THE

European Magazine,

AND

LONDON REVIEW;

For OCTOBER, 1788.

[Embellished with, 1. A Portrait of MONS. NECKER, PRIME MINISTER of FRANCE. And 2. VIEW of Part of the CITY of BENARES.]

CONTAINING

LONDON:
Printed for J. SEWELL, Cornhill;
And J. DEBRETT, Piccadilly.

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS.

The account of the plays at Dover muſt be poſtponed unto a future time. They ſhall not be forgot.

J. W. A.—*A. R.*—*B. W.*—*Cynthius*—*Roger de Coverley*—*Achates*—*An Amateur de Bon Ton*—*George Griffin*—and *X. Y.* are received. The latter is left at the Publiſher's.

We are apprehenſive ſome of our Correſpondents favours have been miſlaid this month. *Charades* and *Rebuſſes* we never admit.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from Oct 13, to Oct. 18, 1788.

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

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

WALES, Oct. 6, to Oct. 11, 1788.

North Wales	5	7	4	2	2	11	1	8	4	9
South Wales	5	9	4	9	3	0	1	6	3	2

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

SEPTEMBER.

Barometer.		Thermom.	Wind.
26—29 — 79		61	S.
27—29 — 94		56	S. W.
28—29 — 87		53	S. W.
29—29 — 57		56	W. S. W.
30—29 — 90		55	W.

OCTOBER.

1—29 — 94		57	W.
2—29 — 94		62	W.
3—29 — 99		62	W.
4—30 — 06		62	W.
5—29 — 97		58	S. S. W.
6—29 — 64		58	S. W.
7—30 — 16		47	N.
8—30 — 55		47	N.
9—30 — 50		54	E.
10—30 — 44		52	E.
11—30 — 34		55	N. E.
12—30 — 32		54	N. E.
13—30 — 24		53	E.
14—30 — 25		53	N. E.
15—30 — 09		48	E.
16—29 — 62		45	W.
17—29 — 72		50	N.
18—30 — 17		42	N.
19—30 — 33		38	N.
20—30 — 29		38	S. S. W.
21—30 — 07		54	S. W.
22—30 — 26		51	W.
23—30 — 26		56	W.
24—30 — 28		52	S. S. W.
25—30 — 12		46	N.
26—30 — 17		47	W.
27—30 — 07		48	N. W.
28—29 — 98		45	W.

PRICES of STOCKS, Oct. 29, 1788.

Bank Stock, 173 ⅛ a ¼

New 4 per Cent 1777, ſhut, 94 ⅛ a 3-4ths

5 per Cent. Ann. 1785, 114 1-4th

3 per Cent. red. 74 5-8ths a 3-4ths

3 per Cent Conſ. 75 ½ a 5-8ths

3 per Cent. 1725,—

3 per Cent. 1751, —

3 per Ct. Ind. An. 70 1-8th

South Sea Stock, —

Old S. S. Ann. 74 ¼

New S. S. Ann. —

India Bonds, 72s. pr.

India Stock, —

New Navy & Vict Bills 1 ⅞

Long Ann. ſhut 22 1-4th a 5 16ths

Ditto Short 1778 and 1779, 13 3-8th. a 7-16ths

Exchequer Bills, —

Lot. Tick. 16l. 5s. 6d.

Iriſh ditto, —

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW,

For OCTOBER, 1788.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An ACCOUNT of MONS. NECKER, PRIME MINISTER of FRANCE.

[With a PORTRAIT of HIM.]

THE annals of mankind have ſeldom ſhewn what is to be found in the accompliſhed Miniſter of France, an union of politics and philoſophy; a mind adapted equally to the elevation of ſublime contemplation, and to the low drudgery of official buſineſs; a temper formed to bear proſperity without inſolence, and adverſity without diſcontent: in ſhort, that aſſemblage of qualities ſo rarely met with, which once were poſſeſſed by our great countryman Clarendon, and which have conferred renown on ſome of the greateſt men of antiquity.

Monſ. NECKER is a Swiſs by birth; his anceſtors originally from Cuſtrin. His father was a profeſſor at Geneva, who gave him an ordinary education. All that is known of his early years is, that he frequently obtained the prize for his performances at his college. In his youth he inclined to poetical purſuits; and, among other pieces, wrote three comedies, wherein one of his panegyriſts aſſerts may be found the wit and ſpirit of Moliere. Even at this time he ſometimes ſubmits to deſcend from his attention to the vaſt concerns with which he has been intruſted, and unbends his mind by poetical indulgences. A ſatirical eulogium, entitled "The Happineſs of Fools," in imitation of Eraſmus's Praiſe of Folly, exhibits ſtrong marks of a mind capable of very oppoſite purſuits. At the age of twenty years he wrote a comedy, after the manner of the *Femmes Savantes* of Moliere, which his friends highly applauded, but without being able to prevail with him to permit its repreſentation. He entered very young into the office of his uncle Monſ. Vernet at Paris, and in the courſe of a year was found ſufficiently qualified to take the direction of the houſe. When he was about twenty-five years of age, he became known to the Abbe Raynal, who ſoon diſcovered in him thoſe great powers of mind which promiſed to bring about an æra in the finances of France. He ſaw the intereſts of commerce with the eyes of a politician and a philoſopher, of which his enquiries into the affairs of the Eaſt-India Company may be adduced as a proof. Of his early writings we may mention his *Eloge on Colbert*, which obtained the prize at the Academy in 1773; his treatiſe on the trade of corn, of which four editions were printed in the ſpace of one month; his collection of edicts, with notes, preſented to the King; his treatiſe on the adminiſtration of provinces; and his *Compte rendu au Roi*. Theſe laborious works, though ſufficient to fill up the time of moſt men, have not ſo entirely occupied Mr. Necker as to prevent him from mixing in the world, where his deportment has been marked with thoſe traits of politeneſs and good-breeding which were ſo much prized by the late Lord Cheſterfield. At the time of a great ſcarcity, Geneva, the place of his education, was indebted to him for many beneficial advices. In 1776 he came to London, where he very ſpeedily made himſelf maſter of the theory of the Engliſh funds. At the end of that year he was named Director of the Royal Treaſury in France, and in the year after Director-general of the Finances. Removed from this elevated ſituation, he preſerved in his retreat the general eſteem of mankind, the nation which he had governed adored him for his integrity, and the Miniſter who ſucceeded him frequently aſked his aſſiſtance. He conſtantly refuſed every grati-

fication which his Sovereign was desirous of making him. His house was built according to his rank and fortune; but in the midst of his wealth he hath preserved in his person the simplicity of a sage.

In 1765, he married Mad. Curchod, daughter of the Pastor of Crassy, in the country of Vaudois. She had joined to a learned education given by her father all the accomplishments of her sex. Employed like her husband in the service of humanity, she has contributed very greatly to the reformation of the hospitals. Her husband, however, hath made the best eulogium on her in his *Compte rendu au Roi*.

During the time of his retirement he wrote a very excellent work on the Importance of Religious Opinions, calculated to stem the torrent of infidelity which so generally prevails in Europe. "It appears to me," says he in the introduction, "that there are interests which may be considered as patriotic by intelligent and feeling beings; and while the inhabitants of the same country, and the subjects of the same prince, employ themselves diligently in one common plan of defence, the citizens of the world ought to be incessantly anxious to give every new and possible support to those exalted opinions on which the true greatness of their existence is founded; which preserves the imagination from that frightful spectacle of an existence without origin, of action without liberty, and futurity without hope. Thus after having, as I think, proved myself a citizen of France by my administration, as well as my writings, I wish to unite myself to a fraternity still more extended, that of the whole human race: it is thus, without dispersing our sentiments, we may be able, nevertheless, to communicate ourselves a great way off, and enlarge in some measure the limits of our circle: glory be to our thinking faculties for it! to that spiritual portion of ourselves which can take in the past, dart into futurity, and intimately associate itself with the destiny of men of all countries, and of all ages. Without doubt a veil is thrown over the greater part of those truths to which our curiosity would willingly attain; but those which a beneficent God has permitted us to see, are amply sufficient for our guide and instruction; and we cannot for a continuance divert our attention without a species of slothful negligence, and a total indifference to the superior interests of man. How little is every thing indeed when put in competition with those meditations which give to our existence a new extent, and which, in detaching us from the dust of the earth, seem to unite our souls to an infinity of space, and our duration of a day to the eternity of time! Above all, it is for you to determine, who have sensibility, who feel the want of a Supreme Being, and who seek to find in Him that support so necessary to your weakness; that defender, and that assurance, without which painful inquietude will be perpetually tormenting you, and troubling those soft tender affections which constitute your happiness." The whole of this excellent work deserves a very attentive perusal.

Of the controversy between M. Calonne and M. Necker we shall take no notice at present, as it may possibly be the object of a future article. Among the advantages which the European world is indebted to our statesman for, we ought not to forget the pains he has taken to introduce foreign plants to our climate. Many experiments he has made to naturalize the bread-tree brought from Surinam. The produce of this vegetable may hereafter become a very valuable present to Europe, and future times may have cause to bless the person who introduced it.

M. Necker is entitled to the thanks of every Frenchman for his attention to the canal in Picardy, an enterprize by many supposed impracticable. By his persuasions artificers have been sent to different places, and the scheme is now deemed possible to be executed. The work is again recommenced, and is expected to be finished in two years. When this great work is compleated, the communication will be open by water from Amsterdam to Nantes; and when the Loire is joined to the Saone, as it is proposed, it will extend to Beaucare.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

THE HETEROCLITE.

NUMBER I.

I'll do my best
To make as much waste paper as the rest. POPE.

WHAT, for heaven's sake, have we here? Novelty, Sir, novelty. Variety is the cordial of Life; and if "a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, apprehensions, motions, revolutions," can please you, I am determined you shall be pleased.

This first number, as is usually the custom with

with former lucubrators, ought to be, and therefore muſt be, a ſort of *Explanatory Preface* to the reſt.—Know then, Gentle Reader, that ſo much is there in me of a true-born Engliſhman, as above every thing elſe to give the preference to Liberty.—For this and ſundry other weighty reaſons, which as it concerns not thee to know, neither doth it behove me to ſpeak, I have made choice of the above very *comprehenſive*, and, I truſt, equally *comprehenſible*, title of *The Heteroclite*, thereby allowing that ſcope to my imagination, which, from the extenſiveneſs of its nature, it ſeems inclinable to demand. The extenſiveneſs of its nature!! Good Mr. Infidel, bear with me a moment, and if by and by I afford you not proof of its extenſiveneſs, never place confidence in a coat of Joſeph's colour more. I may, I think, take for granted (which grant I intend making uſe of as my foundation-ſtone) that we are in general ſo conſtituted, as *now and then* to be *ſerious*—*frequently merry*—*more frequently mad*. This is *my* conſtitution: that "he has ever but ſlenderly known himſelf," has been reported of me from my youth up. There is alſo implanted within me (to what good and laudable purpoſe I am not aware) a very forcible tendency to *deviation*. Now I would fain learn what this tendency bodes. Is it a mark of *genius?* I doubt not—for could eccentricity make a genius, I had certainly been one long ago—and yet I don't find that any have hitherto *worſhipp'd* me as ſuch, or as ſuch have "peruſed me by items." Be that, however, as it may, if the *Editor of the European Magazine*—as all *epiſodes* may lawfully be *cut out* of a diſcourſe, ſo I have doubly parentheſiſed off the following *extempore* one—((The *European Magazine*, though almoſt as good as it can be, and in my humble opinion much better than for a mere periodical publication it need to be, has, nevertheleſs, not arrived to the very *pinnacle of perfection*. The glorious taſk of exalting "high above all height" is reſerved for *The Heteroclite*, and *The Heteroclite only*. What though the ſly *Peeper* has got the ſtart—has *immortalized* No. 1—yet will he not ſtoop—will he not hide his diminiſhed head, when he beholds a *Heteroclite* immortalizing even his *Immortalizer?* when he beholds No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, *ad infinitum*, beaming as they expand eternal luſtre on the *Olive of Europe?* But enough—ſound not thine own praiſes—blow not thine own trumpet. What though thy literary knowledge *be* univerſal! what though thou be a proficient in the *Pathos*, the *Bathos*, the *Catachreſis*, the *Metonymy*, the *Synecdoche*, the *Apoſiopeſis*, &c. &c. &c. down to the very *Jargon*, the *Paranomaſia*, the *Puny*, the *Pert*, the *Finical*—what, I ſay, though thou be converſant with theſe, and each of theſe, nay, ten thouſand times ten thouſand more than theſe,—art thou therefore a prater of thine own perfections? Rather take time. Let him be thy trumpet.))—If the *Editor of the European Magazine*, to whom I am under ſome obligations for former trifling inſertions, but ſo eaſy is the burden that willingly would I, if poſſible, increaſe thoſe obligations—if he will for once venture to privilege a *Madman*, I in return will be bound either to reſtore ſome dear, dear *Relatives* to their proper ſenſes, or, therein failing, periſh in the attempt. Whether my requeſt be or be not granted, a lunar period determines. But ſhould I be fortunate enough to find this *Paper of Patchwork* in the next month's Magazine, then

"Tremble, thou wretch
"That haſt within thee undivulged crimes
"Unwhipt of Juſtice!"

We muſt all do what we can; and *threatening*, you know, gentlemen, is a pointed property of *non-performance*.

'What does the fellow mean by cramming us with ſuch a farrago of nonſenſe?'—What does the fellow mean! Caſt thine eye *upward*—behold my *Motto*—then put your queſtion.

Jeſt however apart: I ſhall in my future Numbers, as occaſion may require, put on every now and then the *Dignity of Seriouſneſs*, leſt a familiarity of *Flippancy* in the brain of the writer breed a *Cauſtic* or *Contempt* in the mind of the reader. You muſt not therefore be ſurpriz'd! you muſt not with eyes upliſted and mouth extended, gape, ſtare, and ſtand a ſtatue, if from a *Merry-Andrew* you ſuddenly ſee me metamorphoſed into a *Divine*, from a *Divine* into a *Critic*, from a *Critic* into a *Poet*, and from a *Poet* into a mere *Will o' th' Wiſp*—into a *Shadow of Shades*—into a *Nothing at all*.

Having thus, as I think, ſufficiently forewarn'd you what you are to expect, you cannot, I truſt, be in any vaſt danger of diſappointment, unleſs you are *reſolved* to think more highly of me than from the *tattered Specimen* exhibited you are authorized to think. Here then drop the curtain—'Tis done—the *Sun* is vaniſhed—and, *Eager Expectation!* remain thou in the *dark* till the return of *The Heteroclite* again lightens thy *hemiſphere*.

The

The OLD MAN of THIRTY, and the YOUNG MAN of EIGHTY YEARS!

A MORAL TALE. By WIELAND.

IN the reign of the Caliph Haroun Al Raſchid, it happened that a rich Emir of Yemen had the misfortune, at his return from Damaſcus, to be attacked by robbers in the mountains of Arabia Petræa. The Turks were ſo uncivil as to maſſacre his whole retinue: they carried off the beautiful women, that for the ſake of oſtentation he had with him, and then fled back into the mountains with as much haſte as they had approached. Luckily the Emir had fallen into a ſwoon at the beginning of the fray, ſo that the robbers, after deſpoiling him of his money and clothes, left him lying among his attendants, without enquiring whether he was dead or alive.

The good Emir, when he came to himſelf, made great lamentation on perceiving his ſituation. He found himſelf among unknown mountains, without tents, proviſions, women, eunuchs, cooks or clothes. But, in order to underſtand the following hiſtory, it is neceſſary that the reader ſhould have a lively idea of the circumſtances of the Emir, to obtain which I take the liberty of intreating that he will put himſelf for a moment in the Emir's place, and think what he would have done on ſuch a trying occaſion.

Upon due reflection, the Emir found it was neceſſary to reſolve on one thing, which, for want of practice, ſeemed to him very diſtreſſing; that was, to put his legs in motion, and endeavour to find a road out of thoſe mountainous deſarts. The ſun was juſt about quitting our hemiſphere, when, with incredible fatigue, he came to a place in the mountains, that ſhewed him a valley beautiful beyond the power of imagination to conceive. The ſight of ſome well-built houſes among groves of trees made him exert the remains of his ſtrength, to arrive before the cloſe of the day. The way he had come, and that he had ſtill to go, was not ſo long as that which a young villager ſkips over morning and night for a kiſs of his miſtreſs; but it was a laborious journey for the enervated limbs of our Emir. He ſtopped ſo often to take breath, that it was night before he reached the neareſt of the houſes. This ſeemed to him a rural palace, though built only of wood: the ſound of muſic, and other ſigns of gaiety, which had ſtruck his ear at a diſtance, increaſed his aſtoniſhment at finding ſuch objects in ſuch a place. As he had never read any thing but fairy tales, it came into his head at firſt, that all that had happened to him was enchantment. But his neceſſities ſoon got the better of this idea; he knocked at the door, and demanded an aſylum for that night. The ſingular contraſt of pride and miſery that appeared in his demeanour, would perhaps have expoſed him to a refuſal, if the inhabitants had not held ſacred the law of hoſpitality. The Emir was conducted, with every mark of friendſhip and cordiality, to a little parlour, where he was invited to repoſe himſelf on a ſopha, plain indeed, but furniſhed with very ſoft cuſhions. A little afterwards two young ſlaves attended him to the bath, where they ſprinkled him with perfumes, and preſented him with clothes made in the ſimpleſt faſhion, but of very fine cotton cloth. A female ſlave, more beautiful than any he had ever ſeen in his ſeraglio, entered with a theorbo, and began to chant the pleaſure they enjoyed at having received ſo agreeable a gueſt. The Emir was more at a loſs than ever to know what he ſhould think of all this; but the figure and voice of the fair ſlave made him incline to imagine, that ſhe was a houri of paradiſe.

He was ſcarcely dreſſed, when a domeſtic appeared, and made him a ſign, without ſpeaking, to follow him. The Emir approached a great hall elegantly illuminated: as the door opened, there iſſued a delightful odour of jaſmin, of roſes, and of orange flowers. A number of little tables, round which were ſophas of exquiſite beauty, were ſpread with a cloth white as ſnow. In the middle of the hall, there was aſſembled a number of people of both ſexes, who welcomed the Emir with open arms, and who, by the noble beauty of their perſons, and the lively expreſſion of goodneſs and joy thrown over their manners, ſtruck him with the moſt agreeable ſurpriſe. A venerable old man, with grey hairs, was ſeated in the uppermoſt place of the ſopha, in an attitude indicating the enjoyment of healthful reſt after labour. The fire of a great ſoul ſtill ſhone in his animated eyes; eighty years of a happy life had marked his brow with but a few faint wrinkles, and the colour of health, like a roſe in autumn, was ſtill ſeen on his cheek. "It is our father," ſaid the young people, as they conducted the Emir to the old man.

This laſt did not offer to riſe, but, taking the hand of the Emir, he preſſed it with honeſt freedom, and unaffectedly expreſſed the joy he felt at having him for a gueſt. How-

ever,

ever, it must be owned, that, notwithstanding this gracious reception, there was something in the first look which the old man cast upon the Emir, that cannot well be described; something between pity and contempt, something—in short, it was the look with which an amateur considers the mutilated statues of a Praxiteles, partaking a little of the indignation with which such a man would eye the Goth that had maimed them.

In order to account for this, we must give the reader a sketch of the character of this Emir. He had been, from his youth, a rake of the first fashion, one of those men who think they have been created to eat, to drink, and to divert themselves with women; and who, in order to recruit themselves after these toilsome employments, spend the half of their days and of their nights in sleep, from which they awake only to betake themselves to the same occupations. He was ambitious of being thought the ablest disciple of Epicurus, the most favoured votary of Bacchus, and the most valiant hero in those feats in which the sparrow and the mole laughed him to scorn. When a man is so unfortunate as to possess the means of gratifying such an ambition, he is soon obliged to have recourse to opium and other stimulants to procure false appetites. The Emir, though born with a very robust constitution, now found himself, at thirty years of age, reduced to the necessity of supplicating the aid of cooks and of quacks, whose inventions never failed to procure him an hour of pain for a moment of pleasure.

He was surprised to recover, at the table of his old host, an appetite he had long lost. Two things had contributed to produce this effect; a fast of twenty-four hours, and the exercise he had been forced to take. He thought himself seated with the favourites of the Prophet. The feast was simple, but exquisite; there were none of those rare but poisoned dishes that distinguish the tables of princes. The Emir could not but confess that the wine seemed as old as his host, and that the fruits were as delicious as nature could produce under the happiest climates.

Is all this enchantment? said the Emir to himself. Who is this old man who preserves, with hoary hairs, so fresh a complexion, and who eats and drinks with as much appetite as if he was only entering upon life? He could not contain his astonishment; but the agreeable conversation of all but himself, with the easy and engaging manners with which he was treated, made him unable to compose the different thoughts that agitated his mind.

(To be continued.)

OBSERVATIONS on the ANTIQUITY of CARD-PLAYING in ENGLAND.

By the Hon. DAINES BARRINGTON.

Inscribed to the Rev. Mr. BOWLE.

[FROM ARCHÆOLOGIA, VOL. VIII.]

SINCE the last paper which I had the honour to lay before the Society, giving some account of a picture representing Lord Burleigh with three others playing at cards, I have found some confirmation that those exhibited in the hand of one of these players relate to Primero *, because the Sydney papers mention † that Queen Elizabeth formed a party at this game with the Lord Treasurer, Mr. Secretary, and the Lord North.

I am since informed likewise, that this picture was purchased by Mr. Bird of Hanover-square.

I proceed to give the best account I am able of the first introduction of this pastime now become so general.

The earliest mention of cards that I have yet stumbled upon, is in Mr. Anstis's History of the Garter ‡, where he cites the following passage from the Wardrobe Rolls, in the sixth year of Edward the First.

"Waltero Sturton ad opus regis ad ludendum *ad quatuor reges* VIII s. v. d. ‖" from which entry Mr. Anstis with some probability conjectures, that *playing cards* were not unknown at the latter end of the thirteenth century; and perhaps what I shall add may carry with it some small confirmation of what he thus supposes.

Edward the First (when Prince of Wales) served nearly five years in Syria, and therefore, whilst military operations were suspended, must naturally have wished some sedentary amusements. Now the Asiatics

* This ancient game is sometimes written *Primera*.

† Sydney Papers, vol. I. p. 154.

‡ Vol. II. p. 307.

‖ This entry seems to have been communicated to Mr. Anstis by some other person.

scarcely

scarcely ever change their customs: and, as they play at cards (though in many respects different from ours §) it is not improbable that Edward might have been taught the game *ad quatuor reges*, whilst he continued so long in this part of the globe.

If, however, this article in the wardrobe account is not allowed to allude to *playing cards*, the next writer who mentions the more early introduction of them is P. Menestrier *, who, from such another article in the privy-purse expences of the Kings of France, says, that they were provided for Charles the Sixth by his limner, after that king was deprived of his senses in 1392.—The entry is the following: "Donné a Jacquemin Gringonneur, Peintre, pour *trois jeux* de Cartes, a or "et a diverses couleurs, de plusieurs devises, "pour porter vers le dit Seigneur Roi pour "son abatement, cinquante six sols Parisis."

I must own, that I have some doubts whether this entry really relates to *playing cards*, though it is admitted that *trois jeux de cartes* would now signify *three packs* of cards. The word *jeu*, however, had anciently a more extensive import than at present; and Cotgrave in his Dictionary applies it to a *chest* of violins, *jeu* de violons. I therefore rather conceive that the *trois jeux de Cartes*, in this article, means three sets of illuminations upon paper; *carte* originally signifying no more †.

If this be the right interpretation of the terms, we see the reason why Gringonneur, limner to Charles VI. was employed, and these three sets of illuminations would entertain the king during his infanity by their variety, as three sets of wooden prints would now amuse a child better than one; whilst on the other hand one pack of cards would not have been sufficient for a mad king, who probably would tear them in pieces upon the first run of bad luck.

How this same king, moreover, was to be taught, or could play a game at cards whilst he was out of his senses, is not very apparent; and the physician who permitted such amusement to his majesty seems not to have considered the ill consequence to his health by losses at play, which so much inflame the passions. Some stress likewise may be laid upon this entry not being followed by another ‡ of money issued to the winners, as there seems to be little doubt but that his Majesty in this state of mind must have been, in modern terms, a *pigeon* to his *hawks* of courtiers.

Another observation to be made upon this entry is, that the year 1392 cannot be justly fixed upon as the date of this invention; for though Charles the Sixth lost his senses at that time, yet he lived thirty years afterward; so it will not be fair to suppose these cards were made the first year of his phrensy, but to take the middle year of these thirty, which would bring it to 1407. At that time, indeed, this amusement seems to have become more general, as in 1426 ‖ no person was permitted to have in their house "tabliers, eschiquiers, *quartes*," &c. which last word I conclude to be the same with *cartes* or *cards* §.

It seems moreover to afford a strong presumption against Mr. Anstis's explanation of the game *ad quatuor reges* (known to our Edward the First), that cards are not alluded to by such an article in the wardrobe rolls, because we hear nothing about them, either in Rymer's Fœdera, or our statute book, till towards the latter end of the reign of Henry VIII ¶.

This sort of amusement, however, was not unknown to the court at least of Henry VII. for in the year 1502, when the daughter of that king was married to James the Fourth of Scotland, she played at cards soon after her arrival at Edinburgh **.

(To be continued.)

§ "For their pastimes within doors they have cards differing from ours in the figures "and number of suits," Pietro della Valle.

Niebbur (in his Travels) also mentions the use of Chinese cards, p. 139, and says, that the Arabians call this amusement *Lab-el-kamer*. We have chess likewise from the Asiatics.

* *Bibliotheque Instructive et Curieuse.*

† Paper also in the fourteenth century was a modern invention.

‡ Our worthy member, Mr. Orde, hath lately favoured me with the perusal of Henry the Seventh's private expences, by which it appears that money was issued at three several times for his losses at cards.

‖ Monstrelet in anno—Menestrier is also quoted for a synod held at Langres, by which the clergy are forbid the use of cards so early as 1404.

§ Ludus chartaceus *quartarum* seu chartarum. Junius in Etymologico.

¶ Whilst I am correcting this page for the press, Mr. Nichols (printer to the Society) hath referred me to 4 Edw. IV. Rot. Parl. Membr. VI where *playinge cardes* are enumerated amongst several other articles which are not to be imported. In 1540, Henry VIII. grants the office custodis *ludorum* in Calesia, amongst which games *cards* are enumerated. Rymer in anno.

They are first forbid in Scotland by an act only of James the Sixth.

** Appendix to the third volume of Leland's Collectanea, p. 284.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

THE PEEPER.

NUMBER II.

——Μινυθα δε γιγνεται Ηβης
Καρπος οσον τ' επι γην κιδναται ηελιω. MIMNERMUS.

WHEN I commenced this paper, I had therein the amuſement of a particular friend very much at heart; but ſince that period, the relentleſs executioner of fate hath deſtroyed my moſt pleaſing expectations and flattering proſpects by cutting the thread of her valuable life. At the commencement of one week I was happy, for ſhe was well and lively; ere the cloſe of the next, miſery had ſhed over my ſoul its moſt baneful influence, for ſhe was dead.

My readers will therefore readily pardon me when they are informed, that for ſome time they are to expect nothing but ſerious diſquiſitions. Such a deep ſhadow of diſtreſs as that which beclouds my mind, cannot be ſuddenly diſſipated: that muſt be the gradual work of tardy time.

I am in hopes, however, that even the melancholy reveries of a child of ſorrow will prove a little amuſing, if not otherwiſe beneficial, both to them and to myſelf.

The Greek motto which ſtands at the head of this paper, contains a very important and ſtriking truth:

—Our youthful time is ſhort,
As when the ſun is ſpread upon the earth.

The metaphor is certainly the moſt proper and elegant that could have been conceived. Though the glorious beams of the fountain of light and heat diffuſe general beauty and pleaſure around, refreſhing both animal and vegetable nature, yet it is but a very few ſhort hours and we ſhall experience a total alteration. Soon doth the ruler of day deſcend to beſtow his all-cheering benefits upon the inhabitants of the other hemiſphere, leaving this, for a time, to torpid ſilence and ſolitary darkneſs.

Thus is it with human life! Though we wanton for a little while amid the ſunſhine of youthful health and proſperity; yet the ſhadows of evening increaſe rapidly upon us, wherein we muſt ſuffer many chilling colds and unwholeſome dews, beſides paſſing thro' ſeveral tedious hours of black indifference, without any proſpect of the gaieties of youth ever returning upon us. When old age pours its ſnow upon our heads, freezes the blood in our veins, and bends our whole frame towards our primitive duſt, we look back upon the days of youthful delight with pain, and tacitly blame the conduct of him who ordained them to be ſo ſhort. And the cauſe is obvious; for continually in our progreſſion towards this period, *Hope* preſented ſome charming proſpect before us, and flattered us, that when we arrived there we ſhould meet with much greater happineſs than any we had yet experienced. But when, after a conſtant ſucceſſion of *hopes* and *diſappointments*, we reach the advanced poſt of mortality, this pleaſing deceiver leaves us, *darkneſs* reſts on the future, and our minds now experience various contrary agitations. We ſhrink a few ſteps from the precipice to which we are arrived, and look back with anxious recollection on the country we have journeyed through. When we ſee the ſunbeams gilding the far diſtant hills behind, and reflection tells us that the people there are dancing with chearful glee, as we were wont to do, the ſigh of uneaſineſs involuntarily breaks forth from our hearts, the tear of painful recollection ſteals down our cheeks, and we wiſh to be young again.

But this is not all the *vanity of life* implied in the metaphor we are conſidering.

When the young day breaks forth from the eaſtern ſkies, the morning may be beautifully ſerene, the riſing of the ſun delightfully glorious, ſo as to promiſe many long hours of pleaſure, and in the proſpect thereof we form many grand ſchemes of buſineſs or amuſement; yet on a ſudden the atmoſphere may be filled with black and heavy clouds, and the ſun not be ſeen again during the whole day.

So when the new-born infant bleſſes his parents hearts with the moſt pleaſing ſenſations and agreeable hopes, they look forwards into future life, and behold this their darling meaſuring over a large extent of time with honour, virtue, and proſperity attending his ſteps: they contemplate alſo the fond idea of grand-children crowding around their aged knees, learning the leſſons of wiſdom and experience from their lips, and ſoothing by innumerable kind actions and tender expreſſions the pains of decaying mortality. They flatter themſelves, that they ſhall ſink peaceably into the arms of friendly death, amid the weeping circle of virtuous and numerous

merous defcendants. But how foon do all thefe agreeable profpects vanifh, by the death of the dear foundation on which they were erected. No fooner doth the little vifitant enter upon the ftage, and juft remain long enough to excite the ftrongeft defires and expectations, but it fuddenly difappears, and leaves us in a forrowful furprife.

But fhould the refplendent orb delight us for fome hours, and arrive nearly to the meridian of his glory, and in the enjoyment of which all our paffions and faculties are perhaps deeply engaged, yet fo uncertain is the ftate of the air, that we are not fure of one hour's continuance of fair weather.

So, though we fhould form to ourfelves as many and as great defigns as we will, and labour intenfely in the execution of them; indulge the gaiety of our hearts; wanton in all the delights the youthful feafon affords, and build many magnificent and pleafant hopes on the aflurance of lengthening out our lives to the extremeft verge of human mortality; yet we build upon the weakeft of all foundations: for even the coming moment is not ours, and probably never may, fo precarious is the life of man. The feeds of death are fown at our nativity; they may lie dormant for a conliderable time, or they may perhaps grow up very gradually, and fuffer us to reach the period of extreme old age, ere they fpread their fatal influence upon us. It is as likely, however, that an opportunity may be made for them to fhoot up and deftroy us inftantaneoufly.

Thus was it with the lively, the beautiful, the virtuous and ingenious *Ophelia!* She was juft entered upon her twenty-third year, a time of life when we indulge the warmeft hopes and moft delightful expectations; the tidal current of life runs high in our veins, and our hearts indulge a thoufand gay thoughts and innumerable pleafing fchemes. The fouls of Ophelia's parents were bound up in their lovely daughter, and fhe loved them with the pureft affection. How many fond ideas did they entertain of her future life! They thought to have feen themfelves multiplied in the beautiful branches which fhould iffue from their favourite fcyon! They were delighted to obferve how univerfally fhe was beloved; for fo fweetly beneficent was her temper, and mildly affable her behaviour, that every perfon who knew her was her friend; even her female companions beheld her with delight, and the men with admiration.

But though fhe was fweetly condefcending unto all, yet fhe had fuch an exquifite judgement, that fhe knew who were worthy of her *friendfhip*; and them fhe bleffed. Did any forrow alight upon their manfions, fhe ran to fhare it, to mingle her tears with theirs, and to pour the friendly balm into their wounded hearts. Or did the voice of joy diffufe itfelf, fhe would haften, with eager delight, to partake of and to heighten it. No tincture of envy entered her breaft; her friends forrows were truly her forrows, and her friends joys were indeed her joys.

The elegance of her language, when fhe vouchfafed to fet pen to paper, could only be equalled by the elevated purity of her fentiments; and when fhe could be brought to give her opinion, either of mankind or of books, the profoundeft fon of reafon could not have withheld his acquiefcence.

But what raifed her character to the higheft degree of human perfection, was the goodnefs of her heart. Her ideas of decorum, virtue, and behaviour, were fo refinedly pure, that fhe would have awed the vileft libertine into temporary virtue. But at the fame time that fhe was thus far removed even from the fhadow of vice, fhe had not the leaft part of that ridiculous prudery which, while it feems to fecrete a woman clofeft from cenfure, generally attracts, and that oftentimes juftly, the greater fufpicion upon her. But Ophelia was open, and entirely free from all affectation of difguife, for fhe needed none. Religious enthufiafm is quite natural to the fair fex, and is indeed an evidence of the tendernefs of their hearts: a flight tint of it, therefore, is generally to be found in a woman of exquifite fenfibility; but Ophelia, though fhe had the pureft ideas of practical religion, took care to build them upon the broad and folid bafis of reafon. She faw the Chriftian revelation in all its glorious beauty;—the current ftream of it, *love*, was congenial unto her own foul; fhe imbibed the full force of that amiable principle; and while fhe was enamour'd with, fhe took effectual care to practife, the *morality of the gofpel*. "My "views of the Deity and his benevolence in "the future world," faid fhe to me in one of our many delightful and improving converfations which I fhall never, I hope, forget, "are "not bounded by the prefent dark appearance "of things: I can look into the *immortal* "*fcene* with the delight of a mind conficious "of its integrity, and animated by the af- "furance that the mercy of the *Almighty* ex- "tends to all his works, and *endureth for* "ever!—Let ignorant and bigotted *enthu-* "*fiafts* endeavour to cloud the mind with "frightful darknefs, and to feare it with ri- "diculous chimeras, as though they were "the arbiters of future bliffs or woe; I am "thoroughly fenfible, that He who alone "poffeffeth the power of life and death, will "not be delighted in the mifery of feeble "and erring creatures; and I reft aflured, "that our *friendfhip and love* will be per- "fected in glory hereafter."

When

When we add, that to such bright mental powers she joined an elegance of form, and an assemblage of the most lovely personal graces, the loss of so accomplished a mortal, so valuable a friend, must be a stroke exceedingly acute, and painfully felt. To us who survive, her death is indeed an irretrievable and unspeakable misfortune; but to her it is an inestimable and unspeakable gain.

While I drop this tribute of respect to thy memory, accompanied with the flowing tears which result from a recollection of thy virtues, I will at the same time endeavour to trace thee, dear Ophelia, unto thy native skies.—Kindred angels attended compassionately around thy dying bed, and while we beheld the powers of life sinking within thee, with dreadful anxiety,—they contemplated the scene with pleasure, as conscious that they should have thy sweet society all to themselves. And when thy spirit was loosened entirely from its prisoning clay, they eagerly took thee under their convoy, and bore thee off from this distressful scene, on their gentle wings, to the portals of the heavenly city: there they introduced thee to thy parent God, unto whom thy melodious voice instantly poured forth the effusions of love and gratitude, for so great a favour as an *early immortality*. But may I not suppose that thou still retainest thy *love* and thy *friendship* for thy yet mortal friends, although thou art taken from us to the glorious society of worthier beings?—Yes; thou reflectest upon many tender scenes and actions with pleasure, and as thou always wert wont, so now thou dost, pity and pray for us.

A few steps more, and a short time longer, will bring us also to the same degree of glory and perfection. Walking in the same path of virtue, and favoured with the same divine mercy, we shall share at length thy *love* and *friendship*, and rejoice in thy sweet society through the countless ages of an eternity of increasing happiness.

If, in the season of affliction for the loss of virtuous friends, we could be thus brought to look forwards to the approaching period of meeting them, instead of being swallowed up in a useless and even sinful flood of grief, joy would beam upon our souls a ray of the most extatic comfort; and the greater our love for the deceased was, so much greater would be our pleasure on looking towards the happy season.

The Christian religion commands us to *weep as though we wept not*; that is, while we indulge the natural sorrows of our hearts, not to *weep* or mourn as though we despaired of ever enjoying the company of our friends again, or expected no season of comfort. "While, therefore," as the Apostle says, "we "look not at the things which are seen, but "at the things which are not seen; for the "things which are seen are temporal, but the "things which are not seen are eternal: for "our light affliction which is but for a mo-"ment worketh out for us a far more ex-"ceeding and eternal weight of glory:" let the young and the lively learn from this, and from various other instances, the vanity of life; and, considering how soon it may be ended with them for ever, contemn the follies and vicious pleasures of fleeting sense.—These will not, they cannot, smooth the couch of old age, ease the aching head, or animate the wounded heart, when lying on our last bed. If virtuous reflection doth not then inspire us with cheering hope, *death* will indeed be a dreadful stroke not only to ourselves, but to our surviving friends.—Soon shall the wintry season of life overtake us, or the barbed arrow of relentless death send us into *eternity*. In either case, therefore, it behoveth us, above all things, to *consider our ways*, and to prepare for futurity. "Re-"member thy Creator in the days of thy "youth, while the evil days come not, nor "the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, "I have no pleasure in them."

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I BEG leave to return you my thanks for the insertion of a letter which I scribbled over in my rooms at Oxford. I will own that my mind felt a pleasing gratification when I saw my (otherwise perishable) commodities preserved in one of the most instructive Monthly Miscellanies this age has produced.

But to proceed. As in my last I gave you some account of three juvenile productions, I will in this also inform you of *one*, and endeavour to obviate the few objections that have been made against it.

You may remember that I asserted, from pretty good authority, that the Westminsters had it in agitation to bring out a work similar to the Microcosm; and in a note you added, that in the intermediate space between the writing and insertion of my letter my information had proved true, and that the Trifler was the name of the work. Well, Sir, I have read it as far as it has proceeded, and my expectation was more than answered. There is a variety in it both with regard to style and subject, that will make it a formidable rival of Gregory Griffin. Timothy Touch-

ſtone (for that is the aſſumed name of the author) touches the foibles of the day with humour, irony, and ſometimes with ſeriouſneſs. His poetry, of which there is abundance, though not too much, is elegant and eaſy. But I am afraid a teſtimony of my approbation may by ſome of your readers be conſtrued into intereſted panegyric; I will therefore ſtop myſelf from ſo invidious a taſk, and proceed to the more difficult one, that of obviating the objections that have been ſuggeſted by many againſt youths publiſhing their raw thoughts and language, open to the ſeverity of malicious, and the ridicule of witty critics. But firſt I ſhall lay down this axiom, which nobody will or can controvert, that mere publication neither meliorates or debaſes the intrinſic worth of any work. Next I give it as my opinion, that the Eſſays which are publiſhed by the Weſtminſters are attended with the ſame labour, perhaps more, than their Engliſh ſchool-exerciſes; ſuch as themes, declamations, &c. Now, Sir, the utility of the latter are univerſally acknowledged; where then ſhall we look for the evil? An objector anſwers, We ſpeak not againſt the compoſition, but publication. But ſuch objection if minutely examined will fall to the ground: it can be founded only on the ſuppoſition that publication would excite malice or deriſion. If we conſult Mrs. Piozzi, whoſe knowledge of the world every one muſt confeſs to be conſiderable, we ſhall find her opinion to be, "that the world is "not guilty of much general harſhneſs, nor "inclined to give pain which it does not "perceive to have deſerved." And ſurely every one muſt allow, that the exertion of juvenile talents ariſes from pure intentions, and is more praiſe-worthy than deſerving of cenſure. As to the conduct of thoſe who form an exception to Mrs. Piozzi's remark, who delight in the propagation of ſcandal and falſehood, no ſenſible perſon can expreſs much ſolicitude. Here again, perhaps, the objector may ſhift his ground and ſay, that too early efforts will ſpoil a ſtyle in writing which otherwiſe might have been good. Notwithſtanding the abſurdity of ſuch objection, I have often heard it urged. It always puts me in mind of the good old woman who deſired her ſon not to bathe till he could ſwim. But let me aſk two queſtions. Does not this objection extend no leſs to Engliſh ſchool-exerciſes than the ſubject in queſtion? Or are the former to be hurried over with the greateſt careleſſneſs, leſt a good expreſſion may be too mature, or the ſtyle forced? The only reaſonable anſwer to theſe queſtions will ſhew the futility and emptineſs of the objection.

I am, Sir,
Yours, &c.
OXONIENSIS.

FURTHER PARTICULARS CONCERNING Dr. J. SHEBBEARE.

[From a CORRESPONDENT.]

