflections, seemed to hover round our travellers until Chapel-Houfe and Hay-thorp, the residence of the Earl of Shrewsbury, gave occasion to observations of another kind, and several practical hints for the improvement of agriculture, and warming and enriching the country by stone fences and the plantation of forest-trees.

Here, indeed, it would seem, there is at once great need, and great encouragement for planting, which would give genial warmth to the atmosphere, and, in the course of time, convert the various influences of the heavens into a nutritive, vegetable mould, which being mixed with the clay-soil, could not fail to open and improve it. The trees produced would be of great value, as they would not only be of use for building, firing, and the fabrication of various utensils necessary both for the purposes of agriculture and domestic economy, but might also be launched by the Avon into the Severn, and so conveyed to sundry harbours and docks for ship-building.

In this bleak tract, ill cultivated and thinly inhabited, it is not uncommon for the lowest or labouring class of the people, who find little other employment in the depth of winter than that of threshing out corn, to lie a bed the greater part of the day as well as the whole night, in order to save fuel, and to spare their scanty provisions.

The travellers pass on through Long-Compton, Stratford-upon-Avon, and Henly, on all which places, with the adjacent country, the reader is entertained with just and useful reflections, to the extensive and populous town of Birmingham. Though this great seat of manufactures has been described by different travellers, and been made the subject of a particular history, yet Captain Newte (to whom this Tour is universally ascribed on almost certain grounds) has made some observations which appear to be new. For example, he says, “It is exceedingly remarkable, and highly worthy of observation, that industry in manufactures in the districts adjacent to Birmingham, is wholly confined to the barren parts of the country. This great town stands on the south-east extremity of a very barren region. On the north and west, but chiefly on the north-west, where the land is very poor, that is, on the road to Wolverhampton and Shrewsbury, the country

is full of the most industrious manufacturers in the coarse branches of business, both in detached houses, and in villages and small towns for many miles: but on the other side, which is Warwickshire, as you go from Birmingham towards Coventry, Stratford-upon-Avon, and Worcester, a circle including the points of east and south, and nearly that of west, where the ground is fertile and well cultivated, there is scarcely a manufacturer to be found of any kind, and in iron and steel none at all. It might be thought at first sight, that the difference in question might be accounted for, from the single circumstance, that it is in the very centre of the barren region that the pits are found which supply the manufacturers with the essential article of coal. But, the marked and sudden contrast between the barren and the fertile districts, in respect of application and industry in manufactures, is not fully explained by this circumstance alone; for, within two miles of Birmingham, they are on the one hand all farmers, and for twelve miles on the other, they are all manufacturers.”

Leaving Birmingham, Captain Newte with his party proceeds to Litchfield, the birth-place of Dr. Samuel Johnson:

Of whom so much has been said, that it is but little that can remain for the curiosity of his greatest admirers. I was informed of two singularities in this great genius, which, I think, have escaped the researches of all his biographers. There is a great iron ring fixed by a staple in a stone in the centre of the market-place, which formerly served as a necessary instrument in the savage diversion of bull-baiting. When Johnson happened, in his walks (for he paid an annual visit to Litchfield) to pass by this spot, he would frequently, in the midst of those reveries in which he seemed to be involved, step aside, and stooping down, lay hold of the ring and pull it about, as if he had been trying whether he was able to extricate it from the stone in which it was fixed. The other remarkable particular concerning Dr. Johnson, which has not been mentioned by his numerous biographers, is, that he made it a point when he made his annual visit to the place of his nativity, to call on every person in that city with whom he had the least acquaintance; but that instant he knocked at the door, he would, without giving time for opening it, pass on to another, where he would do the same thing: so that it frequently happened, that two or three servants would be running after the doctor, requesting that he would return to their masters or mistresses houses, who waited to receive

ceive him. The people of Litchfield were long, I avoid speaking in the present time, strongly tinctured with Jacobitism. When the Pretender, at the head of some Highland clans, had marched in 1745 into Lancashire, the inhabitants of Litchfield, it is said, waited for his arrival there, in his progress to the capital, with impatience. The profound reverence that Johnson entertained for monarchical principles, and hierarchical establishments, was in perfect conformity, and perhaps originally derived from the genius that predominated in the place of his nativity.

Our traveller visits, and makes a great variety of observations on Burton, Derby, Matlock and its environs, Ashbourn, Dovedale, Bakewell, Chatsworth, Stony-Middleton, Buxton, Castleton-Peake, Chapel-in-Frith, and Manchester. Speaking of the mines in Derbyshire, he says,

This business of mining affords many advantages, and prompts to the study of natural history. The nature and the arrangement of the mineral strata, in the mines of Cornwall and Devonshire, suggested their leading ideas to Woodward in his Theory of the Earth, and to Mr. Hütchinson, who attempted to frame a system of natural philosophy, agreeably to the writings of Moses. If academies for observation and experiments were established in mining countries, philosophy might be advanced thereby with greater rapidity than has yet distinguished her progressive course. Lord Bacon justly observes, that if the kings of Egypt had bestowed as great pains and expence in digging holes into the bowels of the earth, as they did in raising those stupendous moles called pyramids, on its surface, they would have rendered greater service to mankind, and acquired to themselves juster and more lasting fame. Such pits being dug to their hands by private adventurers, it would be an honour to princes, as well as an acquisition to the general stores of knowledge, to appoint men of science to make observations on the different substances brought to light by the persevering and penetrating industry of miners, in different parts of the world.

Manchester, our discerning author observes, if it be inferior to Birmingham in respect of extent and of building, is superior in point of internal regulation, and also in the stile or mode of living. There are not so many people of middling fortunes as in Birmingham, but there are more persons who have great fortunes; a circumstance which is to be accounted for, from the nature of the Manchester manufactures, which cannot be so well carried on as those of Birmingham by tradef-

men of small capitals—"This, he farther observes, is the best regulated town in England; though, like Birmingham, it is not governed by Magistrates of its own, or a Town-Council, but by the gentlemen of the town, who are at great pains to establish order and good-manners among the lower people by good regulations. The people, again, being mostly weavers, and consequently orderly and domestic, are very tractable, and susceptible of good government."—"The spirit of enterprise, Captain Newte observes, is extended in Manchester, from manufactures and commerce, to mechanical invention; and from thence to philosophy in general."

From Manchester our author goes by the Duke of Bridgewater's canal to Worsley, to Warrington, Prescot, and Liverpool, which he considers as the most complete commercial sea-port in Great-Britain.

Leaving Liverpool he goes to Ormskirk, and from thence to Preston, Garstang, and Lancaster. About three miles from this town he enters the beautiful vale of Lonsdale, where "the adjacent and lower hills are finely covered with wood; and behind these, high and craggy mountains are presented to our view, destitute of trees, and of every kind of vegetation or verdure. The contrast between the bold and barren rocks, on the one hand, and the verdant woods and luxuriant vale on the other, heightens the rude majesty of the former; improves the rich and swelling softness of the latter; and, on the whole, forms the most delightful view *he* ever beheld."

About a mile from Kendall our travellers

Dismounted from their horses, and ascended an hill, covered with rude and craggy rocks, which commands a view that exceeds all description. From this point is seen the greater part of the Windermere Lake, and ten islands. On the largest of these there is an house, built in a circular form at present belonging to a Mr. Christian, who purchased both island and house for 1,700*l*. This island is not only beautiful in itself, from a variety of grounds, and clumps of trees, but it is so happily situated as to command a view of many of the enchanting objects on this lake. The other islands are much smaller than this, but have a charming effect from being richly adorned with wood. The margin of this lake is surrounded with rich meadows, fertile hills, and beautiful woods, with perpendicular precipices, and old yews and hollies growing out of the fissures of the craggy rocks; all of them so curiously mixed

and interspersed, and reflecting their images so accurately and so clearly in the transparent expanse below, that it would be difficult to conceive how Nature herself could form a more captivating scene. From different points of view, those natural beauties shew themselves in different shapes. Some of the ablest pens have employed, and the imagination of the poet has been racked, to give a description of this beautiful display of nature; but language is unable to convey the emotions that this scene excites, even with the aid of the most faithful pencil. Therefore, whoever wishes to have a just conception of Windermere Lake, and its surrounding beauties, must view them on the spot.

Though the aid of the pencil, joined to that of the pen, is unable to convey a

complete idea of the scenes described in this Tour, yet our author does not reject it. Engravings by Heath of picturesque scenery in the North of England, as well as in Scotland, contribute not a little to the general impression of this animated composition, which breathes that warmth which always accompanies a faithful picture of nature. Captain Newte, having given such a description of each of the lakes of Cumberland, and other scenes, as would not disgrace the pencil of THOMSON or SALVATOR ROSA, pursues his journey from ULLESWATER, through Penrith, and from thence to Scotland.

[*To be continued.*]

The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Edward Gibbon, Esq. Vols. IV. V. and VI. 4to. 3l. 3s. Strahan and Cadell. 1788.

IN our last we gave a few introductory remarks on this splendid monument of historic ability; we shall now lay before our readers extracts from the work, premising, that it is not from superior merit they are selected, but merely as they may best bear a separation from the thread of the History. The following is an account of the first battle of the great Belisarius, one of those heroic names which are familiar to every age and every nation.

The Africanus of new Rome was born, and perhaps educated, among the Thracian peasants, without any of those advantages which had formed the virtues of the elder and younger Scipio; a noble origin, liberal studies, and the emulation of a free state. The silence of a loquacious secretary may be admitted to prove that the youth of Belisarius could not afford any subject of praise: he served, most assuredly with valour and reputation, among the private guards of Justinian; and when his patron became emperor, the domestic was promoted to military command. After a bold inroad into Perfermenia, in which his glory was shared by a colleague, and his progress was checked by an enemy, Belisarius repaired to the important station of Dara, where he first accepted the service of Procopius, the faithful companion, and diligent historian, of his exploits. The Mirranes of Persia advanced, with forty thousand of her best troops, to raze the fortifications of Dara; and signified the day and the hour on which the citizens should prepare a bath for his refreshment after the toils of victory. He encountered an adversary equal to him-

self, by the new title of General of the East; his superior in the science of war, but much inferior in the number and quality of his troops, which amounted only to twenty-five thousand Romans and strangers, relaxed in their discipline, and humbled by recent disasters. As the level plain of Dara refused all shelter to stratagem and ambush, Belisarius protected his front with a deep trench, which was prolonged at first in perpendicular, and afterwards in parallel, lines, to cover the wings of cavalry advantageously posted to command the flanks and rear of the enemy. When the Roman centre was shaken, their well-timed and rapid charge decided the conflict: the standard of Persia fell; the *immortals* fled; the infantry threw away their bucklers, and eight thousand of the vanquished were left on the field of battle. In the next campaign, Syria was invaded on the side of the desert; and Belisarius, with twenty thousand men, hastened from Dara to the relief of the province. During the whole summer, the designs of the enemy were baffled by his skilful dispositions: he pressed their retreat, occupied each night their camp of the preceding day, and would have secured a bloodless victory, if he could have resisted the impatience of his own troops. Their valiant promise was faintly supported in the hour of battle; the right wing was exposed by the treacherous or cowardly desertion of the Christian Arabs; the Huns, a veteran band of eight hundred warriors, were oppressed by superior numbers; the flight of the Isaurians was intercepted; but the Roman infantry stood firm on the left; for Belisarius himself, dis-

mounting

mounting from his horse, shewed them that intrepid despair was their only safety. They turned their backs to the Euphrates, and their faces to the enemy; innumerable arrows glanced without effect from the compact and shelving order of their bucklers; an impenetrable line of pikes was opposed to the repeated assaults of the Persian cavalry; and after a resistance of many hours, the remaining troops were skilfully embarked under the shadow of the night. The Persian commander retired with disorder and disgrace, to answer a strict account of the lives of so many soldiers which he had consumed in a barren victory. But the fame of Belisarius was not sullied by a defeat, in which he alone had saved his army from the consequences of their own rashness: the approach of peace relieved him from the guard of the eastern frontier, and his conduct in the sedition of Constantinople amply discharged his obligations to the emperor. When the African war became the topic of popular discourse and secret deliberation, each of the Roman generals was apprehensive, rather than ambitious, of the dangerous honour; but as soon as Justinian had declared his preference of superior merit, their envy was rekindled by the unanimous applause which was given to the choice of Belisarius. The temper of the Byzantine court may encourage a suspicion, that the hero was darkly assisted by the intrigues of his wife, the fair and subtle Antonina, who alternately enjoyed the confidence and incurred the hatred of the empress Theodora. The birth of Antonina was ignoble, she descended from a family of charioteers; and her chastity has been stained with the foulest reproach. Yet she reigned with long and absolute power over the mind of her illustrious husband; and if Antonina disdained the merit of conjugal fidelity, she expressed a manly friendship to Belisarius, whom she accompanied with undaunted resolution in all the hardships and dangers of a military life.

The following account of Alboin King of the Lombards possesses so much of the beautiful wildness of romance, that we are tempted to give it entire.

While Alboin served under his father's standard, he encountered in battle, and transfiered with his lance, the rival prince of the Gepidæ. The Lombards, who applauded such early prowess, requested his father with unanimous acclamations, that the heroic youth, who had shared the dangers of the field, might be admitted to the feast of victory. "You are not unmindful," replied the inflexible Audoin, "of the wife

"customs of our ancestors. Whatever may be his merit, a prince is incapable of sitting at table with his father till he has received his arms from a foreign and royal hand." Alboin bowed with reverence to the institutions of his country, selected forty companions, and boldly visited the court of Turisund king of the Gepidæ, who embraced and entertained, according to the laws of hospitality, the murderer of his son. At the banquet, whilst Alboin occupied the seat of the youth whom he had slain, a tender remembrance arose in the mind of Turisund. "How dear is that place—how hateful is that person—" were the words that escaped, with a sigh, from the indignant father. His grief exasperated the national resentment of the Gepidæ; and Cunimund, his surviving son, was provoked by wine, or fraternal affection, to the desire of vengeance. "The Lombards," said the rude Barbarian, "resemble, in figure and in smell, the mares of our Sarmatian plains." And this insult was a coarse allusion to the white bands which enveloped their legs. "Add another resemblance," replied an audacious Lombard; "you have felt how strongly they kick. Visit the plain of Asfeld, and seek for the bones of thy brother; they are mingled with those of the vilest animals." The Gepidæ, a nation of warriors, started from their seats, and the fearless Alboin, with his forty companions, laid their hands on their swords. The tumult was appeased by the venerable interposition of Turisund. He saved his own honour, and the life of his guest; and after the solemn rites of investiture, dismissed the stranger in the bloody arms of his son; the gift of a weeping parent. Alboin returned in triumph; and the Lombards, who celebrated his matchless intrepidity, were compelled to praise the virtues of an enemy. In this extraordinary visit he had probably seen the daughter of Cunimund, who soon after ascended the throne of the Gepidæ. Her name was Rosamond, an appellation expressive of female beauty, and which our own history or romance has consecrated to amorous tales. The king of the Lombards (the father of Alboin no longer lived) was contracted to the grand-daughter of Clovis; but the restraints of faith and policy soon yielded to the hope of possessing the fair Rosamond, and of insulting her family and nation. The arts of persuasion were tried without success; and the impatient lover by force and stratagem obtained the object of his desires. War was the consequence, which he foresaw and solicited; but the Lombards could not long withstand the fu-

rious assault of the Gepidæ, who were sustained by a Roman army. And as the offer of marriage was rejected with contempt, Alboin was compelled to relinquish his prey, and to partake of the disgrace which he had inflicted on the house of Cunimund.

Thus repulsed, the haughty and restless spirit of Alboin stooped to solicit the alliance of the Chagan of the Avars, and after a tedious negotiation, obtained his assistance at the hard price of the immediate cession of the *tenth* of the cattle of the Lombards, an equal division of the spoils and captives, and the giving up the lands of the Gepidæ to the Avars alone. Fortified by this powerful aid Alboin fell on Cunimund, now deserted by his Roman allies, and after a bloody resistance defeated and slew him. The skull of the monarch of the Gepidæ was formed into a cup to satiate the hatred of the conqueror, or perhaps to comply with the savage custom of the country.

One moiety of the spoil introduced into the camp of Alboin more wealth than a Barbarian could readily compute. The fair Rosamond was persuaded, or compelled, to acknowledge the rights of her victorious lover, and the daughter of Cunimund appeared to forgive those crimes which might be imputed to her own irresistible charms.

Thus fortunate in love and war, Alboin turned his eye from the Danube to the richer banks of the Po and the Tyber, and with a mighty army of Lombards, Gepidæ, Bulgarians, Sarmatians, and Bavarians, broke like a tempest into the fruitful vales of Italy, and without encountering or expecting a Roman army in the field, seized on all the inland regions, from the Trentine hills to the gates of Ravenna and Rome. But the reign of Alboin was splendid and transient. Before he could regulate his new conquest, he fell a premature sacrifice to domestic treason and female revenge.

In a palace near Verona, which had not been erected for the Barbarians, he feasted the companions of his arms: intoxication was the reward of valour, and the king himself was tempted by appetite, or vanity, to exceed the ordinary measure of his intemperance. After draining many capacious bowls of Rhetian or Falernian wine, he called for the skull of Cunimund, the noblest and most precious ornament of his sideboard. The cup of victory was accepted with horrid applause by the circle of the Lombard chiefs. "Fill it again with wine," exclaimed the inhuman conqueror, "fill it to the brim; carry this goblet to the queen, and request in my name that she would rejoice with her fa-

"ther." In an agony of grief and rage, Rosamond had strength to utter, "Let the will of my lord be obey'd!" and touching it with her lips, pronounced a silent imprecation, that the insult should be washed away in the blood of Alboin. Some indulgence might be due to the resentment of a daughter, if she had not already violated the duties of a wife. Implacable in her enmity, or constant in her love, the queen of Italy had stooped from the throne to the arms of a subject, and Helmichis, the king's armour-bearer, was the secret minister of her pleasure and revenge. Against the proposal of the murder, he could no longer urge the scruples of fidelity or gratitude; but Helmichis trembled, when he revolved the danger as well as the guilt, when he recollected the matchless strength and intrepidity of a warrior, whom he had so often attended in the field of battle. He pressed, and obtained, that one of the bravest champions of the Lombards should be associated to the enterprise; but no more than a promise of secrecy could be drawn from the gallant Peredeus; and the mode of seduction employed by Rosamond betrays her shameless insensibility both to honour and love. She supplied the place of one of her female attendants who was beloved by Peredeus, and contrived some excuse for darkness and silence, till she could inform her champion that he had enjoyed the queen of the Lombards, and that his own death, or the death of Alboin, must be the consequence of such treasonable adultery. In this alternative, he chose rather to be the accomplice than the victim of Rosamond, whose undaunted spirit was incapable of fear and remorse. She expected, and soon found a favourable moment, when the king, oppressed with wine, had retired from the table to his afternoon slumbers. His faithless spouse was anxious for his health and repose: the gates of the palace were shut, the arms removed, the attendants dismissed, and Rosamond, after lulling him to rest by her tender caresses, unbolted the chamber-door, and urged the reluctant conspirators to the instant execution of the deed. On the first alarm, the warrior started from his couch; his sword, which he attempted to draw, had been fastened to the scabbard by the hand of Rosamond; and a small stool, his only weapon, could not long protect him from the spears of the assassins. The daughter of Cunimund smiled in his fall; his body was buried under the staircase of the palace, and the grateful posterity of the Lombards revered the tomb and the memory of their victorious leader.

In our next Number we shall proceed with further strictures and extracts from this very valuable History.

(To be continued.)

Catalogue of Five Hundred celebrated Authors of Great Britain, now living; the whole arranged in Alphabetical Order; and including a Complete List of their Publications, with occasional Strictures and Anecdotes of their Lives. 8vo. 5s. Faulder.

“THE world is here presented with a volume so new in its design, that if, like certain authors, we were to indulge to the whispers of vanity, we might consider ourselves as the inventors of a new science; and boldly rank with the Aristotles, the Lockes, and the Newtons of Literature.” So says this modest author, in the introductory lines of his preface. To this elevated rank, however, he is willing afterwards to admit of some abatement; “to assume no other praise than that of a lucky hit; to consider himself only as led by a propitious destiny to a theme which if it had occurred before, would long since have been made the prey of hungry scribblers.”

It is an observation of Prior, that “authors before they write should read;” and this is particularly incumbent on those who compile works like that under our consideration. Had the collector of the present Catalogue done so, we should have had less reason to complain of omissions, inaccuracies, mistakes, and falsehoods. To a work like the present, the compiler should bring a general acquaintance with the literature and the literary characters of the country; a general knowledge of the publications of times, both present and past; much enquiry to ascertain truth, and much care to avoid error. He should not depend on first recollections, or rely on first informations; nor, however he may be qualified, should he rest entirely on himself. The present compiler seems to have none of the necessary qualifications. He does not even know that his very plan, which he boasts so much of, is an old one. In the year 1762, there appeared a work of the same kind, and about the same degree of accuracy and merit, entitled, “An Historical and Critical Account of the Lives and Writings of the Living Authors of Great Britain. Wherein their respective Merits are discussed with the utmost Candour and Impartiality. 8vo.” This circumstance might have been known by only a reference to the Literary Journals of the times; a species of knowledge, without which it must be presumption in any one to attempt a work on the plan of the present.

The imperfections of this Catalogue abound wherever we turn to it. Almost

as many authors are omitted as are to be found, and we discover the names of some who have no pretensions to be there at all. Several of these *living* authors have been *dead* many years. To mention a few only, Bulkeley Charles, Davis Henry Edward, Fletcher John, Hooper William, Ohara Charles (whose name however was *Kane*), Stratford —, D. D. Ward John, who died so long ago as the 17th of October, 1758, Warwick Thomas, and several others.

Our Compiler, in putting down the names of the Authors, seems to have determined in the words of Falconbridge, in King John, “and if his name be George, I’ll call him Peter.” To instance a few only of these, Anstey, Cotton, Greatheed, Griffiths, Hoole, Jerminham, O’Brien, Potter, Reed, Waldron, &c. have wrong Christian names assigned to them; and many whose names are well known, or might have been known on the slightest enquiry, are left with blanks to be filled up. In many instances where there are two authors of the same name, they are consolidated into one, as Dalton, Cooke William, Joddrell, &c. Laymen are turned into Divines, as Bryant, Ward, &c. and Divines reduced to Laymen. In the account of Sir Joseph Banks, there is a most scandalous falsehood concerning his father, untrue in every particular. Mr. King has two farces assigned to him of which he did not write a line. Dr. Douglas is said to have had a controversy with Pishmanazar, which controversy must have been before he was born; and where the wit or wisdom is to be found of saying Mr. Keate is noted for his eccentricities, or the truth of Mr. Hayley’s prose writings not being correspondent with the interests of virtue, we confess ourselves to be at a loss. The complete list of publications which the title-page promises, contains not a tenth part of what have been published by the Authors; and the sizes of the books which are mentioned, are almost always wrong. But to mention every imperfection would be endless.

That an accurate list of living Authors and their works would be useful and perhaps entertaining, we do not deny; but it must be by a better informed person than the present compiler, whose work is
deficient

deficient in every quality which such a publication ought to possess, and is calculated only to disseminate error and misinformation.

Humanity; or, The Rights of Nature. A Poem; in Two Books. By the Author of Sympathy. 4to. 5s. Cadell.

THE scope and design of this Poem is best described by Mr. Pratt himself:—"The reader is requested to consider this performance as a GENERAL OUTLINE, with here and there some sketched features of a work; the nature of which is frequently alluded to in different parts of the Poem, and the title is specified on a separate leaf at the end. What I ventured abroad some years since, under the title of SYMPATHY—a Poem; which on account of the interests created in the heart by the subject itself, was received by the public with so much generous warmth—was intended to serve as a preliminary to what I had further to observe on SOCIETY, or a prospect of the HUMAN RACE, under the combined influences of *clime and government, religious laws and liberties.*—From these the transition to TYRANNY was natural, and strongly in connexion; and from *Tyranny* I felt myself called upon by all the awakened

“emotions of HUMANITY, to consider SLAVERY; but not only that species of it which consists in buying and selling our *fellow-creatures* in Africa—but EVERY OTHER KIND, in EVERY OTHER PLACE. Views, therefore, of *Freedom and Bondage*, throughout the different parts of the globe, have been taken, as well from experience, as the best historical evidence.”

The Poem before us is in itself a complete and highly-finished production. Every admirer of *Sympathy* will be glad to see the powers of the same Muse exerted in favour of *Humanity*, taken in the most extensive sense. It is needless to give specimens of the poetry, which is such as might be expected from the author of *Sympathy*: it is at once elegant and nervous, abounding in lofty and delicate imagery, variegated with beautiful description, and enlivened with episodes, conveying the sublimest morality in the most captivating language.

Poems to the Rev. Messrs. Ramsay and Clarkson, &c. &c. By J. N. Puddicombe, M. A. 4to. 1s. Richardson.

AS a Poet, the talents of Mr. Puddicombe are more often *audessus* than *audessus mediocre*.—It is indeed too evident that he has not much cause to boast of the smiles of Apollo; who, he should

be told, requires from his votaries something more than a mere harmony of versification, especially when in that harmony there is a perpetual sameness.

Tit For Tat, a Comedy. 8vo. 1s. Dilly.

THIS Farce is founded on the stale trick of a Lady and Gentleman exchanging dresses with their servants, and falling in love with each other thus disguised. The servants are equally attached to each other, and the piece is wound up by a double marriage.—From so very meagre a plot much cannot be expected, and much is certainly not performed. The language is vulgar; and the very

elegant adage of “*Too much pudding will choke a dog*,” is one of the most brilliant witticisms in the piece. The Author tells us in his title page, that it has been represented at the three Theatres; which only proves what a lamentable dearth of dramatic excellence there must be, when such poor stuff will go down as Tit For Tat.

Variety; a Collection of Essays. 8vo. 5s. 6d. Cadell.

THOUGH these Essays are not perhaps to be ranked in the first order, yet they are by no means deficient in sense or spirit. Were we to make a selection, the humorous papers would claim our preference. In short, though we cannot com-

mend this Collection very highly, yet we have perused similar publications much inferior in merit to “Variety,” which, on the whole, will be found to afford an agreeable entertainment for a vacant hour.

Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for promoting useful Knowledge. Vol. II. 4to. 11. 1s. Boards. Aitken. Philadelphia. Dilly. London.

IN our last Number, when closing our account of the first volume of these Transactions, we expressed a strong desire to see the second; and sooner than we expected, has that desire been gratified.

The present volume opens with the well-known Letter of Dr. Franklin to Dr. Ingenhousz, Physician to the Emperor at Vienna, on the Causes and Cure of smoky Chimnies*.

In the second article, we are presented with an explanation of an optical deception, from the pen of Mr. Rittenhouse; who observes, that through the *double microscope*, the surfaces of bodies sometimes appear to be *reversed*; that, in other words, those parts which are elevated seem *depressed*, and *vice versa*.—When our author first noticed the oddity of this appearance, the probable cause seemed to be, that those parts of the object which are sunk, and most remote from the eye, might have their correspondent parts of the image formed by the glass's nearest to the eye, and would, from this circumstance, appear raised. For this idea, however, there is no solid foundation, because those parts which are farthest from the eye in the object will always be farthest from the eye in the image.—Mr. Rittenhouse is evidently a man of much scientific penetration; and the result of his observations upon this nice point is, that the phenomenon in question is a necessary consequence of the apparent inversion of the object—a truth of which, from actual experiments, he seems himself to be convinced.