JOHN SHEBBEARE was born at Bideford, a conſiderable ſea-port and corporation town in Devonſhire, in the year 1709. His father was an attorney, but having ſmall practice and little fortune he carried on alſo the buſineſs of a cornfactor. He had four children, two ſons and two daughters. Of the ſons, John, the ſubject of our preſent memoir, was the eldeſt. The other ſon was called Richard, and entirely the reverſe of his brother in diſpoſition; he was bred to the ſea, and died young.

John received the rudiments of his education under the father of the preſent Mr. Benjamin Donne, Philoſophical Lecturer at Briſtol; and from thence he was removed to the Free-grammar School of the town, then conducted by the learned Mr. Zachary Mudge (author of an Eſſay for a new Verſion of the Pſalms, and a volume of excellent Sermons), afterwards Rector of St. Andrew in Plymouth. It has oftentimes been remarked, that the future life of a man may be nearly gueſſed at from his puerile character. Thus Shebbeare, while a ſchool-boy, gave the ſtrongeſt indications of his future eminence in miſanthropy and literature, by the remarkable tenaciouſneſs of his memory, and the readineſs of his wit, and no leſs ſo by the malignity of his diſpoſition; being univerſally conſidered as a lad of ſurpriſing genius, while, at the ſame time, he was as generally deſpiſed for his malicious and ungrateful temper. This may eaſily be believed when it is ſaid, that he formed not one connection, either at ſchool or afterwards, with any perſon in the way of friendſhip, except with a young Barber of an abandoned character, but whoſe ſoul was perfectly congenial to that of Shebbeare's.

In the fifteenth or ſixteenth year of his age he was placed an apprentice to a very eminent and worthy Surgeon in the town; in which ſituation he acquired a conſiderable ſhare of medical knowledge; and I have heard that he particularly excelled in the *diſpenſe* branch. Soon after his being apprenticed his father died, and left his family in exceſſive poor circumſtances; but through good friends his widow was enabled

abled to carry on the cornfactoring buſineſs for ſome years, till that at length failing, ſhe was removed to the King's Bench priſon, where I believe ſhe died. One ſiſter alſo died in London, and the other was left at Bideford, where ſhe died in very extreme poverty. To return to John Shebbeare. Although he had the beſt of maſters, and one whoſe character was philanthropy itſelf, yet this his apprentice was always lampooning him in ſuch a manner as, while it ſhewed the baſeneſs of his ſpirit, evidenced the quickneſs of his mind; and he generally diſperſed his ſquibs ſo ſlyly, that though every body was conſcious of his being the author, no one could poſitively fix the charge upon him.

No one could offend young Shebbeare with impunity, for which reaſon almoſt every perſon avoided his acquaintance, as we would avoid the careſſing an adder. The chief marks, however, of the arrows of his wit, were the gentlemen of the corporation: one or other, and ſometimes all of them, were almoſt conſtantly expoſed in a libel upon the public poſts and corners of the ſtreets. But though the wiſer part of them only laughed at theſe harmleſs trifles, yet ſome were more irritable, and many a proſecution was commenced againſt, but not one could fix itſelf upon him, ſo artfully had he contrived to conceal himſelf. He was alſo ſeveral times ſummoned to appear at the ſeſſions, for daring to ſpeak and write irreverently of the worſhipful magiſtrates; but the laugh was always on the ſide of Shebbeare, nor could they ever come at his back, ſo cloſely had he fitted on his armour, with the whip of authority.

When he was out of his time he ſet up trade for himſelf, and then ſhewed a taſte for chemiſtry; and ſoon after he married a very agreeable and amiable young woman of the town, of no fortune, but of a genteel family. I have been particularly intimate in the houſe where he reſided, and have ſeen many curious lines on the glaſs-panes in the windows, of which I can only ſay, they had every tendency except what was good. I remember one thing which I regarded as a curioſity; he had drawn upon one of the largeſt panes, with a diamond, a proſpect of the oppoſite country; and it was indeed a very accurate landſcape, in a very peculiar ſtile.

Whether it was owing to the cauſes before-mentioned, the corroſive diſpoſition of his mind, and his turn for the worſt ſpecies of ſatire, which therefore deprived him of friends, or whether he ſpent too much in chemical experiments, and thought of diſcovering the grand *arcanum* to make gold *ad libitum*; whatever was the cauſe, he could not make it convenient to dwell any longer at Bideford: ſo about the year 1736 he removed to Briſtol, and entered into partnerſhip with a chemiſt there, and from the time of his departure never once re-ſet his foot within his native town; and this is as certain, that no one lamented his departure, nor wiſhed his return.

The remaining paſſages of his life, the public are already in poſſeſſion of; and, undoubtedly, from the whole we may gather this important and inſtructive truth, "That mental talents, however great, yet if "they are not employed for the benefit of "our fellow-creatures, are indeed a curſe "and not a bleſſing unto their poſſeſſor."

ORIGINAL LETTER from Dr. COLSON to Mr. WILLIAM MACE.

[NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.]

DEAR SIR, *Rocheſter, Feb.* 1725-6.

WHAT part of the world this may find you in, or whether it will find you or no, I am altogether uncertain; but this I hope, that if it ſhould ever come to your hands, it will find you in good health, and enjoying yourſelf. Mr. Paul has promiſed me to forward this to you, who is well, and ſends his ſervice to you. But this is not to be a letter of pure ceremony, or only to enquire after your health; for you know I am not uſed to deal in ſuch, no more than you yourſelf. But the occaſion of it is to acquaint you, that myſelf, together with your friends Dr. Shaw and Mr. Chambers, have engaged ourſelves to go on with that deſign that you and I had begun, of tranſlating and digeſting the Memoirs of the Academy. This we were in a manner forced upon at this time, or otherwiſe it would have been taken out of our hands; and I was loth that the pains that you and I have already taken in it ſhould be quite loſt. I think we have made a pretty good bargain with the bookſeller, and now we are going on vigorouſly; therefore this is chiefly to deſire you, that if you can find any leiſure from your other buſineſs (as I hope you may), you would ſometimes divert yourſelf with tranſlating ſome of the mathematical pieces which you have moſt inclination to, to be tranſmitted to us as opportunity offers. The books you may eaſily get anywhere,

where, and if you complete your collection which ends with 1715, you will have volumes enough to exercise yourself, without any danger of interfering with us; for which reason we will not at present meddle with any beyond that year.

Thus far I had writ in the country, but must date the rest of my letter from London, where I am at present. I came hither chiefly to know how our friends were going on with the work, and to dispatch this letter to you. Dr. Shaw is finishing his translation of Boerhaave's Chemistry, and then he intends to apply to the work with vigour. He has just published his New Practice of Physic. Mr. Chambers is likewise finishing his Cyclopedia, or Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, and then he immediately betakes himself to this; so that you and I have got the start of 'em yet, and I hope we may keep it. The booksellers we have agreed with are, Innys, Osborn, Senex, Batley; and the terms are, that we are to have a guinea per printed sheet, and likewise to be partners with the booksellers: that is, when copy-money and other charges are defrayed, the residue (and all future editions) is to be in partnership; one moiety to us, viz. yourself, Dr. Shaw, Mr. Chambers, and myself, and the other moiety to the booksellers; which I cannot but think are very advantageous terms for us, and such as may induce us to do our best for making the work complete. We have assigned each of us our province; you and I are to have the mathematical part, Dr. Shaw the medicinal and arts relating thereto, Mr. Chambers the natural philosophy; but with this proviso, that when any one has finished his own part, he may assist in such part as is most behind. I have been with Mr. Barker and Dr. Desaguliers since I came to town, to enquire if they had made any progress in the undertaking; but I found neither of them had done any thing, nor did they care to be concerned. I borrowed of them the volumes in their custody of the books we bought formerly, and I have bought the rest, so that now I have an entire set of the quarto edition, and I have lent Dr. Shaw your set. Mr. Juneau is still abroad, and I believe he has done nothing lately in it. Pray let us have your sentiments upon this matter with what speed you can, and if you resolve to go on (as I hope you will) we shall all proceed with the greater alacrity and vigour.

I have but little news to tell you. Preparations are making here as if we should have a war, but where it will fall we are all in the dark. The consideration of a new bridge over the Thames is again resumed, and it seems to be determined, that there shall be one somewhere near Putney. A new edition of Sir I. Newton's Principia is just finished, and Dr. Pemberton is about giving a popular account of Sir I. N.'s philosophy, which has the entire approbation of the Knight himself, so that I doubt not but it will be a good piece. Here are many good books lately published, and others upon the stocks; but I want the necessary information to give you any particular account.

Next to your coming home quickly yourself (which I could wish very much) it would be very acceptable to me and all your friends to hear from you quickly, and especially to hear of your good health.

I am, SIR, with all respect,

Your sincere friend
and humble servant,

J. COLSON.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IT is a subject of regret to many persons who have a turn for grave and sober reflection, that the modern discoveries and improvements in various arts and sciences, have introduced a degree of mechanical facility in most of the operations of life, that proves highly injurious to the exercise of our immediate personal faculties, and to the ready application of those simple expedients and resources which, in every exigency, Nature so indulgently suggests to us. To such, however, it must have afforded pleasure to peruse, in some of the registers of literature for the last month, an account given of a French traveller, M. Vaillant, whose journey into the interior parts of Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope, is said to have enriched the world of science with many new and valuable observations. Taking the children of Nature for his guides, he appears to have submitted his imperfect reason to their superior instinct, and to have neglected, because he despised, those artificial aids by which his cotemporary voyagers have affected to give precision to their discoveries, but which assuredly tend to embarrass the narrative, to weaken the interest, and to destroy the picturesque effect of their several voyages and travels.

"This gentleman" (says the translation from a Paris Journal) "departed from the Cape.—In his suite he had several dogs, a cock,

cock, and an ape.—The cock was intended to supply the place of a time-keeper, as his watch might probably be deranged. The ape was designed as his taster of those fruits and articles of food with which he was unacquainted.—Both these animals were unconfined. The cock followed in order to procure subsistence during the whole of the route; while the ape, to rest himself, sometimes mounted upon the back of one of the large dogs, with whom he lived on excellent terms." How charming the groupe! The most prejudiced stickler for modern philosophy must allow, that the simplicity of such expedients is no less remarkable than their ingenuity. This is employing the agency of machines, whose motions require no weights to accelerate them, and whose springs and balances are not regulated by the clumsy and erring hand of art. How satisfactory must it have proved to our traveller in the savage wilds of Caffraria, to acquire information of the break of day without the trouble of an observation, and to receive his victuals from the discriminating maw of a son of the woods, whose hereditary instinct, it would seem, was not to be done away by the corrupt habits of domestication. I entertain no doubt but that a person of M. V.'s turn of mind must have devised many other modes of obtaining the knowledge, and providing the accommodations his situation might occasionally require, equally natural and happy with those above described; but as he has omitted to favour the world with so interesting a detail, I shall humbly venture to give a few practical hints that occur to me, for the use of future adventurers in wild unchristian countries, whether lying within the tropics, or beyond the polar circles.

It being nearly of as much importance to mark the period of the evening as of the morning twilight, and to be conscious of the dusk as of the dawn, I would recommend it to every traveller to take in his suite, beside the cock, an owl, or at least a bat, the vivacity of whose motions at that season of obscurity (when the figures on the dial-plate of a watch are no longer discernible), would intimate to him that the hour of repose drew nigh. If indeed we presume him an attentive observer, he would already have inferred from the closing up of certain flowers, that his eye-lids must soon experience a similar effect. As travellers who go straight forwards are said to proceed in one or other of the points of the compass (though, by the bye, many good journies have been performed by those who never saw a compass), it may be thought useful to learn to distinguish the different quarters of the heavens; and, for this purpose, what magnetic needle is comparable to Nature's instrument, the sun-flower or tournesol, which always directs its golden face towards the splendid object of its idolatry? I should blush for my reader if I thought it necessary to add, that the sun, at noon-day, must be either directly North or South, according as the person is situated to the Southward or Northward of his diurnal course, and consequently that the intermediate points may be deduced by a very easy calculation. To determine from what quarter the wind at any time blows, I know nothing more convenient than a paper-kite, which uniformly obeys the impulse of the gale; but as this favours too much of art, I hesitate to recommend it, and would rather be guided by the flight of birds which, I have been assured by men of profound observation, is always in a direction opposite to, and never with, the current of air. Some visible sign of this sort must be allowed to be necessary, as no human creature was ever supposed to see the wind itself. As for weathercocks, their uncertainty is proverbial. Pigs and ducks, it is well known, are vociferous in their prognostics of, or clamours for, rain; and therefore its disagreeable effects may be always guarded against by attention to them. Amphibious animals might be rendered useful in ascertaining the existence of unfordable rivers, which sometimes unexpectedly interrupt the traveller in his course. Such companions as these would never be out of their element. Some useful lessons respecting the right and the manner of attacking the timid and defenceless natives, may at all times be drawn from the contemplation of the arbitrary and capricious dominion exercised by birds of prey over the little, simple, feathered tribe, which often dearly pay for presuming to troop around, and chatter, and pick up scattered grains of corn, in the presence of those who have it in their power to destroy them. I confess that the example would be more in point, if we could suppose that the stronger birds were actuated by cowardly terrors, as well as thirst of blood.

In order to ascertain the degrees of heat and cold, recourse is now usually had to the thermometer, which is but a frail machine: and the variety of scales that have been introduced at different periods and in different countries, render it a difficult matter, even for philosophers, to conceive the precise degree of cold they ought to be sensible to, when they chance to meet with a Reaumur instead of a Farenheit, or *vice versâ*. But may we not by attention to the feelings and actions of various species of living creatures, rid ourselves of this puzzling apparatus, with its occult qualities, and secure a mode of

of admeaſurement founded upon obvious, unchangeable, and incontrovertible principles? To render this ſort of ſcale perfect, the accurate traveller ſhould be provided with a ſeries of animals from each of the climates of the earth, who would, according to their reſpective latitudes, be tremblingly alive to the influence they were unaccuſtomed to; and by their means the moſt delicate *nuances* or perceptible gradations of temperature might be ſatisfactorily obtained. It may be objected indeed, that this menagerie would prove expenſive, and inconvenient, in a long march; though, as I ſhould recommend in general the choice of four-footed beaſts, who could not only make their own way good, but contribute to the carriage of others leſs active, I do not think that this conſideration ſhould have much weight, at leaſt with my own countrymen, who ſpare neither money nor pains to gratify their laudable curioſity. However, that my ſcheme may be practicable both by poor and rich, I ſhall not for the preſent inſiſt upon the neceſſity of employing more than a dog and a cat, in the conſtitution of an *animal thermometer*. As the dog is known to lie baſking in the ſun, during the hotteſt of his meridian rays, in the temperate zone, I ſhould mark the upper extremity of my ſcale, at that point where the fervor of a tropical ſun obliges him to ſeek the ſhade. At this point, or ſooner, man ſhould ſeek it alſo, and retire to reſt, and conſequently it were ſuperfluous to inveſtigate any thing beyond it. To proceed downwards with my graduation; after the point indicated by—Dog forced to ſeek the ſhade—ſhould follow—Dog lies on his back in the ſun—Dog lies on his ſide—Dog lolls out his tongue ſtanding—Dog pants—Dog ſtands quiet—and at this point I ſhould fix my Zero, or cypher of O, on the middle term between the extremes of heat and cold, and as a negative rather than a poſitive ſign—Dog runs about for exerciſe—Cat begins to ſhiver—(N. B. She had lain aſleep during the former part of the ſcale, and juſt awoke at Zero)—Dog ſhivers in the air—Cat draws to the fire—Cat turns her back to the fire—(at which point alſo it is obſerved to burn with priſmatic colours) —Dog howls for admittance to the hut or wigwam—Dog frozen to death. This laſt I apprehend to be equivalent to the ſinking of the mercury into the bulb, in factitious thermometers; after which, in both caſes, there can be no comparative indication.

Senſible I am that there are many imperfections in this haſty ſketch; but I know how ready the world is to improve upon a hint, and how kindly it is diſpoſed to work upon the invention of others. Having the pride as well as the intereſt of my country at heart, I have only to hope that ſome Engliſh traveller will take an early opportunity of carrying my ideas into practice, and give the public an account of their ſucceſs, before our active rivals on the continent ſhall attempt to appropriate and plume themſelves on the diſcovery.

SIMPLEX.

VIEW of PART of the CITY of BENARES.

[From the ELEGANT DRAWING, taken on the Spot, by Mr. HODGES.]

THE principal building in this View is of a moſque, raiſed by the famous Emperor Aurungzebe, on the ſcite of a Hindoo temple deſtroyed by that fanatical conqueror, and it is ſaid to have been of exactly the ſame height and dimenſions as the preſent. The building deſtroyed was held ſacred by the Hindoos, and of ſuch reverence as to give diſpleaſure to Aurungzebe, who was determined to eſtabliſh his empire and his religion on the ſame ſpot.

☞ *The* PROPRIETORS *of this* MAGAZINE *think themſelves under great Obligations to Mr.* HODGES *for his liberal behaviour in permitting them to copy his elegant Drawings, from which the natives of this country are furniſhed with better information of the grandeur of Oriental magnificence than volumes of deſcription could furniſh. The* PROPRIETORS *alſo beg leave to aſſure their readers, that thoſe Drawings which have already appeared will be followed by ſeveral others which are now engraving from the above ſource, as well as ſome from other parts of India by other gentlemen, to whom they beg leave to return thanks for their kind communications in this line.*

THE

THE LONDON REVIEW; AND LITERARY JOURNAL.

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

Sketches of Society and Manners in Portugal. In a Series of Letters from M. W. Colligan, Eſq. late a Captain in the Iriſh Brigade in the Service of Spain, to his Brother in London. 2 Vols. Octavo. 12s. Vernor. 1788.

WHEN we conſider the great and conſtant intercourſe between this country and Portugal, it appears rather ſingular that we ſhould be ſo little acquainted as we are with the ſtate of that kingdom: it would be, however, paying too great a compliment to the author of the preſent work to form our opinion from his Sketches, which are evidently tinged with a ſtrong hue of aſperity and diſappointment. Were we to judge from circumſtances, we ſhould ſuppoſe him a diſcontented Britiſh officer in the Portugueſe ſervice; for his letters are filled with anecdotes reflecting, perhaps with juſtice, certainly with great ſeverity, on the military miſrule in that country; and indeed if but the half of his aſſertions be true, the army is there on a moſt deplorable footing: but theſe are not "Sketches of Society and Manners."—Two things we have, we think, diſcovered; firſt, that theſe letters were never written from Portugal; and, ſecondly, that the author is not an Iriſhman.

The preſent work might have been compreſſed into one ſprightly volume, but it is unreaſonably extended into two, by the introduction of a certain imaginary Britiſh Peer, Lord Freeman, a Captain in the garriſon of Gibraltar, *travelling with a tutor!* This Lord has a tedious amour with a Portugueſe Lady, educated in England, which produces duels, aſſaſſinations, &c. &c. All this is ſurely unneceſſary, and in ſome degree derogates from the authenticity of the reſt of the work. Part is evidently falſe—and who ſhall draw the line of diſcrimination? Beſides, of all the love-tales which we have ever ſeen, this is the dulleſt. The author cannot be pathetic, and therefore he will be bloody: he cannot make his lover ſigh muſically, but he can run him through the body.—Againſt the whole epiſode of Lord Freeman and Donna Lucretia we proteſt *pugnis unguibus et roſtro*, as being unintereſting, unneceſſary, and, in a work profeſſing to be authentic, totally inadmiſſible.

We ſhall ſelect a few of the anecdotes which appear moſt characteriſtic: if they be, as we fear they are, true, the Portugueſe are the moſt complete and firſt-rate ſcoundrels in Europe.

"During the war in 1762, the principal Officers in the Portugueſe army, all of them Fidalgos, to the number of twenty, waited on the Count la Lippe, to congratulate him on his arrival among them, as Mareſchal General of the Army. As they were all ſitting in a circle converſing with the Count in French, about various army buſineſs, the Engliſh Ambaſſador, Lord Tyrawley, was announced, came in, and took his ſeat near the Count, who had formerly been his intimate acquaintance, without taking the leaſt notice of any of the others; and after diſcourſing ſome time with him in his abrupt way, he ſaid to him likewiſe in French, and loud enough to be heard of all of them, "*mais j'avoue que je n'aurais jamais cru, que Mr. le Comte de la Lippe, un Officier qui avait ſervi avec tant de reputation en Allemagne, et d'un caractere ſi bien connu de touts l'Europe, ſe ſerait deſhonoré juſqu'au point de venir dans ce pays-ci pour commander ces j—f—*,*" pointing at the ſame time at the company before him!'

"A certain gentleman of the city of

* This paſſage being rather long, the tranſlation is here ſubjoined, for the information of the generality of readers:—"But I confeſs I could not have believed the Count la Lippe, an Officer who has ſerved with ſuch reputation in Germany, and whoſe character is ſo well known all over Europe, would have diſgraced himſelf ſo far as to come into this country to command theſe ſc—nd-ls."

Braganza was hereditary Civil Governor or Conſtable of the Town, Superintendant of the Cuſtom-houſe, a Lieutenant in the regiment of cavalry of the ſame, and the lazieſt drone ever diſgraced a cockade; as by means of certificates of ſickneſs he obtained from the wretched ſurgeons or phyſicians, or by ſurreptitious leaves of abſence, on real or pretended buſineſs, he contrived it ſo as never to do any ſort of duty in the regiment. This man paid his addreſſes to a certain nun of a convent in the ſame town, and getting by ſtealth into the convent, here eſteemed a crime of the blackeſt dye, he debauched her, continuing his furtive viſits for a conſiderable time, till ſatiety bred diſguſt: he then directed his addreſſes to another nun of the ſame convent, ſiſter to the former, and with the ſame ſucceſs. This ſecond intrigue was however ſoon diſcovered by the jealous and diſappointed nun who had been the firſt object of his paſſion, and by her quickly communicated to the Biſhop of the dioceſe, who, in concert with the commanding officer of the garriſon, had the convent ſurrounded with troops, on the ſignal previouſly agreed on being given from the convent by the jealous nun, of the time when the officer was actually with her ſiſter; and ſtrict ſearch being made, the gallant was found and ſeized in the court-yard of the convent, concealed under a large pile of fire-wood, and carried priſoner to the garriſon of Chaves, which is the head-quarters of our province: there he was tried by a Court-martial, convicted, and ſentenced according to law. This ſentence was tranſmitted to Court for approbation in the uſual form, and (as cuſtomary) was with many others thrown under the table and remained there, this being the moſt expeditious method the Marquis of Pombal could think of, for diſpatching every kind of army buſineſs. The culprit remained for a long time a priſoner in the main-guard of Chaves, and at laſt obtained from the Governor, as a particular favour, the liberty of walking abroad through the town upon his parole of honour; where, by way of amuſement, he made his court to a married woman, whoſe huſband was rather old, but a gentleman, living upon a ſmall but independent fortune. In this he ſucceeded ſo well, that, in order to enjoy each other's company with leſs interruption, they agreed that ſhe ſhould adminiſter to her huſband a doſe of poiſon, which the paramour had prepared for him. The poor man actually took part of it, and diſcovered what it was, but not in time either to ſave his life, or to prevent both the lovers from eſcaping into Spain upon two ſtout mules they took from his ſtables.

"Our gallant remained with his miſtreſs in Spain, very near our garriſon, living upon his rents, which were regularly remitted to him. On his evaſion from Chaves being reported to the late Miniſter, he was ſo provoked by the information he had of ſeveral circumſtances of his baſe behaviour, that he ſent particular orders to the Governor of Chaves to have him hanged in effigy in preſence of the whole garriſon, under arms, and his perſon to be declared infamous; which was accordingly done.

"But at the very beginning of this preſent promiſing Adminiſtration, that ſame infamous perſon returned to Liſbon, furniſhed with ſuch powerful letters of ſolicitation, that her Moſt Faithful Majeſty was pleaſed to pardon and forgive him his various crimes and iniquities, in the way and manner following, that is to ſay,

"She pardoned him the crime of breaking by ſtealth into a convent of nuns, which is reckoned, by all the rigid people eſpecially, as a crime for which it is next to impoſſible to make any adequate atonement. This is ſo true, that her own grandfather, Don John the Fifth (who himſelf kept his ſeraglio in the Royal Convent of Odivellas, which during that reign gave a number of Royal baſtards to the world), was ſo jealous of this privilege, that he was never known to forgive any perſon who had prophaned the ſacred precincts of a female convent to ſeduce the religious, and the ſlighteſt puniſhment he inflicted was baniſhment to the Indies for life.

"But to return.—Her Moſt Faithful Majeſty pardoned our gallant the crime of carnal knowledge of one of the ſpouſes of Chriſt, to whom, by her profeſſion, ſhe had been ſo ſolemnly betrothed: ſhe then pardoned him the repetition of the ſame crime with another nun of the ſame convent: ſhe alſo pardoned him the crime of inceſt, for the two nuns were ſiſters; to all which we muſt ſuperadd, that ſhe pardoned him the crime of double adultery, he himſelf being a married man. The generous Queen next proceeded to pardon him the crime of adultery with the gentleman's wife, in the town of Chaves, after the Governor had permitted him to walk about upon his parole of honour. Then follows her pardon of the crime of murdering his miſtreſs's huſband, in which he was art and part. After this he is pardoned the crime of ſtealing two mules to carry them into Spain. And, laſtly, her Majeſty pardoned him, being a commiſſioned officer in her ſervice, the crime of deſertion into a foreign kingdom, under the aggravating circumſtances of his being under arreſt and tried for other crimes, and enlarged with the privilege of walking

walking about the town upon his parole of honour."

"Two couſin-germans of this province of the *entre Douro e Minho*, both men of ſome property, one a widower, living upon his eſtate, with a maiden ſiſter he had to take care of his family, the other an officer in a regiment of infantry (whereof a moſt worthy friend of mine, now dead, was Colonel), entertained a violent jealouſy of each other, on account of a lady, to whom they both made pretenſions. This jealouſy aroſe to ſuch a degree of frantic rage in the breaſt of the widower, that he went out one day, prepared and well accompanied by ſervants, and meeting his couſin the officer, ordered him to be ſeized, and in his preſence horſe-whipped, by a negro-ſlave he brought with him for the purpoſe. The officer being without arms and unprovided againſt ſuch an attack, after receiving the ſtripes, laid hold of his own beard, and told him he ſhould certainly pay him for ſuch an atrocious inſult. The widower, who perfectly underſtood the meaning of the expreſſion, left this part of the country for above three years, retiring into the kingdom of Galicia; after which, thinking his couſin's paſſion muſt be in ſome degree ſubſided, he returned to his eſtate, never venturing, however, abroad but in the ſame litter with his ſiſter, not ſuppoſing any cavalier would be rude enough to attack him in the company of a lady. Mean time the officer, from the time he was horſe-whipped, never appeared more in the regiment, never heard Maſs, nor ſhaved his beard, having ſolemnly ſworn to do neither of the three, till he had taken, what is here reckoned, ſatisfaction for ſuch an affront. He was all the while ſkulking about the country, diſguiſed in a hermit's dreſs, and having found his couſin was returned to his country-houſe, he got together ſome companions, and waylaid him at a croſs-road, near his own houſe, as he was returning to it one evening, with his ſiſter in the litter, which he ſtopped, and telling the lady he had ſome ſmall buſineſs with her brother, moſt politely deſired her to alight; which ſhe having done, he took a piſtol from his ſleeve and applied it to his couſin's forehead, and after diſcharging the contents, dragged him out of the litter, and diſcharged another through his heart, as he lay weltering in his blood. This being done, he aſked a thouſand pardons of the lady for having ſo far incommoded her, and begged to know whither ſhe wiſhed to be conducted: ſhe ſignified a deſire to retire to a convent, about ten miles from where the cataſtrophe happened, where ſhe had an only ſiſter a nun; and the officer, like a gallant cavalier, conducted and lodged her ſafely with her ſiſter."

Of ſuch villainies our readers muſt be by this time tired; ſo they ſhall have no more of them.

The Athenaid. A Poem. By the Author of Leonidas. 3 Vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d. Cadell.

THIS poſthumous work will not add to the fame of Mr. Glover; and indeed, if it were not ſo well atteſted to be his, we could ſcarcely ſuppoſe him the author. We find nothing of the ſpirit of Leonidas in the preſent poem, which is as dry, heavy, and unintereſting as a laſt year's Daily Advertiſer. An epic poem is not the work of an ordinary man; but *two* epic poems require a very extraordinary ſhare of the Muſe's favour. Even the Odyſſey of Homer is the *departing* glory of that meridian ſun which blazes through the Iliad: but we will not inſult the venerable Antient by calling the Athenaid the Odyſſey of Mr. Glover.

Doctor Johnſon, and to his opinion it would be preſumptuous to ſubjoin our own, is decidedly againſt blank-verſe in an heroic poem. The might and majeſty of a Milton has in one ſignal inſtance riſen ſuperior to the diſadvantage of metre without rhyme; but of him it may be ſaid, that the ſterling value required no ſtamp to ſecure his currency. Leſſer geniuſes ſhould regard this as a bold and hazardous though fortunate experiment; and availing themſelves of every aid of the experience of their predeceſſors, follow the beaten route. The man who launches on an unknown ſea ſhould be well aſſured that he is prepared and victualled for the voyage.

There has ſcarcely any work appeared of more peculiarly harſh and difficult conſtruction than the Athenaid. Mr. Glover appears to delight in inverſion and involution of ſentences, in Latiniſms and Greciſms; and were we to judge from this work, we ſhould ſuppoſe he *thought* in a dead and *wrote* in a living language. This is carrying a reverence for the Claſſics too far: by calling in the Antients to his aid, the author of the Athenaid is ruined by his allies.

Blank-verſe is ſaid to be verſe only to the eye: it was never more truly applied than to our preſent ſubject, which is, of all we have ever peruſed, the moſt unmuſical. From a wiſh to avoid a ſameneſs

of cadence, Mr. Glover has concluded his ſentences on every different foot in the metre; by which means, the only claim of the Athenaid to being *verſe* is, that it is too rugged for *proſe*. The author has verſified Stanyan's Grecian Hiſtory, and verſified it badly; and a man totally uninſpired, without one nap on Parnaſſus' top, with only a moderate ſhare of application, might take the excellent Hiſtory of England by Hume, or the ſtill more admirable Decline of the Roman Empire by Gibbon, and break it up into ſuch an epic poem as the preſent. The muſical ſtyle of the latter hiſtorian has for rhyme and cadence, for ornament and beauty, a claim to the title of POETRY very far beyond the Athenaid of Mr. Glover.

For the materials of this work we refer our readers to Stanyan, or Gillies, or Young;—for the poetry, we cannot call it, nor even *verſification*, the following may ſerve as a ſample.

" To Thebes deſcending, ſoon Mardonius learn'd
That pioneers, with multitudes light-arm'd,
Detach'd before the army, beat their courſe
To Athens. On he ſpeeds, rejecting food,
Diſdaining reſt; till midnight Cynthia ſhews
A vaulted hollow in a mountain's ſide;
There in his clanging arms Mardonius throws
His limbs for flight refreſhment; by him lies
Argeſtes' ſon; to paſture ſpringing nigh,
The troop diſmiſs'd their ſteeds, and ſlept around.

" To ſuperſtition prone from early age
Was Gobryas' ſon; o'erheated now by toil,
Yet more by thirſt unſated of renown,
His ſoul partakes not with her wearied clay
In ſleep repoſe; the cavern to her view
Appears in vaſt dimenſion to enlarge,
The ſides retire, th' aſcending roof expands,
All chang'd to cryſtal, where pellucid walls
Expoſe to ſight the univerſe around.
Thus did a dream invade the mighty breaſt
Of that long matchleſs conqueror, who gave
Italia's clime a ſpoil to Punic Mars,
When on the margin of Iberus lay
The ſlumb'ring chief, and eagerly to birth
The vaſt conception of his pregnant mind
Was ſtruggling. Now Mardonius to himſelf
Seems roving o'er the metamorphos'd cave;
Orbicular above, an op'ning broad
Admits a flood of light, and gentleſt breath
Of odori'rous winds; amid the blaze,
Full on the center of a pavement, ſpread
Beyond whate'er portentous Ægypt ſaw
In Thebes or Memphis, Fame, preſiding there,
Gigantic ſhape, an amethyſt entire,
Sits on a throne of adamant. On ſtrength
Of pillars, each a topaz, leans the dome;
The ſilver pavement's intervening ſpace
Between the circling colonnade and wall
With pedeſtals of diamond is fill'd;
The cryſtal circuit is comparted all
In niches verg'd with rubies. From that ſcene
The gloom of night for ever to expel,
Imagination's wanton ſkill in chains
Of pearl throughout the viſionary hall
Suſpends carbuncles, gems of native light,
Emitting ſplendour, ſuch as tales portray,
Where Fancy, winning ſorcereſs, deludes
Th' enchanted mind, rejecting reaſon's clue
To wander wild through fiction's pleaſing maze.
The oriental hero in his dream
Feels wonder waking; at his preſence life
Pervades the ſtatue; Fame, ſlow-riſing, ſounds
Her trumpet loud; a hundred golden gates
Spontaneous fly abroad; the ſhapes divine,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry climate ſprung,
Of all the worthies ſince recorded time,
Aſcend the lucid hall. Again ſhe ſounds
A meaſure ſweeter than the Dorian flute
Of Pan, or lyre of Phœbus; each aſſumes
His place allotted, there transform'd is fix'd
An adamantine ſtatue; yet unfill'd
One niche remains. To Aſia's gazing chief
The Goddeſs then: That vacancy for thee,
Illuſtrious ſon of Gobryas, I reſerve.
" He thus exults: Bright being, doſt thou grant
To Perſia triumphs through my conqu'ring ſpear? [ver'd earth
" He ſaid: that moment through the ſe-
She ſinks; the ſpacious fabric is diſſolved;
When he, upſtarting in the narrow cave,
Delivers quick theſe accents: Be renown
My lot! O Fortune, unconcern'd I leave
The reſt to thee. Thus dauntleſs, ere his ſleep
Was quite diſpers'd; but waken'd ſoon he feels
Th' imperfect viſion heavy on his mind
In dubious gloom; then lightly with his foot
Moves Artamanes; up he ſprings; the troop
Prepare the ſteeds; all mount; Aurora dawns.
" The ſwift forerunners of th' imperial camp
Ere long Mardonius joins, where Athens lifts
Her tow'rs in proſpect. Unexpected ſeen,
Their mighty chief with gen'ral, cordial ſhouts
They greet; their multitude, their tranſport, throngs
clear [
His heart from trouble. Soon Barbarian
With ſhading ſtandards through Cephiſſus wade,
Who, had his fam'd divinity been true,
His ſhallow ſtream in torrents would have ſwol'n
Awhile, to ſave the capital of Greece,
Superb in ſtructure, long-diſputed prize

Between

Between Minerva and the God of ſeas,
Of eloquence the parent, ſource of arts,
Fair ſeat of freedom! Open are the gates,
The dwellings mute, all deſolate the ſtreets,
Save that domeſtic animals forlorn,
In cries awak'ning pity, ſeem to call
Their maſters home; while ſhrieking beaſts of prey,
Or birds obſcene of night with heavy wings,
The melancholy ſolitude affright.
'"Is this the city whoſe preſumption dar'd
Invade the Lord of Aſia? ſternly ſaid
Mardonius ent'ring; whither now are fled
Th' audacious train, whoſe firebrands Sardis felt?
Where'er you lurk, Athenians, if in ſight,
Soon ſhall you view your citadel in flames;
Or, if retreated to a diſtant land,
No diſtant land of refuge ſhall you find
Againſt avenging Xerxes: yet I ſwear
By Horomazes, if thy gallant race
Have ſacrific'd their country to contend
With mightier efforts on a future day,
Them I will honour, though by honour forc'd
I muſt deſtroy. Companions, now advance;
Unnumbered hands to overturn theſe walls
Employ; not Xerxes through a common gate
Shall enter Athens; lay the ruins ſmooth,
That this offending city may admit,
In all his ſtate, her maſter with his hoſt
In full array. His order is obey'd."

Of this *viſion* of Mardonius we ſhall only ſay, that it muſt have been inſpired by the Genius of Aladdin's lamp, of which it ſmells very ſtrongly. Pearls and amethyſts and topazes are eaſily ſhowered; and for our own parts, if we are to walk on fairy ground, let us be borne thither at once on a flying horſe, or ſewed up in a ſheep's ſkin, and carried in a *roc*'s bill, or any mode, rather than be formally introduced by the ſacred Epic Muſe, whom we too much reverence not to lament her preſent degradation.

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

[*Concluded from Page* 183.]

IN ſome preceding Numbers we have given an account and extracts from this elegant work. We ſhall conclude with the following account of the ſacking of Conſtantinople by the Turks, under Mahomet II. in 1453, which finiſhes for the preſent the labours of this claſſical Hiſtorian:

"Several days were employed by the Sultan in the preparations of the aſſault; and a reſpite was granted by his favourite ſcience of aſtrology, which had fixed on the twenty-ninth of May as the fortunate and fatal hour. On the evening of the twenty-ſeventh, he iſſued his final orders; aſſembled in his preſence the military chiefs; and diſperſed his heralds through the camp to proclaim the duty, and the motives, of the perilous enterpriſe. Fear is the firſt principle of a deſpotic government; and his menaces were expreſſed in the Oriental ſtyle, that the fugitives and deſerters, had they the wings of a bird, ſhould not eſcape from his inexorable juſtice. The greateſt part of his Baſhaws and Janizaries were the offspring of Chriſtian parents; but the glories of the Turkiſh name were perpetuated by ſucceſſive adoption; and in the gradual change of individuals, the ſpirit of a legion, a regiment, or an oda, is kept alive by imitation and diſcipline. In this holy warfare, the Moſlems were exhorted to purify their minds with prayer, their bodies with ſeven ablutions; and to abſtain from food till the cloſe of the enſuing day. A crowd of derviſhes viſited the tents to inſtil the deſire of martyrdom, and the aſſurance of ſpending an immortal youth amidſt the rivers and gardens of paradiſe, and in the embraces of the black eyed virgins. Yet Mahomet principally truſted to the efficacy of temporal and viſible rewards. A double pay was promiſed to the victorious troops; "The city and the buildings," ſaid Mahomet, "are mine: but I reſign to your valour the captives and the ſpoil, the treaſures of gold and beauty: be rich and be happy. Many are the provinces of my empire: the intrepid ſoldier who firſt aſcends the walls of Conſtantinople, ſhall be rewarded with the government of the faireſt and moſt wealthy; and my gratitude ſhall accumulate his honours and fortunes above the meaſure of his own hopes." Such various and potent motives diffuſed among the Turks a general ardour, regardleſs of life and impatient for action: the camp re-echoed with the Moſlem ſhouts of, "God is God, there is but one God, and Mahomet is the apoſtle of God;" and the ſea and land, from Galata to the Seven Towers, were illuminated by the blaze of their nocturnal fires.

"Far different was the ſtate of the Chriſtians; who, with loud and impotent complaints, deplored the guilt, or the puniſhment of their ſins. The celeſtial image of the Virgin had been expoſed in ſolemn proceſſion;

ceſſion; but their divine patroneſs was deaf to their entreaties; they accuſed the obſtinacy of the Emperor for refuſing a timely ſurrender; anticipated the horrors of their fate; and ſighed for the repoſe and ſecurity of Turkiſh ſervitude. The nobleſt of the Greeks, and the braveſt of the allies, were ſummoned to the Palace, to prepare them on the evening of the twenty-eighth, for the duties and dangers of the general aſſault. The laſt ſpeech of Palæologus was the funeral oration of the Roman empire: he promiſed, he conjured, and he vainly attempted to infuſe the hope which was extinguiſhed in his own mind. In this world all was comfortleſs and gloomy; and neither the goſpel nor the church have propoſed any conſpicuous recompence to the heroes who fall in the ſervice of their country. But the example of their Prince, and the confinement of a ſiege, had armed theſe warriors with the courage of deſpair; and the pathetic ſcene is deſcribed by the feelings of the hiſtorian Phranza, who was himſelf preſent at this mournful aſſembly.—They wept, they embraced; regardleſs of their families and fortunes, they devoted their lives; and each commander, departing to his ſtation, maintained all night a vigilant and anxious watch on the rampart. The Emperor, and ſome faithful companions, entered the dome of St. Sophia, which in a few hours was to be converted into a moſch; and devoutly received, with tears and prayers, the Sacrament of the Holy Communion. He repoſed ſome moments in the palace, which reſounded with cries and lamentations; ſolicited the pardon of all whom he might have injured; and mounted on horſeback to viſit the guards, and explore the motions of the enemy. The diſtreſs and fall of the laſt Conſtantine are more glorious than the long proſperity of the Byzantine Cæſars.

"In the confuſion of darkneſs an aſſailant may ſometimes ſucceed; but in this great and general attack, the military judgment and aſtrological knowledge of Mahomet adviſed him to expect the morning, the memorable twenty-ninth of May, in the fourteen hundred and fifty-third year of the Chriſtian æra. The preceding night had been ſtrenuouſly employed: the troops, the cannon, and the faſcines, were advanced to the edge of the ditch, which in many parts preſented a ſmooth and level paſſage to the breach; and his fourſcore gallies almoſt touched with the prows and their ſcaling-ladders, the leſs defenſible walls of the harbour. Under pain of death, ſilence was enjoined: but the phyſical laws of motion and ſound are not obedient to diſcipline or fear; each individual might ſuppreſs his voice and meaſure his footſteps; but the march and labour of thouſands muſt inevitably produce a ſtrange confuſion of diſſonant clamours, which reached the ears of the watchmen of the towers. At day-break, without the cuſtomary ſignal of the morning gun, the Turks aſſaulted the city by ſea and land; and the ſimilitude of a twined or twiſted thread has been applied to the cloſeneſs and continuity of their line of attack. The foremoſt ranks conſiſted of the refuſe of the hoſt, a voluntary crowd who fought without order or command; of the feebleneſs of age or childhood, of peaſants and vagrants, and of all who had joined the camp in the blind hope of plunder and martyrdom. The common impulſe drove them onwards to the wall: the moſt audacious to climb were inſtantly precipitated; and not a dart, not a bullet, of the Chriſtians, was idly waſted on the accumulated throng. But their ſtrength and ammunition were exhauſted in this laborious defence: the ditch was filled with the bodies of the ſlain; they ſupported the footſteps of their companions; and of this devoted vanguard, the death was more ſerviceable than the life. Under their reſpective baſhaws and ſanjaks, the troops of Anatolia and Romania were ſucceſſively led to the charge: their progreſs was various and doubtful; but, after a conflict of two hours, the Greeks ſtill maintained, and improved their advantage; and the voice of the Emperor was heard, encouraging his ſoldiers to atchieve, by a laſt effort, the deliverance of their country. In that fatal moment, the Janizaries aroſe, freſh, vigorous, and invincible. The Sultan himſelf on horſeback, with an iron mace in his hand, was the ſpectator and judge of their valour: he was ſurrounded by ten thouſand of his domeſtic troops, whom he reſerved for the deciſive occaſions; and the tide of battle was directed and impelled by his voice and eye. His numerous miniſters of juſtice were poſted behind the line, to urge, to reſtrain, and to puniſh; and if danger was in the front, ſhame and inevitable death were in the rear of the fugitives. The cries of fear and of pain were drowned in the martial muſic of drums, trumpets, and attaballs; and experience has proved, that the mechanical operation of ſounds, by quickening the circulation of the blood and ſpirits, will act on the human machine more forcibly than the eloquence of reaſon and honour. From the lines, the gallies, and the bridge, the Ottoman artillery thundered on all ſides; and the camp and city, the Greeks and the Turks, were involved in a cloud of ſmoke, which could only be diſpelled by the final deliverance or deſtruction of the Roman empire. The ſingle combats of the heroes of hiſtory or fable, amuſe our fancy and engage our affections; the ſkilful

evolutions

evolutions of war may inform the mind, and improve a neceſſary, though pernicious ſcience. But in the uniform and odious pictures of a general aſſault, all is blood, and horror, and confuſion; nor ſhall I ſtrive, at the diſtance of three centuries and a thouſand miles, to delineate a ſcene, of which there could be no ſpectators, and of which the actors themſelves were incapable of forming any juſt or adequate idea.

"The immediate loſs of Conſtantinople may be aſcribed to the bullet, or arrow, which pierced the gauntlet of John Juſtiniani. The ſight of his blood, and the exquiſite pain, appalled the courage of the chief, whoſe arms and counſels were the firmeſt rampart of the city. As he withdrew from his ſtation in queſt of a ſurgeon, his flight was perceived and ſtopped by the indefatigable Emperor. "Your wound," exclaimed Palæologus, "is "ſlight; the danger is preſſing; your preſence is neceſſary; and whither will you "retire?" "I will retire," ſaid the trembling Genoeſe, "by the ſame road which "God has opened to the Turks;" and at theſe words he haſtily paſſed through one of the breaches of the inner wall. By this puſillanimous act, he ſtained the honours of a military life; and the few days which he ſurvived in Galata, or the iſle of Chios, were embittered by his own and the public reproach. His example was imitated by the greateſt part of the Latin auxiliaries, and the defence began to ſlacken when the attack was preſſed with redoubled vigour. The number of the Ottomans was fifty, perhaps an hundred, times ſuperior to that of the Chriſtians: the double walls were reduced by the cannon to an heap of ruins: in a circuit of ſeveral miles, ſome places muſt be found more eaſy of acceſs, or more feebly guarded; and if the beſiegers could penetrate in a ſingle point, the whole city was irrecoverably loſt. The firſt who deſerved the Sultan's reward was Haſſan the Janizary, of gigantic ſtature and ſtrength. With his ſcymetar in one hand and his buckler in the other, he aſcended the outward fortification: of the thirty Janizaries who were emulous of his valour, eighteen periſhed in the bold adventure. Haſſan and his twelve companions had reached the ſummit; the giant was precipitated from the rampart; he roſe on one knee, and was again oppreſſed by a ſhower of darts and ſtones. But his ſucceſs had proved that the atchievement was poſſible: the walls and towers were inſtantly covered with a ſwarm of Turks; and the Greeks, now driven from the vantage ground, were overwhelmed by encreaſing multitudes. Amidſt theſe multitudes, the Emperor, who accompliſhed all the duties of a general and a ſoldier, was long ſeen, and finally loſt.——The nobles, who fought round his perſon, ſuſtained till their laſt breath the honourable names of Palæologus and Cantacuzene: his mournful exclamation was heard, "Cannot there be found a "Chriſtian to cut off my head?" and his laſt fear was that of falling alive into the hands of the infidels. The prudent deſpair of Conſtantine caſt away the purple: amidſt the tumult he fell by an unknown hand, and his body was buried under a mountain of the ſlain. After his death, reſiſtance and order were no more: the Greeks fled towards the city; and many were preſſed and ſtifled in the narrow paſs of the gate of St. Romanus. The victorious Turks ruſhed through the breaches of the inner wall; and as they advanced into the ſtreets, they were ſoon joined by their brethren, who had forced the gate Phenar on the ſide of the harbour. In the firſt heat of the purſuit, about two thouſand Chriſtians were put to the ſword; but avarice ſoon prevailed over cruelty; and the victors acknowledged, that they ſhould immediately have given quarter if the valour of the Emperor and his choſen bands had not prepared them for a ſimilar oppoſition in every part of the capital. It was thus, after a ſiege of fifty-three days, that Conſtantinople, which had defied the power of Choſroes, the Chagan, and the caliphs, was irretrievably ſubdued by the arms of Mahomet the Second. Her empire only had been ſubverted by the Latins: her religion was trampled in the duſt by the Moſlem conquerors."

We now come to an end of our ſtrictures on the Hiſtory of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; a work

Quod non imber edax, non aquilo impotens
Poſſit diruere.

Thoughts of Jean-Jacques Rouſſeau, Citizen of Geneva. Selected from his Writings by an anonymous Editor, and tranſlated by Miſs Henrietta Colebroke. 2 Vols. 12mo. 7s. 6d. Debrett.

THE tranſlator of this Collection, after giving a juſt character of Rouſſeau, and of his moſt affecting and pathetic manner of writing, obſerves, that "it muſt be confeſſed that there are eccentricities and errors in the writings of this exalted genius, equally repugnant to the Chriſtian faith and ſound ſenſe: and that well-diſpoſed minds might, perhaps, doubt whether an indiſcriminate peruſal

of

of all that he has written might not be followed by dangerous consequences."

"That what is excellent and useful might not be lost, by an intermixture of any thing improper and offensive, an ingenious Frenchman has made a judicious collection, from the writings of Rousseau, of what is best adapted to the formation of rational views, sound moral principles, just taste, and proper manners. It is a translation of this Collection that is now offered to the English reader. It was undertaken at the desire of certain respectable judges, who were of opinion, that it would furnish very agreeable entertainment to all liberal minds, and that it might be useful in the education of youth, and particularly in that of young ladies. The system of Chesterfield is here reversed; for "the *Graces* are the *hand-maids* of *Vir-*"*tue*, not the *sovereigns* *," and presume not to usurp, but to adorn her throne."

In this Collection, which contains almost all that is valuable in Rousseau, we have Essays of a most instructive and interesting nature on a great variety of subjects;—on all that is most interesting in the natural and moral world—Religion, Philosophy, the Duties of Life, Taste, Criticism, History, Manners, Dress, &c. &c.—The translation is just, and the style unaffected, perspicuous, and proper, varying in its tone with that of the celebrated original.

This publication is patronized by a very honourable and noble list of subscribers. It is exceedingly well adapted to the use of schools—to which we heartily recommend it.

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

MISS HENRIETTA COLEBROKE, a young lady of the most amiable qualities of both person and mind, as well as liberal accomplishments, is a daughter of the late Robert Colebroke, Esq. Envoy to different foreign Courts, but last to that of Berne, in Switzerland, and a niece of the present Sir George Colebroke. Having been early accustomed to speak the French language as well as the English, and being fond of reading, she conceived a great admiration of the writings of Rousseau, and amused her leisure hours with translating such of the Essays before us as appeared to her the most entertaining and affecting.—By the advice and at the request of several ladies and gentlemen of the greatest respectability she was induced to publish the whole.

The Half-pay Officer; or, Memoirs of Charles Chanceley. A Novel. In three Volumes. Johnson.

THE language in which this novel is expressed is at once high-toned and elegant; the sentiments are virtuous and refined; the characters natural, well chosen, and in some instances happily contrasted: the manners, indeed, are not too highly coloured; but it is not in every picture that the strongest tints produce the happiest effects. The incidents are numerous, and the story interesting. We cannot, perhaps, better convey our opinion of this work than in the author's own words; for "when a novel is so constructed as to convey a striking moral to the heart, without offending the judgment, or misguiding the understanding, it may be allowed to possess, if no very elevated degree of merit, at least some share of use. To amuse the fancy is frequently the best and readiest way to reach the heart, and if an artful tale of fictitious can there excite one compassionate sensation for real misery, the novelist atchieves what the moralist, nay perhaps the preacher, has essayed in vain."—When we recollect the exquisite and affecting sensibility with which this author has, upon a former occasion, described "The Sorrows of the Heart," we cannot but lament that his motive in resuming the pen was to soothe the "pangs of disappointment, and calm the tumultuous throbbings of painful expectation."—But it is our more pleasing province to point out the merits of the writer, than to dwell upon the misfortunes of the man; and it is with satisfaction we acknowledge, that "The Half-pay Officer" has so successfully excited compassionate sensations for real misery, that those "who owe their safety and enjoyments perhaps in a great measure to his gallantry and exertion, should blush when they reflect how little he enjoys."—We cannot, however, dismiss this article without observing, that, in our opinion, a novel is by no means the proper vehicle for political discussion.

* See Dunbar's Essays on the History of Mankind.

The

The Rural Economy of Yorkſhire. Comprizing the Management of Landed Eſtates, and the preſent Practice of Huſbandry in the Agricultural Diſtricts of that County. By Mr. Marſhall. 2 Vols. 8vo. 12s. Cadell.

(*Continued from* Vol. XIII. *Page* 417.)

HAVING with his uſual acuteneſs of obſervation, remarked upon the modern improvements, but remaining imperfections, of the ROADS in the county (or rather it ſhould be ſaid, in the Vale of Pickering) Mr. Marſhall leads us, in the ninth ſection of his work, to a view of the FENCES. Theſe he forms into ſix claſſes——*gates*——*fence-walls*——*poſts and rails*—*dead hedges*—*live hedges*—and *hedgerow-timber*; and of their ſeveral proprieties and improprieties he furniſhes brief, but ample proofs.

The tenth ſection treats of *ſtores* and *ſurface-drains*, with hints tending to improve RIVER-EMBANKMENT in general; an object of vaſt national importance, but about which we ſeem, as a people, to think little, and unfortunately to care leſs.

In the eleventh, our author gives an account of the *woodlands* and *plantations*; in the courſe of which, ſtrange as it may appear, he ſhews, that the practice of raiſing woods from *acorns*—a practice which formerly has evidently prevailed in different parts of the iſland—*cannot eaſily be traced in this*; and—what may in fact be conſidered as an ultimate effect of this cauſe—there is not in the whole of this diſtrict, according to the belief of Mr. Marſhall, "but *one* eſtate, and that not of conſiderable magnitude, upon which any *large* timber can now be found."—Under this head, we find various other obſervations, leſs *curious* perhaps, but certainly not leſs *important*, to thoſe who would wiſh to enhance the *profit*, as well as encreaſe the *amuſement*, of their agricultural purſuits.

In the twelfth and thirteenth diviſions of his work, Mr. Marſhall is more than uſually conciſe.—Theſe ſections chiefly relate to the comparative advantages of *large* and *ſmall* farms. Upon very juſt grounds, our author declares himſelf an advocate for the *former*, and pointedly declares—what experience has long too clearly ſhewn—that "poverty and ignorance are the ordinary inhabitants of *ſmall farms*."

No object, however minute in itſelf, or unimportant to a *ſuperficial* obſerver, is ſuffered to eſcape the notice of our indefatigable Rural Economiſt.—In the fourteenth ſection, he briefly deſcribes the condition of the *workmen* in the diſtrict before him; who, he ſays, conſidered as *yearly* ſervants, "are noticeable for the *highneſs* of their wages, the *lowneſs* of their living, and the *length of their working hours*;" circumſtances, he adds, which, if we may judge from appearance, are conducive to their *health*.—*Milk* is ſtill their principal food; and in the uſe of *malt-liquor* they ſeldom indulge themſelves beyond the bounds of moderation.

In the fifteenth ſection, which treats of "Beaſts of Labour," Mr. Marſhall enters into the long-agitated diſpute about the ſuperiority of *oxen* or *horſes* for the purpoſes of huſbandry; and decidedly does he pronounce in favour of the former. The idea that oxen are ineligible as beaſts of draught, he refutes; and with much ingenuity does he point out the cauſes by which the breed of this horned animal has been found to decline in Yorkſhire.

The ſixteenth ſection exhibits a view of the principal agricultural *implements* which our author had noticed in the Vale; and theſe he deſcribes under the ſeveral denominations of *waggons*—*plows*—*the common ſledge*—*moulding ſledges*—*machine fans*.—This laſt implement (more generally known by the appellation of "Winnowing machine") has long been known as a *curioſity* in moſt parts of the kingdom; but it was reſerved for the county of York to bring the *uſe* of it into common practice.

On this head, Mr. Marſhall obſerves, "We are probably indebted to the Chineſe, or other eaſtern nation, for the invention of this machine. I have ſeen it upon an India paper drawn with ſufficient accuracy, to ſhew that the draughtſman was intimately acquainted with the uſes of it. The Dutch, to whom the invention has been aſcribed, imported it, in all probability, from the Eaſt Indies. Be this as it may, it indiſputably came from Holland into this country.

"Its firſt introduction into the Vale was by a gentleman of this neighbourhood, about five-and-thirty years ago. But the introducer committing this complex machine to the care of ſervants, without paying attention to it himſelf, it was, as might be expected, ſoon thrown aſide as uſeleſs.

"Some time afterwards, however, it fell

into the hands of a ſenſible ſubſtantial yeoman; who, with the aſſiſtance of a friend, diſcovered its uſefulneſs, and reduced it to practice.

"My father, who had made himſelf maſter of the excellencies and defects of this pattern, made one from it, with ſome improvements. This was the firſt which was made in the diſtrict, and perhaps the firſt which was made in England.

"The utility of theſe being ſeen by ſome diſcerning individuals, ſeveral others were conſtructed under my father's direction. But, notwithſtanding many of them were kept in common uſe, and viſited as ſubjects of admiration, it was ſome fifteen or twenty years before they grew into popular eſtimation.

"Within the laſt ten or fifteen years, the making of them has been a principal employment of wrights and carpenters. At preſent there is ſcarcely any man, whoſe farming is conſiderable, without a "Machine Fan."

"The conſtruction of this machine has undergone ſeveral alterations, and ſome few improvements may have been made in it; none of them, however, of moment, except that of changing the materials of the ſails from boards to ſheet-iron. Its complexneſs is the only bar to its popularity. Should a happy ſimplification of it be hit upon, it muſt inevitably ruſh into univerſal practice."

On the ſubject of the *weather*, which occupies the ſeventeenth ſection, our author avoids being diffuſe, having given his ideas reſpecting it at large in a former publication *.—He exhibits, however, the "Progreſs of Spring, in the year 1787," as it appeared to him at Pickering, though not without this arch remark, that there, as in other places, the BAROMETER has both its advocates and its revilers.—"The former," ſays Mr. Marſhall, "ſpeak well of it, becauſe it has more than once ſaved their hay or their corn from damage: the latter revile, or perhaps break it, becauſe they have been caught in the rain when the *weather-glaſs* was above *changeable*: expecting that the *glaſs* ſhould indicate the weather with the ſame preciſion that a clock or a watch does the time of the day."

"But this," he adds, "is ſomewhat unreaſonable: it would, indeed, be equally philoſophical to quarrel with the ſcales when the guinea is under weight. It is quarrelling with the laws of nature, not with a glaſs-tube and quickſilver.—All that the barometer pretends to is to aſcertain the *weight of the atmoſphere*, which it does with great delicacy and accuracy: it is beyond the power of *mechaniſm* to form ſo fine a balance †."

In the eighteenth and nineteenth ſections, our author exhibits a comparative view of the paſt and preſent "general management of farms," with an account of the mode of management alſo in the "ſucceſſion" of arable crops and fallow.

On theſe points he is rather brief; but in the twentieth ſection, which treats of "*ſoils and ſoil-proceſſes*," the ſubjects being more complex, he is himſelf more copious. Here, Mr. Marſhall makes a variety of pertinent, and, if we miſtake not, *original*, remarks on the practice of "ſod-burning," or, as it is *provincially* ſtyled, "paring and burning"—a practice which is little known in many parts of this iſland, but which, as he juſtly adds, *ought to be well underſtood by every huſbandman in it*. For a detail of theſe and other important remarks in this ſection, we muſt refer our readers to the work itſelf.

In treating of the "manures, and manure-proceſs," he is equally ſatisfactory. The uſes made of thoſe manures he ſeverally deſcribes in the twenty-firſt ſection. But what chiefly attracts our attention to this part of the work is, the juſt encomium he beſtows upon the waters of "NEWTONDALE-WELL."

"Theſe waters," he ſays, "have long been celebrated for their virtues in cold-bathing; and for ſtrengthening the limbs of children they are, I believe, celebrated juſtly. An anniverſary relative to theſe waters has been obſerved time immemorial, and is ſtill obſerved by the neighbouring youth, who meet at this ſpring upon ſome certain Sunday in the ſummer months to bathe; and—a poetic mind would add,—to celebrate the virtues of the water.

"The ſituation of this ſpring is ſingularly wild and romantic: the country on every ſide mountainous and barren, excepting the narrow dale, or cultivated chaſm, near the head of which the ſpring is ſituated.

"At the time theſe mountains and this chaſm were formed, it is probable the water guſhed out of the face of a perpendicular rock, which now riſes about eighty feet above the ſpring; but through the mouldering of the rock,

* See his well-known work entitled "Experiments and Obſervations concerning Agriculture and the Weather."

† "*So* fine a balance!"—Should not our author have ſaid, "a *more* fine balance?"—The barometer itſelf is but a piece of mechaniſm, *ergo*—But we will not enlarge upon the impropriety of the expreſſion; it is ſufficiently obvious, and as being, we preſume, a mere ſlip of the pen, is a fault we hold venial in an author ſo generally accurate as Mr. Marſhall.

rock, and the accumulative effect of the waters, the base of the precipice, out of which they issue, now reaches with a sharp ascent to near the mouth of the spring.

"The upper part of the slope at least has evidently been raised by VEGETATION and PETRIFACTION. Had not the hand of *art* been assisting in removing from time to time the accumulated matter, in the form of "marl" and "limestone," and in leading the water by a channel from the rock, the spring might long since, by over growing its mouth, have been the cause of its own extinction.

"These waters, at their source, are remarkably cold and strongly CHALYBEATE to the taste, tinging their bed of a deep rust colour; but as they fall down the base of the hill, they lose by degrees their chalybeate qualities, losing them entirely before they reach the foot of the slope.

"What is equally observable, their PETRIFACTIVE quality is, at the source, barely perceptible, and does not acquire its full effect until they have run some twenty or thirty yards down the slope; about which point they lose almost entirely their chalybeate *taste*, though they still continue to *tinge* the channel; the colour growing fainter as the length of channel increases*."

The next objects of Mr. Marshall's notice are, the "*Weeds and Vermin*."—Beginning with *weeds*, he observes, that there are men in the Vale of York so singularly nice in their observations of them, that they mark their *continuance*, and describe their methods of *propagation* and *rooting* with MORE than botanical accuracy.

In this department, our author's principal object avowedly is, to enumerate the different *species* of weeds most noxious to the *arable* land around him. "He has *endeavoured*," he says, "to place them according to their *degrees of noxiousness*."—In thus *endeavouring*, as he calls it, he has, in our opinion, succeeded greatly; and particularly are we pleased with the list he gives of the weeds of the Vale, when we see those weeds presented to view not only with their *Linnæan*, but with their *Provincial*, and—what is better—their *English* names, as generally adopted throughout the kingdom.

On this occasion, with great propriety Mr. Marshall exposes the error of the great Linnæus in the denomination he gives to our *common thistle*, or *corn-thistle*, when he classed it as a *serratula*.—"Let no voluminous writer," says he, "pretend to perfect accuracy. Linnæus, whose system is a wonderful exertion of the human mind with respect to accuracy of arrangement, appears to have made an evident mistake in the classification of this common plant. How he could be induced to tear it from its *natural* family, CARDUUS, and force it into that of *serratula*, may now be difficult to be ascertained. *I retain the name,—but protest against the propriety of it.* The LINNÆAN NAMES are now gone forth throughout all nations; and whoever *changes* them is speaking a language unknown to UNIVERSAL BOTANY."

In noticing the *Vermin*, he only particularises three species—*mice*, *rats*, and *dogs*.—How far our *sportsmen* may agree with Mr. Marshall in classing the *dog* as a species of vermin, we know not; but this we know, that his observations relative to that animal reflect no small honour upon him, not only as a man of sound sense, but manly feeling.

"It is not," says he, "through an antipathy to dogs that I class them here among vermin. I am led to it by facts, which, though not extraordinary, ought to be known.

"A few years ago the whole country was alarmed with the apprehension of CANINE MADNESS. A considerable proportion of the dogs kept in it were actually mad. Much live stock and several persons were bitten. Fortunately, however, thus far none of *these* have been attacked by that horrid disorder; but they still live under the dreadful apprehension of their being every day liable to be seized by the greatest calamity human nature is liable to.

"In the course of last winter (1786-7) the value of SHEEP WORRIED BY DOGS, in this township alone, was calculated at near one hundred pounds. A small farmer whose entire flock did not amount to more than forty, had thirteen sheep and eleven lambs worried in one night.

"These are not mentioned as singular facts: every District and almost every year afford instances of a similar nature; nor do I mention them to excite a momentary indignation in the breast of the reader; but in hopes that they may be instrumental in rousing the humanity of those who have it in their power to mitigate the danger, and lessen the quantity of evil.

"The quantity of human food which is annually wasted on *useless* dogs is itself an ob-

* "This spring, which is at least an object of curiosity, and whose waters may contain medical virtues which require to be pointed out, is situated about two miles from *Saltergait-inn*, on the road between PICKERING and WHITBY."

ject of national attention. When the horrors of canine madneſs, the wanton torture of innocence, and the wanton deſtruction of one of the firſt neceſſaries of life are added, the object becomes of the firſt concern to the nation. Who, even in theſe days of Public Economy, would think ten thouſand pounds a-year ill beſtowed in doing away ſuch an accumulation of public evil? Yet who does not know that in doing it away ten times ten thouſand a-year might be drawn into the national treaſury! Let not the patriotiſm of Princes, the ability of Miniſters, nor the wiſdom of Parliament, be ſpoken of in this country, until a NATIONAL ABSURDITY ſo glaringly obvious be removed.

"There are men whom *friendſhip* inclines to the cauſe of the dog. For be it from me to damp the flame of friendſhip. But is not the lamb equally, at leaſt, entitled to our friendſhip? Who ſees the little innocent dragged to the ſlaughter without regret; and who, without remorſe, could ſee one lie mangled in the field, half alive, half eaten up, by the mercileſs, yet *befriended* dog."

In the twenty-fourth ſection, Mr. Marſhall explains the method of *harveſting*, and ſhews how widely it differs in the *northern* from the *midland* and *ſouthern* parts of the iſland.

The twenty-fifth and twenty-ſixth ſections relate ſolely to the general management of Farm yards, and to the conduct of the markets; but though conciſe, they are not leſs replete with uſeful information than any of the preceding ones.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A Short Account of the Naval Actions of the laſt War, in order to prove that the French Nation never gave ſuch ſlender Proofs of Maritime Greatneſs as during that Period; with Obſervations on the Diſcipline and Hints for the Improvement of the Britiſh Navy. By an Officer. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Murray. 1788.

THE influence of opinion is one of the moſt obvious and efficient principles in the character and conduct of nations. Individuals ſometimes exert themſelves beyond their natural capacity, from a partial idea of perſonal proweſs. Univerſal hiſtory is replete with examples of armies and bodies of men performing the moſt extraordinary exploits under the impulſe of ſimilar convictions. It is owing in no inconſiderable degree, to a prepoſſeſſion of this kind, that the navy of England has hitherto ſupported with ſo much luſtre, the notion which ſhe has always conceived and cheriſhed of her own ſuperiority. Suppreſs this generous ſentiment, which animates the breaſt of every Britiſh ſailor, communicates the impulſe of heroes in the hour of danger, and renders our fleets ſo formidable to all maritime rivals, and the pride and bravery of our ſeamen will expire with it: our national character, detached from the circumſtance that raiſed and braced it, will be debaſed and mortified; and the moment that confidence in ourſelves is loſt, our courage will forſake us, and our importance in the ſcale of nations be annihilated.

To counteract the pernicious effects of deſpondency among an order in the community who have long been its bulwark and pride, is the acknowledged deſign of the publication before us. The author appears to be an officer in the Britiſh navy, and perfectly maſter of his ſubject. He writes with the accuracy and knowledge of a profeſſional man, and ſeems to have ſtudied our naval hiſtory with attention. His being preſent in many of the actions he deſcribes, or probably in habits of intimacy with gentlemen who were, enables him to ſpeak of events and cauſes with confidence and preciſion. And whatever diffidence his modeſty may incline him to put in his literary talents, we venture to predict the public will agree with us in thinking them reſpectable.

It is a maxim generally received in political ſpeculation, that the martial genius of nations declines in proportion to their refinement in the arts of luxury and poliſhed life. The ambitious ſpirit of our Gallic rivals and their military character, notwithſtanding their improvements in all the modes of elegance, is a phænomenon in modern hiſtory, which ſeems to claſh with this principle. A multitude of facts are here ſelected and diſcriminated with ſagacity and exactneſs, as occurring in the courſe of laſt war, which vindicates the experience of mankind by demonſtrating the martial ſpirit of the French nation to be at leaſt leſs formidable than formerly. From this account, however, of a period generally conſidered as peculiarly humiliating to us; after making all reaſonable deductions for that partiality which it was natural for a Briton to feel in a retroſpect thus intereſting; the concluſion is highly flattering to the profeſſional ſkill and intrepidity of our countrymen.

From variety of unforeſeen diſaſters,

England

England continued during almoſt the whole war, peculiarly fretful and diſpirited. But the circumſtances which our author has collected and put into one ſtrong connected point of view, ought, one would imagine, to have produced a very different effect. Dazzled by the brilliancy of preceding wars, theſe circumſtances, and the advantages reſulting from them in this, were probably overlooked. The alarming preſſure of misfortune, which in our caſe ſeemed without end or meaſure, prevented us from perceiving the difference between the powers which oppoſed us now and formerly. By the account of the naval actions under conſideration, an accurate eſtimate is made of our ſtrength, allies, enemies, and obſtacles, in ſome of the moſt ſplendid periods of our hiſtory, and during our late conteſt with America and all the naval force of the old world. In this unequal ſtruggle, unleſs facts are ſuppreſſed on the one ſide and exaggerated on the other; which, in the face of public documents, and while the matter at iſſue is yet freſh in our memory, could not be done; our fleets never fought better, and thoſe of the enemy never fought worſe; and, ultimately at leaſt, the navy of England were never more triumphant. Of this happy termination to a war the moſt unpromiſing we ever waged, the proofs are ſplendid and palpable. The numbers of French killed in every engagement greatly exceeded ours. They do not poſſeſs a ſingle line of battle ſhip captured from the Britiſh fleet. We took from them no leſs than twenty ſail, and our harbours exhibit at this moment the floating caſtles of our enemy, as ſo many trophies or monuments of our national glory and their diſgrace.

The author accounts for theſe ſignal advantages, from our late improvements in every branch of nautical ſcience. The internal diſcipline of our ſhips is brought to as much perfection as it is capable perhaps of receiving. The brutal cuſtom of beating Engliſhmen with rattans like cattle is aboliſhed. Quartering the officers with the men, is attended with the beſt effects in preventing the omiſſion of duty, and preſerving their ſeveral attentions diſtinct and alive. Some ſalutary alterations in diet were alſo introduced. But the circumſtances to which, under Heaven, we owed moſt ſucceſs, were reducing our ſignals to a regular ſyſtem of perſpicuous intelligence; and our ſuperiority in the art of manœuvring a great fleet. For the laſt of theſe important acquiſitions, the nation, our author aſſerts, is principally indebted to the late Admiral Kempenfelt, whoſe fate in the Royal George has been ſo juſtly and ſo univerſally lamented.

The treaſures loſt in our abortive ſcheme of colonial ſubjugation, have ſwelled the burdens of the State to a moſt enormous ſize. The review of our exertions during that critical and buſy period authenticates the expenditure; and all circumſtances impartially ſtated and compared, it is not wonderful we ſpent ſo much, but that we did not ſpend more, and that we had ſo much to ſpend.

The following is our Officer's account of the celebrated battle which was fought on the 12th of April 1782.

"Each fleet," ſays he, "formed into a line of battle, and met each other on contrary tacks; the Britiſh on the ſtarboard tack, with an inverted line; Admiral Drake and his diviſion leading, inſtead of Sir Samuel Hood; occaſioned by ſome of the ſhips of the latter having been diſabled on the 9th. The water was perfectly ſmooth, the ſky ſerene and clear, with a fine commanding breeze of wind; and the relative poſition of the two fleets approaching to the battle, beautifully grand and animating. To an obſerver not perſonally concerned in the conflict, the impending ſhock muſt have been awful and tremendous. At length, at half paſt ſeven the ſignal was diſplayed on both ſides for battle, and ſoon after for cloſe action. The van diviſion, which was gallantly commanded by Admiral Drake, inſtantly received and returned the broadſides of the enemy; and in an inſtant all was involved in ſmoke. The fleets advancing, and the action becoming general, nothing is heard for hours but the repeated vollies of broadſides. Towards ten o'clock the ſmoke began to clear away; the battle raged with leſs fury; and it was obſerved that one of the enemy's ſhips* was totally diſmatted, and that the Prince George had loſt her foremaſt. It was alſo perceived, that the Britiſh ſhips a-head of Sir George Rodney in the line, had paſſed to leeward of the whole of the enemy's line; that Sir George Rodney had ſailed through their line, four ſhips a-ſtern of their Admiral in the centre; and that Sir Samuel Hood in the rear had ſailed through the enemy's line alſo, leaving Monſieur de Graſſe to leeward of him, and keeping nine ſail of the enemy to the windward of him. Here the battle continued to rage, the wind having been lulled by the din of cannon to a perfect calm, ſo

* The Glorieux,

that

that some of the ships of this division got out their boats to tow; and the action lasted until several of the ships had fired away all their powder; particularly the Monarch, which had tacked, and was engaged with the last ship of the enemy that had passed to the windward of our rear division. At this time Sir Samuel Hood sent a boat on board the Centaur, with orders for her to sustain the Monarch, and attack the ship she was engaged with. At the same time he made the signal for each ship of his division to crowd sail after the enemy, to prevent them from uniting with their Admiral, who at this time was endeavouring to rally the ships of his fleet, which were sometimes retreating, and sometimes turning their broadsides to the British ships which approached them; but they all appeared in panic and confusion, and greatly disabled. At four o'clock the Cæsar surrendered to the Centaur, after an obstinate defence, and not before she was run on board, and the colours struck by the British sailors *. The Hector struck soon afterwards to the Canada and Alcide; and at half past five the Belliqueux ran along-side the Ardent, who surrendered immediately. The impetuous courage of Sir Samuel Hood in the Barfleur, pushing into their fleet with his studding-sails set, had advanced him before the bow of the Ville de Paris. It was at this period that Comte de Grasse saw that all prospect of escaping was vain—an English Admiral being between him and the ships which ought to have sustained him. The sun was half sunk in the horizon when Sir Samuel cheered towards the French Admiral, to make sure of so glorious a conquest; which was soon obtained, and the Ville de Paris was taken possession of, after a short but sharp contest, by the Barfleur."

An Account of the Pelew Islands, situated in the Western Part of the Pacific Ocean. Composed from the Journals and Communications of Captain Henry Wilson, and some of his Officers, who, in August 1783, were there shipwrecked, in the Antelope, a Packet belonging to the Honourable the East-India Company. By George Keate, Esq. F. R. S. and S. A. 4to. 1l. 1s. Nicol.

[*Concluded from Page* 183.]

THE English had now begun to prepare for laying the keel of their new vessel, when the King, after a hard internal struggle, made with great difficulty a request, which proved to be, that as he was going to war with a neighbouring island, Captain Wilson would spare him five of his crew armed with firelocks.

"Captain Wilson instantly replied, that the English were as his own people, and that the enemies of the King were their enemies. —The interpreter certainly very well translated this declaration, for in an instant every countenance, which was before overshadowed, became brightened and gay. The King said he should want the men in five days, by which time his own people would be prepared for battle, and that he would take them down to Pelew with him the next day.

"The King came in the forenoon of the following day for the men he had been promised; Captain Wilson, on offering to make one of the number, was refused by his own people, who declared that he must not expose himself, as all their safeties depended on him. Every one of the English expressed a readiness to go, but the five following being young men, and requesting their comrades with particular earnestness to be the first upon the list, were those who were appointed, viz. Mr. Cummin, the third mate, Nicholas Tyacke, James Bluett, Madan Blanchard, and Thomas Dutton; they also took with them Tom Roie as their interpreter; the King and the Chiefs taking each, one of them in their canoes: our men being dressed in blue jackets, cocked hats, with light blue cockades, and properly prepared with arms and ammunition.

After the departure of this little detachment, the remaining English continued to work assiduously on their vessel, Captain Wilson being re-elected their commander†, and Mr. Barker second mate, superintending the whole, until the victorious return of Abba Thulie, who by the assistance of his new allies had completely discomfited his enemies: but, as our ambition rises with our success, immediately on his return he planned a second expedition against

* "The Cæsar caught fire at eight o'clock, and blew up at ten. Two hundred French prisoners perished; and two lieutenants, a lieutenant of marines, boatswain, and thirty-seven seamen belonging to the Centaur."

† As every reader may not be acquainted with maritime proceedings, to such it will not be improper to remark, that when a merchant-ship is wrecked, all authority immediately ceases, and every individual is at full liberty to shift for himself.

the

the iſland of Artingall, whoſe inhabitants had lately murdered one of his brothers, and again requeſted and obtained the aſſiſtance of his friend Captain Wilſon. It is ſingular, and ſhews the advantage of civilization in a very ſtrong light, that a few ſhipwrecked Engliſh ſhould be eſteemed, at the diſtance of half the globe from their own country, a force ſufficient to turn the ſcale of victory between contending nations. As this was a more ſerious undertaking than the former, the allies were doubled; for *ten* men went out, Mr. Benger, Mr. M. Wilſon, Harvey, Steward, Roberts, Duncan, Tyacke, Blanchard, Wilſon, and Dutton. Such was the force detached to attack the Iſle of Artingall: and detached with ſucceſs—the enemy was completely routed, *ſix* canoes taken, and NINE PRISONERS! The unfortunate captives were inſtantly put to death. Their cuſtom is when they go to battle to bind up their hair in a particular manner, and to collect it in a great bunch at the top of their heads; but as ſoon as they are captured they untie it, pull it over their faces, and wait with firmneſs and intrepidity the inevitable ſtroke of death. One of them when expiring fixed his eyes on Mr. Benger, and ſeemed to die impreſſed with nothing ſo much as the colour of his new enemy.

The views of Abba Thulle were now ſtill more extended; he petitioned for ten men and a *ſwivel gun*, and his petition was granted. The following is the account given by Mr. Wilſon, who commanded the auxiliaries:

"The outſet of this buſineſs was nearly the ſame as in the ſecond expedition, though the number of canoes far exceeded thoſe which accompanied the King before.—When we got to Artingall no canoes were ſeen, though the uſual previous notice had been ſent of our coming to attack them.—The Pelew people being unable to provoke the appearance of the enemy, landed, and went a little way up from the ſea-ſhore. Raa Kook now took the command, and conducted the troops; the King remaining in his canoe, and occaſionally diſpatching the *frigate canoes* with orders to him and Arra Kooker. We were entreated not to land; we however, perceiving that the enemy were beginning to defend themſelves, jumped on ſhore to aſſiſt our friends, and beſieged ſome houſes poſſeſſed by the enemy.—The ſwivel, which had been fixed in a canoe which the natives had prepared for the purpoſe, with great ingenuity and judgment, played conſtantly on the houſes, which were filled with people: our muſquetry covering the Pelew people, ſoon diſlodged the enemy, and one of the houſes was by ſome accident preſently in flames.—We were often greatly annoyed by the enemy, who ruſhed down on us with a ſhower of ſpears; in return, whenever we perceived them coming, a briſk fire was kept up, which not only diſperſed them immediately, but in all probability muſt have killed a conſiderable number of them.—Arra Kooker, who had gone further than any other in purſuit of the enemy, aſcending a hill in ſight of the canoes, and obſerving one of the Artingall people coming down, ſtept unnoticed among ſome buſhes to let him paſs, and then purſuing him down the declivity, ſtunned him with a blow from his wooden ſword*, and was dragging him a priſoner to his canoe, when Thomas Wilſon, ſeeing ſeveral of the enemy ruſhing down on Arra Kooker, and that he muſt inevitably have been killed, ran immediately to his aſſiſtance, and levelled his piece at the Artingall people, which they perceiving, inſtantly betook themſelves to flight. This was a circumſtance the more fortunate, as Thomas Wilſon had expended his whole ſtock of ammunition in covering the landing, and had actually at the time no charge in his muſquet.

"The natives of Artingall behaved with much courage in this engagement; they defended the houſe that took fire to the laſt, nor quitted it till it was ready to fall.—One of the Pelew people alſo on this occaſion diſtinguiſhed himſelf in a very extraordinary manner; he ran to the houſe while it was in flames, tore off a burning brand, and carrying it to another houſe, where many of the enemy had taken ſhelter, ſet it on fire, and (the materials of their buildings being very combuſtible) it was quickly burnt down: the man, after accompliſhing this bold atchievement, had the good fortune to return to his companions unhurt; the King publicly rewarded him for his courage, by immediately placing with his own hands a ſtring of beads in his ear, and making him afterwards an inferior *Rupack* on his return to Pelew.

"In this action five canoes were deſtroyed, which the enemy had hauled on ſhore, and alſo their wharf or cauſeway, which was much longer and broader than that at Pelew. Beſide doing much other damage to the enemy, they brought away the ſtone on which the King of Artingall ſits when in council. This afforded occaſion for great rejoicings when they got back, but were not ſo truly felt as after the ſecond battle, the triumph of the day being

* The ſame ſort of weapon was preſented to Captain Wilſon at Emungs.

overclouded

overclouded by the death of Raa Kook's ſon, and another youth of note, both killed in this engagement, as alſo from having thirty or forty of their people wounded, ſeveral of whom died in conſequence thereof, in a few days after their return to Pelew*."

This great victory broke the ſpirit of Artingall; their deputies came to ſue for peace, which was granted them. They were introduced to the Engliſh, and ſeemed to have buried their animoſity in the field of battle, expreſſing great admiration at the arms and ſkill of their enemies; and having learned that *ſhaking by the hand* was the Engliſh mode of teſtifying friendſhip, they never omitted the ceremony.

The veſſel was now (November 3d) nearly ready for launching, and it was determined to leave with their good friend and ally, Abba Thulle, all the iron and tools remaining, part of which they ſent him by Mr. Sharp, the ſurgeon. The veſſel, at the requeſt of the King, was called OROOLONG, after the iſland on which it was built; and now the Engliſh expected once more to viſit their native land. One of the crew however, Madan Blanchard, determined to remain behind; and after ſeveral fruitleſs exhortations to the contrary from Captain Wilſon and the crew, it was agreed to leave him all the neceſſaries which could be ſpared, and recommend him ſtrongly to the protection of the King. On Sunday the 9th of November, at ſeven o'clock in the morning, to the great joy of the Engliſh was the Oroolong launched; the whole day was employed in getting up the maſts, &c. and on this grand occaſion Captain Wilſon was inveſted with the Order of the *Bone* by Abba Thulle, and created a Rupack. Mr. Keate's remarks are curious—

"Thoſe who have been witneſſes of the conferring the more ſplendid orders of diſtinction, beſtowed by the Sovereigns of powerful and poliſhed kingdoms, where the Gothic hall is decorated with waving banners —where mitred Prelates aſſiſt the ceremony —where the pomp of regal ſtate impoſes on the ſenſe—and the blaze of ſuperb ornaments, beaming from female beauty, gracing the ceremony, overpowers the ſpectator with a vaſt diſplay of magnificence—ſuch may with a ſmile of contumely read the conceptions of theſe children of nature, or be diſpoſed to ridicule the ſimplicity with which the unadorned natives of Pelew hold a chapter of their higheſt Order of the Bone. But it will be recollected, that the *object* and the *end* are every where the ſame.—This mark of diſtinction is given and received in thoſe regions as a reward of valour and fidelity, and held out as the prize of merit.—In this light ſuch public honours were originally conſidered, and ſtill ought to be ſo, in every ſtate, from Pelew to Britain.—And while they continue to be thus regarded, they will operate on the human paſſions, excite emulation, inſpire courage, promote virtue, and challenge reſpect.—The decoration indeed derives all its ſplendor from the combined ideas of the mind whilſt viewing it; and the imagination is equally impreſſed with the ſame ſentiment, whether the badge of honour be a ſtrip of velvet tied round the knee, a tuft of ribband and croſs dangling at the button-hole, a ſtar embroidered on the coat, or a *bone* upon the arm."