Article the third is the production of the Rev. Jeremy Belknap, and gives a Description of the White Mountains in New-Hampshire †.

In article the fourth, Mr. Thomas Hutchins presents a very curious, though brief description of a remarkable rock and cascade, near the western side of the Youghiogony river, a quarter of a mile from Crawford's ferry, and about twelve miles from Union-Town, in Fayette County, in the state of Pennsylvania.—This cascade is occasioned, it appears, by a rock of a semicircular form, the

chord of which, from one extreme end of the arch to the other, is nearly one hundred yards; the arch, or circular part is extensive, and upwards of twenty feet in height, exhibiting a grand and romantic appearance. This very curious production is composed of stone of variegated colours, and a species of marble beautifully chequered with veins running in different directions, *presenting, on a close inspection, a faint resemblance of a variety of mathematical figures of different angles and magnitudes*.—According to our author, the operations of nature in this structure seem to be exceedingly uniform, and majestic. The layers, or rows of stone, of which it is composed, are of various lengths and thicknesses, more resembling the effects of art than nature. A flat thin stone, from eight to ten inches thick, about twenty feet wide, forms the upper part of this amphitheatre, over which the stream precipitates. The whole front of the rock is made up, from top to bottom, as well as from one extremity of the arch to the other, of a regular succession, principally of lime-stone, strata over strata, and each stratum projecting in an horizontal direction a little farther out than its base, until it terminates into one entire flat, thin, extensive piece, which “*jets*” out at right angles, or in a parallel line with the bottom, over which it impends fifteen or twenty feet, and that *without columns, or even a single pillar for its support*.—This circumstance, together with a grand circular walk between the front of the rock and the sheet of water falling from the summit, exhibits so noble and singular an appearance, that, in the opinion of Mr. Rittenhouse, no spectator can behold it without admiration and delight.

Articles the fifth and sixth come from Dr. Franklin. The former consists of a letter to Mr. Nairne, of London, proposing a slowly sensible Hygrometer for certain purposes; and the latter describes a new Stove, for burning pit-coal, and consuming all its smoke. These papers have both, however, repeatedly appeared in print before.

* This valuable tract was published about a year ago in London, by Sewell and Debrett; and for an account of it (as well as of several of the Doctor's other philosophical papers) the reader is referred to our Review for Sept. 1787. p. 205 It is rather remarkable, that in the first volume of these Transactions there was not one piece the production of Dr. Franklin.

† See page 11 of this Volume.

Article the seventh is written by Andrew Oliver, Esq. of Salem, in the State of Massachusetts, and exhibits a theory of lightning and thunder-storms.—Our author—dissenting from the general opinion, that the electric charges exhibited in repeated flashes of lightning during a thunder-storm, are previously accumulated in the vapours which constitute the cloud, and that these vapours, when by any means they become either overcharged with electric matter, or divided of their natural quantities of it, discharge their superfluous, or receive the necessary supplies from, either the earth or the neighbouring clouds, in successive explosions, till an equilibrium is restored between them—dissenting, we say, from this opinion, he maintains, on the contrary, that the charges in question do not reside in the cloud, or vapours of which it consists, but in the air which sustains them, previous, in fact, to the formation of the cloud, or even the ascent of the vapours of which it is formed.

Article the eighth is also the production of Mr. Oliver, and contains a theory of water-spouts, which he denies to be merely electrical in their origin, and supposes, upon pneumatic and hydrostatic principles, to be, in part at least, occasioned by rarefaction.

Article the ninth contains experiments on evaporation, and meteorological observations made at Bradford in New-England, in 1772, by the Rev. Samuel Williams, A. M.

Article the tenth also contains meteorological observations, and are conveyed in a letter from J. Madison, Esq. to Dr. Rittenhouse.

In article the eleventh we are presented with an ingenious description of a machine for measuring a ship's way through the sea, by F. Hopkinson, Esq.—The defects of the mariner's log in common use are well known; nor have any of the numerous attempts that have been made to improve its construction, been hitherto of much avail. Recourse must be had to the work itself for an account of Mr. Hopkinson's machine, the properties of which cannot be described satisfactorily without the assistance of a plate.

In article the twelfth we have an account of an electrical eel, or the Torpedo of Surinam, by William Bryant, Esq.—In size and colour, this eel, we are told, resembles the common eel of Europe or America, except that it is thicker in proportion to its length, and that the head

is more flat, and less pointed. So far, however, does the torpedo of Surinam differ from the common eel, that, in breathing in the air, it rises to the surface of the water. On touching this eel, as it lies in the water, a sudden and violent shock is received, resembling in every respect that which is felt on touching the prime conductor, when charged with the electrical fluid from the globe; and, like that, it principally affects the ends of the fingers, and the elbow.

Article the thirteenth contains observations, by Henry Collins Flagg, of South-Carolina, on the numb-fish, or torporific eel, which seems to be of the same, or nearly the same, species with the torpedo of Surinam, as described by the author of the preceding memoir.

Article the fourteenth consists of two letters; the first from John Page, Esq. to David Rittenhouse, Esq. the second from the latter gentleman to the former; and both replete with judicious observations on a remarkable meteor seen in Virginia and Pennsylvania.

In article the fifteenth we are presented with an admirable and truly-curious description of the grotto at Swatara, communicated by William Barton, Esq. and written by the Rev. Peter Miller, of Ephrata; who assures us, that the object of his description (which consists of a petrified cavern) equals in grandeur of appearance the most superb royal throne.

Article the sixteenth consists of a letter from Mr. Rittenhouse to Mr. Page, and contains some magnetical experiments.

Article the seventeenth is also the production of Mr. Rittenhouse, and exhibits a new method of placing a meridian mark, in a letter to the Rev. Dr. Ewing.

Article the eighteenth gives a singular account of a worm in a horse's eye, by F. Hopkinson, Esq.—A report prevailing that a horse was to be seen which had a living serpent in one of his eyes, the author, we are informed, after having examined the eye with all the attention in his power, was at length convinced of its reality. The worm is described to be of a clear, white colour, strongly resembling a piece of fine bobbin. It seemed to be from two and a half to three inches in length, and was in a constant, lively, vermicular motion. In the horse, the muscles contiguous to the eye-ball were exceedingly inflamed and swollen. They also emitted a copious discharge: and it appeared as if all the humours of the eye were confounded together.

[To be concluded in our next.]

Memoirs of Great-Britain and Ireland. From the Battle off La Hogue till the Capture of the French and Spanish Fleets at Vigo. By Sir John Dalrymple, Bart. Baron of the Exchequer in Scotland, Vol. II. 4to. 11. 1s. Edinburgh, Bell and Creech. London, Strahan and Cadell.

[*Concluded from page 28.*]

THE years 1698 and 1699 were made memorable by the famous Darien Company, on whose affairs Sir John is extremely diffuse. It appears from his account that England then lost an opportunity which never can again recur. It was the plan originally of an obscure Scotchman, one Patterfon, a man of a great and comprehensive mind, who had travelled into the west with Dampier, and gleaned every information on the subject.

“ Patterfon knew that ships which stretch in a straight line from one point to another, and with one wind, run less risks, and require fewer hands than ships which pass through many latitudes, turn with many coasts, and require many winds; in evidence of which, vessels from seven or eight hundred tons burden are often to be found in the South Seas, navigated by no more than eight or ten hands, because these hands have little else to do than to set their sails when they begin their voyage, and to take them in when they end it: that as soon as ships from Britain got so far south as to reach the trade-wind, which never varies, that wind would carry them to Darien, and the same wind would carry ships from the bay of Panama, on the opposite side of the isthmus, to the East-Indies: that as soon as ships coming from the East-Indies to the bay of Panama got so far north as the latitude of 40, to reach the westerly winds, which, about that latitude, blow almost as regularly from the west as the trade winds do from the east, these winds would carry them, in the tract of the Spanish Aquapulca ships, to the coast of Mexico; from whence the land wind, which blows for ever from the north to the south, would carry them along the coast of Mexico into the bay of Panama. So that in going from Britain, ships would encounter no uncertain winds, except during their passage south into the latitude of the trade-wind; in coming from India to the bay of Panama no uncertain winds, except in their passage north to the latitude of the westerly winds; and in going from the other side of the isthmus to the east, no uncertain wind whatsoever.

In short, in his own words:

“ The time and expence of navigation to China, Japan, the Spice-Islands, and the

“ far greatest part of the East-Indies, will
“ be lessened more than half, and the con-
“ sumption of European commodities and
“ manufactories will soon be more than
“ doubled.—Trade will increase trade,
“ and money will beget money, and the
“ trading world shall need no more to want
“ work for their hands, but will rather want
“ hands for their work. Thus this door of
“ the seas, and the key of the universe, with
“ any thing of a reasonable management,
“ will, of course, enable its proprietors to
“ give laws to both oceans, and to become
“ arbitrators of the commercial world,
“ without being liable to the fatigues, ex-
“ pences, and dangers, or contracting the
“ guilt and blood of Alexander and Cæsar.
“ In all our empires that have been any
“ thing universal, the conquerors have been
“ obliged to seek out and court their con-
“ quets from afar; but the universal force
“ and influence of this attractive magnet,
“ is such, as can much more effectually
“ bring empire home to its proprietors
“ doors.”

“ Of this mighty project England must have reaped the most benefit, not only by shortening her voyages to the East-Indies, but by the effect which it would have had to connect the interests of her European, West-Indian, American, African, and East-Indian trade. For the English ships, which, for the most part, go with half a cargo to the West-Indies and America, would then have carried another half outwards to the isthmus, to be transported from thence to the East. The ships in the African trade, after selling their slaves, might have gone to the isthmus, and returned loaded with the produce of the East. The ships of the East-India Company, which go, in a manner, without freight to the East-Indies, would, after getting one freight to the port of the South sea from the India sea, have returned with another, to open a trade with the islands which lie between New Holland and India, if they kept near the line; and to increase the trade to China and India, according as they kept farther to the north of the line.”

To England therefore Patterfon first offered his plan; but, being poor and unprotected, he was disregarded. He

then tried Holland with as little success. He at last returned to Scotland, where, by the support and influence of the famous Fletcher, of Saltoun, his system was strenuously adopted, and a Colony sent out; but the narrow policy and illiberal commercial jealousy of England strangled this Hercules in his cradle. The Colony was deserted at home, and attacked by Spain abroad, the undertaking blown up, and the unfortunate Patterfon lost for a time his reason.

“ Men look into the works of poets for subjects of satire; but they are more often to be found in the records of history. The application of the Dutch to King William against the Darien Company, affords the surest of all proofs, that it was the interest of the British Islands to support it. England, by the imprudence of ruining that settlement, lost the opportunity of gaining and continuing to herself the greatest commercial empire that probably ever will be upon earth. Had she treated with Scotland in the hour of the distress of the Company, for a joint possession of the settlement; or adopted the union of kingdoms, which the Sovereign of both proposed to them, that possession could certainly have been obtained. Had she treated with Spain to relinquish an imaginary right, or at least to give a passage across the Isthmus, upon receiving duties so high as to overbalance all the chance of loss by a contraband trade, she had probably obtained either the one or the other. Had she broke with Spain, for the sake of gaining by force one of those favours, she would have lost far less than she afterwards did, by carrying a war into that country for many years, to force a King upon the Spaniards against their will. Even a rupture with Spain, for Darien, if it had proved successful, would have knit the two nations together by the most solid of ties, their mutual interest: for the English must then have depended upon Spain for the safety of their caravans by land, and the Spaniards

upon England for the safety of their fleets by sea. Spain and England would have been bound together as Portugal and England have long been; and the Spanish treasures have failed, under the wings of English navies, from the Spanish main to Cadz, in the same manner as the treasures of Portugal have failed under the same protection, sacred, and untouched, from the Brazilles to Lisbon.

Kings and nations should consider well before they commit wrongs. King William's desertion of a Company erected upon the faith of his own charter, and the English oppression of it, were the reasons why so many of the Scots, during four successive reigns, disliked the cause of the Revolution and the Union; and that dislike, joined to English discontents, brought upon both countries two rebellions, the expediture of many millions of money, and, which is a far greater loss, the downfall of many of their noblest and most ancient families.

On the 8th day of March 1701, King William died, in consequence of a fall of his horse. Sir John Dalrymple gives his character as follows:

“ Some maliciously observed upon his death, that the horse from which he fell, had been formerly the charger of the unfortunate Sir John Fenwick, for whose death the King had been blamed. But the more generous remembered, and recounted then, or since, “ That to King William, the first act of “ toleration known in the history of Eng- “ land is due, and which was not followed “ by a second, till the reign of his present “ Majesty, and the administration of Lord “ North*. That it was he who erected “ the Bank of England; he who gave wings “ to the public credit of England; he who “ established the East-India Company of “ England on a firm basis; he who settled “ the family of Hanover on the Throne of “ England, although he knew well (of

* The writer of these Memoirs has been complained of by some persons, on account of the last of those acts, to wit, that of toleration in favour of Roman Catholics. That he suggested it, that he pressed it, and that to a certain degree he had the honour to conduct it, he avows, and wishes it may be engraved on his tomb-stone. He understood at the time, that the success of the bill in England was due to the generosity of the clergy of the church of England. He has reason to believe, that its not being extended to Scotland, was owing to a few of the clergy of that church. If that belief be just, then to those persons it is to be imputed, that fire was first set to Edinburgh, next to Glasgow, in the end to London, and that similar laws of toleration, in favour of Protestants, which, to his certain knowledge, were intended in more than one Roman Catholic country of Europe, were not promulgated. I mention these circumstances to shew how much good even one private person may do in a free country, as I did; and how much mischief a few may do, as they

“ which

" which I have seen certain evidence) that
 " the first of that family, whom he destined
 " to the succession, the Electress Sophia, was
 " no friend to him; he, who receiving
 " much bad usage from the nation which he
 " had saved, bore it all, steady to the
 " great general good, unfeeling only to the
 " injuries done to himself; he who, when
 " obliged to injure the relations of nature,
 " in order to save liberty, the Protestant re-
 " ligion, England, Holland, and all Europe,
 " except France, endeavoured to repair that
 " injury by intended kindnesses to King
 " James's Queen, and to King James's son;
 " he who, of the only three free nations
 " then on earth, the Swifs, Dutch, and
 " English, saved the liberties of two; he,
 " in fine, to whom mankind owe the sin-
 " gular spectacle of a monarchy, in which
 " the monarch derives a degree of greatness
 " and security from the freedom of his peo-
 " ple, which treasures and arms cannot be-
 " stow on other princes; and that at a time
 " when military governments are extend-
 " ing their strides over every other part of
 " Europe, there is still one country left, in
 " which it is worth the while of a man to
 " with to live." And, attending to events
 " which immediately preceded the close of
 " his life, they observed, " That the last
 " treaty which he signed, was the second
 " grand alliance: That the last appointment
 " which he made of a General and Amba-
 " sador to conduct that alliance, was of the
 " Earl of Marlborough, because he knew
 " the superiority of his talents for war and
 " negotiation, though he liked not the man,
 " and had received deep injuries from him:
 " That the last charter which he was to
 " have signed, and which was signed by his
 " successor, immediately after his death,
 " was the charter uniting the two East-
 " India Companies into the present great one:
 " That the last act of Parliament which he
 " passed, completed the security of the Ha-
 " nover succession, often pressed for by him
 " before: That the last message which he
 " sent to Parliament, when he was in a
 " manner expiring, five days before his
 " death, was to recommend an union, twice
 " recommended by him to Parliament be-
 " fore, between the two parts of the island,
 " which doubled the strength of both, by
 " disabling their enemies to make advantage
 " of their dissensions: And that his last
 " speech to Parliament, was one of the no-
 " blest that ever was spoke by a British
 " Prince."

To these valuable Memoirs is sub-
 joined an Appendix, in the opinion of
 their author still more valuable, con-
 taining a plan of an intended expedition

into the South Seas by private persons
 in the late war. This plan, which is
 too long to give entire, was in the ab-
 stract this:—To fit out three swift pri-
 vateers, of about 300 tons each, very
 full of men, and armed with large and
 small carronades; to send out in these
 the frames of three smaller ones of 10
 tons each; to go out of the usual route
 by the Cape of Good Hope, and the
 Sandwich Islands, to avoid being dis-
 covered; on the arrival of this little
 fleet on the coast, to spread it out into the
 ocean, at such distances as that every
 vessel should be in sight of two, one to
 the east, another to the west of her; and to
 advance regularly in the track of the
 land winds, so that no vessel could es-
 cape the squadron which it was proper
 for them to encounter.

" Lord Anson, with only two of his ships
 left when he came upon the scene of action,
 and only three hundred and thirty men,
 broken in their health and spirits, and only
 three prizes which he armed, because he
 had not guns for more, either took or burnt
 to the value of 1,400,000*l.* in the small
 compass of three months, and though he
 made only one landing. It was therefore
 natural for us to be sanguine in our hopes of
 success, when we reflected that we were to
 bring upon the scene of action four hundred
 and fifty men in health and spirits, from the
 route we had chosen for them; that we were
 to have six cruisers from the very beginning,
 and as many more as we should please after-
 wards to add to them from our prizes; that
 the deaths of our people could be supplied,
 and even new crews formed, from the Ne-
 gro and Mulatto prisoners, who are the al-
 most only crews in those pacific seas; that
 we had an advantage which Lord Anson
 never possessed, because our vessels being
 small and swift, and fully manned, could over-
 take every thing that was weak, could run
 away from every thing that was strong,
 could be seen at no distance by land or by
 sea, could land almost every where on ac-
 count of the little water that they drew,
 were intended not to make one landing, but
 to make many landings, and to continue
 on the coast, not three months, but as long
 as the commanders should find the expedi-
 tion beneficial; and that the trade to the
 East Indies could hardly fail to be profit-
 able, when the goods sent there cost us no-
 thing; the market was within a few weeks
 sailing; and the competition in selling was
 with goods for which money had been paid
 in Europe, and which had then taken six
 months to get to their markets in the East-
 Indies.

Sir John, who appears to have thought very seriously, and digested very maturely this whole scheme, had made up from printed books, as he tells us, three lists:

“ One was of the stations and time of continuing on them; another, of the open towns on the coast, which might be taken and laid under contribution without danger, and of towns weakly defended, which might be taken in the night-time by surprise with little danger; the third was a list of the churches and convents, with a probable value of the gold and silver plate, gold and silver images, and jewels in them: and from what is mentioned cursorily in Ullon and other books, I thought I had reason to believe that there is more gold, silver, and jewels, in these places of devotion, than there is in the whole of the three British kingdoms. The belief is probably well-founded; for, it is natural for the possessors of wealth to give that to the church which they cannot otherwise dispose of, who can find few borrowers to pay interest for money in countries where there is little agriculture, manufacture, or trade, who are not permitted to send the precious metals or jewels home without the consent of government, whose wives and daughters cannot bear above a certain quantity of gold and jewels on their dresses without sinking under them, and who are themselves the most superstitious of all the European nations.— In the richest part of the South-Seas, where the night is equally long with the day, the

attack upon the towns in the night, by surprise, is easy. The securing the plunder of the churches is equally easy, from the form of the Spanish towns in every part of the world; for they all have a great square in the centre of the town, and in that centre stands the chief church: so that invaders marching directly to that square, can both command the town, and secure the treasure in the church.

Whether this scheme be feasible or not, we are not soldiers or seamen sufficient to decide. The plan certainly contains at least many valuable hints, which Sir John deserves well of his country for publishing, unless it may be thought that publicity would defeat the very end of such an armament. No. 2, in the Appendix, is a letter from some anonymous sea captain on the same topic. No. 3, is a project for an expedition against the coast of Yucatan and Honduras. No. 4, is an essay on the weakness of the river La Plata; the Spanish settlements seeming the principal object of Sir John's military politics. He concludes this excellent volume with an examination into the practicability of an incorporated union with Ireland, and a federal one with America; neither of which, however, we apprehend, any man now living will ever see.—On the whole, we shall, in the words of Junius, recommend Sir John Dalrymple's Memoirs to the Public, as a performance deep, solid, and ingenious.

Memoirs of the Late War in Asia, with a Narrative of the Imprisonment and Sufferings of our Officers and Soldiers. By an Officer of Col. Bailie's Detachment. 2 Vols. 8vo. 12s. Murray, 1788.

[*Concluded from Page 33.*]

As the writer of these Memoirs has been at great pains to record the merit of our officers and men in his first volume, so he records with still more minuteness their sufferings and captivity, during the space of near four years, in his second. This volume has all the interest of a deep tragedy, and opens many affecting and serious views of the state of society, and the manners and customs of the East, and into human nature in general. As a specimen of the second volume, which contains the history and fate of the English prisoners among the barbarians, take the following.

One of our gentlemen alarmed us all exceedingly by a fit of insanity, during which he raved on the subjects that most concerned

us all, and that were uppermost in our minds. He had been afflicted with several fits before this time; but we always endeavoured to conceal his situation from the Havaldar of the guard, being apprehensive that he would have him removed from our prison to some place of confinement, which solitude, and perhaps other circumstances, might render still more dismal. This day, however, he was extremely ill: and made repeated application to the Havaldar to have an interview with the Keeladar, to whom, he said, he had something to communicate of the last importance. This alarmed us exceedingly: for when we reflected on the constant fears of the barbarians, lest we should make our escape either by force or fraud, or find means of communicating some
useful

useful intelligence to our countrymen, and at the same time considered that so many of our officers, soldiers, and sepoy, had been slaughtered in cold blood by the sword, or forced to die by poison; there was not a doubt that the discovery of our utensils, our correspondence with the other prisons, and some parts of our conversation, would be followed by certain and speedy death. We judged it expedient, in the present extremity however, much against our inclinations, to acquaint the Havaldar that he was really insane. This the Havaldar would not believe; but affirmed that we all of us told lies, as he concluded, he said, from the circumstance that the gentleman discoursed to him with perfect reason and propriety. The insane person, unfortunately for us, spoke the Mahomedan language with great fluency: if he had not, we could have told our own story.

We endeavoured to reason with the Havaldar, and mentioned many particulars in our own vindication, in vain. We then requested that our servants might be called, and examined whether they had not frequently perceived him in a state of insanity, before this time. They were accordingly called, and they confirmed every thing that we had said. The Havaldar then said, that he believed there was some truth in what we had asserted, but that he must make a report of what had happened. We entreated of him to make as favourable an one as possible, as we would be exceedingly unhappy if our fellow officer, though unhappily disordered in his understanding, should be removed from us.

The Havaldar requested, and insisted with him to declare what he had to say. But this he refused to do, again and again, saying that he would not communicate the important business to any other person than the Keeladar, and that he would be revenged on the whole of us, as we were a set of villains and rascals, and that we had made many attempts to poison him. In fact, he had frequently entertained ideas of this kind, and would often attend and overlook the servants while they were employed in dressing the victuals. It was fortunate for us, and the circumstance, beyond all doubt, which, under Providence, saved our lives, that his madness turned upon poison, and not upon our having papers, journals, knives, scissars, and other things concealed, and; above all, on our secret correspondence with the other prisons.

Several gentlemen endeavoured to reason with this unhappy man, to no purpose.—

In the course of the evening the Havaldar waited on the Keeladar to acquaint him that an English officer, in one of the prisons, wished anxiously to see him, having something to communicate to him of the greatest consequence. The Havaldar was desired to come again to the Keeladar next morning.

From the time that the insane person applied to the Havaldar, we were busily employed in burning papers, digging holes in the ground in which we might hide things, and in putting things under the tyles of the prison, until we should have an opportunity of burning them afterwards. During this course of the evening we burned upwards of one hundred sheets of paper, which we had got in by stealth, in order to amuse ourselves by learning different languages*.— The people who brought in these things for us, were equally alarmed with us, and dreaded the fatal consequences of a discovery.

The insane person, with a pair of irons of about eight pounds in weight, began to walk about in the prison at five o'clock in the evening, and continued to walk, at a great pace, without ceasing, till two o'clock in the morning, raving all the while, and vowing vengeance against all his fellow-prisoners. The state of our minds, on that horrible night, is not to be described. It was proposed at one time to put him instantly to death, and, by that sacrifice, to save the lives of the whole. But kind Providence saved him from that fate, and us from that fatal deed.

At last the wished-for morning came, and about eight o'clock the Havaldar was announced. Our emotions were now wrought up to the highest point of anxiety and suspense. The Havaldar, coming forward into the prison yard, called out for the insane gentleman. The question on which our safety or our destruction now hung in suspense, was, Is the insane person to be carried before the Keeladar or no? Our joy was extreme when we heard the Havaldar tell him, that if he had any thing to say, the Keeladar had ordered that he should mention it to him. Yet still there was reason to apprehend that he might make such discoveries as the Havaldar could not pass over, though he was naturally humane, had taken a present, and was inclined to save us. We therefore, during the conversation which he held with the Havaldar, crowded around him, spoke in a threatening tone of voice, used menacing looks and gestures, and did every thing to embarrass him, and excite

* In Hindostan the children of the common people are taught reading and arithmetic in the open air: and they learn to distinguish the letters and figures they use by forming them with their own hands, either in the sand or on boards. Others form their figures, letters, words, and sentences, on paper.

his madness. To the Havaldar, who repeatedly put the question, What have you to discover? he constantly replied, that he would not reveal it but to the Keeladar, and poured forth at the same time indefinite reproaches of murderous intentions towards himself against his fellow-prisoners. The Havaldar then told him that he was a fool, and desired that he would go about his business, meaning that he should retire to his cell.

We then requested of the Havaldar, that when he should be relieved, he would report to the commanding officer who should succeed him, the insanity of our fellow-prisoner. If we had used this precaution at first, we might have avoided this dreadful scene. But we had compassion on the infirmity of this poor man, which was brought on by long confinement, lowness of spirits, and the melancholy prospect of death, or perpetual slavery.

We felt as much joy at being freed from this dangerous embarrassment, as if we had been set at entire liberty. The insane person had in his possession copies of many letters, with papers, knives, and other contraband things. These we wished above all things to get out of his hands. And, after this violent fit of insanity, he fortunately recovered so far, in the course of a few days, as to be reasoned into the propriety of giving up or destroying these suspicious articles. He behaved pretty well during the remainder of our confinement. He is now on half-pay.

The account given in the Memoirs of the sentiments and sensations of the British prisoners in the dominions of Hyder and Tippoo, on their deliverance, is interesting and sensible.

Three o'clock, P. M. the Havaldar returns and acquaints us, that the three gentlemen are at present with Colonel Braithwaite: that they were removed to him in consequence of peace, and that we should in all probability have our irons knocked off in a day or two, and be sent to Madras. Little credit is given by us to this piece of information, having been so frequently disappointed before; and we are very uneasy, and apprehensive that they intend very unfair means with Colonel Braithwaite, and indeed the whole of us, as reports have been current for many days, that Tippoo Saib intends murdering the whole of the European prisoners.