The King, who had uniformly aſſiſted and protected the Engliſh, now gave Captain Wilſon the laſt mark of his confidence by committing to his care LEE BOO, his ſecond and favourite ſon, a youth about nineteen, to be brought to England and educated. On Wedneſday November the 12th the Oroolong weighed anchor, having on board Lee Boo, and all the Engliſh, except Blanchard, who kept his reſolution of remaining at Pelew:

"And loaded as ſhe had been by Abba Thulle's bounty, even to ſuperfluity, with whatever he conceived might be uſeful or pleaſant to his departing friends, yet on either ſide of her were a multitude of canoes, filled with the common natives, who had all brought our people preſents from themſelves, intreating they might be accepted.—It was in vain they were told that the veſſel was ſo full there was no room to receive any thing more; each held up a little ſomething. "*Only this from me*"—"*Only this for me*," was the general cry;—the repetition of which was urged with ſuch ſupplicating countenances, and watery eyes, that this bewitching teſtimony of affection and generoſity almoſt overcame every one on board. From ſome of thoſe who were neareſt, a few yams or cocoa-nuts were accepted; and the poor creatures whoſe intreaties could not be attended to, unable to bear the diſappointment, paddled a-head, and threw the little preſents they had brought into the pinnace, totally ignorant that ſhe was

* "The carrying off the regal ſtone from Artingall might add as much imaginary glory to the day as our firſt Edward's bringing to Weſtminſter the inauguration ſtone of the Kings of Scotland."

to

to return back with Blanchard, who was now got into her in order to take the veſſel in tow. He had with the moſt unwearied aſſiduity lent his countrymen every aſſiſtance in his power to the laſt, and, having laid up carefully the ſail enquired after, came on board to ſhew where he had ſtowed it; which having done, he wiſhed them all a proſperous voyage, and, without teſtifying the ſmalleſt degree of regret, took leave of all his old ſhipmates, with as much eaſe as if they were only ſailing from London to Graveſend, and were to return with the next tide."

From this time no unproſperous occurrence took place; they arrived in due courſe at Macao, and from thence in England; where, in a few months, poor Lee Boo, after having given the cleareſt proofs of a very uncommon genius, died of the ſmall-pox, on the 27th of December 1784, and lies buried in Rotherhithe Churchyard; the gratitude of the Eaſt India Company having erected a tomb to the ſon of him who preſerved the lives of their ſervants, with the following inſcription:

" To the memory
of Prince LEE BOO,
A native of the PELEW, or PALOS Iſlands;
and Son to ABBA THULLE, Rupack or King
of the Iſland COOROORAA;
who departed this Life on the 27th of December 1784,
aged 20 Years;
This Stone is inſcribed,
by the Honourable United EAST INDIA COMPANY,
as a Teſtimony of Eſteem for the humane
and kind Treatment afforded by HIS FATHER
to the Crew of their Ship
the ANTELOPE, Captain WILSON,
which was wrecked off that Iſland
in the Night of the 9th of Auguſt 1783.

Stop, Reader, ſtop!—let NATURE claim a Tear—
A Prince of *Mine*, LEE BOO, lies bury'd here."

With the following very ſenſible and elegant remarks of Mr. Keate we ſhall conclude this article, which from its curioſity we have given at great length:

ABBA THULLE, the KING.

" At Pelew the King was the firſt perſon in the government. He appeared to be conſidered the father of his people; and, though diveſted of all external decorations of royalty, had every mark of diſtinction paid to his perſon.—His Rupacks or Chiefs approached him with the greateſt reſpect; and his common ſubjects, whenever they paſſed near him, or had occaſion to addreſs him, put their hands behind them, and crouched towards the ground;—even if they were paſſing any houſe or place where the King was ſuppoſed to be, they humiliated themſelves in the ſame manner, till they got beyond his probable preſence, when they reſumed their uſual mode of walking. On all occaſions the behaviour of Abba Thulle appeared gentle and gracious, yet always full of dignity; he heard whatever his ſubjects had to ſay to him, and, by his affability and condeſcenſion, never ſuffered them to go away diſſatisfied.—This perſonage, however great he was held at Pelew, was not underſtood by our people to poſſeſs a ſovereignty over all the iſlands which came within their knowledge.——The Rupacks of Emungs, Emillegue, and Artingall, and the Rupack Maath, were independent in their own territories.—Yet Abba Thulle had ſeveral iſlands over which he ruled; and all the obſervations that follow are ſolely confined to his government, though it is not improbable that the other iſlands might have much ſimilitude in their ſyſtem.

" Upon all occurrences of moment he convened the Rupacks and officers of ſtate; their councils were always held in the open air, upon a raiſed ſquare pavement, where the King firſt ſtated the buſineſs upon which he had aſſembled them, and ſubmitted it to their conſideration; each Rupack preſent delivered his opinion, but without riſing from his ſeat: when the matter before them was ſettled, the King, ſtanding up, put an end to the council.—After which they often entered into familiar converſation, and ſometimes chatted together for an hour after their buſineſs was diſpatched.

" When any meſſage was brought to the King, whether in council or elſewhere, if it came by one of the common people, it was delivered at ſome diſtance, in a low voice, to one of the inferior Rupacks; who, bending in an humble manner, at the King's ſide, delivered the meſſage in a low tone of voice, with his face turned aſide.—His commands appeared to be abſolute; though he acted in no important buſineſs without the advice of his Chiefs. In council there was a particular ſtone on which the King ſat; the other Rupacks did not always take the ſame place, ſeating themſelves ſometimes on his right hand and ſometimes on his left.

" Every day in the afternoon the King, whether he was at Pelew, or with the Engliſh at Oroolong, went to ſit in public, for the purpoſe of hearing any requeſts, or

of adjuſting any difference or diſpute which might have ariſen among his ſubjects.

" As theſe people had but little property to create diſſention, and no lawyers to foment animoſity, it is probable that the immurable boundaries of right and wrong were perfectly underſtood, and not often violated; whenever they were, the offending party received the King's cenſure, which expoſed them to general ſhame; a ſentence, to uncorrupted minds, far more ſevere than any penal inſtitution.—They could not recur to the dubious conſtruction of five hundred laws, vaguely conceived, and worſe underſtood; under the obſcurity of which, in civilized countries, the artful villain too often takes ſhelter, and the injured ſit down more oppreſſed.—Happy for them, they were ignorant of that caſuiſtry and refinement which can argue vice into virtue! nor were acquainted with the laudanum of rhetoric, whoſe property will occaſionally benumb and lay dormant the power of common underſtandings!—They had no conception that there exiſted poliſhed nations, where it was infinitely more expenſive to ſue for juſtice than to ſubmit to fraud and oppreſſion—nations where men's *oaths* only, not men's *words*, were credited! and where there were found wretches who dared attack the properties and lives of their fellow-citizens, by aſſertions of *falſhood*, whilſt they ſolemnly and impiouſly invoked the God of Heaven to atteſt their *truth*!—Born the children of Nature, and ſecluded from the corruption of the world, her laws were their general guide.—Their *real* wants were few, and they ſaw nothing to excite *artificial* ones.—Every one ſeemed to be occupied with their own humble purſuits; and, as far as our people, in a ſtay of three months with the natives, could decide, appeared to conduct themſelves toward each other with great civility and benevolence; for they never obſerved any wrangling or open paſſion.—Even when children were diſputing or fighting, they ſtrongly marked their diſpleaſure, by ſtifling with rebuke their little impetuoſities.

PROPERTY.

" Conſidering that during the time our people remained on theſe iſlands, their minds were principally engaged by their own concerns, it will hardly be ſuppoſed they had much leiſure to inveſtigate a ſubject of this nature.—As far as they could obtain intelligence on this point, they underſtood that the natives only poſſeſſed a property in their work and labour, but no abſolute one in the ſoil, of which the King appeared to be general proprietor.—A man's houſe, furniture, or canoe, was conſidered as his private property; as was alſo the land allotted him, as long as he occupied and cultivated it; but whenever he removed with his family to another place, the ground he held reverted to the King, who gave it to whom he pleaſed, or to thoſe who ſolicited to cultivate it. Every family occupied ſome land for their maintenance, neceſſity impoſed this labour on them; and the portion of time which they could ſpare from providing for their natural wants, paſſed in the exerciſe of ſuch little arts, as, while they kept them induſtrious and active, adminiſtered to their convenience and comfort.

GENERAL CHARACTER of the NATIVES.

" I ſhall cloſe this account of the Pelew Iſlands with a few general remarks on the diſpoſition and character of the natives.

" The conduct of theſe people towards the Engliſh was, from the firſt to the laſt, uniformly courteous and attentive, accompanied with a politeneſs that ſurprized thoſe on whom it was beſtowed. At all times they ſeemed ſo cautious of intruding, that on many occaſions they ſacrificed their natural curioſity to that reſpect, which natural good manners appeared to them to exact. Their liberality to the Engliſh at their departure, when individuals poured in all the beſt they had to give, and that of articles too of which they had far from plenty themſelves, ſtrongly demonſtrated that theſe teſtimonies of friendſhip were the effuſion of hearts that glowed with the flame of philanthropy; and when our countrymen, from want of ſtowage, were compelled to refuſe the further marks of kindneſs which were offered them, the intreating eyes and ſupplicating geſtures with which they ſolicited their acceptance of what they had brought, moſt forcibly expreſſed how much their minds were wounded, to think they had not arrived early enough to have their little tributes of affection received.

" Nor was this conduct of theirs an oſtentatious civility exerciſed towards ſtrangers.—Separated as they were from the reſt of the world, the character of a ſtranger had never entered their imagination.—They felt our people were diſtreſſed, and in conſequence wiſhed they ſhould ſhare whatever they had to give. It was not that worldly munificence, that beſtows and ſpreads its favours with a diſtant eye to retribution—Their boſoms had never harboured ſo contaminating a thought—No; it was the pure emotions of native benevolence—It was the love of man to man.—It was a ſcene that pictured human nature in triumphant colouring—And, whilſt their *liberality* gratified the ſenſe, their *virtue* ſtruck the heart!

" Our

" Our people had alſo many occaſions to obſerve, that this ſpirit of urbanity operated in all the intercourſe the natives had among themſelves. The attention and tenderneſs ſhewn to the women was remarkable, and the deportment of the men to each other mild and affable; inſomuch that, in the various ſcenes of which they were ſpectators, during their ſtay on theſe iſlands, the Engliſh never ſaw any thing that had the appearance of conteſt, or paſſion: every one ſeemed to attend to his own concerns, without interfering with the buſineſs of their neighbour.—The men were occupied in their plantations, or in cutting wood, making hatchets, line, or ſmall cords: ſome in building houſes or canoes; others in making nets and fiſhing-tackle. The forming of darts, ſpears, and other warlike weapons, engroſſed the attention of many more; as alſo the making of paddles for their boats, the faſhioning of domeſtic utenſils, and the preparing and burning the chinam.—Such as had abilities to conduct any uſeful employment were called by the natives *Tackelbys*; of this claſs were reckoned the people who built, or inlaid the canoes: ſuch alſo were thoſe who manufactured the tortoiſeſhell, or made the pottery.

" As induſtry, however zealous, muſt be ſlow in producing its purpoſe, unaided by proper implements, and labour rendered extremely tedious from this deficiency, yet, in regions where ſuch advantages are denied, we do not find that the ardour of attempting is abated. A ſteady perſeverance, to a certain degree, accompliſhes the end aimed at; and Europe hath not, without reaſon, been aſtoniſhed at the many ſingular productions imported from the ſouthern diſcoveries, ſo neatly and curiouſly wrought by artleſs hands, unaſſiſted but by ſuch ſimple tools as ſerve only to increaſe our ſurprize, when we ſee how much they have effected.—Every man, by his daily labour, gained his daily ſuſtenance: neceſſity impoſing this exertion, no idle or indolent people were ſeen, not even among thoſe whom ſuperior rank might have exempted; on the contrary, theſe excited their inferiors to toil and activity by their own examples. The King himſelf was the beſt maker of hatchets in the iſland, and was uſually at work whenever diſengaged from matters of importance. Even the women ſhared in the common toil; they laboured in the plantations of yams, and it was their province to pluck out all the weeds that ſhot up from between the ſtones of the paved cauſeways. They manufactured the mats and baſkets, as well as attended to their domeſtic concerns. The buſineſs of tatooing was alſo carried on by them; thoſe who entered on this employment were denominated *Tackelbys artbeil*, or female artiſts. Their manners were courteous, though they were far from being of looſe or vicious diſpoſitions;—they in general rejected connections with our people, and reſented any indelicate or unbecoming freedom with a proper ſenſe of modeſty.

" In ſuch ſcenes of patient induſtry, the years of fleeting life paſſed on; and the cheerful diſpoſition of the natives fully authorized our people to ſuppoſe, that there were few hours of it either irkſome or oppreſſive. They were ſtrangers to thoſe paſſions which ambition excites—to thoſe cares which affluence awakens. Their exiſtence appeared to glide along like a ſmooth undiſturbed ſtream; and when the natural occurrences of life ruffled the ſurface, they poſſeſſed a ſufficient portion of fortitude to recover ſoon its wonted calm. Their happineſs ſeemed to be ſecured to them on the firmeſt baſis; for the little which Nature and Providence ſpread before them, they enjoyed with a contented cheerfulneſs; nor were their boſoms habituated to cheriſh wiſhes which they had not the power of gratifying. And it will not ſurely be denied, that in civilized nations the error of a contrary conduct exhibits, among the inactive, many melancholy repining countenances; whilſt it prompts more daring and uncontrouled ſpirits to aim at compaſſing their views by injuſtice, or rapine, and to break down the ſacred barrier of ſociety.

" From the general character of theſe people, the reader, I ſhould conceive, will be diſpoſed to allow, that their lives do credit to human nature; and that, however untutored, however uninformed, their manners preſent an intereſting picture to mankind.—We ſee a deſpotic government without one ſhade of tyranny; and power only exerciſed for general happineſs, the ſubjects looking up with filial reverence to their King. And, whilſt a mild government, and an affectionate confidence, linked their little ſtate in bonds of harmony, gentleneſs of manners was the natural reſult, and fixed a brotherly and diſintereſted intercourſe among one another."

Such is the account of the Pelew Iſlands, from which if our readers receive as much pleaſure as we have done, they will not think the time ſpent in this abſtract thrown away. For further information we refer them to Mr. Keate's book, as, according to the opinion of the great Lord Coke, " *Satius eſt haurre fontes quam ſectari rivulos.*

A Tour in England and Scotland, in 1785. By an Engliſh Gentleman. 8vo. 7s. 6d. Robinſon.

(*Continued from Page* 100.)

OUR traveller had no ſooner croſſed the Solway Frith, the boundary on the weſtern coaſt of Britain, between England and Scotland, than he found the children, and even many of the men and women without either ſhoes or ſtockings; the habitations of the poor extremely wretched, and the lower claſs of females exceedingly dirty.

"The old women," he ſays, "frightful enough of themſelves, are rendered ſtill more ſo by their dreſs, the outer garment being a long dirty cloak, reaching down to the ground, and the hood drawn over their heads, and moſt of them without ſhoes and ſtockings. Others among them wear what they call *buggers*, that is, ſtockings with the feet either worn away by long and hard ſervice, or cut from them on purpoſe: ſo that the leg is covered by theſe uncouth teguments, while the foot that bears the burden, and is expoſed to brakes and ſtones, is left abſolutely bare. In the winter, eſpecially in the highland and mountainous parts of Scotland, which include extenſive regions on its ſouthern borders, the old women and men very generally wear a kind of boots or hoſe formed of a coarſe thick woollen cloth, or ſerge, which they call *plaiding*, and which they roll in folds, one above another, for the ſake of heat. In the Low Country of Scotland, there are many diſtricts, where the old men yet wear around their loins leathern belts or girdles, faſtened by an iron or braſs buckle, which, as we learn from ſculpture and painting, ſo late as towards the end of the laſt century, were very commonly worn even by the Scottiſh gentlemen."

Capt. Newte, with his companions, paſſes on through Dumfries to Moffat; the country bleak and dreary, but here and there preſenting a ſtriking object either of nature or art: a remarkable arch thrown over a deep glen; a lofty mountain, or chain of mountains, from whence iſſue the three great rivers that divide and water the ſouthern parts of Scotland. In this tract ſtands bleak *Drumlanrig*, the ſeat of the Duke of Queenſberry. In this ſullen region too, ſtands the antient Caſtle of Douglas. As our travellers advance northward towards Lanerk, the country begins to wear a more pleaſing aſpect; for about three miles from this antient town, which is moſt beautifully ſituated, the green banks of the Clyde, which are under tolerable cultivation, and in ſome places prettily adorned with hanging woods, and ſeveral gentlemen's ſeats in the midſt of plantations, afford a pleaſing relief to the eye, and wear the appearance of comfort. Here, particularly, is an houſe called Corra Lynn, belonging to Sir John Lockhart Roſs; cloſe by which are the Falls of the Clyde, which confeſſedly are the nobleſt caſcades in Great-Britain. Theſe are deſcribed by our author with a force of imagination and a copiouſneſs of expreſſion which would not diſgrace the moſt celebrated of our Engliſh Poets. Having deſcribed Hamilton, and the Duke's palace and gardens, where fruits, he obſerves, are brought to earlier as well as more perfect maturity than at the Duke of Devonſhire's, in Derbyſhire; he proceeds to Glaſgow through a well-improved country of eleven miles, part of it on the banks of the Clyde. In the courſe of this ride he deſcribes Bothwell-Caſtle and the Caſtle of Biantyre. He arrives at Glaſgow, where he is ſtruck with the beauty and populouſneſs of that city, and the induſtrious turn as well as adventurous ſpirit of its inhabitants. He does ample juſtice too to Glaſgow as an antient and reſpectable ſeat of learning; but we ſuſpect he has been too liberal to the principal of the College, on whom he has beſtowed an annual ſalary of 500l. The principal's ſalary does not exceed 300l. few of the profeſſors ſalaries come up to 200l. and that of the profeſſor of church-hiſtory, one Macleod from Roſsſhire, does not exceed 100l. He deſcribes the kirks of Glaſgow, the Conventicles, the Eighty-five Societies under the protection of Lord George Gordon, and the hypocriſy of the church-wardens, and certain of the lower characters among the Clergy; a claſs of men, however, to which on the whole he does ample juſtice. From Glaſgow, our ingenious author goes to Paiſley, a village containing 20,000 inhabitants, riſing into rapid improvement and wealth; and diſtinguiſhed by cleanlineſs, and the employment of young women and children in certain manufactures, as in England. He returns from Paiſley to Glaſgow, and from Glaſgow purſues his journey to Dunbarton. In the courſe of his ride he has occaſion to deſcribe the elegant villa of Mr. Spears, near Renfrew, the windings of the Cart, the Earl of

of Glaſgow's houſe, Cruickſtone-Caſtle, the ſeat of Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Darnley, in the happy period of their union. After taking a wide and rich view from Dunbarton-Caſtle, of Port-Glaſgow, Greenock, the Frith of the Clyde, with other grand and intereſting objects, our travellers bend their courſe northward, along the banks of the Leven.

"Theſe pleaſing ſcenes, in the fore ground, are contraſted with the purply-blue hills of the Highlands behind, riſing over them in aweful grandeur; and the majeſtic Ben-Lomond, like the father of the mountains, which ſeem to do him homage, rearing his venerable head into the clouds. And here the traveller from the Low Countries, is ſuddenly and forcibly ſtruck with the character of the Highlands. The number of the mountains, their approximation to one another, their abrupt and perpendicular elevation; all theſe circumſtances taken together, give an idea of a country *conſiſting* of mountains without intermiſſion, formed by nature into an impregnable fortreſs. This is the fortreſs which has enabled the natural hardineſs and valour of the antient Caledonians to tranſmit, from the earlieſt records of their hiſtory, the dignity of an unconquered and independent nation, to their latest poſterity.

"The woody banks of Loch-Lomond, with its irregular form, and its numerous and variegated iſlands, running up, and vaniſhing at an immenſe diſtance, among the baſes of lofty mountains, form an object both aweful and pleaſing, and happily unite the beautiful with the ſublime."

Capt. Newte deſcribes Loch-Lomond, and the adjoining lofty mountain, from whoſe tremendous height the wondering eye looks down on hills, vales, lakes, woods, mountains, iſlands, rocks and ſeas. Leaving Tarbat, where there is a good inn, he purſues his journey through the highlands; impreſſed with the rude magnificence of the country, ſtruck with the miſerable ſituation of the inhabitants, and ſuggeſting hints, not viſionary, like ſome travellers, but ſolid and practicable: and here our author poſſeſſes great advantage over ſedentary men and writers by profeſſion, in a converſancy with the buſy world, and a varied and active life, of which there are internal proofs in the Tour before us, and of which we have, on ſtrict enquiry, obtained other evidence. Paſſing by Loch-Long, and the Laird of Macfarlane's, he goes through the dreadful Glencoe to Cairndow, and from thence to Inverary, which is minutely deſcribed; and of which, as of ſeveral other picturesque ſcenes in Scotland, he has preſented us with elegant engravings by HEATH. Here Capt. Newte lays down a plan for the improvement of the Scottiſh fiſheries, which in all probability will draw attention, not only from the Highland and the Fiſhery Societies, but the enlightened members of the Legiſlature.

We are now entertained with a view of the country, and the ſtate of Society and improvement around Loch-Awe, Dalmally, Oban, Bun-Awe, Loch-Etwe, Chruachan, Dunſtaffanage, Dunolly-Caſtle, Arde, and Appin, cultivated and adorned by the fortune, the induſtry, and the taſte of Mr. Seaton. From Ballyhuliſh Ferry, he rides through Glencoe to Fort-William, and by the ſide of Lochiel to Mr. Cameron of Faſſifern's. He makes various obſervations on the improvableneſs of the eſtate of Lochiel and the ſurrounding country; and after exhibiting in his romantic ſcenery, many lochs, glens, and mountains to which we have not time to follow him, goes on to Fort Auguſtus, and from thence to Inverneſs. He deſcribes this town, with the nature of the ſoil, and the general contour of the adjacent country. He goes on, taking a view in his way of Fort-George, to Nairn, to Forres, to Elgin, to Fochabers, near which is the Duke of Gordon's Caſtle, and to Cullen, hard by which is that of the Earl of Findlater. From Cullen, he purſues his journey to Bamff; from thence through New Deer to Peterhead, and from thence by Buchanneſs, Slane's Caſtle, and Ellan, to Aberdeen. He deſcribes Old Aberdeen and New Aberdeen. The King's College at Old Aberdeen, he repreſents as a ſeat of Learning, where knowledge may be acquired in all its branches, at an eaſy expence. "There are profeſſors here of "all the ſciences, and their ſalaries are "but ſmall. Hence, they pay great attention, I am told, to their different "departments. If a man has a diſpoſition to obtain learning and information, he may acquire them here at a "ſmall expence; and without this diſpoſition, he will acquire them no where. "Their vacation happened at this time, "which laſts ſix months. During the "other ſix, lectures are continually read, "and the ſtudents are called on, as at "ſchools, to give an account of their leſſons." It is a pity, for the honour of Aberdeen and the northern parts of Scotland, that the time of this Engliſh Gentleman's travelling through Aberdeen happened

pened to coincide with that of the College vacations. For, otherwiſe, in ſo polite and hoſpitable a place as Aberdeen, if he had not travelled in poſt-haſte, it would have been difficult for him to avoid being entertained by the profeſſors of both Colleges; and impoſſible for him not to have been ſtruck in Old Aberdeen, with the claſſical taſte and elegant manners of profeſſor Roſs, the philoſophical acuteneſs of Dr. Dunbar, and the liberal ſentiments and univerſal knowledge of profeſſor Ogilvy; and in New Aberdeen, with the ſubtlety of profeſſor Hamilton, the ingenious ſenſibility of Dr. Beattie, and the facetious and refined, yet juſt obſervation of principal Campbell.

Our traveller leaving Aberdeen, in which he does not ſeem to have ſojourned ſo long as he ought to have done, purſues his journey through Stonehaven, Innerbervie, Montroſe, and Forfar to Scone and Perth. His obſervations on theſe two laſt-mentioned places, their local ſituation and natural prerogatives, which invited, though at different periods, kings, parliaments, armies, and commerce, are original, and in the higheſt degree ingenious. He dwells particularly on the beauty of Strathern, and the public and private virtues of the late Earl of Kinnoull, whom he repreſents as the father of the people on his own eſtate, and as a bleſſing to all around him.

Receding from the bed of the Ern towards the roots of the Ochills, after celebrating the virtues of ſundry Scottiſh Lairds who have their reſidences in the charming valley watered by that river, our traveller paſſes, as by the connection of contraſt, "to a long ſtraggling village, called Auchterarder, once a royal burgh, but now, known chiefly as the ſeat of a Preſbytery, diſtinguiſhed by a ſingular union of Popiſh and Antinomian principles; claiming the prerogatives of a Court of Inquiſition, exalting the power of the church in temporal concerns, reprobating with ſuperlative zeal the efficacy of virtue towards future, as well as preſent happineſs, and magnifying the importance of certain metaphyſical notions in theology, which they call *acts of faith*: yet it muſt not be omitted, that, among that ſociety, there are men adorned with ſound knowledge, and with primitive ſimplicity of manners. This place ſeems to have lain under the curſe of God ever ſince it was burnt by the army in 1715. The dark heath of the moors of Orchill and Tullibardin, the naked ſummits of the Grampians, ſeen at a diſtance, and the frequent viſitations of the Preſbytery, who are eternally recommending faſt days, and deſtroying the peace of ſociety by prying into little ſlips of life, and the deſolation of the place, render Auchterarder a melancholy ſcene, wherever you turn your eyes, except towards Perth, and the Lower Strath-Ern, of which it has a partial proſpect."

The writer of the Tour, after relieving the gloom of Auchterarder by a view of the vale of Devon, on the other ſide of the Ochills, continues his journey weſtward by Blackford, Ardock, Sheriff-Muir, and Dunblain to Stirling, marking in his way, according to his manner, the ſcenery of nature, ſuggeſting uſeful hints to the natives, and recalling to our view ſuch remarkable incidents in the Scottiſh hiſtory as are connected with the parts of the country through which he paſſes. At Stirling, he makes the following obſervations.

"As the Scottiſh nation extended their authority ſouthward, by their conqueſts over the Picts and Danes, and their inter-marriages with England, the uſual places of their reſidence became more and more ſoutherly alſo. Dunſtaffnage was exchanged for Scone; Scone for Dunfermling and Falkland; Dunfermling and Falkland for Stirling; Stirling for Linlithgow and Edinburgh; and at laſt Edinburgh for London. But amidſt theſe changes, after the eſtabliſhment of the monarchy of Scotland, the natural boundaries which marked the land, confined, on the whole, the choice of a place of reſidence to that ſpace which is bounded by the courſes of the Forth and the Tay on the ſouth and the north; on the weſt, by the riſing of the country, towards the middle of the iſland; and on the eaſt, by the ocean. The interpoſition of the Tay recommended Scone as a proper place of reſidence in the hotteſt times of war with the Engliſh. But, after an alliance had been formed between the royal families of the two kingdoms, by the marriage of Margaret, the daughter of Henry VII. of England, and James V. of Scotland; after hoſtilities between the two nations began to be interrupted by long intervals, and the genius of both to tend to peace and conciliation, there was not a ſpot in the whole extent of Scotland that ſo naturally invited the preſence of the King and the Court as Stirling. It is ſtill more centrical to the iſland than Scone: and the ſanctity of a monaſtery was not ill exchanged for the ſtrength of a fortreſs. From the lofty battlements of Stirling-Caſtle, the royal eye ſurveyed with pride the bold out-lines of an unconquered kingdom. The Grampians, the Ochills, the Pentland-Hills, conveyed a juſt idea of its natural ſtrength; the whole courſe of the Forth, with his tributary rivers, from their ſource in the Highlands,

lands, near Loch-Lomond, winding through Perth-ſhire, and waſhing the ſhores of Clackmannan and Fife on the north, and thoſe of Stirling-ſhire, Linlithgow, and the Lothians, on the ſouth, exhibited a pleaſing proſpect of its natural reſources in fiſhing, and in a ſoil which, though in a rude climate, would not be ungrateful to the hand of cultivation. From this point of view alſo, the imagination of a Scotchman is led, by many remembrances, to recal to mind the moſt important viciſſitudes, and ſcenes of action, in the hiſtory of his country. The whole extent of Strathmore, from Stirling to Stone-haven, is full of Roman camps, and military ways, a matter that has been of late well illuſtrated by the ingenuity and the induſtry of General Melville; and the wall of Agricola, a little towards the ſouth of Stirling, extends between the Forth and the Clyde. Bannockburn and Cambuſkenneth, almoſt over-hung by the caſtle, remind the ſpectator of fortunate, and Pinkie, ſeen at the diſtance of fourteen miles, excites a fainter idea of an unfortunate engagement with the Engliſh. The Hill of Largo, in Fife, calls to mind the Daniſh invaſions; and the Forth was, for ages, the well-conteſted boundary between the Scots and the Picts."

Capt. Newte, before he leaves Stirling-Caſtle, while the keen air yet blows on the ſouthward traveller with unabated force, from the northern mountains, takes a view of the genius and character of the Caledonians. Theſe, he obſerves, have undergone the effects of that revolution and change which is incident to every thing human. But, not to carry his views too far back, which would involve him in hiſtorical diſquiſition, he lays before his readers the portrait that was given of the Scottiſh Highlanders at the end of the laſt century, by Mr. Alexander Cunningham, in his Hiſtory of Great-Britain; a work on which he has beſtowed juſt applauſe, and fills up the picture with ſome circumſtances omitted by Cunningham and others, altered by the introduction of arts and free government. Having detailed the Hiſtorian's character of the Highlanders, he ſays,

"It is not my intention to diſfigure this picture, drawn from the life by ſo great a maſter. But I cannot help obſerving, that in this admirable ſketch of the Scotch Highlanders, there is not the leaſt mention of their paſſionate love and genius for muſic, as well as the kindred ſtrains of moving, though ſimple poetry. The remote Highlanders are, at this day, as fond of poetry and muſic as the antient Arcadians, who, bleſſed with a fertile ſoil and genial climate, poured forth, in natural and affecting airs, the warmeſt emotions of the heart. The muſical and poetical compoſitions of the Highlanders were ſeldom committed to writing, but handed down, from generation to generation, by oral tradition. The ſubjects of theſe were, for the moſt part, love, war, and the pleaſures of the chace: and their general tone or ſtyle was not ſprightly and gay, but, on the contrary, ſad and tragical. The firſt efforts of the Muſes, in every country and age, are employed on melancholy themes, as being the moſt ſtrongly marked by the light and ſhade of proſperous exchanged for adverſe circumſtances, and which take the ſtrongeſt hold of the heart. But the very aſpect of nature, in the Highlands of Scotland, is ſad: and a conflict, ſeldom interrupted, with hoſtile clans or with a harſh climate and penurious ſoil, deepened the general gloom. Hence, although the little wealth of the Highlands conſiſts in cattle, rural ſcenes are introduced in their poetry but ſeldom. And, were one to form a judgment concerning the employment of the Highlanders, even from performances unqueſtionably modern, he would conclude that they were not ſo much ſhepherds as hunters. Their compoſitions, whether of muſic or poetry, were the natural productions, and perfectly ſuited to the taſte of a country, where, within the memory of man, every male, without exception, was trained to arms; and where huſbandry, and even paſturage, were followed no farther than neceſſity required. It is not long ſince ſheep and goats, in the Highlands, were conſidered as below the care of a man, and reputed the property of the wife, in the ſame manner as geeſe, turkies, and other poultry are in the Low Countries, and in England.

"That the muſic and poetry of any country bears a near relation to its common purſuits, to the great objects of its hopes and fears, is illuſtrated in a very ſtriking manner by thoſe of the inhabitants of St. Kilda, whoſe inſignificance and remote ſituation ſecure them from invaſion, as their poverty and primitive equality protect them from angry feuds. When the winter ſtore of this little commonwealth is ſafely depoſited in a houſe called Tigh-a-barra, its whole members reſort to this general magazine, as being the moſt ſpacious room in their dominions, where they hold a ſolemn aſſembly, and ſing one of their beſt airs to words importing, "What more "would we have? There is ſtore of *cuddies* "and *ſayth*, of *perich* and *allachan*, laid up "for us in Tigh-a-barra." Then follows an enumeration of the other kinds of fiſhes that are hung up around them, to which, in the courſe

courſe of their ſinging and dancing, they frequently point, with expreſſions of gratitude and joy.

" The Reverend Mr. Macdonald, Miniſter of Kilmore in Argyleſhire, on whoſe teſtimony theſe particulars are here related of the St. Kildians, received from a friend in the Iſle of Skye, a St. Kilda elegy, the effuſion of a young woman who had loſt her huſband by a fall from the rocks, when employed in catching fowls. Of this elegy, found among people in whoſe veracity Mr. Macdonald has entire confidence, he gives the following tranſlation. " In yonder Soa* left I the " youth whom I loved. But lately, he " ſkipped and bounded from rock to rock. " Dextrous was he in making every inſtru- " ment the farm required, diligent in bring- " ing home my tender flock. You went, " O my love! upon yon hanging cliff, but " fear meaſured not thy ſteps! Thy foot only " ſlipt—you fell—never more to riſe! Thy " blood ſtained yon ſloping rock; thy brains " lay ſcattered around! All thy wounds " guſhed at once. Floating on the ſurface of " the deep, the cruel waves tore thee aſun- " der. Thy mother came, her grey hairs " uncovered with the kerch:† thy ſiſter " came, we mourned together: thy brother " came, he leſſened not the cry of ſorrow. " Gloomy and ſad we all beheld thee from " afar, O thou that waſt the ſevenfold bleſ- " ſing of thy friends! the ſhiny *lbonne*‡ of " their ſupport. Now, alas! my ſhare of " the birds is heard ſcreaming in the clouds: " my ſhare of the eggs is already ſeized on " by the ſtronger party. In yonder Soa left " I the youth whom I loved."

" The Gaſic poetry now extant, was, no doubt, compoſed for the moſt part by the bards who were once entertained in the families of lords and chieftains. There was alſo an order of ſtrolling rhapſodiſts, who went about the country, reciting their performances for a livelihood.

" Throughout the whole of the Highlands there are, at this day, various ſongs ſung by the women to ſuitable airs, or played on muſical inſtruments, not only on occaſions of merriment and diverſion, but alſo during almoſt every kind of work which employs more than one perſon, ſuch as milking cows, watching the folds, fulling of cloth, grinding of grain with the *quern* or hand-mill, hay-making, and reaping of corn. Theſe ſongs and tunes re-animate, for a time, the drooping labourer, and make him work with redoubled ardour. In travelling through the Highlands, in the ſeaſon of autumn, the ſounds of little bands of muſic on every ſide, joined to a moſt romantic ſcenery, has a very pleaſing effect on the mind of a ſtranger. There is undoubted evidence, that from the 12th to the 15th century, both incluſive, the Scots not only uſed, but, like their kindred Iriſh, excelled in playing on the harp: a ſpecies of muſic, in all probability, of Druidical origin. But, beyond all memory or tradition, the favourite inſtrument of the Scotch muſicians has been the bag-pipe, introduced into Scotland, at a very early period, by the Norwegians. The large bag-pipe is the inſtrument of the Highlanders for war, for marriage, for funeral proceſſions, and other great occaſions. They have alſo a ſmaller kind, on which dancing tunes are played. A certain ſpecies of this wind muſic, called *pibrachs*, rouzes the native Highlander in the ſame way that the ſound of the trumpet does the war-horſe; and even produces effects little leſs marvellous than thoſe recorded of the antient muſic. At the battle of Quebec, in April 1760, whilſt the Britiſh troops were retreating in great confuſion, the General complained to a field-officer of Fraſer's regiment, of the bad behaviour of his corps. " Sir," anſwered he with ſome warmth, " you did very wrong in forbidding the " pipes to play this morning: nothing en- " courages Highlanders ſo much in a day of " action. Nay, even now they would be of " uſe." " Let them blow like the devil, " then," replied the General, " if it will " bring back the men." The pipes were ordered to play a favourite martial air. The Highlanders, the moment they heard the muſic, returned and formed with alacrity in the rear. In the late war in India, Sir Eyre Coote, after the battle of Porto Nuovo, being aware of the ſtrong attachment of the Highlanders to their antient muſic, expreſſed his applauſe of their behaviour on that day, by giving them fifty pounds to buy a pair of bag-pipes §.

" Having thus taken the liberty to ſupply what ſeemed deficient in the account that is given of the Scotch Highlanders by the very learned and ingenious Cunningham, who

* A ſmall rocky iſland near St. Kilda.

† A ſpecies of kerchief worn by married women in the Highlands and Weſtern Iſlands of Scotland.

‡ *Lbonne*, a rope of raw hides uſed in St. Kilda. It is the moſt uſeful part of furniture, and a young woman poſſeſſed of one is reckoned well portioned. In ſearching for fowls and eggs, a man or two take hold of it, and another is let down into the cliffs by the other end.

§ See Memoirs of the late War in Aſia.

knew

knew them well, and was capable of contemplating them under a vaſt variety of views, it will be proper alſo to advert to the change which the operation of government has produced in the character of the Highlanders, ſince the period when they were deſcribed by that celebrated author.

"So quick and powerful is the influence of moral cauſes in the formation of the characters of nations and men, that the Highlanders have actually undergone greater alteration in the courſe of the preſent century, than for a thouſand years before. Freedom and equal laws, by encouraging induſtry, ſecuring property, and ſubſtituting independent ſentiments and views in the room of an obſequious devotion to feudal chiefs, have redeemed the character of the Highlanders from thoſe imputations which were common to them with all nations in a ſimilar political ſituation; while what is excellent in their character, the ſenſibility of their nature, the hardineſs of their conſtitutions, their warlike diſpoſition, and their generous hoſpitality to ſtrangers, remain undiminiſhed. And though emancipated now from the feudal yoke, they ſtill ſhew a voluntary reverence to their chiefs, as well as affection to thoſe of their own tribe and kindred: qualities which are not only very amiable and engaging in themſelves, but which are connected with that character of alacrity and inviolable fidelity and reſolution which their exertions in the field have juſtly obtained in the world."

Our limits will not permit us to accompany our author in his journey to Edinburgh, and his various and ingenious remarks on that City, its inhabitants, univerſity, courts of law, public buildings, &c. &c. the effects produced on Scotland by the Union, &c. &c. We ſhall only obſerve, in general, that his remarks are equally juſt and acute; and that he paints, with a few bold ſtrokes, in a very laconic and ſtriking manner. For example; if the new Town of Edinburgh excels the old in beauty, elegance, and commodious as well as ſalubrious diſpoſition and ſituation, the old excels the new in variety, boldneſs, and grandeur of aſpect. Both of them bear marks, and may be conſidered as emblematical, of the ages in which they received their complexion and form. Capt. Newte carries on his tour to Anwick, and makes ſeveral ingenious obſervations on the remains of Daniſh, or rather Norwegian times, and the affinity of the Northumbrians, comprehending under that name, according to an antient diviſion, the Engliſh counties northward of the Trent.

The ſtyle of this pleaſing and inſtructive work is various; the words are apt and grammatically arranged; but we often meet with too frequent and cloſe a repetition of the ſame word, which to a good ear is highly diſguſting. This is the effect of negligence or precipitation; for nothing can be more muſical than thoſe paſſages where the author exerts himſelf, and writes with enthuſiaſtic animation. In one or two places we meet with inaccuracy of phraſeology, bordering on what we call Bulls or Iriciſms. For example, in what we have already extracted, "theſe have undergone *the effects* of "that revolution and change." To *undergo* a revolution, is the *effect* of a revolution.——We have farther to obſerve, that the Tour is unequal in reſpect of the ſhare of time and attention that is given to the objects which it embraces. There is no reader who will not be highly entertained with what is written of Perth and Perth-ſhire; but why ſhould our ingenious traveller drive with ſuch rapidity along the charming and the rich coaſt of Murray? Why ſuch haſte from Inverneſs to Forfar?

The diſtinguiſhing features of this Tour are political obſervation, practical improvement, and bold deſcription. The author is of too ſublime a genius to enter at all into little chit-chat and family anecdotes, too liberal to dwell with ſatisfaction on the nakedneſs of the land, and of too much judgment and experience to indulge in airy projects and ſpeculations. He has a ſoul ſuſceptible of the impreſſions of nature, whether in a rude but magnificent, or a ſmiling form; and he ſhews the natives of Scotland what they ought to do, and what they may do. Dr. Knox and Dr. Anderſon are for building towns and extending canals in innumerable places. Capt. Newte conſiders what is required by the preſent ſtate of Society and Commerce, and what will reward expence.

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

THE Engliſh Gentleman who is the author of this Tour is Thomas Newte*, Eſq. for many years a Captain, and now an owner of ſhips, in the ſervice of the Eaſt India Company. He had the good fortune to entertain Capt. Cook and his officers

* Though Capt. Newte has not prefixed his name to this Tour, and we have no direct authority to aſcribe it to him, yet that he is the Engliſh Gentleman alluded to on the title-page, we believe and affirm on evidence the moſt clear and undoubted.

ficers and failors, near the Cape of Good Hope, and is mentioned with reſpect in Cook's Voyages. He is ſaid to be a man of a generous diſpoſition, and of an active turn of mind; and with theſe qualities, it is alſo ſaid that he fortunately unites an ample fortune and public ſpirit. He has lately ſet an example to the Eaſt-India Company, of building ſhips on an enlarged plan, and conſtructed in ſuch a manner, as at once to admit a reduction of freight, and to do as much execution as a ſixty-gun ſhip of the line. This example will, no doubt, be followed, and a great addition thereby made to the naval ſtrength of the nation. As Mr. Newte is conſidered to be a leading man among the owners of ſhips and Proprietors of India Stock, it is not to be wondered that he is very much attended to by different Members of Adminiſtration. The gentlemen who accompanied Mr. Newte in his Tour in Scotland, were Capt. Scott, of the Eaſt India Company, and Capt. Nutt, who commands one of Capt. Newte's ſhips. The occaſion of the Tour, perhaps, was the death of his Lady, a daughter of the late excellent Sir Charles Raymond.

Mr. Newte poſſeſſes an eſtate, and is the repreſentative of an antient family in Devonſhire. He takes great pleaſure in reading books, eſpecially the beſt poets. A taſte of this kind ſeems to be hereditary in his family; for his brother, once a Fellow of Chriſt Church, Oxford, now a Clergyman in Devonſhire, has written Poems on various ſubjects, though they have not been publiſhed. Mr. Newte poſſeſſes every advantage of exterior appearance—a good perſon, an intereſting countenance, and a tone of voice manly, yet melodious and affecting. Though he has not yet paſſed the 36th year of his age, he has performed, in different ſtations, ſeven voyages to India.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

MEMOIRS of the late THOMAS SHERIDAN, Eſq.

(Continued from Page 214.)

THE various means by which the manager of a theatre may accumulate odium upon himſelf in a courſe of years, and acquire enemies to his perſon, are here unneceſſary to be detailed. Mr. Sheridan, in one of his pamphlets *, has enumerated the principal cauſes which contributed to render him unpopular in Ireland. Moſt of theſe were ſuch as ought to have obtained for him the approbation of the public at large; and however obnoxious they might make him to individuals, would have been inſufficient to drive him from his ſituation, had not the Demon of Politicks added his aſſiſtance to cruſh the devoted manager.

For ſome time before this period Mr. Sheridan had inſtituted a club, the members of which were in number about fifty or ſixty perſons, chiefly Lords and Members of Parliament, who were invited to dine together in the manager's apartment at the theatre; no female being admitted but Mrs. Woffington, who was placed in a great chair at the head of the table, and elected preſident for the ſeaſon. This club was begun without any party-intention on the ſide of the manager, but by the means of Mrs. Woffington was, in 1753, metamorphoſed from its original deſign into one of a political nature; and the converſation and general toaſts of this weekly aſſembly, which were what might be called anti-patriotic, ſoon became the common talk of the town; and the manager of courſe was ſeverely abuſed for being the ſupporter of the ſociety, as he moſt certainly and effectually was, when he was the perſon who paid for all.

At this critical and dangerous juncture it is not to be wondered at that this aſſembly of courtiers, publicly ſupported by the manager, who being alſo the principal actor, was conſequently at all times within the immediate reſentment of the provoked party, ſhould become the object of revenge. The patriots of the day reſolved to watch for the firſt opportunity to deſtroy him, and an occaſion ſoon offered.

Of this important event in the hiſtory of Mr. Sheridan's life, we have a particular account by Mr. Victor, from whom we ſhall on the preſent occaſion tranſcribe. The tragedy of Mahomet had been ſome time fingled out by the manager to be revived; the parts were written out and caſt the winter preceding in the following manner: Palmira, Mrs. Woffington; Zaphna, Mr. Sheridan; and Alcanor, Mr. Digges.

During the rehearſal of this play, ſeveral paſſages were talked of by the anti-courtiers as pleaſing to them, and which they would not fail to diſtinguiſh.

On February 23, 1754, the night of performance, the pit was filled very full with the leaders and chiefs of the country party, and when Digges ſpoke the following ſpeech:

* Humble Appeal, 8vo, 1758. p. 22.

—If,

——If, ye powers divine!
Ye mark the movements of this nether world,
And bring them to account! cruſh, cruſh thoſe vipers
Who, ſingled out by the community
To guard their rights, ſhall, for a graſp of ore
Or paltry office, ſell them to the foe.

The moment he had finiſhed it, all the party in the Pit roared out encore, which was continued with ſuch violence, that the actor, after diſcovering due aſtoniſhment in his countenance, very readily ſpoke the whole ſpeech over again, which was moſt remarkably applauded by the audience. The fine ſcenes of Zaphna and Palmira, which are the moſt remarkable in the play, and performed by their principal and uſually-applauded actors, this night paſſed unnoticed, and all the applauſe fell on the character of Alcanor. The partial conduct of this audience plainly diſcovered that they were only influenced by the ſpirit of party.

Although it would have been more prudent, from the appearances then exhibited, to have laid aſide the play for the preſent, yet the manager unfortunately yielded to a requeſt made him to perform Mahomet a ſecond time, and contented himſelf with ordering a general ſummons to all the company to meet him in the Green-room on the Friday morning, the day before the play was to be acted.

When the company were all aſſembled, he entered the room with a paper * in his hand, and read them a lecture on the duties of an actor, particularly reſpecting his conduct to the public; and to ſhew in the moſt glaring colours that the actor who proſtituted himſelf to the wanton humour of an audience, brought inevitable diſgrace not only on himſelf but on all his brethren.

Mr. Digges roſe up and ſaid, it was very obvious that this lecture on the duties of an actor was levelled at him; that he was the perſon who had brought that diſgrace upon himſelf and his brethren; but as the ſame play was to be performed the following night, and the ſame demand from the audience was likely to fall on him, he deſired to know what were the manager's commands in regard to his conduct. Mr. Sheridan's reply was, that he ſhould give him no directions, but leave him to do as he thought proper. Digges then ſaid, "Sir, if I ſhould "comply with the demand of the audience, "and repeat the ſpeech as I did before, am "I to incur your cenſure for doing it?" The manager replied, "Not at all; I leave "you to act in that matter as you think "proper."

The night following, the 2d of March, was the performance. The pit was full as ſoon as the doors were open, the houſe crowded, and this remarkable ſpeech in the firſt ſcene. As ſoon as ever it was out of the mouth of the actor he was called upon to repeat it, with the ſame vehemence as on the firſt night. The actor ſeemed ſtartled, and ſtood ſome time motionleſs; at laſt, at the continued fierceneſs of the *encores*, he made a motion to be heard, and when ſilence was obtained, he ſaid, "It would give him the higheſt "pleaſure imaginable to comply with the "requeſt of the audience, but he had his "private reaſons for begging they would be "ſo good to excuſe him, as his compliance "would be greatly injurious to him."

On his ſaying that, they immediately called out, *Sheridan! Sheridan! the Manager! the Manager!* and this cry ſoon became univerſal throughout all parts of the houſe. After ſome ſhort time Mr. Digges left the ſtage; and the uproar continuing, Mr. Sheridan (who ſtood behind the ſcenes) ordered the curtain down, and ſent on the prompter to acquaint the audience that they were ready to perform the play, if they were ſuffered to go on in quiet; if not, that they were at liberty to take their money again. The prompter was not heard, but obliged to withdraw.

Mr. Sheridan then ſaid with ſome agitation, "They have no right to call upon me, "I'll not obey their call; I'll go up to my "room and undreſs myſelf;" and up he went. Some of his beſt friends left the pit and boxes and went to his dreſſing-room after him, and entreated him not to undreſs, but to go down and endeavour to pacify an audience that knew he was there, and muſt be enraged at his refuſal to appear before them. But at theſe reaſons and theſe entreaties of his friends he remained unmoved; and being ſtrongly poſſeſſed with the notion that perſonal miſchief was intended him, he got into a chair, went home, and left the houſe in that uproar and confuſion.

Mrs. Woffington was then perſuaded to appear before them, to ſee if a fine woman could aſſuage the fury of the many-headed monſter; but ſhe was not heard. Digges was the ſeeming favourite and reigning orator. He was deſired to go on, and to aſſure the audience Mr. Sheridan had laid him under no injunction not to repeat the ſpeech, and therefore could not on that account have incurred their diſpleaſure. Digges went on,

* The ſubſtance of this paper is printed in The Humble Appeal, p. 102.

moved to be heard, and a profound ſilence enſued; he repeated what he had been deſired, but in vain; as they had called ſo long for Sheridan, they would inſiſt on having him before them, and his anſwering for himſelf. At laſt, when they were told he was poſitively gone home, they inſiſted on his being ſent for, and added, they would wait patiently an hour, as he was known to live at ſome diſtance; and accordingly they ſat down quietly to amuſe themſelves.

Meſſengers were diſpatched to the Manager to acquaint him with the reſolution of the houſe, but no arguments could prevail on him to return back; and when the hour was expired they renewed their call, and after continuing it ſome time, two of their leaders (perſons of gravity and condition) roſe from the pit and went off over the boxes—that was the agreed ſignal. A youth in the pit then ſtood up, and cried out, God bleſs his Majeſty King George, with three huzzas; and at the end of the laſt huzza they all fell to demoliſh the houſe, and the audience part was all in pieces in five minutes. After this execution, ſome moved to fire the houſe, others to attack the wardrobe. Accordingly a party leaped upon the ſtage, and with their ſwords and other inſtruments cut and ſlaſhed the curtain, which was finely painted, and coſt a great ſum of money; broke and cut to pieces all the ſcenes within their reach; and ſome attempts were made towards the wardrobe, but finding that place well defended, they retired; and ſome who went off through the box-room dragged the grate full of burning coals into the middle of the room, and there laid ſome of the broken doors of the boxes upon it, and left them there. In that condition they were found, and time enough to prevent the intended miſchief.

Thus ended this memorable riot, which operated very fatally towards the fortune of Mr. Sheridan. Diſguſted with the public behaviour, and not much ſatisfied with his theatrical ſituation, he publiſhed his caſe, and after letting his theatre for two years, he embarked for England *.

* During Mr. Sheridan's management, about 1752, he cauſed the play of the Conſcious Lovers to be performed, and gave the whole receipt of it towards a fund for erecting a monument to the memory of Dean Swift. The Prologue which he wrote and ſpoke on that occaſion we give below, and it may ſerve as a ſpecimen of his poetical talents. Though ſomething foreign to the preſent ſubject, we cannot but obſerve that the Managers of the London Theatres would do an act worthy of praiſe were they to open their houſes in like manner for one night to raiſe a ſum for a monument for Dr. Johnſon. The very extraordinary propoſal for a two-guinea ſubſcription each, ſet on foot by the intimate and opulent friends of that excellent writer, having met with the neglect it deſerved, an appeal to the feelings of the public on more liberal grounds may probably be attended with more ſucceſs. The bookſellers who have enriched themſelves by the ſale of Dr. Johnſon's works will be glad to be informed, when the opportunity offers, that one of their body, Geo. Falkner, on the above occaſion gave 50l.

PROLOGUE.

WHEN public gratitude erects the buſt,
Where public worth has dignified the duſt;
When nations ſtrive the patriot's fame to ſave,
It ſpeaks them worthy of the good he gave;
It ſpeaks a nobler trophy tho' unſeen,
Stampt on the heart, a monument within!
Since wit unequall'd warms the wond'rous pag'
Where vice ſtill feels and owns his honeſt rage;
Since bounty to the wretched made him dear,
The good muſt love him, for they cou'd not fear;
Confeſs'd by all, who taſte his generous plan,
The foe of folly, but the friend of man.
This, this demands the honours you decree,
Sacred to Wit, to Worth, to Liberty!
Here Virtue ſmiles, allows the Patriot's claim,
And while ſhe emulates, protects his fame.
Nor you, ye Fair! your kind aſſent refuſe,
Your preſence here ſhall juſtify his muſe;
Bleſs'd with each grace he pointed to your view,
You are living ſatires on the faults he drew:
And Liberty by you her power ſecures
In hearts diſdaining every chain but yours.

Here he immediately entered into a negotiation with Mr. Rich, and (being desirous of compelling Mr. Barry to go over to Dublin) hastily made an engagement with him for a share of the profits on such nights as he should perform, without having weighed circumstances, or properly guarded against events. His first appearance was in the character of Hamlet, Oct. 24. He also produced an alteration, by himself, of Coriolanus, formed out of the plays of Shakespeare and Thomson, in which he introduced a magnificent spectacle of a Roman ovation. He performed also Cato, Œdipus, Richard III. Shylock, Lord Townly, Romeo, and several other characters; but his gains, it is imagined, fell short of what he hoped for. As the successor of Barry, and the rival of Garrick, he by no means answered the public expectations. To many peculiarities in his manner, not of the pleasing kind, nature seemed to have forbid him by her parsimony ever to become a popular performer. Even those who were willing to praise, and could with justice applaud his skill and judgment, generally came away without that complete satisfaction which was to be found at Drury-Lane Theatre, where Garrick and Nature carried every thing before them. These circumstances all combining, it will be no surprize to know, that at the end of the season his engagement was not renewed. The leisure he now found, naturally led him to recur to his former scheme of education. In a letter to a friend in Ireland, written about the beginning of 1756, after giving a narrative of the whole transaction between him and Mr. Rich, and its consequences, he adds, "Notwithstanding what I suffered on this occasion, "I have no doubt upon me but that every "thing has happened for the best; and I "have so perfect a reliance on the dispensations of that Providence, which knows "what is good for us better than we ourselves, that I bore my disappointments not "only with resignation, but with chearfulness. I thought I saw the hand of Heaven "pointing out another way of life for me, "which from the beginning I had in view, "which was the object of all my thoughts and "wishes, which alone supported my spirits in "my fatiguing journey towards it, thro' the "miry and thorny roads of the stage, and yet "which I was delaying too long to seek, "without considering the danger of procrastination, and the short date of human life. "I felt an irresistible impulse, which prompted me to quit the beaten road, and strike "through untrodden paths, rugged and impervious as they might seem, in quest of "this new region. The greatest obstacle "I had to encounter was my health, which "I found had been much impaired; yet in "spite of the continued attacks of a disorder "the most dispiriting in the world, I began "and finished an Essay on British Education "in the space of not many weeks; a work "only calculated to pave the way for my "other designs. I sent some over to Ireland "before their publication here."

In April 1756 he wrote to Mr. Lee * a proposal for engaging him for the ensuing season in Dublin; and therein said, "I have "been long weary of the stage, and as I "have a much more important point in view, "am determined to quit it as soon as pos"sible; and no consideration should have "induced me to undertake it this year, but "the want of a proper person to supply my "place." A proper person, however, it was difficult to find, and the term of the lease which he had let being now expired, and the minds of the people of Dublin by this time inclining to receive him again with favour, he resolved upon returning to his native country, and resuming the management of the theatre again; but in the execution of this design unexpected difficulties arose.

Such be your pleasures—whilst Ierne's eye
Sees wrapt in peace her happy offspring lie;
Blest'd Isle! whose Monarch to thy wish inclines,
And kindly to the King the Father joins;
Blest'd Monarch! who while nations round thee wait,
And claim thy presence to confirm their state,
To distant subjects can thy care display,
And make a people blest'd in Dorset's sway!
Whilst arts our Patriot strove in vain to raise,
Whilst industry he wish'd in vain to praise,
Adorn our happier days, and pleas'd revive,
To greet his shade this grateful night we give:
In bright abodes where dwell the wise and great,
He'll smile exulting o'er his country's fate.
Dulness be dumb, Detraction drop thy quill,
A nation lov'd, a nation loves him still.

* Letter from Mr. Lee to Mr. Sheridan, 8vo, 1757. p. 5.

At the beginning of this ſeaſon he alſo met with a mortification to which he was obliged to ſubmit, however reluctantly. Previous to his appearance, an apology for his former conduct was demanded by the public, and with ſo much earneſtneſs, that it became neceſſary to promiſe it unconditionally. The night was accordingly fixed, and every part of the houſe crowded ſoon after the doors were open. "Thoſe happy few," ſays Mr. Victor, "who are bleſt with abilities to ſpeak well in a public aſſembly, muſt be the beſt judges of Mr. Sheridan's feelings on this important occaſion, though his ſituation differed greatly from that of the man who riſes to ſpeak as a member of that aſſembly. He was to appear ſingly before a thouſand people, and to apologize for his own miſconduct; but he was equal to this arduous taſk. When the curtain drew up he advanced to the centre of the ſtage with a paper in his hand, fearing (in that unavoidable confuſion) to truſt entirely to his memory. It was the opinion of ſome of the beſt judges I converſed with, that no man within their obſervation ever appeared before the public with ſo much addreſs, or ſpoke to the paſſions with ſuch propriety. Tears guſhed from the eyes of ſeveral of his male auditors. After the apology was over, and his pardon having been ſigned by the loudeſt acclamation, he had begun to retire; he advanced again, and with broken, faultering accents, ſpoke as follows: "Your "goodneſs to me, at this important criſis, "has ſo deeply affected me, that I want "powers to expreſs myſelf: my future ac-"tions ſhall ſhew my gratitude." He appeared a few nights after in the character of Hamlet to a crowded audience, and received the utmoſt applauſe. The ſame ſucceſs attended moſt of his principal characters; but, though he brought the celebrated dancers from the opera in London, Bugiani and Maraneſi, to perform that ſeaſon at a great price, yet the audiences began to ſlacken for want of a capital female actreſs. Having been diſappointed in the expected abilities of a young lady new to the ſtage, whom he had engaged in London, and alſo of the aſſiſtance he hoped to have found in Mr. Lee, he was obliged to call in every auxiliary that offered to help a failing ſeaſon. At the end of it Mr. Foote came to Dublin, and contributed, in ſome meaſure, to conclude the year in a better manner than was looked for, though ſtill unproſperouſly.

[*To be continued.*]

The HISTORY of OKANO.

The FRAGMENT of a VOYAGE to St. DOMINGO.

[From the FRENCH of the MERCURE DE FRANCE.]

THE Caribs, ſo numerous in the American iſlands when Columbus diſcovered the new world, have been almoſt entirely extirpated. The feeble remains of theſe people, which are ſtill ſcattered in ſome of the Weſt Indian iſles, are either degenerated, or nearly extinct. The inhuman conquerors who began this depopulation, have thought proper to paint them with the moſt unfavourable colours; but in thus traducing theſe poor people, in order to leſſen the horror which their deſtruction muſt excite, they have not been able to conceal from us, how much the manners of theſe unfortunate Indians were diſtinguiſhed by gentleneſs and infantine ſimplicity. When we contemplate them, even in the blackened pictures of the Spaniſh hiſtorians, we ſhall find a ſtriking reſemblance between theſe Caribs and the iſlanders of the South Sea, which the celebrated Captain Cook and M. de Bougainville have exhibited in ſuch intereſting views. Such, indeed, is the man of nature; mild, artleſs, and intent alone upon enjoyment. The fertile ſoil, the happy climate which he inhabits, afford in profuſion, without the ſlighteſt labour, whatever can contribute to his felicity; and the primitive goodneſs of his heart is undegraded by the factitious paſſions of civilized nations, or by the wants of thoſe ſavage tribes that dwell in leſs favoured countries. Love is the only paſſion to which he is ſenſible with more than ordinary animation; that alone which can diſturb the tranquillity of his ſoul.

The Caribs, notwithſtanding their natural apathy, experienced the exceſſes of this irreſiſtible paſſion; and as they obeyed its impulſe with greater impetuoſity, and better underſtood its delights than thoſe nations do whom other cares engage, they felt alſo with more impatience, perhaps, the reſtraints of oppoſition and impediment. Theſe peaceful beings would then ſo far forget their natural character, as to yield to the horrid dictates of revenge and cruelty. Of this the following narrative is an inſtance, which may give us, moreover, ſome idea of the character of a people, whoſe hiſtory will, probably, ever remain unknown.

Tom, ſome years ago, from the follies, infatuation, and heedleſſneſs of youth, as well

well as from all the pleasures of study and friendship, I crossed the ocean, and landed at St. Domingo. Fortune, which had just exiled me from all that was dear to my heart, now appeared, as it were, disposed to make me some compensation, by introducing me to one of those uncommon men, in whom the virtues are not less conspicuous than genius, and who ever command unsolicited admiration and respect. Notwithstanding the disparity of our years, this excellent man instantly gave me the most cordial welcome. The climate had subjected me to that cruel change, to which all are exposed who arrive in the torrid zone. My generous friend, therefore, prevailed upon me to leave Cape Francois, for change of air, and to endeavour to perfect my recovery at his plantation.

Here I had liberty to indulge in that solitude, and in those reveries, of which I had been ever fond. With a volume of Homer, of Racine, or of Fenelon in my hand, I wandered often along the plantations of sugar-canes, to visit the banks of a fine river, which almost surrounds my friend's extensive estate. I then followed a majestic walk of bamboos, that extended to the mouth of the river. A small meadow, partly shaded by a forest of logwood and mangoe-trees, presented in this spot an enchanting landscape. On the other side of the river, are the downs that separate the Limba from Port Margot; and, beyond these, is an immense extent of ocean, where the eye is amused by the vessels constantly passing in all directions.

While I was admiring this magnificent prospect, and my soul, borne, as it were, beyond the waves, followed the distant vessels, or flew towards my country and my friends, I perceived a naked man often cross the shore at some distance from me, cast his net into the sea, and return, laden with fish, to a little grove of mangoes. I took him, for some time, to be one of the mongrel inhabitants of the island, a fisherman in the neighbourhood. But, at last, his industry in this solitary spot excited my curiosity; and, one day, I followed him, as he was returning to his asylum. Here some leaves of the palm-tree formed a little hovel, sufficient to shelter him from the violent rains. A hammock, made of a kind of hemp that spontaneously grows here, was suspended on two trees; and many calabashes of different sizes, admirably carved, were all the utensils he had *.

I perceived, as he approached me, that this man was of the Indian race. His glossy hair, copper colour, flattened forehead, and eyes that seemed to seek each other, all bespoke his origin. I observed him in silence; and he, without speaking a single word, continued his work. Presently, he made a great hole in the sand: in this he put a quantity of dry wood, which he kindled, and which soon became a fierce flame. Over this he placed the fish he had just caught, sprinkling over it a little salt and allspice, and plenty of citron juice; and, when the fish was well broiled, he spread it over a large banana leaf, with a heap of bananas †, and invited me to eat. This invitation was the first speech he addressed to me; for he had hitherto acted as if he had been quite alone. An air of frankness and simplicity, as well as the delicious appearance of his repast, would not permit me to refuse the good savage. I confess, too, that I never eat more excellent fish. My appetite delighted my host, and he appeared so well satisfied with me, that, when we had finished our meal, I ventured to ask him some questions.

'You are a Carib,' said I.—'Ah! yes,' answered he, his head dropping on his breast, and tears swimming in his eyes. Then he suddenly rose, and looked round, as if apprehensive of being heard. 'My friend,' added I, 'how long have you lived here?' 'Three years,' he replied: 'the negroes of the neighbouring plantations bring me bananas and tobacco: and, in return, I give them a part of my fish, and some calabashes that I carve for them.'

* The fruit of the calabash-tree is seldom eaten; but the shell, when dried, is converted to a variety of very useful purposes; and serves to make cups, ladles, and many other articles of houshold furniture; for cases to put divers kinds of goods in, as pitch, rosin, &c. The Indians, also, both in the North and South Sea, put the pearls they have fished in calabashes, and the negroes on the coast of Africa do the same with their gold dust. The smaller calabashes are also frequently used by these people as a measure, by which they sell their commodities to the Europeans.

† The leaves of this plant are seven or eight feet long, and twenty inches broad; as strong as parchment, and are used for umbrellas, and other purposes. Its fruit is a kind of bread, which is dry and mealy.

'Where did you live before you came here?' At this question he uttered a deep sigh, and his tears began to flow again. 'But tell me at least your name,' I continued.—'My name! My name!' replied he, with an air of wildness: 'You shall know it; but never mention it while I inhabit this spot. My name is Okano.' Saying this, he threw himself with his face on the sand, and with his hands pressed the earth, as if he wished that it might open to conceal him. My soothing expressions, and all the signs of sensibility and compassion that I evinced, obliged him, at last, to rise; but I could not extort another word from him, and, at the approach of night, I retired, my heart impressed with melancholy.

Deeply affected as I was by this adventure, I took care, however, not to mention it to any person; but I was determined to see Okano again, and to prevail upon him, if possible, to gratify my curiosity. Nevertheless, I was cautious not to betray too much eagerness, lest I should render him mistrustful of me. The next day, I waited till it was somewhat late before I repaired again to the same place; and that day I would not even put any questions to the Carib. But I presented him some tobacco-leaves and different fruits, which seemed to please him much. The following days, I returned familiarly, and began to accustom him so well to my presence, that he would now hardly begin his evening repast till I arrived. Every time, however, that I again enquired his history, he kept a profound silence: he wept; he made signs to me, with his hand, not to urge him; and he often threw himself, as before, upon the ground.

One day, when I went to visit him at an earlier hour than usual, I did not find him; and I spent the whole afternoon expecting him, in vain. His hammock was still suspended, and his calabashes in the same order. Not a single thing was missing in his hovel. The next day, and many days after, I still sought for him in vain. Okano appeared no more. Many reports were then spread of the death of this unfortunate Indian. The negroes, who loved him, were exhausted in conjectures. Some supposed that the Zombies‡ had carried him off; others, that he had killed himself; and others, with greater probability, that he had been devoured by a shark or an alligator. At last, my health being firmly re-established, I left the plantation of my excellent friend, without being able to discover what was become of the unfortunate Okano.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

CONJECTURE on the MANNER in which AMERICA was FIRST PEOPLED.

BEYOND the Obi, in the immense regions of Tartary, is a great river called Kavonia, which receives the waters of another, known by the name of the Lena. At the Kavonia, where it discharges itself into the Frozen Sea, lies a large island, frequented by a vast number of people, who resort to it for the purpose of killing certain amphibious animals which are found there in great abundance, which the people of the country called Behemots. Those creatures are frequently seen asleep on the ice in the Frozen Sea; the hunters or fishermen often get upon the ice for the purpose of killing their prey: great assiduity is requisite on this occasion, therefore the hunters commonly take their wives with them to assist in the chace. It but too often happens, that whilst those poor people are engaged in this business, a thaw comes suddenly on, by which the immense plain of ice is broken into many floating islands. Upon some of those the hunters are sometimes wafted to the shore from which they have originally ventured; but when the wind blows from the shore, those unfortunate creatures are never seen again by their countrymen; but whether they perish through cold at sea, or are driven to some other coast, is not known.

Now it is not at all improbable but some of those floating islands may have been driven towards the point of North America which lies at no great distance from that part of Asia which projects to the sea of Tartary. What renders this opinion extremely probable is, that the Americans, who inhabit the parts to which we allude, have exactly the same complexion and features with the Tartars who live upon the island mentioned as situated at the mouth of the Kavonia; and precisely the same species of beasts and animals are found on the borders of the sea of Tartary, that are seen in the most northern parts of the continent of America.

Such is the conjecture of a nobleman of great learning and knowledge, who often saw the island we have been speaking of, who was Waywode of Smolensko. That the first Europeans who landed in America found the country inhabited is beyond a doubt. How the ancestors of the natives got there, perhaps never will be known to a certainty; therefore we have no other rule to go by, than that of conjecture and probability.

‡ The Zombies make a great figure in the superstition of the negroes. Like the Larvæ of the ancients, they are supposed to be the spirits of dead wicked men, that are permitted to wander, and torment the living.

THOUGHTS on LYRIC POETRY. By WILLIAM PRESTON, M.R.I.A.

(Concluded from Page 175.)

THE more I conſider the introduction of *ſtrophe*, *antiſtrophe* and *epode* into the Engliſh language, the more am I ſtruck with the impropriety of it. On what principle of reaſon are we required to adopt the regulations of compoſition, which prevailed in a dead language, of a ſtructure wholly different from our own, and with the true pronunciation of which we are not fully acquainted? It ſeems to be very unjuſt, to impoſe on Engliſh poets the ſame ſtrictneſs, with regard to the ſtanza, and ſtructure of the ode, which prevails in Pindar, and the chorus of the Greek tragedy. The genius of their language does not furniſh the Engliſh writers with the ſame inſtruments and means of facilitating their compliance with the law. 1. Both the Greek and Latin languages have a great advantage in the bold and frequent inverſions of words, which they not only permit, but require: this muſt have aſſiſted the poet amazingly in attaining an harmonious arrangement of words, and a rich and eaſy verſification. 2. The Greek language admitted a variety of dialects, which the poet might intermix, as ſuited his convenience: this gave a greater choice and variety of ſynonimous ſounds, and greatly facilitated the taſk of compoſition. 3. The Latin poet found the ſame convenience in poetical licenſe; but the Greek language allowed it in a ſtill higher degree, more freely indeed, than any language I know, except the Italian. Now this privilege is very ſparingly, if at all, indulged to an Engliſh writer, whoſe taſk in verſifying is therefore ſo much the more difficult. 4. Both the Greek and Latin lyric poets took the liberty of ending the line in the midſt of a word, if the verſification happened to require it, as you may ſee in every page of Horace and Pindar; indeed, there are in Virgil inſtances of ſuch a licenſe, even in heroic verſe. A liberty of this ſort would not be endured in Engliſh; I queſtion whether even the charms of the *ſtrophe*, *antiſtrophe*, and *epode* could reconcile it to thoſe who want the true antiquated claſſic ear. 5. The antients went ſtill greater lengths: there are inſtances of a ſtanza or *ſtrophe* ending in the middle of a word, and the remainder carried over to the next ſtanza; as for example, in the ſecond *antiſtrophe* of the third Olympic of Pindar, which ends in the middle of a word, and the ſecond *epode*, which begins with the remaining ſyllable:

Μὴ τοῖ ες γαιαν πορευειν θυμῶ θερμαί
επωδῶ β
ν' Ισθιαν νιν. ενθα λαβες, &c.

Having hazarded theſe curſory remarks on the critical opinions contained in the note above-mentioned, permit me to add a few arguments in favour of the irregular ode. In the firſt place, it has the ſanction of claſſic authority to recommend it; the antients, our great, and indeed inimitable maſters in poetry, they who impoſed every neceſſary curb on the wayward imagination, and were not often guilty of wild or jejune writing, the illuſtrious antients loved and practiſed this ſpecies of compoſition. The moſt celebrated and ſublime of Pindar's works were irregular odes, I mean his *Dythyrambics*: on theſe, though they have unfortunately periſhed in the wreck of time, his reputation as a poet was moſt eſſentially founded. We have the ſuffrage of as good a critic as he was a poet, both as to their merit and their bold irregularity:

Seu per audaces nova Dithyrambos
Verba devolvit, numeriſque fertur
Lege ſolutis. HORACE.

The antient grammarians and critics recognize the *polymetra* and *pammetra* of the antients, in which verſes of all different meaſures were employed, without any uniform order or connection. Claudian, Terentianus, Maurus, and Martianus Capellus, have all written lyric poems, each of which takes in a variety of different ſtanzas; that of Claudian was written on the marriage of the Emperor Honorius. If we are to believe an ingenious French critic *, the ſecular ode of Horace was an irregular one, or to ſpeak more correctly, a *multiform* lyric, embracing a free variety of different ſtanzas. Whether the conjecture of Mr. Sanadon, as to the junction of the ſeveral parts which he brings together, be well or ill founded, it ſerves to ſupport my argument, as it ſhews that in the opinion of a learned man and a good critic the irregular ode was by no means alien from the correct genius of claſſic poetry.

We may alſo alledge the example of the Italian lyric poets in favour of the irregular ode: there are a great number of beautiful compoſitions of that ſpecies in their language, particularly by Chiabrera and Metaſtaſio, a writer to whom the epithets of wild and jejune can hardly be applied with any propriety. Fontaine, among the French, may be conſidered as a great maſter in the irregular lyric. Among us, the correct and laborious Ben Jonſon, as he was the firſt importer of the *ſtrophe*, *antiſtrophe* and *epode*, has given us alſo the firſt Engliſh precedent of an irregular

* Sanadon.

ode, if I miſtake not, in the poem on the burning of his works.

But why reſort to *precedent* for a juſtification of the *irregular ode?* I may intrench myſelf in ſtronger ground, the internal evidence of its merit, and the obvious advantages which reſult from this ſpecies of compoſition. Firſt, it leaves the poet at liberty to follow the order and connection of his ideas, and to expreſs them in the moſt apt and forcible manner. He is not obliged to ſacrifice ſtrength and energy to ſtanza, to become a literary Procruſtes, and torture out ſome thoughts through a nerveleſs extent of prolix tenuity, while others are proportionably cut and cramped, to make them fit the ſtanza. He is not ſtopt ſhort, in the very heat and *acme* of compoſition, as it were by a great gulph, or obliged to introduce alien or unneceſſary ideas, in order to ſquare his matter with his meaſure, and preſerve the preconceived diviſion of his poem into partitions of a certain unvarying length. The ſtanza is commenſurate to the ſenſe, and exhibits nothing redundant, nothing incoherent or diſjointed; the thought occupies juſt as much room as it deſerves, and no more, while the poet has it in his power to expreſs it as fully, or as concifely as he thinks proper.

Secondly. Add to this, that the irregular ode requires no ſupernumerary or expletive epithets to eke out lines, none of thoſe unmeaning ſubſervient lines, that are introduced merely to eke out ſtanzas, and of which ſome of our modern regular odes exhibit ſuch melancholy inſtances; in ſhort, the irregular ode is not obliged to ſacrifice a juſt arrangement, clear expreſſion, or harmonious verſification, to a chimerical and pedantic regularity, which has no foundation in true harmony, and is wholly foreign from the genius of our language.

Thirdly. You will pleaſe to conſider, that if the author of a regular ode has a bad ear, and is unfortunate in the choice of the ſtanza, his readers muſt take it for better for worſe, through the whole poem; a grievance, to which the irregular ode is not liable; for there, if one ſtanza ſhould be unhappily fancied, or inharmonious, we have a proſpect of being relieved, and changing for the better in the next: perhaps too, the ear, in an ode of any length, may feel itſelf cloyed with the uniformity of a ſtanza ſo frequently repeated, and be relieved and gratified by the various melody of the irregular ode.

Fourthly. I muſt further obſerve, that although we ſhould allow the compoſition of the irregular ode to be, as Mr. Maſon is pleaſed to aſſert, more eaſy, it impoſes on the poet a neceſſity of verſifying with greater care, and ſatisfying the ear with a melody more full and completely rounded. The harmony of verſification cannot ſo eaſily make itſelf to be felt by the reader, when the ſtanza comes in a new and unforeſeen form, as when the ear is habituated, and *broken*, as I may ſay, to the expected march of an uniformly repeated ſtanza. When the hearer is prepared for the return of the pauſe at regular intervals, he learns to miſtake the mere technical arrangement of the lines for harmonious verſification, and hardly allows himſelf to enquire, whether the ſtop is judiciouſly placed, or the period duly filled, ſo as to leave the ear perfectly ſatisfied. In the irregular ode there is no ſuch deception, the ear is not impoſed on, and any fault in the verſification will be immediately perceived.

Fifthly. A correſpondence of the ſound with the ſentiment is certainly a very great beauty, and the poet ſhould endeavour to obtain it, whenever it may be had without ſacrificing more important things. This beauty may ſometimes reſult from the happy force of a ſingle word, ſometimes it is produced by the ſtructure and cadence of a ſingle line, but is effected moſt forcibly and moſt generally by the arrangement and ſymmetry of a whole period*. Now, I believe it cannot be denied, and therefore I ſhall not waſte words to prove, that a free ſtanza, which may be varied at will, and made light and airy, flow and plaintive, or ſwelling and ſonorous, according to the ſubject matter, will give the poet a much better chance of attaining this excel-

* Example of the firſt:

Procumbit humi bos.

Of the ſecond:

Monſtrum horrendum informe ingens cui lumen ademptum.
Sola in ſiccâ ſecum ſpatiatur arenâ.

Of the third:

She bids you,
All on the wanton ruſhes lay you down,
And reſt your gentle head upon her lap,
And ſhe will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the God of Sleep,
Charming your blood with pleaſing heavineſs.

SHAKESPEARE.

lences,

lence, whatever may be its value. The judicious break, the happy pause, the apt change of cadence, the long majestic march and energy divine, may all in their turns be excluded by a servile adherence to the uniformity of stanza; and I cannot think of a single advantage, which attends this uniformity exclusively, except that of enhancing the difficulty of composition.

Such being the advantages which attend the irregular ode, it seems to be rather immaterial to enquire into the comparative difficulty of writing it; I shall only observe, that being simple and unaffected in its form, and disclaiming every thing elaborate and artificial, it is supposed to be much easier than in truth it is, and less credit is given to the author of an irregular ode for the pains and study he employs, than to those who deal in more operose forms of poetry.

It cannot be denied, that a species of composition which adopts the construction of the *rythmus*, and even the sound of particular words to the subject, must have its foundation in the genuine undepraved feelings of human nature. I have not a doubt within my mind of the irregular ode being the first form of composition adopted by mankind, in their first wild attempts at literature. Poetry has ever been the delight of men in the first stages of society: the earliest recitals of events among them have been in verse: this arises from the connection between certain sounds and the feelings of the mind, as well as the memory. The first literary production, in an unpolished nation, where the pure dictates of nature prevailed, was a poem, and that poem an irregular ode. Whether the subject of the rude minstrelsy was the feather-cinctured chiefs, or dusky loves, the untutored feelings of the heart teaching expressions, and suggesting sounds attempered and attuned to that subject, the stanza varied with the sense, and the spontaneous descant became an irregular ode. I am very confident, that the death song and the war song, which have such an influence on the spirits of American warriors, are irregular odes; and I am confirmed in my opinion, by finding that several specimens of the antient poetry of uncivilized nations bear this form. In Scheffer's History of Lapland you will find two instances of the irregular ode, which have great poetical merit, and are well known by the English translations of them.

I shall conclude with expressing a wish, that these hasty reflections may be the means of exciting some poetical genius to make trial of a species of composition, which, in my mind, is peculiarly susceptible of true sublimity.

CHARACTER of EDWARD HYDE, EARL of CLARENDON.

By Dr. SHEBBEARE.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

FEW men amongst the wisest nations have equalled the Earl of Clarendon in extent of capacity; fewer of such superior understanding have been selected to the superintendency of national concerns; and much less have ever possessed the faculties of the soul in such equipoize of excellence, without enfeebling the energy of each other, or one getting the superiority of the rest.—Though the hate which he had conceived against the sectaries was justly founded on their execrable principles, and the mischiefs they had produced; and his love for the Church of England, on the attachment which it had manifested to the constitution, the aptness which it hath to produce such principles, and its analogy to the nature of the government; yet this aversion from that tribe, and their usurpation, had never driven him into the opposite extreme of adopting absolute monarchy: and though he faithfully adhered to and had constantly served kings as his sovereigns, he never departed from the cause of liberty, and preserving a limited authority in the crown.

He condemned the extensive power of the Council-table, and the Star-chamber in the beginning of the reign of Charles the First became illegal and arbitrary. In like manner consistent in principle, at the Restoration he opposed the settling a revenue of two millions on Charles the Second, to prevent the desire (so natural to sovereigns) of proceeding in wars and other concerns of moment, without the consent of the people's representatives, from being carried into action. He still preferred the preservation of the constitution to the increasing power in his master, and stability of himself as minister; and chose that the king should rather feel himself in some degree dependent on the goodwill of his people, than, independent on their supplies, be tempted by abundance to waste their blood, sacrifice their treasure, and invade the liberties and privileges of his subjects;—alike strenuous for the king's prerogative and the subjects rights.

No man saw into the distant effects of present causes, or the fatal consequences of

deſtructive principles, more perſpicuouſly than the Lord Chancellor Clarendon; which powers rendered him the fitteſt ſtateſman to fix whatever might conduce to make the conſtitution ſtable and propitious;—a genius of infinite ſuperiority to that which conſtitutes the mere man of equity.

No man knew the deference which was due from an inferior to his ſovereign better than Lord Clarendon; yet he never forgot in his obedience to majeſty, that though a ſubject, he was yet a freeman; and, though he received his exaltation from the king, that he was ſtill the ſervant of the people. For theſe reaſons, he neither menaced his ſovereign with deſerting him in times of danger, nor preferred adulation before good counſel in his advices, in order to obtain power; nor, during the moſt zealous ſervices to two princes, did he ever fully, by complaiſance to humour, miſtaken judgment, or ſome more culpable deſign, that reverence which was only ſacred to the conſtitution.

As his expectations were honourably founded on the ſervices which he might render to the ſtate, on thoſe alone, and not on foſtering the king's inclinations, he planned the deſign of his advancement, and fixed the baſis of his fame.

Formed with complaiſance for virtue alone, he ſteadily aſſerted, that crowns afforded no pretext for criminal meaſures; and that royalty could not alter the ignominious ideas which were originally intended to accompany vice.

No man diſtinguiſhed the different degrees of men's capacity with a preciſion equal to this noble Author. He knew the limits of their underſtanding, and what they were able to conceive; the reſolutions of their hearts, and what they were equal to the accompliſhing; and therefore was peculiarly happy in the power of ſelecting and applying to their proper ſtations, thoſe which government abſolutely ſtands in need of to preſerve honour, and derive proſperity to itſelf; almoſt the chiefeſt qualification of a ſtateſman, and the moſt uſeful to the ſtate. This truth ſeems to be incontrovertibly evinced from that perſpicuity with which he penetrated the characters of his cotemporaries.