While we were in this gloomy state of mind, and ready to sink under the pressure of melancholy and black despair; behold, within the walls of our dismal dungeon, a Bramin sent from Tippoo Sultan, with a

formal intimation of the final conclusion of peace!—and that our irons were to be knocked off next day.—The emotions that sprung up in our breasts on receiving this intelligence, were so strong and lively, and raised to such a point of elevation and excess, as almost bordered on pain!—We gave vent to the ardour of our minds in the loudest as well as most irregular and extravagant expressions of congratulation. The whole prison resounded with the frantic voice of fadden as well as excessive joy and exultation.

This tumult having in some degree subsided, though we were incapable of entire composure and rest, a proposal was made, and most readily embraced, to collect all the ready money in our possession, without the least regard to equal shares or proportions, and to celebrate the joyful news of our approaching deliverance with some plantain fritters, and sherbet, the only articles of luxury we could then command, on account of our extreme poverty. By nine o'clock at night, supper was announced, consisting of sixty dozen of plantains, and a large chatty of sherbet. Every one being seated on the ground, the repast was received with the utmost content and satisfaction. Friends and toasts were drank, as long as our chatty stood out; and such was the agitation of our minds, that there was not one of us who felt the least inclination, or indeed who possessed the power to compose himself for sleep.

When the smiths and armourers appeared next day, to knock off our irons, a strange anxiety and impatience took hold of every individual among the prisoners. Every one strove to have his fetters knocked off first. Promises, threats, buffing, and jostling, every expedient that could be imagined, was put in practice, in order to obtain that which would come unsought for in the course of a few minutes, or hours at farthest. The same men who had suffered the rigour of imprisonment, and the menaces of a barbarous policy, with invincible resolution and patience, as well as with mutual sympathy and complaisance for years, were so transported by the near prospect of liberty, that the delay of a few moments seemed now to be more insupportable than even the tedious languor of bygone months, added to months, in a succession that threatened to terminate either in perpetual slavery or death.

Though our irons were knocked off, it was a long time before we recovered the entire use of our limbs, and learned to walk with perfect freedom: never was the inveterate power of habit more forcibly displayed than on this occasion. We could never get the idea of our being in fetters out of our heads.

heads. No effort of our minds, no act of volition, could, for several days, overcome the habit of making the short and constrained steps to which we had been so long accustomed. Our crippled manner of walking was a subject of laughter to ourselves as well as to others.

Our philosophical observer goes on to describe the delicious impression that was made on the minds of the prisoners, now brought into the open air, by the fair face of nature and the appearance of external objects, of which they had lost in a great

measure that intuitive discernment which is the result of experience, &c.

On the whole, the Memoirs of the late War in Asia abound with interesting facts, anecdotes, views, sentiments, and reflections, as well as with specimens of fine writing. These leave a regret in the mind of the reader that equal pains have not been employed on every part of the work, and that some sacrifices have been made to temporary circumstances and situations.

Peter's Pension. A Solemn Epistle to a Sublime Personage. With an Engraving by an eminent Artift. By Peter Pindar, Esq. 4to. 3s. Kearsley.

THE Muse of this excentric genius appears to have been roused to uncommon exertion by the unworthy report that she had compounded with Majesty, and

“Sold the mighty meed of her large honour
For as much trash as may be grasped thus.”—

Indeed the tale must have been evidently unfounded, for in none of her former excursions has she treated her royal subject more cavalierly. Peter tells in his own way, and his tales are his chef-d'œuvres, of certain sheep belonging to Somebody, which, being killed by the dogs, were exposed to sale in Fleet-market;—a business certainly not very reputable, and to which he gives no quarter. He introduces the death of those innocent sheep as follows: Mr. Robinfon, the royal hind at Kew, comes to his master with the news:

“O please your Majesty,” he, blubbering,
cried”——

And then stopp'd short——

“What? what? what? what?” the staring King replied——

“Speak, Robinfon, speak, speak, what
what's the hurt?”

“O Sire,” said Robinfon again——

“Speak”——said the King——“put——put me
out of pain——

“Don't, don't in this suspense abody keep”——

“O Sire!” cried Robinfon, “the sheep!
the sheep!”

“What of the sheep,”——replied the King,
“pray, pray——

“Dead! Robinfon, dead, dead, or run
away?”

“Dead!” answer'd Robinfon: “dead! dead!
dead! dead!”

Then, like a drooping lily, hung his head!

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“How, how?” the Monarch ask'd, with
visage sad——

“By dogs,” said Robinfon, “and likely
mad!”

“No, no, they can't be mad, they can't
be mad——

“No, no, things ar'n't so bad, things ar'n't
so bad,”

Rejoin'd the King,

“Off with them quick to market——quick,
depart;——

“In with them, in, in with them in a cart——

“Sell, sell them for as much as they will
bring.”——

Now to Fleet-market, driving like the wind,
Amidst his murder'd mutton, rode the HIND
All in the royal cart so great,
To try to sell the royal meat.

Alderman Skinner is then introduced,
Who with a hammer and a conscience clear,
Gets glory and ten thousand pounds a year,
to prevent the sale; but, on discovering
to whom the carcases belong, he with-
draws his opposition, and the mutton is
fold,

——without the fleece——

And brought King George just half-a-crown
a-piece.

Peter, to shew his talent lies not en-
tirely in the scurrilous, presents his read-
ers with two or three very pretty little
sonnets. We shall give one, and with it
conclude this Article.

Ah! tell me no more, my dear girl, with a
sigh,

That a coldness will creep o'er my heart;
That a sullen indiff'rence will dwell on my
eye,

When thy beauty begins to depart.

Q

Shall

Shall thy graces, O Cynthia, that gladden my
day,
And brighten the gloom of the night,
Till life be extinguish'd, from memory stray,
Which it ought to review with delight?
Upbraiding, shall GRATITUDE say with a
tear,
“ That no longer I think of those charms

“ Which gave to my bosom such rapture
sincere,
“ And faded at length in my arms?”
Why yes! it may happen, thou Damsel di-
vine: —
To be honest — I freely declare,
That e'en now to thy converse so much I incline,
I've already forgot thou art fair.

The Modern Stage Exemplified, in an Epistle to a young Actor. Part I. 4to.
2s. Flexney.

THE man who sets up as a director of
the public taste ought surely to pos-
sess some of his own; nor is it any proof
that a critic's opinion is right, because it
happens to contravene that of the mul-
titude.

“ As I have ventured to oppose popular
opinions in some few instances, this claim
may be denied. But because popular opinion
is against me, I am not consequently wrong.
In all matters of public discussion, the mul-
titude are led by the few; and the few who
give the watch-word for general concu-
rence, are people actuated either by interest
or vanity. The bulk of mankind join in
the cry, because they will not, or else can-
not, think for themselves; — and what other
motive need I mention, when a little obser-
vation, in theatrical affairs at least, will
convince us, that this is the case with three
parts of mankind.”

In acting the world is rarely deceived
— Criticism is there a work of feeling
rather than judgement; and where the
effect is produced, it is idle to canvass the
cause. The best answer to the cavils
against the study of Kemble, and the
trick of Siddons, is to look at the au-
dience, chilled with horror by the one,
and melted to tenderness by the other.

The author of the present production
is determined not to be pleased with the
vulgar: he therefore sinks at once every
merit of the first, incontestibly, of modern
actors, and accuses Kemble of “buffoon-
ery, art, false judgement, false taste, and
cold correctness.” Whether buffoonery
and cold correctness be compatible, may
be worth this candid critic's enquiry. We
are told he speaks in “an under strain,
as though a cold distress'd him;” that
his action is confined to a “graceless
circle;” that punctuation is his study;
and, in short, with all his effort he can
but

Display a meaning ne'er conceiv'd before,
And prove an actor's skill in cabalistic lore!

What this *cabalistic lore* of Mr. Kem-
ble may be, we confess ourselves igno-

rant of. But though Kemble be a block-
head, and no actor, the critic can be
pleased with the efforts of others: and
whom has he selected for his hero?

Nor shall thy praises, FEARON, be forgot,
Tho' the blind sons of fashion heed them not.
Thy pow'rs improv'd, the Muse with truth
commends,

In honest servants and in trusty friends;
Nor less those pow'rs with just precision suit
The good old father, or the churlish brute.
Thou more, by Nature, canst our hearts engage
Than all the KEMBLEs, HOLMANS of the age.
No paragraph, 'tis true, to thee conveys
The grateful tribute of diurnal praise;
No shallow judge thy humble name reveres,
No Lord invites thee, and no Monarch hears:
Yet shall the Muse thy just deserts proclaim,
And see them brighten into future fame.

This is rather too ludicrous — What!
FEARON above all the KEMBLEs and
HOLMANS of the age?

— *Non usque adeo permiscuit imis
Longus summa diis* —

Mr. Fearon is a very proper actor in
his own narrow walk; but it is his friend
the critic who has made him ridiculous,
by “dressing him out in a suit of tawdry
qualifications which nature never in-
tended he should wear.”

The author proceeds with the same
candour and judgement thro' most of our
celebrated actors and actresses. Mrs.
Siddons is great only in those passages,

“Which art must analyse and art express.”
But when assuming virtue's conscious pride,
Her tone imperious and theatric stride,
Like haughtiness, not dignity, appear, [fear.
And raise our mirth, tho' meant to raise our

Of him whose *mirth* is raised by the
tragedy of Mrs. Siddons, what can be
said? After this sentence we the less
wonder at our Author exclaiming,

By giving art too liberal a scope,
Who mars her tragic characters like POPE,
O'eracts her part, and makes the critic's spleen
Lament her error, and despise the scene?

Mifs

Miss Farren is but a copy of Mrs. Abington, a pretty ideot, a giggler, whose comedy lies in her fan.

Thus FARREN seizes on the Comic Throne, And makes the style of ABINGTON her own. Her tofs'd-out head, intended to declare, And flirted fan, coquetry's sprightly air, Her mincing accent, and perpetual smile, Deceive our mem'ry and our sense beguile. The vulgar eye no imitation spies, Nor sees her model thro' the deep disguise.

Folly, like hers, yet meets with no disgrace: We pardon folly with a pretty face.

A crouded house each night her pow'r surveys; Thanks be to DERRY'S love, and WOOD-FALL'S praise. —

And think, when time shall FARREN'S form deface,

And mar the beauty of her lovely face, What charms shall then excite the public praise?

What genius then inspire the poet's lays? What charms, what genius, from her present plan?

The constant giggle and the flirted fan. Nor these, nor all her efforts, shall avail, But love shall cease, and friendship's pow'r shall fail;

Judgment shall weigh the merits of the cause,

And Scorn reverse the sentence of Applause.

Yet, notwithstanding the opinion of this doughty critic, there are those who think the fame of this inimitable comic actress rests on a foundation somewhat firmer than even the passion of a nobleman, or the praise of a printer. Surely it is not from such dabblers in criticism as our author that she has any thing to dread.

In short, we have not often perused a duller performance than the present. Actors are esteemed fair game; and every blockhead that can tag a rhyme will be a critic. These insect-progeny of the Rosciad buzz about the ear of the public, and their sting, though never dangerous, is often troublesome. For our own parts, we are content to be pleased, we know not why, and care not wherefore: we cannot laugh by rule, and weep by system. In a word, we agree with the sprightly Sterne, that of all cants, though that of hypocrisy may be the worst, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting.

REMARKS UPON THE PRESENT TASTE FOR ACTING PRIVATE PLAYS.

By R. CUMBERLAND, Esq.

Natio cœmæda est.

IF the present taste for private plays spreads as fast as most fashions do in this country, we may expect the rising generation will be, like the Greeks in my motto, one entire nation of actors and actresses. A father of a family may shortly reckon it among the blessings of a numerous progeny, that he is provided with a sufficient company for his domestic stage, and may cast a play to his own liking without going abroad for his theatrical amusements. Such a steady troop cannot fail of being under better regulation than a set of strollers, or than any set whatever, who make acting a vocation. Where a manager has to deal with none but players of his own begetting, every play bids fair to have a strong cast, and in the phrase of the stage to be well got up. Happy author, who shall see his characters thus grouped into a family-piece, firm as the Theban band of friends, where all is zeal and concord, no bickerings nor jealousies about stage-precedency, no ladies to fall sick of the spleen, and tofs up their parts in a huff, no heart-burnings about flounced petticoats and silver trimmings, where the mother of the whole company stands

wardrobe-keeper and property-woman, whilst the father takes post at the side scene in the capacity of prompter with plenipotentiary controul over P'S's and O P's.

I will no longer speak of the difficulty of writing a comedy or tragedy, because that is now done by so many people without any difficulty at all, that if there ever was any mystery in it, that mystery is thoroughly bottomed and laid open; but the art of acting was till very lately thought so rare and wonderful an excellence, that people began to look upon a perfect actor as a phenomenon in the world, which they were not to expect above once in a century; but now that trade is laid open, this prodigy is to be met at the turn of every street; the nobility and gentry to their immortal honour have broken up the monopoly, and new-made players are now as plentiful as new-made peers.

*Nec tamen Antiochus, nec erit mirabilis illic
Aut Stratoles aut cum molli Demetrius Hæmo.*
Garrick and Powell would be now no wonder, Nor Barry's silver note, nor Qum's heroic thunder.

Though the public professors of the art are so compleatly put down by the private practitioners of it, it is but justice to observe in mitigation of their defeat, that they meet the comparison under some disadvantages, which their rivals have not to contend with.

One of these is diffidence, which volunteers cannot be supposed to feel in the degree they do, who are pressed into the service: I never yet saw a public actor come upon the stage on the first night of a new play, who did not seem to be nearly, if not quite, in as great a shaking fit as his author; but as there can be no luxury in a great fright, I cannot believe that people of fashion, who act for their amusement only, would subject themselves to it; they must certainly have a proper confidence in their own abilities, or they would never step out of a drawing-room, where they are sure to figure, upon a stage, where they run the risk of exposing themselves. Some gentlemen perhaps who have been *mutæ personæ* in the senate, may start at the first sound of their own voices in a theatre; but graceful action, just elocution, perfect knowledge of their author, elegant deportment, and every advantage that refined manners and courtly address can bestow, is exclusively their own: In all scenes of high life they are at home; noble sentiments are natural to them; love-parts they can play by instinct; and as for all the casts of rakes, gamesters and fine gentlemen, they can fill them to the life. Think only what a violence it must be to the nerve of an humble unpretending actor to be obliged to play the gallant gay seducer, and be the cuckold maker of the comedy, when he has no other object at heart but to go quietly home, when the play is over, to his wife and children, and participate with them in the honest earnings of his vocation: can such a man compete with the Lothario of high life?

And now I mention the cares of a family, I strike upon another disadvantage, which the public performer is subject to, and the private exempt from. The Andromache of the stage may have an infant Hector at home, whom she more tenderly feels for than the Hector of the scene; he may be sick, he may be supperless; there may be none to nurse him, when his mother is out of sight, and the maternal interest in the divided heart of the actress may preponderate over the Heroine's. This is a case not within the chances to happen to any lady-actress, who of course consigns the task of education to other

hands, and keeps her own at leisure for more pressing duties.

Public performers have their memories loaded and distracted with a variety of parts, and oftentimes are compelled to such a repetition of the same part, as cannot fail to quench the spirit of the representation; they must obey the call of duty, be the cast of the character what it may.--

— *Cum Tbaida susinet, aut cum
Uxorem comædusaget.*

Subject to all the various casts of life,
Now the loose harlot, now the virtuous
wife.

But, what is worse than all, the veterans of the public stage will sometimes be appointed to play the old and ugly, as I can instance in the person of a most admirable actress, whom I have often seen, and never without the tribute of applause, in the casts of *Juliet's Nurse*, *Aunt Deborah*, and other venerable damsels in the vale of years, when I am confident there is not a lady of independent rank in England of Mrs. Pitt's age, who would not rather struggle for Miss Jenny or Miss Hoyden, than stoop to be the representative of such old hags.

These and the subjection public performers are under to the caprice of the spectators, and to the attacks of conceited and misjudging critics, are amongst the many disagreeable circumstances, which the most eminent must expect, and the most fortunate cannot escape.

It would be hard indeed if performers of distinction, who use the stage only as an elegant and moral resource, should be subject to any of these unpleasant conditions; and yet, as a friend to the rising fame of the domestic drama, I must observe, that there are some precautions necessary, which its patrons have not yet attended to. There are so many consequences to be guarded against, as well as provisions to be made, for an establishment of this sort, that it behoves its conductors to take their first ground with great judgment; and above all things to be very careful that an exhibition so ennobled by its actors, may be cast into such a stile and character, as may keep it clear from any possible comparison with spectacles, which it should not condescend to imitate, and cannot hope to equal. This I believe has not been attempted, perhaps not even reflected upon; and yet if I may speak from information of specimens, which I have not been present at, there are many

ny reforms needful both in its external as well as internal arrangement.

By external I mean spectacle, comprehending theatre, stage, scenery, orchestra, and all things else, which fall within the province of the *arbitrator deliciarum*: These should be planned upon a model new, original, and peculiar to themselves; so industriously distinguished from our public play-houses, that they should not strike the eye, as now they do, like a copy in miniature, but as the independent sketch of a master who disdains to copy. I can call to mind many noble halls and stately apartments in the great houses and castles of our nobility, which would give an artist ample field for fancy, and which with proper help would be disposed into new and striking shapes for such a scene of action, as should become the dignity of the performers. Halls and saloons, flanked with interior columns and surrounded by galleries, would with the aid of proper draperies or scenery in the intercolumniations take a rich and elegant appearance, and at the same time the music might be so disposed in the gallery, as to produce a most animating effect. A very small elevation of stage should be allowed of, and no contraction by side-scenes, to huddle the speakers together and embarrass their deportment; no shift of scene whatever, and no curtain to draw up and drop, as if puppets were to play behind it: the area, appropriated to the performers, should be so dressed and furnished with all suitable accommodations, as to afford every possible opportunity to the performers of varying their actions and postures, whether of sitting, walking, or standing, as their situations in the scene, or their interest in the dialogue may dictate; so as to familiarize and assimilate their whole conduct and conversation through the progress of the drama to the manners and habits of well-bred persons in real life.

Prologues and epilogues in the modern style of writing and speaking them I regard as very unbecoming, and I should blush to see any lady of fashion in that silly and unseemly situation: They are the last remaining corruptions of the antient drama; reliques of servility; and only are retained in our London theatres as vehicles of humiliation at the introduction of a new play, and traps for false wit, extravagant conceits, and female flippancy at the conclusion of it. Where authors are petitioners, and players servants to the public, these condescensions must be made; but where poets are not suitors, and performers are benefactors, why

should the free Muse wear shackles? for such they are, though the fingers of the brave are employed to put them on the limbs of the fair.

As I am satisfied nothing ought to be admitted from beginning to end, which can provoke comparisons, I revolt with indignation from the idea of a lady of fashion being trammell'd in the trickery of the stage, and taught her airs and graces, till she is made the mere *fac-simile* of a mannerist, where the most she can aspire to is to be the copy of a copyist. Let none such be consulted in dressing or drilling an honorary novice in the forms and fashions of the public stage; it is a course of discipline, which neither person will profit by; a kind of barter, in which both parties will give and receive false airs and false conceits: the fine lady will be disqualified by copying the actresses, and the actresses will become ridiculous by apeing the fine lady.

As for the choice of the drama, which is so nice and difficult a part of the business, I scarce believe there is one play upon the list, which in all its parts and passages is thoroughly adapted to such a cast as I am speaking of: Where it has been in public use I am sure it is not, for these comparisons are unavoidable. Plays professedly wrote for the stage must deal in strong character, and striking contrast: How can a lady stand forward in a part contrived to produce ridicule or disgust, or which is founded upon broad humour and vulgar buffoonery?—

Nempe ipse videtur,

Non persona loqui.

“ ’Tis she herself and not her mask which speaks.”

I doubt if it be altogether seemly for a gentleman to undertake, unless he can reconcile himself to cry out with Labe-rius—

*Eques Romanus lare egressus, meo
Domum revertam nimis.*

“ Esquire I sign myself at noon,

“ At night I counter-sign’d Buffoon.”

The drama therefore must be purposely written for the occasion; and the writer must not only have local knowledge of every arrangement preparatory for the exhibition, but personal knowledge also of the performers who are to exhibit it. The play itself, in my conception of it, should be part only of the projected entertainment, woven into the device of a grand and splendid *fête*, given in some noble

country house or palace: neither should the spectators be totally excused from their subscription to the general *gala*, nor left to doze upon their benches through the progress of five tedious acts, but called upon at intervals by music, dance or refreshment, elegantly contrived, to change the sameness of the scene, and relieve the efforts of the more active corps employed upon the drama.

And now let me say one word to qualify the irony I set out with, and acquit myself as a moralist.

There are many and great authorities against this species of entertainment, and certainly the danger is great, where theatrical propensities are too much indulged in young and inexperienced minds. Tertullian says, (but he is speaking of a very licentious theatre) *Theatrum sacrarium est Veneris*—“A playhouse is the very sacrifice of Venus.” And Juvenal, who wrote in times of the grossest impurity, maintains that no prudent man will take any young lady to wife, who has ever been even within the walls of a theatre.—

*Cuneis an habent spectacula totis
Quod securas ames, quodque inde excerpere
possis?*

“Look round, and say if any man of sense
“Will dare to single out a wife from hence?”

Young women of humble rank and small pretensions should be particularly cautious how a vain ambition of being noticed by their superiors—betrays them into an attempt at displaying their unprotected persons on a stage, however dignified and respectable. If they have talents, and of course applause, are their understandings and manners proof against applause? If they mistake their talents, and merit no applause, are they sure they will get no contempt for their self-conceit? If they have both acting talents and attractive charms, I tremble for their danger. Let the foolish parent, whose itching ears tingled through the plaudits that resounded through the theatre, where virgin

modesty deposited its blushes, beware how his aching heart shall throb with sorrow, when the daughter, *quæ pudica ad theatrum accesserat, inde revertetur impudica.* (*Cyprian. ad Donatum.*)

So much by way of caution to the guardians and protectors of innocence; let the offence light where it may, I care not, so it serves the cause for which my heart is pledged.

As for my opinion of private plays in general, though it is a fashion which hath kings and princes for its nursing fathers, and queens and princesses for its nursing mothers, I think it is a fashion that should be cautiously indulged, and narrowly confined to certain ranks, ages and conditions in the community at large. Grace forbid! that what the author of my motto said scoffingly of the Greeks should be said prophetically of this nation. Emulate them in their love of freedom, in their love of science; rival them in the greatest of their actions, but not in the versatility of their mimic talents, till it shall be said of us by some future satirist,—

*Natio comæda est. Rides? Majore cacbinno
Concutitur: flet, si lacrymas aspexit amici,
Nec dolet. Igniculum brunæ si tempore postcas,
Accipit endromidem: Si dixeris, cestuo, sudas.
Non sumus ergo pares; melior qui semper et
omni*

Nocte dieque potest alienum sumere vultum.

“Laugh, and your merry echo bursts his
sides;
“Weep, and his courteous tears gush out in
tides:
“Light a few sticks you cry, ’tis wintry—Lo!
“He’s a furr’d Laplander from top to toe;
“Put out the fire, for now ’tis warm—
He’s more,
“Hot, sultry hot, and sweats at every pore:
“Oh! he’s beyond us; we can make no
race
“With one, who night and day maintains
his pace,
“And fast as you shift humours still can
shift his face.”

ANECDOTES of the late Mr. GAINSBOROUGH, the PORTRAIT-PAINTER.

SATURDAY morning, August 2, about two o’clock, died, at his house in Pall-mall, Mr. GAINSBOROUGH, the Painter, one of the greatest geniuses that ever adorned any age, or any nation!

His dissolution was occasioned by a cancer in the neck; the effects of which became violent a few months since, owing to a cold caught one morning in Westminster Hall, while attending the trial of Mr. Hastings.

Mr. Gainsborough a very few weeks since was in the vigour of his professional powers. He was just turned of 61 years of age. He was born at Sudbury, in Suffolk, in the year 1727.—His father, on his outset in life, was possessed of a decent competency; but a large family, and liberal heart, soon lessened his wealth to a very humble income.

The son of whom we speak, very early discovered a propensity to painting. Nature

was

was his teacher, and the Woods of Suffolk his Academy. Here he would pass in solitude his mornings, in making a sketch of an antiquated tree, a marshy brook, a few cattle, a shepherd and his flock, or any other accidental objects that were presented.

From delineation he got to colouring; and after painting several landscapes from the age of ten to twelve, he quitted Sudbury in his 13th year, and came to London, where he commenced portrait-painter; and from that time never cost his family the least expence. The person at whose house he principally resided, was a silversmith of some taste, and from him he was ever ready to confess he derived great assistance. Mr. Gravelot the engraver was also his patron, and got him introduced at the Old Academy of the Arts, in St. Martin's-lane. He continued to exercise his pencil in London for some years, but marrying Mrs. Gainsborough when he was only nineteen years of age, he soon after took up his residence at Ipswich; and after practising there for a considerable period, went to Bath, where his friends intimated his merits would meet their proper reward.

His portrait of *Quin*, the actor, which he painted at Bath about thirty years since, will be ever considered as a wonderful effort in the portrait line; and it is with a degree of veneration that Mr. Gainsborough always spoke of Mr. Ralph Allen, Earl Camden, and a few other gentlemen, for the patronage and favour they extended to him here.

The high reputation which followed, prompted him to return to London, where he arrived in the year 1774.—After passing a short time in town not very profitably, his merit engaged the attention of the King. Among other portraits of the Royal Family, the full length of his Majesty at the Queen's House, will ever be viewed as an astonishing performance. From this period, Mr. Gainsborough entered in a line which afforded a becoming reward to his superlative powers.

All our living Princes and Princesses have been painted by him, the Duke of York excepted, of whom he had three pictures bespoken; and among his latter performances the head of Mr. Pitt and several portraits of that gentleman's family afforded him gratification.

His portraits will pass to futurity with a reputation equal to that which follows the pictures of Vandyke; and his landscapes will establish his name on the record of the fine arts, with honours such as never before attended a native of this isle.

The landscape of the Woodman in the Storm, finished about eighteen months since, and now at his rooms in Pall-mall, for expression, character, and beautiful colouring,

is of inestimable worth.—His Majesty's praises of this Picture made Mr. Gainsborough feel trebly elate:—and the attention of the Queen, who sent to him soon after, and commissioned him to paint the Duke of York, were circumstances that he always dwelt upon with conscious pleasure.

The few pictures he attempted that are styled Sea Pieces, may be recurred to, in proof of his power in painting water: nothing can exceed them in transparency and air.

But he is gone!—and while we lament him as an artist, let us not pass over those virtues, which were an honour to human nature!—Let a tear be shed in affection for that generous heart,—whose strongest propensities were to relieve the claims of poverty, wherever they appeared genuine!—His liberality was not confined to this alone,—needy relatives and unfortunate friends were further incumbrances on a spirit, that could not deny.

It only remains to say, that an universality of powers adorned his mind.