Being born a gentleman, and holding money in contempt, he was utterly incapable of meanneſs or corruption; vices ſo intimately connected with a baſe original and avaricious diſpoſition. At the ſame time deeming the honour and welfare of his country inviolably ſacred, he never preferred to embaſſies, the command of fleets and armies, men unequal to their reſpective duties.

Clarendon ſaw truth and right by intuition, and the effect which they ought to have in deciſions of equity.

The ſovereign who neglected his people's welfare was doubly culpable in his eyes, from the greater miſchief which muſt follow ſuch delinquency. In conſequence of this manner of conceiving things, no minion of the Court found acceptance in his ſight, who, by the inticements of wit, licentious raillery, or foſtering the ruling paſſion of his prince, ſeduced him from the means of rendering the nation great and happy.

Though bred in Courts, he dared not to diſguiſe; and he could not be ſilent, when the national affairs were neglected. He held it for a ſacred rule, that the money levied on the people ought to be ſpent in their ſervice only: and undoubtedly had Charles the Second, under a diſtinct title from that of King of England, been the deſpotic lord of continental ſlaves and continental dominions; had he maintained with Engliſh money armies fighting in their cauſe, whilſt his coffers were avariciouſly crammed with treaſure levied on them and this people; Lord Clarendon would have told him, that Engliſhmen were born to be free, and not vaſſals doomed to labour for foreign lands and foreign princes, to the ruin of themſelves and progeny. His lips in parliament would have oppoſed ſuch unnational ſquanderings, his heart revoked allegiance to ſo unworthy a ſovereign, and mourned the day of his aſcending the throne of his father.

As the hope of exaltation never prompted him to ſiniſter actions, ſo the dread of falling from the honours he had deſerved never induced him to deviate from the purſuit of national advantage. The laws were his rules of action; nor did he ever promote ſuch as by their power would enable him to deſtroy the conſtitution, under that ſpecious guiſe of being made by the people's repreſentatives: to riſe or fall by virtue were his fixed reſolves; and he conſtantly preferred being juſt to being acceptable.

As the neceſſary reſult of ſuch diſpoſition, his thirſt of fame was undoubtedly great; yet not to be ſated by luſcious draughts of popular applauſe, but from the bleſſings of a righteous adminiſtration ſpread upon his fellow-ſubjects, in whoſe welfare he delighted, and from the internal ſenſations of a mind conſcientiouſly right.

Parſimonious of the public revenues, he beheld with ſincere concern the profuſion which attended the national adminiſtration, and frequently interpoſed between the king's too great liberality, and the inſatiate deſire of receiving too many favourites.

So highly did he conceive of thoſe titles which kings can beſtow, that he held it a propha-

prophanation of the royal power to ſquander them on the unworthy; and in each inſtance reſpecting himſelf, accepted with reluctance, what no ſtateſman did ever more righteouſly deſerve, leſt he might be deemed rather a miniſter actuated by mercenary motives, than by the deſire of propagating the public good. From ſuch behaviour, it was no wonder he became offenſive to the greedy and ambitious.

Steady in his allegiance to the royal family of Stuart, he became the willing partaker of their ſufferings. He ſcorned to live beneath the ſway of an uſurper, whilſt his ſovereign was in exile and diſtreſs; and his whole powers were exerted during that time to reinſtate his royal maſter. During thoſe years of ſeverity he neceſſarily became inſtructed in the different intereſts of foreign Courts, as intimately as he had been with thoſe of England; which union can only complete the miniſter.

Nor were his principles of religion and government only founded on the juſteſt examination of thoſe ſubjects. His friendſhips were in like manner contracted on long intimacy and knowledge of thoſe with whom he was united. Reaſon, ſimilar ſentiments, and virtuous motives, formed the union of him and his friends. They were ſteady to him, and he to them.

It muſt be confeſſed, his paſſions in ſome particulars were rather impetuous: but it muſt be recollected alſo, what were the objects of them. As he loved his country beyond all things, he ſaw its injuries with great indignation; and conſequently that hatred, which he ever cherniſhed againſt Preſbyterians, and other ſectaries in England and Scotland, became a juſtifiable paſſion. He had been the continual witneſs of their implacable purſuits to raviſh power by blood and rapine; and ſeen even that violation rendered more deteſtable, by their ſacrilegiouſly avowing religion to be the impious cauſe of their rebellion againſt the conſtitution; denominating the murder of their lawful Sovereign an act of piety, to enthrone King Jeſus in his dominion of righteouſneſs. Notwithſtanding this averſion to the deſtroyers of his country, the Miniſter never influenced the man of equity; as Lord High Chancellor, his decrees were untainted with partiality; hatred did not aggravate, nor affection ſoften the juſtice of his deciſions; neither did he, on the ſeat of judgment, know there was either a Churchman or Preſbyterian, a friend or foe, a royaliſt or rebel.

Hypocriſy, that vice inſeparable from the ſectaries, was the peculiar object of his deteſtation; and perhaps he carried this abhorrence even too far, for the manners of all Courts. His penetration was not to be deceived by any diſguiſe, and though he might not always diſcern the true motive of it, he knew that hideous maſk invariably concealed ſome ſiniſter deſign; and therefore he loathed the heart which lay in ambuſh to do miſchief, and ſhunned the poſſeſſor.

From this ſteadineſs to integrity, he knew not to cover his face with ſmiles of approbation at the preſence of the King's harlot; and he thought it a diſgrace to make, or to ſecure intereſt, to ſerve himſelf, or his friends, through the polluted channel of a concubine's aſcendency; making no diſtinction, where law and religion have made none, between the whoredom of the Royal bed and the common bagnio, unleſs in his greater diſapprobation of the former. He thought a King the moſt fallen of all human creatures, who, neglecting the public good, ſpent his hours in the delights of dalliance, the dupe of laſciviouſneſs, the ſlave of women, and diſgrace of royalty: and it was his conſtant wiſh that the lure of lewdneſs might at leaſt deſert his maſter, before old age ſhould render more deſpicable that failing, for which youth did, in ſome opinions, plead an excuſe. For what object can be more truly contemptible, than a libidinous old King dallying in wantonneſs, his grey head royally reclining on the boſom of his concubine, his face covered with the wrinkled leer of ſalacious impotence, whilſt his people are running by mal-adminiſtration and neglect to that ruin, which he only can, and it is his duty to prevent?

If female favourites found no countenance in the eyes of Lord Clarendon, pimps, pandars, ſycophants, and flatterers, however dignified with the ſuperb appellations of Barons, Viſcounts, Earls, Marquiſſes, and Dukes, were not leſs diſguſtful and deteſted. He conſidered them as the public bane, and beheld them through the medium of their actions, and not of their titles. Their degeneracy was his contempt; and he thought neither deſcent nor creation could really ennoble thoſe whoſe actions were a reproach not only to their anceſtors, but to human nature, and who had forfeited all claim to honour by the moſt ignominious behaviour. To thoſe the wrinkled brow, and keen eye of diſpleaſure, ſpoke his ſentiments of their conduct, when his lips were ſilent; nor did the King himſelf eſcape that honeſt reproof, when he ſaw him negligent or miſguided; ſo much did he prefer his maſter's eternal fame to his temporary delights, and the good of his country to every ſelfiſh conſideration. He had planned a ſyſtem of reinſtating the happineſs of England; from which no lure, nor profitable expedient, could tempt him to recede.

He

He was bred, and truly was a man of learning, with talents every way adapted to improve this beſt foundation: the very times in which he lived, afforded a power of experience in human nature, rarely to be found at any other æra. Scarce a virtue, or a vice, which did not then reign in full powers, as well as diſſimulation in extreme, to imitate the firſt, and conceal the latter. Every faculty of the ſoul was exerted in its full ſtretch, to accompliſh its different purſuits; and every ſenſation ſtrenuouſly engaged by the full variety of objects which employed them. By means of theſe, as he had ample opportunity and abilities to analize the human mind, he became intimately acquainted with its compoſition; and in conſequence of ſuch a combination of underſtanding and occaſion, no writer has excelled him in the characters which he has drawn. Neglecting the qualities which are in common to all men, he marked his portraits with thoſe diſtinctions which characterize one perſon from another. Their virtues and vices, their ſtrength and weakneſs, have the proper lights and ſhades diſtributed upon them, in ſo ſkilful a manner, that inconſiſtency does not imply contradiction, praiſe impart flattery, nor diſapprobation convey malice. His friends, he knew, were men, however exalted, and he never diſguiſed their failings: and from his enemies, however abandoned, he never excluded their deſerts. Amongſt his other excellencies, that are requiſite eſſentially to an hiſtorian, veracity was inſeparable from his pen. And as few have ever written, whoſe powers of conception and opportunities of being truly informed were equal to thoſe of this noble author, ſo in none are the motives to action, the cauſes of ſucceſs and miſadventure, ſo diſtinctly aſſigned and ſo faithfully delineated; leaving to unforeſeen incidents the production of many events, fatal to his Sovereign, and propitious to his ſubjects in rebellion; at the ſame time aſcribing to the wiſdom, valour, and prudence of man, ſufficient to ſatisfy the vanity of his nature, and reſting the ultimate of all on the will of Providence.

His ſtile has in general been thought culpable by the length of his periods; but it ought to be remembered alſo, that his ſenſe was of the moſt comprehenſive kind, not eaſily to be incloſed in ſhort ſentences, nor, like the preſent pointed turn of ſentiment, to be included in an epigrammatic phraſe, which rather pleaſes by its conceit, than excellence. His diction was ſtrong where it was required, and pathetic, as it becomes an hiſtorian; not moving tears by the ſtealing tenderneſs which is adapted to the incidents of a novel, but by greatneſs of expreſſion in the facts which he relates, drying up the ſources of that commiſerating fluid. The narrative of his hiſtory is clear and explicit, the expreſſions apt, and the images greatly conceived, ſublimely expreſſed, and totally void of all thoſe minuteneſſes which attend an inferior capacity; which, however the many may admire, are by no means the marks of genius. His imagery, like the Grecian architecture, conſiſted in ſimplicity, ſtrength and proportion, decorated with becoming ornaments, into which the Gothic ſcrolls, unmeaningly and luxuriantly applied, found no admiſſion.

Such were the abilities and diſpoſitions of Edward Earl of Clarendon, Lord High Chancellor of England, equal in power and reſolution to the accompliſhing every requiſite which this land then ſtood in need of to make it permanently happy.

OBSERVATIONS MADE IN A TOUR IN SWISSERLAND

IN M,DCCLXXXVI.

By MONSIEUR DE LAZOWKSI.

[From YOUNG's "ANNALS of AGRICULTURE."]

[*Concluded from Page* 210.]

THE way from Soleure to Berne is delicious. A foreſt of about a league, which you croſs, leads to a charming valley, where the ſituations are infinitely multiplied. The ſoil is excellent, the cultivation rich; the farm-houſes clean, and well built; each hill, each ſide makes a picture. I ſhould like chiefly to call to my recollection the ſituation of a low ground irrigated by a ſtream, which waters ſome meadows, and moves ſeveral manufactories. Some natural *platforms* which ſeem raiſed by Taſte in order to have farm-houſes and country ſeats built upon them, limit and embelliſh the view, terminated by maſſes of wood covering the elevations.

I ſay nothing particular about the houſes of cultivators; I wiſh to ſee the inſide before-hand; but every thing proves their eaſe. The inſtruments of the farms are good; the horſes excellent, and perfectly well kept; their fields in good order; the land well cultivated ſeemingly; and I may aſſert already, without

without having been able yet to ſpeak with the country people, who talk only German, that ſome parts of their culture are excellent. Such, for inſtance, as their artificial meadows either in common or Dutch clover; which ſeems more particularly adapted to the paſture of ſheep; the irrigation of their natural meadows; and the moveable incloſures, the object of which I do not well underſtand, but which muſt be good.

We went from Berne to Thun, diſtant ſix leagues, in the valley irrigated by the river Aar. The mountains for the firſt three leagues which limit this valley, are but of the third order of elevation. Their ſlopes are mild, and, except ſome perpendicular parts, covered with woods; the whole is cultivated, and in a ſyſtem of rotation of ploughed lands and meadows: but at three leagues from Thun, the mountains raiſe themſelves, their ſlopes become rapid, the perpendicularities are frequent, the high Alps appear, and ſeem to put an end to all culture. In ſome parts, you diſtinguiſh ſome intermediate hills and elevations ſcattered with foreſts, houſes, villages, &c. I will ſay in general, that this large picture, upon which the eye of a traveller wanders with delight, to me is very rich. The meadows, cut in all ways by cultivation, are irrigated, and I cannot admire enough their verdure. If this valley was wider, if inſtead of prolonging itſelf it was formed in a baſon, I would, perhaps, compare it with the valley of Denbigh in Wales.

Thun is a ſmall town, and rather an *entrepôt* of the trade of its environs, than a manufacturing town; it has, however, ſome manufactures. It is the chief place of a Bailliage; but the burgeſſes have particular rights, which aſſimilate them to a kind of free government, as far as concerns their internal regimen. The houſes of this town are good; all, or almoſt all, of free ſtone: but the town itſelf is very irregularly built upon the river Aar, divided into two branches, one of which is kept high in order to have a fall ſufficient to move ſeveral manufactures, and ſupply waters for the irrigations: they increaſe at will the quantity of water in this higher canal, by ſhutting the doors of the head of the lower canal. The caſtle commands the town; its conſtruction gives more the idea of the old feudal power than of any preſent ſtrength: it is the dwelling of the bailiff. I would adviſe you to go to the church, built upon a terrace, to enjoy in a clear day a rich and delicious picture. The lower town is at your feet, and makes the front, but you ſee it only in the detail; your whole attention is catched by the proſpect of the Lake, narrowed at firſt by iſlands, enlivened by country ſeats, each of them making a landſcape, being detached by their gardens, with which they are circumſcribed; the eye wanders upon the ſurface of the Lake, contained in charming banks; and the end is filled up by the mountains of the high Alps, which groupe themſelves majeſtically, and the rocks of which are covered with eternal ſnows.

I would adviſe alſo to navigate this Lake in a fine day. If your eyes are not yet grown familiar with the fine landſcapes ſo common in Swiſſerland, the effect will be ſtill more agreeable; though, to ſpeak the truth, it ſeems to me that the beauties of nature are ſo amazingly variegated and ſo pleaſing, that the ſenſe of pleaſure which they afford is inexhauſtible.

This Lake has about one league and a half in its greateſt breadth. You may land almoſt every where upon the banks, ſcattered with houſes and villages. The hills to the left are covered with vineyards, intermixed with foreſts: the right is bolder; woods contraſt with the rocks; meadows, delicious by their green, give ſome life and ſome motion to what would be wild in that part, which is dark and more mountainous than the oppoſite bank.

I landed at Spietz, a fief belonging to the Dourlach family, and diſtant from Thun two leagues; upon the right ſide the poſition is pleaſing, taken from the Lakes. I had in view, in this ſmall excurſion, to ſee a farm, and to ſpeak with a farmer, who could give me ſome information about the culture of this country.

In general the farmers are eaſy, in what I have ſeen in the canton of Berne; every thing about them proves it. Their houſes are good and comfortable, and their conſtruction pretty much alike, differing only in their dimenſions and furniture. They are generally built in wood of two ſtories, upon ground levelled in the declivities of the hills. The carpenter's work is ſet upon a low wall of maſonry. They have but ſeldom cellars. Their common form is a long ſquare. The low ground is taken up by the ſtables, by warehouſes, and cart-lodges; and the upper part is deſtined for the habitation, the barn and granaries.

But I muſt ſay ſomething more particular about their ſtables, their cow-houſes, and their manner of managing their dunghills. Thoſe ſtables are furniſhed, as in France, with a manger and racks; but the racks are commonly a great deal ſmaller; the horſes do not breathe ſo long time upon their forage, they waſte nothing, and eat up the whole; they are ſupplied oftener, but with facility. I made the obſervation, that an advantage of their manner of building was to have their

ſtables

ſtables cloſe to their barns. Sometimes the ſtables are paved, and ſometimes boarded, but always inclined, in order to facilitate the running off of the urine, which flows in a rivulet pretty large: on the other ſide of it, they have a board raiſed about ſix to eight inches, for walking clean. They throw into this rivulet a part of the dung to be macerated, and to imbibe the urine, the overflowings of which are brought either upon the graſs before the houſe when it is iſolated, and in caſe of cow-houſes which ſtand commonly ſeparated, or in the hole for the dung. When the water of the dunghill is high, and ready to overflow, they fill casks for the purpoſe that have two hooks, one on each ſide, which they carry with ſhafts, and they irrigate thoſe parts of their meadows which they wiſh to improve. As to their dunghills, they put them in heaps, and twiſt the whole circumference of thoſe heaps baſket-like, in order to keep them up, and that no part ſhould be waſted. They let them ferment, but they ſpread them when they are ſtill in a good ſtate of fermentation. They expect nothing but from the quantity of dung which they get; and in fact, they manure largely. This is ſo much their end, that they have a German proverb which ſays, that "the dunghill is better than cleverneſs."

The houſe of the farmer of whom I have ſpoken was perfectly clean; the furniture was rather more than comfortable; and I was pleaſed to ſee a kind of luxury in it unknown almoſt in Europe. He received us very kindly, and offered us cheeſe and wine, both of his own growth: the wine is about our white wine of Alſace, the bread excellent.

Generally, the environs of Thun for ſeveral leagues diſtance, is a country of paſture, very near the ſame as from Berne to this town; they plough conſequently juſt ſo much as is neceſſary to produce corn and ſtraw for their cattle, and to renew their meadows.

On CONVERSATION.

[From The OLLA PODRIDA, lately publiſhed.]

THAT converſation may anſwer the ends for which it was deſigned, the parties who are to join in it muſt come together with a determined reſolution to pleaſe, and to be pleaſed. If a man feels that an eaſt wind has rendered him dull and ſulky, he ſhould by all means ſtay at home till the wind changes, and not be troubleſome to his friends; for dullneſs is infectious, and one ſour face will make many, as one cheerful countenance is ſoon productive of others. If two gentlemen deſire to quarrel, it ſhould not be done in a company met to enjoy the pleaſures of converſation. Let a ſtage be erected for the purpoſe, in a proper place, to which the juriſdiction of the Middleſex magiſtrates doth not reach. There let Martin and Mendoza mount, accompanied by Big Ben and Johnſon, and attended by the *amateurs*, who delight to behold blows neatly laid in, ribs and jaw-bones elegantly broken, and eyes ſealed up with delicacy and addreſs. It is obvious, for theſe reaſons, that he who is about to form a converſation-party ſhould be careful to invite men of congenial minds, and of ſimilar ideas reſpecting the entertainment of which they are to partake, and to which they muſt contribute.

With gloomy perſons gloomy topics likewiſe ſhould be (as indeed they will be) excluded, ſuch as ill health, bad weather, bad news, or forebodings of ſuch, &c. &c. To preſerve the temper calm and pleaſant, it is of unſpeakable importance that we always accuſtom ourſelves through life to make the beſt of things, to view them on their bright ſide, and ſo repreſent them to others, for our mutual comfort and encouragement. Few things (eſpecially if, as Chriſtians, we take the other world into the account) but have a bright ſide: diligence and practice will eaſily find it. Perhaps there is no circumſtance better calculated than this to render converſation equally pleaſing and profitable.

In the conduct of it, be not eager to interrupt others, or uneaſy at being yourſelf interrupted; ſince you ſpeak either to amuſe or inſtruct the company, or to receive thoſe benefits from it. Give all, therefore, leave to ſpeak in turn. Hear with patience, and anſwer with preciſion. Inattention is ill manners; it ſhews contempt; and contempt is never forgiven.

Trouble not the company with your own private concerns, as you do not love to be troubled with thoſe of others. Yours are as little to them as theirs are to you. You will need no other rule whereby to judge of this matter.

Contrive, but with dexterity and propriety, that each perſon may have an opportunity of diſcourſing on the ſubject with which he is beſt acquainted. He will be pleaſed, and you will be informed. By obſerving this rule, every one has it in his power to aſſiſt in rendering converſation agreeable; ſince, though he may not chooſe, or be qualified, to ſay much himſelf, he can propoſe queſtions to thoſe who are able to anſwer them.

Avoid

Avoid ſtories, unleſs ſhort, pointed, and quite *a-propos*. He who deals in them, ſays Swift, muſt either have a very large ſtock, or a good memory, or muſt often change his company. Some have a ſet of them ſtrung together like onions; they take poſſeſſion of the converſation by an early introduction of one; and then you muſt have the whole *rope*; and there is an end of every thing elſe, perhaps, for that meeting, though you may have heard all twenty times before.

Talk *often*, but not *long*. The talent of haranguing in private company is inſupportable. Senators and barriſters are apt to be guilty of this fault; and members who never harangue in the Houſe, will often do it out of the Houſe. If the majority of the company be naturally ſilent, or cautious, the converſation will flag, unleſs it be often renewed by one among them who can ſtart new ſubjects. Forbear, however, if poſſible, to broach a ſecond before the firſt is out, leſt your ſtock ſhould not laſt, and you ſhould be obliged to come back to the old barrel. There are thoſe who will repeatedly croſs upon, and break into the converſation, with a freſh topic, till they have touched upon all, and exhauſted none. Economy here is neceſſary for moſt people.

Laugh not at your own wit and humour; leave that to the company.

When the converſation is flowing in a ſerious and uſeful channel, never interrupt it by an ill-timed jeſt. The ſtream is ſcattered, and cannot be again collected.

Diſcourſe not in a whiſper, or half-voice, to your next neighbour. It is ill-breeding, and, in ſome degree, a fraud; converſation-ſtock being, as one has well obſerved, a joint and common property.

In reflections on abſent people, go no farther than you would go if they were preſent. "I reſolve," ſays Biſhop Beveridge, never to ſpeak of a man's virtues to his face, nor of his faults behind his back:"—a golden rule! the obſervation of which would, at one ſtroke, baniſh flattery and defamation from the earth.

Converſation is effected by circumſtances which, at firſt ſight, may appear trifling, but really are not ſo. Some, who continue dumb while ſeated, become at once loquacious when they are (as the ſenatorial phraſe is) *upon their legs*. Others, whoſe powers languiſh in a cloſe room, recover themſelves on putting their heads into freſh air, as a Shrovetide cock does when his head is put into freſh earth. A turn or two in the garden makes them good company. There is a magic ſometimes in a large circle which faſcinates thoſe who compoſe it into ſilence; and nothing can be done, or rather nothing can be *ſaid*, till the introduction of a card-table breaks up the ſpell, and releaſes the valiant knights and fair damſels from their captivity. A table, indeed, of any kind, conſidered as a centre of union, is of eminent ſervice to converſation at all times; and never do we more ſenſibly feel the truth of that old philoſophical axiom, that nature *abhors a vacuum*, than upon its removal. I have been told that, even in the *Blue-ſtocking* Society, formed ſolely for the purpoſe of converſation, it was found, after repeated trials, impoſſible to *get on* without *one* card-table. In that ſame venerable ſociety, when the company is too widely extended to engage in the ſame converſation, a cuſtom is ſaid to prevail (and a very excellent one it is), that every gentleman, upon his entrance, ſelects his partner, as he would do at a ball; and, when the converſation-dance is *gone down*, the company change partners, and begin afreſh. Whether theſe things be ſo or not, moſt certain it is, that the lady or the gentleman deſerves well of the ſociety who can deviſe any method whereby ſo valuable an amuſement can be heightened and improved.

ANECDOTES of the Late Celebrated Naturaliſt, the COUNT DE BUFFON.

GEORGE LOUIS LE CLERC, COUNT DE BUFFON, was born at Montbard, in Burgundy, the 7th of September 1707: his father was a Counſellor of the Parliament of Dijon, and the ſon was deſtined to the ſame office, if ſcience had not drawn him away from the law. He ſtudied at Dijon; and his eager activity, his acuteneſs, penetration, and robuſt conſtitution, fitted him to purſue buſineſs and pleaſure with equal ardour. His early paſſion was for aſtronomy, and the young Le Clerc was never without Euclid in his pocket. At the age of twenty he went with an Engliſh Nobleman and his Governor to Italy; but he overlooked the choiceſt remains of art, and amidſt the ruins of an elegant and luxurious people, he firſt felt the charms of natural hiſtory, whoſe zealous and ſucceſsful admirer he afterwards proved. On his return to France, he fought, on ſome occaſional quarrel, with an Engliſhman, whom he wounded, and was obliged to retire to Paris. He there tranſlated Newton's Fluxions from the Latin, and Hales' Statics from the Engliſh, into the French language. He afterwards came to England, at the age of twenty-five; and this journey concluded his travels: he ſtaid here about three months.

At the age of twenty-one, he ſucceeded to the eſtate of his mother, which was valued at about 300,000 livres (above 12,000 pounds ſterling); and he was one of thoſe whoſe eaſy or affluent circumſtances urge on literary purſuits, and clear the path of ſome of its thorns. Perhaps this was the period of his retirement to Montbard, where he ſpent much time, and where his leiſure was little interrupted: while in the capital, his office of Intendant of the King's Garden and Cabinet, engaged much of his time. He loved company, and was partial to the fair; but he loved glory more. He ſpent fourteen hours every day in ſtudy; and, when we examine the extent of his knowledge, and the number of his works, we wonder at his having executed ſo much, even in this time. At five in the morning he retired to a pavillion in his vaſt gardens, and he was then inacceſſible. This was, as Prince Henry of Pruſſia called it, the cradle of Natural Hiſtory; but ſhe was indifferently accommodated. The walls were naked; an old writing-table, with pen, ink, and paper, and an elbow chair of black leather, were the only furniture of his ſtudy. His manuſcripts were in a cabinet in another building, and he went occaſionally from one to the other. The æras of Buffon's works are pretty well known. When each was finiſhed, it was put aſide, in order that he might forget it, and he then returned to it with the ſeverity of a critic. He was anxious to have it perſpicuous; and if thoſe to whom he read his works heſitated a moment, he changed the paſſage. The works of others he, at laſt, read like Magliabechi, the titles, the contents, and the moſt intereſting parts; but he read M. Neckar's Compte Rendu, and the Adminiſtration of the Finances, at length: he ſpoke of them alſo with no little enthuſiaſm. His favourite authors were Fenelon, Monteſquieu, and Richardſon.

M. de Buffon's converſation was unadorned, rarely animated, but ſometimes very cheerful. He was exact in his dreſs, particularly in dreſſing his hair. He ſat long at table, and then ſeemed at his eaſe. His converſation was, at this time, unembarraſſed, and his gueſts had frequently occaſion to notice ſome happy turn of phraſe, or ſome deep reflection. His complaiſance was very conſiderable: he loved praiſe, and even praiſed himſelf; but it was with ſo much frankneſs, and with ſo little contempt of others, that it was never diſagreeable. Indeed, when we conſider the extent of his reputation, the credit of his works, and the attention with which they were always received, we do not wonder that he was ſenſible of his own value. It would perhaps have diſplayed a ſtronger mind to have concealed it. His father lived to 93, and almoſt adored his ſon; his grandfather to 87, and the ſubject of our preſent obſervations exceeded only 80. Fifty-ſix ſtones were found in his bladder; but if he had conſented to the operation, he might probably have lived longer. One ſon remains. Near a high tower, in the gardens of Montbard, he has placed a low column, with the following inſcription:

Excelſæ Turri
Humilis Columna,
Parenti ſuo
Fil. Buffon.

Le Comte de la Cepede, in his deſcription of the four lamps ſuſpended in the temple of Genius, erected in the boſom of France, has given a pompous eulogy of Monteſquieu, Voltaire, Rouſſeau, and Buffon. We ſhall conclude this ſubject by tranſlating the laſt.—'It was no longer night: a ſtar, created by nature to illuminate the univerſe, ſhone with majeſty. His courſe was marked by dignity; his motion by harmony, and his repoſe by ſerenity: every eye, even the weakeſt, was eager to contemplate it. From his car reſplendent over the univerſe, he ſpread his magnificence. As God incloſed in the ark all the works of creation, he collected on the banks of the Seine the animals, vegetables, and minerals, diſperſed in the four quarters of the globe. Every form, every colour, all the riches and inſtincts of the world were offered to our eyes, and to our underſtandings. Every thing was revealed; every thing ennobled; every thing rendered intereſting, brilliant, or graceful. But a funeral groan was heard—nature grieved in ſilence:—with Buffon the laſt lamp was extinguiſhed."

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* 205.]

THIRTY-SECOND DAY.
TUESDAY, JUNE 3.

SINCE the commencement of this memorable Trial, Weſtminſter Hall had not been ſo numerous or ſo brilliant an aſſemblage of perſons as crouded every part of it this day. By eight o'clock in the morning the avenues leading to the Hall, through New and Old Palace Yards, were filled with ladies and gentlemen of the moſt reſpectable appearance, many

many of them Peereſſes in full dreſs, who ſtood in the ſtreet for upwards of an hour before the gates were opened. The exertions made to puſh forward, with a view to get convenient ſeats, had like to have proved fatal to many.

The Peers did not enter the Hall till 12 o'clock. In ſome minutes after, the Lord Chancellor having bowed to Mr. Sheridan, to ſignify to him that their Lordſhips were then ready to hear him,

That Hon. Gentleman roſe, whilſt all about him was as ſtill as if the Hall was empty. He ſaid it was not his intention to keep back their Lordſhips attention for any time from the conſideration of the charge immediately before them, by making many preliminary obſervations: ſuch general remarks as it was in his power to make, would only weaken what had been already urged by the Right Hon. Gentleman who was the principal mover of the impeachment—whoſe genius exceeded every thing but his diſpoſition—who underſtood and felt for all—through whom and by whom ſo great an *embodied ſtand* had been made in defence of the *rights of man* againſt *man's oppreſſion*. He might, however, without injury to the general cauſe, and without treſpaſſing too much upon their Lordſhips patience, ſay ſome few words both upon the ſubject of the impeachment in general, and the particular ſituation of himſelf and his Hon. Colleagues who had been appointed to conduct it.

He thought, that if ever there was a proſecution in which thoſe who carried it on were free from all unwarrantable reſentment, or even improper bias, it was the preſent. He could enter into his own heart, and declare moſt ſolemnly, that he found there no private incentive to the part he had taken in this impeachment, and he verily believed he might ſafely ſay that all his Hon. Colleagues, as well as himſelf, were actuated ſolely by the zeal they felt for the public welfare, by their honeſt ſolicitude for the honour of their country, and the happineſs of thoſe who were under its dominion and protection. With ſuch objects in view he really loſt ſight of Mr. Haſtings, who, however great in other reſpects, was too inſignificant to be mixed with ſuch important conſiderations. "The unfortunate Gentleman at the Bar is no mighty object in my mind. Amidſt the ſeries of miſchiefs, *to my ſenſe*, ſeeming to ſurround him, what is he but a petty *Nucleus*, involved in its *Lamina*, ſcarcely ſeen or thought of." It was impoſſible, therefore, that his Hon. Colleagues and he ſhould feel themſelves under the influence of malice or ill-will towards that unfortunate gentleman; they acted ſolely under a delegated power; they ſtood at their Lordſhips bar as the repreſentatives of the Commons of England; and as they acted in that public capacity, it might as well be ſaid that the Commons of Great Britain, in whoſe name the impeachment had been brought before their Lordſhips, were actuated by malice to the priſoner, as that the Managers of the Houſe of Commons had any private ſpleen to gratify in diſcharging the duty impoſed upon them by their principals. In truth, the proſecution had not been *begot in prejudice*, or *nurſed in error*: it was founded in the cleareſt conviction of the wrongs that the natives of Hindoſtan had ſuffered through the mal-adminiſtration of thoſe in whoſe hands this country had placed extenſive powers, which ought to have been exerciſed for the benefit of the governed, but which had been uſed by the priſoner at the bar for the ſhameful purpoſes of oppreſſion.

To convince their Lordſhips that the Britiſh government, which ought to have been a bleſſing to the powers in India connected with it, had been a ſcourge to the natives, and the cauſe of deſolation to the moſt flouriſhing provinces in Hindoſtan, he had only to read a letter that had been received not long ſince from Lord Cornwallis, the preſent Governor-General of Bengal.—In that letter the noble Lord ſtated, that he had been received by the Nabob Viſier with every mark of friendſhip and reſpect; but the honours he received at the Court of Lucknow had not prevented him from ſeeing the deſolation that overſpread the face of the country, the ſight of which had ſhocked his very ſoul. He ſpoke to the Nabob on the ſubject, and earneſtly recommended it to him to adopt ſome ſyſtem of government, that he might reſtore the proſperity of his kingdom, and make his people happy. —The Nabob's anſwer was ſtrikingly remarkable.—That degraded Prince ſaid to his Lordſhip, that as long as the demands of the Engliſh government upon the revenue of Oude ſhould remain unlimited, he (the Nabob) could have no intereſt in eſtabliſhing any ſyſtem of economy; and whilſt the Engliſh ſhould continue to interfere in the internal government of his country, it would be in vain for him to attempt any ſalutary reform, for his ſubjects knew he was only a cypher in his own dominions, and therefore laughed at and deſpiſed his authority and that of his Miniſters.

Surely the ſtate to which that wretched Prince was reduced by our miſmanagement, and the ruin which had, by the ſame cauſe, been brought upon his country, called loudly upon their Lordſhips to interfere, and reſcue their national honour and character from the infamy to which both would be expoſed, if no enquiry was made into the cauſes of ſuch

calamities, and no punishment was inflicted on the authors of them.—*Policy*, as well as *Justice*, called upon them to vindicate the character of Great Britain in India; for he would prove to them, from good authority, that the native powers had so little reliance upon our faith, that the preservation of our empire, in that quarter of the world, could be effected only by convincing the native princes, that a religious adherence to its engagements should in future characterize the British government in that country.—To prove the necessity there was for bringing such a conviction to the mind of every native prince, Mr. Sheridan read a letter to Lord Cornwallis, from Captain Kirkpatrick, who, when he wrote it, was Resident at the Court of the Great Maratta Chief, Madajee Scindia. This gentleman stated in his letter, that the new system of moderation brought by his Lordship, was certainly the only one that could give stability to our empire in India; but, at the same time, he must observe, that as the princes of that country had so frequently had cause to lament that no engagements could bind us, it would require time, and repeated proofs of good faith, to convince them that we were serious in the professions which were then held out to them on the part of the British government; that *ambition*, or a desire of *conquest*, should no longer be encouraged by British councils; and that a most religious adherence to all treaties and engagements should be the basis of all our future political transactions.

To these letters, Mr. Sheridan said, he must call upon their Lordships to give an answer, not by *words*, which would not find credit with the natives, who had so often been deceived by our professions, but by *deeds*, which would convince them that we were truly in earnest; for it was only by our punishing those who have been guilty of the delinquencies which have brought ruin on the country, that we could possibly gain confidence with the people of India, and satisfy them that future delinquents will not be encouraged or countenanced by the ruling powers at home.

In looking round for an object fit to be held out to the world as an example of national justice, their Lordships must necessarily fix their eyes upon Mr. Hastings. He was the great cause of the degradation of our character in India, and of the oppression of its devoted inhabitants, and he was the only victim that could atone for the calamities he had occasioned.

But whilst he pointed out the prisoner at the bar as a proper object of punishment, he begged leave to observe, that he did not wish to turn the sword of justice against that man, merely because an example ought to be made; such a wish was as far from his heart as it was incompatible with equity and justice: if he called for punishment upon Mr. Hastings, it was because he thought him a great delinquent, and the greatest of all those who, by their rapacity and oppression, had brought ruin on the natives of India, and disgrace upon the inhabitants of Great Britain.

Whilst he called for justice upon the prisoner, he could wish also to do him justice: he would be sorry that the weight and consequence of the Commons of Great Britain, in whose name the prosecution had been set on foot, should operate to his prejudice: indeed, whilst he had such upright judges as their Lordships, it was impossible that any thing could injure him, but the clearest and most unequivocal proofs of guilt.—"It is "not the peering suspicion of apprehending "guilt—It is not any popular abhorrence of "its wide-spread consequences—It is not "the secret consciousness in the bosom of "the Judge, which can excite the vengeance "of the law, and authorise its infliction!—"No—In this good land, as high as it is "happy, because as just as it is free, all is "definite, equitable and exact—The laws "must be satisfied before they are incurred "—And ere a hair of the head can be plucked "to the ground, LEGAL GUILT must "be established by LEGAL PROOF!"

This principle he must admit as conclusive, though, in the present case, he felt the inconvenience of it, which might operate as a bar to public justice; for the Managers of the impeachment laboured under difficulties, that could scarcely occur in any other prosecution. The witnesses whom they had been obliged to call, were, for the most part (he would state the exceptions in the proper place), the accomplices of the prisoner's guilt, and the instruments of his oppressions: from such witnesses it was not likely that proofs of that guilt could be obtained without great difficulty.

In the *written* documents from which the Managers had selected their proofs in support of the impeachment, as considerable difficulties had occurred: those documents had been drawn up by the parties whose study it was, as it was their interest, though contrary to their duty, to conceal the iniquity of their proceedings, and consequently to disguise the truth.

But though he stated the difficulties which the Managers had to encounter, he did not mean to say that the proofs which they had adduced were in any degree defective: "weak, no doubt, in some parts, and in-"competent—and yet more deplorable, as "undistinguished by any compunctious visit-

"ings

" ings of repenting accomplices—but yet " enough, and enough in ſure validity, to " abaſh the front of guilt no longer hid, and " flaſh conviction on conſcientious judges."

Having premiſed theſe obſervations, Mr. Sheridan ſaid he would now make ſome remarks upon the defence, or rather *defences*, made by the priſoner. He had already made *four*, three of which he had ſince thought proper to abandon, and diſcredit. Indeed, he believed that it was a novelty in the hiſtory of criminal juriſprudence, that a perſon accuſed ſhould firſt make a defence, and afterwards endeavour to convince his judges that they ought not to give it the leaſt credit. Mr. Sheridan ſaid, he was the more ſurprized at this conduct in the priſoner, as it was ſince he had had the aſſiſtance of Counſel that he had made this attempt: he thought, that when he had been reſcued from his own incautious raſhneſs, he would not have taken ſo extraordinary a ſtep as was that of diſcrediting his own defence.

In every court of law in England, the confeſſion of a criminal, when not obtained by any promiſe of favour or lenity, or by violent threats, was always admitted as concluſive evidence againſt himſelf; and if that confeſſion was made before a grave and reſpectable aſſembly of perſons, competent to take cognizance of crimes, there was no doubt but it would have due weight, becauſe it was fair to preſume that ſuch a confeſſion muſt be *voluntary*, and not procured by any undue or improper means. The priſoner had, in his defence made before the Houſe of Commons, admitted many facts; and it was the intention of the Managers to urge in ſupport of the charges, his admiſſion of them: for when he went the length of admitting them, he was ſpeaking the language, not of inconſiderate raſhneſs and haſte, but of deliberate conſideration and reflection, as would appear to their Lordſhips from a paſſage which he ſhould read to them from the *introduction* to the defence read by Mr. Haſtings himſelf at the bar of the Houſe of Commons. In that paſſage the priſoner uſed the following words:

" Of the diſcouragement to which I al- " lude I ſhall mention but two points; and " theſe it is incumbent on me to mention, " becauſe they relate to effects which the " juſtice of this Hon. Houſe may, and I " truſt will, avert. The firſt is an obliga- " tion to my being at all committed in my " defence, ſince, in ſo wide a field for diſ- " cuſſion, it would be impoſſible not to ad- " mit ſome things, of which an advantage " might be taken, to turn them into evidence " againſt myſelf; whereas *another* might as " well uſe as I could, or better, the ſame " materials of my defence, without involv- " ing me in the ſame conſequences. But I " am ſure that this Hon. Houſe will yield " me its protection againſt the cavils of un- " warranted inference; and if the *truth* can " tend to convict me, *I am content to be* " MYSELF *the channel to convey it.* The " other objection lay in my own breaſt. It " was not till Monday laſt that I formed the " reſolution, and I knew not then whether " I might not, in conſequence, be laid under " the obligation of preparing and completing " in five days (and in effect ſo it has proved) " the refutation of charges which it has " been the labour of my accuſer, armed " with all the powers of Parliament, to " compile during as many years of almoſt " undiſturbed leiſure."

Here then, Mr. Sheridan obſerved, the priſoner had upon deliberation committed his defence to paper; and, after having had five days to conſider whether he ſhould preſent it or not, he actually delivered it himſelf to the Houſe of Commons, as a defence founded in *truth*; and triumphantly remarked upon it, that if " *truth* could tend to convict him, he was willing to be himſelf the channel to convey it."

But what was his language now that he had had the advice of Counſel? Nay, that there was not a word of truth in what he delivered to the Houſe of Commons *as* the *truth*; that he had no knowledge of many of the facts, no recollection of the circumſtances; that *he had put his memory in commiſſion*, and appointed Meſſ. Middleton, Scott, Gilpin, &c. the *Commiſſioners*; nay, that he had alſo put his *defences* into commiſſion, to be exerciſed by the ſame gentlemen. " Theſe, " like raw materials, the matter workman " diſtributes about him to all hands awaiting:—His words are to be ſtrung—argu- " ments ſpun--paſſages are to be woven.— " He puts his conſcience into departments— " Major Scott, ſays he, take care of my " conſiſtency—Mr. Middleton, you have my " *memory* in commiſſion—Prove me a fi- " nancier, Mr. Shore—Anſwer for me, Mr. " Holt (all journeymen good enough for " the Houſe of Commons, though not for " your Lordſhips):—Help, one and all, to " bear me up under the bare preſſure of my " laurels, the burthen of my glory!—Re- " freſh, and ſave me from the calentures of " my ſtate, from the peril of my own pa- " negyric."

Thus could the priſoner ſport with the underſtanding and feelings of the Houſe, by aſſerting that to be falſe and not entitled to credit this day, which on a former he had declared to be the truth itſelf, and the ground of his hope that it would procure him an acquittal,

acquittal, or, what would have been the ſame thing to him, would prevent the Commons from carrying up the Impeachment againſt him to their Lordſhips bar. Indeed, from this avowal and diſavowal of defences, and from the defence, different from all the former, which had been delivered to their Lordſhips, it would ſeem as if Mr. Haſtings was of opinion, that any thing would do for the Houſe of Commons. Poſſibly it might turn out hereafter, that he entertained a ſimilar opinion with reſpect to their Lordſhips; for it was not improbable but he might hereafter abandon the defence he had delivered to them: he might ſay, "It was not made by "me, but by my Counſel, and therefore I "hope your Lordſhips give no credit to it." But if he would abide by that his laſt defence, he (Mr. Sheridan) would join iſſue with him upon it, and prove it to be in many places void of truth, and in almoſt every part of it unfounded in argument as well as fact.

Having thus touched upon the different defences made by the priſoner, Mr. Sheridan next adverted to the allegations in the ſecond charge that had been ſupported in evidence. He ſaid, that the Managers had proved the high birth and great rank of the Begums, or Princeſſes of Oude: they had alſo proved, from the evidence of Sir Elijah Impey, Mr. Middleton, Mr. Goring, and others, how ſacred was the reſidence of women in India. A threat, therefore, to force that reſidence, and violate its purity by ſending men armed into it, was a ſpecies of torture, the cruelty of which could not be conceived by thoſe who were unacquainted with the cuſtoms and notions of the inhabitants of Hindoſtan. A knowledge of the cuſtoms and manners of the Muſſulmen of Turkey, would not enable one to judge of thoſe of the Muſſulmen in India: in the former, ladies went abroad veiled, and though not ſo free as thoſe in Chriſtian countries, ſtill they were not ſo cloſely ſhut up as were the ladies profeſſing the ſame religion in Hindoſtan. The confinement of the Turkiſh ladies was in a great meaſure to be aſcribed to the jealouſy of their huſbands; in Hindoſtan, the ladies were confined, becauſe they thought it contrary to *decorum* that perſons of their ſex ſhould be ſeen abroad: they were not the victims of jealouſy in the men, on the contrary, their ſequeſtration from the world was *voluntary*; they liked retirement, becauſe they thought it beſt ſuited to the dignity of their ſex and ſituation: they were ſhut up from liberty, it was true; but liberty, ſo far from having any charms for them, was ſhocking to their feelings; they were *enſhrined* rather than *immured*; they profeſſed a greater *purity* of *pious prejudice* than the Mahomedan ladies of Europe and other countries, and more zealouſly and religiouſly practiſed a more *holy* ſyſtem of *ſuperſtition*. Such was their ſenſe of delicacy, that to them the ſight of man was pollution; and the piety of the nation rendered their reſidence a *ſanctuary*. What then would their Lordſhips think of the tyranny of the man who could act in open defiance of thoſe prejudices, which were ſo interwoven with the very exiſtence of ladies in that country, that they could not be removed but by *death?* What, he ſaid, would their Lordſhips think of the man who could threaten to prophane and violate the ſanctuary of the higheſt deſcription of ladies in Oude, by ſaying that he would ſtorm it with his troops, and remove the inhabitants from it by force?

Mr. Sheridan dwelt for ſome time with great feeling on this point. He next adverted to the treaſures in the Zenana, and the relation in which the Bow Begum and the Nabob ſtood to each other, and to Mr. Haſtings. He adduced various arguments to ſhew, that theſe treaſures did not belong to the ſtate, but to the Begum; and moſt happily ridiculed the memory of Mr. Middleton, that remembered *inferences*, but forgot the *facts* that would ſupport them—nay, ſometimes remembered the facts that overturned them.—Thus, he ſaid, the treaſures muſt have belonged to the *ſtate*, and conſequently were the inheritance of the *Nabob*, becauſe that Prince had drawn for a large ſum, which was to be paid out of thoſe treaſures, *but his draft was not honoured.*—And he ſaid they could *not* be the property of the Begum; for he remembered, that when the Nabob's draft was returned without having been honoured, the Begum drew for the ſame ſum, upon the ſame treaſures, *and the money was inſtantly paid.*

Mr. Sheridan ſhewed next, that there was very good ground for preſuming that the treaſures poſſeſſed by the Begum were the property of that Princeſs: ſhe had endeared herſelf to her huſband, the late Nabob, by flying to him in the moment of his diſtreſs, after his defeat at Buxar, and carrying with her to his relief the jewels with which in happier days his fondneſs for her had enriched her: upon theſe ſhe raiſed him a large ſupply. When the political generoſity of this country reſtored him afterwards to his throne, his gratitude to his wife knew no bounds; her aſcendency over him was ſuch, that ſhe prevailed upon him to appoint his ſon *by her* his ſucceſſor.

The preſent Nabob, as had appeared from a paſſage in a letter written by Mr. Haſtings to him, and ſince proved in evidence, owed to her not only his birth and ſucceſſion to the crown,

crown, but alſo the preſervation of his life; for one day his ſavage father in a rage attempting to cut him down with his ſcymeter, the Begum ruſhed between her huſband and her ſon, and ſaved the latter, though with the loſs of ſome of her own blood; for ſhe was wounded by the blow that was not aimed at her.—A ſon ſo befriended and ſo preſerved, Mr. Haſtings had armed againſt ſuch a mother; he invaded the rights of that Prince, that he might compel him to violate the laws of *nature*, by plundering his parent; and he made him a *ſlave*, that he might afterwards make him a *monſter*. Mr. Haſtings was bound to be the *protector* of the Begum, inſtead of her *plunderer*; for her huſband, on his death-bed, bequeathed her to his friendſhip, and Mr. Haſtings had always called that huſband *his brother*; but no conſideration could make him diſcharge the duties of any obligation that could ſet bounds to his *rapacity*.

The interference of Mr. Briſtow in 1775, in the difference between the Begums and the Nabob, in conſequence of the claims of the latter, was the next ground of Mr. Sheridan's obſervations. Mr. Briſtow had then, in a converſation with the ſuperior or elder Begum, thrown out an inſinuation, that the treaſures which ſhe poſſeſſed were the treaſures of the ſtate; and on this inſinuation, ſo termed by Mr. Briſtow himſelf, had Mr. Haſtings founded all his arguments on that head, and on which he lately appeared to place ſo much reliance. The Begums at that time gave up to Aſoph ul Dowlah ſums amounting to five hundred and fifty thouſand pounds. Of this a part was to be paid in goods, which, as they conſiſted of arms, elephants, &c. the Nabob alledged to be his property, and refuſed to accept as payment. This occaſioned a diſpute, which was referred to the Board of Calcutta. Mr. Haſtings then vindicated the right of the Begums to all the goods in the Zenana, and brought over the majority of the Council to his opinion. The ideas then placed on record he had ſince found it convenient to diſown, as belonging not to him, but to the majority of the Council!

"There are," ſaid Mr. Sheridan, "in "this aſſemblage, they who are perfect in "their ideas of law and juſtice, and "who underſtand tolerably well *majorities* "and *minorities*; but how ſhall I inſtance "this new doctrine of Mr. Haſtings? It is "as if Mr. Burke, the *great leader of the* "*cauſe*, ſhould ſome ten years hence revile the "*Managers*, and commend Mr. Haſtings!" "Good God!" might ſay one of thoſe Gentlemen, "it was *you* who inſtigated the en-"quiry; it was *you* who made me think as "I did!" "Aye, very true," might Mr. Burke reply, "but I was then in a *minority*; "I am now in a *majority*; I have now left "my opinions behind me; and I am no "longer reſponſible."

The claims however, it was obſervable, of the Nabob, as to the treaſure of the Begums, were at this time the only plea alledged for the ſeizure. Theſe were always founded on a paſſage of that *Koran* which was perpetually quoted, but never proved. Not a word was then mentioned of the ſtrange rebellion which was afterwards conjured up, and of which the *exiſtence* and the *notoriety* were equally a ſecret!—a diſaffection which was at its height at the very time when the Begums were diſpenſing their liberality to the Nabob, and exerciſing the greateſt generoſity to the Engliſh officers in diſtreſs!—a diſturbance, in ſhort, without its parallel in hiſtory, which was raiſed by two *women*—carried on by two *eunuchs*—and finally ſuppreſſed by an *affidavit!*

[*To be continued.*]

ANECDOTES of the late Mr. GEORGE ROBERTSON, LANDSCAPE-PAINTER.

GEORGE ROBERTSON was born in London. He was the ſon of a wine-merchant, and brought up for ſome time in that buſineſs, but never followed it, as very early in life he diſcovered ſuch great facility in drawing that he was permitted to follow his inclination in the ſtudy of that art. He ſoon became acquainted with William Beckford, Eſq. of Somerly Hall, in Suffolk, a gentleman of claſſical knowledge, of great taſte, and poſſeſſed of goodneſs of heart and generoſity in an eminent degree. He took Mr. Robertſon under his patronage: he travelled with him into Italy. This is the ſame Mr. Beckford to whom Mr. Brydone's Letters are addreſſed.

He remained ſome years at Rome, and other parts of Italy, where he chiefly employed himſelf in drawing. He returned with his patron to London. Whether it was that his colouring was not engaging, and that being in his heart fully ſatisfied with poſſeſſing ſuch a friend he did not court the favour of others, certain it is, that he had no very brilliant ſucceſs with the public. The knowledge of his real worth was confined within the very narrow circle of his acquaintance; ſome of whom had it not in their power to encourage him, and others were taken up with different purſuits, or dazzled by greater names; ſo that Robertſon remained without orders and without encouragement. Mr. Beckford,

Beckford, however, ſtill the friendly patron, after having tried every means of introducing him into notice in England, propoſed to him a trip to Jamaica; and to that voyage the public is indebted for ſix beautiful Views of that Iſland, engraved from his paintings.

Mr. Beckford made him the moſt generous offers of ſettlement on the Iſland, which he refuſed; as his heart ſtill glowed with a love of the art, and he had not quite given up the hope of ſucceſs on a larger ſtage. He was young, and might ſtill expect to ſhine in London. Mr. Beckford, however, was himſelf obliged to go and reſide on that Iſland, from which Robertſon had turned his thoughts, as unfriendly to his deareſt inclinations.

He found himſelf without one friend among the Great. The noble patrons of the Arts, and *ſoi-diſant* connoiſſeurs, never go in ſearch of genius to protect. It muſt be thrown in their way. But their gates are of iron, never to be opened without a golden key, or Mercury's wand. He was obliged to give himſelf up to teach young ladies to draw; of all employments the moſt unfit for a man of genius and an artiſt. And here I muſt beg leave to explain why I think it ſuch a deſpicable reſource for a man of real ability; as it may ſerve for a caution to others, and at the ſame time be of ſome uſe to young ladies. Thoſe who employ him are ſeldom capable of making a proper diſtinction between the man of genius and a mere drawing-maſter; or, if they are, have ſeldom generoſity enough to make it appear; ſo that the hopes of its being the means of introducing him as an artiſt are entirely fruſtrated; and in a ſhort time his name is never mentioned but as a drawing-maſter.—The ladies, his ſcholars, finding that his touches give life and taſte to their drawings, take care to leave him room enough for them, and are proud of ſhewing ſuch performances as their own, never giving themſelves any further trouble, or endeavouring to become capable of doing the like. Thus the parents throw away their money, the painter his name, and the young ladies their time.—Such was Robertſon's fate; for though teaching procured him a reſource for the ſupport of his family (as at that time he had married a firſt-couſin of his, who was his conſtant correſpondent, and the object of his wiſhes while on his travels) he had very few if any pictures to paint after he had dedicated his time to teaching. His profits for ſome years were but ſcanty, even in that line of teaching for which he was beſt qualified, till he was engaged at the great ſchool in Queen-ſquare. From that time his finances mended; and he began to feel eaſe and comfort; if it can be called ſo to a man who always pined for an opportunity of doing himſelf honour by ſome piece of art in which he was qualified to ſhine. His leiſure-hours, however, were cheered now and then by executing ſome orders for drawings, for printſellers and engravers. His ſtate of health was unfortunately very bad, which from his early youth had at times rendered his life uncomfortable; and which his travels in Italy and his voyage to the Weſt Indies rather increaſed than diminiſhed. A fall from his horſe about two years ago, ſeemed to fix all his pains in his head; and to ſuch a degree as at times to render him incapable of buſineſs, or even of enjoying the converſation of his moſt intimate friend. While in that ſituation an uncle died, who left him an ample competency, as alſo a handſome proviſion for his wife and children. In hopes of alleviating his pains, as the country ſeemed to agree with him, he took a ſmall houſe at Newington Butts with an intention of giving up teaching, and dedicating his moments of eaſe to his darling object, the art: but death has put a period to his ſufferings and his troubles, at a time of life when others hardly begin to know what living is, as he had not yet attained his fortieth year.

As a man, he was benevolent and ſincere: warm to his friends; but apt to change them, and not always for the better. He was eccentric, and had oddities; but was chearful and good-natured when free from pain.

George Robertſon did not paint many pictures in oil, the reaſon of which may be eaſily deduced from what has been ſaid in the foregoing ſketch of his life.—Not having opportunity, he had not much practice in the management of his colours; but his touch was firm and maſterly. He ſucceeded beſt in wild and rocky ſcenes. In that reſpect he had more of the manner of Salvator Roſa than of any other maſter.

In his Drawings his powers were more extenſive: I mean in black and white; for he did very few drawings in colours. In the repreſentation of any particular ſpot, he was very accurate. In his own compoſitions he was always grand; and his groups of trees, ſhape of mountains, of clouds, &c. are in a very good ſtile, formed upon the principle of Claude Lorraine, Salvator, and Pouſſin.—But his chief excellence conſiſted in the ſhape of the tree, the branchings, and the leaves, which was ſpirited, light, well grouped, and always natural. There is a picture of his painted in oil, at Vintners Hall, the ſtory of St. Martin dividing his cloak. Some of his beſt drawings are at Alderman Boydell's, ſome have been ſent abroad, and a few are in the poſſeſſion of connoiſſeurs.

POETRY.

POETRY.

An APOLOGETICAL ADDRESS.

LET thoſe who on my conduct frown,
Regard with watchful eye their own.
If in Diana's ſhadowy reign,
'Tis mine to rove along the plain,
When chilling winds of Winter roar,
And mad waves laſh the trembling ſhore,
Forbear, ye taſteleſs throng! forbear
To cenſure what ye will not ſhare.
Far differing ſcenes our taſtes delight!
Far differing objects of the night!
Enough for you, when day expires,
To meet around your club-room fires,
Where cards and politics prevail,
The vacant laugh, and worn out tale;
And cenſures harſh on others' deeds,
From which the generous mind recedes.
I ſhall not blame whate'er ye do,
And aſk an equal grace from you.
How widely oft' from truth we ſtray,
When judging this or that man's way!
The ſource unknown whence actions flow,
'Tis wrong to praiſe or blame, ye know.
Thank nature, 'tis my ſoul's delight,
To view the ſtar-beſpangled night;
To doat on Nature's charms alone,
In every hour, and every zone!
The Muſe, in Eve's inſpiring hour,
Imparts her mind-exalting power,
And gives ſuch fairy proſpects birth
As never yet were found on earth!
And to the ſorrowing heart ſhe brings
A charm to ſooth Misfortune's ſtings:
Yes, 'all the tearful train of woe
Shall vaniſh at her forceful blow.
Ye whom the Muſes charms inſpire,
To Evening ſtrike the duteous lyre!
To Evening, parent of the maid,
Be every adoration paid!
To meet the nymph where'er ſhe flies,
I wander with a lover's eyes;
And if Diana pours her light,
Shall rove with joy the wintry night.
If this be folly, Wiſdom's train
May boaſt her higher charms in vain:
If this be folly, nymph! with thee
I'll dwell, thy conſtant votary!
And whilſt the Muſe my breaſt ſhall fire,
To Evening ſtrike the duteous lyre.
To Evening, parent of the maid,
Be every adoration paid!
Even when darkneſs veils the ſky,
O then how greatly bleſt am I!
For Daphne at that ſacred hour
Steals out to meet me in the bower.
I preſs her hand, I hear her voice,
And quick thro' all my ſoul rejoice!
Her voice is muſic to my ears!
Her eyes illume the midnight ſpheres!
Yes, Daphne's eyes of azure light
Impart a luſtre to the night,
And to its gloomy face convey
Charms that excel the golden day!
O ceaſe, ye taſteleſs throng! forbear
To cenſure what ye cannot ſhare!
What!—ſhall I joys like theſe reſign
For ſenſeleſs plaudits ſuch as thine?
Of age and dulneſs learn to move,
And turn me from the paths of Love.
No, no!—my heart, which Love inſpires,
No other ſmile but Love's deſires.
No!—if to pleaſe a vulgar throng,
Who never own'd the powers of ſong,
Who never bleſs'd the voice of Love,
Or felt one thought eccentric move,
If this be Prudence—then adieu
To Prudence and her votaries too!
I hate the maid, of aſpect mild,
Of fell Hypocriſy the child,
Whoſe voice is falſe—whoſe looks are art,
Who veils, at Intereſt's call, the heart,
Oppoſing nature's generous plan,
She keeps unknown the real man.
Yet thoſe there are whoſe minds I prize,
On whom I gaze with reverent eyes;
From whom a ſmile I rate ſo high,
That with it nought but Love's ſhall vie.
Say whence, ye Philoſophic Few,
Whence theſe reproving looks from you?
Say, why to Folly you aſſign
Each act, each theme, each word of mine?
—Well, well—we will not diſagree,
But Folly's charms can ſolace me.
'Love's voice, you ſay, in Wiſdom's ears,
'A wild diſcordant ſound appears;
'His actions are of Folly born,
'And hence ſhe laughs the power to ſcorn.'
O ſure that wiſdom muſt be vain,
Which drives from Life her happieſt train!
No more—we will not diſagree,
But Love's a gift divine to me.
Bleſt power! who to my cot convey'd
My much-adored—my matchleſs maid,
My Daphne!—in whoſe arms I prove,
That Life were curſt without thee, Love!
O though the head thy power deſpiſe,
The heart ſhall raiſe thee to the ſkies!
And Fancy, how is ſhe defined?
'An Ignis Fatuus to the mind,
'Who leads her votaries far aſtray,
'From Prudence and from Pleaſure's way;
'A frantic, thoughtleſs, fraudful maid,
'Whom Wiſdom chaſes from her ſhade;
'Whom all avoid, and all diſdain,
'Excepting Folly's giddy train.'

—Well—well—we will not disagree,
But sweet is Fancy's voice to me!
How oft her soul-enchanting voice
Hath made this woe-struck heart rejoice!
For O! of other worlds she sings,
Of brighter bowers, and clearer springs,
Where souls of nobler order rise;
Less proud the bards—less stern the wise—
And gentler are the beauteous maids,
That dwell in Fancy's flowery glades!
Her visions, or by night or day,
O Fortune!—never take away.
The charms of Wisdom I resign,
If Love nor Fancy must be mine.
If Wisdom's aged charms to share,
I lose your smiles, O youthful pair!
Then soon would joy my breast forego!
Then soon would rise the train of woe!
Ah, blame not Folly, if the breast
Can steal from her a moment blest'd!
Ah blame not Folly!—Sages tell,
Sages whom Virtue honours well,
That Wisdom is than Folly less,
If not the means of happiness.
And thus the bard whose graceful song
In Leasowes' grove prevail'd so long;
Who fought thro' life the happier art,
To bless that tender thing, the heart:
'Since Wisdom's gorgon shield is known
'To stare the gazer into stone,
'I chuse to trust in Folly's charm,
'To keep my breast alive and warm.'
Then cease!—no more censorious rise,
And dull with cold contempt my eyes.
If Wisdom shuns my careless way;
If Indolence usurps the day;
If Love and Fancy rule the night,
And Folly's charms can yield delight,
Forbear thy scorn!—To soften woe,
Is sure the happiest art we know;
And which way e'er my taste shall stray,
Forbear to haunt with scorn the way.
Whilst thou, my conscious heart! agree
To dwell in amity with me,
Then, if mankind my ways condemn,
Why let em—and I'll laugh at them!

Dover. RUSTICUS.

ADDRESS to NATURE.

Written in a sequestered Vale near KENDAL.

By a Youth of Seventeen.

I.

NATURE! to thee, O pow'r supreme,
I lowly bend the suppliant knee;
These shady groves, this silent stream,
May form a fit retreat for thee.

II.

And deep in this sweet vale retir'd,
May I, with thee and Lucia blest,
Our minds with love of peace inspir'd,
Taste the calm joys of tranquil rest.

III.

And wilt thou, Nature, aid my pray'r?
To love my Lucia's heart incline;
Teach the dear maid, that show and glare
Can nought of happiness consign.

IV.

Tell her that Fortune's dazzling rays
No solid pleasures e'er bestow;
The honours heraldry displays
Nor heighten joy, nor soften woe.

V.

But ah! instruct the beauteous maid
To love her artless shepherd-swain,
To seek the grove, and flowery glade,
And shun bright Fashion's giddy reign.

VI.

And should the blooming virgin yield
To love her artless shepherd-swain;
And should she seek the flowery field,
And shun bright Fashion's giddy reign:

VII.

Then, Nature, should thy votaries raise
On yon green mount a sacred bow'r;
And there a simple altar place,
At which to bless thy guardian pow'r.

VIII.

The purest snow-drop of the spring
Should at thy honour'd shrine be laid;
And fresh-cull'd off'rings would we bring
Successive as the last decay'd.

IX.

The sweetest moss-rose of the vale
We'd rear and dedicate to thee;
My Lucia's hand avert each gale,
When wintry storms might hurtful be.

X.

This grateful homage will we pay
'Till life's declining flame expire;
And joyful on our final day,
Will bow to Heaven's supreme desire.

XI.

When winter's rains encrease the wave,
And storms adown the valley float,
The Red-breast o'er our green-sod grave
Shall hop and pour his softest note.

F.

WINTER:

A FRAGMENT.

I.

AUTUMN retires—keen Winter's piercing frost
Of the hard ground once more possession takes;
In dreary mists is each fair prospect lost,
Save leafless trees, and the ice-cover'd lakes.

At

II.

At morn the ſhepherd leaves his darling boys,
And traverſes around the ſpacious fields;
At eve return'd, he taſtes thoſe heart-felt joys
Which Nature to *parental boſoms* yields.

III.

Now the briſk ſportſman mounts his mettled ſteed,
That neighs aloud, and, foaming, champs the reins;
Deſirous in the chace his hopes to feed,
He needs no ſpur, but gallops o'er the plains.

IV.

Rous'd from his covert, *Reynard* flies along,
But all in vain each wily effort tries;
Cloſe to his *bruſh* urge on th' impetuous throng—
His ſpirits flag—he pants—he falls—he dies!

V.

The ſteady gunner marks the timid hare,
That quickly flies, affrighted at the ſight—
Alas! in vain is all her eager care!
The meſſengers of death arreſt her flight.

VI.

But not more joy to theſe the ſport affords,
Than the mild pleaſures of *the evening tale*;
Then comes the long deſcriptive flow of words,
And toils and hair-breadth 'ſcapes again prevail.

VII.

Again fly Reynard's followed o'er the heath,
'Till ſeiz'd on by ſome old, experienc'd hound:
Again the timid hare receives her death.
Her murd'rer's hand ſtain'd by the bloody wound.

VIII.

To converſation only not confin'd,
Some court th' *Horatian* or *Virgilian* muſe;
While others, indolent, *unbend* the mind,
And wit's *low jeſts* and mean *attempts* peruſe!

IX.

Some to the Theatre of Drury fly,
To join the laugh, or ſhed the penſive tear:
And who ſuch tributes ever could deny
To *King*'s Lord Ogleby, or *Kemble*'s Lear?

X.

Or if to *Covent Garden* they repair,
To view the charms which *Eaſe* and *Nature* give,
They'll ſee the firſt in *Lewis'* graceful air,
And Nature ever will with *Blanchard* live!

Cætera deſunt.

ROLYAT.

Brentingly, Leiceſterſhire,
Oct. 8, 1788.

The BARBER and FRISEUR:

A LUDICROUS ECLOGUE.

TWO Brothers of the Comb, congenial pair,
An operator this for beards, and that for hair,
Were next-door neighbours in a country town,
And long each other rivall'd in renown.
Both candidates for public favour ſtood,
Like T—d, we'll ſuppoſe, and A—l H—d.
At length, to urge his long conteſted claim,
Each rival to a neighb'ring alehouſe came.
In perriwig of formal cut appear'd
Our Shaver firſt, ſworn foe to ev'ry beard:
Not half ſo hoſtile was the mighty Czar,
Who on all Ruſſia's bearded chins made war;
Nor half ſo rooted were the briſtly crops
He ſentenc'd to be ſhaven off their chops,
As was this Barber's hate, whoſe trenchant blade
On viſages ſuch devaſtation made,
That vagrant Jews, of his profeſſion ſhy,
On tip-toe ſlunk in wary ſilence by,
Afraid of tonſure; nay, the ſtory goes,
He ſometimes took the Juſtice by the noſe;
And for a penny, from a beggar's cheek
Would ſweep the frowzy harveſt of a week:
A boon companion too, he'd ſing a ſong
Full fifty, yea twice fifty couplets long;
All Chevy Chace he knew, bold Robin Hood,
The Man o'Kent, and Children in the Wood;
And many a waggiſh legend had in ſtore,
To ſet the tap-room boxes in a roar.

In ſnow-white veſture, like ſome youthful bride,
His hair, and eke his ſhoes with ribbon ty'd,
Came *Puff*, a ſelf-admiring fop, replete
With pertneſs, affectation, and conceit;
Yet, for his ſtyle of dreſſing highly priz'd,
And by the fools of faſhion patroniz'd.
Scarce ſeated, he the Shaver ey'd aſkance,
Who quick retorted the contemptuous glance.
And now each other's faults prepar'd to ſcan,
The flippant controverſy *Puff* began.

PUFF.

With me, preſumptuous miſcreant, doſt thou vie,
The bruſh and razor only ſkill'd to ply?
Or, haply to revive the drooping locks
Of paltry *ſaxons*, mounted on thy blocks?

BARBER.

And what the mighty talents thou canſt boaſt?—
To give the hair fantaſtic forms at moſt—
To laviſh *meal* upon ſome coxcomb's head,
Whilſt thouſands murmur at th' affize of bread.

PUFF.

Reviler, ceaſe; how could thy ſlander fall
Upon my beſt imported *Marechalle!*

But vulgar words to vulgar mouths belong;
Such language well befits a Barber's tongue.

BARBER.

From thee the ſcurrilous example came,
Who durſt in diſreſpectful guiſe miſname
Ev'n ſacred things—for know, vain-glorious prig,
I once a week repair our Parſon's wig.

PUFF.

To more diſtinguiſh'd honours I aſpire—
Me all the daughters of our wealthy 'Squire
Employ, to lend new beauties to the face,
And ſpirit give to ev'ry native grace.
That magic of the mien 'tis I impart—
But for my ſkill in the coſmetic art,
What were the proudeſt dame?——

BARBER.

————————And, but for mine,
What were the doctor, lawyer, or divine?
Their credit they derive from outward ſhow,
And that to my dexterity they owe.
By long preſcription, a full wig contains
Preſumptive proof of much intrinſic brains;
But ſeldom ſeems the preacher orthodox,
Who mounts the roſtrum in his native locks.
Why is our lawyer, pray, ſo oft retain'd?
His clients purſes why ſo often drain'd?
The doctor's chariot whence, and golden fee?
Their ſcientific wigs were ſhap'd by me.

PUFF.

The beauteous locks that from the head depend,
Beneath my care in graceful ringlets end;
What envious Time, bald-pated ſire, denies
To aged heads, my needful art ſupplies.
With minors now their grandames ſhall compare,
Shall emulate with falſe their real hair:
And which is falſe, which real, who can tell?
The one the other imitates ſo well.

BARBER.

Why vaunt that ſkill, which, tier o'er tier to raiſe,
But tortures Nature's growth a thouſand ways?
Why vaunt the braid that decks a lady's head?
For aught ſhe knows, 'twas on ſome felon's bred.
Enough, quoth Jobſon, who was umpire nam'd,
For mending ſhoes and wife deciſions fam'd;
Enough, enough, the ſolemn cobler cry'd,
While "hear him, hear him," rung on ev'ry ſide:
Your ſev'ral merits well ye have diſcuſs'd,
And prov'd to favour your pretenſions juſt.
Now, to requite you—Thou ourſelf ſhalt ſhave,
And, Puff, our daughter's cuſtom thou ſhalt have;
Her taſte for dreſs the gentry all admire,
And think ſhe'll make a conqueſt of ſome 'Squire.

T. S.

Bromley, Sept. 1, 1788.

VERSES,

By Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

Written about Three Weeks before his Death.

DEAR lad, as you run o'er my rhime,
And ſee my long name at the end,
You'll cry—"And has CUNNINGHAM time
"To give ſo much verſe to his friend?"

'Tis true, the reproof (tho' ſevere)
Is juſt from the letters I owe;
But blameleſs I ſtill may appear,
For nonſenſe is all I beſtow.

However, for better for worſe,
As *Damons* their *Chloes* receive,
Ev'n take the dull lines I rehearſe—
They're all a poor friend has to give.

The *Drama* and I have ſhook hands,
We've parted, no more to engage;
Submiſſive I met her commands—
For nothing can cure me of age.

My ſunſhine of youth is no more!
My mornings of pleaſure are fled!
'Tis painful my fate to endure—
A penſion ſupplies me with bread!

Dependant at length on the man
Whoſe fortunes I ſtruggled to raiſe!
I conquer my pride as I can—
His charity merits my praiſe!

His bounty proceeds from his heart;
'Tis principle prompts the ſupply—
His kindneſs exceeds my deſert,
And often ſuppreſſes a ſigh.

But like the old horſe in the ſong,
I'm turn'd on the Common to graze—
To *Fortune* theſe changes belong,
And contented I yield to her ways!

She ne'er was my friend; thro' the day
Her ſmiles were the ſmiles of deceit—
At noon ſhe'd her favours diſplay,
And at night let me pine at her feet.

No longer her preſence I court,
No longer I ſhrink at her frowns!
Her whimſies ſupply me with ſport—
And her ſmiles I reſign to the clowns!

Thus loſt to each worldly deſire,
And ſcorning all riches—all fame,
I quietly hope to retire,
When time ſhall the ſummons proclaim.

I've nothing to weep for behind!
To part with my friends is the worſt!
Their numbers, I grant, are conſin'd;
But you are, ſtill, one of the firſt.

PIEDMONT.

PIEDMONT.

LO! when *Mount Cenis'* top you ſcale,
Like beggar-pride, proud *Piedmont's Vale.*

As the wakening morn diſcloſes
Locks of gold, and front of roſes,
Nature ſeems to breathe anew,
Seems to weep—a barren dew!
For thoſe, who force th' ungrateful ſoil,
Wretched race of ill-paid toil!
Yet all the riſing pangs they know,
From penury and labour flow.
Deeper griefs and ſadder pain
Rend the mad and guilty train!
When *Avarice* rolls the reſtleſs eye—
Views ev'n his treaſures with a ſigh!
When dagger'd *Vengeance'* lurking brood
Lave their bane'd forms in human blood.
Leſs guilty, but as dull, are they
Whoſe ſimple ſpirits fume away,
In the hot City's fevering air!
O'er *Heartleſs Pleaſure—Heady Care!*
Whoſe pent-up boſoms never prove
The moral raptures of the grove!
The ſoft complaining of the rill!—
The laughing valley!—breezy hill!
Exulting *Nature* marks the road—
Where *Faith aſpires to Nature's God!*

SONNET,

To a LADY, in a Quaker's Dreſs.

TIR'D with the dazzling glare the raſh diſplay,
Which beauty ſuffers from the pride of art,
I felt no joy from faſhion's gaudy ray,
My ſenſe diſguſted, and unmov'd my heart:

When to my ſight a female form appear'd,
Where decent Nature holds her ſimple reign,
Once more the pow'r of beauty I rever'd,
And my heart own'd its long-remitted chain.

Thus, when the gariſh ſun with noontide beam
Darts o'er the mountain his oppreſſive gleam,
In languid ſilence the faint ſhepherd lies;
But when at eve the ſolemn queen of night
Sheds o'er the groves her mitigated light,
Again the valley to his pipe replies.

C.

SONNET,

To a LADY, careſſing her Children.

SEE, where around the lovely parent cling
The ſmiling infants, her ſincereſt bliſs,
While on their lips, more ſweet than breath of ſpring,
She prints the ſoftneſs of a mother's kiſs:
A kiſs, for which luxurious wealth its ſtore,
And titled grandeur all its glittering toys,
With vain allurement at her feet would pour,
While infant innocence the boon enjoys.

Thus, while around the bleſt REDEEMER's knees,
The children preſt with meek attempt to pleaſe,
Their ſoothing fondneſs he with pleaſure eyed;
Then thus addreſs'd his aged wond'ring train,
"Be ye like theſe Heav'n's bliſsful realms to gain,
"Since ſouls like theſe alone with me reſide."

C.

An INVOCATION

To a WATER NYMPH.

FAIR pearl-crown'd Nymph, whoſe guſhing torrent laves
This marble rock with hollow-tinkling waves;
Who wont'ſt in ſecret ſolitude to dwell
On coral beds beneath thy ſapphire cell;
Whoſe virgin pow'r can break the magic charm,
Whoſe look the black enchanter's hand diſarm;
Whom ſwains in neighb'ring vales to ſing delight,
Kind guardian of their flocks from blaſting ſprite;
Permit me, Goddeſs, from thy ſilver lake
With cooling draught my glowing thirſt to ſlake!
So, when thou bath'ſt, may no rude Satyr's eye
From ſome deep brake thy naked beauties ſpy:
May no chill blaſt the ivied oak invade,
That o'er thy cavern waves the ſolemn ſhade.

EPITAPH

On LANCELOT BROWN, Eſq.

By the Rev. W. MASON, A. M.

YE ſons of elegance, who truly taſte
The ſimple charms which genuine art ſupplies,
Come from the ſylvan ſcenes his genius grac'd,
And offer here your tributary ſighs!

But know, that more than genius ſlumbers here;
Virtues were his which Art's beſt powers tranſcend.
Come, ye ſuperior train! who theſe revere,
And weep the chriſtian, huſband, father, friend.

EPI-

EPITAPH in Wood Ditton Church-Yard, Cambridgeſhire.

Here lies the body of WILLIAM SYMONDS, who departed this life March 5, 1753, aged 80 years.

HERE lies the corpſe who was the man
That lov'd a ſop in Dripping-pan;
But now believe me I am dead,
And here's the Pan ſtands at my head *.
But ſtill for ſop and pan I cried,
I could not eat, and ſo I died.
Perhaps my neighbours they may laugh,
When they do read my Epitaph.

EPITAPH,

GO! ſweet celeſtial ſpirit, ſpotleſs mind,
And tell thy kindred angels of the ſky,
Thou haſt not left one mortal here behind
That better knows to live or e'en to die!

Could youth, could beauty, or could virtue ſave
From death's terrific and relentleſs rage,
Thou hadſt not, Anna, found an early grave,
But bleſs'd the world to life's extremeſt age.

But ah! 'tis done!—Thy happy ſpirit's fled
Afar from its impriſ'ning heavy load:
This while we lay among the ſilent dead,
That is aſcended to its fountain, God.

J. W.

The following SONG is ſent us as the Production of Dr. JOHN WALCOTT.

OH! balmy Sleep! beneath thy wing,
When buſy care no longer toils,
Where hopeleſs Love forgets his ſting,
And wan Deſpair in viſions ſmiles;
Soft let me lay my penſive head,
My languid eye in ſilence cloſe,
And, bleſt beneath its friendly ſhade,
Steal from the world and from my woes.
Tir'd with the lengthen'd day, I view
With ſecret joy the minutes paſt,
Am glad to bid the world adieu,
And wiſh the preſent hour the laſt.
But to my arms the nymph divine
Would ſleep in nightly viſions give,
Pleas'd, e'en in dreams, to think her mine,
For ages would I wiſh to live.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

SINCE our laſt, a revolution in the Management of Drury-lane Theatre has taken place by the voluntary abdication of Mr. King, and the appointment of Mr. Kemble in his ſtead. The reaſons which occaſioned the former gentleman to take this ſtep are ſet forth in the two following addreſſes;—and it is but juſtice to add, that the new Manager has ſhewn himſelf already well qualified for his poſt, by ſeveral very judicious alterations in the caſt and conduct of the plays ſince performed.

SIR, *Sept.* 29, 1788.

AT a very conſiderable diſtance from the Metropolis, I this day met with your paper of Saturday laſt; and in conſequence of what I read therein, trouble you with a few lines, which I beg you will do me the favour to inſert.

It is with equal concern and ſurprize I find myſelf called on to account for my ſudden retreat from Drury-lane Theatre.

The Public I muſt readily allow, have a right to the truth; which they ſhall have in your paper and another in two or three days at moſt. In the mean time, let me ſay, the gentleman who ſucceeds to my un-enviable office, whatever it may be called, has ever ſince we have been known to each other, lived with me in habits of friendſhip. I believe him wholly incapable of the arts attributed to him; nor was he appointed till I had, moſt peremptorily, renounced my ſituation.

I have not had the leaſt diſpute with the Proprietors in regard to ſalary; I have never dealt avariciouſly by them, nor have they ever behaved parſimoniouſly towards me. The beſt friends are liable to differences and miſunderſtanding—what ours have been ſhall fairly appear. Thoſe, however, who expect either irony or reproach will be diſappointed; for I believe we are all, at this moment, as we long have been, the ſincere well-wiſhers of each other.

I am, Sir,
Your very obedient ſervant,
THOMAS KING.

Mr. KING's ADDRESS to the PUBLIC.
Sept. 30, 1788.

BEING at preſent rather more than two hundred miles from London, the prints of that place fall not in my way till ſome time after their publication. Several of them, I find, have ſo far honoured me, as to make my retreat from Drury-lane Theatre one of the ſubjects of the day, and various reaſons are aſſigned for my conduct on the occaſion.

* The figure of a Dripping-pan is chiſſelled at the head of the Tomb-ſtone.

One

One Paper treats it as rather a fortunate circumſtance: while another allows, that my loſs as a performer will be ſeverely felt; but ſays, that neither the Public nor Proprietors will have cauſe to regret my abſence as a Manager. The laſt-mentioned paragraph I cannot conſider but as highly complimentary: for it gives me poſitive commendation in the line I undertook to fill, and only obliquely cenſures me for not making the moſt of a character with which I have never been entruſted.

The conduct of perſons in public life, particularly ſo far as may relate to their public characters, I have ever conſidered as a fair object of animadverſion: but *ſome* of the gentlemen who have the management of daily Prints may, without offence, be ſuppoſed to have, like all other Managers, attachments and partialities (perhaps of a very laudable kind); and it cannot but be acknowledged, that they are *all*, like the reſt of the world, liable to miſinformation. To the laſt-mentioned cauſe then, let me attribute the ſtrange and improbable account, of my having demanded a thouſand pounds a year, for ſeven years, in addition to my uſual ſalary as an actor. I have a pleaſure in aſſerting, that the quantum of money has never been an object of diſpute—the agreements I have had with the gentlemen, Proprietors of Drury-lane Theatre, for whom, collectively and individually, I have the greateſt regard, were ever liberally made, and in all pecuniary parts moſt punctually fulfilled: but there has been, for ſome few years laſt paſt, ſomething undefined, if not undefinable, in my ſituation; the conſequences of which have been, that I have ſuſtained many inconveniencies, and have been liable to very diſagreeable attacks. I have been called to account by ladies and gentlemen, authors of various dramatic pieces, for breach of promiſe in the non-performance of works I never before heard of; arraigned for rejecting performers, with whom I had no power to treat; and cenſured for the very limited number of pieces produced, which it was not any part of my province to provide. Should any one aſk me, What was my poſt at Drury-lane—and add the further queſtion, "If I was not Manager, who was?"—I ſhould be forced to anſwer, like my friend Atall, in the comedy—to the firſt, *I don't know*; and to the laſt, *I can't tell*. I can only once more poſitively aſſert, *I was not Manager*; for I had not the power by my agreement, nor indeed had I the wiſh to approve or reject any dramatic work, the liberty of engaging, encouraging, or diſcharging any one performer, nor ſufficient authority to command the cleaning a coat, or adding, by way of decoration, a yard of copper lace; both which, it muſt be allowed, were often much wanted. I ſhall avoid, however, going very minutely into particulars of this ſort, as I have not the ſmalleſt wiſh to treat with aſperity the conduct of others: I merely mean to vindicate my own. To ſuch part of the Public then (the whole of which I am bound to honour) as may think it worth enquiry, I ſhall endeavour to ſet forth, according to my own idea, the purpoſes for which I was retained by the Proprietors, in addition to the beſt exertions of my poor abilities as an actor. I was to bring before the public eye, in the beſt manner I could, under certain limitations, ſuch pieces and performers as ſhould be approved by the ſaid Proprietors: I was to negociate between party and party in forming engagements: to be generally ready to anſwer the Public on any complaint, diſturbance, &c. during the time of performance: to make (ſubject to the controul of the patentees) the beſt arrangements I could as to the order of preſenting the plays in uſe, and to inſtruct ſuch young or other performers as might be likely to derive advantage from a knowledge, which partiality was pleaſed to allow I had acquired by many years obſervation and conſiderable practice.