His Epistolary Correspondence possessed the ease of Swift, and the nervous force of Bolingbroke;—and a selection of his letters would offer to the world as much originality and beauty, as is even to be traced in his Painting!

In conversation, his ideas and expression discovered a mind full of rich fancies and elegant truths—and it is not an aggravation to say, that two of the first writers of this age, Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Fickell, have frequently been witnesses of the most astonishing bursts of genius from him at these moments; and never fail to bear testimony of his pregnant imagination.

The science to which he was principally attached, besides Painting, was Music:—He was skilled in all keyed instruments,—but was most strongly attached to stringed ones. His performance on the Viola da Gamba was in some movements equal to the touch of Abel. He always play'd to the feelings; but as he hated parade, he never could be prevailed upon to display this talent, except to his most select friends.

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 “By Heaven, and not a Master taught.”

OF MR. GAINSBOROUGH'S birth and lamented death you have already told us; with the circumstances that introduced him to the world as a Painter, the public are not generally acquainted.

In the neighbourhood of his father was a very respectable Clergyman, of the name of Coyte. With the sons of this gentleman young Gainsborough and his brothers passed much of their time, and from the instructions of the old man reaped some advantage. In

one of these visits there happened a violent commotion in the family, on account of the Parson's garden having been plundered of a great quantity of wall fruit, and much pains was taken, but without effect, to discover the thief. Young Gainborough having one summer morning risen at an early hour, and walked into the garden to make a sketch from an old elm, seated himself in an obscure corner, and had just taken out his chalk to begin, when he observed a fellow's head peeping over the wall of the garden, which was next the road, with an apparent intention of seeing if the coast was clear. This changed the young Tyro's object, and instead of sketching the elm, he, in the few moments before he was himself observed, made a sketch upon a rough board of the head of the man; and so accurate was the resemblance, that he was instantly known to be a man from a neighbouring village, and upon a close enquiry proved to be the fellow who had before robbed the garden. This was shewn about the village, and considered as a strong proof of a genius above the common standard: the young Coytes lent him their drawing-books, and the boy shewing extreme eagerness in the pursuit, wandering through fields, meadows, and woods, in search of rural scenes, became talked of in the neighbourhood; and there not being any body in the country who could properly instruct him in his studies, he was very soon afterwards sent to London, and here made his first essays in art, by modelling figures of cows, horses, and dogs, in which he attained very great excellence: there is a cast in the plaster shops from an old horse that he modelled, which has peculiar merit. He soon after became a pupil to Mr. Gravelot, under whose instructions he drew most of the ornaments which decorate the illustrious heads so admirably engraved by Houbraken, which were they as faithful in their resemblance as they are exquisite in their execution, would be curious and useful to the phisognomist, as well as they are to the collector; but unfortunately these heads were copied by boys, and very frequently from unascertained portraits, sent to Holland to be engraved by Houbraken, and when returned, dignified with any illustrious name which Mr. Knapton, the publisher, thought proper. Thurlow's and about thirty of the others are copied from heads painted for no one knew who. But to return to Mr. Gainborough: his first efforts were small landscapes, which he frequently sold to the dealers at trifling prices; and when he afterwards engaged in portraits, his price was from three to five guineas; but as he extended his fame he advanced his prices: and it may be added, that

his powers advanced in nearly equal proportion, for his early portraits have very little to recommend them. Since his return from Bath, as well as before, the portraits of his gentlemen have been very superior to those of his ladies, which being frequently designed from women that were painted, gave a general appearance to all his females of painted women.

His portraits of the Angels of the Court frequently gave us as much the idea of Angels as they could do, from having no particle of a gross, earthy, or substantial form about them. But in his portraits of men imitation assumes the energy of life. He seems almost the only painter of this country, who attempts the thin brilliant stile of pencilling of Vandyke; and yet with all this blaze of excellence, with all this accuracy of resemblance, (and he gives not merely the map of the face, but the character, the soul of the original) his likenesses are attained by the indecision more than the precision of the outlines. He gives the feature and the shadow, so that it is sometimes not easy to say which is which; for the scumbling about the feature sometimes looks like the feature itself; so that he shews the face in more points of view than one, and by that means it strikes every one who has once seen the original with being a resemblance: so that while the portrait with a rigid outline exhibits the countenance only in one disposition of mind, he gives it in many. His portraits are calculated to give effect at a distance; and that effect is produced in so eminent a degree, that the picture may almost be mistaken for the original: but closely inspected, we wonder at the delusion, and find scumbling scratches that have no appearance of eye-brows or nostrils. He told the writer of this article, that he never found any portrait so difficult to hit as that of the late Mr. Garrick; for when he was sketching in the eye-brows, and thought he had hit upon the precise situation, and looked a second time at his model, he found the eye-brows lifted up to the middle of his forehead; and when he a third time looked, they were dropped like a curtain close over the eye: so flexible and universal was the countenance of this great player, that it was as impossible to catch his likeness as it is to catch the form of a passing cloud. This portrait did not do any honour to either artist or comedian. Very different is the full-length portrait of Mr. Abel, with the dog under the table, which combines with the force of a sketch the high finishing of a miniature. To this may be added many others of equal merit, though not finished with equal delicacy. Indeed, finishing was not his aim: we may almost say it was not in general possible to him, for he usually



usually painted with a very long and very broad brush, stood very far from his canvas, and in a room with very little light. Portraits were not his forte, his fame rests on better ground, upon an almost unparalleled extent of talent in landscapes, animals, and figures. By figures I do not mean the well dressed high powdered gentlemen of St. James's, but the rustic, the peasant, the shepherd's boy, and cottage girl. Here nature appears as in a mirror, and in these little simple subjects a story is told that awakens the most pathetic sensations, and equally evinces the truth, taste, and genius of the master. In his landscapes he has at different times assumed the manner of many different artists, and during the time he adhered to them equalled them all, and in some of his latter pictures so far united these different styles as to form one grand whole, peculiarly his own, and peculiarly excellent.

The first matter he studied was Wynants, whose thistles and dock leaves he has frequently introduced into his early pictures. The next was Ruyssdale, but his colouring is less sombre, though the pencilling of the Englishman was less accurate than that of the Fleming. He has sometimes very happily seized upon the best manner of Teniers, and may like that artist be very properly called the Proteus of painting. In a view of company in St. James's Park he assumed the manner of Watteau, and produced a picture in many respects superior to any Watteau ever painted. Of the animals of Snyders he thought with admiration, and seems to have made that master his model, though excellently as he painted animals he never equalled that great artist. From a picture of Morillo he copied the figure of an infant Christ, which was engraved by Major, and is in effect not inferior to the original. In one of his landscapes he has taken the idea of a Country Church-Yard from Mr. Gray, and the solemnity of the scene and situation of the figures have a most picturesque and poetical effect; but Mr. Gainborough was not a man of reading, nor was the figure of Lavinia, which was lately exhibited, painted from Thomson's character (for at the time the figure was painted, it is probable he had never read the book) but a little simple character from his own imagination. The figures, animals, and trees of his latter landscapes are not finished in the manner they were formerly. They have a more power-

ful effect, with less labour, and evince more genius with less pains. He was not the painter for the botanist; he did not minutely describe every fibre of a dock leaf, but gave those general resemblances which strike every eye. A bank spread with weeds and wild flowers; a stump of an old tree, which a gentleman would grub out of his estate; a cottage with scarce thatch enough to keep out the rain, were objects which he delighted in, and from which he produced interesting and delightful effects, though when closely inspected they appear mere blots.

His musical taste was perhaps equal to that of any one of his contemporaries, and he himself thought he was not intended by nature for a painter, but for a musician. His fondness for the art was most enthusiastic, and he would frequently seclude himself from all society, for weeks together, for the sole purpose of practising it.

MR. GAINSBOROUGH, a very few weeks before his death, and at a time when he considered his duration in life of less permanency than he even did the day before he expired\*,—wrote some observations relative to his funeral, that his family might be as little perplexed as possible on so distressing a subject.

“ He desired he might be privately buried in Kew Church-yard, near the grave of his friend Mr. KIRBY;—that a stone, without either arms or ornament, might be placed over him;—inscribed with his bare name, and containing space for the names of such of his family who, after death, might wish to take up their abode with him;—and that his funeral might be as private as possible, and attended only by a few of those friends he most respected.”

In obedience to these injunctions, on the 9th inst. Mr. GAINSBOROUGH's Remains were conveyed from his house in Pall mall to Kew.—He was attended by the following gentlemen:

|                      |                  |
|----------------------|------------------|
| Mr. Sheridan,        | Mr. Paul Sandby, |
| Sir Joshua Reynolds, | Mr. Cotes,       |
| Sir Wm. Chambers,    | Mr. Myers,       |
| Mr. John Hunter,     | Mr. Goffett,     |
| Mr. Linley,          | Mr. Buttall,     |
| Mr. West,            | Mr. Pearce,      |
| Mr. Bartolozzi,      | Mr. Trimmer.     |
| Mr. Dupont,          |                  |

The pall in the procession to the church was sustained by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir

\* Mr. Gainborough's disorder was a wen, and not a cancer, as before erroneously stated, which grew internally, and so large as to obstruct the passages. This, it is said, his surgeons knew, but knew at the same time it was fatal to attempt to cut it. It has, however, been extracted since his decease, and put in again.

William Chambers, Mr. West, Mr. Bartolozzi, Mr. Cotes, and Mr. P. Sandby.

Mr. Dupont, the nephew and pupil of

Mr. Gainsborough †, attended as chief mourner.

## ZOHAR: An EASTERN TALE.

By WIELAND.

IN the infancy of the world mankind knew no other restraints than those imposed by nature. No throne was erected on the ruins of liberty, and men had not learnt, like the beasts, to bend their necks to the yoke of men. Each took up his abode on the spot that most pleased him, without fear of being disturbed, and the earth bestowed on him her fruits with liberality, which he did not abuse. In those happy times lived Zohar, on whom fortune was prodigal of her gifts. She had placed him not far from the banks of the Euphrates, in a country adorned with unceasing verdure, where a thousand rivulets winded through flowery vallies and meadows covered with flocks. He possessed whole forests of palm-trees; he enjoyed a numerous household, and all the treasures of simplicity. It is easy to conceive how great might have been his felicity; for no man on earth will be unsatisfied with his lot, provided he listens to the voice of his Internal Instructor. To be happy, the wise have no occasion for the abundance of Zohar. Though this young man had received from nature a benevolent heart and a cheerful mind, yet the fervour of unrestrained youth soon made him quit the path of rectitude, led him into innumerable errors, and inspired him with innumerable desires. He found nothing but tedious uniformity in the happy state he enjoyed. New wishes and new desires succeeded to those he

had just formed, and these in their turn gave place to others in perpetual succession. What was to be done in such a case? Notwithstanding the riches of nature, she is always too poor to satisfy the desires of the unreasonable. But disgust itself, by leading them to reflection, often frees them from the misery of ceaseless craving. One day as Zohar, tired with vain wishes, had sunk to sleep, a lively dream continued the train of his ideas. Firnaz, the spirit to whom the King of the Genii has subjected our globe, undertook to cure this young man of his delusion.

Zohar thought himself placed on the summit of a mountain, from whence, reclined at the foot of a cedar, he surveyed the possessions of his ancestors extended far and wide. But, instead of viewing them with pleasure, he broke forth at the sight into bitter complaints. The meads were enamelled with flowers, the rivulets murmured through the palm-trees, the hills were white with sheep, and shone like the marble of Paros; but they shone not for Zohar.

Affaulted by a thousand different desires, he was wandering with uncertain steps, when his eyes were suddenly dazzled by a light of unusual splendor. A cloud of gold and azure descended from the sky diffusing around the most grateful fragrance. On this cloud was seated a celestial figure, whose look and gracious smile prevented the disquiet which

† Mr. Gainsborough had a brother, who was a dissenting minister at Henley upon Thames, that possessed as strong a genius for mechanics, as the artist had for painting. When he died, which was about four or five years ago, all his models of machines, dials, engines, &c. came into the hands of Mr. Gainsborough, of Pall-mall, who gave them to Mr. Thicknesse. Among them was a clock of a very peculiar construction; it told the hour by a little ball, and was kept in motion by a leaden bullet, which dropped from a spiral reservoir at the top of the clock into a little ivory bucket. This was so contrived as to discharge it at the bottom, and by means of a counter weight was carried up to the top of the clock, where it received another bullet, which was discharged as the former. This was evidently an attempt at the perpetual motion, which he thought attainable. There was also the model of a steam engine, which a crafty man surreptitiously obtained a sight of and pirated; and a curious sundial, the apparatus of which could not have been made by a mathematical instrument-maker for fifty guineas. The sun-dial Mr. Thicknesse presented to the British Museum, and he had the Governors thanks for enriching it with so valuable a curiosity. It is very well worthy of the inspection of the curious. Mr. T. was willing enough to part with it, yet wished to place it where it might remain as long as brass or iron can endure. The clock Mr. Thicknesse has, with other works, at his own house at Bath. Few men were ever more respected than this worthy Divine; he was as eminent for humanity, simplicity, and integrity, as he was for genius. Mr. Gainsborough has, or very lately had, a still elder brother living at Sudbury, not less eminent in the arts than the two deceased.



his appearance might have created. It was the friendly Firnaz, who, without making himself known, thus spoke to Zohar:—  
 “What melancholy vapours obscure thy discontented eye? what cares corrode thy heart? Tell me, that I may remove them.”

Emboldened by the kindness with which the Genius addressed him, Zohar thus replied: “My condition is hateful to me; it is unvaried; the morning differs not from the evening, and every day is like another. My whole life seems to me but a moment tediously lengthened out. The air I breathe is too thick; the forests and the fields are destitute of attractions. Even the beauties of Thirza have no charms for me since she permitted me to enjoy them. The symmetry of her limbs, the ringlets of her hair, the ivory of her forehead, her languishing eye, her kisses, which I once thought enchanting, please me no longer; and yet it is but a few days since we were united. My heart feels an immense void, and finds no where in nature any thing that can gratify its desires. O beneficent Genius, for such you appear, if you would make me happy, change this country, which appears to me so faded, into a country like that which the Celestials inhabit. Let it concenter all the beauties which nature hath dispersed over the universe. Let every thing conspire to flatter my senses, and let my soul at last be satisfied with whatever imagination can invent of beautiful or voluptuous.”

His last words had hardly escaped his lips, when he fell into a swoon at the feet of Firnaz. At the same instant the country began to assume a new appearance. Nature in silence confessed the power of the Genius that embellished her. She became beautiful as the spring in the fancy of a poet when he dreams of love; when the violet, the crocus, and the hyacinth spring under his feet, and zephyrs fan the bosom of the nymph of whom he is enamoured. The plains of Zohar were now possessed of all the charms with which Homer and the bard of Mantua, those favourites of the Muses, adorned their descriptions of Ida, where, by means of the fascinating cestus, Juno deceived the lord of the thunder. The crystal streams that laved the vacant Tivoli, the luxurious groves of soft Tarentum, the fragrant sides of the flowery Hymettus, and the bowers in which Venus and Adonis slept on beds of roses, were faint representations of the beauties that adorned this enchanted Elysium.

Zohar recovers from the swoon; he looks round, and is astonished. He finds himself seated on a bed of violets; the zephyrs kiss his cheek, and waft to him, from a thousand flowers, the most grateful perfumes.

In the enthusiasm caused by such a sudden metamorphosis he walks with rapid pace through groves of orange trees and myrtles. Here the delicious ananas, there the tempting lotos invite his eye, which knows not where to rest. In the mean time his ear is saluted by the amorous concert of the birds. What was the extasy of Zohar! Thus, after the toils and dangers of a tedious voyage, the worn-out sailor is filled with inexpressible delight when the fortunate Canaries present themselves unexpectedly to his view; when he sees from far the splendor of their flowery hills, and when a breeze from the land conveys to him the aromatic odour of their woods, and the harmonious notes of their winged inhabitants. Zohar is in doubt whether what he sees is real. Sometimes he is all ear, sometimes all eye, and is lost in an extasy of admiration. He was treading with uncertain step the enchanted walks of this new world, when seven nymphs suddenly appeared before him. They looked like the Graces when hand in hand they dance on the borders of Peneus to welcome the return of spring. As soon as Zohar perceived them, the charms of the landscape faded in his eyes. The nymphs fled from before him to the neighbouring thickets. Zohar pursues them with all the eagerness of desire, nor does he long pursue in vain. Who now so blest as Zohar? The place of his abode, more delightful than the vales of Tempe, or the gardens of Alcinoüs, supplies him with pleasures on every hand. More fortunate than the son of Priam, his transports are not confined to the enjoyment of a single Helen. Seven beauties, adorned with all the graces of youth, allure him with various charms, and he has no longer to complain of the tediousness of uniformity.

Eight days were hardly spent in this dream of joy, when the minutes began to creep sluggishly along. New wishes, more impetuous than the preceding, began to trouble Zohar in the midst of his tumultuous pleasures. He tore himself from the arms of his nymphs, and retired to darksome shades, that he might vent his complaints to the solitary echo. “Unhappy Zohar! cried he, when shalt thou enjoy serenity and peace! when, when will thy stormy passions be calm, and allow thee to rest? Is there no pure felicity reserved for thee, but must languor infect thy smiles and mingle with thy sports? What pleasures canst thou hope for if disgust assaults thee in the very arms of love? I have certainly mistaken the object of desire. I feel my wishes extend beyond the enjoyments of the body. My senses are overpowered and cloyed. How inglorious is it to be thus buried in gross gratifications, and to pass my

life like the brutes in indolence and inactivity! I feel my wishes expand. I feel my soul made for noble pursuits. I am formed for treading the paths of heroes, and for mounting to the summit of glory by roads inaccessible to the voluptuary. No; I will no longer be imprisoned in a tower of myrtle in a corner of the earth, unheard of and unknown. The sentiment that inclines me to honour and power is an earnest of success; and the ardent courage that is to raise me to fame must no longer languish in the embraces of women. Ah! if Firnaz would once more be favourable! Never till now have I

felt a desire that was worthy of myself, or of his approbation. I now see the whole extent of my past errors. Will any thing then remain for me to wish when I shall see my country as boundless as my desires, and my power the terror of my people? How delightful is it to consider one's self as the lord of mankind, as the god of the earth, the arbiter of destiny, deciding with a single look the fate of princes; with one hand launching the thunder, and with the other dispensing blessings! Ah! why is such happiness withheld from me!

[To be concluded in our next.]

## P O E T R Y.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

S I R,

HEARING much of the romantic and picturesque views in North Wales, I a very few summers since determined to visit it, and passed a very agreeable fortnight in the town of Carnarvon, making excursions from thence to Snowden and other places worth observation, which have been described by abler pens; therefore I shall be silent concerning them; my reason for writing being only to inform you what gave birth to the enclosed Poem. A gentleman possessed of an estate above the value of 1000*l.* per ann. (as I was informed) was owner of a hanging wood which was separated from Carnarvon only by a very narrow branch of the River Menai, and adorned the prospect for miles round, as the hill was high, and conspicuous by a summer-house on the summit. This gentleman took a fancy (were I to speak in a romantic style I should say he was incited by some malevolent Spirit) to cut down the delightful shade. In it was an echo, which reverberated once in the first ascension, twice a little higher, and thrice still higher. This lovely spot to strangers was enchanting—to the neighbourhood and Carnarvon town a prospect refreshing to the eye; yet for the trifling sum of seventy pounds (no object surely to a man of fortune) was this beautiful wood to be exterminated. I mean not to censure the owner; I am only expressing my own feelings. I viewed it with admiration—I lamented its approaching destruction, and wrote the following VISION, which if you think, Sir, will afford any entertainment to the readers of the European Magazine, is at your service to insert.—I remain, Sir, your humble servant,

A L C A N D E R.

### A V I S I O N :

IN WHICH IS INTRODUCED A TALE OF  
OLD TIMES.

**D**ARK was the night; the sea with hideous roar  
Dash'd its proud waves against Carnarvon shore;  
When a strange vessel sunk in sight of land,  
And one sad voyager alone could gain the strand.  
With extasy he cry'd, "Oh Pow'r Divine,  
Thy goodness still does o'er thy creature shine!  
Teach me with proper gratitude to own  
The bounties I've receiv'd from Thee alone;

Torn from my country, thy protecting hand  
Still hovers over me in every land."  
He then with feeble steps the wood did climb,  
Praising kind Providence in words sublime,  
Till weariness oppress'd his weaken'd frame,  
And sleep his toil and sorrow soon o'ercame;  
When in a dream, lo! there before him stood  
A glorious form, the Genius of the Wood,  
Who smiling said, "Sleep on, unlucky wight,  
My power shall guard thee till the morning light.

"The howling winds are hush'd. Behold,  
Now Cynthia, queen of shadows, holds her reign,  
And her mild beams diffuses o'er the plain;  
The distant hills by her are crown'd,

Part



Part of the vallies own her pow'r,  
 And hark ! Arvon's \* hoarse clock  
 Awakes the silence of this solemn hour !  
 Impetuous ocean is become serene,  
 And o'er its bosom shines the silver queen ;  
 The beach most beautiful appears,  
 And plaintive is the murin' ring rill ;  
 While o'er the herbage healthful tears  
 In dews the vapoury clouds distil.  
 The mould'ring Castle's antient eagle tower,  
 Which proudly yet aloft retains its power,  
 Illum'd by lovely Luna's rays,  
 Appears to the admiring eye  
 More noble than when Phœbus' blaze  
 Doth make the traveller its height defy.  
 Ah ! venerable pile, which Edward † rear'd,  
 To soothe the foes who him abhorr'd and  
 fear'd ;

Abhorr'd for his fell cruelty  
 To brave Llewellyn's lov'd remains,  
 Who ardent struggled for their liberty,  
 Died in the cause, nor could them save from  
 chains.

Bright didst thou shine at hapless Edward's †  
 birth,  
 Loud did thy walls resound with joyous mirth ;  
 But countless years, alas ! are past  
 Since thou neglected and forlorn  
 Hast stood on lovely Menai's coast,  
 No 'habitants thy chambers to adorn."

While thus he spake, with mournful  
 hollow sound

Thrice Echo did the word FORLORN resound ;  
 And suddenly there did appear  
 The phantom of a lovely Fair,  
 Who seem'd oppress'd by grief severe :  
 Wild were her locks, her looks bespoken despair.  
 Her snow-white robe was torn, and hung  
 quite loose,

As if it much had suffered from abuse.  
 Her lily bosom was quite bare ;  
 On which a wound, both deep and wide,  
 Lay full expos'd to open air :  
 From it a crimson stream did slowly glide.  
 On an ag'd tree she lean'd, and breath'd  
 deep sighs,

While pearly drops fell from her beauteous  
 eyes.

The Hamadryad o'er her bent,  
 As if in pity to her woe,  
 And with its branches shelter lent,  
 Left e'en a breeze should on her bosom blow.

" See (said the Genius) where fair Helen  
 stands,

Sweet maid ! who murder'd was by brutal  
 hands.

Once the bright beauty of this coast,  
 And to Llewellyn near ally'd,  
 The Cambrian youths of her did boast,  
 And each lord wish'd her to become his bride.

\* Arvon, Carnarvon.

† Edward the Second.

Mild was her temper, noble was her mind,  
 In her both worth and beauty were combin'd,  
 The youthful Edwin won her heart,  
 And well he did deserve the prize ;  
 To gain it he had used no art,  
 Tho' her most warmly he did idolize.  
 Brave in the field with ardour he did glow,  
 With courage fierce he had attack'd the foe ;  
 But when his lov'd Llewellyn died,  
 Grief did unnerve his valiant arm,  
 All hope of liberty he laid aside, [charm.  
 Llewellyn's death dissolv'd the flattering  
 In a lone mansion near fam'd Snowden's base,  
 Depress'd he mourn'd his Prince's fallen race ;  
 There his old Minstrel to him sung  
 The deeds of heroes long since dead ;  
 To Roderic's fame his lyre he strung,  
 While Edwin's heart for his thrall'd country  
 bled.

Ever long, severer woes did on him pour,  
 And conquer'ing Edward prov'd his tyrant  
 pow'r :

His dear Ap Hoel, heav'nly bard,  
 Was from his presence torn away ;  
 The murderers scorn'd his fond regard ;  
 Deaf to his cries, they massacred their prey.  
 While Snowden's top resounded Hoel's moan,  
 The Rivals || echo'd Owen's dying groan ;  
 Thro' wretched Cambria's hills and dales  
 The shrieks of Bards did rend the air ;  
 Ill-omen'd birds scream'd in the vales,  
 And in large flights rose to incite despair.  
 But soon the sparks divine, from matter freed,  
 The land of sorrow fled with rapid speed ;  
 When their sad friends, sunk deep in woe,  
 Were rous'd by music from the sky,  
 Harmonic sounds from heavenly harps did  
 flow, [on high

And sooth'd the mourners while THEY soar'd  
 This momentary consolation spread,  
 But sweet content was with their freedom fled.  
 Ill did they brook the galling chain  
 Of novel laws and foreign pow'r,  
 Yet knew that contest would prove vain,  
 And only farther evils on them pour.  
 Edward perceiv'd the Nobles' discontent  
 With unconcern, and held a tournament,  
 That his magnificence display'd  
 Might strat impress their minds with awe.  
 All there was glitter and parade,  
 Such as at Nenyn Cambrians never saw.  
 From every quarter of the globe there came  
 Strange Knights, in hopes to celebrate their  
 fame.

With wonder did they there behold  
 Such splendour and such beauty rare ;  
 But every Knight and Baron bold  
 Declar'd bright Helen fairest of the fair.  
 As in a gay pasture, where tulips shine  
 With beauty rare, and mark the hand divine,

† Edward the First.

|| Rival Hills, near Snowden.

One super-excellent by chance appears,  
 Whose beauteous tints outvie the rest,  
 Majestic tho' not proud its head it rears,  
 And its superior loveliness is manifest ;  
 So was fair Helen view'd by wond'ring eyes,  
 Her beauty made them ardent seek the prize.  
 Morcar, the favourite of the King,  
 Tho' bound in Hymen's bonds, did dare  
 Aspire to win her love, and in the ring  
 By deeds of valour hop'd her heart t' ensnare.  
 Late in the day all did him victor deem,  
 When a strange Knight appear'd, with skill  
 supreme :

Graceful and elegant he bow'd,  
 And charm'd the hearts of all the fair ;  
 Ev'n every envious Knight allow'd  
 His form was symmetry, and noble was his air.  
 Morcar he soon o'ercame, and many more,  
 Who secretly did their ill fate deplore,  
 And of the Queen receiv'd the prize :  
 When his bright casque remov'd away,  
 The joyful Helen soon did recognize  
 Her Edwin in the conqueror of the day.  
 Oft he with wonder had beheld her charms,  
 But then his soul was fir'd with deeds of arms ;  
 Now soften'd by his country's woes,  
 No hopes its freedom to regain,  
 His arms he destin'd to repose,  
 And yielded to sweet love's alluring reign.  
 Long had the maid in secret Edwin lov'd :  
 His passion known, with joy her friends  
 approv'd ;

Soon did they name the happy day.  
 Enraptur'd Edwin did prepare,  
 And to his Castle hied away,  
 There to provide for his dear bride with care.  
 Ah, hapless youth, it was thy last adieu !  
 Ne'er more the virtuous maiden didst thou  
 view.