How unfortunately the Theatre was circumſtanced laſt winter, I need not call to the minds of its frequenters; nor is it neceſſary to the preſent purpoſe, that I ſhould point out the many ſucceſſive events, ſome well known, others not ſo, that rendered my then ſituation uncommonly irkſome. When I looked forward, the proſpect was not of the flattering kind; for Mr. Smith had given notice of his reſolution to retire; Mr. Palmer (of whoſe uſe and abilities I muſt ever think moſt highly) ſeemed, at that time, to have purſuits that muſt deprive us of his aſſiſtance; and report ſaid, that very excellent performer Mr. Parſons had determined, on the ſcore of ill health, to take up his abode for a time in the South of France.—I had my fears that the parties moſt intereſted would not ſufficiently exert themſelves to atone for theſe deficiencies: and that, as uſual, the *malevolent*, or at beſt the ill-informed, would attribute all miſcarriages to *me*, who had no power, however ſtrong my wiſh, to prevent them. Thus circumſtanced, I ſent the Proprietors an early and formal notice, of my determination to put an end to our engagement at the cloſe of the ſeaſon.

After the Theatre had been ſome weeks ſhut up, it was thought proper, on the part of the Proprietors, to open a treaty; and on the ſeventh of Auguſt I had a meeting with a gentleman properly authoriſed to negociate, whoſe

whose name I wish not unnecessarily to introduce. He, with great cheerfulness and liberality, declared a wish that I would return; and seemed very desirous, even in a matter foreign to my original engagement, to do his utmost that I might be gratified and served. From what I have before said, it will, I hope, be easily believed, that no pecuniary object was likely to prevent a reunion; but I was still anxious, that my situation might be rendered less equivocal than it had been: I knew, on that, my peace, my character, my *all* depended. I was not ambitious of having my power increased, but extremely solicitous to have its limits particularly described, and committed to paper. I expressed my expectations on this head, and they were treated as reasonable and proper. Mention was at the same time made to me of some intended regulations: that the form and substance of the Play-house Articles heretofore used, were to be greatly altered; and that the custom of their being signed by each performer, should be revived and strictly attended to. I do not wish, even most distantly, to insinuate an apprehension, that either of the measures were meant to be subversive of the rights of the performers, or injurious to the entertainment of the Public; but conscious, that in all large bodies, every reform is beheld with a jealous eye, I pointed out the propriety, nay the necessity, of producing those plans some time before opening of the Theatre; wishing, in case they should be offensive, I might have time to prove to all parties concerned, that they had not originated with me.—I was assured they should be set about immediately. Matters so far adjusted, we parted as we had met, in the utmost good-humour with each other.

To state minutely every particular transaction that followed, would be found tedious, perhaps deemed impertinent; I shall therefore only say, that several appointments were made; *some* of which were kept: that rather more than a fortnight previous to opening the Theatre, I was honoured with a visit by the same gentleman—when I again enquired after the form of the article, and got the same answer as before. I repeated, in a very serious, though most friendly way, my desire and my expectation of having some written instrument between us. I added, I was not solicitous about parchments, stamps, or legal forms: that any memorandum drawn by himself, and in his own words, would satisfy me: but that I must have something to refer to, in case there should be any future misunderstanding: that as he was going into the country for two or three days, he would have leisure to frame it against we next should meet. This he undertook to do, and we again parted. From that moment I never met him, either by appointment or otherwise, that he was not in a great hurry, or surrounded with company; and I found that no moderate exertion on my part could procure what I judged so *absolutely necessary*. In this situation was I left even the day before the Theatre was to be opened; when I was attacked in the usual way. Different parties called on me about business, to whom I could give no reply, and I received pressing messages from two of the principal performers, concerning dresses, which, though greatly wanted, I could not venture to order. I saw my danger, and did all I could to avoid it—that is to say, conscious that if I once embarked, the first six days would involve me in a variety of engagements, positive or conditional, from which it would be difficult to retreat, I determined not to appear, either as Manager or Actor, till I was *properly warranted* so to do. During the first performance, the gentleman abovementioned went, as I believe, to the Theatre; where not finding me, he sent to my house, to let me know he would call on me in the course of the evening; for which call I waited with great temper till past three in the following morning. My patience being then exhausted, I immediately wrote a letter to one of the Proprietors; in which I informed him, I relinquished the treaty in all its parts; and that to prevent a renewal of it, I would instantly leave town: which I did in the course of the day, in order to adjust some concerns of consequence to myself, but no way connected with my duty to the public.

By the particulars given in the above dull narrative, I hope it will at least appear, that in quitting the Theatre, I was not actuated by avarice or caprice; that I feared being suddenly embroiled with my brethren, many of whom merit my warm affection and the world's regard; and that I thought it very possible, from the various attacks and disappointments I had formerly experienced, my *doubtful station* would, at some future period, produce unlucky misconstructions, that might deprive me of the countenance and protection of a generous Public, which, however little I have merited, I have for many years enjoyed.

Whether I shall, or shall not, elsewhere use the small degree of theatrical talent I possess, is at present as doubtful as it is unimportant; but should I, in any other season, have again the honour of appearing before the truly respectable audience of London, I have the firmest reliance I shall be received with their wonted warmth of partiality. To breathe a doubt of future indulgence would savour of affectation; and, even for

for a moment, to be forgetful of the paſt, would be the utmoſt ingratitude in

The moſt devoted ſervant of the Public,

THOMAS KING.

P. S. Called on as I have been, I could not, whatever might be my wiſh, with ſafety to myſelf, withhold from the Public the foregoing particulars; but I beg leave to add a ſolemn declaration, that I do not mean, by any thing I have ſaid, to imply that the gentleman who appeared for the Proprietors had any ſiniſter views in keeping back either the article or memorandum alluded to. Hurry, in other buſineſs, might have prevented finiſhing the former; and many remote, untoward circumſtances might have combined to render the execution of the latter (which muſt of courſe have been complicated) more difficult than was at firſt by either party ſuppoſed. I cannot take blame to myſelf *in any one part* of the tranſaction; yet I would much rather that to me ſhould be imputed too rigid a caution, than to him an *intentional* impropriety. I have received from him, which I am happy to acknowledge, great and frequent perſonal civilities; and am now, as I believe I ever ſhall be, one of his warmeſt well-wiſhers.

SEPT. 22. Mr. Middleton, a young man under twenty years of age, who had performed Romeo and Othello two or three times laſt winter, at Briſtol, appeared for the firſt time at Covent-garden Theatre, in the former character. Mr. Middleton's perſon is well formed, and he poſſeſſes ſenſibility and feeling. His voice is clear, articulate, and pathetic, but at preſent limited in reſpect to variety, power, and extent of compaſs. He was eaſy in his deportment, and, for the moſt part, graceful. Throughout the play he evinced a correct knowledge of the character, and delivered the dialogue with propriety and effect. With the requiſites which Mr. Middleton has from nature, much may be expected if he adds induſtry to them. The faults which may be pointed out are ſuch as attention may get the better of; and he has it in his power to render himſelf a valuable performer.

OCT. 2. Mrs. Goodall, from Bath, appeared for the firſt time at Drury-lane in the character of Roſalind, in As You Like It. This lady has been on the ſtage from her infancy, being the daughter of Mr. Staunton, the Manager of a company in the midland part of the kingdom. Her figure is genteel and well-made; her voice clear, feminine, and articulate; and her manner and deportment eaſy and unaffected. She apparently has made Miſs Farren her model, and in many reſpects not without ſucceſs. From imitation however little is to be expected, and therefore it would be prudent in Mrs. Goodall to endeavour at a manner of her own. Many parts of Roſalind were however well performed.

16. Miſs Reynolds, a niece of Mrs. Kennedy's, and who had performed at her aunt's two laſt benefits, (ſee Vol. XI. 302) appeared again at Covent-garden, in the character of Arbaces, in Artaxerxes. This young lady poſſeſſes a pleaſing figure, and an expreſſive countenance. Her voice, though not very extenſive or various, is clear, melodious, and plaintive; and her manner and deportment as eaſy and unembarraſſed as could be expected in a young performer. She ſung with taſte, and ſeemed to meet the expectations of her audience. Mrs. Billington's performance of Mandane was a more excellent performance than was ever ſeen on the Engliſh ſtage, and perhaps equal to whatever this ſpecies of entertainment will admit.

22. Miſs Chapman, who had performed at Margate laſt ſeaſon, appeared for the firſt time at Covent garden, in the character of Yarico. Miſs Chapman's figure is genteel, but the ſymmetry of her features is hardly diſcernible through the copper-coloured complexion belonging to this character. Her voice is plaintive, but rather thin. She ſpoke the dialogue with feeling and propriety, and ſung her part of the duet prettily but not powerfully. She however met with applauſe, and on the whole not undeſervedly.

25. The Doctor and Apothecary, a muſical farce, taken from the German of Stephani, by Mr. Cobb, was acted for the firſt time at Drury-lane Theatre; the characters as follow:

Thomaſo,	-	Mr. Parſons.
Sturmwald,	-	Mr. Dodd.
Carlos,	-	Mr. Kelly.
Juan,	-	Mr. Banniſter, jun.
Guzman,	-	Mr. Sedgwick.
Dr. Bilioſo,	-	Mr. Suett.
Perez,	-	Mr. Burton.
Anna,	-	Mrs. Crouch.
Iſabella,	-	Miſs Romanzini.
Thereſa,	-	Mrs. Booth.

The ſtory of the piece is evidently Spaniſh, and the ſcene is therefore very properly laid in Spain. Between Bilioſo the doctor and Thomaſo the apothecary a mortal enmity ſubſiſts, but the younger branch of each family have a paſſion for each other. Carlos, the doctor's ſon, finds a rival in Sturmwald, an old German officer, who is fixed on for Anna's huſband. As a contraſt to the ſentimental lovers, an under-plot between Iſabella,

bella, the couſin of Anna, and Juan, the friend of Carlos, is introduced. The incidents of the piece are few, and not very probable. They are ſuch however as the nature of farce will admit and approve. The principal is the whimſical pretence to entice Thomaſo from his houſe, by which means the lovers enter; the manner in which Sturmwald is diſpoſed of when he falls aſleep, and the perſonating him by Juan. The plot is very ſlight. The characters however have ſome novelty, and were well performed. The muſic was excellent. The ſcenery, particularly the ſetting ſun of the firſt ſcene, is beautiful; and, upon the whole, the Doctor and Apothecary is a performance which if not excellent, may be at leaſt allowed to be decent.

The following PROLOGUE was written and ſpoken by Mr. FITZGERALD,

At a private Theatre, on the 21ſt of April 1785, before the Play of

VENICE PRESERV'D.

FEW Bards, like Otway, underſtand the art
To touch the ſtrings that vibrate through the heart!
Moſt he excell'd in love's pathetic lays;
And, next to Shakſpere, claims unrival'd bays.
The rougher paſſions when his pencil draws,
He gains alike the tribute of applauſe:
In Pierre, the manly virtues are combin'd,
An open temper, with a dauntleſs mind;
His active ſpirit, never taught to yield,
Reſtleſs in peace, and daring in the field,
For private wrongs, againſt the ſtate conſpir'd,
And to his purpoſe *Jaffier*'s boſom fir'd!
But yet their motives challenge no applauſe,
Revenge *made* patriots—*not their country's cauſe*.

How diff'rent Britiſh from Italian climes;
Here patriots flouriſh'd in the worſt of times!
When freedom totter'd on the brink of fate,
Hampden ſtood forth, and propp'd the reeling State;
Oh! had his follow'rs ne'er been ſtain'd with blood,
How great their motive, and their cauſe how good!
There had they ſtopt—a wreath their heads had bound,
And the great cauſe immortal honour crown'd!
But when an hapleſs Prince his error ſaw,
He fell a victim to perverted law—
There on our annals reſts a guilty ſtain,
Which quite blots out the errors of his reign!

Succeeding times a nobler ſtruggle view'd,
And freedom triumph'd, not with blood imbru'd:
When by miſ-rule and bigot counſels led,
The crown grew hateful on a Monarch's head,
A gen'rous band, inſpir'd by freedom's breath,
To abject chains, preferring glorious death!
Conſpire——
Not in the ſleeping breaſt to plunge the ſteel,
But from deſtruction ſave the public weal;
They knew the rights of kings—but *felt their own*,
And hurl'd a tyrant from his guilty throne!

And ſhould ſuch dreadful times return again—
Which Heav'n avert!—may Britons act like men!
May *future* Pierres, by nobler motives fir'd,
With love of ſacred liberty inſpir'd,
Rouſe up the ſlumb'ring virtue of the land,
And 'gainſt oppreſſion make a glorious ſtand!

Now turn your eyes where Otway's ſtrength appears,
See *beauteous* Belvidera bath'd in tears!
Peeviſh complaints her ſoul was far above—
Though poor in fortune, ſhe was rich in love;
Her voice could ſoothe her Jaffier's cares to reſt,
For *Want* would *ſmile* when pillow'd on her breaſt!
Let him blame Jaffier, for his truſt betray'd,
Who never doated on a lovely maid;
Who never own'd the pow'r of beauty's charms,
Nor claſp'd an angel in his faithful arms!
Who never heard thoſe accents that impart
Or rage—or rapture, to th' impaſſion'd heart!
Who never gaz'd upon the ſpeaking eye,
Nor felt the pathos of a woman's ſigh!
Let ſuch cold mortals their dull lives purſue;
They cannot pity what they never knew.—
May ev'ry youth, like Jaffier, conſtant prove,
And ev'ry maid, like Belvidera, love;
But may their woes be ne'er experienced *here*,
Nor ſully beauty's cheek with ſorrow's tear!

FOREIGN

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

[*From the* LONDON GAZETTE.]

Stockholm, Sept. 16.

A CESSATION of hoſtilities having been agreed upon between the Empreſs of Ruſſia and the Swediſh troops in Finland, the latter, in compliance with the ſtipulations, retired within their own frontiers, except a battalion of the Queen Dowager's regiment, and another of the regiment of Oſtrogothia, who, not having acceded to the convention, kept poſſeſſion of their poſts. Between theſe and a corps of Ruſſians a ſkirmiſh happened on the 1ſt inſtant, in which about 14 of the enemy were killed, and only two Swedes wounded. It is hitherto uncertain whether or not this affair will lead to a renewal of hoſtilities between the two armies.

Vienna, Sept. 24. Letters of the 18th inſtant, from the Emperor's camp at Illova, adviſe, that the ſituation of that army, and particularly of the right wing of it, had become exceedingly hazardous, being almoſt within reach of the Turkiſh cannon from the neighbouring hills; and that the Turks were continually ſkirmiſhing with Gen. Wartenſleben's corps. The heavy baggage of every denomination ſtill remained at Caranſebes.

The laſt intelligence from Croatia mentions, that the ſiege of Novi was carried on with vigour; but that the garriſon made an obſtinate defence.

Letters of the 2d inſtant, from the Ruſſian camp before Oczakow, aſſure us, that the trenches were to be opened on the 5th.

Vienna, Sept. 17. Letters from the Bannat of Temeſwar mention, that on the 3d inſtant the Emperor marched with his army from Caranſebes to Slatina *, which is on the direct road to Meadia, and only ſix German miles diſtant from it; that on the 2d the advanced guard of Gen. Wartenſleben's corps had retaken poſſeſſion of the village of Cornia; and that the Turks had made themſelves maſters of the Vulcaner and Ojotos paſſes, in order to facilitate their entrance into Tranſylvania.

The laſt intelligence, which is dated the 12th, from the camp at Illova, adviſes, that no material change had taken place in the relative poſition of the two armies.

Vienna, Sept. 27. The laſt letters from the Emperor's head-quarters adviſe, that the army having advanced from Caranſebes towards Slatina, had made a junction on the 4th inſtant with Gen. Wartenſleben's corps, which had retreated from Feniſch to Armeneſch; that, according to the intelligence which the army had received, the Grand Vizir, having joined the Seraſkier, was between Schuppaneck and Meadia, and making diſpoſitions for continuing his march; that accordingly on the 10th the Grand Vizir fixed his camp on the mountains in ſight of the Auſtrian army, guarded againſt any attack from the latter by the ſteepneſs of the aſcent, and by the defiles; that on the 14th a conſiderable corps of Janiſſaries and Spahis attempted to turn the Emperor's right wing, and to attack the rear of that army, but were repulſed with great loſs; ſince which no further enterprize had been made by the enemy, but they had begun to fire into the camp from their cannon and mortars, and had killed or wounded 30 men, with ſome draught horſes; that on the 19th, intelligence having been received of Gen. Brechainville's corps being obliged to retreat from Weiſkirchen to Werſchetz, in order to preſerve a communication with the detachments, by which means the low country was entirely open to the enemy, both from the mountains and on the ſide of the Danube, the Turkiſh army being advanced to Moldavia, the Imperialiſts found it neceſſary to break up the camp at Illova on the 21ſt, and to retire from the valley of Caranſebes into the plain.

Advices have been received here from the combined army encamped near Chotzym, dated the 19th inſtant, that the garriſon having propoſed to ſurrender that fortreſs by capitulation, the Prince de Cobourg, in concert with Count de Soltikoff, had agreed to receive ſeven of the principal inhabitants as hoſtages for the ſurrender of the place on the 29th, when the garriſon were to march out with their arms, having three days before delivered up all the effects and warlike ſtores belonging to the Porte.

Copenhagen, Oct. 4. Intelligence was received here on the 1ſt inſtant, that the Norwegian army, under the command of the Prince of Heiſe, has paſſed the Swediſh fron-

* By the ſituation of theſe places it appears, that the Emperor is advancing to meet the Grand Vizir, who has paſſed the Danube, and is carrying the war into the Emperor's provinces of Tranſylvania and Hungary; and if the Auſtrians have not the good fortune to drive back the Turks before the winter ſets in, the ſupport of the numerous armies which the Turks bring into the field, muſt be raiſed at the expence of the Emperor's dominions, which will be laid waſte.—Thus it is that Sovereigns acquire GLORY!

tier; that the Swediſh officer at the firſt poſt having retired, the Danes took poſſeſſion of Stromſtadt on the 26th of September; that the Swedes, having afterwards received a reinforcement, were determined to make a ſtand againſt the Danes, who had advanced about 15 miles into the country; and as theſe corps were very near each other, the news of an action is daily expected. We alſo learn that another body of Daniſh troops has penetrated near to Udevalla, a handſome town, about 40 Engliſh miles from Gottenburgh *.

Yeſterday the combined fleet, conſiſting of three Ruſſian firſt-rates, four Ruſſian and three Daniſh ſhips of the line, two frigates, and two ſtore-ſhips, ſailed from this port for the Baltic, having about 2000 marines on board.

Stockholm, Sept. 26. His Swediſh Majeſty is now at Carlſtadt, occupied in levying new regiments, as he has lately done in Delacarlia. The Duke of Oſtrogothia is lately returned from Finland.

Berlin, Oct. 4. Poſitive advices were received here this day of Prince Potemkin having been repulſed, with conſiderable loſs, in an attempt to ſtorm the firſt battery of the outworks of Oczakow, on the 1ſt of September laſt; and that the Auſtrian and Ruſſian Generals Spleny and Elmpt have likewiſe been repulſed in the neighbourhood of Jaſſy.

Vienna, Oct. 4. The laſt accounts received here from the Imperial army mention, that in their march for Illova, in the evening of the 21ſt of September, two columns croſſing each other in the dark, and a falſe alarm of the approach of the enemy, gave riſe to a confuſion, in which ſome corps of Auſtrian infantry fired at each other, and the bât men and ſervants were ſtruck with ſuch a panic, that, throwing off the loads from their horſes, and out of the carriages, they fled precipitately, ſo that many officers loſt their baggage, and ſome regiments their field equipage. The Turks harraſſed the rear guard, but were vigorouſly repulſed in the attacks they made upon it, and obliged to abandon three of their ſtandards. A ſmart ſkirmiſh however took place near Caranſebes, in which the Auſtrians had 130 men killed and wounded; and ſome houſes in that town were burnt by the Turks. The Emperor continued his march on the 23d to Zakul, and on the 24th to Lugoſch, where he remained on the 28th, the heavy baggage being ſent on to Temeſwar, without meeting with any further interruption from the enemy.

On the day preceding the arrival of the army at Caranſebes, a conſiderable number of lawleſs Wallachians inhabiting the neighbourhood of Lugoſch, ran into the town, ſpreading a falſe alarm that the enemy were cloſe at their heels. This had the effect they wiſhed for. The army baggage (then at Lugoſch) was immediately ſent off to Temeſwar, when the Wallachians proceeded to pillage whatever they found ungaarded, and even many of the houſes. A military force however ſoon put an end to theſe enormities, and ſeveral of the plunderers were taken, and immediately broken on the wheel.

From Croatia we learn, that Marſhal Laudohn, having repulſed the Baſha of Travenick, in his attack on the Auſtrians before Novi, and afterwards made a practicable breach in the walls of that fortreſs, attempted on the 21ſt of September to take it by aſſault, but met with ſo brave a reſiſtance, that he was compelled to abandon his enterprize, and to confine his operations to a regular ſiege. The loſs of the Auſtrians in this aſſault amounted to 71 men killed, and 213 wounded.

The garriſon of Choczim, conſiſting of about 3000 men, marched out on the 29th of September, with the honours of war, purſuant to the capitulation.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

SEPTEMBER 23.

IN the King of Sweden's reply to the declaration of the Empreſs of Ruſſia, his Majeſty ſeems to lay a particular ſtreſs, that Ruſſia had been long meditating a blow on his poſſeſſions in Finland *; and in order to be well informed of the ſtrength of them, and to wean the affection of the inhabitants

* The towns mentioned here are on the ſea coaſt. Denmark is divided from Sweden and Norway by an arm of the ſea, as Ireland is from England: but Norway is bounded by the Swediſh territory on the eaſt for the whole extent of the country. An irruption from Norway is eaſily made, whilſt an attack from Denmark would have required great preparations of ſhips for tranſporting troops.

† Finland is divided into two parts; the eaſtern belongs to Ruſſia, and is termed Ruſſian Finland; the weſtern, which borders on the Gulph of Finland, is a part of the dominions of Sweden, and is termed Swediſh Finland.—It is a very poor uncultivated country, filled with lakes and marſhes, not worth the powder and ſhot that has been already expended.

from

from their ſovereign, had bribed one of his officers who had a large command in that country to enter into her ſervice.

A riot of a moſt alarming and ſerious nature has happened at Paris. The mob, in the tranſport of their joy to ſee Monſ Lamoignon diſmiſſed, reſolved to ſet fire to his hotel. The concourſe of people was greater than had ever been ſeen in Paris on a ſimilar occaſion, and became ſo numerous and impetuous, that the guards were ordered to fire on them, and upwards of 50 perſons were killed on the ſpot.

27. In March 1782, the eſtate of Mr. Whatton, of Thurnby, in Leiceſterſhire, became an eſcheat to the Crown; the eſtate was ſold, and the money it yielded purchaſed 2000l. Conſols. This 2000l with the intereſt all along due on it, the King has juſt given to the hoſpital of Leiceſter!

29. At a Common-hall held this day at Guildhall, William Gill, Eſq. Citizen and Stationer, was elected Lord-Mayor for the year enſuing.

The treaty lately concluded between Pruſſia and Great-Britain ſtipulates, that in caſe one party ſhould be attacked, the other ſhall furniſh 16,000 infantry and 4000 cavalry to repel the enemy. A general defenſive alliance is alſo eſtabliſhed.

A very heavy tax has been lately laid on all the Dutch provinces, to defray the expences conſequent on their late troubles; it is an impoſt of four per cent. on the value of every one's property, of what kind ſoever it be—houſes, eſtates, funds, money in trade, &c. Every one is to give in his property on oath, and to pay to the ſtate four per cent. thereon. The Commiſſioners who receive the accounts and impoſts are ſworn to ſecreſy; and thoſe who pay it, are to receive negociable bonds for the tax, which bear an intereſt of two and a half per cent. ſo that what they pay is not a loſs, but inveſted in a kind of ſtock, which they can ſell at about 70 per cent. of what it coſt them.

Oct. 9. A letter from Dominica, dated Aug. 27, ſays, "On Thurſday the 14th inſt. this unfortunate Iſland was again alarmed by the appearance of a hurricane; about ſix it began pretty ſeverely, towards eight increaſed, and about nine it blew exceedingly hard. The proviſions are all deſtroyed, and canes much injured. Martinique was attacked very violently about this time, but much more ſeverely, the buildings in general being thrown down, and the coffee-houſe almoſt entirely rooted up."

11. This morning, between one and three o'clock, the palace of his Grace the Archbiſhop of Canterbury was burglariouſly broke open by ſome villains, from whence they ſtole plate amounting to upwards of 2000l. which was found on Tueſday in a large ditch near Lambeth, tied up in bags.

14. To the diſgrace of the riſing States of America, their inhabitants retain even now, in peace, the ſame venomous averſion to their parent country, which, in the war, they carried to ſo odious an exceſs. In one of the laſt Boſton newſpapers, which particularly deſcribes a proceſſion made by the Citizens, in demonſtration of their joy for the acceſſion of their State to the new confederacy, there is an article pointing out, with exultation, that "The Britiſh flag, hoiſted on a cart, was drawn along diſplayed, and was perpetually ſaluted by vollies of ſmall ſhot, in teſtimony of the deteſtation in which that perfidious nation ought to be held by America." The brutality, inſolence, and cowardice, teſtified in this ſtory, would render the fact incredible, were it not for their own public record of it.

24. News of the ſafe arrival of the Foulis Eaſt Indiaman was received at the India Houſe.

BIRTHS.

THE Ducheſs of Beaufort of a ſon, at Badminton, Glouceſterſhire.

The Ducheſs of Athol of a ſon, at Athol Houſe.

The Queen of Naples of a Prince.

PREFERMENTS.

GEORGE Hammond, eſq. Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, to be Chargé des Affaires at the Court of Vienna.

Sir Geo. Baker, bart. to be Preſident; Dr. Turton, Dr. Milman, Dr. Auſtin, and Dr. Smyth, Cenſors of the College of Phyſicians for the year enſuing; Sir Lucas Pepys, bart. Treaſurer; and Dr. Hervey, Regiſter.

The Rev. Dr. Cooke, Preſident of Corpus Chriſti College, to be Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, vice Dr. Chapman, Preſident of Trinity.

J. T.

J. T. Batt, esq. to be Chancellor of the Diocese of York.

Dr. Lynch, to be Archdeacon of Canterbury, vice Dr. Backhouse.

Hon. Miss Anne Boscawen to be Sempstress and Laundress to the Queen, vice Hon. Mrs. Deborah Chetwynd, deceased: and Miss Augusta Brudenell to be one of the Maids of Honour, vice Miss Boscawen.

Isaac Corry, esq. to be Surveyor General and Assistant to the Lieut. General of all and singular his Majesty's Ordnance in Ireland.

The Hon. Thomas Pakenham to be Chief Keeper of all his Majesty's Stores of Ordnance in Ireland.

5th reg. of foot, Brevet-Colonel Thomas Carleton, from the 29th foot, to be Lieutenant-Colonel, vice Lord Henry Fitzgerald, who exchanges.

10th reg of foot, Major Jeffery Amherst to be Lieutenant-Colonel, by purchase, vice Andrew Cathcart, who exchanges to the half-pay of Major; and Major Lachlan M'Lachlan, from the half-pay of the late 73d reg. to be Major, vice Jeffery Amherst.

Dr. Hinchcliffe, Bishop of Peterborough, to the Deanery of Durham, worth 2000l. per annum, vice Dr. Digby deceased.

7th reg. of foot, Hon. Major-General Wm. Gordon to be Colonel, vice Lieut. Gen. Richard Prescott, deceased.

60th reg. of foot, Major-General James Rooke to be Colonel-Commandant, vice Major-General William Gordon, appointed to the command of the 7th foot.

Mr. James Beattie to be one of the Regents or Professors of Philosophy, in the Marischal College in the University of Aberdeen.

MARRIAGES.

SIMON Holliday, esq. of Sackville-street, to Miss Harvie, of Great Marlborough-street.

Duncan Davidson, esq. of John-street, Bedford Row, to Miss Gemmel, of Weymouth-street.

At Plymouth, Lieut. Evans, of the Navy, to Miss E. Viney; and Lieut. Mann, in the India service, to Miss B. Viney.

The Rev. Henry Poole, of the Hocke, Essex, to Miss Burward, late of Woodbridge.

The Rev. Fulwar Craven Fowle, to Miss Eliz. Lloyd, daughter of the Rev. Nowis Lloyd, rector of Enbourn.

William Wemyss, esq. member for the county of Fife, to Miss Erskine, eldest daughter of Sir Wm. Erskine.

The Rev. John Forcett, vicar of Milford, Hants, to Miss Scammel, of Highfield, near Chesterfield.

Francis Hutton, jun. esq. of Red Lion Square, London, to Miss Stafford, daughter of the late Francis Stafford, esq. of Dorsetshire.

Henry Harrison, esq. of Castle Harrison, in Ireland, to Miss Grady, daughter of Standish Grady, esq.

The Rev. Samuel Commeline, to Miss Saunders, daughter of Abraham Saunders, esq. of Gloucester.

Mr. Charles Whitfield, son of the Rev. Dr. Whitfield, of London, to Miss Jenour, of Chigwell.

Saul Bonfil, eldest son of Jacob Bonfil, esq. of Leghorn, merchant, to Miss Esther Franco, daughter of the late Raphael Franco, esq.

Charles Hawkins, esq. to Miss Harriet Truesdale, of Pall Mall.

Giles Yarde, esq. of Trowbridge, to Mrs. Sowdon, widow of the late Robert Sowdon, esq. of Whitstone.

Dr. Daniel, an eminent physician of Exeter, to the accomplished Miss Harriet Bampfylde, sister to Sir Charles Bampfylde, one of the representatives for Exeter.

The Rev. William Grant, of Hartland, Devon, to Miss Yonge, of Stoke Canon.

The Rev. Mr. Bodicoate, rector of Westerham, in Kent, to Miss Board, eldest daughter of Wm. Board, esq. of Paxhill, Sussex.

The Rev. Thomas Carthew, F. A. S. and rector of Woodbridge, to Miss Russell, of Otley.

John Minehouse, esq. of Bronsladc, Pembrokeshire, to Miss Edwards, eldest daughter of John Edwards, esq. of Machynlleth, Montgomeryshire.

William Nichole, esq. barrister at law, to Miss Cadogan, daughter of Dr. Cadogan.

The hon. James Twisleton, to Miss Wattel.

At Ormskirk, George Turton, aged 77, to Miss Molly Dandy, aged 53.

At Glasgow, brevet major James Campbell, of the 42d regiment, to Miss Janie Houston, daughter of the late Alexander Houston, esq. of Jordan Hall.

The Marquis of Carmarthen to Miss Catherine Anguish, eldest daughter of the late Thos. Anguish, esq.

Richard Julian esq. captain in the Royal Welch fuzileers, to Miss Mill, of Plymouth Dock.

At Hatch Beauchamp, the Rev. Mr. Lewis, of Martock, to Miss C. G. Foster.

The Rev. Thomas Tomkins, to Miss Messiter, of Wincanton.

At Coveley, in Cambridgeshire, Christ. Hand, esq. to Miss Fanny Folkes, daughter of the late Martin Folkes, esq.

The Rev. W. B. Jones, chaplain of Landguard fort, to Miss Gordon, daughter of Edward Gordon, esq. of Bromley.

The

The Rev. Mr. Gardner, fellow of Catherine Hall, Cambridge, to Miſs Harriet Hatton, ſecond daughter of the late Sir Thomas Hatton, bart.

John Ingle, eſq. of Cambridge, to Miſs Eliz. Haggerſton, daughter of Mr. John Haggerſton, attorney.

John Vaughan, jun. eſq. of Green Grove, Cardiganſhire, to Miſs Evans, eldeſt daughter of the late Herbert Evans, eſq. of Highmead.

Champion Branfill, eſq. of Upminſter Hall, in Eſſex, to Miſs Charlotte Brydges, youngeſt daughter of the late Edward Brydges, eſq. of Wootton Court, Kent.

Thomas Gooſtrey Frogatt, eſq. of Iver, to Miſs Freeman, eldeſt daughter of Dr. Robert Freeman, of Uxbridge.

Nicholas Segar Parry, eſq. of Layton, to Miſs Edburne, of Highbury Place.

Lieut. Colonel Newton, to Miſs Knatchbull, daughter of Sir Edw. Knatchbull.

Thomas Pierce, jun. eſq. of Briſtol, to Miſs Conſtable, of Mortlake, Surry.

Leonard Vowe, eſq. of Hallaton, Leiceſterſhire, to Miſs Pocklington.

Auguſtus Robertſon Smith, eſq. late of Bengal in the Eaſt Indies, to Miſs Penelope Ruſſel, daughter of the Rev. George Ruſſel, of Spring Park, in the county of Devon.—This is the remarkable Eaſtern gentleman, who ſome time ſince advertiſed for a wife, and who had ſuch numerous offers from the fair ſex. The young lady to whom he has united himſelf is about 19, and the eldeſt of ſix daughters; her father is a diſtant relation to the Houſe of Bedford, and with his curacy, which is but ſmall, enjoys an annuity of 100l. a year, bequeathed to him by a noble Duke.

MONTHLY OBITUARY for OCTOBER 1788.

SEPT. 13.

ROGER Kynaſton, eſq. of Shrewſbury, aged 78.

19. At Buxton Wells, aged 55, the Hon. and Rev. William Digby, Dean of Durham, fourth ſon of William fifth Lord Digby, who died 1752, and third brother of Henry the preſent Lord Digby. He was ſtudent of Chriſt Church, Oxford, M. A. March 27. 1759; LL.D. Nov 9, 1765, Canon of Chriſt Church; Vicar of Coleſhill, Dean of Worceſter 1769; of Durham 1777. He married Charlotte daughter of Joſeph Cox, eſq.

In his 90th year, the Rev. Benjamin Butler, formerly Fellow of Sydney College, Oxford, Lecturer of the pariſh church of Bradford, and head maſter of the free grammar ſchool of that town upwards of 50 years.

Mr. Chamberlain, ſen. of Cheapſide, Father of the Cordwainers Company.

At Muſton, near Grantham, the Rev. Dr. Bacon.

At Bath Eaſton, in her 74th year, Mrs. Riggs, mother of Lady Miller.

Mrs. Briſtow, aged 86, relict of John Briſtow, eſq.

20. At the Mote, Ighthan, Kent, Mrs. Elizabeth Selby, relict of Wm. Selby, eſq.

Saville Finch, eſq. many years member for Malton, in Yorkſhire.

The Rev. Mr. Moore, of Adwick-le-ſtreet, near Doncaſter.

21. At Barhampton, aged 83, the Hon. Frances Cotes, widow of Col. James Cotes.

Mrs. Wing, wife of T. Wing, eſq. of the Exchequer.

At Dublin, Edward Bellingham Swan, eſq. one of the Commiſſioners of the Impreſt Office, and for managing the Stamp Duties. He ſhot himſelf through the head.

22. At Dublin, ——— Warren, eſq. of the Bullion Office. He cut his throat.

Mr. Edward Pryce, attorney at law, in New Ormond-ſtreet, Queen-ſquare.

At the Royal Hotel, Pall Mall, the Right Hon. the Counteſs of Lancaſhrough.

Capt. Wm. Forſter, many years Commander of a ſhip in the Jamaica trade. This gentleman, in his ſhip the Belle, on the 17th of Sept 1782, ſaved Adm. Graves, with all his crew belonging to the Ramilies, at the time the Ville de Paris and other ſhips of war foundered on their paſſage from the Weſt Indies.

23. Mr. Edward Watſon, aged 68, Deputy of Candlewick Ward.

Mr. William Bulmer, of the South Sea Houſe.

At Batterſea, the Lady of John Bullock, eſq.

24. Mr. Richard Capſtick, merchant in Liverpool.

Thomas Sandford, eſq. a Captain in the late Britiſh Legion.

John Clarke, eſq. Juſtice of Peace for Weſtminſter.

25. At Oakham, Mr. Hicks, ſurgeon and apothecary.

Robert Dickenſon, eſq. Mayor of Leiceſter, aged 47.

26. Mr. Fillingham, hop merchant in St. John-ſtreet, Smithfield.

At Newington Butts, Mr. Geo. Robertſon, landſcape painter. (See page 295.)

Theophilus Hume, eſq.

27. Sir Robert Taylor, knt. architect to the Bank of England and other public offices, and five years ſince Sheriff of London and Middleſex.

At Rumford, Mr. John Marmaduke Grafton, aged 71, many years a ſaleſman at Smithfield market.

28. Ja-

28. Jacob Duché, esq. of Philadelphia, aged 81, father of the Rev. Mr. Duché, chaplain to the Asylum.

William Augustus Carter, of the first battalion of the Royal regiment of artillery.

Lady Phillips, relict of Sir John Phillips, aged 88.

Mrs. Bond Hopkins, wife of Benjamin Bond Hopkins, of Pains Hill, Surry.

The Rev. John Shaw, LL. D. Rector of Wyberton near Boston, Lincolnshire, aged 71.

29. The Rev. Dr. Backhouse, Archdeacon of Canterbury, Rector of Deal and Ickham, in Kent, and master of Eastbridge hospital, Canterbury.

Lately, at Ferns, in Ireland, Mr. Kirwan, aged 127 years.

30. Dr. John Foster, in the 95th year of his age, formerly one of the Senior Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin. He held the livings of Omagh and Killalean.

Lately, at Brussells, Mr. P. Bourgeois, of Jewry-street.

Oct. 2. Mr. Constant de Charme, merchant, of Nassau-street, Soho.

At Carshalton, in Surry, Mr. Morphew Yarraway, timber merchant, of Earl-street, Blackfriars.

At Atherston, Dr. Seager.

Lately, Mrs. Margaret Masham, of St. Margaret's Church-yard.

Lately, at Shrewsbury, Wm. Gaul, esq. late Major of the 35th reg. of foot.

4. Mrs. Deborah Chetwynd, daughter of Lord Viscount Chetwynd, and sempstress and laundress to her Majesty.

At Caen, in Normandy, Mr. John Decharme, of St. Andrew's-court, Holborn, merchant.

7. Dr. John Browne, of Golden Square, author of a System of Medicine, &c.

Lately, at Watton, in Norfolk, the Rev. Wm. Ward, Vicar of Great Barford and Roxton, in Bedfordshire.

9. Thomas Halsey, esq. formerly representative for the county of Hertford.

The Rt. Hon. John Ward, Viscount Dudley and Ward, LL.D. and Recorder of Kidderminster.

Lately, Mrs. Mary Newman, at Watford, aged 87.

10. Richard Brown, esq. at Stamford Hill.

At Kew, Mr. George Best, formerly a wine merchant at Greenwich, aged 81.

11. Roger Altham, esq. an eminent Proctor.

Thomas Hurst, esq. Walton upon Thames, Surry.

Mr. James Laurie, Minister of Ballingry, in Fife, in Scotland.

Charles Hutton, esq. of the Island of Nevis, West Indies.

13. Mr. Thomas Bruin, of Sunbury, formerly a brandy merchant, Water-lane, Tower-street.

14. Richard Boyle, esq. Lieutenant of his Majesty's 3d reg. of guards, and son to Mrs. Walsingham.

Mr. Charles Martindall, attorney at law, at Cambridge.

Robert Nugent, Earl Nugent, Viscount Clare, in Gardiner's Row, Dublin, aged 87 years. (See a Portrait and Account of him in our Magazine for July 1784.)

15. Mr. Charles Smith, of Trinity College, Cambridge, aged 17, only son of Dr. Hugh Smith.

James Raymond, esq. of Saffron Walden.

At Edinburgh, James Dewar, esq. of Vogrie.

At Edinburgh, Alexander Farquharson, Accomptant.

Lately, the Rev. Luke Hucknall, Rector of Galby, in Leicestershire, and Vicar of Ratcliffe upon Soar, Nottinghamshire.

16. William Pell, esq. sugar refiner, of Cable-street, near Wellclose Square, Justice of the Peace for the Tower Royalty.

Lately, in France, John Cowper, esq. Major of the Cumberland militia.

Lately, at Easton, near Norwich, Leonard Buxton, esq. in the Commission of the Peace.

18. Mr. Gabriel Gregory, at Lewisham, Kent.

Joshua Manger, esq. an Elder Brother of the Trinity House, and formerly Representative for Pool, in Dorsetshire.

Mr. Nathaniel Hart Myers, aged 77.

At Etruria, Staffordshire, Thos. Wedgwood, esq. partner of Josiah Wedgwood, esq.

19. Lieut. Gen. Prescot, Colonel of the 7th reg. of foot, or English fuzileers.

Nicholas Mills, esq. at Highgate.

Capt. Arthur Wadman, late of the 26th reg.

20. Mr. Benj. Williams, at Barnes, in Surry.

At Polesworth, in Warwickshire, aged 88, the Rev. Nath. Troughton, Rector of Bauterley, and Vicar of Polesworth and Badgley Enfor, all in the same county.

21. Mr. Bland, banker in Birchin-lane, Cornhill.

At Dover, Miss Ward, of Hatton Garden.

James Rose, esq. Croydon.

22. Mr. John Raymond, engraver, Bell-alley, Lombard-street.

Lady Elizabeth Dryden, of Canons Ashby, Northamptonshire, aged 97.

23. James Harley, esq. Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square.

Mr. John Haynes, Commoner of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford.

26. Mr. Jeremiah Percy, plumber, Deputy of the Ward of Aldersgate.

Thomas Woodcock, esq. of Lincoln's Inn.

At Upway, Dorset, Wm. Lisle, esq. aged 93.