Not e'en the purest love could guard  
 Thy Helen from the secret foe.  
 Fate thee denied the hop'd reward  
 For thy past sorrows in this world of woe.  
 While Helen counted every absent hour,  
 And for his health invoc'd each heav'nly  
 pow'r,

Vile Morcar burn'd with fierce desire ;  
 Nor did his lawless flame controul,  
 But soon resolv'd to quench that fire,  
 And captive take the mistress of his soul.  
 Early each morn Helen did fearless rove  
 Thro' flow'ry meads to a deep shady grove,  
 Where, on a bank of violets laid,  
 O'er which an arch of jasmine spread,  
 The faithful and sweet tender maid,  
 Her thoughts on Edwin fix'd, inclin'd her head.  
 Thither the fiendlike Morcar, with his crew  
 Of hellish agents, to the maiden flew.

Perforce they bore her far away,  
 To the deep cave o'er which she stands,  
 Lighted it was by artificial day,  
 While she lay senseless in their cruel hands.  
 But soon as life 'gan in her veins to move,  
 The lustful Morcar glow'd with ardent love.  
 Quick he his agents bid to fly,  
 And guard the entrance of this wood,  
 That if pursuers they should spy,  
 The secret portal he might strait make good.  
 They disappeared ; he seiz'd on his fair prey ;  
 She shriek'd aloud, and from him fled away.  
 In vain she fled—he did pursue—  
 In vain invoc'd the VIRGIN's aid :  
 Trembling she stood where now her shade  
 you view,

Imploring Heav'n to shield a wretched maid.  
 By chance Sweet Echo happen'd then to pass,  
 While Helen, struggling, cry'd aloud, " Alas !  
 Will no one listen to my call ?  
 Ye Pow'rs above, O send me aid !"  
 The words resounded from the Castle wall,  
 And gave a transient hope to the unhappy  
 maid.

Just then her Edwin came to Arvon's shore,  
 And by the Castle \* heard her aid implore.  
 The well-known voice pierc'd thro' his soul.  
 No boat was there, him to convey :  
 Instant he strove the wild waves to controul,  
 Plung'd into Menai, nor would longer stay.  
 " I come, my love (said the fond doating  
 youth),

I come to shield thy virtue and thy truth."  
 † C—d—n's bank he strove to gain ;  
 But ah ! the raging storm was high,  
 Narrow the flood ; yet still in vain  
 Did he his willing limbs with arduous ply.  
 Again she shriek'd—" I come," again he  
 cry'd ;

Then sunk, and for his lovely Helen died.  
 His friends stood fix'd in sad surprise,  
 Like statues, nor had pow'r to move ;  
 While fainter grew the maiden's cries,  
 Who, hapless fair, did her pure virtue prove,  
 With force almost superior to her frame  
 She did repel vile Morcar's brutal flame.  
 Enrag'd, he to her snowy breast  
 A dagger held, her to affright :  
 " Oh ! welcome, Death," she said, and on it  
 prest ;

" Death will remove me from thy hated  
 sight."  
 The friendly spectre did his arms unfold ;  
 She bleeding fell, and soon grew icy-cold,  
 Breath'd a last sigh, and died.  
 Raging, the Saxon curs'd his stars,  
 That evil thus did then preside,  
 And thus his fondest expectation mars.

\* Echo resounded from the Castle.

† The opposite shore, which led to the wood.



A horn he sounded, which his crew brought near.

Fair Helen's corse they laid on funeral bier ;  
Then to the cave did her convey,  
Her body left, and with great care  
The portal clos'd ; nor to this day  
Has ever mortal since found entrance there.  
But soon was Morcar punish'd for his crime,  
And death inflict'd by the hand divine.  
To Arvon hasting thro' a ford,  
The current bore him far away.  
Ships lay at anchor, but no men on board,  
Or e'en a boy, assistance to convey.  
In fight of land in vain for help he cry'd ;  
Twice rose, the waves then clos'd, and him  
did ever hide.

Edward, who knew not of his crime,  
Lamented his unhappy fate,  
Thus cut off in his early prime,  
When wealth and honours high him did await.  
Mean time, Sweet Echo here resolv'd to dwell :  
Where Helen died she fix'd her airy cell.  
Well pleas'd at the deep solitude,  
She murmur'd out, " Ah ! hapless maid !  
Here ne'er again may tyrant rude  
Pollute the place, or I in vain call aid."  
Nightly e'er since has the sad Helen's shade  
Wander'd about o'er where her dust is laid.  
Sometimes when lovers here have met,  
Her beauteous ghost has glided by,  
And, as enraptur'd they have sat,  
Has softly whisper'd, " Fly, fair maiden, fly !  
At this late hour danger awaits thee here ;  
Heed not man's treach'rous vow or guileful  
tear :

If honour dwelt within his breast,  
He would not woo thee at this hour,  
While all your faithful guardians are at rest,  
Nor strive to lure thee thus into his pow'r."  
Oft has her warning efficacious prov'd,  
And maid's affrighted fled the youth they lov'd,  
Nor would again at midnight hour  
Alone to lovers yield their hand,  
Neither in grove or shady bow'r,  
Till firm united in soft Hymen's band.  
But hark ! methought I heard the woodman  
chant ;

His early song will chase her from her haunt.  
And ah ! ye Dryads, ye may weep  
Your coming fate ! Ah ! luckless trees,  
Your owner from you GOLD will reap."  
*Sad sounds of murr'ring woe hung on the breeze.*  
" Yes, traveller, this hanging wood for gold,  
Nay, e'en a paltry sum, shall soon be sold ;  
Arvon shall lose the lovely view ;  
Nor from its Mall \* shall belles and beaux  
In a few days the foliage green review,  
While Menai in full tide beneath it flows.

\* Carnarvon Quay.

† Pont Saint road is on a small hill behind the Castle, where the old town of Carnarvon stood.

From Pont Saint † road, where old Segontium stood, [wood :  
The beauteous view was heighten'd by this  
And ah ! how lovely was the scene !  
The umbrageous foliage you might see  
Reflected in the waves serene,  
With part of Arvon's Castle jutting in the sea ;  
While the descending sun, sinking to rest,  
Repos'd its glowing rays on Menai's breast.  
At distance Mona's lovely plain,  
With ruby horizon around,  
Did with a simple beauty reign,  
And this sweet picturesque and noble prospect  
bound.

Alas ! no more shall artists these shades paint ;  
Here no fond lovers e'er pour forth complaint ;  
No traveller its beauty praise  
(Which must be bartered for vile dross) ;  
But Arvon's 'habitants shall sadly gaze  
On the lov'd spot disrob'd, and mourn its loss."

" Ah me ! (said Helen) soon the plough-  
share rude

May on the entrance of this cave intrude—  
Peasants descend—my bones survey,  
My ashes scatter through surprize ;  
Then drag them forth to open day,  
And wonderous tales concerning them devise."

Soon was she hush'd—the woodman  
whistling came,

And in wild notes did near approach proclaim.  
Fair Helen vanish'd into air ;  
The Genius strait did disappear ;  
The Dryads murmur'd forth despair,  
As their dread foe in cheerful mood drew near.  
The traveller 'wak'd, nor longer there wou'd

'bide,  
But wander'd forth " with Providence his  
guide,"

#### SONNET on revisiting —.

YE smiling Meads ! where erst, in transport  
Sweet,  
Your well-known paths full many a time  
I've sought ;  
Thou conscious Grove ! beneath whose lone  
retreat  
Musing I've loiter'd, wrapp'd in tenderest  
thought ;  
Alas ! how vain your charms !—your beauties  
now are nought.

What tho' the sun his all-reviving ray  
Darts 'mid your haunts ; what tho' your  
'bow'rs among,  
Warbling her griefs in many a plaintive lay,  
Sweet Philomel awakes the evening song ;  
Yet fade those dear delights !—those once-  
lov'd scenes decay !

ELIZA'S gone;—her urn the nightly tear  
Of fond affection drinks. Her shade requires,  
Sad pleasing task! this melancholy care,  
And ev'ry genial hope with her, alas, expires!  
CAMISIS.

## O D E.

WHY, son of MORVAIN, dost thou start?  
Why clings this sudden terror to thy  
heart?

Alas! how do thy eye-balls roll!  
How wildly frantic is thy soul!  
Dreadful despair seems low'ring on thy brow,  
While thousand hideous forms in thy dark  
fancy grow.

"Hence! avaunt, thou dæmon fell!  
"Plunge me not within that hell  
"From whose sulphureous yawn arise  
"Torture's shriek and Murder's cries;  
"Let me, let me own the deed—  
"By these vile hands did SWANSA bleed;  
"Her easy faith I first betray'd,  
"Then, miscreant like, to death resign'd the  
injur'd maid."

Well may thy soul its loath'd abode  
With every frightful care corrode;  
Well may thy ghastly eye-balls glow  
With all the fire of furious woe:  
Wretch! soon shall SWANSA'S wand'ring  
sprite

Seek thee in the depth of night;  
Thine shall be the cave of dread,  
Where human footstep ne'er shall tread.

Harpies shall thy bosom tear,  
And the spirits of the air,  
O'er thy dwelling hovering still,  
With horrid dreams thy sleep shall fill.  
Thou shalt live a wight unblest,  
Scorpions shall thy paths infest;  
And thy children—fated race!—  
Shall their father's woes embrace:  
Thou and they alike shall be  
The curse of all posterity!

CAMISIS.

## An O D E to E C H O.

SWEET Echo! sportive Nymph, that  
dwell'st unseen  
Within thy sound-encircled cave,  
Or fleeting o'er the moon-light green,  
Or where the baffled billows lave;  
Some lonely time-disparted tower,  
Oft at evening's pensive hour,  
With loitering step I muse along,  
Charm'd by thy many-warbling song,  
Whilst Silence o'er the sleeping gale  
Fearfully spreads her goss'mer veil.  
Now pleas'd I mark thy softer voice  
Mimic the ruder torrent's noise,  
Lift'ning 'mid the stilly scene,

By yond' willow-waving grove,  
Oft, the trembling shades between,  
In fancy's eye I see thee rove  
"Over the hills and far away,"  
Where the dapper elves do play,  
Sounding sweet thy silver shell,  
'Till near some hermit's moss-grown cell  
(While 'mid the mazes of the wood  
Thousand responsive notes on every side are  
heard),  
Thou rests at length thy devious flight,  
Smiling on the frowning Night,  
Who, jealous of her drowsy sway,  
Shuns the merry harbinger of day,  
And seeks—tho' sadly loath to go—  
Compell'd, the Stygian shades below.

CAMISIS.

VERSES by a Youth of Fifteen Years old  
to his SISTER on her BIRTH-DAY.

WHILE salutations fly around,  
And birth-day wishes know no bound,  
Accept on this auspicious day  
The tribute of a brother's lay:—  
May Heav'n a length of years bestow,  
And many days like this allow!  
Long mayst thou happiness enjoy,  
And pleasure mix'd with least alloy.  
As nature has adorn'd thy face,  
May virtue all thy actions grace:  
Mayst thou, in short, each gift receive  
Which Heav'n's indulgent power can give!  
And when the solemn time shall come  
That every soul will hear its doom,  
May that a joyful birth day prove,  
More glorious in the realms above!

*Pancreas, Aug. 8.*

B. M.

## S O N N E T.

To LAURA.

HOW sweet to roam abroad, when Twi-  
light grey  
O'er the dark fields her dusky mantle throws,  
When's shut the woodbine and the wild-  
briar rose,  
At the departure of the sinking day!

Now, my lov'd Laura, let us pensive stray,  
And watch the silent-footed evening close  
Her dew-dropt train.—But hark! what wild  
note flows

At this still hour, from yonder gloomy  
spray?

'Tis the lorn nightingale's enamour'd air,  
That darkling aye begins her wilder'd art,  
When to their mossy-woven beds repair  
The gay-plum'd gaudy tribes.—Here we'll  
abide,  
Here pause a while, and drink with raptur'd  
ear  
The thrilling sounds—and bid vain care  
subside.

ACCOUNT



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 65.)

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 21.

THE proceedings were on this day resumed by reading various extracts from the Persian Correspondence, &c. for the purpose of proving the devices that had been used to veil in mystery the transactions which gave rise to the present charge;—that the correspondence which should have been preserved fully, fairly, and explicitly, for the information of Mr. Hastings' constituents, had been garbled and mutilated; and that, lest this should prove insufficient, a *subornation* of letters, as Mr. Sheridan termed it, had taken place; that is, letters were procured as coming from several of the natives, but who were so far from writing them, that they were as ignorant of the contents, as averse to the sentiments which they contained.

In the course of their reading, Major Scott was called in, and a passage from his examination the last time he appeared was read. He said, that he was asked if any communication had passed relative to *présents* through him, from Mr. Larkins?—to which he had answered, by relating the extent of the communication.—That a second question was put, if any other communication had passed?—to which he had answered No, supposing it still to refer to Mr. Larkins; but upon perusing the Minutes of the Evidence, he found that the question was general, and therefore he begged leave to say, that he had a communication with Mr. Devaynes, the Chairman of the Direction, in June or July 1785, to whom he wrote every particular relative to the presents that it was in Mr. Hastings's power to give. He also begged leave now to answer positively to a question which a noble Lord had put to him the last day he was examined; for he found, from the Admiralty dispatches, that the *Nymph* was sent from Trincomalee by Sir Edward Hughes, on the 15th of January 1782, with an account of the capture of that place and Negapatnam.

Earl Camden, without meaning the slightest reflection on the Hon. Gentleman under examination, said it was irregular and informal to correct any evidence at a distance of time after it was given.

Mr. Sheridan asked Major Scott, when he had found out the mistake in his evidence which he wished to correct? The Major said, he wished to correct no mistake, for he had made none; but one question put to him might bear two constructions. He had supposed it to relate to Mr. Larkins, and had

answered it correctly; but the moment he saw it in the Minutes, he found that the question was general, and therefore he wished to state the answer correspondent with the fact. He did not wish to alter one word of any evidence he had given.

Here some altercation took place between Mr. Sheridan and Major Scott—the former asserting, that there was a contradiction between his evidence and the fact, relative to the first information given by Mr. Hastings of the presents from Cheyt Sing.

The Lord Chancellor asked Major Scott, how he reconciled that contradiction? who replied, that without having the Minutes before him, he would boldly say, there was not the slightest contradiction between his evidence and the fact; but that the Hon. Manager, by introducing the word *Board* in his speech, which was not in Major Scott's evidence, had attempted to fix upon him the charge of contradiction; but that he was confident, if their Lordships would have the goodness to turn to the evidence he had the honour to give when last before them, they would find it perfectly correct. The Major further said, that as soon as he read the Minutes of the Evidence at Mr. Cowper's two days ago, he saw that he had actually misunderstood one question put to him, which instead of being, as he supposed it was, a question confined to Mr. Larkins, was in fact a general question, and might apply to any communication with any person.

The evidence of Major Scott being finished,

Other written documents were read, to shew that the resumption of the jaghires, and the seizure of the Begums' treasures, were so far from having been proposed by the Nabob, or from being agreeable to him, that he had done every thing in his power to prevent them; nay, that Mr. Middleton and Mr. Johnson, the Assistant Resident, had ventured to suspend, for some few days, the execution of the Governor-General's orders, for troops to march to Fyzabad for the purpose of seizing the treasures, because they saw that the Nabob had an unconquerable reluctance to the step, and were apprehensive of the most dangerous consequences from measures, which none appeared forward to promote but the Nabob's Ministers and the English.

The Managers caused next to be read a minute of Council, held at Calcutta after the departure of Mr. Hastings, and after Mr. (now Sir John) Macpherson had succeeded to the

the government. This minute proved, that from the year 1781 to the year 1785, the Company's official Persian translator had not been called upon to translate any Persian correspondence, except during a short period, when Major Davy, the confidential Secretary of Mr. Hastings, was absent on some business on which that gentleman had dispatched him—That, after the departure of Mr. Hastings for Europe, a trunk full of Persian letters was delivered to the translator by a Mr. Scott at Calcutta.—The Managers had proved, in an early stage of the business, that, though the whole of the Persian correspondence was carried on in the name of, and by the Governor-General only, yet he was bound, by the Company's orders, to communicate to the Council, all Persian letters at the next sitting after the receipt of them; and this day they proved, that the Persian correspondence had, for near five years, been suppressed, and withheld from the knowledge of the Council.

After this a letter was read from the Nabob to Mr. Hastings, in which he complained, that from the manner in which his country was harassed by the English gentlemen stationed in it, his life had become a burden to him; that *who would* might govern his dominions, *for he* was resolved to abandon them, and repair to Calcutta to reside with Mr. Hastings.

Various other letters were read relative to the resumption of the jaghires, in which not so much as a trace could be found of a charge that the Begums had been guilty of rebellion.

The Managers offered in evidence some letters which had been delivered to the House of Commons by Sir Elijah Impey. The Counsel for Mr. Hastings observed, that these letters ought to be authenticated before they could be read at their Lordships bar: their having been authenticated before the House of Commons was no reason why their Lordships should admit them as evidence at present, without any further proof. The Managers admitting the objection, called

Sir ELIJAH IMPEY

to authenticate the letters in question. He was asked whether they were not the same that he had delivered to the House of Commons.

Sir Elijah begged leave to remark, before he should answer the question, that he was very much at a loss how to give evidence without exposing himself to censure: he had been charged in another place with having given his testimony before their Lordships in a contumacious, arrogant, and insulting manner.

Here he was interrupted by Mr. Sheridan,

who said that he hoped their Lordships would not suffer the witness to entertain the Court with what had passed in another place, respecting the evidence he had given, but would direct him to give a plain answer to a plain question that had been put to him.

The Lord Chancellor observed, that the witness not having stated any objection to the question, he would of course proceed to answer it.

Sir Elijah replied, that he felt a peculiar degree of embarrassment in his situation: it had been said of him elsewhere, that he had spoken more like an accuser than a person accused, though he was not conscious of having held any language, in the course of his evidence, that could have afforded the least room for such an observation. His embarrassment was increased by this circumstance, that he stood accused in another place of high crimes and misdemeanors, and the evidence which he should give upon the present trial, might be turned against himself.

Mr. Fox, addressing the Court, said, it was very disorderly in the witness to speak of things that had passed in a place where he himself could not, or, at least, ought not to have been. If he really had been there, he reported very unfaithfully what he had heard; but if he had stated it ever so correctly, their Lordships knew very well, that, considering the place where the expressions of which the witness was speaking had been, or were supposed to have been used, they could not possibly take any cognizance of them.

Sir Elijah then said, that he would say no more upon that subject, but would proceed to answer the question put by the Hon. Manager, regardless of the difficulties thrown in his way, the embarrassments to which he was exposed, and the *snares* that were laid for him.

Here Mr. Fox interposed again, and with great warmth called upon their Lordships to *reprimand* the witness for the expression he had used, and applied to the Managers acting in the name and behalf of the Commons of England.—It had proceeded from a *levelling* principle, by which he would endeavour to bring persons so acting down to a level with himself.—Such a principle it was the duty of the Managers to resist, and they must certainly do what their duty pointed out.

The Lord Chancellor said, that, sitting as he was there, as the Speaker of the House, he could not pronounce any censure or opinion of the House without the special direction of their Lordships; at the same time he was ready to say, that it was improper that altercations should take place, when evidence was what was expected.

Mr.



Mr. Fox still contended, that their Lordships ought to take notice of the very extraordinary expression of the witness to a Committee of the House of Commons; and he thought the least that could be done on such an occasion, would be to *admonish* the witness on the subject.

The Lord Chancellor replied, that without having recourse to their Lordships for their opinion, he might lay it down as a general position, that witnesses were bound to treat with every mark of respect Managers appointed by the House of Commons to conduct an impeachment.

Mr. Fox said, that what the noble and learned Lord had just expressed was as much as the Managers desired.

Sir Elijah Impey then said, by way of apology to the Managers, that he meant no offence to the Managers; that it was not his intention to treat them with insolence or disrespect.

This little *fracas* having thus terminated, the witness answered the question put to him, and authenticated the papers, by declaring they were the same that he had, on a former occasion, delivered to the House of Commons. Great numbers of other letters were read to and from the Begum, Mr. Middleton, Hyder Beg Khan, and Mr. Hastings, relative to the resumption of the jaghires. From the Begum's letters it appears, that she constantly urged the British guarantee as her complete security for the enjoyment of her estates; she never dreamt of having forfeited that guarantee by any act of rebellion: She said, the English had already her son's dominions in their hands, that they yielded annually *four crores*, or 4,000,000. sterling: she asked if this revenue was not enough to satisfy them, and of what little addition to so immense a sum could her jaghires be? She said, if they were seized, she would quit the country for ever; and she concluded by wishing,—“If I am to be banished from my country, may the God of Nations refuse his peace to those who afterwards shall reside therein.”\*—The *patbos* of her grief was also unimpaired by the Oriental manner of her expression—“Mine eyes (said she) are as a mill, and tears are as the grain which drop therefrom.”

\* This prayer of a female made all the Court laugh very heartily.

In another instance there was some entertainment: The Begum, in a letter to Mr. Hastings, said, “she was accused of opposing Mr. John Gordon, by her Aumeel;” and she added, “Mr. John Gordon is with you; you may ask him yourself of the truth, and then it will be discovered.” A laugh followed, and the eyes of the Lords and the audience were turned towards Capt. Gordon, who sat in the front seat of Sir Peter Burrell's box.

Mr. Sheridan said, the Counsel for Mr. Hastings gave him to understand, that the laugh was, because Captain Gordon was present; but that he would not call him, as he had taken no notice in his affidavit of the letter he had written to the Begum.

At five o'clock the Court adjourned.

—————  
TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY.

THURSDAY, MAY 22.

As soon as the Court was seated,

Mr. PURLING,

the gentleman who had preceded Mr. Middleton in the Residency at Lucknow, was called to the bar, and was examined by the Earl of Suffolk respecting the disposition of the Begums, and the circumstances of the Province of Oude, at the time when he was in office. Speaking to the first part of the question, his evidence was decisive, that no symptom of disaffection to the English interests had manifested itself during his residence:—In the second, he directly contradicted the evidence of Capt. Edwards.

The latter gentleman had declared that he had never remarked, or heard of a drought in the territory of Oude whilst he was there. On the other hand Mr. Purling swore, that during a whole year which he passed in the country, and which was one of the seven or eight years that Capt. Edwards resided in it, there had been so great a drought, that he did not remember there had been more than *three days* rain during the whole year.

After this witness had withdrawn, Mr. Sheridan caused some letters from Mr. Hastings to be read, to prove, that though in his narrative he had declared the resistance of the Begums to the resumption of their jaghires, to have been the cause that made him seize the treasures of the Princesses; the treasures, in fact, had been seized three months before that period, and that consequently the reason assigned by Mr. Hastings for seizing them was founded in falsehood.

Mr. Sheridan also produced evidence to prove, that the account which Mr. Hastings submitted to the Council at Calcutta, of his proceedings with respect to the Begums, as well as to Cheyt Sing, and which account had procured him the approbation of the Council, was, as Mr. Sheridan termed it, a string of falsehoods.

After a great variety of papers had been read, Mr. Sheridan desired that

Sir ELIJAH IMPEY

might be called.—The witness having appeared, he was asked, if he would be glad

of having an opportunity of correcting his evidence, if it should appear to him that he had, in any part, fallen into contradictions? He replied in the affirmative. Mr. Sheridan then desired the Clerk would read to him the evidence he gave before the House of Commons relative to the opinion he had given to Mr. Hastings of the legality of seizing the Begums' jaghires.—The Hon. Manager then asked, if the witness perceived no variance between what he had just heard read, and the evidence he had delivered at their Lordships' bar? Sir Elijah said he perceived there was a variance, arising from the inaccurate way in which he had expressed himself before the Commons; for, from what he had said before them, it might be inferred that the rebellion of the Begums was raging at the time when he (the witness) was giving his opinion to Mr. Hastings, which was not the case; for at that time the rebellion might be said to have subsided.—On a cross-examination by Lord Portchester and others, he said, that when he gave it as his opinion to Mr. Hastings, that the Nabob might lawfully seize the property of a subject in rebellion, he knew nothing at all of the Company being bound to guarantee that property; he did not know that any such guarantee existed, and therefore it could not have had any weight with him in the opinion he had given to Mr. Hastings.—Upon this he was asked if he had ever seen the treaty of Chunar? He said he had; that Mr. Hastings had given him a copy of it soon after it was concluded. He was asked, if he had not found in that treaty a clear and distinct mention of the English guarantee, under which the Begums held their property? He replied, that he wished to see the treaty of Chunar, that he might be sure there was any mention of the guarantee in it. Mr. Fox said, the witness must see the treaty now for the purpose for which he called for it; for the Managers did not want to learn from the witness what was actually in the treaty, because they could learn that by reading it; but they wanted the witness to tell their Lordships, whether, having read that treaty, before he gave the opinion in question to Mr. Hastings, he was really ignorant of the existence of the guarantee. He replied, that he had read the treaty, but that he was nevertheless unacquainted, at the time alluded to, with the existence of the guarantee. Mr. Burke asked him, if one charge against the Dow Begum was not that she wanted to dethrone the reigning Nabob, her son, and to place Saadit Ally on the throne in his stead? The witness said he had heard so from report. He was asked, if he believed that report? He answered that he did.—He was asked who Saadit Ally was? He

said he understood he was a more favoured son of the Begum than the reigning Nabob was.—Mr. Burke wished to know if the witness knew or believed that Saadit Ally was the Begum's son? He declared that he thought so, because he had always heard him called the Nabob's brother; but from what he had heard this day, he believed he was not son to the Begum, but of another woman who had borne him to the late Nabob. Mr. Burke then asked, if it was proper for the witness to believe, against all probability, a report that the Begum wished to dethrone *her own son*, in favour of another person not her son; and whether it became him to give advice about a family of which he knew so little? He replied, that when he gave his advice to Mr. Hastings, it was upon the *supposition* that the report of a rebellion was true; but that he was not responsible for the truth or falsity of that report.

He was asked, if he had caused the contents of the affidavits sworn by the natives at Lucknow, to be explained to those who made them? He said he had not, because he presumed that those who came with affidavits ready drawn up were acquainted with the contents of them. He was asked, if he was sure that the persons who signed those affidavits in his presence were, in fact, the persons described in the affidavits as the deponents? He said he could not positively say they were; but he *presumed* they were; they were for the most part *black* officers in Colonel Hannay's regiment, or persons belonging to the officers; and as they were introduced to the witness by Colonel Hannay, he supposed they would not venture to assume names that did not belong to them, or personate other men. He was asked, if he was sure that the Hindoos had been sworn, in the way usual among Hindoos? He really did not recollect whether the Hindoos had made affidavits before him; if they had, he had no doubt but he made them take the oath in the ordinary way among the Hindoos, which was this: A Bramin attends with a brais bason, filled with water from the Ganges; into this water the deponent puts his hand, whilst the Bramin pronounces the form of the oath, and then the witness declares that what he is going to say shall be the truth. He was asked, whether some of the deponents had not been admitted to swear two, nay three affidavits in the same day? He replied, that he had no recollection of any such thing; but in perusing the affidavits lately, he found that such a thing had happened.—He was asked, finally, if he was sure that Mr. Hastings had recorded all the affidavits taken by the witness; or whether the affidavits which had been recorded were really those which the witness had taken? Sir



Elijah said, that all the affidavits which he had taken, he delivered to Mr. Hastings; but whether he recorded them *all*, or whether those which he had recorded were really those which he (Sir Elijah) had taken, he was not able to tell.

#### Capt. JAKUES

was next called. He proved that Bahar and Jewar Ally Khan, the Begum's Ministers, had been prisoners in his custody, and that, by order from the British Resident at Lucknow, he had put them *in irons*. He proved, that on one occasion he had, at the desire of the prisoners, made an application for leave to take off their irons, because they had taken physic; but his application, he said, was not attended with the wished-for success—the Resident informed him that they were the Nabob's prisoners, and he (the Resident) could do nothing in the business.—But it appeared that the troops, by which the prisoners were guarded, were part of the Company's 20th regiment of Sepoys, and were commanded by the witness, who was a Captain in the Company's service.

The Managers produced some copies of letters, written by the English Resident to Captain Jaques.

The Counsel for the prisoner objected to their production on the ground, that though Capt. Jaques swore that their tenor was the same, they could not be proved to have been copied exactly from the originals which were destroyed.—This objection being held good, the Managers were proceeding to interrogate Capt. Jaques as to his recollection of the contents of those papers;—but this was again resisted by the Counsel, who urged that the Managers had no right to put leading questions to their witnesses.

Mr. Sheridan in reply, insisted very strongly, that the Managers were not to be bound by *technical forms* on this occasion; neither were they bound to consider those persons as *their* evidence who were perpetually closeted with the Counsel for the prisoner;—persons who *by accident* called in on his solicitor;—*by accident* conversed there with his agent, and who were *by accident* prepared for every question, which was not put too strongly for resistance, and too closely for evasion.

Capt. Jaques then went through a long examination respecting the treatment of the prisoners whilst in his custody. The Ministers of the Begum, it appeared, had peti-

tioned to be released at one time from their irons, for the purpose of taking some necessary medicines. The witness, as humanity required, had communicated their desire to Mr. Middleton;—but was answered, “that the prisoners were able to pay the sum of *twelve lacks* demanded from them—that on payment of these, they should be discharged altogether;—but that until then every indulgence must be withheld.”

At five o'clock the Court adjourned.

#### TWENTY-NINTH DAY.

TUESDAY, MAY 27.

The proceedings were commenced by a short reading of the correspondence between Capt. Jaques and Mr. Middleton, when the former was Commandant at Fyzabad.—It related solely to the treatment of Bahar Ally Khan, and Jewar Ally Khan, the Ministers of the Begum, whilst they were confined, for the purpose of enforcing the payment of six lacks and a half, stated to be the balance due to the Company.

When the letters had been read,

#### Capt. JAKUES

was called to the bar, and examined. He said, that the Begum's Ministers, Bahar and Jewar Ally Khan, had been delivered into his custody, as prisoners, by Major Naylor, when the witness with his battalion relieved the Major and his detachment at Fyzabad. They were confined, he said, to the house of Jewar Ally Khan, which was an elegant and commodious habitation; and they had the liberty of walking in a large garden belonging to it; but at the same time they were *in irons*, and so closely fettered, that they could not step above a foot at a time: one of the prisoners was reputed to be worth *a million* sterling, but the other was not thought to have much wealth lying by him, as he had laid out a great part of his fortune in building. He said, they were not debarred of society\*, as only such persons were kept from seeing them as were suspected of being dangerous to the State: Goula's Roy, a person in the pay of the Company, pointed out to the witness the persons whom he was not to suffer the prisoners to see. All letters sent to the prisoners were opened, and such only were delivered to them as the witness did not think to be of any importance.

It was the duty of the witness to guard the Khord Mahal, where the women belonging

\* The Counsel for the prisoner asked, whether they were not indulged with *dances* and every other amusement? The Lord Chancellor stared, and asked, if the prisoners were not *in irons*? This association instantly convulsed the Court with laughter, at the idea of an *allemand* in *fettors*!—The Counsel, after waiting some time, until the general gravity was restored, said that he did not speak of *dancing* as an exercise on the part of the prisoners, but as an exhibition, presented for their entertainment.

to the late Nabob were kept. He said, these were not the *wives*, but the *concubines* of the late Sovereign, who, though of low extraction, and some of them picked up in the market-place for his pleasures, were held too sacred to be suffered to return back into the world to live with their families, and were kept for life in the Khord Mahal, after they had been *honoured* with the embraces of the Prince, at whose expence they were maintained. Captain Jaques said, he used no other restraint towards these women, than to cause them to be searched (by a female) if they went abroad in their doolies, or covered beds, to take the air. He had it in command to prevent any one from carrying jewels, money, or valuable effects, left the Nabob and the Company should be thus defrauded of the wealth which they wanted to take from the Begums, with whose palace the Khord Mahal communicated. It appeared, however, that the restraint was in the beginning somewhat greater, because no woman was suffered to go out of the Khord Mahal; and so strictly was this point observed, that some females who went into the Khord Mahal, to visit their relations there, were taken in labour, but could not get out to be carried home, until leave was given to the witness to permit them to return home. He said, the women of the late Nabob were certainly, at one time, in very great distress; which he thought was occasioned by the negligence of the eunuch, Litaft Ally Khan, who had received the annual allowance for their support, but had not applied it as he should have done. He said, Sumpshire Khan was also a prisoner in his custody, and confined with the eunuchs Bahar and Jewar Ally Khan, but he was not in irons like the latter; and yet he was in no more danger of escaping than were those fettered; indeed, he observed, considering the precautions that had been used to secure them, it would have been a miracle if they had escaped:—the fetters that had been put upon the Begums' Ministers, he admitted, were intended as a *severity*, rather than as a preventive of an escape\*.—Here the examination of the witness ended, and he was informed he might withdraw.

After Capt. Jaques had been examined, the Managers desired that the Clerk would read, from Mr. Middleton's letter-book, the letters which passed between that gentleman and Major Gilpin, to whom Capt. Jaques,

on being relieved at Fyzabad, turned over the prisoners. The Counsel objected to the reading of those letters. They said, the Managers must first prove that such letters had ever been in existence; next, that the originals had been destroyed, or were in such a place that they could not be produced; and lastly, that the transcripts of them in Mr. Middleton's book were faithful and accurate.

The Managers replied, that the objection was very unexpected, as the authenticity of Mr. Middleton's books had been long since established, and many letters had been read from them, and received as evidence by their Lordships. However, to save time and argument, they would call Mr. Middleton to prove the particular letters in question. Mr. Middleton was accordingly called, and he said, that the originals of the letters in question were now in the Resident's office at Lucknow, and that the copies of them in his books were faithful and accurate. Being examined as to one in particular, written by himself to Major Gilpin, he said it was a true copy of an original he had sent to that gentleman.—The Managers were then going to read it, when the Counsel for the prisoner again interfered, and observed, that it ought to be proved that this letter had ever reached Major Gilpin. The best evidence in the world on that head would be the evidence of Major Gilpin himself, who was then in Court, and whom the Hon. Managers might call if they pleased.

The Managers did not think it necessary to call that gentleman to prove the receipt of the letter in question; for that was not a point in any degree so material as was this—that the Resident at Lucknow was acquainted with the sufferings of Bahar and Jewar Ally Khan, and of the ladies in the Khord Mahal; for as it was his duty to make those sufferings known to the Governor-General, so it must be presumed that the latter was not unacquainted with them, and yet took no step to put an end to them.—But they had another reason for not calling Major Gilpin—If he was called by the Managers, the Counsel for the prisoner would consider him as the witness of the Managers, who in that case would be bound, by a former resolution of their Lordships, from putting certain questions to him; which would give the Counsel a handle for saying, that the Managers were attempting to lead their own witness.

\* Capt. Jaques was cross-examined by the Counsel for Mr. Hastings, respecting the situation of the house of Jewar Ally Khan, the *second* place in which the Ministers were confined, and particularly with regard to the extent of the gardens. Mr. Sheridan observed, that if the situation was proved to be a perfect *Paradise*, it would effect nothing in the present instance, as the prisoners were not permitted to enjoy any of its benefits.



They had rather therefore that Major Gilpin was called by the prisoner, as then they might put such questions to him as the Court would not suffer them to put if he was to be considered as their own witness.

The Lord Chancellor wished to know what was the determination of both sides; if both persisted in their opinions, then their Lordships would adjourn to their own House, and weigh the arguments on both sides.—The Counsel said, they could not recede from their objection. The Managers begged leave to withdraw for a while to consult. In half an hour they returned, when Mr. Fox informed their Lordships, that, for the purpose of saving time, the Managers would admit the objection of the learned Counsel, though they believed themselves able to overturn it in argument; they admitted it, however, only on this occasion, reserving to themselves a right of combating it, if it should be urged again, on a point which the Managers should deem of more importance than the present.

They then called Major Gilpin, who proved, that the copies produced of the correspondence between him and the Resident at Lucknow, were faithful and accurate. They were then read; but nothing occurred in

them worth remembrance, except the request to “Mr. Middleton, that he would send a larger pair of fetters, as those which he had sent would not fit the feet of the “*emuch*.”

The Counsel for Mr. Hastings then examined the witness.—He said, the prisoners had been treated with every mark of respect, except in the restraint laid upon them, and the fetters with which they were bound.—The Begums, he said, had several thousand men in arms at Fyzabad, who appeared as if they were preparing to engage the troops under his command, who were 2000 in number, and had four pieces of cannon; and he had heard, that they had threatened to fire upon one of his officers. He was examined with respect to the *property* in the treasures possessed by the Begums: he thought the present Nabob, as heir to his deceased father, was entitled to the best part of those treasures; but this, he said, was only a matter of opinion, or more properly speaking, a question of *law*, upon which he was unable to decide.

The cross-examination did not conclude this day.—At twenty minutes past five o'clock the Lords adjourned.

[*To be continued.*]

## OBSERVATIONS MADE IN A TOUR IN SWISSERLAND, IN M, DCCLXXXVI.

By MONSIEUR DE LAZOWSKI.

[From YOUNG'S “ANNALS OF AGRICULTURE.”]

(*Continued from Vol. XIII. Page 400.*)

FROM Moutiers Grandval we traversed parts where the culture seems pretty well understood, and the farmer more at his ease; we see for the first time houses all in wood, extremely neat, and very well lighted, but I would wish to see many before I speak more of them.

At a quarter of an hour from the village of Tavennis, it is necessary to make a detour in order to see, at the foot of the mountain, the source of the Birs, which throws itself into the Rhine above Basle. This source is fine; it turns a mill exactly below it. The water is excellent. It gives motion to a quantity of manufactures, and serves for the irrigation of some meadows. They often impede its course for raising the level of its waters, in order the more easily to conduct them at pleasure.

Still further we traverse the mountain by a passage dug in the rock by the Romans, named Pierre Pertuis. A description of it is found in the *Dictionnaire de la Suisse*; I shall therefore only say, that the passage will not bear a comparison with the work exe-

cuted by the last king of Sardinia, at Echelles.

In fine, you traverse Jura, and the route is truly majestic: it leads often on a precipice of great depth, excavated by a considerable torrent, which in the midst of its course forms a noble cascade, whose noise calls on the traveller to stop to admire it. You come to the platform, from whence the scene, in a fine day, is superb. In front, to the west, you discover the Canton of Solure, and a portion of that of Berne. The high Alps, covered with eternal snows, bound the view. To the south, you command an immense plain, rich, and well cultivated; you have a bird's eye view of the town and lake of Bienné; the chain of small mountains which separate that state from the principality of Neuchâtel, &c. limit the view on that side.

Our object at Bienné was to go to the small isle of St. Peter, famous for the residence of Jean Jacques; but the wind was at south, and violent; so that we were obliged to content ourselves with the view of the lake. The town has made a small public walk upon

banks of it. The view from it, terminated and enriched by the town of Nidau, and by the range of hills on the other side, covered in part with vineyards, with the isle of St. Peter in the middle of the lake, is interesting.

The town of Bienne is small, very moderately built, and, in appearance, not rich; and except some fabricks of no great importance, established some years ago, they have nothing of manufacture.

It is necessary to go and see a spring astonishingly abundant, and which, they say, throws up some pieces of Roman money; and at a league further, a noble and lofty cascade, which in a fine day well repays the trouble taken to get at it.

I am now obliged to return by the same way. Not being willing to interrupt what was mentioned in the route, I shall now note some objects which should not be omitted.

At Corendenin, of which I have spoken, I met two marks to fire at, which gave me an opportunity of speaking with two cultivators. These marks serve for play and exercise on a Sunday. It is an individual who has undertaken it; he is paid three fous for each fire, at 300 paces distant from the place from which they fire, where there is a plank firmly fixed in the ground, notched on each side to support the musquet, according to the height of the man who fires, placing his knee upon the ground. If you fire in the middle of the mark, and strike out the wooden peg fixed there, you obtain the first prize, which consists of a fork, spoon, goblet, and plate of silver: the second prize is a complete cloth suit. It is uncommon to gain the prize, but it is a military exercise, which seems common, and which habituates the peasantry to fire true, and familiarizes them with fire-arms: they are all armed, and consequently ready to become soldiers.

The country has extended its culture but little. The plough is the same as that which I have seen till now. The share does not cut perpendicularly; but it is double sinn'd, rounded, which cuts the earth horizontally. The mould-board is moveable; it is a plank with a hook at the end to enter in a ring fixed in the plough. This mould-board is strait, and consequently good for little: it is double; and it is evident, that they must plough badly with such an instrument. It is in use in France. It would be necessary to proscribe it, for good reasons too long to deduce here. The staple of the soil is, in the plain, a gravelly loam, naturally friable, and in which this plough has the fewest inconveniences. It is fertilized by manures, which appeared to me abundant, and ought to be so from the number of their cattle.

Fallows are in use here, and seem to be a consequence of the common-field rights.

They sow turnips in their hemp-grounds, and among the hemp: after they have pulled the female hemp, they rise among the male hemp which is left, and increase in size, chiefly after the whole is pulled. This method has certainly considerable advantages, which may be calculated and adopted any where.

The cattle are not of a large size. The draft oxen are small, but strong and well made; they work them till eight years old, when they fatten them with second-cut hay, and give also at twice a day, two *picotins* of oats, or about half a peck English.

Till here, I have hitherto seen but little art in the irrigation of their meadows. They are narrow, and the slope natural; there is, therefore, little other labour than letting in the water at the upper part, and making a small trench of eight or ten inches breadth, and varying the depth in such a manner that it may be full every where, and the water consequently overflow equally.

In this part of Swisserland the houses of the country people are all of wood, covered with small and thin boards imitating slating: they are protected against the wind and kept on the roof by means of large stones. The wood is so common, that the country people obtain (for a small retribution to the prince) leave to cut the firs in order to get resin, which they refine, and make pitch and tar, purchased by merchants for exportation: they make their incisions deeper than in the Landes of Bordeaux, and the trees are much impaired by it. They have some common woods, from which an officer assigns them wood for fuel and for building. On the whole, they are pretty easy, though they might be much more so.

Take again the road from Bienne to Soleure; you pass through the lands of the Canton of Berne two-third parts of the way at least; but I must be limited to the Canton of Soleure. The valley at the end of which the town is built, and which is irrigated by the river Aar, is very agreeable, only disgraced by some commons pretty extended in the middle, and contrasts sadly with the smiling and lively green of the natural and artificial grasses which circumscribe them. Undoubtedly those commons are not useless, but what is their use in comparison with the benefit of cultivation? The people are, perhaps, more prepossessed in Swisserland than any where else for old usage.

The cultivation of this valley is rich; I have seen in it a great deal of clover sown with corn. This is an addition which is not old, and which is considerable. They make



hay with it, but more often cut it green for their cattle. They have also a great quantity of legumes of all sorts, chiefly carrots and turnips; but if they put their lands in good order, which is easy by reason of the little tenacity, they do not cultivate them well; no hoeings but when the turnips are very thin: but if they as well as carrots are thick, they never give them space by hoeings.—The neighbouring mountain pastures put them in a situation to join corn husbandry with the maintenance of a great deal of cattle. This valley is kept more under the plough than the lands which I have seen yet in Swisserland.

I will do here at Soleure what I have done at Basle. I do not intend to give the features and the form of a government, which is described every where; but those descriptions, in giving general ideas, such as they may be taken in Dictionaries, leave nothing precise and distinct enough to conceive the difference of an aristocratical government from another of the same kind.

In general, the government is aristocratical without any intervention of noblemen. Nobility is unknown in this republic. Not that there are no noblemen, who take their titles when they go abroad; but if, in the society, they are called, by courtesy, Baron, &c. they never take that qualification; and they cannot do it in any public act, neither of christening, nor of death; in a word, no where. Were not they burghers of the required quality, they would be without the least participation in the government. They have no free lands, no jurisdiction, no honorary rights: there is but a single fief in the whole republic; I do not know by what exception; and this fief makes none in favour of the landlord: in a word, this aristocracy is popular.

The burghers of the town have alone a share in the government. They are divided by tribes, which is known; but what is not enough explained, is, that there are two kinds of burgeses, the ancients and the new ones. The first compose the sovereignty; the second are only eligible to it; that is to say, they will replace the ancients, when the number of families will be reduced to such a point: but now they have only the hope of it.

They reckon 2500 citizens, as many ancient as new; and the jealousy of this aristocracy, already jealous by its principle, is such, that by a law, any citizen who would propose the aggregation to the freedom in favour of an inhabitant, loses *ipso facto* his right of freedom. They are sensible that the principle of this law, as well as of all the other institutions of this government, is the care and

the wish to prevent rivalry, emotion of ambition, and the quarrels which could bring on a revolution in the government.

No inhabitant, if he is not a burges, can purchase an house. No foreigner can inhabit the town without special leave; and never can that leave be so far extended as to render him eligible to become a proprietor: he cannot become such in the extent of the canton.

They agree, and it is evident, that this system of jealous laws is noxious to the increase of population; but the end of this republick is to maintain itself such as it is. It is without ambition, either abroad or at home; it is satisfied with its population, it suffices to its cultivation and to labour. As to manufactory, it is afraid of it, and removes instead of encouraging it. Its object is different from that of Basle: the people are not afraid of themselves; but the small number which governs fears the inequality of large fortunes, and in the whole is jealous.

The effect of this law influences the value of lands, in proportion with its severity.—Lands are generally sold at 25 years purchase; but as the greatest part of them are in the mountains, there are no repairs, no ecclesiastical tithes, no taxes, neither personal nor real: it results that they are not sold truly at 20 years purchase.

If we calculate the happiness of nations by their éclat, their riches, &c. it is evident that these laws are absurd, and they would be such in a monarchy; but it is permitted to doubt that those data are good bases of the calculation of individual happiness; and though I could not reconcile myself to the idea, that the people have no share of the government in a commonwealth, nevertheless I see sensibly, that small states free and founded in that principle, and in the effect of manners, can tend to the happiness of individuals by other means. Thus in this small aristocracy, the people are used very gently, never loaded: its laws are not altered; they take care never to hurt them, by the external lustre of the luxury of reigning families; and the people are armed, and believe themselves so free, that the government calculates always, whether such institution will not hurt them, from fear that they would use their arms; but this is only an idea too general perhaps.

The country people are all proprietors, and in general they take their servants from abroad. Common labourers are not common; women work just as men.

The impositions may be reduced to three kinds: the tithe to the tenth part, which belongs to the state, but takes no place on hay and cattle: the military service, which

with it the obligation to be present at the reviews, to guard the town, but very seldom and only in great ceremonies, and to be furnished with a regimental and complete equipage of war : in fine, the third, which is very light, is a small tax, for keeping the fortifications of Soleure, and making up the tolls for repairing the high-ways.

The parsons receive no tithes ; they have appointed lands, which they cultivate or rent, and some presents of benevolence the first day of the year.

The manufactory has been established at Soleure eight or ten years ago. The situation of the town was inviting to trade, but government was averse to it ; and it is only after the longest debates that it has at last yielded rather than given its consent to the introduction of some manufactories. The reason which was given to prevent their introduction have appeared to me specious. The great inequalities of fortune are always dangerous in a free government, and chiefly of this kind : the very rich citizens have always a preponderancy, or can have one, over the people in using of their means : it is a door opened for introducing foreigners, and perhaps a necessity to alter the laws under which the people live undisturbed : it is to take hands from husbandry, which has scarcely enough, and depopulate the country in order to gather in the town a crowd of mob—without property, easy to inflame, and which would become a root of quarrels and insurrections : in fine, all that has a tendency to destroy equality is dangerous ; and sumptuary laws, with riches, are still more void than they are generally.

The general tendency of the Century has prevailed upon those topics, though strongly maintained ; and the government has given leave to establish some manufactories, but does nothing to promote them ; quite the contrary : the number of those established cannot be increased at will ; a consent and express leave of the sovereign are necessary in

order to introduce a new one. Those of haberdashery and printed linens, &c. are in a prosperous state. The general police is as watchful and jealous as in a monarchy. You are stopped at the gates, and asked your name, &c. A foreigner cannot make any stay of consequence without permission, &c.

Sumptuary laws are usual here, as at Basle. They cannot wear any thing made with gold or silver ; but luxury spreads itself in all the rest. The women, they say, are a little inclined to gallantry ; a sign of corruption, according to my sense, which exceeds any other principle of it. They resort but little to the country, though very delicious, because the women are fond of cards and assemblies. The laws have proscribed games of hazard, and those laws are severely kept. They have limited to two louis the loss in the games of commerce, but it is sometimes exceeded ; though if this happened often and publicly, they would infallibly prevent it : but this loss is rather considerable in a small state, which is rather poor than easy ; and the love of play, of dress, and of assemblies, is certainly antirepublican.

The police is admirable in case of fires. Signals give notice of them, even in remote parts ; and each citizen has his place and his function appointed. The state has provided necessary tools of all kinds ; it is, therefore, rare, that they have any very serious consequences ; though they might be expected to be common in a country where all the houses are constructed with deals. They permit the unfortunate inhabitants whose houses have been burned to request charity publicly, by which their loss is often recovered ; and they say, that sometimes they burn their houses on purpose, and at others are wilfully careless. Sporting is permitted only to the burgeois, properly speaking, and in some occurrences it is limited ; a tyrannical law, which I cannot conceive in Switzerland.

[To be continued.]

## S T A T E P A P E R S.

### M O R O C C O.

*Translation of an Arabic LETTER sent by the EMPEROR of MOROCCO to the several CONSULS resident at Tangier, delivered to each of them by the Bassa of Tangier, on the 1st of June 1788.*

“ In the name of GOD—There is no power nor strength but in GOD.—To all the Consuls resident in Tangiers ; Peace be to those that follow the right way.

“ **B**Y these you are to know, that we are in peace and friendship with all the Christian Powers, until the month of May of the

year 1203, answering to the year 1789 ; and such nations who are then desirous to continue in peace and friendship with us, must, when the said month of May comes, write to us a letter, to let us know that they are in peace and friendship with us, and then we shall do the same with them : and if any of those Christian nations desire to go to war with us, they shall let us know it by the above-mentioned month of May.—And we trust that God will keep us in his protection against them. And thus I have said all I have to say.”

*The 2d of the Month Schabar 1202, being 7th May, 1788.*



## PRUSSIA.

## COPY of the PROVISIONAL TREATY of DEFENSIVE ALLIANCE between the KING of PRUSSIA and the KING of GREAT-BRITAIN.

THEIR Majesties, the King of Prussia and the King of Great-Britain, desiring to augment and consolidate the union and friendship so happily subsisting between them, and to pitch upon the properest methods of securing their mutual interests, have resolved to renew and bind those links by a treaty of defensive alliance; for which purpose his Prussian Majesty has authorised Mr. Philip Charles Van Alvensleben, his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary at the Hague, and his Britannic Majesty has authorised Sir James Harris, his Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at the same place, who, after reciprocally communicating their full powers to each other, have agreed to the following articles.

Article I. That there shall be a constant and sincere friendship, a perfect and strict harmony and union, between the said Kings, their heirs and successors, their kingdoms, estates, and respective subjects, and that they shall employ the greatest attention and all the means in their power to support this union and correspondence of true friendship, to advance their respective interests, and mutually defend each other, agreeable to the treaty of alliance concluded between Prussia and England, at Westminster, the 18th of November 1742, rendering the stipulations of it agreeable to the circumstances of Europe.

Art. II. The high-contracting parties particularly engage and promise to act always together, and with mutual confidence, in supporting the safety, independence and government of the United Provinces, agreeable to the engagements they have entered into with the said Republic, that is, his Prussian Majesty by a treaty concluded at Berlin, the 15th of April 1783, and his Britannic Majesty by a treaty concluded at the Hague the same day, which the high-contracting parties have communicated to each other.

Art. III. In case it at any time happens that by virtue of the stipulations of the said treaties the contracting parties find themselves obliged to augment the succours to be given to the States-General beyond the numbers specified in the said treaties, or to aid them with all their forces, the said high-contracting parties will concert together whatever may be necessary relative to the employment of their respective forces for the safety and defence of the said Republic.

Art. IV. In case either of the high-contracting parties are at any time attacked, molested, or disturbed in any estates, rights, possessions, or interests by any other power, in consequence of any of the articles or stipulations contained in the said treaty, or of the measures to be respectively taken by the said contracting parties by virtue of their engagements, the other contracting party engages to succour and assist his ally against such attack; and the said contracting parties in all such cases promise to support and preserve each other in the possession of all the estates, cities, and places which respectively belonged to them before the commencement of such hostilities.

Art. V. The succours mentioned in the preceding article shall consist of 16 000 infantry, and 4000 cavalry, to be furnished within two months after the application of the party attacked, and shall remain at the disposal of the said party during the war, to be employed on the Continent of Europe in whatever manner the party applying shall think proper. They shall likewise be paid and supported by the power who furnishes them; but the party applying shall supply the troops of the other party with the necessary corn and forage when upon their territory, upon the same footing as if they were their own troops.

Art. VI. In case the stipulated succours do not prove sufficient for the defence of the power applying, the other power shall increase them according to the necessity of the case, and if the circumstances require it, with all his forces.

Art. VII. The present provisional treaty shall be ratified on both sides, and the ratification exchanged within six weeks at farthest, if possible.

Done at Loo, in Guelderland,

June 13, 1788.

(Signed)

PHILIP CHARLES VAN ALVENSLEBEN.  
JAMES HARRIS.

## HOLLAND.

THE Lords the States of the Provinces of Guelderland, Holland, and West Friesland, Zeland, Utrecht, Friesland, Overijssel and Groningen, and of the county of Drenthe, having reflected upon the causes of the intestine divisions by which the Republic, and each province in particular, have of late years been distracted; and having found that these divisions have, for the greatest part, arisen from the false and dangerous idea entertained by certain persons, whether real or pretended, respecting the constitution and form of government of these provinces, and especially

with regard to the importance and necessity of the high and hereditary dignities of Stadtholder, Captain and Admiral General, which idea they had instilled into the minds of other inhabitants not so well informed; and having moreover considered, that at the time of the happy restoration and confirmation of the Hereditary Stadtholdership in 1747 and 1748, the Confederates regarded the Union of all those dignities in the person of one Prince only, both with respect to the several provinces, and to the countries of the Generality, as a singular advantage to the Republic, being convinced that the bond of the Union would derive from it renewed vigour and solidity; that consequently these dignities having, from that period, obtained a closer and more intimate connection with the whole Confederacy, they ought not only to be considered as an essential part of the constitution and form of government of each Province, but likewise of the Republic at large, and so attached to the Union, that it cannot possibly subsist and prosper without these dignities; and that therefore, as the Confederates are bound to assist each other at the risk of their lives and fortunes, for the preservation of the bond of Union, it necessarily follows, that they are obliged, under a mutual obligation, to support each other respecting the said and principal means by which the Union may be preserved and maintained, and to protect it with their united force against all enterprizes; the more so, as experience has shewn during the late troubles, that from beginnings of slight importance, which appeared at first to have only trifling alterations in view, a general confusion ensued, which brought the Confederacy to the eve of its dissolution: the Deputies of the above-mentioned Provinces do solemnly declare, in the name and by order of the Lords the States of their respective Provinces, by the present act, that the said Lords the States regard and consider the dignities of Stadtholder, Captain and Admiral General, with all the pre-eminences and prerogatives thereunto annexed, in manner and upon the same footing as they were conferred in the several Provinces, and possessed by the present Prince Stadtholder in the year 1766, as an essential part of their constitution and form of government, and they mutually guaranty the same to each other, as a fundamental law of the State, promising that they will not suffer this fundamental law, so absolutely necessary for the repose and safety of the Republic, to be deviated from in either of the Provinces of the Confederacy.

In testimony whereof, we the underwritten being, by virtue of the resolutions of their High Mightinesses of this day, expressly autho-

rized thereto, have each of us, in the name of our respective States, and in conformity to their respective resolutions, signed this instrument.—Hague, June 27, 1788.

*A. R. van Heeckeren van Zuyderas,*

*W. F. H. van Wajffnaer,*

*L. P. van der Spiegel,*

*W. v. Citters,*

*W. N. Pesters,*

*M. v. Scheffingra.*

*R. Slojt tot de Haar B. de v. Idsinga.*

The underwritten, in consequence of the accession of the County of Drenthe, and by virtue of full powers transmitted to him for that purpose, has signed the above act, July 3, 1788.

*P. A. van Heiden,* Droffard of the County of Drenthe.

## R U S S I A.

### DECLARATION of the EMPRESS of all the R U S S I A S.

IT was towards the end of the last winter that the armaments by sea and land began to shew themselves in Sweden.—Whispers were purposely circulated in the kingdom, as if Russia meditated an attack. In proportion as these preparations advanced, and as they believed they had made an impression on some national spirits, the Cabinet of Stockholm began to extend rumours of the same kind even to foreign Courts. The Empress has the satisfaction to learn that these insinuations have every where failed of their aim. In truth, the Courts of Europe are too enlightened to believe that Russia, after having for so long a time maintained a pacific system in regard to Sweden, had chosen to depart from it in the moment when she was engaged in a war so serious as that in which the Ottoman Porte had involved her.

In the mean time, the Empress, attentive to every thing which passed in a place so adjacent to her territories, judged it necessary, on the information and advice which she received, not to neglect to take measures of precaution. But anxious to avoid every thing which might give umbrage or excite alarm, she contented herself with ordering to Finland a slight reinforcement of troops, and with establishing in this province magazines, proportioned to their number, and indispensibly necessary to their subsistence. In fine, reposeing on the innocence and rectitude of her intentions, on the religious tenor of the perpetual treaty subsisting between the empire of Russia and the Kingdom of Sweden, and above all, not knowing of any one object of discussion, open or concealed, between the two Courts—the amicable correspondence, on the contrary, continuing as usual between them—she had undoubtedly



undoubtedly every right to think, that strong as might be the ambition, the uneasiness and the envy of the Imperial powers, the true motives that could impel the Swedish Monarch to make war on her, must be repressed by the respect to good faith, which ought to actuate the hearts of sovereigns more even than of other men; by the impossibility of giving any colour of equity to the slight which he wished to give to his passions; and, in fine, by the obstacle equally strong, that of the solemn compact he had made with his people, not to undertake any war without assembling, consulting and obtaining the consent of his subjects.

Nothing could prove more effectually the satisfaction which should have been placed in her Imperial Majesty's various assurances, than the resolution which she took of detaching from the fleet destined for the Archipelago a squadron of only three ships, which she sent to sea in the beginning of this month, notwithstanding the positive advices she had of all the Swedish fleet being cruising in the Baltic. These ships, three days after their departure from the port of Cronstadt, fell in off the isle of Dago, with the Swedish fleet, which detached a frigate, the captain of which came aboard of the ship of the Vice Admiral Vanderfeer, who commanded this little squadron. The captain of the frigate announced to the Vice Admiral the presence of the Duc de Sudermania, the King's brother, the Commander of the Swedish fleet, and required the salute. The Vice Admiral replied, that by the 17th article of the Treaty of Abo, no salute could take place between the Russian and Swedish fleets, but that respecting, in the person of the Duc de Sudermania, the cousin-german of the Empress, and the brother of the King of Sweden, he had no difficulty in rendering to these distinctions all the honours that were due. He then ordered a salute with thirteen guns, and sent an officer on board the Duke's ship to pay his compliments, and to announce to him at the same time, that it was to his person only that the honours were addressed. The answer of the Duke of Sudermania was, that although he was not ignorant of the tenor of the Convention made between the Courts of Sweden and Russia, in regard to the salute, he would not accept of that which was to be rendered, unless it was given to the Swedish flag, as he had received the most precise orders from the King, his brother, to make that flag respected in every place, and on every occasion.

The Empress had hardly had time to make her complaints on the injustice and irregularity of this proceeding to the Court of Stockholm, when she was informed of the proceeding still less expected, of the dismissal of her Minister from the Swedish Court and

territories. The pretended reasons of this measure are exposed in the Declaration of the King made to the Ministers of foreign Courts. These reasons are not calculated to impose on the most unenlightened, and they therefore require no answer; but one cannot help observing, that it is the first example of the kind by which a Sovereign assured his subjects of the pacific and benevolent sentiments he entertained towards them.

In the mean time the Empress, resolved to continue to the last in the principles of moderation she had professed, confined her resentment of this proceeding to the reciprocity which she was naturally authorized to use in regard to the Minister of the King of Sweden. She signified to him to quit her Court in the same space of time which had been fixed for her Minister at Stockholm. The only difference in the proceeding was, that all false and insidious imputation was carefully avoided.—This difference has been established and demonstrated indeed by the good faith which has accompanied the cause of the Empress, and the breach of faith which has marked the whole conduct of the King of Sweden.

Notwithstanding these scenes, which threatened an almost inevitable war, the Empress was pleased to cherish hopes that the amicable explanations which the Swedish Monarch had himself promised the foreign powers, might yet tend to preserve the good harmony and neighbourhood, which no one reason of state on either side tended to interrupt. But this hope is totally vanished. She learns that on the 21st or 22d of this month the troops of the King of Sweden having fallen hastily on the Frontiers of Russia, have carried off the money deposited in several Custom-houses, have penetrated to the environs of Nieslor, and have even opened the siege of its castle.

It is by a series of violent proceedings, of which every one infringes on the rights the most generally received among civilized nations, that the King of Sweden, without having complained of one grievance against Russia, hath at length pushed to the uttermost the moderation of the Empress, and has obliged her to have recourse to the only remedy which is left her, of repelling force by force. It is with regret that she issues her orders to the Commanders of her forces by land and sea. In making known this resolution, as well as the motives that have provoked her to it, to the friendly powers, she protests to them that the King of Sweden is alone responsible to God, to the world, and to his own people, for all the calamities to which his ambition and injustice may give rise.

*Petersburgh, June 30, 1788.*

## FRANCE.

**HIS MAJESTY'S ORDINANCE, declaring the PROTEST and DELIBERATIONS of the PARLIAMENTS and COURTS SEDITIOUS and LIBELLOUS.**

IT having been represented to the King, that several writings had been clandestinely published, and that his indulgence has been much abused by no notice having been taken of them:—That besides—fictitious signatures have been made use of to give them consequence:

These and other weighty reasons have determined his wisdom to prohibit and suppress them.

Those writings, under the title of resolutions, or protests, of different bodies and communities, carry with them an air of disobedience and revolt, contrary to the duty of subjects, and especially of the officers of those bodies, whom the King forbids to hold any further assembly or deliberation, and from whom alone they hold the authority of exercising their professions.

These writings are in their form—illegal,—in the effect they are intended to produce—fallacious;—the contents are equally reprehensible, and assume a superiority over the Royal authority. Some declare the King's acts—absurd in their form—despotic in their principles—tyrannical in their effects—destructive of monarchy, and the rights and capitulations of the provinces.

It is his Majesty's wish to hold out to the nation its true interest—in the same manner to bring it back to its proper powers.

His goodness has delayed him hitherto from taking notice of those writings, hoping that his subjects would reflect and repent of their errors, and induce his Majesty to forget their past conduct.

His Majesty owes to his own authority—he owes it to his faithful subjects—he owes it to the people at large, to prevent for the future such acts, which made without power—out of the places of the ordinary sitting—against the express commands of the King, escape the notice of a formal proceeding to annul them, by the very vice of their formation, since to annul them, would be to suppose they had a regular existence;—but which, spread abroad as they have been, to mislead the nation from the true intentions of his Majesty, do not less deserve his entire displeasure, as they are capable of troubling the public tranquility, by their spirit of independence and rebellion.

From this report, made to his Majesty—the King being in his Council orders, that the deliberations and protests of his Courts and other assemblies, made since the publication of his laws of the 8th of May last, and tending to prevent their execution and effect, are

and shall remain suppressed, as seditious—treasonable to the Royal authority,—made without power, and with a design to mislead his people.—Prohibits all persons, particularly officers of his Courts, or other judges, to assist in future at such assemblies, or make such protests, on pain of forfeiture and loss of estate, commission, civil or military appointment, against all those who shall assist at, or sign them. Prohibits in like manner, and under the same penalties, all and every officer in the different tribunals throughout the Kingdom, to pay any regard to such decrees and protests, or the impressions they may have made.

His Majesty declares likewise, that he will take under his especial protection, for the present and to come, all those tribunals and others of his subjects, who, submitting to such laws, stand forward to put them in execution; and holds himself to guarantee them on every occasion, against any feeble and seditious menaces which might alarm their fidelity. Commands in the same manner all officers and commandants of provinces to pay strict attention to the execution of the present ordinance, which shall be printed and stuck up wherever it shall be found necessary, and notified by the express order of his Majesty, to all the grand bailiwicks and presidencies throughout the kingdom.

Made at Versailles, the 20th of June, 1788. (Signed)

BARON DE BRETEUIL.

ANSWER of the FRENCH KING to the Representations of the STATES OF BRITANNY.

MY orders to the Comte de Thiard were, that he should march a large body of troops into Rennes; in doing so he has only executed my commands.

The first object of the intermediate commission of Parliament should have been to pay obedience to my will. Above all, in its refusal, there should have been no reasons assigned, tending to promote dissensions among my people.

My troops were not marched against my subjects, but for their protection; to protect the obedient and quiet citizen—to prevent his being led aside by a temporary alarm and heat—to guard him in a measure against himself.

The liberty of each individual of my subjects shall always remain sacred under the protection of my authority, as long as they do not abuse it by disturbing the public tranquillity.

Since the arrival of my troops, events have proved how necessary their presence was in Rennes; they were only called in to preserve good order, and you may acquaint the people at large, when that is accomplished I shall order them to be withdrawn. If my Parliament



Parliament wishes to merit my confidence in the discharge of its duty, let it take care to observe an obedient conduct. I shall not pardon those a second time who suspect my good intentions, and who inflame my people to suspect them in the same manner.

After replying in this manner to the letter you have addressed to me I have to add, that I am extremely displeas'd at what has pass'd at Rennes.

The Attorney General of the States of Brittany has dared to place himself above my edicts, even before he knew their contents, besides holding them in contempt.

The Gentlemen of the province have assembled in large numbers contrary to my permission, though their want of authority is the least part of their misconduct.

The assemblies have taken such measures, as I am willing only to name inconsiderate and disrespectful. The Magistrates, not content with protesting against my edicts, have, in spite of my orders, multiplied their acts

of disobedience. I was therefore under the necessity of dispersing them, and it is for your good, that I cannot allow them to return.

If in a work so useful, and rendered necessary by circumstances, whose chief effects have been long wished for, and which, from its importance and good tendency, should extend to the whole kingdom of France, the province of Brittany had represented to me any local inconveniences to their particular constitution, I assured you, that I would pay attention to any memorial you might lay before me. It is by moderate representations, founded on equity, that my justice and goodness should be petitioned: every other means is improper, and contrary to the allegiance due to me.

If I have been induced on the present occasion to suspend the effects of my displeasure—go back and tell your citizens, that the clemency of Kings must terminate the moment that public tranquillity begins to suffer by it. (Signed) LOUIS.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

[From the LONDON GAZETTE.]

*Vienna, July 16.*

THE armies on the frontier remain entirely on the defensive during the present excessive heats, which surpass any that have been experienced in this climate for many years past.

*St. Peterbourg, July 28.* A Messenger arrived yesterday at Czarco-Zelo, with the news of an action between the Russian and Turkish fleets, which took place on the 26th of June in the Liman \* near Otchakow.

It appears that the Captain Pacha, in a second attempt to destroy the Russian flat-bottomed boats, proceeded to the mouth of the Dnieper. The Prince of Nassau, who commanded the Russian fleet, immediately called a council of war, in which it was determined to attack the Turkish fleet on its entering the Liman.—The flat-bottomed boats of the Russian fleet were accordingly formed in order of battle near Kinburn, when the Captain Pacha, unacquainted with the navigation, in endeavouring to bear down upon them, ran aground with a considerable part of his fleet. In this situation he was exposed not only to the fire of the boats, but to that of the fort of Kinburn; and seeing no hopes of extricating himself, he set fire

on the following day to his two flag ships. Four other ships were also burnt by the Turks themselves, and two taken by the Russians, with the Captain Pacha's standard, and between three and four thousand prisoners. The Captain Pacha set sail with the remainder of his fleet for Warna, at the mouth of the Danube.

On Friday last a fleet, consisting of 13 sail of the line, several frigates and some transports, commanded by Admiral Greig, sailed from Cronstadt.

*Vienna, July 19.* The last accounts from the Prince de Cobourg mention, that after his junction with the Russians he was advancing, on the 2d, towards Choczim.

*Helsingfors, (a seaport town in Finland) July 12.* Hostilities having been commenced on the frontiers of Finland between a body of Russian light troops and a detachment of the Swedes posted on the bridge of Pomalafund, war is now looked upon as declared between the two countries. Brigadier-General Hæstielar, who commands in this part of Finland, after leaving a sufficient body to guard the above bridge, and the other passes into Swedish Finland, marched with the rest of his troops to Nyflot †, which he immediately took, and invested the citadel.

\* The Liman is a bay of the Black Sea, into which the River Dnieper or Boristhenes empties itself.

† Finland is a province of Sweden on the east of Russia, to which it was ceded by conquest: its gulph is 225 miles in length.

‡ Nyflot is a strong town of Russia, in Livonia.

Another corps under the command of Major-General Arnsefeldt, encamped near Elime, have penetrated into the Russian territory, and, among other passes, have possessed themselves of Pytis.

Two Russian frigates, the Jaroslaw of 32, and the Hector of 26 guns, have been taken and carried into the road of Sweaborg. Several ships belonging to the subjects of neutral powers, together with several Russian Merchantmen, had also been taken, and brought into this port; but orders were immediately given for their release, with liberty to pursue their voyage to Petersburg, and the masters of these ships are to be indemnified for their loss of time.

*Helsingfors, July 20.* An engagement between the Swedish fleet, under the command of the Duke of Sudermania, and the Russian fleet, commanded by Admiral Greig, took place on the 17th inst. off Hoogland. The action began at five o'clock in the afternoon, and continued till ten at night; and the following day at noon the Swedish fleet returned hither, bringing in a Russian ship of 27 guns. Another is supposed to be sunk; and the Prince Gustavus, a Swedish 64 gun ship, is missing.

*Oslen, August 6.* His Imperial Majesty has been pleased, by a declaration of the 26th ult. to permit the exportation of wheat and rye, both by land and water, on payment of a duty of fifty stivers for each last of wheat, and thirty stivers and three farthings for each last of rye.

*Drontheim, July 19.* The Prince Royal of Denmark arrived here, with a small retinue, on Thursday evening the 10th instant, and the next morning proceeded to review the camp of 5000 men near this place. On his Royal Highness's return here, he employed two days in inspecting the fortifications and other public works, and on Wednesday morning the Prince set out on his return to Denmark.

*Vienna, July 30.* Letters from Berlin of the 23d instant mention, that on the preceding day two smart attacks had been made by the Turks on the Imperial posts near the Save, in which the Turks were repulsed, but the loss on both sides was pretty considerable.

*Vienna, Aug. 2.* Accounts received by Prince Gallizio, from the Russian army, mention a third engagement between the Russian and Turkish fleets in the Dnieper, on the 12th of July last, in which the Turks lost a frigate, a large gun-boat, and a galley. The Captain Pacha was forced to quit the mouth of the Dnieper, and on the following night the Prince of Nassau began the bombardment of Ocza-kow, with such success as to set fire to the town in various places. Prince Potemkin

had likewise invested it by land; but as his heavy artillery was not then arrived, he had not been able to begin a regular siege.

By advices from the combined army near Chozym we learn, that during the night of the 20th of July, three Austrian and two Russian batteries were opened, and continued playing against the fortress with great briskness till day-break, when the batteries from Braha recommenced. This mode of attack was continued till the night of the 23d, by which time all the houses in the upper part of the town, the principal magazine, the corn mill, the arsenal, with the adjoining houses, (the Pacha's excepted) were reduced to ashes. The pallisades on this side of the fortress, and the gabions placed on the bastions, were all consumed by the flames.

*Vienna, Aug. 6.* On Saturday last Marshal Laudohn received his Imperial Majesty's orders to prepare to take upon him the command of the army in Croatia.

Intelligence is received from the army in Transylvania, that on the 17th of July last, Colonel Schultz, of Szeker's Hussars, who occupied the pass of Bozza, being informed that a corps of the enemy, to the number of 10,000 men, with artillery, were in motion on the side of Valeny, towards Koningsberg, he went to reconnoitre them, when he found that they had already pushed their advanced posts to Lobkowitz-Schantz, and that about 6000 horse and 2000 foot were encamped with their right wing extending to the mountains of Tattaz, whilst their left was covered by the forest situated within the Austrian frontiers, which determined Colonel Schultz to distribute his corps at the several forts on the line, and to pass the night under arms.

The next morning advice was received of the enemy having begun to entrench themselves near Lobkowitz-Schantz; and at the same moment the detachments were seen advancing along the mountains in such great numbers that the Austrian advanced guard were forced to retire on all sides to the main army.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, the enemy's van approached the front of the Austrians, whilst another Turkish detachment filed off towards the forest, and the greatest part of the cavalry dismounted, and fixed fifty-one standards in the ground.

The fire of the artillery and musquetry having continued for some time on both sides, a party of the Austrian cavalry at length put the Turkish infantry to flight.—But the enemy being continually reinforced from a corps de reserve which they had left in the rear, they renewed the attack with the greatest fury, which lasted the whole night.

In the morning of the 19th, Col. Schultz being



being reinforced by a squadron of the Hussars of Leopold-Tuscany, under the command of Count Wilborfki, the Turks were totally defeated, compelled to abandon their camp, and to retreat to Valeny, a violent storm, and the approach of night, preventing the Austrians from pursuing them.

The loss of the Austrians in this action was 6 men killed and 32 wounded; whilst that of the Turks amounted to 133 men left dead on the field, 5 taken, and 27 horses killed. They had sent away the preceding day 76 men killed, and carried away with them 19 waggons filled with the dead, and about 300 wounded; so that their whole loss may be computed at 400 killed and 300 wounded.

By the last accounts from Chotzym we learn, that the provisions in that fortress having been entirely destroyed by the fire from the batteries, the Prince de Cobourg and General Soltikow on the 26th of July summoned the place to surrender; but the garrison having desired a delay of three days for deliberation, and a suspension of hostilities, their request was complied with.

[Here ends the GAZETTE Intelligence; what follows is taken from the Accounts brought by the foreign Prints.]

Paris, July 19. About the 20th of last month, a negotiation was apparently on foot for a new party to form another Administration; the Duc de Chatelet to be at the head. It is since discovered, that the whole was a political manoeuvre to save time and appease the popular discontents. To give greater credit to this appearance, his Majesty's answer to the Clergy had a greater degree of moderation than usual.

This respite to the general disorder throughout the kingdom has, however, proved fallacious, and the troubles are encreasing with redoubled violence. The King is become more resolute than ever, and from the measures of last week, we have every reason to suppose the rebellion will become general.

The Province of Brittany, with a noble and independent spirit, resolved on trying one more petition to the throne. As the Parliament had failed in their representations, the Nobles of the Province determined to try their fate, and accordingly deputed 12 of their principal nobility to present their remonstrance. On their being announced to the King, his Majesty ordered them all into imprisonment in the Bastille. Among the Noblemen are, the Duke de Praslin and Rohan, and the Marquis de la Fayette.

[The immediate cause of the imprisonment of the above Nobles was their disobedience to his Majesty's edict of the 20th of June. See p. 142.]

[They were afterwards liberated, and the following answer given to their remonstrance.]

*The FRENCH KING'S ANSWER to the DEPUTIES of BRETAGNE, July 31, 1788.*

I Have read both your Memorials, one of which you should not have reminded me of. I will always pay attention to representations made in a legal manner; but the assembly that had deputed the twelve gentlemen, had no such authority; they had held themselves one of the most irregular meetings at Paris, and I was therefore forced to punish them. The means of obtaining my clemency are, not to continue the cause of my displeasure by such illegal assemblies. The commissioners that have charged you to demand of me the re-establishment of my Parliament of Brittany could not have known how reprehensible their conduct was; they would not else have solicited a mark of my confidence in them, when they had so justly incurred my displeasure. Their personal punishment, however, which good order, and the preservation of my authority, require, does not in the least diminish my affection for your province. Your States, gentlemen, shall be convened in the month of October: it is from that assembly I am to receive your representations and the wishes of Brittany; to which I will pay all the attention they deserve. Your privileges shall be preserved inviolate. By proofs of fidelity and submission, any thing may be obtained from the goodness of my heart; but it is the greatest folly to compel me to acts of rigour and severity. It is my pleasure, and command, gentlemen, that you return to-morrow to your functions at Rennes."

Paris, July 21. Last Sunday we had such a hurricane as has not been experienced in the memory of man. Rambouillet, his Majesty's hunting seat, is totally laid waste. Chambourci, a large tract of land between St. Germain and Marli, lost, in eight minutes time, all the hopes of this year's harvest. All the fruit trees are destroyed, and those were the chief support of the poor villagers. What fell for the space of ten minutes could hardly be called hail. They were enormous pieces of ice as hard as diamonds, the heaviest of which were so elastic, that they rebounded from the ground, and bruised whatever object they touched. Some of them weighed from eight to ten ounces. Their sharp edges have cut or driven in the strongest stem; and a forest of chestnut-trees adjacent to the village presents the horrible spectacle of enemies having passed through it. The lucerne, the fruit, the pulse, and all kinds of vegetables, are buried in the ground, or irreparably lost. Houses and cottages have been unroofed, glasses broken in a thousand pieces, cows, sheep, and lambs killed, and several of the inhabitants, who, as it was

Sunday,

Sunday, were going to church, dangerously wounded or maimed. This storm has ravaged still worse the district of Chartres, and its neighbourhood. For upwards of 60 square leagues no harvest can be expected this year; not an ear of corn is left; and all the trees and vines are so terribly hacked to pieces, that they cannot possibly bear again for these four years. The steeple of Gallardon church, 200 feet high, fell with such violence over the roof of the choir, that it gave way, and put the parishioners, who were hearing mass, in the utmost consternation. They all fell backwards, and began to cry in the most forwallow tone, "The Lord have mercy upon us miserable sinners."— Their distress, the falling of the roof, and the wonderful shower of hail, formed to dismal a spectacle as to exceed all description. The church of Tours has been actually thrown down. Luckily there was but the curate in it, who saved himself by getting under the arch of a fountain that was built in the choir. Three windmills were wrested from their hold, and three persons, who had taken shelter in one of them, were killed on the spot. Many others, of both sexes, have been killed and wounded. It is said, that at Pontoise the ravages have been as dreadful. Of the 66 parishes that district is composed of, 43 have been the greatest sufferers. Forty are without any appearance of harvest at all, and 23 will lose half, two thirds, or three quarters.

*Antwerp, Aug. 6.* On the 4th inst. the day fixed for shutting the seminary, the people assembled on the Grand Place, and on the Quays: the troops were under arms, the cannon were charged, and every precaution being taken to enforce obedience to the Emperor's orders, and prevent an insurrection, the mob were desired to disperse; but as they were unarmed, and had committed no violence, but were simple spectators, they did not imagine that coercive measures would be taken to drive them away, and continued, after repeated admonitions, to look on; until an officer of grenadiers, pretending to have

felt a stone graze his hat, gave orders to fire; the whole division, consisting of 400 men, discharged their muskets on the unoffending populace. Nine were killed on the spot, eight have since died of their wounds, and eighty were carried to the hospital; thirty of whom cannot recover. Among those that fell, were two foreigners, accidentally crossing at the unhappy moment. A woman and child in her arms were both killed, as she was serving behind her counter. The mob immediately dispersed; but measures so sanguinary and wanton can only tend to alienate the affections of the few remaining loyalists.

*Paris, Aug. 11.* The ceremony of presenting the Indian Ambassadors took place yesterday. It was a grand spectacle, and the best company in Paris were present. A rich and splendid throne was prepared *dans la salle d'Hercule* (Hercules's hall, a room in the King's Palace at Versailles,) and on that throne the King received them. The procession attending their introduction was very magnificent. The Queen preceded, in a beautiful white dress, elegantly embroidered with variegated flowers; her breast and sleeve knots, and *aigret*, of rich diamonds.

The Duke of Bourbon was in the Royal retinue. The other Princes of the Blood did not attend. When his Majesty had reached the throne, and the etiquette of placing the Queen, the Royal Brothers, and the Princesses Elizabeth, de Provence, and de Artois, on his right and left was over, the three Ambassadors advanced in solemn state, without any music, accompanied by twenty-four attendants in their national Indian dresses of coarse linen waistcoats of a scarlet colour, and muslin turbans, not unlike muslin bespangled with silver and gold. One of them carried a present for the Queen in his hands, shut up in a kind of a box; it was thought to be pearls. The presentation was soon over, and they returned to Trianon, where they had slept the preceding evening, and where they dined in their own way.

## MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

**M**R. Justice Wilson at the last Old Bailey sessions delivered the opinion of the Judges upon two cases, which had been reserved for their determination.

Thomas Riley had been tried for fraudulently obtaining letters of administration to the effects of a deceased person, by procuring a person to take a false oath, that Riley was

\* The Students at Antwerp have lately given great offence to the Emperor, in talking with freedom of the oppressive measures of the government in Brabant. Enraged at their presumption, his Imperial Majesty is determined to disperse these high-spirited and mutinous young men, and has therefore sent orders to the commander of the garrison to shut up the college. From this cause the disaster has arisen.



the next of kin of the deceased; the name of the person who took this oath was M'Daniel, who was taken up, tried, and convicted of the offence, but before he received sentence Riley was taken; but it being impossible to convict Riley without the evidence of M'Daniel,—M'Daniel could not legally be examined as evidence while he was under the conviction of a jury for the same offence for which Riley was then trying. M'Daniel was therefore brought up to the bar, and asked by the clerk of arraigns in form, what he had to say for himself, why the Court should not give him judgment to die according to law? He pleaded the King's pardon on his knees.

Counsel for the prisoner Riley objected to the evidence of M'Daniel, contending that as he was convicted not only of the crime for which Riley stood charged, but also of perjury, the King's pardon could not render him a competent witness. The Judges were of opinion that the King's pardon restored him to full competency, and that Riley is legally convicted.

The other was the case of James Cogan, who had been convicted of forging the will of a man who is living. This point being reserved for the opinion of the Judges, they were of opinion, that uttering with intent to defraud is within the meaning of the act.

The Committee appointed by parliament to inspect and consider the returns made by Ministers and Church-wardens relative to charitable donations for the poor, reported to the House of Commons, that, having caused the produce of the said charities, in land and money, to be cast up, the annual amount of the money is 48243l. 10s. 3d. and of the land 210,467l. 8s. 10d. making together the annual sum of 253,710l. 19s. 3d.; and that they have great reason to believe further very considerable sums will appear to have been given for like charitable purposes, whenever proper means can be found for investigating and completing those discoveries, by extending the enquiries to corporations, companies, and societies of men, as well as to fees, trustees, &c.

And as many charitable donations appear to have been lost, or neglected, the Committee recommended to Parliament, to amend and explain the former act, by specifying with certainty the objects of enquiry, and to establish such measures as may be effectual for the relief of the poor persons who are objects of those donations.

At the Sittings after the last term came on to be tried before the Chancellor at Lincoln's-inn-hall, a petition of a singular nature.—The petitioner was a bankrupt, who was solicitous to obtain his certificate, to which his

creditors had signified their consent. The prayer of his petition was, that a question propounded to him by one of his creditors, at his last examination, and the bankrupt's answer to such question, might be expunged from the proceedings under the commission of bankruptcy. The question propounded was, Whether the bankrupt had lost 5l. by a game at cards—to which he acknowledged he had. This application to the Chancellor became necessary, by a certain provision in the bankrupt laws, by which a bankrupt who has lost 5l. at one time at a game of cards, and some other species of gambling therein described, is precluded from obtaining his certificate.—The Chancellor rejected the petition.

Lately was opened to public view in the North Cross Aisle, Westminster-Abbey, a Monument to the memory of that celebrated man of universal feeling for the distressed, Jonas Hanway, to hand down to posterity his virtues, forcibly expressed in the following epitaph.

JONAS HANWAY,

Who departed this life Sept. 5th, 1786,

aged 74,

But whose Name liveth, and will ever live,  
Whilst active piety shall distinguish

The CHRISTIAN,

Integrity and truth shall recommend

The BRITISH MERCHANT,

And universal kindness shall characterize

The CITIZEN of the WORLD.

The helpless Infant, nurtured through his care,  
The friendless PROSTITUTE, shelter'd  
and reform'd,

The hopeless YOUTH, rescued from misery  
and ruin, and trained to serve and  
to defend his country,

Uniting in one common strain of gratitude,  
Bear testimony to their benefactor's virtues.  
THIS WAS THE FRIEND and FATHER of the  
POOR.

The expence of its erection is defrayed by voluntary subscriptions of his friends, and that laudable body, the Marine Society.

*A general sketch of its design.*—Above the elevation of a pedestal part, containing the inscription, rises a pyramid, at the top of which a lamp, emblematic of perpetual light; underneath a medallion of the deceased, adorned around; immediately under which, a Sarcophagus, supposed to contain his remains, externally decorated at top with his arms and festoons; and in the body of it a Relievo of Britannia (her emblems of Government, Peace and War, Trade, Navigation, and a Lion) respecting the Society, with benign countenance, distributes cloathing to an almost naked boy, who receives them with gratitude; a second boy supplicating for

the like bounty, his distresses visible by his imploring countenance; a third made happy fitted out, and trained for sea, sustaining a ship's rudder, and pointing up to the head of his benefactor. From behind the pyramid, on the right, towards the top, proportionably to the rest, flies the British flag over a conquered one; on the other side, that of the Society with its motto, Charity and Policy united, similar to the other.

The whole designed and executed by J. F. and James Moore.

Gunnerbury, with its beautiful park and gardens, was lately disposed of by public auction, for the very low sum of 9050*l.* which is 3000*l.* less than was bid for it last year, and Col. Ironside is reported to be the fortunate purchaser.

The parish of Bawtry, in Yorkshire, has this year paid 15*l.* for the destruction of brown clocks, or beetles. The price allowed to the poor of the parish, who have made very good wages by collecting them, is three pence for a peck measure. The reason the farmers allege for this merciless havock of the grub seemingly inoffensive insects is, that the grubs which breed from the spawn which they leave in the ground destroy the corn.

Mr. John Hunter has recently opened his very curious, extensive, and valuable museum at his house in Leicester-fields, for the inspection of a considerable number of the literati; containing a novel and curious system of natural philosophy, running progressively from the lowest scale of vegetable, up to animal nature. The whole is supposed to have cost 20,000*l.* being a very accurate and industrious collection of near thirty years.

Numerous as the matrimonial advertisements of late years have been, we believe a more singular and extraordinary one never met the public eye than the following, extracted from an evening paper:

*Advertisement for a Wife.*—"Sir John Dinely, bart. of Charlton, near Worcester, and of Henly Castle, near Malvern Wells, engages to execute a marriage settlement of 102,000*l.* value, on any Lady of three hundred guineas fortune, who will accept of Sir John for a husband, although such lady should be with child by her former husband.—Sufficient satisfaction may be had, by seeing Sir John, who is a Guild Brother of Stirling, Scotland, or by directing letters there, post paid, for his printed marriage offers."

JUNE 13. A Mr. Moore recovered by action in the Court of Common Pleas, of the Warden of the Fleet prison, 300*l.* as damages for suffering a Mr. Farmer, (who was indebted to Moore in that farm, and a prisoner in the custody of the Warden,) to be at large, and not kept within the rules of the said prison,

14. This evening, at 26 minutes after seven, arrived at the spot whereon Old Hicks's Hall stood, in St. John-street, Smithfield, Mr. Powel, who set off from that place on Sunday night last, to walk to York and back in six days, making in the whole a distance of 404 miles.—He reached Micklegate-bar in York, last Wednesday, (the third day) some minutes before two o'clock, from which place, after some refreshment and rest, he set off at five in the afternoon, and was twenty miles on his way back the same evening.

At two o'clock yesterday, he was at Hatfield, (twenty miles from town) where he staid a considerable time to refresh, and at Highgate he delayed half an hour.—He came in for the last twenty miles at the rate of five miles an hour, and kept some of the equestrians, who went out to meet him, on a smart trot all the way. He apparently came in as well and cheerful as when he set off: The populace hailed him with many a loud cheer on his arrival.

Mr. Powel is 54 years of age; his first stoppage for rest was at Stilton (75 miles from town) his next at Doncaster, 85 miles beyond Stilton. Several persons on horseback accompanied him the whole way.

Powel's original bet was only twenty guineas against twelve, that he did not perform it in the time; but many more, to a considerable amount, were depending, particularly at the West end of the town.

17. The following is the copy of a letter from the Rev. Mr. Wesley to the Rev. Mr. Hopper, who wrote to him concerning the paragraph in the papers, asserting, that in a late sermon at Bradford, he assured his audience that the world would be at an end in 1836:—

"My dear Brother,

"I said nothing less or more, in Bradford Church, concerning the End of the World, neither concerning my own opinion, but what follows: That *Bengelius* had given it as his opinion, (not that the World would then End) that the Millennial Reign of Christ would begin in the year 1836. I have no opinion at all upon the head—I can determine nothing at all about it—these calculations are far above, out of my sight—I have only one thing to do, to save my soul and those that bear me.

I am yours affectionately,

J. WESLEY."

19. The cause of Lady Strathmore against Mr. Bowes came on at Lincoln's Inn Hall, before Judge Buller, who sat for the Lord Chancellor.—The judgment of the Court was, "That the cross bill of Mr. Bowes be dismissed with full costs—That the petition of Lady Strathmore in the original bill should



be granted: Mr. Bowes immediately to deliver up the deed which Lady Strathmore had formerly signed; that all the plate, jewels, &c. be immediately restored. A receiver for the benefit of Lady Strathmore and her family also was appointed.

JULY 9. Messrs. Sheridan and Linley have now the whole of Drury-lane property among them. The former has seven-eighths, and the latter one-eighth.

Samuel Whitbread, Esq. the Member for Bedford, has lately given to the Governor and Trustees of St. Luke's Hospital for lunatics, a rent-charge on his brewery of one hundred pounds a year for ever, for the use of the said Hospital.

22. A horse-shoe, given by his Royal Highness the Duke of York and Albany, was put up in the castle at Oakham, in the county of Rutland. It is by far superior in elegance and size to any before given: the height of it is 6 feet, and 4 feet wide; the plate is 8 inches broad, most elegantly and superbly gilt, with a splendid and beautiful border round the top and bottom; and at the point of the shoe is fixed a crown, richly ornamented, as is the whole of the border, with gold spangles, which have a very brilliant effect.—Queen Elizabeth, going through Oakham, one of the horses of her carriage lost his shoe, which detained her Majesty some time in order to have the impediment repaired; she therefore, on this occasion, gave a kind of charter to the town, whereby it was ordered, "That every Peer of the realm who passed through Oakham for the first time, should give a horse-shoe to nail upon the castle gate; and if he refused, the bailiff of the manor to have power to stop his coach, and take a shoe from off one of the horses feet." Formerly plain iron shoes only were given with their names stamped upon them, but now none but gilt ones, which are placed over the Judges seat in the castle; many of them are very curious, but this given by his Highness eclipses all.

26. About half past nine o'clock, just as the Clerks were beginning business, a fire burst out in a closet adjoining the Clerk of Delivery's office in the Ordnance-office at the Tower (where the brush wood is kept for lighting the fires in winter): an alarm was immediately given, engines in great numbers were immediately procured; but the tide being unusually low, and no supply of water, adequate to the demand, could

possibly be procured, it raged for upwards of three hours; inasmuch that the whole of the upper stories are entirely destroyed; and the roof to the lower offices entirely burnt through.

31. A fire broke out at an apothecary's on the west side of Fleet-market, occasioned by setting fire to some roll of brimstone in a room, in order to clear it of bugs. The inside of the house and most of the furniture were destroyed. An elderly woman, who had been long bed-ridden, perished in the flames, and another woman was dreadfully scorched.

AUG. 4. The poll for Member of Parliament for Westminster was finally closed at Covent-Garden, when there appearing a majority of 823 votes for Lord John Townshend, he was declared duly elected.

Lord Hood intimated his determination to petition the House of Commons against the conduct of his opponent's friends in the management of the election.

At the above election, there polled 11,961; the numbers being, for Lord John Townshend 6392—for Lord Hood 5569.

8. At Brightonhamton races, a battle was fought between Tyne a taylor, and Earle a shoe-maker—the contest continued for forty-eight minutes, when Earle received a fall on his head, which at once terminated the day's sport and his existence; he was bled, and every other effort made use of by the faculty for his recovery, but without the desired effect.

19. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Duke of York's birth-days were kept by their Majesties and the Royal family at Windsor, where a grand dinner was given; and in the evening there was a ball in St. George's Hall. All the Royal progeny in England were present on this occasion, except Princess Mary, who is confined at Kew, in consequence of a surgical operation on her arm.

23. Yesterday afternoon one of his Majesty's messengers 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 King of Prussia, which was signed at Berlin on the 10th inst. by Joseph Ewart, Esq. his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary to that Court, and by his Prussian Majesty's Plenipotentiary, duly authorized for that purpose.

## COUNTY-NEWS.

*Shrewsbury, July 25.*

WEDNESDAY being the day appointed for a public thanksgiving to Almighty God, for the wonderful interposition of Divine Providence, in the falling down of St. Chad's church at a time when the congre-

gation was not assembled, the same was observed by the parishioners in the most solemn manner. The shops were kept shut during the whole day. In the morning public worship was held at St. Mary's church, which was very much crowded.

## ROYAL TOUR.

*Cheltenham, July 29.* His Majesty honoured Lord Coventry with his company to dinner on Saturday. Every thing which taste, elegance, and magnificence could accomplish, was displayed upon the occasion. The cellar doors were thrown open, and the vast multitude that were assembled round the house were plentifully regaled with good October.

The King, Queen, and Princesses, walked in the park upwards of an hour.

In the interim, some six or eight wags of farmers, in spite of every remonstrance from the coachman and postillions, jumped into the royal coach, and saluted their spouses. When his Majesty was told the story, he laughed heartily, and commended the men for their spirit and civility.

Oakley-Grove, the seat of Earl Bathurst, which their Majesties visited last week, is, in point of extent and magnificence, one of the finest places in England. Pope, in his time, celebrated it as such in the following lines, which, independent of description, includes a beautiful moral, on the uncertainty of all worldly possessions:

*Man and for ever? Wretch! What wouldst thou have?*

Heir wres heir, like wave impelling wave;  
All vast possessions (just the same the case)  
Whether you call them villa, park, or chase  
Alas! my Bathurst! what will they avail?  
Join Costwold hills to Saperton's fair dale;  
Let rising granaries, and temples, here,  
Their mingled farms and pyramids appear;  
Lark towns to towns with avenues of oak,  
Enclose whole downs with walls, 'tis all a  
joke!

Inexorable death shall level all,  
And trees, and stones, and farms, and farm-  
ers fall.

*Worcester, Aug. 9.* Tuesday evening, about eight o'clock, the Royal Family arrived at the Bishop's Palace. All the houses were illuminated, many of them with emblematical paintings, and variegated lacaps.

Wednesday morning, his Majesty, attended by two Noblemen, walked through several parts of the city, followed by a prodigious number of the common people, whose acclamations filled the air, and were well calculated to express the loyalty and joy with which their hearts exulted. The King took notice of the neat appearance of the buildings, and the cleanliness of the streets.

At ten o'clock a levee was held at the Palace. All the Nobility and Gentlemen of rank attended; and his Majesty was pleased to distinguish that valuable Magistrate, Charles Trubshaw Withers, Esq. by conferring on him the honour of Knighthood.—Lord Coventry accompanied by the Mayor and the body corporate waited upon his Majesty with an address, fraught with expressions of loyalty and dutiful attachment; to which

the King returned a most gracious answer, and the Gentlemen had the honour of kissing his Majesty's hand.

At eleven, the Cathedral service began, at which was introduced, the Overture in Esther, Handel's Dettingen Te Deum, and Coronation Anthem. Their Majesties sat upon an occasional Throne; the Nobility, Clergy, and Magistrates, disposed on each side.

Thursday morning, the Royal Family were again present at the Cathedral, where a selection from the Abbey music was ably performed.

Friday morning the Corporation, conducted by Lord Coventry, in his Recorder's robe, waited on his Majesty to request that he would honour them with a visit at the Town Hall, to which his Majesty graciously assented. A grand procession accordingly took place. The various trades with their streamers led the way; the maces were borne by the Aldermen, and the Mayor carried the Sword of State before his Majesty. After having viewed the pictures, the regalia, and every thing curious, he was shewn into the grand parlour, where an elegant cold collation was provided. As his Majesty never takes any liquor before dinner, the Mayor asked him if he would be pleased to take a jelly, when the King replied, 'I do not recollect drinking a glass of wine before dinner in my life, yet upon this pleasing occasion I will venture.' A glass of rich old mountain was served by the Mayor, when his Majesty immediately drank, *Prosperity to the Corporation and Citizens of Worcester.* This being made known to the populace, an universal shout of applause continued for several minutes. The King then addressed himself to the corporation to know whether there was any thing that he could oblige them with. The Earl of Coventry, the Recorder, replied, in the name of the citizens, that "they tendered their sincere and grateful thanks for the honour his Majesty had done the city of Worcester, and if he would be graciously pleased to sit for his picture to be placed in the hall, he would gratify their highest wishes." His Majesty replied, 'Certainly, Gentlemen, I cannot hesitate to grant you that favour, or any other, which you can reasonably expect.' The picture will therefore be put in hand speedily after his Majesty's return to London.

This ceremony concluded, the Royal Family again repaired to the Cathedral, where the Messiah was performed.

In the evening, was a grand miscellaneous Concert, which the Royal visitors honoured with their presence. They had declined appearing the two preceding evenings.—An elegant box had been built for their reception in the gallery of the music-room; so that the numerous company had a full view of this amiable and beloved Family.—The King was dressed



dressed in his blue and gold uniform, and the Queen and Princesses in royal purple gowns, with silver tiffue petticoats. Her Majesty's head-dress was a cap decorated with purple ribbands, studded with beads of polished steel, no less brilliant than the finest diamonds.—The Princesses wore their hair ornamented very gracefully with gauze and flowers; their slippers adorned with the polished steel rosettes lately invented by Bailey, of Gloucester.

Saturday morning their Majesties returned to Cheltenham.

*Gloucester, Aug. 16.* The Queen being indisposed on Wednesday, the visit to the clothing country was deferred to the next day.

Early on Thursday morning, their Majesties left Cheltenham, to make their intended visit to Lord Ducie, and Sir George Paul, of which previous intimation had been given. They passed through Painfwick about half after eight, and arrived at Stroud between nine and ten o'clock. Every testimony of attachment that a well-affected people could shew was displayed on this joyful occasion; a very respectable party of gentlemen met, and conducted the Royal Visitors through this district of the county, deservedly distinguished for industry and manufactures; and exerted themselves in exhibiting those objects which are peculiar to it, and might attract notice, either by their novelty or merit. After a most condescending attention to the endeavours made to gratify the Royal Guests, one hour having been passed with Mr. O. Paul,

(who was particularly happy in arranging every branch of the woollen manufacture, so as to shew in regular gradation the whole process of making cloth), they partook of a *dejeuné* at Hill-House, and proceeded from thence to Spring-Park, the seat of Lord Ducie, where a cold collation was provided.

Friday morning, the King rode to this city from Cheltenham, attended only by his equerries, to pay a morning visit to the Bishop, with whom he passed an hour, and returned in the same private manner.

In the evening all the Royal Family went to the play, where they were addressed with the verses inserted in Page 101\*.

The next morning their Majesties and the Princesses left Cheltenham. They drove through the town slowly—the principal inhabitants, the nobility, and gentry, who are visitors, were assembled on both sides the street opposite the Plough. When the King and Queen passed them there was a very affecting scene; the King and Queen alternately, on both sides of the coach, taking their leave, and the assemblage, with a silent and dutiful respect, reverently bowing to a Monarch who has conducted himself towards them with the complaisance of a gentleman, and the true dignity of a King.—The music of the town played *God save the King*, in slow time, and the band of the 29th answered in response. In this gracious manner ended the visit to Cheltenham.—The same evening their Majesties arrived at Windsor.

## MARRIAGES.

**T**HE Rev. Mr. Samuel Lawry, Rector of Blunham, Bedfordshire, to Miss Carolina Golling, daughter of George Golling, Esq. of Whittou place.

John Drummond, Esq. Member for Shaftesbury, to the Right Hon. Lady Susan Fane, daughter of the late Duke of Gordon.

At St. Germain's, in France, the Right Hon. Lady Caroline Barry, only sister of the present Earl of Barrymore, to Count Melfort, a descendant of the Perth family.

John Bocket, jun. Esq. of New Bridge-street, to Miss B. Bradney, of Ham, Surrey.

The Rev. Mr. Owen, of Henley-upon-Thames, to Miss Ballard, daughter of Charles Ballard, Esq. of Chalgrove, Oxon.

Capt. Eben Berresford, in the East Country trade, to Mrs. Bulkeley, late of Covent-garden Theatre.

Richard Barnett Wyatt, Esq. of Hornchurch, Essex, to Miss Jane Barwis, of Marshalls, near Romford.

## MONTHLY OBITUARY for AUGUST 1788.

JULY 19.

**J**OHNSON DARRAND, Esq. at Woodcot Lodge, near Carshalton Surrey. He was an Elder Brother of the Trinity House, a Director of Greenwich Hospital, and served in three Parliaments as member for Aylesbury, Plympton Earl, and Seaford.

20. At Stanmore Lodge, Berks, the Hon. Ann Sophia Thornhill, wife of George Henry Thornhill, Esq.

Thomas Potter, Esq. of Manchester.

24. At Wapping, Capt. Philip Steel.

Lately, aged 84, the Rev. Thomas Collins, M. A. Vicar of Knarborough, in Yorkshire. He preached and published a

Sermon on the consecration of the chapel at Harlowgate, June 17, 1749.

25. Mr. Joseph Hudson, cabinet-maker, St. Paul's Church-yard.

Mr. Thomas Farrer, Prescot-street, Good-man's-fields.

27. James Croft, Esq. King-street, Covent-garden.

28. Dr. Withy, of Falcon-square.

Thomas Willis, Esq. of Swettenham, in Cheshire, aged 73

Francis Lys, Esq. Gosport.

Mr. Stephen Denny, wholesale linen-draper, London-bridge.

Lately,

Lately, at Dover, Mr. Francis Molloy, of that town.

29. Mr. Moreland, aged 85, formerly a watchcase-maker, in St. Anne's, Seno-square.

Mr. Thomas Carnan, bookfeller, in St. Paul's Church-yard.

30. Mrs. Lovell, wife of John Lovell, Esq. of Cole Park, in Wiltshire.

Charles Pym Burt, Esq. of Albemarle-street.

Lately, Thomas Cowper, Esq. Recorder of Chester, and one of his Majesty's Counsel.

31. Mr. Thomas Saint, many years printer and publisher of the Newcastle Courant. August 1. Mr. William Deakin, St. John-square, Clerkenwell.

Dr. Shebbeare (see page 83).

William Lowe, Esq. at Nottingham.

James Edgell, Esq. at Froome, in Somersetshire, aged 86.

2. Mr. Gainsborough, painter. (See p. 118).

John Taylor, Esq. many years Receiver of the Excise in the port of London.

Mr. Dicken, hog-merchant, Shrewsbury, aged 90.

Dr. Zachary Brooke, aged 73, Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity, in Cambridge, Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, Rector of Fornet, St. Mary and St. Peter, in Norfolk, and Vicar of Ickleton, in Cambridge-shire.

Dr. Nathaniel Cotton, at St. Alban's, author of "Vitions in Verse, for Younger Minds," some Poems in Doddsley's Collection, and "Observations on a particular Kind of Scarlet Fever, that lately prevailed in and about St. Alban's," 4to. 1749.

3. Mr. Joseph Grove, of Cork-street.

Mr. Donaldson, merchant, Cateaton-street.

John Robins, Esq. late Lieutenant Colonel of the 20th regiment of light dragoons.

Lately, Mrs. Pole, relict of Lieutenant General Pole.

Lately, in Dublin barracks, Lieutenant Colonel Douglas, of the 27th regiment of foot.

4. Mr. Thomas White, paper-maker and stationer, in Leopard's-court, Baldwin's-gardens.

Lately, John Blenkinsen Coulson, Esq. Justice of the Peace for Northumberland.

Lately, Michael Curry, printer, at Norwich. He was the person employed by Mr. Wilkes in the management of his printing.

5. The Lady of the Right Hon. Lord Colville, of Culrofs.

6. The Rev. Thomas Lord, Rector of Wel-netham and Roydon, in Suffolk, aged 86. He had possessed these rectories 61 years.

7. Mr. George Slaton, senior, surveyor and builder, Tacobald's-road.

John Fletcher, Esq. late of Rochester, in Kent.

8. The Right Hon. Richard Wingfield, Baron Wingfield, of Wingfield, in the coun-

ty of Wexford, and Viscount Powercourt in the county of Wicklow.

9. Mrs. Cuming, widow of George Cuming, late one of the Directors of the East India Company.

Lately, Capt. Burt, late of the marine at Chatham.

10. The Right Hon. Edward Turnour Garto Turnour, Earl of Winterton, of Gort, in the county of Galway, in Ireland.

Lately, Edmund Waller, Esq. of Hall Baron, Bucks, Master of St. Catherine's.

11. The Rev. Richard Sandbach, M. A. Rector of St. Dunstan's, Stepney.

The Rev. William Couperthwaite, Rector of Clopton, and Vicar of Bredfield, in Suffolk.

At Barnet, aged 107 years, Mr. Thomas Rees, formerly a merchant in the city.

Thomas Grady, Esq. of Hailey-street.

12. At Newton, Capt. Agnew, son of the late John Agnew, Esq.

Lately, Giles Husley, Esq. of Mainhill, Dorsetshire.

13. At Winchester, Mr. J. Raven, attorney at law, and deputy Clerk of the Peace for the county of Southampton.

Peter Calvert, LL. D. Official Principal of the Arches Court of Canterbury, and Master Keeper or Commissary of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

Mrs. Frogatt, wife of Mr. Frogatt, attorney.

14. Mr. William Andrews, late of Alder-gate-street.

At Etall House, Northumberland, Mrs. Jane Carr, sister of Sir Robert Carr, Barr. and aunt to the Countess of Errol.

Thomas Sheridan, Esq. (Memoirs of this gentleman will be inserted in our next).

15. Mr. Gunter, jun. of the city of London, merchant.

Andrew Hacket, Esq. sen. of Sutton Coldfield, aged 88.

Lately, Chappell Cox, A. M. formerly Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and late Rector of Exford.

16. Mr. Imison, a very ingenious mechanic, and author of a celebrated work called the School of Arts.

Mr. Caleb Crowther, merchant at Spennear Birthall.

Mr. Christopher Topham, master of the Talbot-inn, Leeds.

Capt. Philip Ballard, many years in the Leghorn trade.

17. Mrs. Drummond, wife of Mr. Geo. Drummond, banker, at Charing-cross.

Mrs. Mary Arden, of Stockport, aunt to the Master of the Rolls.

19. Mr. Burdett, surgeon, of Cateaton-street.

22. Mr. Pedder, formerly in partnership with Mr. Scottow, lace-merchant, in Wood-street.

24. Sir Charles Raymond, Bart.

